



the water tower.

uvm's alternative newsmag

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d'oh canada! blaming our northern neighbors

by dustineagar



As the days get longer, we New Englanders patiently await the easing of a harsh winter. Just around the corner are verdant fields, short sleeves, days at the beach, the smell of summer and its noises in our ears. Those who have spent a summer in Burlington also know that this glorious season also brings a crippling torrent of vehicles with Ontario license plates and French speaking occupants. While the influx of Canadian tourists provides a seasonal boost to the Vermont economy (aided by a favorable currency exchange rate in recent years, I guess Ben Bernanke didn't foresee Quantitative Easing causing us such problems), it also increases the rate of profanity per capita on the roadways among natives, overwhelms Burlington's parking infrastructure, and imposes unbearable cruelty upon anyone working in the service industry. The Canadian influx brings pain and tears in Burlington, but these are the least of the problems wrought upon our great state and nation by our neighbor to the north.

The controversial Keystone XL pipeline is slated to transport crude oil manufactured by tar-sand extraction in Alberta to refineries in Texas. TransCanada, the company building the pipeline, has engaged in an aggressive lobbying campaign at the state and federal level to get construction of the pipeline authorized. Though completion of the pipeline would marginally increase American petroleum output and add a few thousand (mostly

temporary) American jobs, the proposed route essentially bisects the delicate aquifer which provides drinking water to much of the Midwest and disproportionately benefits Canadian petroleum exporters. A spill from the pipeline could irreversibly compromise the water supply of a large geographic area. Construction of the pipeline also invariably requires private land owned by American citizens to be condemned by eminent domain. Why does Canada feel entitled to endanger our environment and

"the canadian influx brings pain and tears in burlington, but these are the least of the problems wrought upon our great state and nation by our neighbor to the north."

trample upon our personal liberties and property rights?

Closer to home, the Northern Pass project aims to cut a stripe through the pristine White Mountain National Forest in my home state of New Hampshire so that Hydro-Québec can transmit more power to New England. Growing up, I spent a lot of time in and around this essentially untouched wilderness. Once almost completely deforested by unregulated private industry, the area has been protected by the federal government since 1911, and today serves as a reminder to all who pass through it of what we stand to lose when we fail to conserve. Hydro-Québec (in a corporate partnership with other

Northeastern utility companies, to be fair) wants to use the power of eminent domain to seize land from private citizens to cut a 180 mile gash through my beautiful state without conferring upon us any discernable economic benefit. The audacity of this Canadian company to make such a proposal, much less to expect us to embrace it, is reminiscent of Roberto Luongo's comments before game 6 of the 2011 Stanley Cup about having butterflies in his stomach because he knew "it was so close". We all know how that turned out.

Why is Canada so eager to tread upon our environment, our liberties, and our pride? Do they hold a grudge because the United States was cooler in high school, or that we emerged as the economic and military hegemon in the post-war era? Recall the commercial aired by the Canadian government to commemorate the 200th anniversary of the war of 1812. The rugged sounding narrator states that, "200 years ago, the United States invaded our territory." Is that what this is about? A war fought to push the British from our Western and Northern frontier 55 years before the ratification of the Canadian constitution? Looks like someone can't let the past go. Even so, it is unclear that a past military invasion warrants such retribution as the Montreal Canadiens, Justin Bieber, distorted maple syrup prices, and Avril Lavigne. And so my friends, we must persevere, and blame Canada for all of our problems, no matter how miniscule. God bless America. ■

the best kind of brainwashing mac vs. pc

by yinyefko

Working at UVM's Tech Te@m, our on-campus free computer diagnostic and repair service, I have gotten the question 'Mac or PC?' from parents every single accepted student weekend. While I try to be unbiased and polite, the reality is I want to carry a table around with me just to flip it when I hear people start comparing Mac and PC. The reality is, the computer you buy your freshman year will be nearing the end of its prime by the time you graduate, assuming you don't destroy it before then by spilling alcoholic beverages all over it or bodily fluids on it, or downloading a terabyte worth of porn. This doesn't mean that your computer will be completely useless after four years, but the rate at which technology evolves increases the chance that your computer will be outdated by the time they hand you your diploma. So what is the best bang for your buck for your college career? Let's break it down.

Mac- That sexy sleek aluminum casing, the gorgeous retina display, and the orgasmic sound of the startup... How can you not drool over it? Having a Mac means you're cool, you're futuristic, you're in the here and now and chances are you actually don't have a clue what you're doing.

Now before you rise angrily and throw this paper away, I'm not dissing Macs or you. I love Macs (and am using one right now), and even though I don't know you, you must be pretty chill to read **The Water Tower**. What I mean is that a large portion of Apple consumers are mindless zombies, and simply buy the latest Apple products without a second thought. Newest iAnything will sell faster than sliced bread. I could probably come out with an iSpoon, which would facilitate users in eating soup, and I would be a millionaire in a week. So why buy a Mac? Firstly, the operating system is really easy to use, if not a little difficult to customize. Even your great great grandmother could use a Mac and still look sexy and smart while doing so. Secondly, Macs don't get viruses nearly as easily as PCs do, mainly because not a lot of viruses are made for Macs. And finally, Macs are the Prada or Gucci of computers so owning one lets everyone *know* you're affluent enough to own one.

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the best news team inbox in the universe.



Dear **cat lady,**

I went home over spring break while my roommates stayed in our apartment. When I got back, the entire place was trashed! I'm talking overflowing sinks, food crusted onto the counters, recycling everywhere and what appears to be the remnants of a breakfast sandwich lodged behind our heater. My roommates don't seem bothered by it at all, but I'm losing my shit here! My apartment is nasty and I can't take it any more!

Please help.
Losing It

Dear **Losing It,**

Step one; take a giant deep breath. Slightly more relaxed now? Good, cause it's time for what will most likely be an uncomfortable conversation. If you've been gone for the last week and had no part in creating the mess, I can see how you wouldn't feel a responsibility to clean it up. Unfortunately, you're going to have to talk to your roommates. Sitting back and pouting and huffing isn't going to help the situation. No one can read minds, and your roommates will just remain clueless while your apartment reaches ever expanding levels of gross. Sit down with your roommates, explain why you have a problem with the state of the apartment and talk about ways to ensure that things get cleaned up and it doesn't happen again. Offer to help out, turn it into a whole spring-cleaning day. Try not to blame your roommates or start yelling; no one likes to feel like they're getting punished or belittled. Remember that your roommates are people too, and cooperation will get you much farther than fighting.

All the love,
Cat Lady

*Sometimes reading **the water tower** makes our readers want to get naked and fight the power. But most of the time, they just send emails. Send your thoughts on anything in this week's issue to*

thewatertowernews@gmail.com

the shit list

with caito'hara

Crutches: Over break I had the screws removed from my leg, which required me to spend more time on crutches. If you've never had the misfortune to be stuck on them for more than a day or two, I envy you. You can't carry anything, everyone looks at you funny, and it's impossible to get any where in a reasonable time. Christ almighty, I'm done with hobbling.

Vladimir Putin: Because withholding promised funds until protestors were "dealt with" wasn't enough, this ass hat decided that sending troops into a historically tense region of Ukraine was a great idea! News flash, Putin, the USSR is dead and should stay that way. Hands off Ukraine.

Other Drivers: I like to think that I'm a pretty reasonable driver. I obey traffic laws and signals, and even use my turn signals! But for some reason, Vermonters seem to have an issue with driving intelligently. I can't even count the number of times I've nearly been hit because some dumbass blew through a 4-way stop without so much as slowing down. Get your shit together, people, and stop trying to kill me.

