



# the water tower.

## uvm's alternative newsmag

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### there and back again: an unexpected journey (to montpelier)

by lauragreenwood

With white knuckles gripping the steering wheel and a firmly clenched butt-hole, I had no idea that this particular journey to school would lead me to none other than to the big city, the capital, the state's center of life: Montpelier. For those who don't know, Burlington is not the capital of this fine state. If you ever thought this, because Burlington seems to house all that "haps" for VT—you...are wrong-ish (for the sake of this article, let's say you are). It may be hard to believe, but about forty miles south of our excuse of a college "city" lays the top destination on any well-informed traveler. I have to thank the brutal storm that reigned hell upon my Subaru and me that night, and fate, for without which I'd never have spent a night in Montpelier and learned all the town has to offer.

Once upon a time and blinded by my own ignorance, I hopped in the car, popped in a murder mystery book on tape, and began driving back to Burlington soon after the holiday season. Now, I should have suspected from the first chapter when the murderer, detective, victims, and resolution were already revealed that this ride was not going to be enjoyable. By the end of I-91, the skies had opened and I swear, literal dumps of snow were barraging my Subaru and defecating on my confidence in my driving ability. The repeated dimly visible glimpses of crashed cars, emergency lights, and jack-knifed semis scared me stiff as I slowed to a measly 15mph crawl. A three-hour ride gradually became four, five, five and a half hours before I could even really imagine coming home to my apartment. By six hours, my back and resolve were depleted and a road sign declared Burlington still fif-



julianna roen

ty miles away. Fuck that. I waved the white flag and pulled off at a little, unassuming exit for the unfamiliar place of Montpelier.

Now, I may have a roommate from Montpelier (or "just outside" as she says.

**sitting outside a restaurant called Julio's like an orphaned puppy, even they refused to cook for this lost traveler**

We'll unpack what that means later), and yet my knowledge was fairly limited on the area. Similar to Boston, every Vermont student seem to be from "outside Montpelier", unless they are from Burlington...I digress.

**Things I knew before:** 1. They have no McDonald's. 2. They have a fancy State House with a gold roof. 3. Cows. 4. Small "city" meant little to do. 5. Small high school meant littler to "do". Maybe, you share a similar conceptualization of the place. From my experience, some of these ideas were on point (to my despair) and er-

roneous others rectified my stay.

I'd like to dedicate this article to the kind folks at Econolodge for being ostensibly the ONLY hotel in Montpelier. Maybe there are more, but being the flustered, stranded foreigner with no GPS or smartphone at the time—the unassuming, snow-covered sign for the Econo was my only hope. But, Laura, your roommate "lives" in Montpelier? Yes, that is correct—but my first revelation about this area of Vermont is that cell service is a sought after treasure, and accessible it is not. The hotel had an insensibly steep driveway which nearly did in my asshole and me. I later learned the Econo is nicknamed "The Stinky Sock Motel", but for \$70 and an escape from the storm—I would have slept with anyone's dirty laundry (note: no stinky socks were found or smelt that night). The place was luxurious, maybe not Caesar's Palace, but they welcomed me in and gave me a Queen-sized bed and absolute control over the thermostat. That being said, I slept like a goddess. With lodging set, my next mission was food.

### back in the USSR: protests in ukraine hit boiling point

by caito'hara

Imagine that you're a liberal leaning young-adult, much like you probably are, living in a historically tumultuous region as a citizen of a country that didn't formally gain its independence until the early 1990s. Now imagine that as you've grown up and begun to understand the complexities of politics, your nation has been fraught with voter intimidation, dismissal of judges on little more than whim and bullying and assault on opposition candidates among a whole hell of a lot more. Imagine finding glimmers of hope in a better future, one where your country is free from its Big Brother and can pursue an independent identity, only to have it dashed before your eyes with restriction of speech and assembly.

Welcome to Ukraine.

A very brief and abbreviated modern history: the Soviet Union had a habit of continuously fighting over and dividing the territory, all the while systematically repressing and abusing the Ukrainian people. After the First World War, things just went downhill. Even after Ukraine gained its independence in 1991, an economic depression combined with close administrative ties to Russia meant that things remained largely the same.

Government ties with Russia meant a continued Russian influence and dominance on language, education, culture and politics within Ukrainian borders. Problems arose in the mid 2000s, as the 2004 presidential election was approaching. On one side of the political boxing ring (literally), were Viktor Yushenko and his allies—people who were pushing for increased relations with the European Union, with hopes to eventually join. On the other were Viktor Yanukovich and his cronies—people who supported not only continuing but also strengthening the bonds between Russia and Ukraine.

Yanukovich ultimately didn't win that election. Well, he did, but the entire election was declared null after allegations of vote rigging and intimidation began to surface. No, he didn't gain office then, but he succeeded in 2010. Censorship and press restrictions, intimidations, beatings and politically motivated arrests just about starts the miles long shit list Yanukovich trails behind him. But things really imploded back in November, when Yanukovich declined a free-trade agreement with the EU in favor of negotiating a \$15 billion bailout deal with Mother Russia.

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by staceybrandt**

**fashion we hate  
by amydorfman**

# the best news team in the universe.



inbox 

Dear **readers,**

We're baaaaack! You may have heard the rumors spread by a certain little bird that **The Water Tower** would be on an indefinite hiatus for the semester. While there was some truth to this originally, we are here to announce that your favorite unruly newsmag is back in action; no more naked newsstands! After a nearly futile fight with the man, we have worked out the kinks and will continue to provide UVM with the breaking news, cartoons and IWYSBs this campus has come to know and love. With that, we encourage all of you to get those creative juices flowing and send your writing, artwork and love poems our way at [thewatertowernews@gmail.com](mailto:thewatertowernews@gmail.com).

Until next Tuesday,  
Sarah and Cait

*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](mailto:thewatertowernews@gmail.com)**

## the shit list

with caito'hara

**The New England Patriots**—With a performance that rivaled many high school teams in degree of awful, the Patriots managed to take an otherwise ok season and beat it definitively into the ground. No one cares that Brady may have been injured, the fact is they played like ass and Manning ran circles around the defense.

**Justin Bieber**—Oh, the Bieb! In an effort to remind us all of how “grown up” he is now, Justin managed to get himself arrested on a slew of charges including driving on a suspended license AND a DUI. But fear not Beliebers, we all know this asshole won't see the inside of a jail any time soon.

**Windchill**—Fuck. You. It's one thing if it's ridiculously cold everyday, it's January in Vermont after all. It's a whole other beast entirely when the windchill is so bad that the Weather Channel advises you to limit your outdoor activity. Thanks for making me walk to class anyway, cause ya know, frostbite isn't a thing at all.

**UVM**—So tuition is going up again because the school isn't making enough money, but giving the athletic director a \$35k raise is totally doable, right? Let's not forget though, they do have to make up the \$185,000 that was embezzled from various funds (including tuition in case you didn't feel bad enough about giving the school more money). Good job guys, really, grade A stuff. ■

## the news in brief

with dannissim

**the water tower.**  
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**“I feel like I have been treated unfairly and this is unjust. This is completely legal. I didn't break any laws, and this took place out of the school.”**

– Robert Marucci, a senior at Cocoa High School in Cocoa, Florida, reflects on his suspension, allegedly due to his pornography career. Once his fellow students and the administration found out, he became the target of bullying and was subsequently suspended. While I understand why the school administration acted so quickly to suspend him, Marucci was only trying to be a good son and support his mother.

**“The North-South relations will be improved on a solid basis only when both sides take realistic measures to prevent impending nuclear disasters with concerted efforts of the Korean nation.”**

– In a letter from **North Korea's Defense Commission** to South Koreans, North Korea calls for unity (not in the sense of a one state policy) once again between the two nations. I'm sorry, I'm having a difficult time believing this shit after North Korean leader Kim Jong-Un executed his uncle with a pack of starving dogs (yes, I know he wasn't executed that way, but you can't deny its plausibility).

**“Who else but the Muslim Brotherhood has an interest in this kind of attack? After they were forced out of politics, they just want to destroy the country.”**

– **Mohamed Ahmed**, a banker in Cairo, reacts to a string of bombings last Friday directed at the police leaving at least six dead and 70 injured. While no one has officially claimed responsibility, there are those who believe the Islamist group, the Mulsim Brotherhood, is responsible in response to the recent ban of religiously based political parties. ■

**“All jokes aside, Justin Bieber is a piece of shit.”**

– In a tweet posted through his account, **Seth Rogen** takes a pot shot at Justin Bieber over his recent arrest. With Bieber's image irreparably tarnished, will you continue to Bieliebe?

**the water tower** is UVM's alternative newsmag and is a weekly student publication at the University of Vermont in Burlington, Vermont.

