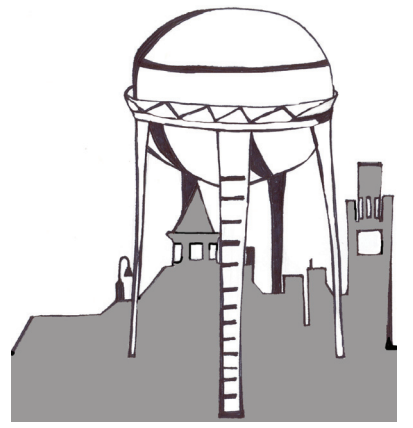


the water tower.

uvm's alternative newsmag



volume 9 - issue 5 - tuesday, february 22, 2011 - uvm, burlington, vt

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the hipster takeover

by sarahmoylan

For decades, the University of Vermont has been known as a hippie school. Just mentioning the name "Groovy UV" often conjures images of dreadlocks, drug rug sweatshirts, and Phish paraphernalia in the minds of those who have never even visited. However, in the past five years the number of hippies at UVM has declined considerably while our researchers have witnessed a corresponding rise in the number of hipsters.

"From 2005 to 2010, the number of students at the University of Vermont who identify themselves as 'hippies' has dropped by 40.3 percent," reports Anita Baljar, assistant director of the Center for Hippie and Hipster Studies in Williams

ademic majors, though most of them are in the College of Arts and Sciences.

Sure, nowadays, you see more hipsters than hippies on your walk to class, but the takeover is more than just a fashion trend. Check out the recycling-trash-compost bins throughout campus. In the heyday of the earth-conscious hippies, no orange rind would have gone un-composted, and no paper Coke cup would end up in the



Lydia Shepard

Hall. "While the number of students defensively refusing to identify themselves as 'hipsters' has increased by 67.8 percent."

Staging protests and hosting sit-ins at the University since 1967, hippies are often characterized as Birkenstock-sporting, kombucha-drinking tree-huggers. (This preliminary stereotype is not completely accurate: many hippies enjoy hugging bushes, or even vines.) The typical hippie is an outdoorsy Natural Resources major in the Rubenstein school who enjoys becoming one with nature during long, sweaty hikes or while doing manual labor on a sustainable diversified organic grass-fed farm. In their free time, hippies often get stoned while listening to Bob Marley and doing ENVS homework.

Hipsters, the new UVM social majority, are characterized by a love of everything hip, vintage, artsy, and cool. The average hipster may spend his or her days perusing the shelves of an underground record store whilst looking fashionable in a baggy v-neck sweater and slim-fitting corduroys. Hipsters may be enrolled in a variety of ac-

ademic majors, though most of them are in the College of Arts and Sciences. Sure, nowadays, you see more hipsters than hippies on your walk to class, but the takeover is more than just a fashion trend. Check out the recycling-trash-compost bins throughout campus. In the heyday of the earth-conscious hippies, no orange rind would have gone un-composted, and no paper Coke cup would end up in the

recycling. Today, the ever-increasing hipster contingent appears to intentionally shirk recycling duties, sometimes citing a lesser-read novel by Simone de Beauvoir as a touchstone for their contrived nihilism. (*The Big Lebowski* has also been mentioned, but only in faux-ironical context). Compost bins are thus a mosaic of alumni-

num foil, Simply-to-Go boxes, and banana peels, which may or may not be considered subject matter for photography, but only if a Holga is at hand.

Another indicator of the hipster revolution is the rapidly changing musical landscape at UVM. Not too many years ago, campus radio station WRUV was replete with reggae and jam band music shows, but now indie rock, hip-hop, and dubstep have achieved eminence. This means that

you're now ten times more likely to hear the Stereogum "current music" playlist than anything by a Marley. "Hip" hasn't just taken over campus fashion, but radio too.

The epicenter of this campus-wide transformation is Slade Hall. The birthplace of Phish is today a lot like the dreadlocks one

button-ups. As for why this demographic shift has occurred, Baljar points out the relatively recent appearances of Urban Outfitters and American Apparel and the numerous second-hand stores in Burlington have made trendy students consider Burlington alongside cities like Boston, New York, Chicago, San Francisco, Los Angeles, Austin, Asheville, Atlanta, and Camden, NJ. Perhaps more importantly, rising tuition costs have forced out thrifty hippies who can't afford the new prices and made the school more appealing to hip trust-fund kids from Manhattan or Beacon Hill.

And the abrupt and ongoing reconstruction of Aiken Hall, typically a haven for the environmentally-minded, has left many hippies without a place to congregate.

Even though hippies aren't as numerous as they used to be, they still have a few strongholds around campus and town. To get your hippie fix, think about stopping by Growing Vermont in the Davis Center, a farmer's market downtown, or even a contra dance. ■

Rising tuition costs have forced out thrifty hippies who can't afford the new prices and made UVM more appealing to hip trust-fund kids from Manhattan or Beacon Hill.

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inside
me

news
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by mikesheerin

reflections
guide to off-
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inbox

Dear **water tower**,

I think that it is poor journalism that your issue chose not to include Alec Ewald in your "most contentious political science contest". I understand that if he were included there would be very little debate because he would unequivocally be the winner, but really **water tower**? Choosing to exclude the true winner just in the name of a better debate! Terrible.

Deeply disappointed,
Elena Sotomayor

Dear **water tower**,

1) I'm a dude, and didn't need to know ANY of this [Diva Cup information], and would have been happier that way. 2) The chief inspector at Chernobyl was a good American? You know Chernobyl was NOT in the U.S., right? That whole UKRAINI-AN incident was rather un-American. If you're going to be proud of American spills, and I love the Exxon Valdez accident as much as the next guy, at least go with Three Mile Island or something we actually did.

Sincerely,
Guy who gets 11 MPG and drives to class.
P.S. Gross.

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 **Wf.** wants to give you
a pair of **higher ground tickets**
free
to the show of **your choice**

all you have to do is like "The Water Tower News" on facebook and keep an eye out this week for a status that asks a question. answer it in a comment and you're officially entered in the drawing - we'll message you if you win!