The Library Pit: I understand the whole "no more smoking in front of the library". But if you want us to use the pit, it needs to be accessible. The snow piles and layers of ice underneath make it hazardous to even get over there, and no one's been using the cigarette disposal thing. We smokers are trying to abide by the new rules, help us out, just a little. ■

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the news in brief

with caito'hara

"A female passenger on a MBTA trolley who is wearing a skirt, dress, or the like covering these parts of her body is not a person who is 'partially nude,' no matter what is or is not underneath the skirt by way of underwear or other clothing."

- **Justice Margot Botsford**, a judge for the Massachusetts Supreme Judicial Court, wrote in a ruling regarding the legality of "upskirt" photographs. The ruling essentially stated that there's nothing wrong with taking upskirt photographs because the victim is not "nude or partially nude". Great job Mass, really, you're killing it.

"We have a weak and indecisive President that invites aggression"

- **Sen. Lindsey Graham**, a Republican from South Carolina, offers up her opinion as to why Putin has, essentially, invaded Ukraine. Rather than examining the actual cause/effect relationships in eastern Europe, the GOP seems to content to, once again, blame everything on Obama. But when Russia invaded Georgia under Bush Jr.'s watch, conservatives barely batted an eye. Welcome to hypocrisy on its grandest stage.

"You know what they say, '50th time is the charm.' Maybe when you hit your 50th re-peal vote, you will win a prize."

- **President Barak Obama**, making a joke at the expense of the Republican led House, as the 50th bill aimed at derailing the Affordable Care Act was being introduced. Sure, the first 49 times failed miserably, but let's keep wasting time and energy on a failed provision!

"There are maneuvers by the U.S. government plotting with a lackey government that has a right-wing president who is leaving in the next few months, who is not worthy of his people, who has been working actively against Venezuela."

- **Venezuelan President Nicolas Maduro** cut diplomatic and economic ties with Panama last week, calling the Panamanian government a lackey of the United States and accusing both countries of orchestrating a conspiracy plot against his government. After the death of Hugo Chavez, the country has been wracked by accusations of government corruption and the legitimacy of Maduro's presidency has been repeatedly called into question.

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Our generation stands at a crossroads. With sincerity and humor, we strive to make you reexamine, investigate, question, learn, and maybe pee your pants along the way. We are the reason people can't wait for Tuesday. We are **the water tower.**

if water is life, californians are dying

the drought you probably haven't heard about

by coleburton

What's the worst thing that's happened to our prideful nation in the past year? Apart from terrorism, potential armed conflict with the Ruskies (crazier things have happened), and continual elections of Republicans, America is in the midst of a much more tangible calamity, one that will hit us where it hurts most: our bank accounts. If you've been living under a rock for the past year and not been keeping up with important events (not the circus of news like ridiculous Best Picture nominees, *cough* Gravity, or who won the Super Bore) then you may not know that most of California has been experiencing record breaking drought conditions for the past twelve months, and there is no immediate end in sight.

Although many parts of the state received as much as two or three inches of rain at a time recently, it is barely a drop in the bucket towards correcting the state's overall precipitation deficit. It already stretches back longer than any drought on record for the region. The U.S. Drought Monitor website shows that since 2007 only the years 2010 and 2011 saw any months where a majority of the state did not experience drought conditions. If you want to understand the full extent of this natural disaster simply Google around for pictures of its effects - some of the photos may surprise you. My favorite is a .gif switching between mountain snowpack in the winter of 2012-13 and current conditions.

One will see reservoirs at 10-20% capacity, empty riverbeds, cracked lakebeds full of garbage and debris, and worst of all, empty and dusty agricultural fields in the nation's "salad bowl," the San Joaquin Valley. The agrarian heartland stands out as one of the hardest hit areas in the state, and as of the February 25 USDM map, it remains in either extreme or exceptional drought conditions (the two worst possible levels). Although multiple bouts of storms have hit since the New Year, little will relieve the situation and those heavier storms will only worsen poor field conditions in this agricultural area.

Furthermore, as substantial rains fall on arid fields, it only washes away valuable topsoil with the runoff, taking precious nutrients downstream, and making the looming growing season all the more likely to fail. This summer will turn out to be both a natural

and economic disaster for a state responsible for as much as 11.6% of US farming revenue in 2012-13 when it received the lowest rainfalls on record (based on California's own Agricultural Review).

The only thing that's acted as a saving grace for the past few years is the relatively reliable snowpack in the Sierra Nevada Mountains, but this coming summer farmers will see no relief from melting runoff water. Just look at the San Joaquin Watershed data on California's Water Resource site and one can see a drop off of nearly twenty or thirty inches in snowpack from the average totals, down to between 6.4 and 19.3 inches in areas which

normally hold about triple that. This is almost ubiquitous throughout the Sierras and currently the snowpack across the state is 33% of the normal average as of March 5th.

As municipalities in the Golden State ban restaurants from freely serving glasses of water and craft breweries worry about the unintended effects

"as municipalities in the golden state ban restaurants from freely serving glasses of water and craft breweries worry about the unintended effects on their concoctions' taste from using mineral filled well water, other Americans will literally pay for the drought as well."

effects on their concoctions' taste from using mineral filled well water, other Americans will literally pay for the drought as well. This is because many food products either come out of the fertile area or utilize resources in the valley. From grapes, oranges, and everyday vegetables to that mutton chop or roast beef your mother loves to make, any of these sources for your

key daily nutritional value could originate in the San Joaquin Valley.

With the exceptional period of drought experienced in California recently, it is likely that food prices will raise across the board as fresh produce, meats, and those products used to make other forms of sustenance become scarcer in California fields for lack of water. In the end, the average consumer will simply pocket the bill for increased water prices and decreased supply out of this key agricultural sector. Hopefully this New Age Dust Bowl won't be accompanied by another Great Depression that will overshadow this "Great Recession." ■

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Registration is Now Open!

"Summer U was the best way to catch up on the extra credits I needed to complete my major ahead of schedule."

Danica
Math Major '13

around town.



this week at uvm: *international women's week*

by mikestorace

A number of clubs here at UVM have joined forces to bring you International Women's Week. OXFAM, Vermont Students Environmental Program (VSTEP), Voices for Planned Parenthood (VOX), and Amnesty International have collaborated to bring a few events forward this Wednesday and Thursday. Wednesday will feature a Flash Mob of Jazbaa dancing in the Davis Center Atrium at 12:40 and a UVM Program Board's Wicked Wednesday (get your cheap burgers, fries, and shakes) featuring women's trivia night in Brennan's at 9 PM. On Thursday at 7:30 in the Waterman Memorial Lounge there will be a speaker panel featuring Representative Jill Krowinski, Kierstyn Hunter of Breaking Ground, and UVM professor of geography Ingrid Nelson.

I recently sat down with Madison Moran, the head of OXFAM at UVM, who is excited to be collaborating with other groups on campus towards the common goal of promoting women's rights around the world. She says that the main objectives of the week's events are to inspire women and to spread awareness. Women's Week is a celebration of all the achievements of women around the world, in the state of Vermont, and throughout New England. OXFAM, VSTEP, VOX, and Amnesty International want to focus on women and to dispel the notion that women and men have achieved equity everywhere around the world. In many regions, particularly impoverished ones, women are still working to achieve equal

social and political standing as men.

