FOOD FIGHT
the amazing race for uvm’s contract

by mikaelawaters

As many of you may have read in our sister publication, The Vermont Cynic, Sodexo’s contract with the University of Vermont ends in June. Our Cynical family also reported to the Catamount community that, “A committee will look at proposals from Sodexo and other vendors for a new five-year contract to provide food for the school.” However, they have thus far failed to inform the community of who the contenders are for the Sodexo contract.

Well, fear not, dear friends: once again and as always, the water tower is one step ahead and bringing to you the exclusive inside scoop on the potential candidates for UVM’s five-year dining contract.

Ahli Baba’s Kabob Shop
Well known in the Burlington community, Ahli Baba’s is seeking to extend its popularity by taking over all of UVM’s campus dining. While the board was hesitant to even consider the proposal, “It was the breakfast burritos that really changed things for us,” said an anonymous committee member.

Ahli Baba’s ability to provide old-world, traditional breakfast fare as well as savory salads and pitas sets it aside as a strong candidate. Additionally, the board is interested in this option due to its promotion of diversity and cultural acceptance, two key values UVM strives to promote. “Neither burritos nor pitas are American foods. We think that’s acceptance, two key values UVM strives to promote. "Nei ther burritos nor pitas are American foods. We think that’s a noble goal," a committee member disclosed, "Koto fulfills the University’s ambition to provide both surf, and turf, a noble goal to be sure, and one the water tower agrees: that is pretty neat.

Wings Over Burlington
In what is being called a transitional phase, Wings Over has submitted a proposal to take over the UVM campus dining contract in an attempt to "be seen as more than just a 2am phone call," affirms a Wings Over Burlington executive.

When challenged that this vendor would not provide enough meat variety and/or options for vegetarians, the same exec beamed, "We have waffle fries too!" In response to this announcement, UVM junior Evan (who wished to be referred to by first name only) confirmed, "Yeah, I would probably munch the waffle fries," expressing student support for both Wings Over and the waffle fries.

Hong’s Chinese Dumplings
Widely considered the underdog of this competition, the prospect of Church Street’s favorite dumpling cart securing the UVM dining contract has generated a lot of excitement and anticipation amongst the UVM student body.

Even more shocking than this quaint dumpling empire making a play at the dining contract is that the lead woman and owner of Hong’s still plans on continuing to hand-make all the dumplings herself. This would not only slash UVM food staff and production costs by more than half, but also would also bring the “real food” level up to 100%.

When asked how she felt about this, UVM Sophomore Emma R. (also wishing to exclude her last name) exclaimed, “Wow! That is pretty darn local,” a sentiment directly in line with UVM goals and values. The exact carbon footprint of what these mass-produced dumplings would be is currently being calculated by the UVM Eco-Reps: please contact them for any additional questions.

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However, most exciting about this contract is that the university has already pre-cleared Koto to serve their famous drink, the Flaming Scorpion Bowl—a mixture of brandy, rum, amaretto, juice, fruit, and a flaming shot of Bacardi 151 described by an anonymous student as, “...just what you need to calm down before a big midterm!” In 2015, Flaming Scorpion Bowls will be the new Davis Center therapy dogs.

Henderson’s Cafe
Lastly, UVM coffee shop, Henderson’s, is also taking a shot at the larger dining contract. With a wide selection of specialty drinks, as well as a counter of baked goods, this independent coffee shop says it is ready to take the next step and move beyond the Davis Center third floor.

“We’ve recently added a much larger selection of gluten-free goods,” reported a manager. “I think that speaks for itself. And for itself it does, indicating that this café is ready to provide dining to the entire campus. For those concerned about the lack of savory foods or more meal-like items Henderson’s could provide, the café responded by saying, “We also carry oatmeal and select craft popcorn flavors.”

Chipotle, a display of three vending machines, Mr. Mike’s and the Brennan’s popcorn machine should also be mentioned: while they were not chosen as finalists, they are still actively trying to gain public support and are petitioning the school for continued consideration.

While the final decision won’t be released until well into 2015 (after a televised cook-off and blind taste test), it is safe to say that it will be a tough call. As for us, we will continue to report diligently alongside The Vermont Cynic, and always bring to you, dear Catamounts, the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, so help us UVM.
Dear readers, a retraction

In our Halloween issue, which printed on October 21, 2014, we included a piece titled “Frankenfashion Faux Pas: What Not To Wear.” This was a piece satirical in nature, the intent of which was to provide completely outlandish reasons as to why clearly offensive costumes were a poor Halloween choice: jokes mentioned blackface makeup being too difficult to wash off one’s face, and ended with a sarcastic quip warning others not to dress as a “White American Male,” as it might be too racially insensitive.

Unfortunately, the piece did not succeed in conveying an air of satire, and for this, the water tower sincerely apologizes. Jokes and comparisons which were never meant to be taken literally ended up hurting and causing concern for members of our student body.

What follows is an address from News editor Kerry Martin. We thank those who made their opinions heard to us, and would like to invite anyone with a concern or question of any sort to write in to our email address below at any time.

There used to be a tradition at UVM, an event that defined the year, called Kake Walk. Based on old minstrel shows, students would don blackface and perform songs and dances meant to mock and belittle African-American people and culture. Our school hosted this spectacle every winter for eighty years, until it was finally banned in 1969 due to its racist content.

Blackface was just one of many painful episodes of racism and stereotyping which I referenced in my article “FrankenFashion Faux Pas: What Not To Wear?” in The Water Tower’s last issue. I had conceived the piece as a sarcastic critique of anyone who would consider wearing any obviously unconvincing, stereotypical Halloween costume, in the painful tradition of Kake Walk: “terrorist,” “illegal immigrant,” Klan member, and so on. But my insensitive and ill-articulated satire turned out much more hurtful than any offensive costume, gleening cheap jokes from a century of racial and cultural stereotypes. No retraction seems sufficient, but at the very least I want to publicly state my deepest apologies. Stained, that’s how I feel, for perpetrating the same kind of xenophobia and racial profiling which I was clumsily trying to critique. To everyone, I am very sorry.