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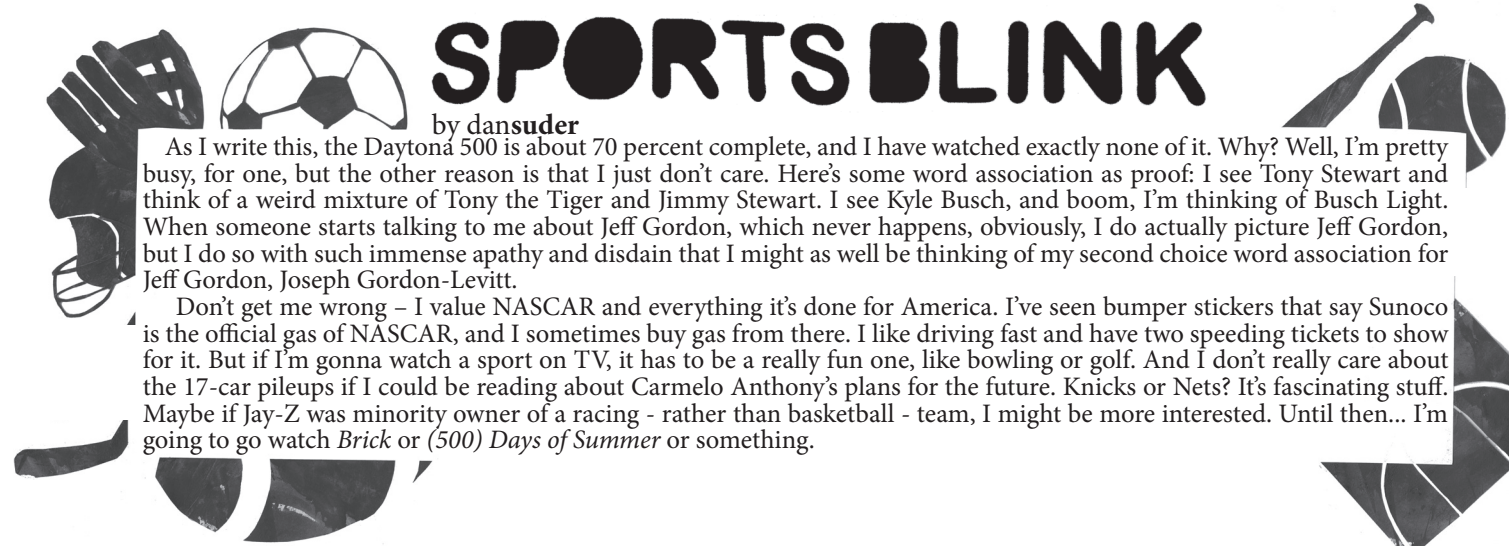
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join the wf.
New writers and artists are always welcome
Weekly meetings
Tuesdays at 8:00 pm
Chittenden Bank Room
Davis Center - 4th Floor
Or send us an email

Our generation stands at a crossroads. As we walk through a world ever connected to a thunderstorm of news and reflection, we risk losing the ability to think for ourselves. **the water tower** is for us non-thinkers. We provide witty and sometimes outlandish opinions so that you don't have to come up with them yourselves. We can't promise that you will agree with everything that we say, but you will respect the tenacity we have to say it. Every once in a while we will generate something that is truly thought provoking. We are the reason people can't wait for Tuesday. We are **the water tower**.



SPORTS BLINK

by dansuder
As I write this, the Daytona 500 is about 70 percent complete, and I have watched exactly none of it. Why? Well, I'm pretty busy, for one, but the other reason is that I just don't care. Here's some word association as proof: I see Tony Stewart and think of a weird mixture of Tony the Tiger and Jimmy Stewart. I see Kyle Busch, and boom, I'm thinking of Busch Light. When someone starts talking to me about Jeff Gordon, which never happens, obviously, I do actually picture Jeff Gordon, but I do so with such immense apathy and disdain that I might as well be thinking of my second choice word association for Jeff Gordon, Joseph Gordon-Levitt.

Don't get me wrong - I value NASCAR and everything it's done for America. I've seen bumper stickers that say Sunoco is the official gas of NASCAR, and I sometimes buy gas from there. I like driving fast and have two speeding tickets to show for it. But if I'm gonna watch a sport on TV, it has to be a really fun one, like bowling or golf. And I don't really care about the 17-car pileups if I could be reading about Carmelo Anthony's plans for the future. Knicks or Nets? It's fascinating stuff. Maybe if Jay-Z was minority owner of a racing - rather than basketball - team, I might be more interested. Until then... I'm going to go watch *Brick* or *(500) Days of Summer* or something.

the news in brief with paulgross

"Do NOT kill your brothers! STOP the massacre NOW!"

-A plea sent via Reuters by a group of **Libyan clergymen**, urging any Muslims within the ruling Qaddafi regime to reject orders to fire on protesters. The protests in Libya have grown significantly more violent than their Egyptian counterparts, with over 200 people being shot down by machine gun fire from government soldiers. Let's hope at least a few soldiers listen.

"I don't want to be horrible about him, I think he's a fine broadcaster."

-Retiring talk show host **Larry King** on his British successor, Piers Morgan, probably the biggest ham in human history. Larry King would be entirely right to be "horrible" about him.

"We are saddened that it has happened."

-**Bill Line**, a spokesman for the National Park Service, on the fact that the 42 foot tall national Christmas tree in Washington D.C. came crashing down because of high winds. It has since been ground into mulch.

"The people reject a constitution made for slaves!"

-**Moroccan protesters** in the capital city of Rabat, demanding that the autocratic, though relatively benevolent king of that country surrender some of his unbridled authority. Morocco adds yet ANOTHER country to the list of several Middle Eastern nations with a history of despotic rulers to experience massive popular protests in favor of democracy. Remember all those idiots who said "Muslims aren't ready for democracy." They look like assholes now.

"If the Big Bang was the start of everything, what came before it?"