One of OXFAM's primary goals, as outlined by Moran, includes eliminating hunger and poverty around the world. Now this is quite the bold target, however, it is one that becomes slightly more tangible when framed in terms of promoting women's rights. Women's education has a definite correlation with decreased birth rates and decreased total poverty. Women's empowerment is a crucial step towards decreasing global poverty.

Women aren't the only ones who stand to learn from the events this week. Men are encouraged to participate in activities, as well. Men can learn the crucial role of women in community development. That's right, men and women require both a domestic and social partnership in order to initiate progress. So, men, there are tons of things we can learn from a women's perspective. I am most looking forward to the speaker panel which will feature an important member of Vermont's legislature, an accomplished UVM professor (Ingrid is awesome!), and a talented individual in the non-profit sector.

Moran instills that these events are not meant to be a series of lectures, but instead a collection of empowering events. It is also interesting to note that all of the groups involved are led by strong women personalities from the University of Vermont. Check out some of the events this week. ■

In many regions, particularly impoverished ones, women are still working to achieve equal social and political standing as men.

happy hour: *house of cards*

by mikestorace

If you haven't checked out this Netflix original yet, you're totally missing out. The first season was fucking amazing, and the second season has been completely mind-blowing. The greatest television power couple of all time takes Washington? I think yes. As always, please play responsibly.

Take a drink when:

- Frank Underwood dons a Shakespearean soliloquy where he talks directly to the camera.
- Frank and/or Claire have a cigarette.
- Claire is a bitch.
- Someone is conniving/plotting.
- A character drinks or gets high (duh)
- When the president makes an appearance.
- When Zoe hooks up with someone.
- You see an Apple logo.
- Doug Stamper engages in sketchy business.

Finish your drink:

- Whenever the amount of power that Frank has terrifies you just a little bit while simultaneously making you want to be him.
- Whenever someone manages to successfully outsmart Frank and you know the terror is about to be unleashed.

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International Women's Week

Wednesday 12:40: Jazbaa Flash Mob in the D.C. Atrium

Wednesday 9-11: Wicked Wednesday at Brennan's:

Women's Trivia Night

Thursday 7:30-9:30: Speaker Panel at the Waterman

Memorial Lounge featuring: Representative Jill Krowinski, Kierstyn Hunger of Breaking Ground, and UVM professor Ingrid Nelson

Brought to you by:

OXFAM at UVM

VSTEP

VOX

Amnesty International



get out of burlington: *to eat!*

expanding out of downtown

by caito'hara

Whether you're cruising through your last semester as a Catamount or just really settling in to a routine here in B-town, you should know by now that there's some great food to be had downtown. But what about the surrounding area? If you haven't taken a chance to really explore some of the food options that aren't within 2 blocks of Church Street, you're really missing out. Here are some of my favorites.

Bluebird Barbecue

317 Riverside Ave.

Just because I'm a born and raised New Englander, doesn't mean I can't appreciate some damn good barbecue. And let me tell you, Bluebird does it right. Starters range from the healthier side with several salad options, all the way to amazing poutine smothered in barbecue sauce. Follow that up with smoked meats so good, you'll swear you've been transported south of the Mason Dixon. Couple any of their barbecue platters (or the taco plates...try it, you know you want to) with a solid local brew, and it's a recipe for success.

When to go: When you want to impress your date without appearing to try too hard. It's also a great place to take the family, there's something for almost every taste.

The Bearded Frog

5247 Shelburne Rd, Shelburne

Easily one of my favorite restaurants, and among the best places I have ever had the pleasure of having a meal at. The menu is composed of dishes that seem to ooze "classic", while at the same time throwing a curveball in just to keep things interesting. Graham cracker coated fried calamari, anyone? Oh yes. Vegetarians and meat lovers rejoice; there's an option for every taste bud. Seriously, I have never had a bad meal here. To top it all off, they serve "birthday cake" every single day; and it doesn't have to be your birthday, either!

When to go: When you really 100% want to impress that special someone, or treat a friend to a birthday dinner unlike they've had before.

Archie's Grille

4109 Shelburne Rd, Shelburne

Have you been craving a greasy, delicious burger lately? Look no further than this charming little joint. Locally owned and operated, Archie's aims to do fast food fresh, and the result is spot on. I'm a big fan of the pulled pork, which is made in house and slow roasted overnight, but you can't go wrong with any of the numerous burgers they have on the regular menu. Homemade fries and a fresh milkshake round out a good ol' fashioned, all-American meal.

When to go: When it's time to satisfy that part of you that craves the simple things in life

The Reservoir

1 S. Main Street, Waterbury

38 draft beers. If that's not enough to peak your interest, then you might as well just stop reading right now. There's nothing quite so satisfying about a craft beer and some solid pub food, be it fish and chips (Switchback batter, talk about tasty) or something a bit more offbeat, like their killer chicken curry. This place feels like both an old friend and a new experience each time you walk through the door. It's not a bad thing. Take a walk on the wild side; give this cute little pub a try.

When to go: When you're willing to make the drive and do something just that much farther outside of your comfort zone.

Sneakers

28 Main Street, Winooski

You should know by now that breakfast is the most important meals of the day. What you may not know is that Sneakers is the perfect place to get your morning fix. With a menu that focuses on local and seasonal ingredients, this is a place sure to appeal to everyone's inner localvore. Now, I know that Pennycluse is considered the go-to for breakfast spots, and they've definitely earned it. But Sneakers is one of those places that deserves your attention, because of the attention they pay to their food.

When to go: The next time you catch yourself waiting for an hour for a table at Pennycluse. ■

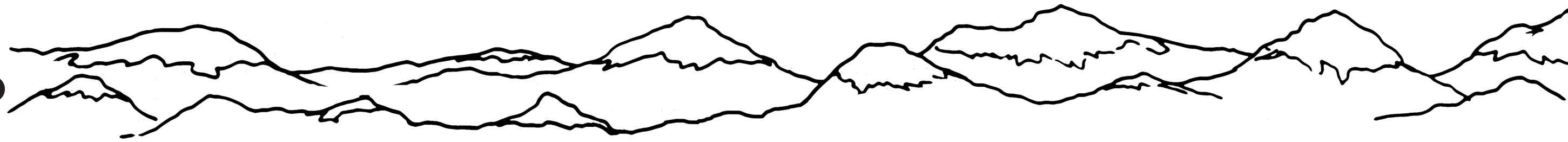
Our House Bistro

36 Main Street, Winooski

Macaroni and cheese lovers, rejoice! This restaurant was created with you in mind. Nearly half of their menu is dedicated to mac and cheese of both logical, normal combinations, and the seemingly bizarre. The rest of their menu is extensive and interesting. It takes classics like the Thanksgiving sandwich or the Reuben, and takes it to a whole different level. But really, if you go to Our House, you should go for the macaroni and cheese. You can twist your own, as they say, and add in whatever you'd like, or you can choose from one of their concoctions. Nutty New England Mac (candied pecans, cheddar cheese, apples, caramelized onions, and maple syrup) is my personal favorite, and I could literally exist on nothing else and be perfectly content.

When to go: When comfort food is more than wanted, it's needed.

reflections.



MAC vs. PC -continued from pg 1

PC- Coming in a wide variety of makers and all shapes and sizes, the PC can best be compared to the human race, diverse and confusing, but with essentially the same hardware. And while PCs are more likely to get viruses or to break, they offer plenty of other benefits. The first and most important is they are cheap. You can get a decent working PC for around \$600-\$800 that would allow you to use Microsoft Office, surf the web, and maybe play Minecraft. And let's be honest, what else do you do with your computer? Secondly, a PC is much more customizable and has a wider variety of software and hardware specifically made for it. For instance, every projector or TV ever. Finally, a bonus for intrepid computer-savvy technicians is that Microsoft isn't as much of a hard-ass as Apple is, so it's easy to build your own custom computer and install Windows on it.