I’m taking conscious action to prevent something like this from happening again. Obviously the most important part of that is stepping out of myself, to see how my words can affect people more victimized than I am. I will take a more active role in my social consciousness and in recognizing who really bears the brunt of jokes. And I will reflect on how miserable I felt for perpetrating prejudice and remind myself how much worse it feels to be prejudiced against. To you readers who contacted the paper, UVM faculty, or me directly regarding the article, I was moved by your efforts to steer this school in a better direction, and I thank you for providing me with critical personal guidance.

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—John Boehner, Speaker of the House and potential 2016 Republican presidential candidate, defending our former president’s diplomatic style. That’s who I want in office, a man who socks people in the face to pacify geopolitical conflict.

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—Launa Hall, a Virginia preschool teacher reflecting on her elementary school’s recent 13-minute lockdown drill, hiding silently in a closet with a class of frightened five-year-olds. School shooters (and victims) are becoming younger and more frequent, and under the gun lobby’s thumb, all we teach kids is fear.

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—Reverend Desmond Tutu, Nobel Peace laureate and close companion to the late Nelson Mandela, decrying South African President Jacob Zuma’s rejection of a visa to the Dalai Lama, who was to visit for the 14th World Peace Summit. But South Africa is far from the first country to cave to Chinese bullying and snub the exiled Buddhist leader. At a certain point, we’ve got to stop letting China take our lunch money.

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Read the wt.

B/H Library - 1st Floor
Davis Center - 1st Floor Entrance
Davis Center - Main St. Tunnel
L/L - Outside Alice’s Café
Old Mill Annex - Main Lobby
Waterman - Main Lobby
Williams - Inside Steps
Online - uvm.edu/~watertwr

Join the wt.

New writers and artists are always welcome.
Weekly meetings
Tuesdays at 7:30 pm
Jost Foundation Room
Davis Center - 4th Floor
Or send us an email

Contact the wt.

Letters to the Editor/General
thewatertowernews@gmail.com

Editors-in-Chief:
watertowernews@gmail.com

Advising:
watertowerads@gmail.com

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by phillipariss

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The now-infected student passed on the virus in Cook Commons yesterday afternoon. According to one of the cooks, the student used his hands to grab a handful of chips from the bowl by the sandwich bar, because he was too poor to pay for the metal prongs to pick up fragile potato chips is utterly nonsensical.

Had it not been taco night, and had those chips not been replaced with pico de gallo at approximately 4:30pm, the infection would have likely spread to dozens within the hour. Luckily, a widespread crisis was averted, yet three other students did still contract the virus.

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2. Walking around barefoot on campus is now strictly prohibited. Don’t worry; your CatCard is a sufficient enough way to let people know that you go to UVM.
3. Popcorn at Brennan’s is no longer free. Passers-by who don’t even order food currently can’t eat it, and if they do, they will be shown to the door if they begin to perspire in any capacity.
4. New World Tortilla is being shut down...honestly, this is just something the administration has been planning on doing for a while.
5. There will be no more games or competitions for any club or varsity sport in which there is high physical activity and chances of blood being drawn are probable. (The Men’s Varsity Soccer game vs. UMBC is still on for this Saturday.)
6. High-fiving, holding hands, and “dapping up” is now prohibited everywhere on campus.
7. Information sessions regarding infectious diseases will be presented every night at 8pm in Billings Library. *World War Z, I Am Legend, and Contagion* are the first three shown.
8. Any students in possession of used clothes from Goodwill are required to be tested for Ebola. The store claims that none of its merchandise causes health risks, but there are too many suspicious dark stains on articles of clothing for the administration to take their word for it.
9. Students can obtain Hazmat suits in one of two ways:
   a. They are being sold for $100 dollars each in the Davis Center 24/7.
   b. You will be given one for free if you participate in any UVM BORED activity.
   Please do not hesitate to alert the Administration if you or someone you know has been exposed to the virus. As a community, we can make it through this difficult time without resorting to extreme measures.

Prof. Don O’Toole
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to the honorary 114th congress
of the united states of america

by kerrymartin

I pen this letter not yet knowing exactly what you look like. You’ll probably at least share some features with your older brother Number 113: big body, tiny head, bicameral (though one side is bigger than the other), buffy, bratty. To be honest, your brothers have never been the most popular group of folks, ranking somewhere between Corn Nuts and canker sores in people’s favor. You’re a different dicker.

Number 113, this current Congress, is especially bad. We talk a lot behind his back, trying to pin what about the guy irks us so much. It’s more than just bitude: he is extreme in the least creative or exciting way imaginable. He’s that kind of guy—we all know this guy—who just射击s down everyone’s ideas, calls them crazy, but then proposes no good alternative and sits on his lazy ass complaining. Real A-hole. Super sexist, too, and some of us think he’s outright racist. It’s awkward to be around.

Number 114, this might sound unfair, but you’re showing up to this party already irredeemable. There is close to nothing you can do to endear your fellow guests (i.e. the sensible American people). But listen, I’m someone who sees your precocious position and knows where your older brother went wrong, so hope you’ll heed these two words of advice:

Aim low.

Give them the big stuff. There’s one big problem with both your good ideas (comprehensive immigration reform, campaign finance reform, carbon emission trading, drug decriminalization) and one bad ideas (deport, impeach, subsidize, escale): they’re ideas. Ideas get too big and unwieldy, too much to grasp, and someone ends up crying. Leave them alone; ideas are dangerous.

You need to make laws not based on ideas, but pimpls. Find America’s irritating minutia, use two fingers (one from each side of the aisle), and pop that pus. This could be your path to glory. Number 114: pioneering pimple-popping politics. Where else is so little substance so satisfying? What better model for our legislative brains? Maybe.