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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.**

# *bullets and binders:* schools, guns, and gun control

by dannissim

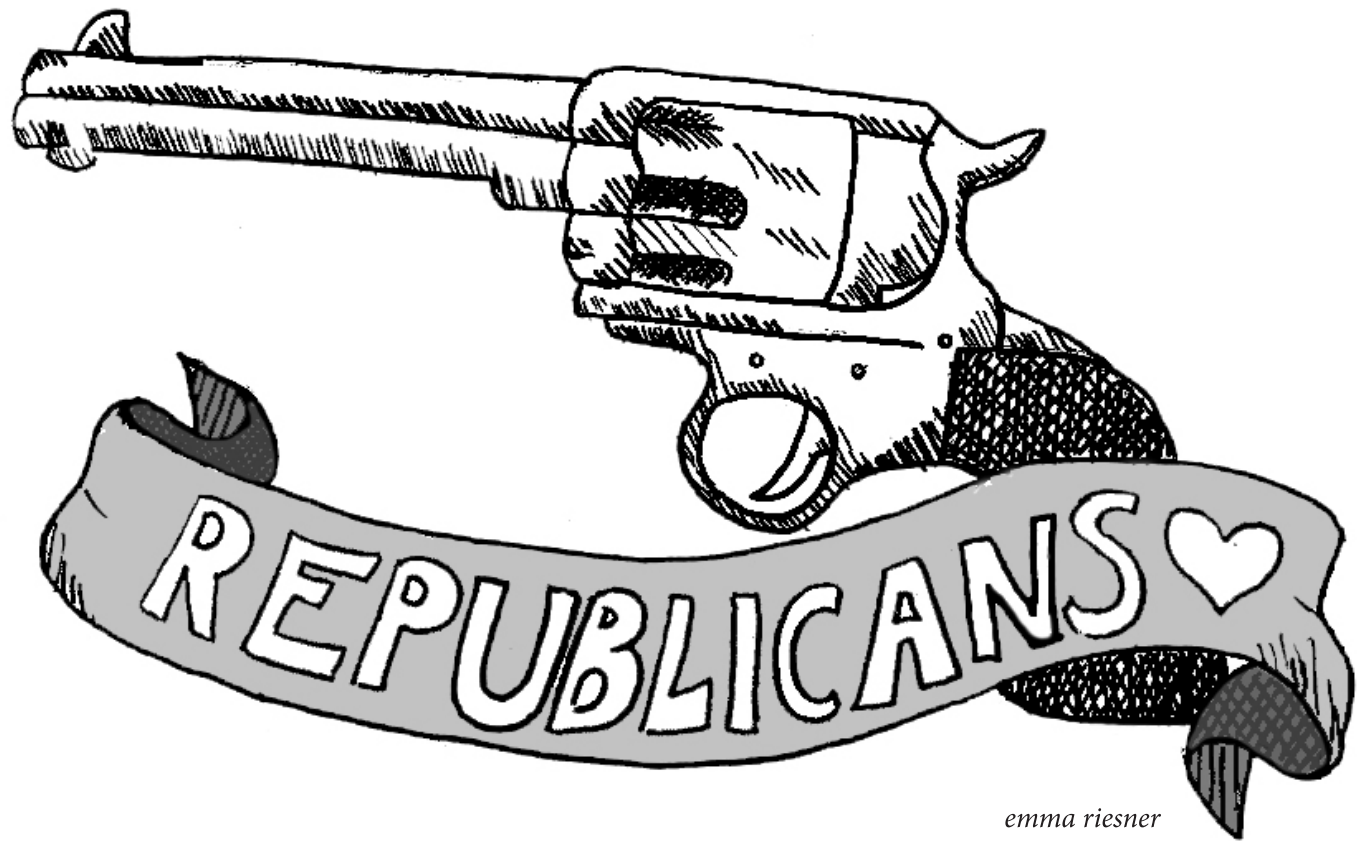
In the year following the Sandy Hook shooting, there were a total of 25 school shootings resulting in the deaths of 21 people. Just last week, a student at Purdue University was shot and killed by a fellow student. While legislation has been passed to better control the sale of guns, school shootings manage to become more and more frequent. While legislation would be helpful, this problem does not have one leading factor. Each shooter has different reasons for resorting to violence, but each incident often ends with the same devastating result. We need to be more vigilant, together, in order to stop future shootings.

2013 saw the introduction of about 1,500 gun bills, but only 109 reached a governor's desk and only 39 bills actually increased control. The rest? Protecting gun rights. The gun control debate has captured national attention once again, but nothing seems to have been resolved. Don't get me wrong, precautions have been put into place in many schools. Schools have enacted more thorough lockdown plan and practice them more frequently, while several districts have allowed staff to carry firearms to better protect the student body. While there are some safety mechanisms in place, it hasn't been enough. With a school shooting every other week, America is failing to protect its children. I cannot imagine what it must feel like as a parent to be unsure of what may transpire at school. There was once a time where I felt completely safe to be at school, but honestly, I can't say I believe that anymore.

Now I understand that the issue isn't as simple as there are kids with guns who want to shoot people.

**"2013 saw the introduction of about 1,500 gun bills, but only 109 reached a governor's desk and only 39 bills actually increased control."**

There are several underlying factors to each incident. It could be bullying. Once upon a time bullying was limited to school yard, but now bullying has made its way to the Internet becoming a constant torrent of hate for the afflicted. Mental health issues may sometimes be another fac-



tor. While there isn't always a link between mental health issues and a shooting, this is an area where we need to focus more of our attention. Since the Sandy Hook shooting, 37 states of increased their spending on mental health services, but money is not enough. The stigma built up over the specter of depression and other mental illnesses is frightening and incredibly isolating for those afflicted. We need to be vigilante in looking out for and reacting to potential red flags, as these may indicate future malicious action. According to an unarmed security guard at Arapahoe High School, where a shooting last December claimed the life of one student, the administration was aware that the shooter made death threats against his intended targets and yet they didn't take the proper steps to avoid this incident.

The availability of firearms is another issue. Proper screening protocols have not been put in place, and the

sale of guns through a trade or at a gun show are still barely regulated. While it is true that several of the school shooters purchased their guns legally, this gun-centric culture has given way to a society where it wouldn't be so hard to find one either through friends or family. God bless America and the right to bear arms, but when do we say that the situation has gotten out of hand?

The fact of the matter is that it's unreasonable to expect that every school should be 100% safe, but the moment we truly believe that is the moment we have failed. Steps have been taken, but gun shots keep ringing through school halls. Students have become emboldened by the many examples that flash across news networks month after month. We most protect our children, for they are our nation's most valuable resource, and it is their hands that shape our future. ■

## USSR - continued from pg. 1

Since then, thousands of pro-EU/pro-human rights/pro-democracy Ukrainians, led by opposition leaders such as Vitali Klitschko and Oleh Tiahnybok, have poured into Independence Square in the capital city, Kyiv, to protest their government, its corruption, and its stubborn maintaining of ties to the past. What started out as a peaceful, if passionate, protest quickly morphed into something far more sinister when police in full riot gear scattered protestors with truncheons and pepper spray. Molotov cocktails, barricades, and an ambitious small-scale catapult followed.

And that was before the anti-protest legislation. See, it wasn't enough to beat some protestors and threaten a few leaders, oh no. On January 16th, a bill was forced through Parliament that essentially renders any form of protest illegal. Driving in lines of more than five cars? No license for you and we'll take your car too! Riot po-

lice brutally beat you/your friend/your family and you want to bring them to justice? Too bad, they're exempt from punishment for any crimes committed during the protests. Wearing a helmet while at a peaceful gathering? 10 days in prison. Leading one of those peaceful gatherings? Get cozy; you'll be spending the next 10 to 15 years enjoying prison hospitality. Oh, and one little thing; you don't have to be present at court to be declared guilty. And if somehow none of this scared you, talk to the hundreds of protestors who received a text message last Tuesday simply reading, "Dear subscriber, you are registered as a participant in a mass disturbance." And we thought the NSA was bad...

Ukraine is on the brink, and it seems there's little chance of compromise without violence. The first deaths from this protest happened just last week, and I'm sure they won't be the last. The administration is adamant

about staying in power, while since day one the opposition has been calling for early elections for executive positions and parliament. As the evidence mounts that Yanukovych will never agree to it, people have started to rally around an alternative government, proclaimed as the People's Rada of Ukraine.

It's impossible to predict what the long-term impacts of these protests is going to be, simply because there are too many variables. The government figured they would be able to wait out the protestors and yet it still goes on. They hoped to frighten and bruise people into giving up the fight and yet still it goes on. If there is one thing the Ukrainian people have learned during the many long years of oppressive rule it's how to get back up no matter how many times they're knocked down, and I think this learned resilience will surprise us all. ■

# around town.



## MONTPELIER *-continued from pg 1*

Montpelier actually does have a lot of great restaurants and I don't wish for this story to mislead you. Hands down, the best Thai food (apologies, Tiny Thai) is the Royal Orchid—I still dream of their fried bananas with coconut ice cream dessert. That's the only place I've been, but I've also heard rave reviews about Positive Pie, Bagito's (Bagels+Burritos=absolute genius!), La Brioche, and Sarducci's. But my resentment settles on the fact that for having so much, the entire downtown closes down before happy hour even gets to begin! I was there on a Sunday at 9pm and EVERY PLACE was closed. With no McDonald's in sight (aha!), the town also seemed to lack the development of the late-night pizza market. I was seriously famished and after sitting outside a restaurant called Julio's like an orphaned puppy, even they refused to cook for this lost traveler. I admitted defeat and retreated to my stinky sock home. The only solace for my stomach that night was a clementine. I wept into its yummy goodness while watching Wedding Crashers in my palace.

The next day, I bid farewell to the Econo and met up with the roommate to have true Montpelier experience, when places are actually open. I picked her up from her home, which revealed her fib of being "outside Montpelier". First, some perspective: Champlain College is "outside UVM". Winooski center is "outside Burlington". Her house was ten minutes "outside Montpelier" and then twenty minutes on dirt roads. From what I garnered, leaving Montpelier from any direction for ten minutes led to the same pavement-less route.

Once we finally returned over the mountains and through the woods to downtown, we set out on foot to hit the streets. The stores were cute, there's no doubt. Each was the

perfect combination of artsy but not kitschy, innovative yet not passionless. The only nagging thought in my head was that this was the capital or so-called center of the state. Every other capital you'll find in America is jam packed with activities and stores and clothes and food. They try to accommodate for every possible tourist who may stop through and their needs. Montpelier isn't like that. That may be some of the area's mystique, yet honestly the memories of starvation the night before kept me feeling bummed. I love the Vermont charm characteristic of the capitol, but—honestly—the place is a bit of a disappointment that came up short in my expectations. The most advertised activity for the day was riding in the glass elevator, which I learned only went up three floors. It was kind of weird. The town was simple and yet people died for entertainment like that of the elevator. Why not keep the Vermont feel, but spruce up the town beyond just boutiques, coffee shops and a Rite Aid?