(Bonus) Linux- Linux is an operating system that's really for two types of people; programmers and people who are proficient in code (aka not most of us), and the kinds of people who just enjoy a free operating system to surf the web. Some versions are small enough to run from a USB, which makes it a highly portable but fully functioning operating system. It can only run a limited number of standard programs, which doesn't include Word, but it rarely gets viruses, so if you are looking for a operating system to purely surf the web, Linux is your go to.

So what kind of computer should you get for your four years at college? What you really need is to think about what you're going to use it for. Sure your family may be offering to buy you a MacBook for high school graduation, but before you jump all over it, think. What will you be really using it for? Since the lifetime of any computer is 5-6 years, chances are you will need a new one sooner rather than later, the question is what are you willing to pay for it. Whatever you get, just remember that the UVM Tech Te@m can fix it. (Unless it's a non-Dell Windows, or a Mac that has been water damaged because that voids your warranty so you end up paying a shit ton of money to Apple. Thanks Apple.) ■

	Macbook	Windows Laptop	Linux Laptop
Cost	1,000-2,000	600-1,200 (price may vary)	Free (machine needed)
What it should be used for	Photo/Media Editing, Syncing with other Apple devices	Office use, Gaming, Photo/Media Editing	Internet Surfing, Programming
What people actually use it for	Office use, Internet surfing	Office use, Internet surfing, Gaming	Internet surfing, Programming
Why not to buy it	Limited software compatibility, limited gaming, expensive.	More susceptible to viruses, cannot sync with Apple devices	Limited software compatibility, limited tech support
Why you should buy it	Compatibility with Apple products, crisp display, protection from most viruses	Easy to replace, lots of compatible software/hardware, extensive customization options	Free and portable operating system, highly customizable.

what's your excuse?

by staceybrandt

The other day, one of my professors stared in the face of a one-hundred thirty person lecture and told stated that we are delusional about our futures and that our generation makes up too many excuses. At first, it kind of irked me that he kept referring to the lecture as "Your generation", as if *our* generation was an unleashed dog that had just pissed on his rose bushes—as if it's *our* fault that we are the tiny pooch that gets to wear little jackets in the cold and are given table scraps at dinner. As if it's *our* fault that we're so cute and, look! We just did that little dancing number on our hind legs again. I think we deserve a cookie. I feel sort of bad because our professor's generation was most certainly the dog, chained up outside during the family vacation. The dog that found happiness in a dirty bone and soggy biscuits, a dog that looks like it should be swaddled by Sarah McLaughlin on a late night advertisement.

But aside from the expected tones of anger and condescension that naturally develop when young people are destroying what you built for them, my professor's spiel actually rang very clear and true. College kids are notorious for doling out bullshit excuses, often colloquially referred to as "reasons".

What we, college folk, fail to recognize is that making an excuse to a professor or any sort of authority figure is the equivalent of putting on a polo shirt and khakis, standing on the sidewalk, and handing out colorful flyers that say, "I'm important and you should care". After these flyers are distributed to ambivalent pedestrians, the paper will hopefully be recycled, but will likely end up in the ocean where they will kill a dolphin. Excuses: a detriment to mankind and to our planet. It's hard to understand, but very, very few people actually want to donate to the You Fund, an organization you unconsciously created seconds after birth and that mainly profits from people's sympathy, guilt, and general feelings of sorrow for your situation.

I can only imagine the internal battle and incredible control of emotions it would take for a professor to listen to, "Um, hi, professor. So, like, you know vacation's coming up. Do you think I can take the test early because my plane for Cancun is leaving Wednesday morning?" My, my, my, does a nice, hard slap in the face seem like a viable response. The sad part is, many people reading this will see absolutely nothing wrong with asking for special treatment while simultaneously

providing an irrelevant excuse. I would like these people to please realize that bad weather, bad relationships, automotive deficiencies, female hygienic problems, pets acting out, vacation reservations, and/or sleeping patterns gone awry generally do not interest humans with their own lives which involve these very problems. In reality, even if an excuse is legitimate, it rarely makes a difference unless someone died, someone is dying, or something about cancer.

As difficult as it is to hear, I do think it's best to keep excuses to a minimum. As my professor ended his quite extensive speech which, in addition to the excuses bit, not-so-indirectly hinted at the detriments of our generation's decidedly lazy attitude toward the job market and towards work in general, some people rolled their eyes, some scoffed, and some even stormed out of the lecture hall. As for me, I decided to hold my tongue and keep my confrontational ass in my chair. It dawned on me: we had just been told that our generation makes too many excuses and now everyone was looking for an excuse not to listen. ■

by mikaelawaters

Dearest readers (probably only Emma and Erin leaving French class), I like to think that we share an intimate relationship. I've confided in you my many drunken stories, sarcastic criticisms, offensive observations, and a whole slew of embarrassing moments. And now, building off of this foundation of friendship, I share with you another story. A champion story of humiliation. A chief tale of embarrassment. A legendary account of self-pity and of rock bottom shame. Ladies and gentleman, for your eyes and your ears only, I give you: The time that I had pink eye.

Tuesday, on the twenty-fifth day of the month of February, I awoke to the glorious chime of my iPhone alarm. I was tired, but that was normal. I didn't want to wake up, but that was normal. I wasn't excited about my 8:30 geology lab on Trinity, but that was normal. Yet, something was different. That something, was that my eyes physically, literally, I kid you not, wouldn't open. Delirious, I enjoyed a hazy walk down the hall to the bathroom mirror to investigate the situation. Ooze. Puss. Crust. And a whole lot of angry pink discoloration. Words that should never be associated with eyes, let alone my eyes, were the situation.

Now, I had heard of this "pink eye" before. Whispered in hallways, featured in horror stories, up there with herpes and homicide—it was on my list of things to avoid. Yet, hell hath no fury like a virus on a college campus and I was not to be spared.

For those of you who haven't woken up with your eyelashes glued together by your own traitorous bodily fluid, I cannot fully convey to you the cocktail of emotions experienced. A delightful brew of horror, fear, shame, resentment, more horror, more shame and with a splash of humor thrown in – a roller coaster of dark passions and tragic sentiments – a profusion self-pity blanketing the entire affair.

Self-pity was there as I wore sunglasses in a snowstorm walking to the health center. Self-pity was there when I took the glasses off in the pharmacy and the people next to me scooted away from the bench. And self-pity was there as I signed my social life's death certificate by writing the tragic note to my floor and friends, telling them all to heed my warning, take caution, and stay away for the next few days.

Self-pity was also the overwhelming emotion accompanying my discovery that the only food in my room was a container of plain oatmeal, a chunk of cheddar cheese, and some ginger candies my mom had sent me. Later a

pin of Ben and Jerry's and a bag tortilla chips entered the equation as tokens of sympathy from friends. And as I didn't want to leave my room for fear of anyone seeing me in such a compromised state, for three days – three full days – I rationed plain oats, tortilla chips, and ice cream as the means of my sustenance.