For example, our system of public education is completely broken, a political football; these types of problems are essential, they’re just counterproductive. In the time it would take to bring even a mild educative reform bill to the floor, you could pop hundreds of pimpls: subsidize a free Snickers bar every time I fill up my tank, paint the entire nation’s fire hydrants magenta, label all printer paper with the name and nickname of each true used, fund a NASA project for one really good thing, give everyone a fair shot at college, criminalize the resale of self-recorded VHS tapes, move the Mar Pei to the threatened species list, expand the NSA presence on Tinder, and so on. Don’t they always say it’s the little things that count?

These micro-victories will redeem you. Number 114. And if they don’t sound like victories now, please consider that the geeks, the dorks, the searchers (like me) to make them victories. Why do we need a bidet in every American bathroom by 2019? Because research proves that residual fecal particles—what proctologists call “dingleberries”—reduce national economic output by over six percent every year. (Without a bidet, you can hire a re-seller to put them in your pocket. And, as this treatment proves to be cheaper than fertility treatments covered by insurance, it’s possible that more employers may follow suit.)

In turn, later childbirth is linked to higher income (likely a cause as well as an effect) which is good news for the family in question (remember that the cost of higher education is rising at cheetah-like speeds past the rate of inflation, and shows no signs of stopping).

However, some have a more negative outlook on the egg-sicle initiative, saying that it fails to address the root causes of the issue at hand: that business hours and high-powered business culture are intrinsically un-family-friendly. In general, women have historically been pressured to choose family over work when this conflict builds.

In Spain, the siesta has been discussed as a major obstacle to gender equality, as it makes business hours run far later than schools. This bars the primary caregiver at home (in Spain this is still seen as the mother’s role) from working full time and building a successful career.

In the US, even without a siesta it’s easy to see that the work day and school-day are misaligned, a fact which likely will not change any time soon.

All the same, it’s hard to argue that increasing healthcare coverage is a negative thing. If this will allow some of the US’ biggest and most celebrated companies to become more inviting to women, then that’s a development we should all get behind. Indeed, women who have had the procedure have reported feeling relieved, and less stressed about their futures with respect to fertility.

And in the end, it is a woman’s choice what she would like to do with her egg cells, and no one else’s.

by jessebaum

Recently, Google announced publicly that it would cover the cost of egg freezing, a fertility treatment that allows women to have some of their egg cells surgically removed and frozen (for future use). Google (which recently acquired the company that makes Egg Freezing-for-life) is paying women to freeze their eggs, and thereby incentivizing delayed motherhood, the reality is, as usual, considerably less Orwellian: the procedure is now just another benefit that employees are free to take advantage of, or not.

The move is a way to allow women to remain working when they might otherwise leave work or stop working full-time to, you know, reproduce. The plan may also be an attempt to correct the gender imbalance in the tech giant’s workforce, making these companies more attractive to women by showing them that they will be able to control their own fertility and motherhood without leaving a flegling career or going broke.

This procedure is not covered under most insurance plans, as it is an elective (and preventative) procedure. It usually costs between eight and twelve thousand dollars, and Google has agreed to pay up to $12,800 for the procedure. Although Google’s employees are far from disadvantaged, it’s now it is not restricted to people that can pay such an exorbitant fee out of pocket. And, as this treatment is actually cheaper than fertility treatments are currently covered by insurance (more often by insurance), it’s possible that more employers may follow suit.

We can make it through this difficult time, a fact which likely will not change any time soon.
by philippapfiff

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2. Walking around barefoot on campus is now strictly prohibited. Don’t worry; your CatCard is a sufficient enough way to let people know that you go to UVM.
3. Popcorn at Brennan’s is no longer free.
4. Please do not hesitate to alert the Administration if you or someone you know has been exposed to the virus. As a community, we can make it through this difficult time without resorting to extreme measures.

Prof. Don O’Toole
UVM Ebola Response Coordinator

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to the honorary 114th congress of the united states of america

by kerrymartin

I pen this letter not yet knowing exactly what you look like. You’ll probably at least share some features with your older brother Number 113: big body, tiny head, bicameral (though one side is bigger than the other), huffy, bratty. To be honest, you’re your brother’s more unwieldy, too much to grasp, and someone who pops to pick up fragile potato chips is utterly nonsensical.

Had it not been taco night, and had those chips not been replaced with pico de gallo at approximately 4:30pm, the infection would have likely spread to dozens within the hour. Luckily, a widespread crisis was averted, yet three other students did still contract the virus.

It is estimated that this number could be dozens more in the next few hours, if emergency measures are not taken.

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The landscape of Vermont—like most topography outside Antarctica and the Sahara Desert—is manmade. What we might see as the untouched New England backwoods is really just a construct of nearly four centuries of agriculture and human land use, down to the very tree species and the bugs living inside them. This shouldn’t make it any less beautiful: farms are gorgeous! And those barns, man! And cows, dude, cows! In fact, we should be grateful to the men and women who carved out the Vermont we know today—and to those who still do.

Spread throughout the state, in its most rural corners, are about 1,500 dairy farm workers, or lecheros in Spanish. Most hail from southern Mexican states like Chiapas, Tabasco, and Oaxaca as well as several Central American countries, Guatemala in particular. These largely undocumented immigrants represent the lowest rung of Latino immigrants in any US state, but they are the primary force that sustains Vermont's suffering milk and dairy industry.

Dairy-stitched Vermont into a patchwork of small family farms, having rarely with more than a hundred cows who could graze their cows, open pastures land before returning to their red wooden barns for twice-daily milking. In the past few decades, as some farms have folded, the few remaining people willing to do this work. Twelve-month shifts that often start before dawn include milking the cows, feeding the cows, cleaning their shit, washing the equipment, repeat. For some, these shifts include no food, no water, no bathroom, no air conditioning in the summer or heating in the winter, no boots or gloves, old and dangerous equipment, verbal abuse, even physical abuse, and chronic, illegal underpayment.