Montpelier didn't really blow my expectations for better or worse. It's definitely a cute place that wasn't too far from Burlington (once the roads were cleared) or the ski mountains. The best word I think to describe it is unassuming. I don't think you'll fall in love with it in the same way that Burlington demands a reaction. If you live there or "near" it, you may think I'm a total jerk for picking on your town, but really I think it's safe to say there's a lot of truth to be found in the experience of a stranger. Thus, I recommend to students to bucket list Montpelier for your four years. Go get the creemee from Morse Farm. Ask questions at the local co-op. And get that sundae from Royal Orchid. ■

# the blind date debate

## *picking the perfect rendezvous*

by rebecca laurion

*I've been on enough blind dates in my life to know the good spots from the bad. Whether you're meeting someone you met online, being set up by a friend, or this is just the first date, where you choose to go is very important, especially if you're the one deciding. The location can tell you just as much about your date as their grooming habits or dress can. So take it from me, if you want the date to go well, and not resemble your recurring stress dreams about telling Bobby Whatshisname back in 5th grade you like his wheelies, don't make some of these mistakes. Of course, even the best location can't save a lousy date, but it can't hurt it, either.*

**Bars:** No. A world of no, and here's why: If this is just going to be a casual fling or "get to know you" then go for it. But if you want to go on a serious date with this person and can envision spending time sober with this person as well as intoxicated, do not go to a bar. Bars are not romantic, and being surrounded by people out of work for the day trying to drown themselves in fancy cocktails and scotch is not appealing. Invite your date to meet at a bar and you're basically saying you're not sure if you like this person, but maybe alcohol will give you the answer.

**Coffee houses:** This one's a mixed bag. The very cliché meeting place for online romances could go either way. It's all in the selection. Muddy Waters is interesting and the décor is unusual, yet the rustic interior provides a nice, intimate setting for you and your partner. Downside? If it's overcrowded, you're not going to really hear much of what your date's saying. Uncommon Grounds isn't a bad option either, but trust me, if you go when there's no one there but the baristas, the loudest thing you'll hear between the two of you is your breathing. It's awkward. Finally, if you take your date to Starbucks, you're admitting that you don't get out much.

**Concerts:** High energy dance fests? Yes. Orchestras? Not unless you're dating a Music major. The idea is to have fun and show off your personality, not sit in a chair and pretend to be classier than you are. If you genuinely like classical music, then go for it. Just make sure your date does, too. It's very easy for you to not really get to know anything about your partner at a concert other than where their sweat glands are most heavily located, so make sure to schedule some downtime beforehand to relax and have a good chat. Then you'll feel comfortable to let your inner David Bowie out and just dance.

**Movies:** This is a good idea, overall. You get to be mutually entertained, and the film can give you fodder for conversation afterwards, should you decide to go for a drink or a meal. And all that tension in the dark of should-we-hold-hands-or-not will bring you back to your teenage years. Minus the acne. Maybe. Like a concert, you might not be getting to know your partner very well by focusing on a screen. And the dark can be hell awkward as you're hyper aware of everything they're doing. But hey, my parents were a blind date that went to a movie, and they've been married for almost thirty years, with 2 daughters. So take it from the Laurions, it's worth a shot.

**Dining Halls:** Well, you've clearly given up before the date's even started. You might as well just go home and watch Duck Dynasty and take your pants off or something. That's clearly what you really want, anyways. Same goes for Brennan's. Get the hell off campus, lazy.

**Restaurants:** If you're going this route for a first date, do lunch. Dinner can be intimidating, and lunch is more casual and relaxed. Think about it. Romantic lighting, waiters watching your anxiety from behind the wine rack, cheesy violin music, desperate attempts not to spill anything on yourself. It's a worrier's worst nightmare. Dinner dates set up so much expectation and provide so many opportunities for embarrassment and stress. A four course at Leunig's is just not a good idea unless you're proposing. And if you're proposing on the first date, stop. Look at yourself. And stay home. Think something perhaps less elegant, but with character that will keep you cool, casual and comfortable. Henry's Diner is a nice option and relatively inexpensive, and the Skinny Pancake is never a bad choice.

**Dorm Rooms/apartments/houses:** If your blind date invites you to their home for your first date, delete them from your phone immediately. They're a serial killer and you will be turned into shoes. ■



# burlington mayor admits to 'forgetting' city's thermostat *turned off*

benberrick

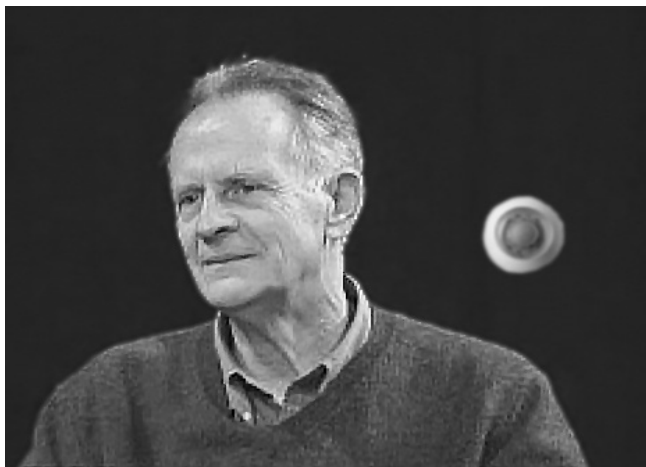
In a major press conference which took place late last night, Burlington Mayor Bob Kiss apologized to gathered citizens for 'forgetting to turn the heat back on' this past week. In a cold front widely believed to have been following the first 'polar vortex', which swept the east coast over the week around New Year's Day, Burlington temperatures dropped as low as 15 degrees below zero, leaving residents frozen. Mayor Kiss revealed, however, that these frigid temperatures had not resulted from massive air pressure patterns, but from a fit of post-travel forgetfulness:

"Honestly, I feel a little sheepish about the whole thing", the obviously embarrassed mayor said while wiping his reddened, sweating brow. "[My wife] Jackie and I had just got back from visiting some family in Arkansas, and we were so tired that we went straight to bed and it just, I don't know, slipped my mind", he elaborated. Added Kiss: "I just knew I was forgetting something, but I couldn't put my finger on it".

Numerous outreach programs made attempts to contact local homeless populations, encouraging them to seek refuge from the bitter cold in shelters. Residents survived the subzero temperature by bundling up and leaving houses or apartments as infrequently as possible, some taking extreme measures to avoid leaving the warmth of their

homes.

"We didn't want to try and go from the door to the car", reported local mother Lucy Rancourt. "Sure, that meant



that we couldn't go grocery shopping for days, but what else are children for if not providing sustenance in an emergency?" At least one resident claimed to have survived by

sleeping out the cold inside the corpse of his fallen wampa.

Reports of polar bear and yeti sightings remain unconfirmed, but are currently considered to be the hallucinogenic products of snow blindness and exhaustion.

"Well, about two days ago, Jackie popped her head out of the window and asked me if it seemed a bit nippier out than usual", Mayor Kiss confessed to an agitated crowd, "but I thought she was just cold because, you know, women tend to be more sensitive to that kind of thing."

At the time of publishing, Mr. Kiss maintained that he believed sheets of ice which coated roads for days in later January to be "no thicker than normal", and claimed that he had thought reports on the news "were typical attention-seeking exaggeration". He repeated that the temporary deactivation of the city's heat had "absolutely nothing to do with Vermont's current fiscal struggle", and that residents should expect heat to gradually return as "everything gets warmed up down there".

The seriously frigid temperatures this past week were among the most severe weather fluctuations since the enormous heat wave of summer 2012, when Mayor Kiss "totally forgot [he] left the oven on", and the serious flooding in early fall 2011, stemming from a neglected leaky faucet. ■

## happy hour: *buffy*

rebeccalaurion

Welcome back, **water tower** readers, to another semester of drinking games based on the best TV shows! If you have a game you're dying to share with everyone, by all means send it in! Seriously, there's only so much TV we at the Water Tower can watch ourselves and not flunk out. And as always, my lovelies, be smart, be safe, and have fun.

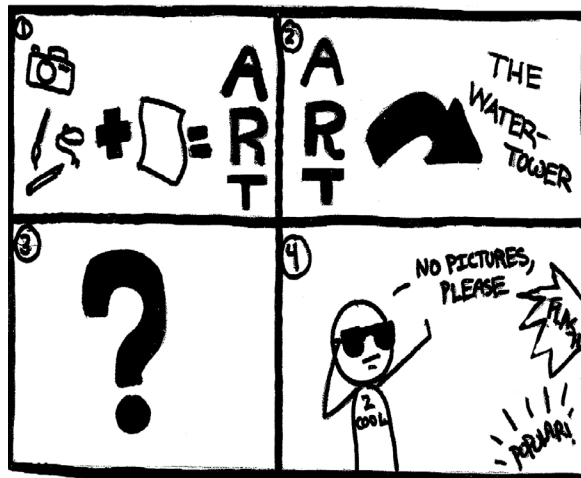
There are two kinds of people in the world: people who love *Buffy the Vampire Slayer*, and filthy liars. Smart, funny and a whole lot of heart, what's not to love? A cult classic that influenced a generation to be kickass and take down their demons, *Buffy* will always be the feminist icon I, and millions of others, needed and will always adore. A toast to *Buffy Summers*. She saved the world. A lot.

### Take a drink when:

- Someone says "Slayer"
- Buffy kills something.
- Someone says "Hellmouth."
- Terrifying 90s/early 2000s fashion choices.
- Giles is 500 percent done with everything.
- Scene at The Bronze.
- Witty one-liner you will now quote forever.
- Angel/Dawn is a whiny shit.
- Willow and Tara are the couple you wish you were.