-A frankly **incoherent question** that headlines a new website set-up jointly between the Vatican and the Italian space agency. The purpose of the website is to generate greater communication and understanding between sciencey religious skeptics and members of one of the world's most dominant religions on the subjects of science, philosophy, theology and art. I can't wait to see the forums.

iran on edge

by jamesaglio

Iran, like many Middle Eastern nations, has experienced a massive outbreak of protests and riots in the wake of the Tunisian uprising. The difference between Iran and the rest of the Middle East, however, is that they have already had a populist uprising advocating social change against an overbearing regime. It was called the Islamic Revolution of 1979, and it is the sole reason people like Ali Khamenei and Mahmoud Ahmadinejad are gainfully employed. This has led to some interesting situations.

Firstly, the Iranian government has praised the revolution in Tunisia, essentially claiming that the recent round of protests are the spiritual successor to the 1979 revolution. What has apparently escaped the notice of the Iranian officials is the fact that they are not the underdogs this time. Quite the opposite, they are symbolic of much of the oppression and corruption which occurs in the Middle East. And encouraging such protests in other countries is unlikely to quell revolutionary sentiments on the homefront.

Secondly, Iranian officials have decided to downplay the protests, insisting that they are not riots, and that everything will turn out all right. Ahmadinejad in particular has displayed an air of confidence in regards to the anti-government protests that seems slightly unbefitting of a man whose government was nearly overthrown in 2009 following accusations that the elections were corrupted. The double-faced approach to the Middle Eastern protests is certainly disturbing, especially the claim that "they are not riots, just protests." People have been killed as a result. The fact that the Iranian government is trying to put a positive spin on the events is not only a frightening example of censorship, but is also disrespectful to those casualties.

Lastly, that pro-government organizations are calling for the assassination of the anti-government leaders, Karrubi and Moussavi, is a sign that all is certainly not well in the state of Denmark (Iran). The government claims that everything is under control, but their supporters are calling out hits and promoting violence against fellow citizens. Things hardly add up, and it is fairly clear that the way the Iranian government is presenting the information is not exactly equal to the events occurring.

Overall, although Iran is merely one nation amidst many that are currently subject to protests and riots, it occupies a unique position as a state that has been there/done that. The government blows off the importance of the protests, while the violence escalates and anti-government protesters are being detained. Really, there is no way to anticipate what way the Iran situation could go, especially considering its revolutionary history within the past thirty years. Even so, Iran is a major player in the Middle East, and all happenings should be watched carefully. ■

sell out! with arianna huffington

by mattlauro

At one time, she was the darling of the left-wing media circle, a crusader for liberalism, and the founder of the amateur blog site The Huffington Post. Last week, she became just another corporate shill. In between, we learned what she really is: a shameless pundit driven by the love of money.

Before she ever made the decision to launch "HuffPo", Arianna Stassinopolous Huffington was married to an in-the-closet son of an oil magnate and Republican candidate for Senator of California in the early 90s. When the bid for Senate failed, the marriage went with it. In response, Arianna began working for neoconservative windbag and the right wing's representative of 90s political adultery (one of the only things he had in common with Bill Clinton), Newt Gingrich. She simultaneously began writing a regular conservative newspaper column, but got little to no recognition for it. Instead of attempting to improve her writing and persevere until reaching success, she did what any political pundit would do: completely change her political views.

As the year 2000 rolled in, Arianna Huffington had flipped the script and re-invented herself as a staunchly liberal columnist, viciously criticizing the likes of Republicans such as President George W. Bush and conservative talking head/outspoken racist, Rush Limbaugh. In 2005, she founded The Huffington Post with a team of unpaid, amateur bloggers. At first a small-time enterprise, online traffic quickly grew, and within three years Huffington hired a staff of paid bloggers

to aid her in reporting stories and giving it a drastically-liberal spin. Her popularity soared to new heights, and she began to make regular appearances as a talking head on 24-hour news networks such as CNN, MSNBC, and Fox News. She also made sporadic appearances on both *The Daily Show* and *The Colbert Report*, recruiting new fans of her site along the way. The conversion had been a success; she had to sell out her own beliefs, but she gained the notoriety she so clearly and desperately had been seeking.

Then came last week, when Huffington sold the site to an entity she once claimed to be her ideological enemy, the mainstream media. AOL, ever-attempting to regain the success it once had in the 1990s, chose to break the bank to purchase HuffPo for a total of \$315 million. In the process, she retained all her powers on the website, and quickly began to show a corporation's mentality by completely avoiding giving any payment to the amateur bloggers nationwide who aided Huffington in making The Huffington Post as popular as it has become.

So here we are today, having seen Arianna Huffington sell herself out not once, but twice: once for fame, and once more for riches. In the process, she unknowingly taught Americans a lesson on shamelessness: if you're looking to make a quick buck, just sell yourself as whatever is popular in the moment. Jump on the nearest bandwagon, and keep riding until you hit success, or a dead end. If you mess up, you can always reinvent yourself, and all it'll cost you is your dignity. ■

protect and serve 24 / 7 / 364

by mikesheerin

In a press conference held on Thursday, January 27th, the Burlington Police Department publicly renewed their pledge to protect and serve Burlington, for 364 days in this year. Hunched over a stately particle board podium, Burlington Police Chief Jared McDavis announced to the packed crowd, "As officers of the law, it is our duty to continue our sworn mission: to rid Burlington of crime, for 364 days a year." With a smirk, the decorated officer then added, "However, one day this year is gonna be all out hell."

Over the next two hours, Chief McDavis proceeded to outline the new plan, in which he expressed the B.P.D.'s complete dedication to keeping Burlington safe for the vast majority of 2011. Said the venerable officer, "I want the citizens of this fine city to understand that we will do our absolute utmost to protect them at all times. Except for one day this year, during which we ain't doing jack shit for y'all."

"Allow me to elaborate," the police chief stated to the confused crowd. "The public of Burlington seems to have a sort of love/hate relationship with its officers of the law. People always bitch and moan like it's the end of the [expletive deleted] World if we take longer than a minute to respond to a stupid [expletive deleted] fender bender, but call us 'Nazis' if we arrest them for being drunk and disorderly jackasses in public. Lately it has seemed to me and my fellow officers that many people here simply don't want us around, period. So, for one day this year, we won't be around. Period."

After a brief moment spent staring determinedly at a spot on the ceiling, the decorated officer proceeded to slam his fist on the podium, yelling out to apparently nobody in particular, "Those [expletive deleted] college kids think they don't need us? They think they can run this [expletive deleted] town on hopes and dreams and goddamn Phish music?"