Some lecheros have bosses who understand that better treatment leads to better work; but others return to their cold, crumbling, infested trailers to shower in contaminated water, drink beer, and sleep on a couch for five hours before the next shift starts. Labeled as illegal, many lecheros no longer think of their ideas of human rights still apply.

While undocumented immigrants help farm almost every crop in the US, this kind of unjust, abusive, and at times nearly enslaving treatment is especially pervasive in the dairy industry. Most crops are seasonal, and therefore those who harvest them are granted temporary work visas year after year. For example, Vermont's delicious apples are primarily picked by Jamaican workers who come here for a few months every year before returning home.

Milking, however, is a year-round product, meaning there are no visas for lecheros.

This strange rule would have been changed by the Border Security, Economic Opportunity, and Immigration Modernization Act, which the Senate passed in June 2013 but has stalled in the House since then.

Migrant Justice, a small non-profit organization based in Burlington, is one of the few groups fighting for migrant workers' rights. In 2009, a volunteer was teaching English to some lecheros on a farm, when one got a call that his cousin nearby had just been killed by a milking equipment malfunction. The tragedy sparked thoughts that there were much bigger problems than the language barrier facing Vermont migrant workers, so they began organizing for reform.

Since then, Migrant Justice has helped organize, mobilize, and unite a large chunk of Vermont's lecheros, winning two important legislative battles in Montpelier: a state law prohibiting police from acting as immigration officers—¿que la policia no sea la migra, ¿no mas polimigras!—and another allowing undocumented immigrants to try to get involved with this community. At the most basic, fundamental, and essential level, you can start giving back the thing of which Vermont lecheros have been most deprived: social inclusion. Check out migrantjustice.net if you're interested!

But even closer to home, check out Huertas. Run mostly by UVM Superstar Anthropology Professor Teresa Mares, this organization brings volunteers to dairy farms to help set up fresh produce farms for lecheros who, for lack of transportation, often suffer from food insecurity. For any more information on Huertas, reach out to Prof. Mares.

Y mas que todo, como dijo Cesar Chavez, ¡si se puede! We can do it!

If you like Vermont, if you like cheese, if you speak Spanish, if you care about human rights, if you know anyone who has stories to share...there are so many reasons to get involved with this community. At the most basic, fundamental, and essential level, you can start giving back the thing of which Vermont lecheros have been most deprived: social inclusion. Check out migrantjustice.net if you're interested!

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take 'em downtown:
getting arrested in the name of protest

by jessebaum

A couple weeks ago, I began to toy with the idea of getting arrested. This was not due to a penchant for handcuffs, but because of something a friend has told me when we were discussing a sit-in protest we were going to in Montpelier to protest Gas-Metro's new pipeline going through Vermont. The pipeline would be the largest construction of fossil fuel infrastructure in VT for decades and is planned to run under Lake Champlain to New York. By the way, the people who are for this are those who want us to have fracked natural gas from Canada, through Addison County, and under Lake Champlain to New York. By the way, frack natural gas as (hydraulic fracturing) is banned here because it requires thousands of gallons of potable water, a myriad of toxic chemicals, and has been known to contaminate groundwater, all in the name of continuing the production of fossil fuels.

Governor Shumlin himself was involved in the frac-ban, and yet is a vocal supporter of the pipeline. Also, the project is currently tens of millions of dollars over-budget — a cost which will be passed on to the taxpayers (if you have an account with Vermont Gas, this means you).

At the sit in, the police were not anxious to arrest us—their boss, Governor Shumlin, was so eager to avoid a potential scandal that he offered to walk in and speak to the people camped out outside of his office. But, as it was deemed exceedingly unlikely that he would cede to the demands that he, a) rescind the permit to construct the second part of the pipeline under the lake; or b) ban all construction, despite tremendous opposition) will carry this issue, the pipeline (which was recently approved for construction, despite tremendous opposition) will carry on.

As of press time, Mr. Goldman had been correctly mistaken for state of israel

by benberrick

Local Jewish man Josh Goldman was reportedly mistaken for the sovereign State of Israel by friends and neighbors at a small house party last evening.

Goldman, who has never been to the independent Levantine nation, was asked to explain the motivations behind recent controversial Palestinian containment policy by several curious party attendees. Though professing to have neither experiential nor conceptual knowledge of the complicated historical context of the Zionist movement, nor the emotional impact of a "state-under-siege" mentality on either side of the conflict, Goldman was still asked how he justified the violent suppression of the Palestinian people.

"Not everyone should get arrested," he told me. If you are on probation, are a minority that is often marginalized or treated unfairly by the justice system, or are undocumented, then getting arrested at a sit-in might not make sense.

"But if you think you can, then it's a great way to use your privilege. To show Governor Shumlin that people really care."

Local Jewish man Josh Goldman was reportedly mistaken for state of israel.

"if you think you can [get arrested], it's a middle-class, white chick whose parents went to college. i am pretty damn privileged."

"What's this I hear about you guys making us drag you outside?"

We looked at each other and agreed. Yeah, we could walk ourselves out.

The incident commander left, and in a few minutes, one of the organizers came downstairs and informed us that Shumlin had asked that we be documented inside, to avoid the improper appearance of a mass arrest.

Bullshit, we agreed.

This did not sit well with the incident commander. For the first time, he looked intimidating.

"What's this I hear about you guys making us drag you outside?"

So in the end, they walked us out into the parking lot, and documented us there with, if I may say so myself, marked inefficiency. My arresting officer made chit-chat, and I got my very own mugshot. After that, I waited for my friends to be processed, and we drove back to Burlington. All in all, 64 people got arrested that night; 64 counties of important visibility for the sit-in. I never did get handcuffed, though.

future fossil fuel infrastructure in the state, the protestors refused the call.