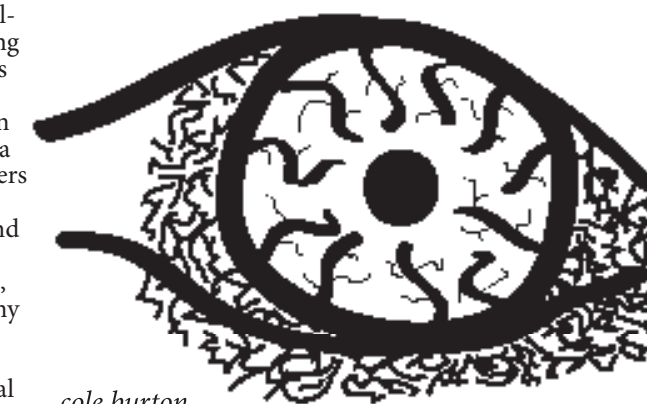
It is only when you say a tearful goodbye to all your now contaminated makeup, only when you nap all day because you literally have nothing else to do, only when you alternate between burning eye drops and ice packs on your eyes, and only when friends see you in the hall way, throw up a crucifix with their fingers and flee does a person discover what true tragedy is. Rock bottom folks. I found it and we made friends.

Looking back, now medically free of conjunctivitis, the virus is gone from my eyes but remains forever in my heart. With humor or fresh pain, I will never forget the enchanting four days in which my dorm transformed into a bunker, sunglasses indoors became a fundamental part of my attire a la bono, and malnourishment leapt out of the documentary on Africa and into my life with chips

that time i got *pinkeye*: a dramatic monologue

"looking back, now medically free of conjunctivitis, the virus is gone from my eyes but remains forever in my heart."

and ice cream. I've tried hard to find the silver lining in all of this, thinking maybe that because of this experience I'm a better, stronger person; that I conquered adversity and came out triumphant on the other side. But in reality, I just made a joke about the plight of Africa. There is no silver lining and only thing that changed is probably my grades from missing so much class. But at the end of the day, everything is relative, I can always be thankful that at least it wasn't herpes. ■



cole burton

advertisement

kiss me i'm irish?

by leonardbartenstein

It's almost St. Patrick's Day. This means a bit more than just drinking too much Guinness and eating gross boiled food. It's more than just people wearing green all day and St. Patrick bringing Christianity to Ireland and suddenly liking the Celtics a whole lot. It's that one day of the year when EVERYONE seems to be "from Ireland."

I'm not denying that some Americans are of true Irish descent. According to IrishCentral.com, Irish Americans make up about five percent of the population across the United States, and about ten percent of New England. This makes it the most common ancestry of Americans, and adds up to an Irish American population of 39.6 million. This is almost seven times larger the population of actual Ireland, which is around 6.3 million.

So, yes, there are quite a few Irish Americans out there, and it's great that there's a nice little holiday for them to proudly strut their heritage. That's wonderful. That being said, the population of the United States is around 313.9 million people, and not everyone is Irish. This leaves me wondering: why is it that everyone claims to be from Ireland on St. Patrick's Day?

Perhaps it's because people don't like Great Britain, and just want an excuse to release this pent-up aggression toward the country. Near-constant conflict since the 1600s up until the early 1900s might be a reason for the Irish to dislike the Brits, but

it isn't a reason for Americans, since we've been pretty cool with Britain ever since the War of 1812.

So maybe it's just the need for some sort of cultural appropriation. That seems to be one of white America's favorite pastimes. If you say you haven't participated, you're wrong. White people take what they want, and do what they want, as displayed by Katy Perry's appearance at the Grammy's in 2013, in which she mashed together a couple of East Asian cultures into a caricature of another (non-white dominated) part of the world. And it doesn't have to be White people appropriating things from people of color. You could also look at the way that self-proclaimed "anglophiles" think that they know everything about the United Kingdom just because they watched Dr. Who and the first two seasons of Sherlock. They proclaim their "British accent" and spell words with extra "u"s, just because they're being a pretentious dingle.

It could be that they think they actually are Irish, in some messed-up version of a Messiah complex. Instead of thinking they're Christ because they went to Jerusalem, they think they're Irish because they went to an Irish pub and drank a Guinness. I guess this is fine, and actually pretty funny if they start slurring about being "the second coming of St. Patrick," and that they're going to "banish all the snakes from his pants and put them into yours," or some other strange, weirdly

convincing pickup line.

Maybe it's because people are just really into holidays, and St. Patrick's Day happens to be the holiday for March. Every other month has some sort of holiday, and people need a reason to celebrate in March. St. Patrick's Day is a part of that rut between Christmas and Easter when there really isn't any sort of blow up lawn decoration or showy extravaganza on the front lawn, and people who like holidays need to go all out. They need some sort of release. They do this by convincing themselves of their ethnicity for a day, and eating more potatoes than usual.

There might even be a percent of the population that is actually very terrified of Leprechauns. They fear that if they don't show enough Irish spirit on St. Patrick's Day, these little Irish creatures will come during the night, slit open their stomachs, insert piles of gold coins, and take the intestines with them, leaving behind flesh-bags of treasure. I'm not saying this happens, I'm just saying it's never been disproven, and some people might think that.

But whatever. Go and drink your Irish beers and wear green and do whatever it is you're supposed to do with Shamrocks. Say you're Irish. Go ahead. Be a phony. I just don't even care. He's Irish, she's Irish, we're all fricken Irish. Except for St. Patrick himself, who was actually British. ■

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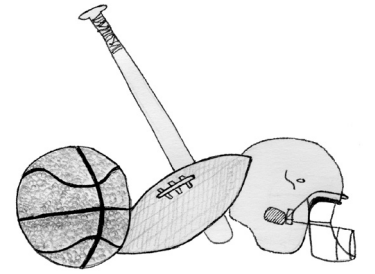
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highlight reel.

racism and the nfl



by mikestorace

We all know that life in the National Football League is not particularly easy. While playing the sport you love can seem like a dream for high school athletes and NFL aficionados, the realities of playing the grueling sport of football are not as enticing as some make them out to be. In fact, out of all the professional sports in the United States, football may be the most detrimental to both your mental and physical health. Reports have come out that the NFL itself has stifled reports about the seriousness of head injuries for players. Despite the league's claims that the frequency of concussions has decreased, it is now basically a confirmed fact that if you play in the NFL for multiple seasons, you will have head injuries later in life (most notably through the brain degeneration condition called chronic traumatic encephalopathy). Recent reports of bullying in the league have also exploded in the media (ahem Richie Incognito and Jonathan Martin) much to the concern of those who follow the sport. Outsiders continue to wonder what life is really like both in locker rooms and on the fields with these professionals. Evidence is starting to indicate that things are much worse than people think.

The documented use of the "n-word" on the field adds fuel to the fire of problems with the National Football League. Apparently lots of NFL players use the word basically all the time. For many anti-racism groups this is a huge problem. The word is clearly bad news, and it evokes the painful and inequitable history of African-American people in the United States. It appears that even referees have been using the "n-word," as shown by the suspension of referee Roy Ellison last season for using a racial slur towards a Washington Redskins player.

The use of the "n-word" word is clearly on the rise, and its usage should be curtailed. The NFL has been pressed by the Fritz Pollard Alliance, a group led by former player John Wooten that works to promote diversity and end racism in the league, to think about creating a 15 yard penalty for first-time usage of the "n-word" on the field. Subsequent offenses would result in dismissal from games. Like all on-field penalties, referees would enforce this rule. This seems to be a bit controversial due to documented history of referees using the word along with players.