### Finish your drink:

- Someone you love dies. (Also known as 'I'm not crying, it's just Joss Whedon in my eye'.)
- The Apocalypse is stopped, again.
- Convenient book with all the answers that would have been useful way earlier. ■



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davis center 4th floor

# reflections.

## rash city, bitch

by phoebefooks

Over the past two months I have gone through an awakening. I've learned how to stay motivated in times of strife, I've realized what I should not take for granted, and I've understood the value of unconditional friendship. I do not mean to say that I was an unhappy person before these two months, but rather my recent experience has granted me a perspective from which I've learned more about myself than I had previously imagined I could. I'm not talking about a soul-searching excursion to some Third World village, nor a reconciliation with Jesus Christ or the Flying Spaghetti Monster. The experience that I have been through is quite different than those, so allow me to explain.

Rash rules everything around me. No, that's not a typo, though if you thought so then I applaud you for catching the reference. But I really did mean to say "rash," not cash. The reason for my word choice is the small patch of red bumps I discovered on my abdomen around mid-November that over the following weeks slowly but surely spread over my entire body, and subsequently established reign over everything around me. A dreadful two months indeed, however it was the rash that has brought me all the wisdom I mentioned above.

Let me start from the beginning. One week after I noticed the suspicious lesions on my stomach, I went to a doctor while I was home for Thanksgiving break. This doctor told me I was probably having an allergic reaction to something undeterminable and prescribed me an oral steroid. A few days later my rash was only getting worse so I went to see a different doctor who told me that I most likely had scabies. *Scabies*. I racked my brain trying to think of how I could have contracted an infestation of skin lice, typically passed through "intimate contact" (heavy use of air-quotes employed here) with another infected person. Nothing, absolutely nothing came to mind, but I was only a few nights away from ripping my own skin off in my sleep, and hope for relief was too tempting.

Per the doctor's word, I returned home and washed everything I had so much as breathed on in the past week, showered viciously, and applied a hefty coating of toxic bug-killing ointment for an overnight soak.

I was the walking incarnation of an apartment undergoing fumigation.

Back at school I went through half of my exams fully convinced

that there were microscopic, blood-hungry fiends posting up under my skin. I was scratching perpetually like a feral cat on kitty Ritalin, and the rash had only spread. The real tragedy, however, was spending the night of the Naked Bike Ride in bed attempting to study. I partially did want to shock NBR participants with my rashy ass, but I decided the harsh cold would probably cause more harm to my skin than the liberation would do good, so I stayed in.

Eventually I decided to go to student health to see a third doctor, who, lo and behold, took one look at my rash and said, "That's not scabies." I didn't know whether to be relieved or even more concerned as he went on to explain that what I had looked like pityriasis rosea, a rash of unknown cause that lasts about 6-8 weeks with no

performed and take daily doses of folic acid, zinc, vitamin C, milk thistle, and holy water from the cauldron of a dormant Guatemalan volcano. Oh, and I couldn't drink alcohol for six weeks.

So, here I am six weeks later with significantly less rash, and one heck of an experience under my belt (literally). There were definitely times when I knew for certain that this was the worst thing that had ever happened to me, but I kept my chin up and accepted my fate.

I would have to say that what has truly kept me alive throughout all of this ordeal has been the undying support of my friends, who send me snapchat's with red dots drawn all over their bodies and remind me that I am absolutely stunning despite the rash. With their help, I've turned

this entire bizarre happenstance into a laughable matter. I've been reminded by many that even the most beautiful people who walk among us, namely Kim Kardashian, also suffer from my same rash. I've also gained like at least five Twitter followers purely from having things like "@pheebs: I Will B Queen of the Rash Ppl" retweeted by my adoring fans and best friends.

Never question the power that you have in your ability to tell someone that they are stunning no matter what brings them down—be it a sniffly cold, a bandaids across the nose, or a full-body rash. ■



emma riesner

# the *new normal*

on responding to parental inquiries of young love, and the shameful truth of **today's hookup culture**

by mikaelawaters



liz stafford

It's my mother's goal in life to be Amy Poehler's character in *Mean Girls*—a pink-juicy-sweatsuit-wearing "cool mom." Alas, to her great disappointment, my mother dearest bequeaths curfews and counseling in the stead of "hump day treats" and "condoms or a snack," and woefully owns no baby-pink velour. However, the reality of our relationship and her character occasionally slips her mind when she tries to be my gal pal, asking questions about boys and "the 411."

One of these amnesic episodes occurred over winter break, when she asked the inevitable question, "Sooo...any boys at school?" I took a moment before responding. A moment of silence. Not for me and my "love" life, but for our generation.

In my mother's vision of collegiate flirting and courting, young men approach studious young ladies in the library to chat about the book she's checking out or the exam for which she is stoically studying. After an appropriate and cultured conversation, he would ask her to coffee the following day, and then later to see her the coming Friday for dinner and an evening at the cinema. Arms linked, he would then walk her chivalrously to her dorm, and bestow a single kiss. She would swoon, and later, in secrecy, confide in her closest friend about his handsomeness.

When my mother asked about boys, she wasn't referring to the DFMOs (Dance Floor Make-Outs), hookups, or hangouts of today, she was asking me about dating, courting, and swooning—and of these things, our generation knows absolutely nothing. "Courtship" today is a completely separate arena with a completely separate definition from what it was to our parents.

In our generation, courtship looks something like this:

"Lock eyes from across the room, down the drinks while the rhythms boom," (ten points for naming the song) and a gentleman spots a fine lady. Her crop top glows beneath the blacklights, he advances, and they commence the "bump and grind." Maybe it's her incredible ability to twerk, or his guns in that tank, but both parties think the other fair and worthy. After a few mid-grind make-out sessions, he invites her to leave the

dance floor, both of them needing a break after dancing a little too hard to "Timber" (and who can blame them). Being the chivalrous man that he is, he fights through the jungle juice line and bestows upon his fair maiden a Solo cup of the purest red, laden with – no one actually knows – or perhaps fetches her a Busch Light as a token of his affection. And, if all goes well, in the morning there's a scavenger hunt of clothing, a hurried and huddled walk home, two Advil, and later, in secrecy, a confiding in a closest friend about how once again, you need to get your life together.

Looking up from my moment of silence, I smiled and replied to my mom, "No, not really." I couldn't tell her anything about my encounters with Y-chromosomal beings because my relationships and interactions with guys at school are so radically different from what she could have meant by her question. Without passing any judgment on our generation or the actions of people within it, it is clear and fair to note that we have communally generated a new set of societal standards, and with them, a new normal in regards to promiscuity and sexuality. This isn't new or exclusive to the "90s kids" (holla), as each generation brings with it changes that shock and horrify the ones before it. But, if this is where we are at now—literally having dry sex on dance floors, where boys giving girls free beer is considered more glorious than diamond rings ever could be—I'm terrified to see what the next crop will bring.

As we push the boundaries, what does it mean if the next generation breaks them entirely? Will booty shorts turn into denim thongs? Dirty snapchat's into physical flashings? One night stands into "thirty minutes to win it?" As the repertoire of socially acceptable acts becomes increasingly expansive and elastic, at what point and during which era will a definitive line be drawn and an end be met? Maybe I should have filled my mother in on my many misadventures and wild excursions in the realm of collegiate coed interactions, because in twenty years, she'll be so thankful and proud that at least I hadn't been acting like "kids these days." ■

# squirrel games

my father's unadulterated *love affair* with the last thing you'd ever expect

by staceybrandt

It has come to a point in a semi-dys-functional, quite tiresome twenty-year marriage that my father has begun to yearn for the warmth of new love. I can assure you he is not looking for a replacement wife (because who else but would remind him how unrealistic his dreams are?), but rather a tender companionship to restore his faith in happiness and humanity. Who knew that his new companion would be found no further than our back doorstep, she, too, in search of warmth and love and friendship (food) in the cold snows of winter? My Dad's new best friend is a squirrel.

This squirrel, whom my father affectionately named Pippa, can be seen as more of a child than a friend. The name Pippa makes sense because my father was apparently in his third trimester of pregnancy during the Royal wedding. Upon further investigation, Pippa has been confirmed to be four different squirrels. (The other three I have taken the liberty to call Henry, Harry, and Kate. Kate is actually a huge bitch.)

I discovered the small infestation one morning after my father had left for work, but not before leaving a small bowl of sunflower seeds for his beloved. I had made myself some coffee and sat down by the back slider to enjoy the winter wonderland before me. Instead, I was treated to an ironic petting zoo: a large squirrel was vig-

orously destroying seeds with tiny munches while I watched in disgust behind the glass. I will note that this is probably how man came to domesticate wolves: First, man was horrified by the wolf's capacity to incinerate a helpless deer. Then, immediately remembering the horror of a twenty-year marriage, man saw that the wolf could be made into a docile, cuddling companion that would also not habitually complain.

Being in such close proximity to wild

**"I know very private things about squirrels that most would never like to know or to experience."**

squirrels, I spent unreasonable amounts of time observing their habits. I am certain that I know very private things about squirrels that most would never like to know or to experience. For instance, I was fortunate enough to have the rare and unique opportunity of seeing a squirrel defecate in real life. I actually saw a rapid trail of tiny pellets expelled from below the squirrel's tail. It was pretty special. Now hundreds of these small balls of excrement, which my father would describe as "cute," now litter our backyard-turned-feeding ground.

I have also learned that squirrels pose little to no threat to virtually any other animal in nature, making them quite lame.

Naturally, the presence of sunflower seeds on our patio attracted a variety of species of birds from large blue jays to little sparrows, none of which were remotely deterred by the squirrels. At one point, the bright flash of a descending cardinal startled Sir Henry Squirrel and he retreated up a nearby tree.