Seeming to notice the frantic whippers and worried looks being exchanged among the crowd, McDavis loudly cleared

his throat. "Ahem. The official name we're going to give it will be 'Hell Day.' And on Hell Day, we won't be responding. To anything. No 911 service, no paramedics, no firefighters, no nothing. And y'all are just gonna have to deal with it. Think of it as a day off for us, and a day 'on' for all

of you."

When a member of the crowd questioned when this "Hell Day" will be, McDavis responded, "Right now!" As the crowd began to panic, McDavis then burst into laughter, saying, "Just kidding, you really think we'd tell you? What the hell are you gullible bastards gonna do without us?"

Amid the following torrent of raised hands and distressed faces from the bewildered crowd, Chief McDavis reportedly left his podium, stating that he was "too damn busy to deal with all these goddamn hippies and their goddamn hippy questions."

As the news of the upcoming "Hell Day" spread, it has been received with mixed reactions by the Burlington public. Some residents, such as a local vagrant who chose to go by the name "Grubbs," are excited for a day without police. "See, I figure all dem kids is gonna be all like 'four twenty maaaaaan!' with their pot smokin', cause they figure no cops gonna stop 'em. So, I figure I'm just gonna rob em, get their pot," stated the grizzled streetwalker, as he brandished a small, rusty revolver from his tattered coat. "This here baby's gotten me through some tough times, oh yes you have, yes you have," the scraggly hobo whispered, coddling the gun in his arms. "Hey," he then asked, reaching out with the pistol in his outstretched hand, "you wanna touch it?" He then retracted his hands, clutching his gun close to his chest and yelling, "No!

Don't touch it! It's mine! Mine!"

Others are not so excited for the holiday of chaos, such as UVM student Colby Gunderson, who asked our sources, "Like, who's gonna stop people from just like, looting stores and, like, setting fires and shit?" When reminded that nobody

There has been much speculation as to when this "Hell Day," will happen, in the absence of an official date by the B.P.D. "I bet it's gonna be on Mardi Gras," said Burlington resident Sarah O'Hara. "I mean, let's face it: Mardi Gras is a shit-show regardless of whether or not the cops are there."

"I hope it's on St. Patrick's Day," said UVM student Patrick O'Reilly McFinnegan. "What says 'St. Paddies' more than uncontrolled rioting?"

As of press time, nobody from the Burlington Police Department could be reached for clarification on when Hell Day will take place, as every officer in the precinct was too busy playing Super Smash Brothers to too busy with any goddamn hippy reporters." Nor could any 911 operators be reached. In fact, there weren't really any ambulances on the road this morning... or fire trucks... Holy shit. It's today. ■

"...on Hell Day, we won't be responding. To anything. No 911 service, no paramedics, no firefighters, no nothing. And y'all are just gonna have to deal with it."

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News ticker: Which is better: poop or pee? +++ Broomball playoffs moved to Pearl street sidewalks to increase intensity and utilize ice+++ wt tees become the new trend, leav-



reflections.

the **wt.** guide to living downtown

Terrified by the prospect of finding off-campus housing? Afraid you will end up sharing a duplex with a family of five? Even more afraid that you'll share one with a crack dealer? Luckily the seniors on our staff have some wisdom to impart. We can't promise that you will find the ideal housing situation, but we can help you get a general idea of what to expect in the various sub-neighborhoods of BTV. ■

O.N.E. North, Hyde, Monroe, North Winooski, etc.

The cheap seats. For the misers. These students are willing to accept the 20 minute walk to Central, the occasional B+E, stabbing, or dogfight in the neighborhood, and the fact that nobody will want to hang at their spot, all for the 400 bucks a month rent. On the plus side, if you like dive bars, T. Ruggs and The Old North Ender are probably the diviest in all Vermont. Sadly, though, the recent closing of the O.N.E. Pepper Grill was a body blow to the 'hood. R.I.P. Taco Tuesday.

The Flat Buell, lower Loomis, middle of Pearl, Hickock, Isham, Bradley, North Union, South Union, Grant, School, Green

The thick of it. More college students here per capita than anywhere else in town. The most parties, the most noise. The place to be if you've want to rage. Equal distance to both campus and downtown is also nice for those who spend equal time in class and at bars.

Hill Gardens

No idea what goes on here. For some reason we feel like it's where lots of videogames are played, but that's just a guess. All we really know about it is it is a short-cut to Buell street, it's really close to campus, and feels like a cheap vacation resort with all those balconies facing each other.

Southside south of Main

A peculiar bunch live here. The fact is it's not drastically cheaper than other places, and it's not any closer to campus, but it is practically light years away from everyone else who lives on the other side of downtown. Perhaps these folks' choice was a result of confusion about the housing market. Once established on the Southside, though, these people defend their side of town to the death, mostly citing the closeness to the downtown bars (which is valid, for sure, assuming you're 21). That is, until they decide to move over to the Flat for senior year and realize how awesome it is to live a 45 second walk away from every they know.

The upper hill Upper reaches of Pearl, College, Loomis, Main, Maple, and Prospect

Easy: rich kids who can afford to be that close to campus, nerdy kids who don't have anything better to do than to be that close to campus, or Greeks, who may or may not be either of the former. Here it's much more likely to have neighbors who are "real people" or families.