Referee interference in football games has been high in recent years. Games are starting to be determined by

referees due to the highly controversial helmet-to-helmet collision and pass interference rules. Helmet-to-helmet hits are 15-yard penalties, and pass interference calls occur at the spot of the foul, resulting in even more penalty yards. Referees already have enough on their plates making these calls. The institution of this new "n-word" penalty would force referees to analyze both the actions and words of players on the field. The enforcement of this new rule appears difficult, if not impossible. What happens if a referee calls the foul on one player, when it was really another player saying it?

Alongside the enforcement difficulties, only 34 out of 119 refs in 2014 were African-American. According to a New York Times Report in 2006, about 65% of NFL players are African-American. So, this means that a predominately white officiating group will be policing a predominately African-American player group over a word that is predominately used by African-Americans. It would seem

"so, this means that a *predominately white officiating group* will be **policing a *predominately african-american player group* over a word that is *predominately used by african-americans*."**

that the officials are not exactly in the proper position to be making more judgment calls in the league.

Advocates of the new rule point that the NFL is a professional league. They argue that a professional atmosphere should not contain offensive and/or racist language or behavior.

Many players have shown fierce resistance to the implementation of this rule. However, many of those who oppose the rules are most likely the worst offenders. Richard Sherman has taken an active stance against the new rule, calling it "almost racist." Providing special treatment to one offensive word over others is almost in direct violation of the dictionary definition of the word "racism." If the "n-word" is penalized on the field than all swear words should be banned. If the NFL is looking to undergo the massive undertaking of prohibiting all swear words, then good fucking luck.

The use of penalty flags for the "n-word" on the field is just too much to ask of referees. It would place way more power in the hands of officials, who arguably have too much influence over the game already. Officials should be able to tell players off if they have been repeatedly using the word derogatively. If they continue to use the word without heeding official condemnation, than the league should be able to take action in the form of fining guilty players. A 15-yard penalty is not the most suitable way of ending racism in the NFL.

Maybe instead, the NFL should actually take action against the incredibly offensive mascot of its Washington team. The Redskins may in fact be the most racist team name in all of professional sports. Although there have been talks of changing the name, nothing has come to pass, and the racist team continues to exist.

I feel compelled to also make note of the lack of minority representation in NFL owners and coaching. There is only one owner of color in the NFL, Shahid Khan the Pakistani billionaire (he also owns Fulham F.C. of the British Premier League). There are currently three black managers in the NFL out of 32 teams: Lovie Smith of the Tampa Bay Buccaneers, Marvin Lewis of the Cincinnati Bengals, and Mike Tomlin of the Pittsburgh Steelers. This small minority representation exists despite the presence of the controversial Rooney Rule. This rule forces all teams with an opening at coach or general manager to interview a minority candidate.

Despite all of the apparent problems of professional football, will anything change? The sport is inherently violent, and violent actions require violent individuals. Despite the fact that 2014's Super Bowl was a blow out, it still featured the largest viewing audience of any television event in the history of TV. That's just ridiculous considering the game wasn't even close to entertaining. People in the United States, including myself, just like football too much, and the problems ingrained in the sport will not deter fans. President Obama himself announced that he would not allow his children to play the sport, but still made a viewing at the event in a pre-game interview. The sport is violent, offensive, racist, and detrimental to the health of its players, and yet it continues to maintain record following. ■

fashion five-oh.

an itch to stitch by dannissim



If you're anything like me, you can never seem to find clothing that fits. Designers and their idealized sizes unfairly represent the majority of consumers. Sometimes, I'm closer to a medium and other times I'm closer to a large, but I can never quite find the right fit. You might be asking, "How can I find the perfect fit?" It is unreasonable to expect anything bought off the rack to fit like a glass slipper (fuck you, Cinderella). Don't worry though, I've discovered the solution: custom fit clothing made by none other than you!

Everyone should learn how to sew, including you, fellas. At the minimum, you should know how to hand sew, for the sake of practicality. If a seam rips in your favorite shirt, you should have the basic skills to sew it back together. If someone has a deep gash, stitch him or her back together (medical professionals only, unless you're stranded on an island). Cut some thread, thread the needle, tie a knot, stitch and knot off – it's a piece of cake...yummm, cake. Mending clothes is an essential skill, and fellas, it will score you major points with ladies. Nothing says, "I'm a man," like a needle and thimble.

If you'd like to take it a step further, I suggest you learn how to use a sewing machine. Over this past break, I started taking lessons at a sewing studio in New York City. First, I learned how to make a pocket square, and in under an hour I had a brand new gingham (checkered pattern) pocket square. Now I can whip out my supplies and turn out a perfect creation in a jiffy. Just from some basic tools, I know how to make napkins, tablecloths, scarves, and more. I have to say, there's nothing quite like the way my sewing machine tugs me.

From there, I got ready to tackle my first major project – a dress shirt. I hit up Mood Fabrics, a major fabric store in NYC, and picked out a killer floral print. I

purchased a shirt pattern and went about altering it to my measurements. With the knowledge of only a handful of stitches, I was able to put together a masterpiece that fit unlike any other shirt I have ever purchased. It was custom-made by me to fit me. With that experience, and a properly adjusted pattern, I have the tools to turn out as many shirts as my heart desires. Chambray shirt – I can do it. How about a fine seersucker for the summer – I can do that too. Fuck you, Ralph Lauren; I never seemed to properly fit into any of your clothes anyway. Take your overpriced designer ware and shove it!

So you've made it to the end of this article, and you're wondering how you can start to learn how to sew in Burlington. Nido is a fabric store downtown on College St that holds regular classes. At UVM, you can start by taking Theatre 040: Fundamentals of Costuming. Professor Martin Thaler teaches the class portion, which includes learning to draw the figure and examining a play script in order to understand the design. Alan Mosser, the head of the costume shop at UVM, teaches the lab portion of the class. You'll get your hands on a sewing machine and learn various stitches and techniques.

You might quiver in fear at the sight of a sewing machine or scream in terror at the various needles, but anyone can learn how to sew. Just because you made something that one time in Home Ec, doesn't mean you should stop there. It's a rewarding experience to make your own clothing, and there's nothing quite like a perfect fit. So the time for talk has passed. Now's the time to get your hands on some fabric and thread and just sew. I mean, what's the worst that can happen – you poke your eye out? That's what health insurance is for. ■

trash.

i want you so bad

someone on campus catch your eye?
couldn't get a name?
submit your love anonymously
uvm.edu/~wafertwr/iwysb.html

To the blond bartending beauty,
you really are such a cutie.
You tap those kegs,
but I want to tap you.
That stunning smile
makes me want to stick around for quite a while.
You're so hot filling up cup after cup,
I wonder if you'd be down to hookup.
You're enchanting and entrancing,
and when you serve that beer
it becomes so clear
that I want you so bad.
When: on lucky nights
Where: rugby house parties
I saw: The Queen of the Kegs
I am: going to need more liquid courage

the snow was high
the bus was crowded
i said hello to your roommate
you said i was cute
then i said masturbation was impermissible
and we became friends
i got sexiled
i slept on your couch
you met me half way up the hill
and in the graveyard
and at the field
and across state lines
and on the other side of the bed
it's empty now.
When: when things made sense
Where: somewhere along the way
I saw: the best person in the world
I am: lost without you

the weather was
finally starting to warm.
the earth responding to
mother nature's
ancient call.
my mind was still stuck
in winter.
the season you
made joyous.
things were so
perfect
you
me
and not a care
in the world.
I don't know
what happened
between now
and then.
but we can't
return.
to the time before.
When: winter break
Where: usually my bed
I saw: the world's best cuddler
I am: cold and alone