Much like humans, however, intra-species relations between squirrels are less than desirable. There is a lot of territorial food hoarding and menacing each other for the foreign resources my father provides, chasing each other up trees and such. My father has seemingly no perception of the imminent war brewing within the local squirrel population as he rushes back into the house, saying, "I forgot to feed the children." Not to feed

my brother and me, of course, his biological children, but to nourish and domesticate the tens of squirrels in our backyard. The introduction of resources in the squirrel environment has led to some serious consequences that start with the transformation of my backyard into a shithole. The squirrels have absolutely no consideration for their surroundings, never cleaning up the byproducts of their feeding frenzy before the next offering is presented. It's pathetic, really, the whole convenience turned ostensible dependence, otherwise known as laziness. I'm just waiting for the coyotes to show up. ■

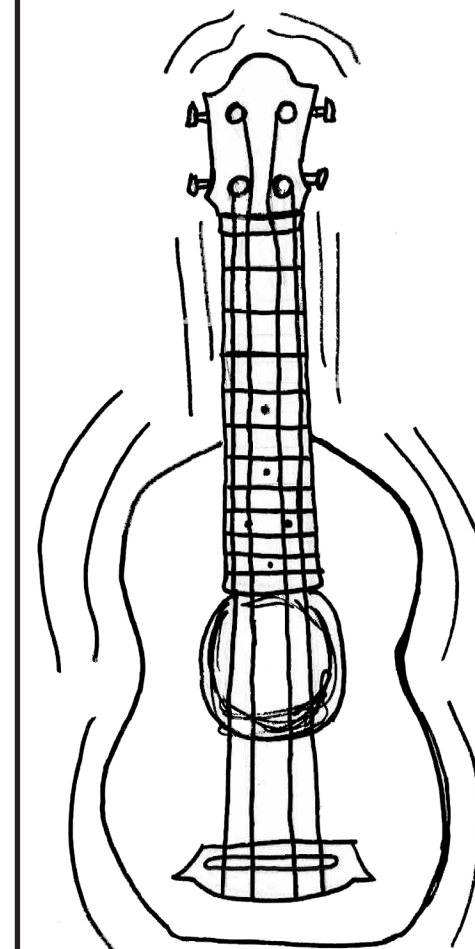
# ukeleles not just for luaus anymore

by wesdunn

It began during the summer. I had just gotten back from the urgent care center following a rather nasty bike crash involving a rose bush and a barbed wire fence. (Pro tip: don't go 30 mph down roads you don't know, especially if you're in Amish country with no "English" house around for miles, especially if your tetanus shot isn't up to date.) I couldn't move my legs, which somewhat limited my ability to keep myself occupied at home. Sure, I had a book to read, but doing nothing except reading and eating all day for two weeks can get a little old. I mean, it's great, but my conscience couldn't take it. So after a couple of days, I did something I had never thought of doing before: I picked up my brother's ukulele and started strumming.

Here's the thing about ukuleles: You simply can't make a sad noise with them—the closest you can get is, like, pensive or something. But you can make a pretty wide variety of sounds with these instruments. They can, in fact, produce songs other than just "Somewhere Over the Rainbow" all the time. (No offense, just not really my jam.)

So instead of wallowing in my stationary misery, I parked up in the kitchen with a steady supply of Nutella and hard cider and started building some calluses! I'm a drummer by trade, and had never really touched a string instrument before, but the four strings of the ukulele made for a pretty unintimidating prospect. Just from playing around, I found that I could make some pretty neat sounds—seriously, hours of en-

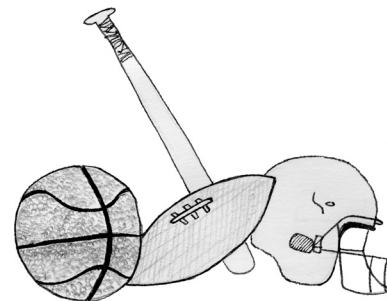


katja ritchie

# highlight reel.

the *anomaly* that is

# richard sherman



by mikestorace

The NFL has had a surprising amount of chitchat this year. That's right, taunting and tussles have become the name of the game in the NFL. The most notable of this taunting being, of course, the infamous Richard Sherman and his post-game rant with Erin Andrews after the Seahawks victory in the NFC championship game. Richard Sherman yelled, in case you missed it, "I am the best corner in the game! When you try me with a sorry receiver like Crabtree, that's the result you gon' get! Don't you ever talk about me! ... Don't open your mouth about the best! Or Imma shut it for you real quick! L-O-B!" Sherman tipped a pass intended for his nemesis Michael Crabtree, a wideout for the San Francisco 49ers, to end the game. In case you were wondering, L-O-B stands for the legion of boom, the self-proclaimed nickname of the 'Hawks' defense. Sherman is one of, if not the, most prominent member of that legion.

Well humility aside, Richard Sherman has managed to gain a significant wave of attention and discussion surrounding his comments. This rant has become quite infamous, dubbed by CNN as "the rant heard around the world." Let me tell you, the whole freaking world is talking about it (including me). The irony of his statement is that Sherman talks just as much as any other player on the field. In fact, I would argue that he taunts more than any other NFL football player today. Fortunately for Sherman, his play on the field backs up his unusually large mouth. He got the best of Crabtree all season, especially in the final play of the NFC championship, and he will not let the Niners' receiver forget about it. Granted Crabtree taunts a great deal, but as a fan of football, the post-play antics displayed after that game disappointed me. After the play, Sherman went up to Crabtree, slapped his ass, clearly said something inflammatory, and received a hand to the face from his nemesis. Sherman released an essay early last week saying

he was simply congratulating Crabtree on a "good game." Everyone knows that's a load of bullshit. Sherman then proceeded to parade around the field flashing a choking symbol that was presumably directed at Colin Kaepernick. To such haughty display I saw, win with dignity and humility, and let your actions speak for themselves.

Sherman has gone back on his post-game speech, saying it was "misdirected and immature." He claims he had no intention of taking away the spotlight from the Seahawks' victory, which he obviously has done. The Seahawks defense is not just one man. It is a competent squad

**"don't write a bullshit essay after the game saying how you were trying to be gracious..."**

that manages to lock down receivers while simultaneously generating pressure on the quarterback. The legion of boom will certainly be put to the test next week against the most high-powered offense in the NFL.

Clearly this was a calculated move by Richard Sherman. He's a smart man, although his diction during the interview indicates otherwise. He attended Stanford University, a college notorious for making sure its athletes compete in the classrooms as well as on the playing fields, and received a degree in communications. Remember the last cornerback to speak first and play football second: Deion Sanders. It certainly helped catapult him to fame. Richard Sherman has successfully generated an image for himself, and has gotten the whole sports world talking. His jersey sales have gone up, and the number of videos on YouTube featuring him has soared.

Richard needs to decide which image he wants for himself. He can't realistically be both a "nice guy" and a "thug" at the same time. He has to choose one and stick with it. Sherman claims that he "doesn't want to be a villain," however his actions speak otherwise. He doesn't believe we should "judge a person's character by what they do between the lines." But Richard's actions on the field are a large part of who he is as a person. Professional football is his career, and career choices are ultimately a large indication of character. If Sherman wants to trash talk all game long and yell at the top of his lungs in broken English after the game, then so be it. Don't write a bullshit essay after the game saying how you were trying to be gracious towards Crabtree. Everyone knows you weren't congratulating him on a game well played. I applaud Sherman's passion, and it is time for him to accept his role as football villain.

Richard Sherman plays phenomenally on the football field. He locks off top receivers on opposing teams, and successfully limits them to few, if any, receptions. Quarterbacks should use caution throwing the football his way, as he led the NFL with eight interceptions. He has had moments of weakness over the past few years, and typically the most effective way to beat him is with the long ball. Sherman certainly won't be guarding any "sorry receivers" next week. The Denver Broncos are stacked with talent, and Sherman will likely match up with Demaryius Thomas, who is arguably the best downfield threat in the NFL. The matchup is surely one of the most important in the most important football game of the season. However, the Broncos have several receivers who can them.

Hey, Fox, after the Super Bowl why don't you just interview the winning quarterback instead? I'm sure they will be a little more gracious and a lot less inflammatory. Unless that's what you're into. ■

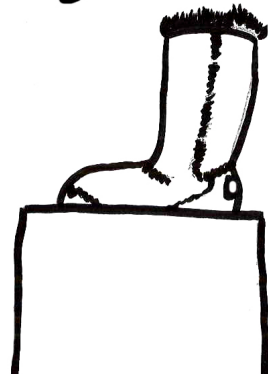
# fashion five-oh.

fashion we *hate*

by amydorfman



why.



ben berrick

I know this isn't UVM Confessions, but I have a confession to make. I, Amy Dorfman, used to wear Uggs. I know what you all are thinking; how can she be so naive? How can she do that to herself? Her friends? Family? Editors? I mean, I didn't think it was that big of a deal. I just wanted to feel like I was constantly being hugged around my feet by baby sheep. I thought oblong pieces of suede went with every outfit, especially leggings and North Face fleece. Little did my middle school self realize that I was making one of the most heinous fashion choices of the 21st century.

It may sound to some like I'm overreacting about today's trends in fashion, and I might be. But some people flip over cars when their sports team loses. Others punch their ex's new boyfriend in the face. And I take the healthy approach by publishing articles about how ridiculous some of you look. It's not that I don't think you can rock whatever it is you choose to dress your lovely selves in. I honestly just don't understand what makes these clothes attractive in the first place.

Uggs are not only offensively ugly, but they are physically painful to look at. It doesn't matter if they are covered in sparkles, fur, color blocked, embroidered, short, tall, mid calf, mid thigh, or mid toe, Uggs are not socially acceptable footwear. The only pieces of footwear worse than Uggs, in my opinion, are Moon Boots. What are Moon Boots you ask? Well they are

**"...they are the dream shoes for anyone who frequently has pillow fights with their feet."**

the dream shoes for anyone who frequently has pillow fights with their feet. They're great for Victoria's Secret photo-shoots in the Arctic Circle, or keeping your toes safe from incessantly nippy dogs. Moon Boots are ridiculously padded snow boots that apparently give people the impression they have earned the right to walk on the moon. I'm sorry, world. But if you are wearing a pair of Moon Boots, your chances for space travel are pretty slim.