East Ave

Bold move. The social seclusion is crippling. But there's payoff when you actually do manage to get people to come up to your party (who aren't just freshmen from Trinity) 'cause its like a special treat, and once all the way up there people won't bounce to some other party. Also, the fact that you have a neighborhood deli definitely takes the edge off. People who live in the middle of the Hill actually have to walk way further to downtown or to Henry St. than East Ave people do to Kampus Kitchen. Never underestimate the importance of a short walk for beer, coffee, and breakfast sandwiches.



relationship status: it's complicated with multiple choice

by lindsaygabel

Conditioned aversion to HB pencils, secret loathing of the letters A thru E, sudden surges of spite and hostility at the mention of words beginning with sc- and ending in -antron... Yeah, you know what I'm talking about: your tumultuous love/hate relationship with Multiple Choice. Sure, you've had your share of rough patches in the past, what with the dark couple of months that were the drama-filled SAT episode and of course the straight up warzone of first semester finals. But taking time away from each other to see others like Essay Response Question and True or False only makes you realize just how much you had with Multiple Choice. Indeed your entire relationship can be summed up by U2's 80's classic, and coincidentally this writer's all-time favorite song, With or Without You. With the semester's first round of midterms on the horizon, it's time to rekindle that lost passion you felt for each other in junior high. The first step is acknowledging that there are indeed issues in your relationship, and I have no idea what the heck the second is to be honest (hey, I'm a writer, not a relationship expert -- work with me), but we'll go with the approach of identifying everything about your significant other that ticks you off. Multiple Choice's record in this regard is as follows:

1. The Confidence Booster

Don't be fooled by the façade of easiness exuded by this question, which is usually found at the beginning of most tests. [Note: this does not apply to any type of chemistry examination whatsoever.] While this refreshing straightforwardness and comforting simplicity can be a welcome warm-up, don't let it lure you into a false sense of security. In the words of Harry Potter's Argus Filch, you gotta have your wits about ya!...

2. The Both This and That question

After seeing this devious little option, you now have absolutely no clue whatsoever as to the correct answer. Now it's just a matter of closing your eyes and picking one at random. And of course, the answer you pick will inevitably always be wrong. This is a scientific fact. But hey, at least you are surrendering points to a worthy question that was purposely designed to stump you, as opposed to needlessly sacrificing them due to careless mistakes or hasty test taking.

3. All of the Above and None of the Above questions

After doing extensive calculations and making various flow charts, graphs, and what have you for analyzing options A to D, you notice option E) None of the

above. Your options now include A thru D as well as every other possible answer known to man. Pure evil that is.

4. The Not Enough Information question

You can almost see the demonic smirk on the professor's face as he or she sits hunched over the draft of the exam and pencils in the

dreaded E) Not enough information has been provided. Hear that? That's the sound of the rest of your self-confidence shattering.

5. The Impossible question

These are the questions that make you want to (a) scrunch your test paper into a compact ball and eat it, (b) curl up on the floor in the

fetal position, or (c) morph into the Hulk and destroy everything in sight. The correct answer is one that you must pencil in yourself and should resemble something similar to this: E) Both A and C in equal proportion, the first half of B, and D on Tuesdays. Voilà, perfect answer. ■

Relationship Advice

With the first wave of midterms upon us, your relationship with Multiple Choice is probably even more strained than usual. But fear not, my wayward lovers, for provided below is semi-professional-but-not-really advice to assist you in reconciling your love (or at the very least, put you on good terms). Note: the following strategies are intended for use only after first attempting some degree of critical thinking.

1. Look for repeated elements among possible answers (e.g. repeated words, ideas). If stumped, your best bet is to pick the answer that contains elements, concepts, or words that reoccur in other answers. Reasoning: often, decoy answers are centralized around a single correct answer, meaning that they incorporate at least some correct terms or phrases. Thus, the correct answer should in theory be the aggregate of these "partially correct" answers.
2. If you cannot make an educated guess, pick B or C. Studies show that 60% of the time, these answers are correct every time. Okay no, but seriously, there is evidence to support the statement that middle options are more likely to be correct than the first or last ones. And for the sake of the integrity of the post-secondary educational system, please don't pick E if the question only offers choices A to D.
3. Choose the really long and complicated answer, even if you don't know what it means. Chances are if the test-maker went to the trouble of creating such an involved and detailed answer, it is probably the correct one.
4. Look for the a/an indication. If one or the other is provided in place of "a(n)", choose the answer that corresponds Reasoning: the test-maker likely had only the correct answer in mind when designing the question; therefore, in theory, the grammar should be tailored to the answer.
5. If a professor makes a correction to a possible answer during the testing period, it is likely to be the correct one. Reasoning: why notice or bother to correct a mistake within an incorrect answer? ■

ewwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwww

(that smell)

by calebdemers

"It reminds me of sour cream, cardboard and digested Indian food," one student stated.

"No, it's like if someone put rotting Cabot, a tad bit a puke, and dryer sheets in a blender together," inquired another. Right now you may be wondering if these individuals are discussing the newest flavor of Ben & Jerry's, but in fact they are contemplating the eerie smell of the mid-winter's dorm-room.

The windows have been closed and locked for the past two and a half months in the dank, and dingy dorm-rooms and apartments of Burlington, Vermont. The fermenting beer that has sat on that dresser mixed with the long forgotten leftover wings and, god forbid, the severely neglected refrigerator have begun to create one of the most foul tasting, yes tasting, smells known to man.

Upon entering these ResLife and Burlington Apartments buildings, it is like walking into an invisible force field of rank. Eyes may water, stomachs churn, respiratory systems slowly begin

to deteriorate and of course, the dwellers of these habitats mysteriously cease to have visitors.

These stanky individuals are an interesting breed in themselves. Upon entering a room, smells that remind you of yesterday's low tide mixed with a dismal attempt at unrefrigerated scrambled eggs may lead you to a reaction of disgust and repulse. However, the poor owners of the abode always respond in the same manner. One replied to a look of well-deserved hatred: "I mean I smelled it when I got back from break, but now I have pretty much gotten used to it." Another undeserving soul simply looked at my up-turned nose and pulled a half-eaten plate of food out from his drawer and specifically pointed at one pile of something that could have either been guacamole or tofu and said: "I have decided the smell is coming from that."

This leads into the next topic: causes. Some, like the long-neglected refrigerator, have been previously mentioned. This of course occurs when some poor soul asks his or her roommate to unplug

the fridge before they leave in December (remember winter break started roughly TWO months ago). Unfortunately that roommate decided to spend his or her last night partying. They woke up and realized they had approximately eight minutes to pack and meet the awaiting parents, plane, or other means of transport back home. This carelessness unfortunately has extremely consequences detrimental. Hence the smell.