We spent the last year together
Bonding over late, sleepless nights.
You held me up when
all I wanted to do was fall.
You helped me repair the wounds
and fixed the faults.
You opened my eyes to things
I never would have imagined
possible, til you.
But our time together
has come to an end.
And for all we've been through
I can't say I'm all that upset.
Where once you held me up
now you just hold me down.
So goodbye forever,
I'll keep the memories
on my desk.
When: last February
Where: Fanny Allen
I saw: the screws I don't need
I am: Better off without

You're the highlight of my everyone morning.
Your sweet aroma pulling me into conciousness
as my brain struggles valiently against it.
You've never abandoned me, never left my side.
Warm, and comforting, you make my day bright.
As the semester progresses, I rely on you more.
And still, you have never once let me down.
Continue your awesome, and you'll always be mine.
When: ery morning
Where: in my hands
I saw: the perfect cup of coffee
I am: a slave to your scent

the ear

overheard a conversation in b-town?
was it hilarious? dumb? inspirational?
tell **the ear** and we'll print it.
uvm.edu/~wafertwr/ear.html

Athletic

Bro: Don't go after one girl. It's UVM dude.

Perkins

Girl 1: Ew, what is that smell? You know, that smell of a really bad cologne?
Girl 2: Sex panther?
Girl 1: It smells like when a guy hasn't showered in a long time....

The Fishbowl

Enterprising Lad: Right now I think my major is closer to beer.

D-Low L/L

Girl: Enjoy your four babies. It hurt like hell to push them out.

Simpson

Girl: I'd rather be an alcoholic than a vegetarian!

The Grundle

Gent: You know what I should've done before I came here? A shot of Nyquil.

DC Tunnel

Girl 1: The minister in my apartment building is a lesbian!
Girl 2: A *female* lesbian!?

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you booze, you looze

Booze makes you lose stuff. Whether you lost something you truly loved, woke up with someone else's by mistake, or straight-up want repent for your klepto tendencies, the WT wants to hear about it.
uvm.edu/~wafertwr/ybyl.php

I made it home in one piece. My jacket did not. Missing buttons make me sad
When: a weird Saturday night
Where: somewhere on Church Street

"Let's do shots!" always met with cheers of joy. Usually followed by groans of disappointment. This time, followed by crashing shot glasses.
When: the first Friday of spring break
Where: all over my kitchen floor

We went for a hike, cause the weather was nice. Getting drunk on the summit and taking everything off was probably not our best call. At least frostbite wears off...
When: A seemingly gorgeous day
Where: the top of Camel's Hump

tunes.



a typhoon is on its way

by colinwalker

Typhoon is a band that will take the world by storm... in about a year and a half. For the time being, I give permission to go around loving them as the hipsters that heard of them 'before they became big.' You can even catch their concert at Higher Ground this month. Every bit of hype that will come to them in the next couple of years is well deserved.

A mix of band instruments, lullabies, and poetry led by a golden voice, Typhoon creates anecdotes against a backdrop of rock and symphony, for each and every one of us to experience and enjoy. If there was a chance for a band to come along again and be right on the money, Typhoon is it.

Typhoon's golden voice comes from the bellows of leader Kyle Morton. He's the band's lead member and many of the songs deal with his childhood. With the emotion that fills each piece, you can tell Morton had it rough in life. In fact he did, surviving complications from a period of Lyme disease, when he was 12. You can hear a lot of him in the songs - from themes dealing with detachment from his sister to vocalizations of passionate remorse.

The band originated in 2005 and is now signed to the label Tender Loving Empire, in Portland, Oregon. With four albums and two EPs, normally a band as talented as this one is better well known by now. They had a performance on Letterman in 2011, but not too many major public appearances. This is one of those bands that I heard a couple of songs, made the match that I had heard them before and liked

them both times, and then actively searched to hear them more. I nearly missed this gem.

Their EP, *A New Kind of House*, and their albums, *Hunger & Thirst* and *White Lighter*, can all be listened to on YouTube. The latest, *White Lighter* (2013), is what they'll be touring with this year. The band has 11 members, and is impeccable live, because they're

mostly used to playing live with so many different careful parts to play. From trumpet solos to violin solos to brilliant rock solos this band will lift you, drop you, and tenderly caress you before you hit the ground. Give a more careful ear to all of their work and you realize some songs reference others and connect with one another, even across albums.

They go wrong in bringing in some religious items, even specifically referencing The Book of Job in their ballad, *Prosthetic Love*, but they also don't go too far as to be praising the almighty. I wouldn't listen to it if it did. Morton seems to struggle with religion, and hopefully the band doesn't dabble in it any further.

For some of the greatest chords your ears have heard in a while, take a listen to *The Lake* and *Hunger & Thirst* off of *White Lighter*. Like an actual typhoon, be prepared to not be prepared.

Overall, I just recommend listening to their albums head-on off of YouTube. See if they're your thing. They've got the talent for it, and it'd be really surprising if they didn't make it big. The forecast is pretty certain, with some anthemic choruses and a variety of sweet, sweet music. ■

"a mix of band instruments, lullabies, and poetry led by a golden voice, Typhoon creates anecdotes against a backdrop of rock and symphony, for each and every one of us to experience and enjoy."

recently in tunes: spring break edition

with natedelgado

Hello again gang. Hope your spring break was fun, and in some place tropical. I ended up spending most of my time on trains and busses, but what are you gonna do? Somehow Greyhound wi-fi actually ended working for me, and I was able to spend my time checking out the recent highs and lows for Dylan's soul searching ass.

Yeezus is coming to the silver screen. That's right, Kanye's got a true blue movie coming to the unsuspecting public. To be fair, they have been getting better since *808s & Heartbreak's* short film. That was basically just build up to Kanye West cutting a weird thing out of his chest. The one for *My Beautiful Dark Twisted Fantasy* was actually pretty awesome. Shit, even Kanye was a good actor until he started talking ("Yeaaaa bird gurl yeaaa"). Yeezus seems more like the basis of a horror movie than anything else, and you either love or hate the album. Lets just be patient for now.

'Retro is cool' trend has been grossly unfair to Doo Wop. All right, some of you are not going to be on board with me on this, and you need to understand how not okay this is. Look around you: half the big names in music, and half the kids on campus are dressing like they're from at least 20 years in the past. If the past is so cool where's the love for doo-wop? The Ink Spots, The Del Vikings, Nat King Cole, so many artists just oozing that suave sense of swagger. Pay your respects; listen to "Come Go With Me" now.

Talking Heads' David Byrne covers "Just a Friend." Not much else to say about this, but its just too important and amazing to gloss over.

Lost Prophets and As I Lay Dying are as strange as they wanted us to think. Admittedly I'm a bit late to the game on this one, but what the hell is up with emo band members going absolutely bonkers recently? The lead guy from As I Lay Dying's confessed to hiring a hit man to kill his wife, and the lead guy from Lost Prophets admitted to using the band as a way for him to have sex with underage children for years. Emo is just a genre far beyond salvaging, Pete Wentz probably killed his parents too.