Shirts with holes for shoulders (I honestly don't know what to call

these) are another truly heinous fashion trend that I just don't understand. Did someone run into you with scissors and just nearly miss your neck? Or is this a new summer fashion trend for a cool and breezy outfit, instead of wearing short sleeves? It's also a possibility that shoulders have been deemed a very sexual part of the human anatomy, and therefore must be showcased. I have to say the same thing about knees in high-low skirts. Since when were knees so important that they simply cannot be covered with the entirety of a skirt? Or is it that the backs of our knees are too ugly and must be hidden?

I'm sure there are many practical and important uses for these obscure and eye wrenching clothing options, but they are just too offensive to listen to. If you want to hug a sheep, hug a sheep. Don't wear Uggs. If you want to walk on the moon, work hard in school and become an astronaut. If your shoulders are hot, wear a tank top. And if you think the front of your knees are so gorgeous that everyone must stare at them in awe, get over yourself...they're not. ■



# trash.

## i want you so bad

someone on campus catch your eye?  
couldn't get a name?  
submit your love anonymously  
[uvm.edu/~watertwr/iwysb.html](http://uvm.edu/~watertwr/iwysb.html)

I'm lying next to you right now and I'm not sure if you fully know how I feel  
I genuinely love everything about you, especially because our relationship is so real.  
Everyday we spend together I'm actually the happiest anyone could ever be,  
You make me laugh at everything we do, including when we skype while I pee.  
I love you because you love everything about me; the good, spazzy, goofy and bad.  
Knowing you're about to leave and our distance will be longer does make me really sad.  
But since we talk everyday and we're always there for each other, I know things will stay great!  
You're my #1 everything; sous chef, therapist, best friend, DIY buddy, and hiking mate.  
So let me re-emphasize, I think you're so amazingly funny and seriously cute,  
Especially when you smile because you just let out a really smelly cabbage-like toot.  
All I know right now is that I've never felt this way before and I can't imagine my life without you,  
So maybe sometime we can eat chocolate, play with puppies, and watch each other p\*\*  
I know everyone else thinks we're weird and especially very, very odd,  
but I want you to know you make me so happy and I'm here always - we're two peas in a pod.

**When:** Everyday  
**Where:** My dreams  
**I saw:** The sexiest man



**Red.**  
The color of my pants and my face when our eyes met in anthropology  
Nothing really rhymes with anthropology  
But you're still really hot.  
I think I've seen you outside Hamilton hall smoking some pot  
You rock the scruff and your "just fucked" hair  
I think you may have caught me in mid-stare  
But I don't care because I see you everywhere  
I just want to know your name  
And maybe be your new flame  
But you may be hard to obtain  
Because I dropped anthropology

**When:** Tuesday 1/14  
**Where:** Williams 301  
**I saw:** A sexy guy in a snapback  
**I am:** Wearing red pants

I see you on central, I see you at the gym  
And every time I do, I start to grin  
It's your walk and your talk and your backwards hat  
With homies all around you, that always have your back  
I'm not going to lie, your style turns me on  
We've only really hung out when we've both been so gone  
I'm sure you're stoked to skip class and ski  
I think it's so hot that you're on UVMFST  
Everyone picks on you and your swag  
But they are just jealous that you've got that in the bag  
I hope we can chill again very soon  
We're "finna get turnt" under the full moon  
SWAG.

**When:** Whenever there's swag  
**Where:** Wherever there's swag  
**I saw:** Kid with swag  
**I am:** Lacking that level of swag

# the ear

overheard a conversation in b-town?  
was it hilarious? dumb? inspirational?  
tell **the ear** and we'll print it.  
[uvm.edu/~watertwr/ear.html](http://uvm.edu/~watertwr/ear.html)

### *The Grundle*

**Young lady to friends:** The only time I would have to think about not getting an abortion is if I knew the child was going to be a ginger.

### *Living and Learning*

**Ambitious gentleman:** I'm gonna poke your mom.  
**A confused lady:** ...ummm?  
**Ambitious gentleman:** On Facebook! On Facebook!

### *Simpson Dining*

**Girl:** I live in WDW, which is East Jesus of Nowhere.  
**Smartass friend:** Actually, you're South Jesus of Nowhere. The church is north of you.

### *Living/Learning D*

**Concerned woman:** That's fine, but if you're going for "Hobbit," you're more "grey elves of Lothlorien."

### *Redstone*

**Misguided girl:** Dude, I got a 65 on the final exam! That's not bad right? I only needed a 60 to stay in the D's!

### *Hyde Street*

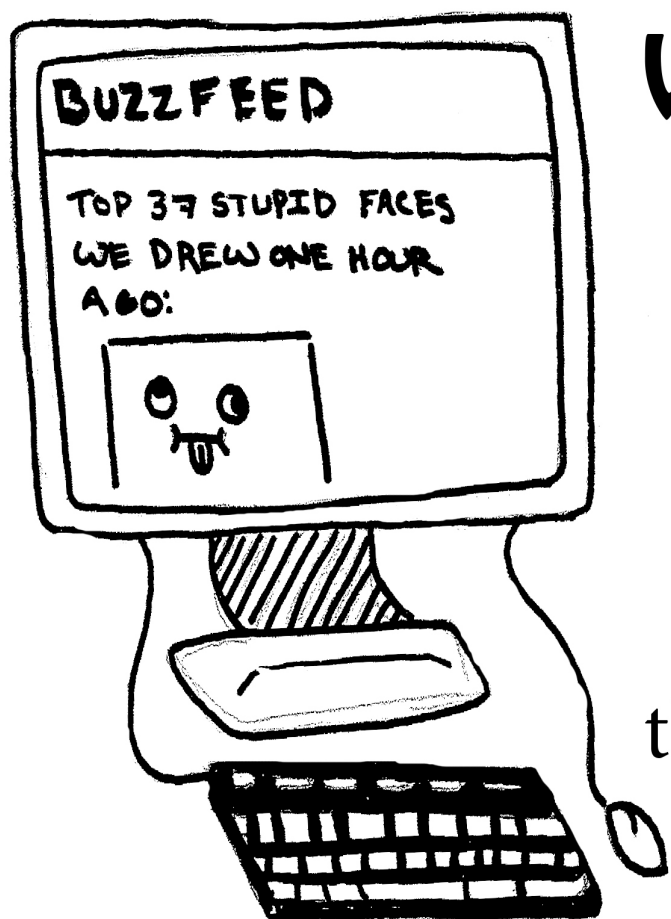
**An overenthusiastic gent:** Well dude she didn't like just shove her fingers up my butthole (makes fart noise)! She went from my balls, then back to the butthole, then back to the balls- it was great!

### *Fireplace Lounge:*

**Geographically challenged lady:** What state is abbreviated LA?  
**Her more challenged friend:** Los Angeles?  
**Lady:** Maybe Louisiana?

### *Bailey/Howe*

**Skater Bro:** It's called docking...you need a circumcised one and an uncircumcised one



## Why Waste Time?

write something  
that **matters**

@thewatertower

[thewaternews@gmail.com](mailto:thewaternews@gmail.com)

tues: 7:30 williams family room  
davis center 4th floor



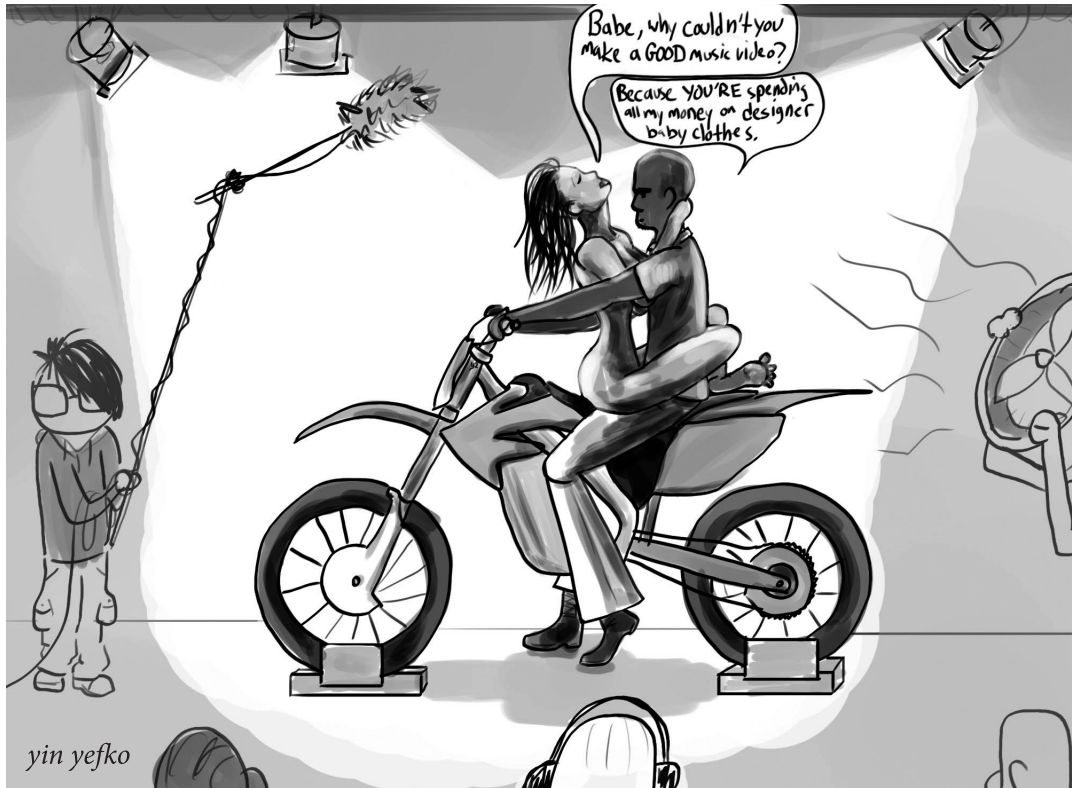
# tunes.