Finally, the cure. Many have attempted to cure this by buying a big ol' can o' Febreze, busted out the long forgotten can of Ax Body Spray, or resorted to the stoner's best friend: Ozium. This spray has been described as: "I spray that literally chews the smell of my weed out of the air dude [sic]." Unfortunately, none of these actually work. In fact it usually makes the smell even funkier. No, much more drastic measure must be taken. The only way to cure this ungodly smell is to invite everyone to live with you, because eventually they will get used to it as well and then you will all just be one big well-adjusted smelly family. ■

work it out

by jonathanfranqui

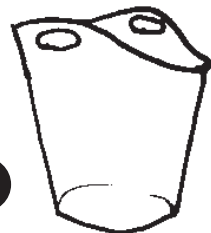
It's been over a month since I started on my new year's resolution to revert myself back into a somewhat healthy human being through working out, and I am happy to say that I'm still going strong! (I would knock on wood before I jinx myself, but I'm pretty sure my desk isn't really made of wood, and the walls of my dorm are large concrete blocks.) So aside from the reasonable improvement in my weight training (I can bench the bar now!), there are benefits beyond the physical that the gym has to offer. I've come to expect certain things, good and bad, before each excursion to the gym.

The first thing I learned when I began working out again was that putting on the shorts and shoes and physically going to the gym is only the first step. You have to actually, you know, work out. The problem is, the first time you enter the gym, you will most likely make a fool of yourself when you walk towards the free weight rack and pick up the 60 pound dumbbell confidentially, only to have give you a hernia several seconds later. Why would you do this? It is because there is a guy who is 5' 7" standing next to you with 50 pound weights who is actually in shape and has muscle mass beyond what is needed to lift a Xbox controller. You have to expect that there will be people in the gym who make you look like a five year old. That being said, if you do not want to have your dreams shattered and all motivation devastated, do not venture into the free weight room off to the left. The people in there are no joke, and their look alone is enough to make your muscles atrophy in pure horror.

Not everyone goes into the gym for the weights though. At first glance, there seems to be a plethora of cardio machines including treadmills, ellipticals, bikes, and stair masters. On my first trip to the Patrick Gym, I hoped on a bike ready to go, when 5 minutes into my workout, a irritated looking middle aged man told me, somewhat forcefully, to get off the machine he signed up for. It happened again several minutes later when I switched machines, this time by a girl. At this point, I was confident someone was fucking with me, but that is when I became acquainted with the sign up board. All of a sudden, all of those free machines ripe for the picking are gone, replaced by stupid initials in the designated boxes. I was disgruntled to learn that my workout can, and has, been hindered because someone decided to sign up for a machine and then didn't use it. Not for nothing, but I have never seen this sort of set up at a gym before. Each time I walk in for a workout session now, I make a beeline for the white board only to find that all of the bikes are 'in use' for the next hour.

Like every other service available to the public, there are times when the gym is quiet, and times when it resembles a New York City subway station. For the most part, I believe that working out when there is more than a foot of space between you and the overly sweaty guy who forgot deodorant is important for staying motivated. In the later hours of the day, the gym is full of people milling around trying not to look dumb while they wait 5 minutes to do a single set on a machine. I have found that working out during the lull in gym goer's means easier access to machines, fewer eyes to witness your occasional dumb moments, and a swift session. ■

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

Last issue someone bashed your name, This person, to me, is totally lame. You are simply pristine & perfect, but can get kinda flaky. Our relationship is purely physical, REALLY physical lately. Sometimes you like to get dirty, Last weekend you slipped yourself down my shirt, You've even gotten in my pants, Without even needing to flirt. I wanna roll around with you on top, Or on bottom I don't care, I love it when I hold your balls And get to toss them in the air. So stick around my lover, When I ski I'll go down on you, Oh snow, you beautiful snow, To you I will always be true.

When: All Day Every Day
Where: Outside, Sometimes In
I saw: Mountains and Mountains of Powdah
I am: The Winter L<3VER

attention readers!

IWYSBs will be read on WRUV 90.1 during *The Dinner Table with Casey the "X-Man" and Rob Gordon* Mondays 6-8pm

Boy, you are so incredibly fine. Spanish class doesn't give us the time. I wish four days a week could be more, Then I could show you I am not a bore. I can't help but notice you lookin so good in Polo. In class I'm tempted to sit by you so you aren't solo. This is the second semester we've had class together, And still all I can talk about in Spanish is the weather. If I knew how to say more complex things, I'd ask you to come with me to get chicken wings. I hate making the first move but maybe this will do. Hopefully you'll read this and feel the same way too. So now you know I think you are estupendo. Y te quiero mucho!

When: MTWF
Where: Lafayette
I saw: un hombre sexy
I am: una mujer puertorriqueña

You are Beautiful
You are Amazing
You are related to Tom Brady
We are Shady
You are Hot

When: Erry day
Where: Erry where
I saw: A sexy girl
I am: A ginger

Vintage Clothes

Accessories, Sunglasses, Leather and everything you wear



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today i noticed your eyes were blue
i was wondering if you've noticed me too
i've seen you in bailey howe since december
i'd be flattered if you even remember
you sport a wool hat, and frequent the cafe
sometimes just to see you i'll stay there all day
if you come talk to me, ill take my headphones off
because this staring game is not enough

When: afternoon
Where: the lib
I saw: an outdoorsy kid
I am: a curious brunette

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

DC Tunnel

guy to other guy: I'm not trying to convert her dude, I'm just trying to sleep with her.

Cook Commons

random freshman: everybody calls me drunk queen now.

CWP Rotunda

Guy: It could be worse. You could be the kid that can't masturbate because he doesn't know how.

Davis Center fish bowl

guy to two girls: Someone in my peripheral hearing just said Pocketrocket.

Simpson Fine Dining

girl: ..tastes like there's a dick in this orange.
guy: "singing" it's my dick in an orange!

Hallway of College St. apartments

Guy 1: What does your underwear smell like?
Guy 2: Pretty good, at least when there's not skid marks.

Fleming 101, Geography 040 class

guy 1: you going to redstone?
guy 2: you mean ragestone?

Outside Davis Center

Girl (slightly agitated): I was screaming!
Guy: You were screaming "Yes!" You sounded like you were having a blast. Every girl I've ever had sex with makes that noise.

Millis 3

Guy in the hall: eyy ya got a SWEET DICK.

Redstone Dining Hall

girl: ...so that's why I'd rather be an alcoholic than a vegetarian.