At five o'clock, the building closed, and the cops informed us that we had until 6:30 to leave. They wanted to wait us out. I wasn't thrilled that they had extended the protest-limbo for an hour and a half, but then again, I had accepted the possibility, however faint, that I might spend the night being detained at the police station. A little more chanting and singing wasn't exactly a deterrent.

So we sang, we chanted, and we talked about why we had come to the protest. One of the women there lived in Addison County; her home is at risk. Another man said that he was there to fight for his grandchildren's future.

The police, on their part, were grudging but permissive hosts. They allowed the people outside to bring food in, and allowed a few of the organizers and a handful of press to travel between upstairs and downstairs, to give updates and keep us informed on the police's plans.

6:30 came and went. We were offered a dispersal notice, where the "incident chief" —the police in charge of the delegation that was there to keep the peace, told us that at that point we were officially trespassing, and maybe we could make our point and not make them have to document everyone.

Not a chance, we said.

"Would we at least walk out?" the incident commander asked us. He had a bad back, and didn't want to drag us.

"No chance, we said.

"We looked at each other and agreed. Yeah, we could walk ourselves out.

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"What's this I hear about you guys making us drag you outside?"

We wanted to be properly arrested.

I thought I saw him smile. "Well, we can do that."

So in the end, they walked us out into the parking lot, and documented us there with, if I may say so myself, marked inefficiency. My arresting officer made chit-chat, and I got my very own mugshot. After that, I waited for my friends to be processed, and we drove back to Burlington. All in all, 64 people got arrested that night; 64 counties of important visibility for the sit-in. I never did get handcuffed, though.

local Jewish man mistaken for state of israel

by benberrick

Local Jewish man Josh Goldman was reportedly mista...
I stamped into Quince with Merkel lining boots on and a sleek form-fitting,商业化 enhanced, career action. I was elevating, hijacking into a gap year, and some- times tricky. It was a case of "just tone it down a bit." In the great nation surrounded by stunning mountains, some tourists were left without abilities to prevent us from, checking out the view of the mountains. Why do we seriously think of Black Adam, DC's got some star power behind this one. DC has been very clear on separating their movie and TV universes, which is more than ok just to go ahead and shut down with our "you poor natives" sticks of some Irr.dium is an easily accessible pocket, and it is tend- ing to learn about the native cultures of the earth with the intention of universalizing yourself in a culture rather than to provide salvation la Amazons.? 

The West has a habit of intervening in developing coun- tries in the name of liberating their religions, our languages, our education systems, our arts and cultural institutions. Aside from their base in racism and a need to control enormous numbers of people, the West does not necessarily have the best intentions. We stand around our borders, and in- ternal Western values and xenophobia destroy the legitimacy of existing institutions and norms.

Translating to developing countries to teach us the lan- guage of privilege, to use a very common volatilitizing rate, which does not necessarily mean it is not problematic. We stand around our borders, and in- ternal Western values and xenophobia destroy the legitimacy of existing institutions and norms.

In my relationship to Ecuador. It was my purpose to em- body the notion of global equality. We were goddamn liberals, for fuck's sake. Nonethe- less, our work in that country was based in a grandiose notion of global salvation as executed by the Western world, a notion which turns out to be precisely damniest and elitist. It seems that the world is failing apart at the hands of Western destruction, so maybe we should all go ahead and shut down with our "you poor natives" sticks of some Irr.dium is an easily accessible pocket, and it is tend- ing to learn about the native cultures of the earth with the intention of universalizing yourself in a culture rather than to provide salvation la Amazons.? 

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So, there I was, begrudgingly dragging myself up the hill from downtown for an early class when I couldn’t help but look down and see the bottom of a stranger’s jeans. Like a slap from my prepubescent years, I had a hard time fathoming that someone of my age would still be wearing flared jeans. In awe, I mindlessly followed them until they entered an academic building just to have confirmation that this person was actually going to class in those horrendously shaped, knee-length bottoms.

This article is not about judging someone’s fashion choice, but rather I just want to style-shame the entire orthodoxy of flared jeans to threads. Fashion has moved forward four decades from when bell-bottoms were an iconic symbol of “cool,” “trendy” style. But we’ve all moved on, or at least we should all move on. Jeans have taken new shapes mostly for women and we should accept that the most important characteristics of your jeans should be the fit and feel. Material aside, seriously, look down and admire the amazing way your jeans cling to your beautiful body and just accentuate all your greatness. The jeans you looked down at could not have been flared jeans, because they cause such weird contortions and illusions of the female form to occur.

I can’t help but get caught in an internal conflict: like, “why do I need to invent a second hour-glass on my body, aren’t my real, fleshy curves enough?” What functional purpose does that flare serve except getting caught in your bike gears and colliding with a weird “Shhh” ing sound as you walk? Are any flared jeans even made in a wash that isn’t that petrified sky blue shade? No jeans that anyone of any gender own should not be that color of blue unless you are Danny Tanner or, no, only if you’re Danny Tanner. Unlike the boot-cut jean, which suggests the lower leg loosened fit has a higher purpose, I can’t really fathom the justification behind the flared jean.

“Unlike the boot-cut jean, which suggests the lower leg loosened fit has a higher purpose, I can’t really fathom the justification behind the flared jean.”

...attention away from my hips and towards my feet. But it sounds ridiculous now to think the fit did anything except make my lower legs look like the base of a tree trunk framing my bulbous Etnies. Oh to be a teenager and awkward in my changing body again. No thank you.

Surrender the denim of style senses passed. Flared jeans are a hopeless style that only make us look like lava lamps. You don’t want to be a lava lamp.