## recently in tunes winter break edition

with dylanmccarthy

Never has it felt so good to be back, my friends. Returning to school for that final semester of college (and thankfully not rocking a 19 credit schedule) makes me all teary-eyed for my days as an awkward, long-haired freshman. Eating all those terrible sandwiches from the Marche, that delicious Gutt from Brennan's, and my first slip into the oh-so-wonderful world of indie rock (like any of you listened to Neutral Milk Hotel in grade school). All of my sentimental bullshit aside, it's good to be back, period. For a little while there I didn't know where the hell we were going to end up, but I'm so glad to be here in your arms, or hands, or backpack once again. So, without further delay let's talk about the essential musical moments of our past winter break and fresh 'spring' semester.



**'Bound 2' was awful. 'Bound 3' was awe-inspiring.** Most of us remember the week before break as one long caffeine binge, but mixed up in the last week was something all too precious. Kanye released a video for 'Bound 2' the only song off of *Yeezus* that sounded like something close to an old school Yeezy track. The video was, well, absolutely terrible. "Fake motorcycling with a topless Kim Kardashian? Let's just loop that for the whole track and call it a day." -Bound 2 Director. Honestly though, Kanye's made some amazing videos in the past, so something so cheap and simple was an inexplicable move. Thankfully, Seth Rogen and James Franco decided to make a shot for shot remake with 'Bound 3'. Down to the specific Kardashian blinks and intimate kisses (with Rogen playing an alluring Kardashian) the comedy duo skewered the video by simply replicating it. It was a great way to start off the break.

**OutKast Reunion!!** During the first draft of this article I wanted to leave this section with a simple 812 exclamation points because that would be the truest expression of my feelings about the OutKast reunion. However, in the end it made sense to have some actual words. As the true dynamic duo, they reinvented pop music in the early 2000's and had one of the most brutal divorces in recent history. Now they're finally deciding to bury the hatchet and tour the shit of this planet. Many die hard fans had been hoping for an announcement after Big Boi's collaboration with Andre 3000 and Frank Ocean on the "Pink Matter" remix, but all those woes can finally go. Headlining practically every one of the 40 festivals they're slated to perform at, there's no excuse to miss the best reunion since Pavement.

**Beyoncé continues to be the queen of everything.** Self-titled album is gold, baby. When's the last time Beyoncé released something that wasn't received with open arms? That's right: NEVER.

**Marvin Gaye's family wins "Blurred Lines" copyright case against Robin Thicke.** Ha! Take that you Justin Timberlake wannabe, you fake swag havin', Miley Cyrus grindin' nobody! Seriously though, Robin Thicke is about as original and significant as a photocopy of a dried leaf. I have a damn strong distaste of just about anything that peaks the top 40 (except Ke\$ha, sweeeeeeeeet Ke\$ha), and knowing this guy has to pay the Gaye children should make everyone feel good.

**"Let's Get It On" continues to be the most played song during sex.** Just in case anyone had any doubts about it.

**Apparently people cannot let go of Miley Cyrus.** The little mini-mention in the above Robin Thicke digger isn't enough. People were happy to get an update on Billy Ray last year, but apparently the people need Miley so here you go: Miley Miley Miley.

**Kanye West cannot handle being made fun of in the slightest.** In the wake of the Bitcoin explosion of 2012-2013 we've seen a fair share of humorous internet currencies such as the glorious 'dogecoin' (wow such coin). However, the greatest bitcoin spin-off was introduced bearing the image of our beloved Kanye, dubbed "Coinye." Naturally, Kanye immediately started flipping out and pressuring the creators with a lawsuit. Naturally, the creators of "Coinye" responded to this by altering Kanye's image on the coin to look more like a fish with Kanye's head, harkening back to hilarious South Park 'gay fish' joke. After what I assume was a series of death threats from Kanye to the people at "Coinye," they finally shut down earlier in the month. As much as I love him, anything that makes Kanye whine and complain like a little baby is for the best.

**Shakira and Rihanna together. Excellent.** I've heard tell that the new duo's first single reached number one. Honestly, these two goddesses could sing about breaking a glass boot over my head and I'd still listen to it a dozen times.

**Coachella charges \$375 for general admission tickets. Already sold out.** Coachella's been one of the hotter concerts for the last half-decade, and much like Bonnaroo and Camp Bisco the people over at Coachella are starting to become aware that people are shelling out the cash to go to Coachella, regardless of the lineup. Boasting an egregious \$375 general admission cost and an admittedly lackluster lineup compared to 2012 and 2013 (with OutKast as the obvious exception), tickets are already sold out. Hell, do what you want with your money people, but this aggression will not or at least should not stand for long. ■

## and we're back with more free music by lauragreenwood

### Joey Bada\$\$- 1999

Put your hands in the air if you love Chicago rappers...Alright now, forget about them, because the next big name on your lips oughta be the 17 year-old master of Brooklyn, Joey Bada\$\$\$. My journey to Joey all began with Chance the Rapper (hence the shout out), the acidic and possibly asthmatic word slinger who I found out shared a connection with Joey, besides genre, with the slightly nasally quality to their voices which—although never before in history—really gets me going. Notable tracks off 1999 are "World Domination," "Daily Routine," and "Snakes." His tracks typically incite a bopping-around giddiness in my body due to their killer piano melodies that lay with crisp snare beats. I also have a soft spot for female singers in rap choruses (i.e. "All Falls Down" \*sigh\*). Joey Bada\$\$ is up and coming and forging the way—much like Chief Keef—as the newest generation of rap prodigies.

(Download at: [http://www.livemixtapes.com/mixtapes/17524/joey\\_bada\\_1999.html](http://www.livemixtapes.com/mixtapes/17524/joey_bada_1999.html))

### Modus & Beta- Everything on their bandcamp, but specifically Gap in the Playback

Bless my friends back at home for being musically talented because they have seriously introduced me to so many budding artists I'd never have encountered on my own. I first heard Modus off of a mix tape, compiled by a local Central Massachusetts record company, called *Bedroom Classics Volume 1*, and instantly his unique style jumped out at me. Usually I'm not into very MacBook-engineered music and yet the transcending liquidity of his track "Face Up" instantly caught me. Modus & Beta create music that is emotionally laid-back and relaxing from what is really fucking intricate layering and sampling. Call it the future of jazz, call it what I listened to when blazed, call it make-out music—I DON'T CARE. This is the kind of music that soothes the brain amongst the chaos of life and keeps our flustered souls at peace.

(Download at: <http://backroom.bandcamp.com/>)

# créatif stuffé.

## rostering

by alexgriffin

Tim had eaten Lucy out on the driveway at Trent and Emma's party, and from piecing together the accounts, you had a real spectacle. James' words: "two hyaenas sharing a torso." Why they opted for the driveway everyone put solidly down to the post-weekend work drinks starting at an earlier-than-usual 11am, and public holiday or not, the sight of this at 8pm on a Wednesday was too much for Emma's neighbours, who pulled them apart, gave Tim an earbashing, and helped find the wailing Lucy's underpants. As they left (separately), the music came down to a hum, and Steve sat with the rest of the gang from work—bar staff, glassies, kitchen-hands—as they gossiped the filament of the night away. He felt another knot form in his shoulder. Roster-ing was going to be a nightmare this weekend.

You see, you need at least six people, ideally eight, working the bar at the Trident at all times, especially if it's a Friday, because Fridays were *it*, the big old weekly trip to the golden goose for the Trident bar, when middle-aged swingers slapped and shucked onto the floor to splash burly wads of cash on nouveau off-menu cocktails in hope of tipping the odds of getting their ends wet. The ten kids Steve managed were perfect for the job—reliable, quick with improvising whatever a slurred "Jim Collins hold ice" might be, young and 'quirky' (i.e. pierced) enough to keep up the "anything goes" vibe that swingers bars rely on, and kind and friendly and giving enough to deal with the dismal, past-it twerps who made up 90% of the patronage—but increasingly to Steve, kindness just seemed like another pathology with them, a shell-shocked inability to say no to anything, especially each other. Like, it had been his idea to install informal external gatherings as a form of bonding, but they'd become weekly and pretty much the center of pretty much everyone's social life, and recently, nights at the bar had become complete disasters because of last week's mushroom-induced hookup gone awry or some mutual failure at boundary-setting. Work was now thick not only with in-jokes but a tangle of sexual and substance histories, cross-pollinating and ping-ponging from bed to crisis to bed-crisis. He was starting to feel like a madam.

After all, Steve's whole job was getting six hypersensitive, endearing, well-meaning dumbfucks on the same page and in the same room and working like six clicking claws on the same happy crab. It was a task he approached with the mute tenacity of a customs dog, but he sensed this week was the point where the pincers fell off. Like, originally Jane, Tim, Lucy, Rob, James and Tanya had been rostered on for Friday, but after Monday, Tim and Lucy couldn't even be in the same zip code, because Lucy hadn't stopped crying about how embarrassed she was and Tim was likely still smelling his fingers. She was not going to work with him. Who could he ask to cover? Stan was unreachable on weeks off (his weed consumption was famously boom/bust, with boom weekends communally referred to as 'self-fumigation'). Eight staff left. It was Thursday morning.

Jane must have heard that Steve was on the path to her phone, because she rang him up first and said since she'd managed to find about four dozen Quaaludes and no don't ask how, but she was definitely taking her rostered night off, thank you. Jane could treat Steve like that because she knew exactly what happened between him and Holly, who would disappear to Europe overnight the week after, and—while Jane was the only staff member who could keep a secret—she definitely knew how to spread information to maximum effect. And that maximum effect would be Steve probably moving to the next state, all things considered. They sized each other up on the phone for a moment. The moment hung above them, and they hung up. Seven. Steve cursed again getting involved with Holly, thought a while about how the difference between nineteen and twenty-eight is best measured by the word "no", and decided it was time to call Trent-and-Emma; one of the two would come through, if they could unlock lips for the length of a shift.