Fireplace lounge, Tuesday night

bitty 1 to bitty 2: At least masturbating gets you something you want.

Gutterson Gym Catacombs

Guy 1: Wow, I've never been so excited while cooking that I've needed...personal time.
Girl 1: She didn't get turned on by the guacamole. You are totally misinterpreting the story!

tunes.



britney goes dubstep; gaga goes.... madonna?!

by bridgettrecro

Starting off a season of much-hyped pop LPs, our girl Brit-Brit decided to be all clever-like and release her highly anticipated single, "Hold It Against Me," at 1:11 AM on 1/11/11. Sure, we had witnessed that major comeback she had with 2007's *Blackout* (in my opinion, her best yet), but 2008's *Circus* just somehow didn't have the same lasting power. Last fall's "3" was certainly a high note, but it was also just a teaser. Will her forthcoming release hold what we've all been waiting for?

Don't know about you, but I certainly wasn't expecting any Dubstep from Brit-Brit. That's not to say she doesn't pull it off amazingly— albeit unexpectedly. Those opening beats are TO.DIE.FOR, and the hook is outta dis world. Brit, have you really done it again? In fact, she has. The single instantly went to #1 and at the time of its release was the highest selling debut from a female artist. But while it's a regular play at clubs and on the radio, not enough people seem to be familiar with the song. Which is an UTTER travesty, if you ask me. Perhaps MTV's video premiere screening caught the attention of some non-Britney-believers and converted them. Let's hope so.

A single that HAS gotten some attention in the past week is, OBVIOUSLY, Gaga's "Born This Way." Say what you want, but "Born This Way" has broken some MAJOR records here. It has been #1 on the charts for the past week, with no sign of surrender, and has also topped the charts of FIFTEEN other countries. It is Gaga's highest debut single, and also is the biggest first-weekly digital sales figure made by a female artist. Whew. Now that we've got that out of the way, we can discuss all these controversies.

Okay, okay, it sounds a little bit like "Express Yourself." But in terms of the lyrical content, the message is quite different. Even if it weren't, don't most pop songs seem to echo the words of those that came before? You can argue that Gaga is "unoriginal" by "copying" Madonna, but really, can't we just agree that Gaga is making good usage of Madonna's influence? I'm personally not a huge Madonna girl myself, but I can appreciate her influence. No offense to Madge, but "Born This Way" is more uplifting than "Express Yourself" ever was, and even Elton John said it was the next "I Will Survive." That, my friends, is a hefty compliment.

If you haven't noticed, most of the dominating pop divas have been releasing singles that in many ways echo the sentiments of the "It Gets Better" Project, which followed the unfortunate suicides of LGBT youth this fall. In response, Katy Perry released "Firework," P!nk released "Fucking Perfect" and Ke\$ha, much to our dismay (and confusion) released "We R Who We R." With the exception of Ke\$ha, the two other singles are rather good responses to the crisis, and evoke a much-needed positivity in the world of pop music. Unfortunately, Rihanna didn't get the memo— she's still singing about S&M. But the message of "Born This Way" just blows the competition out of the water. Gaga took that message to a whole new level, and her fans are thanking her for it. GodGa is queen, so bow down, bitches. While I still worship Mama Brit, I can't help but ask her, "If I said I loved Born This Way better, would you hold it against me?" ■

Wf music confessional: I like country music

by sarahmoylan

I have a confession to make. I really like country music. I'm having trouble admitting this to you, because I'm pretty sure it makes me inherently uncool across most social groups. See, when I say I like country music, I don't mean the crossover stuff that Taylor Swift sings (not legit country, yet acceptable in the social mainstream) or the timelessly ultra-cool music of Johnny Cash (as legit as it gets). No, what I really dig is stuff by Keith Urban, Shania Twain, and Martina McBride...stuff that's smack-dab in the middle of the Swift-Cash Legitimization Spectrum.

Besides me, this may be the stuff that only soccer moms who drive Dodge Caravans like. Like many flaws in my personality, I would like to blame this country-appreciating trait on my parents. We listened to tons of country radio in the car when I was a kid.

My dad claims this is because once I heard Alan Jackson's "Mercury Blues," I thought that song, and all country music, was the bomb diggity. I find his story hard to believe. Why? From a young age, I've never had much respect for American-made cars, Mercurys included, so I can't really imagine myself getting into the song's twangy, Southern-inflected chorus: Lord, I'm crazy 'bout a Mercury/I'm gonna buy me a Mercury/And cruise it up and down the road!

I guess the main reason I've been keeping this a secret for so long is because the kind of country music I like is just so different than the indie rock and folk and jazz that I usually turn to. Everything is produced to perfection,

there are drum machines to keep a canned beat that's more precise than anything a real drummer could do, and most of the tunes are immaculately written, three-and-a-half minute songs that vary little in structure. The lyrics are pretty easy to understand and require almost no interpreting on my part. But for some reason, these songs connect with me.

That nasty stereotype—that it's all Republican dudes in cowboy hats singing about cars, drinking, and women— isn't really true. Most of the themes in country music, like family, relationships, and being scared about getting older, are relatable to everyone. So, from its clear-cut production values to its straightforward lyrics and themes, country music is just about singing what people are really thinking.

Maybe that's why a lot of people don't like it— it's so real that it's uncomfortable to listen to. Country singers have the balls to sing about stuff that musicians of other genres might hide behind cryptic lyrics or lo-fi guitar riffs. I like that. Therefore, I like country music.

This might be the most unhip confession I've made since I admitted I sometimes find skinny jeans constricting to my ankles. There is no amount of Ariel Pink's Haunted Graffiti that I could listen to that will make up for what I just lost in musical coolness. I only confess this to you in the hopes that the next time you hear a Martina McBride song, you don't automatically write it off just because it's "country." Country has balls. Remember that. ■

créatif stuffé.



german bear wrestling

with alextownsend

Last week: A young thief thought she was about escape with a naive man. Turns out he's smarter than she thought...



batsheba retold

by gabisouza

You never meant for David to see you, bathing there. It has been a long day, and the dust is thick on your skin, and you want to be clean for Rachel, waiting in bed. The well is free. You draw up the water for your bath, gather the cloth and pumice, and head to the roof to feel the moonlight on your skin.