...so long as our lovely rule of fit and feel are respected. You and I are better than flared jeans. Our bodies deserve to be hugged in the right places, deserve to look sleek in darker shades, and deserve to walk peacefully in stoic silence. Flared jeans are a hopeless style that only makes us look like lava lamps. You don’t want to be a lava lamp.

Who Wore It Best?

1% Lava Lamp
99% Danny Tanner
keely farrell

Luis Suarez left off FIFA shortlist, eats president’s daughter

by zackpensak

Swiss newspaper Le News has confirmed today that Barcelona FC’s Luis Suarez has eaten FIFA president Sepp Blatter’s daughter Corinne after he was left off the list for the soccer world’s top individual award. Last Tuesday, FIFA announced the 23-man shortlist of contenders for this year’s Ballon d’Or award. The most surprising omission from the list is Suarez, who led the English Premier League in scoring last season with 31 goals for Liverpool FC.

Suarez does have a history of surface-level cannibalism, as he has been caught biting opposing players on three different occasions throughout his career. The most recent victim of the Suarez snack attack was Italy’s Giorgio Chiellini in a match during this past summer’s World Cup. Despite just coming off a four-month suspension for the Chiellini incident, it appears the Uruguayan’s hunger has been reawakened. Upon learning of his Ballon d’Or exclusion, Suarez immediately booked a flight from Barcelona to Zurich in order to exact his revenge.

“I arrived at the FIFA headquarters [in Zurich] hoping to take a quick bite out of Sepp, just to express my discontent with his recent nominations,” explained Suarez as he entered a local café for a post-meal coffee. “When I was told that he was in a meeting, and heard that his daughter lives nearby, I decided to stop by.”

Christoph Schultz, a neighbor of the FIFA president’s now-consumed daughter, watched in horror as Suarez waltzed right up to Ms. Blatter’s front door and devoured her.

“”What was oddest was his demeanor throughout the entire situation,” said the clearly confused Schultz. “He seemed like a fine gentleman, shaking her hand as he politely introduced himself. Then, without any warning, he ate her.”

Barcelona FC was immediate to express their support for their star striker, as club captain Lionel Messi pointed out that every soccer player has made a few careless mistakes with women over the years. When asked if he, in the heat of the moment, has ever thought the fit did anything except make my lower legs look like the base of a tree trunk framing my bulbous Etnies. Oh to be a teenager and awkward in my changing body again. No thank you.

Surrender the denim of style senses passed. Flared jeans are a hopeless style that only...
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

This situation is something straight off of Maury
But what we have scares me like a horror story
You’re up in the dark, I am alone, I am scared,
I had to crawl through the swamp to make you my princess
If I could give you a prize, you’d get a blue ribbon
Even though you can’t drive, I know you’re so driven
Since you’re not quite of age, we drink at Folino’s
If this year was a conference, you would be the keynote
Since you’re not quite of age, we drink at Folino’s
I had to crawl through the swamp to make you my princess
But what we have scares me like a horror story
This situation is something straight off of
A ship of fools
I saw: A mermaid
I am: In trouble

Alright, I’ve felt giddy about having this crush
You come off so gathered but my head’s been a mush
You seemed familiar when we actually first met
A friend of a friend, the stages seemed set
But as I’ve learned more, my heart felt at siege
Cause you seem so cool, so hip, so out of my league
Your passion for music has got me in awe
You appreciate it live, you’re friends with Clau
A man who networks so that musicians get heard
But is also so nice, the combination absurd
Our paths continue crossing at work or shows
But is also so nice, the combination absurd
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You appreciate it live, you’re friends with Clau
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I am:
I saw: A wonderful human
I am: A moezy friend

You’re a high-powered feminist,
that much is clear.
I’d love for you to marry me,
even if I couldn’t call you “dear.”
We agree on exactly one song,
Ludacris’ “Pimpin’ All Over the World,”
but on your index finger,
you’ve got me all-around curled.
Fake cheese is in,
Real food is out.
We can go out to dinner,
you don’t even have to try the trout.
I know that I have to contend with a guy in administration,
the VP of Exec. Operations Mr. Gary Derr,
lest we forget to keep our love a secret,
his wife’s wrath you’d incur.
I’m out of space now,
I don’t want to try to mince
Is a date with you as simple,
as a pack of Junior Mints?

When: All day, erry day
Where: Freshman Orientation
I saw: A damsel from Daygo
I am: Schmidt

I want you,
I want you so bad.
I want you,
I want you so bad.
It’s driving me mad.
It’s driving me mad.

When: Yesterday
Where: My headphones
I saw: The Beatles
I am: The ghost of John Lennon

I like to drink, the good stuff so local
My pockets are shallow, small paychecks are no joke—
When I want quality, quantity, the works
Most bars let me down, with high prices, what jerks
But not you, Thursday, you do it right
The deals are aplenty, the bargains out of sight
$2 Switchbacks at Nectar’s and Drink
Cheap Mr. Mike’s Toppers, dippity-dink
Fuck VT laws, no happy hours announced
I’ll just wander the streets, see the prices, then pounce
So shout out to Thursday, you dastardly beast
I love your cheapness, avast, now let’s feast!

When: Thursday
Where: Thursday
I saw: Thursday
I am: Thursday

Best friends forever
A curse and a blessing;
Every time I see you
I get to stressing:
Did we miss out on what we might be?
And how can I ever say
What you do to me?
Your checkered past, I don’t mind it
No need to hide from me
Nothing comes from looking back,
I look forward and see
You; at least that’s what I hope in my dreams
But maybe I should quit wishing for anything more
For us, maybe tomorrow’s got nothing in store.

When: All the time
Where: Everywhere
I saw: A good friend
I am: Too hopeful

Amphitheater
Girl: So, like, you know how like, humans can’t see air? Can fish see water...?