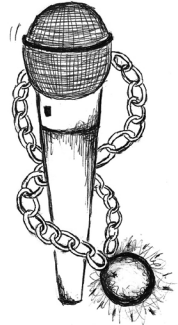
He wasn't worried at the start about how his calls weren't being picked up (everyone had heard of, and timed, the pair's sexual activities), but when he saw them grinning, moon-eyed and newly ring-fingered on Facebook, he felt a tonne of bricks fall through his torso. If he'd been reading right, this meant James would probably now be unreachable and beginning some kind of three-day binge and/or purge, considering the spate of soused, weepy 5am counseling sessions he'd had to take on about his unrequited feelings for Trent. It was now he noticed that the photo was tagged at Denpasar airport. Tanya and Rob were messaging him; that could bloody wait.

God. All this, after getting through the October round of herpes and the fiasco from a now-obviously-wasted Andrew de-pantsing Jane mid-White Russian and making a clumsy attempt to rekindle an old hookup in the *old-fashioned* digital sense, he figured he deserved a break. He drew up a few lists of names he could maybe combine together without rancor for Friday; the longest one was five names long, assuming James was in one piece. The phone rang. It was James. Steve ignored the first four rings out of habit, but it wasn't until the twelfth he picked up. It would be about twenty seconds before James would get a word out, so, as he waited, Steve began to write a new list. ■

## the cipher

with lauragreenwood

*Stretch out those hip-hop hamstrings, UVemcees, because it's time to bring your rhyme-slingin' back to the water tower. When you work hard and play hard all week long, nothing puts your mind at ease better than lyric therapy. This week, we take a hot second to examine Cold Weather.*



Back to school days and eager as ever  
Ain't nothin' gonna stop my grind whatsoever.  
Got books in my bag and new clothes swag,  
Even teachers stare in awe of my aura, straight Jag.  
My style ain't crumped cause I rock thick Soles,  
Homies by my side, raise the heat like fo'reals!  
The temp may be neggy but that can't stop me,  
Leggings under jeans, a bipolar Old Navy.  
Kicking it like Yeti, walk to class all giddy!  
Don't confuse my speedy walk with some average-ass biddy.  
Soon as I'm in the building, I'm stripping like Tila,  
Peeling layers off til I'm hot like Mila.  
Accept I may be sweaty and my nose may run,  
But I'm bleeding out Swagu, so yo judgments all mean none.  
New s'mester at the gates, been guns ready, no belates.  
On your mark, set, go...we race til spring, no hates!

—by rhythmic revolutionary L. G-Money

Next week, we kick off the Super Bowl. Send your raps to [thewatertowernews@gmail.com](mailto:thewatertowernews@gmail.com) with the subject "My flow is too grimy, Ganges River" or something to that effect. ■

## blueblack

by katjaritchie

You threw the slacks on  
the floor  
even though I thought they looked fine  
especially  
how you were going to wear them  
with that sweater,

the one which cut  
its knit border deep down your chest, and  
somehow,  
even though you can see  
ladder-rung ribs under tissue skin,  
something about that makes it prettier  
anyway,

but you threw them on  
the floor  
and laughed and asked  
what that even meant, and  
besides,  
who wants to see more bones at a funeral,

and if I'd just looked closer,  
I would have known it was a navy sweater,  
actually,  
so it never mattered in the first place. ■

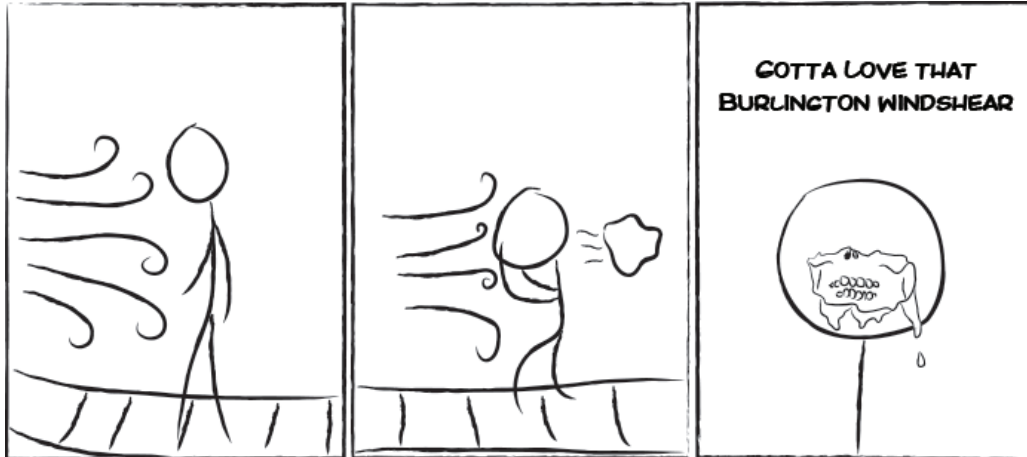
# cat litter.



collincappelle

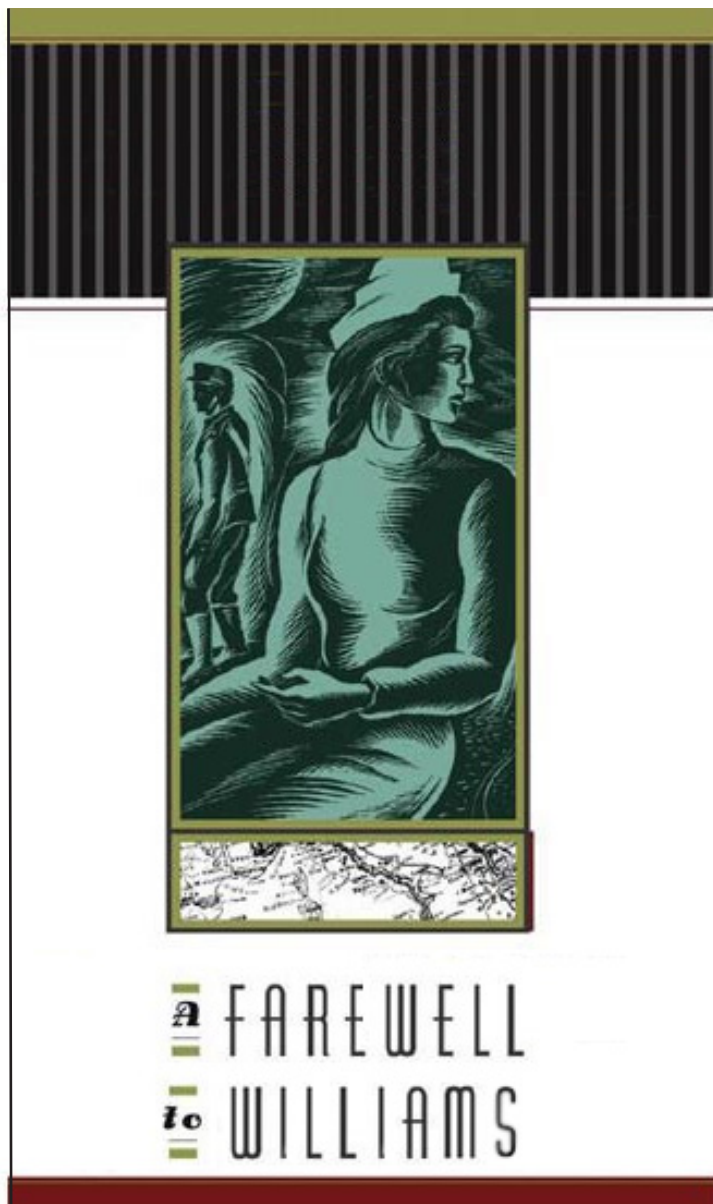


## Satire Styx - And We Back...



## Tip o' the Week

For all you human rights watchdogs out there, I have it on good authority that UVM Program Board, through the weekly event at Brennan's known as 'Pub Quiz', promotes censorship and goes so far as to not call out the correct name when a team wins. Further information to follow...



In the late summer and autumn of that year we worked in a room in a building that looked across the lake and the plain to the mountains. In the bed of the lake there were pebbles and boulders, dry and white in the sun, and the water was clear and swiftly moving and blue in the channels. Troops went up to the room through the halls and the dust they raised powdered the canvases of the art on the walls. The computers too were dusty, and the work started early that year, and we saw the new troops marching up the stairs and the dust rising and ideas, stirred by the dull throbbing of Saturday night's hangover, falling into the soldiers' heads while they were marching, and afterward the room was bare and white except for its tools and faint smell of accomplishment.

The paper was rich with creativity; there were many orchards of fruitful ideas in its folds and beyond the humor there was purpose and intent. There was fighting in that room, and at night we could see in our minds the glory of the previous day's work. In the dark it was like summer lightning, but the days between issues were cool and there was not the feeling of a storm coming.

Sometimes in the room we heard the troops talk of the previous night's exploits. There many tales of stolen tables, nihilistic adventures, questionably found fruit and general swashbucklery. There were half-remembered stories too that passed in the day, drawn out little by little, the tales covered with the branches and vines laid out by the alcohol of the night before. To the east we could look over our bright screens and see a dream catcher dangling in the window, which overlooked the green below.

We saw the end coming. There was fighting for the room, but it was not successful, and in the fall when the pleas where not heard the mood of the soldiers was dark with frustration. The troops toughed it out, muddy and wet from our fair city's weather in their Sunday morning sweats, finishing what they set out to do.

At the start of the winter came the permanent decision and with the eviction came the cholera. But it was checked and in the end only seven thousand died of it in the army.

by collincappelle

*and the unwitting participant (mostly because he's dead, though I would be willing to bet he would have agreed with what I have done here), ernesthemingway*