The air is still warm in the spring night, the stars clear and bright, the king's palace lanterns still glowing where you know he is feasting; the sound of the flute and harp drift on the breeze with the smell of roasted goat and chickpeas in herbs. You take the cloth and begin to wash, secure that so high up and after sundown nobody will see you. You wash the dirt out of your thick black hair, wavy from the braid that keeps it out of your eyes as you go about your day's work. You've just finished menstruating, and you know the purification ritual that your mother taught you, and her mother before her, better than you know your own face. Wash, pray, give thanks, and pour the waste water into the pit.

It is five weeks later that you realize you are pregnant, and with Uriah still gone to war you know whose child it is. You tell Rachel first; her advice matters to you more than anyone else's. She is shocked, and sympathetic, but tells you what you already know. You must tell David, the king. Nothing good will come of it, but if you are found to be pregnant without a solid alibi, you will be stoned for an adulteress. Even so, you wait a week before sending notice.

Soon you hear that Uriah is returning home, then that he is in Jerusalem, but you do not see him before he is sent back to the forefront. King David does not send notice, but Rachel keeps you calm. To avoid

scandal she gets the pregnancy herbs for you from the midwife; now all Jerusalem thinks she is expecting another child. Though you have avoided the scandal, she has picked it up in spades. After all, her husband is at the battle too. You thank her, and apologize, but she dismisses it, waves it aside, and hands you more fleece to spin.

Word comes that Uriah is dead, and you go through the requisite mourning, but ever since David's sweat dripped from his brow to your chest, you'd guessed that this was coming. By the time the mourning is done and David has sent for you, your belly is round with child. Your children move into the palace, and you sleep in the king's bedchamber each night, but despite the newfound luxury, you miss Rachel. But without the excuse of going to the market or the well, you have no reason to leave David's compound. Rachel has no reason to enter, and her husband has recently returned, so she is busy repairing his garments and making him comfortable; the great warrior, home from the war. David rarely sees you when you're not in bed, and when he does he is often drunk. They are saying that God is angry at what David has done, bringing you here. He does not speak of it with you.

Your ill-gotten baby is born; David calls it Amazeddar. You call it "baby," because your mother said it was bad luck to name a babe too young. When the child dies, you know it is David's fault for naming

too early. Afterwards the child's name is forgotten, erased from the records, and never spoken again. Little baby, buried in the hard-baked earth.

You bear him more children, though David waits a few days before naming the next. He would never say that he believes your superstition, but perhaps he is trying to balance belief in his God with your mother's wisdom. When your stretch marks grow, and you lose your waist, and your hair begins to go grey, David forgets about you. You are not sad; your youthful beauty never brought you anything but pain, and when you are finally free to travel alone again the first place you go is to see Rachel.

Word filtered to you that her husband was killed in the last year's war, and when you see her she wears a widow's robe. She was never a classic beauty, but with her long hair going grey and the lines around her mouth and eyes, she looks lovely to you. Rachel is happy and busy... but she has missed you. And you tell her you have missed her. She smiles, and when you hold hands beneath a twisted olive tree, sitting on a bench to spare your old bones, you know that more than wealth, more than children, more than food or goats or inconstant beauty, the most precious thing in the universe is your closest companion, and her love. ■ 7

faceplace

a place for your face

about faceplace 2.5
by **water tower** staff
illustrations by *vanessa denino,*
katie gagliardo, danielle vogl



See more photos of Shannon (846)

Shannon Markowitz

Music: Ke\$ha, Lady Gaga, Britney Spears, Old Crow Medicine Show, Nicki Minaj

Movies: American Pie, Scary Movie 4, The Girl Next Door

Political Views: Obama's hawt.

Religious Views: Jesus is hawt.

Relationship Status: Single

groups

Tonight we're going ha-ha-ha-hard!

Beer makes me poop

I love Jeggings

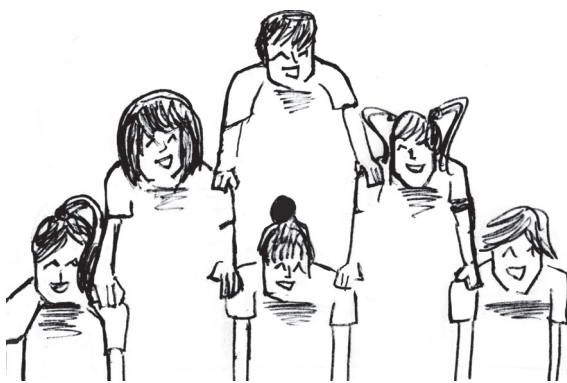
Fuck Bitches, Get Money

Phi Delta Kai bitchez rule.

21 Things that chix can do with their mouths that dudez can't

1 Million strong against women's suffrage

albums



"Biddies in Burlington!" (95 pictures)



"Biddies in Burlington! (part 2)" (68 pictures)



"My tits!" (12 pictures)

da' wall



Shannon Markowitz

makes all the hipsters fall in love when she's got her hot pants on and up.



Mikey Capricello

you left your pants at my house. They're a little big for me....

21 people like this.



Drew Matthews you also left your shirt at my house on Tuesday.



Mikey Capricello this past tuesday? Dude...



Natalie Ricci

Shannon! How did you manage to sleep with BOTH my boy-friends in ONE NIGHT??? SO much for sisters before misters!

Drew Matthews and Mikey Capricello like this.



Shannon Markowitz Next time we'll foursome?

Natalie Ricci likes this.



Patrick Messmore

It was fun seeing you last night, just remember, even off campus, to Think, Care, and Act.



Shannon Markowitz I Think it's great that you're my cute neighbor instead of my cute RA now. Care to Act on it?

Dan Fogel likes this.



Angus Rosen

You coming on the hike? I was real disappointed you backed out last time.



Shannon Markowitz When the poster said enjoy nature...I thought you meant smoke it, not live it...



Lara Gabriel

Did you know they serve champagne outside the Eiffel Tower?



Shannon Markowitz Lolz, I usually need a little more than champagne to get me to the Eiffel Tower ;) Skype me, gurl!