Bailey-Howe
Girl: Don’t get your panties in a bunch!
Stubborn boy: My panties are in a “twist” actually...
Girl: No, it’s “bunch.”
Boy: They’re my panties and they’re “twisted”, thank you.
It’s like a tornado down there and my dick is caught in the panty twist. It’s different for you. You’re a girl, so they’re “bunched.”

Walking downtown from campus
Freezing boy: It’s so cold out my nips could cut glass.
Curious girl: What about diamonds?
Freezing boy: Yeah, totally. Like it’s so cold I need someone to rub my nipples...I need some titty friction.

Bailey-Howe, 3rd Floor
Boy: I went through his dresser and found a fake ass and vagina.
Said girl: I touched it...I just had to touch it, you know? It was like hard jello. So fuckable.
Girl: Never go through other people’s dressers.

Davis Center
Inquisitive dude: Like, putting glue on your hand and peeling it off is kinda weird. Like, why is that a fun thing that people do? I guess I don’t really know what fun is...

Cook Commons
Girl: Before that, I didn’t even know male nurses existed...

Fishbowl
Obnoxious blonde girl to friends:
I don’t floss. It’s a dental thing.
Yes, you do.
Inquisitive dude:
What about male nurses?
Girl:
I went through his dresser and found a fake ass and vagina.
Cook Commons
Girl: Oh my god! I want to know what floor she’s on so I can stalk her.

it’s that time again...
(get your balls ready)

water tower water pong

thursday, nov. 14, 2014
dc, livak ballroom
$5/team, $3 to fly solo
(register at the door)
**tunes.**

**goon music 2.0**

**a mixtape review**

by clarkmasterson

God loves ratchet music; at least that’s what I tell myself. Anyway, listen to *Goon Music 2.0,* a collaborative mixtape by French Montana and Max B. If you aren’t expecting the type to listen to lyrics containing sex, drugs, and partying, this surely isn’t for you. If you are that type, look no further! There is definitely an East Coast/New York sound to this tape, but various instrumentals from songs such as “First of the Month” by Bone Thugs and Harmony are used to create a sound that transcends various niches of rap, across coasts and decades. While most of the tape is concerned with typical rap subjects such as sex and drug dealing, there is also an element of sadness to some of the tracks. This is reasonable, considering the mixtape was released while Max B was facing 75 years in prison for conspiracy to commit murder, a charge that would eventually lead to a conviction. Needless to say, nobody wants to do that; it’s not fun! I’ve been partying and chilling to this music since I first heard it two years ago. It isn’t as sentimentally deep or lyrically potent as some of its other NYC counterparts, like Illmatic by Nas. However, if you’re looking to have a good time and listen to catchy hooks, look no further, my friend. While it’s since been removed from Datpiff.com due to copyright issues, you can find this mixtape easily on YouTube and Spotify.

“god loves ratchet music...at least, that’s what I tell myself.”

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**krill plays the monkey house**

by kip

Krill, a three-piece band out of Boston, played at the Monkey House in Winooski this past Tuesday. The openers were Gregory Michael Jordan on solo guitar and UVM’s Chopan, a group that makes honest, ear-rattling emotion sounds, which is comprised of Max Fedeli and Jack Braunstein.

As the headliners were setting up, people played games of pool or smoked outside in the cold, rainy night while locals sat at the bar watching the game. Mostly, though, the student-age crowd of 25 gathered among friends in anticipation.

All eyes were fixed on Krill as they went right into their set. The band made sounds that most people would hesitate to click past in their cars, if only to try and comprehend what they’re hearing. Singer and bassist Jonah Furman is the main reason for this phenomenon. His voice held practiced melodies that consistently faltered into falsetto and trembled with all the confidence of a high school freshman asked to read in class.

Krill’s songs have a tendency towards the absurd; their repertoire includes songs with themes of peanut butter, turds, and phantoms. “Last summer I played a lot of solitary / thought about how I wanted to / love you enough to miss you,” he sang, accompanied by Aaron Ratoff on guitar. Sweat dripped off his nose as he picked at a treble-toned and reverberant riff, his chin to his chest for most of the show.

At one point in between songs, Furman said, to no one in particular, “This song’s title over a beat with a jolted rhythm, emphasized by Luke Pyenson’s cracking snare drum. After the show I caught up with Furman to ask him what he meant by that comment. He spoke a bit about how the songs share

next song is about the same shit all of our songs are about” before going into another tune with a jolted rhythm, emphasized by Luke Pyenson’s cracking snare drum. After the show I caught up with Furman to ask him what he meant by that comment. He spoke a bit about how the songs share

common themes of self-doubt, guilt, and circular logic. A good example of this, we agreed, is in the song “My Boy” where he grumbles, “If I find myself blaming myself / I’ve got no one to blame but myself.” This sort of self-defeating thinking can be difficult to address. Yet, the fact that this attitude is so often perfectly distilled into simple terms within Krill’s songs is what makes them resonate with people.

The guys that make up the band, wearing running shoes, jeans and raggedy sweaters, faded back into the crowd after the show. This is the mysticism of Krill. Krill is nearing the end of this tour and their next album is set to be released in February. Get their tunes at http://wheretheresakrilftheresaway.bandcamp.com.

**bigger than yeezus:**

**kanye and paul mccartney collaborate**

by zacharyynabors

No, nothing’s wrong with your contacts. Paul McCartney and Kanye West, both established giants in their respective musical fields, are reported in calls this week to record at least one song together. This has been reported by various music sources, including Pitchfork and Spin, as well as news sites, including the Guardian and the New York Post. The story dates back to 2013, when McCartney revealed that he had originally considered a rap segment for a song from his latest album, *New.*

When pressed to reveal which rappers he would have chosen to invite into the studio, he replied that either Kanye or Jay-Z would have fit the bill. The ex-Beatle also revealed via Twitter that he had begun listening to West’s music regularly. Sources for the New York Post claimed that McCartney and West had been collaborating on a song entitled “Piss on Your Grave,” a segment of which can reportedly be heard in an Instagram video posted by the rapper in August which featured West repeating the line “Go Back” over a beat with a Yeezus-type vibe.