Oasis says "don't buy our reissued album." Well, at least they're okay with admitting they suck. Okay to be fair all Liam Gallagher said was "HOW CAN YOU REMASTER SOMETHING THAT'S ALREADY BEING MASTERED. DON'T BUY INTO IT." Oasis is the band that killed Brit-Pop, and that was arguably *their* genre. Don't be sad, though. "Wonderwall" was everyone's favorite song in 8th grade.

créatif stuffé.



the pond

by coleburton

The pond around the bend is where I played all day
That place I could go to just get away
When I was young, before the cattails encroached

The sun would shine and the frogs would croak
But all I could do was float between the branches

Along the whispers of the creek

That warm light could carry me wherever I could see
Along the backs of cardinals, in the jay's wings
Even the woodpecker could swing me through the leaves
An evanescent haze clouds these memories
Cloaking a time passed, now smothered by the weeds
The brambles of loss
Those shoots of pain
And the ivies of death
They cloud my memory
The days of pure joy are long gone
Over the years, my mind began to weep
For those easy pleasures
I constantly fight to keep ■

morning

by katjaritchie

Luke left for work knowing two things: he would be late for his 7am shift, and he didn't turn off his second alarm. He briefly considered running back up the thin, wooden staircase to flip the switch on the red plastic clock, but that would have made him even later. As his sneakers hit the frigid sidewalk, he continued to uselessly weigh his options. If he was going to be late anyway, another 30 seconds wouldn't hurt, and then the alarm wouldn't wake Kayla before her afternoon class. The logic that finally quieted his brain was that he didn't care if Kayla was woken up early.

His loud, curvy roommate with the discount hair extensions worked retail at one of those off-brand teenage clothing stores supposed to imitate Forever 21 and H&M, the ones on side streets down near Chinatown or out-of-the-way uptown alleys. The ones where employees and clients alike yelled in Spanish and toted baby girls with gold earrings. She made what she could selling cheap, skimpy rayon to teenagers and used it to pay for night classes at one of the city colleges.

Luke bussed tables and steamed cappuccinos at a café on the weekend, made less than Kayla, no tips because he wasn't a chatty waitress who knew all the regulars' drinks, and pushed his sorry paychecks towards a fraction of his rent in between classes at the university his family couldn't pay for. For all her bitching and moaning and asinine cell phone chats about which girl from her old Queens high school was pregnant this time, the click of her texting with her pre-manicured plastic fingernails, Luke wondered if he wasn't the idiot. Kayla always made rent. ■

haiku of the week: *spring break*

*This week, your weekly **wf** flow comes in small doses: here, we crash **spring break**.*

by thestaffers

No class for a week
What will I do with my time?
So much alcohol

Shut the fuck up with
Your instagrams of tropics
Meanwhile, it's 10 below.

Crumbs all in my sheets
Muscles nearly atrophied
Week of bed? Pure bliss

No James Franco here
No bright lights or grimy beach
Hey, *Spring Breakers* lied!

It's so cold outside,
I haven't moved in a whole week
Psh, spring break my ass

All-purpose excuse
SPRING BREAK! I shout as I take
Shots til straight blackout

So not ready to
Be seen in a bikini
Maybe snow's okay.

Spring fling, anyone?
Woo, college! Hit me up, I'm
Painfully single

Being home's okay
But goddamn it's cold, more like
Winter break part 2

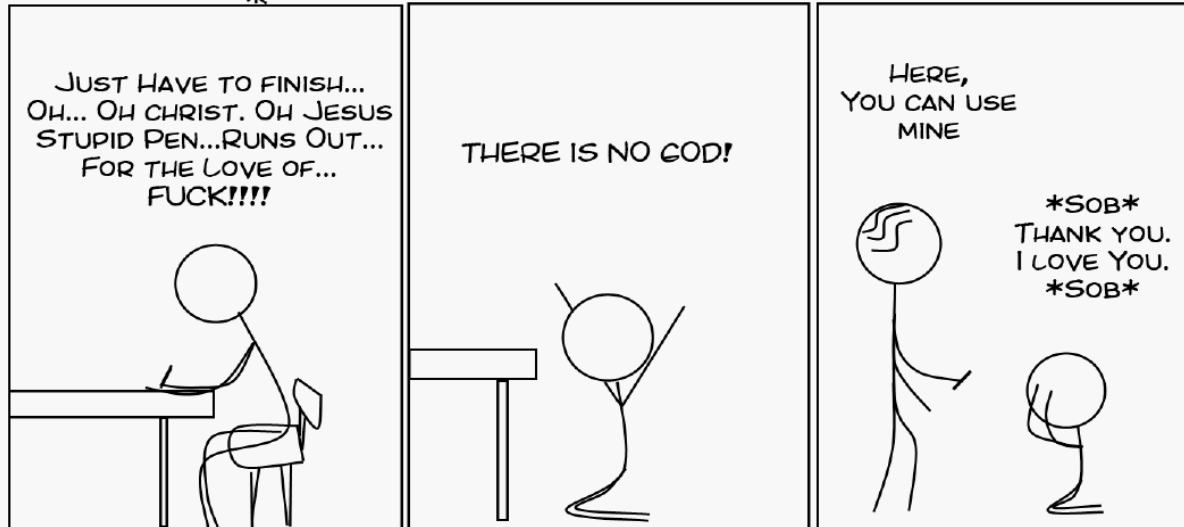
cat litter.



collincappelle

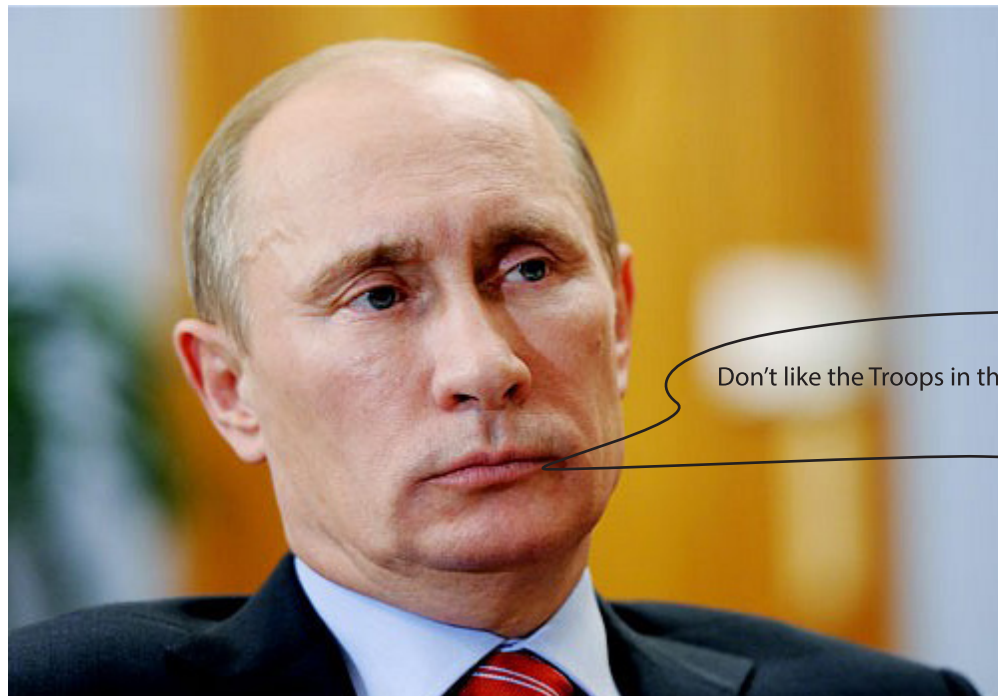


SATIRE STYX ♀ - THE MOMENT I REALIZED I WAS A BIT STRESSED



Tip o' the Week

Jennifer Lawrence should just hurry up and marry me



Fuck Florida, North Beach Was Beautiful Over Break