West and McCartney have been attending each other’s performances recently as well, leading to even more speculation about McCartney’s involvement on West’s upcoming *Yeezus* follow-up, allegedly due later this year. Kanye isn’t unfamiliar with English pop stars, having worked with Elton John on *My Beautiful Dark Twisted Fantasy’s* “All of the Lights,” and performed live with The Police in 2008. The details are indeed murky, but I have extremely high hopes that this could prove to be one of the most interesting, controversy-provoking, and thoroughly enjoyable musical collaborations in recent pop music.
In front of the gritty backdrop of Burlington noir, we now delve into mysteries both sinister and strange, full of lies, deceit, and the most distastefully deed of all—muder most foul—now, we follow the ongoing detective adventures of Grant Daverson: Ace Detective in "The Clock Strikes Deadly, Part Two" (two part Halloween special). Last time, in Grant Daverson: Ace Detective: A dinner party, the lights go out and—a bang! What mystery could lie in store for our hero in this murder mystery special, what horrid crime could have been committed?

"Here," shouted Officer Pembleton, pulling a flash-light from her stylish but functional handbag.

"Thank you, Diana," said Mrs. O’Police, when the beam found its way to her face as Officer Pembleton slid it across the floor in her direction.

Pembleton’s flashlight crept around the room like your friend’s mom creeps Facebook for pictures of their kid because they never call home. Her beam followed the terrified faces of the party-goers until she landed on the face of the City Treasurer, Bailey Dew. Instead of a face at all, the man was face down in what remained of his mashed potatoes, blood geysering from the exit wound in the back of his skull. Jazzy lay by a shrub, let-ting her wine glass drop to the floor, and shatter, sending white zinfandel and imitation crystal everywhere.

"I’ll get the fuse box," said Pembleton. She started for the door. "Where is it?" she asked the O’Polices.

"Right outside," said the chief. "In fact, if someone wanted to, they could have easily switched it off, making it seem like it was the storm."

"We should call the police!" shouted Jeanette Jay, clinging to her husband like a barnacle to a yacht.

"We are the police," growled Pembleton as she slipped out of the room. They were left in darkness again, the room only illuminating for a moment thanks to the flash of lightning just outside of the window in the north-facing wall. The faces in the room were grimmer than the reaper in that pale, vampiric, monotonous, leaching flash of light.

The lights then came back on and Diana Pembleton rejoined the group. "Alright," said Daverson, "You’re the police. Who killed him?"

"We need to call for help," said the chief. "Right now, we’re all suspects."

"The phone line is dead!" said his wife, holding the telephone from the table in the corner of the room to her ear.

"Look, there," said Charlotte, pointing out the window. The line was knocked down by a tree!

The rest of those assembled moved to the window, seeing that the O’Polices’ one hundred and fifty-year-old oak. The tree, of that they were so proud each autumn, had crashed down across the phone lines, also blocking the driveway in its fallen-downedness.

"We’re trapped," said Rich Barton, placing his hand on the back of his hair to steady himself.

"And one of us is a murderer!"

"More than half of us have guns on us," said Pembleton, "and I’m assuming that there could be others. Any one of us could have done it!"

"Oh dear," said Jeanette placing a hand daintily over her heart.

"What do we do now?" asked Jazzy, unable to take her eyes off of the morbid figure of the now-former city treasurer.

"Well," said Daverson, producing a cigarette from an inside trench coat pocket and lighting it, "as Pembleton over there has put it, we are the police."

"You aren’t," interjected Diana, cutting him off interruptingly.

"So we might as well figure out who did it and arrest them," said Grant, ignoring his former colleague’s comment and taking a drag from his cigarette, the lit tip punctuating his statement.

"Before," the thunder crashed outside of the window, like a camera flash that takes people by surprise, taking them by surprise, "the murderer kills again."

"What?" asked Mrs. O’Police. "Why would they strike again? They’ve had their murder, and there’s no reason for them to do it again!"

"Oh, but isn’t there, Mrs. O’Police?" asked Daverson, addressing not only her but the entire assembly with his eyes. "Who is to say that this isn’t the first murder of a series of murders? And who would want us to postpone our investigation? Mrs. O’Police began to reply, but Daverson didn’t allow her to. ‘I’ll tell you who would want us to postpone our investigation: the murderer! That’s a strike for you, Mrs. O’Police.’"

"A strike?" asked Pembleton. "Grant, this isn’t baseball."

"Ah, but I’ve never found a thing in life that can’t be molded into a good baseball metaphor," said Daverson. "Crime, dames, uh...baseball..."

"My wife isn’t the murderer!" said the chief, slamming his hands down on the table. "How dare you accuse her—"

"This angry outburst isn’t boding well for your infiel-dingle," interjected Daverson. "And I tell you, that short-stop’s got a mighty arm."

"Daverson," said Diana Pembleton coolly, like the cold of an ice cube when you reach for it and it sticks to your fingers because your body heat melts the ice but then it freezes right away, but then it breaks off when you down the ice cubes into the glass, but it still feels kind of weird. "Why don’t we just focus on the real stuff: evidence and motives?"

"How’s this for a motive," said James Jay. "Mr. Barton over there has always been a little behind on his property taxes for the little store that he runs, and City Treasurer Dew had just readjusted his rate. That seems motive enough for me!"

"What? No!" said Rich Barton, putting his hands up to his face in surprise, like a mock portrait of Edward Munich’s "The Scream," or of Kevin in Home Alone.
Lyric of the (Bi)Week:

“Third, I do admit that sexual appetites conflict with ambition,
But it’s important that my life resemble Pimp C fan fiction”

-Colonize the Moon, Busdriver