Editor's note: This is an account of a UVM student's experience with sexual violence on campus and the campus investigation process. To protect their privacy, this student remains anonymous. In honor of Sexual Assault Awareness Month, this feels this is an extremely important story to tell, for this student and for all UVM survivors. Trigger warning for rape and sexual assault.

My story sounds like a lot of others. At college, I thought I'd found my new home. I foolishly thought that UVM was safe. I knew that sexual assault was a big problem at college, but this is Vermont, right?

You've probably picked up on where I'm going with this. Usually, they go for "John Doe" in cases like these, but here, let's call him Jack Ass.

We were acquaintances, but not really friends. He preyed on my insecurities, telling me I wasn't smart enough or doing enough with my life. He told me what music to listen to and how to brush my hair. It was emotionally abusive, but it didn't feel that way, and he was grooming me to feel that I was undeserving of anyone else's love.

That's when he started molesting me. He told me it was no big deal, but also that I couldn't tell anyone. I was his sex toy and I thought that was all I was good for. This went on for weeks until a friend helped me get away.

Now, I can see the room for doubt. No, I wasn't raped in the technical sense of the word, so does it even count? The fact is that I was the victim of unwanted sexual contact, and coercion and emotional abuse is not consent.

I wish I had reported him sooner because after getting away with me, he did rape my best friend—she screamed "no" and he forced himself on her. After that, my friend (let's call her Audrey) and I decided to make reports together.

The campus victim's advocate, Judy, was extremely supportive. Audrey and I were worried that Jack would come after us, as he had made it clear that he could hurt us. Judy got to work with us right away and helped us create a safety plan with the police.

After that, UVM stopped caring. We were promised a fair and timely investigation, but that didn't happen. The investigation took over six months, during which we were barraged with victim-blaming. We had to answer questions like, "Are you sure it wasn't just a bad date?" "Are you reporting because you're jealous?" "Why didn't you push him away sooner?" or "Why didn't you report sooner? That seems suspicious to me."

To strengthen my claims, I provided easy to get around, but Dean Nestor assured us that breaking it had strict consequences.

Jack has broken it several times: texting Audrey, being places he shouldn't, and trying to convince our close friends of his innocence. He continues to do things like follow me around dining halls, but this somehow isn't even considered a violation. His punishment? A conversation with his good ol' pal, Dean Nestor.

The Dean made sure to remind me that the No Contact order was also in place to protect my attacker from slander. This means that telling my story openly is grounds for my expulsion from UVM.

Reporting is a tedious and traumatizing process. The only thing that kept me going through was the misguided thought that I could get justice. Now I'm left off worse than I was before, struggling with PTSD and depression. My grades plummeted, I stopped eating, I either couldn't sleep at all or slept all day, I woke up screaming in the middle of the night, and I had to drop most of my clubs because Jack was in them.

UVM likes to present itself as a progressive school that cares about its students but I have had to learn that that is far from the truth. It's no coincidence that the 2014 UVM Public Safety Report states that sexual violence is on the rise on campus, or that Judy received 69 referrals just last semester: the University has created an environment that is safe for perpetrators. I tell my story for myself and other survivors like me. We will not be silent anymore.
hey, you there!

It’s that time of year: you’re having trouble breathing under cubic miles of work, more swamped than the Creature from the Black Lagoon, and you’re wondering... why am I wasting my time reading this stupid paper?

Why read what a bunch of silly kids have so say when I’m supposed to know what Dwight D. Eisenhower said about Brown vs. Board of Education, or what Charles Darwin said about the shape of birds’ beaks, or what Shakespeare said about what Chaucer said what Boethius said about what Aristotle said about Socrates? So who gives a proverbial rat’s ass what we say?

It’s our answer: you can read it and you don’t have to care. There’s no quiz (except for each year’s one randomly selected reader who must either answer our questions or become our sacrificial lamb) (just kidding, that’s a joke) (see, we’re all just having fun here) (fuck a syllabus, man). We’re just trying to get a laugh out of you, help your eyes unwind after looking up every other word in that academic paper you just tried and failed to understand. Help that this ain’t a screen, too.

love, the wt.

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 news in brief

“The militaries of [Persian] Gulf nations have been a combination of something between symbols of deterrence and national flying clubs. Now they’re suddenly being used.”

—Defense analyst Richard L. Aboulafia, on escalating Middle East conflicts and the huge amounts of weaponry, fighter jets and drones funneled from the US to countries such as Saudi Arabia, Qatar, the UAE, and Jordan. Our (repressive) Middle Eastern allies are now using their militaries to fight against ISIS, al Qaeda, and Yemen’s Houthi rebels. As we try to strike a deal with these countries’ neighbor and mortal enemy Iran, tensions are running high.

“It’s a crass, corporate, greedy move to put a brand name like Ben & Jerry’s on a beer. It’s bad for children—who will start looking at beer as the next step after ice cream.”

—Bruce Lee Livingston of Alcohol Justice denounces B&J’s plans to collaborate with New Belgium Brewing on a delectable-sounding craft beer called Salted Caramel Brownie Brown Ale, scheduled for release this fall. This doesn’t change the fact that ice cream has always been a gateway drug.

“People talk too much about their senior thesis: Oh wow, you mean, you really wrote all those pages? Wow, man, I’m like, suddenly so turned on by you, knowing that when I was out there, wasting my time being a member of society, you were at the library, heroically softening your ass cheeks as you penned the next Communist Manifesto. Maybe we could get dinner sometime, then afterwards you can show me all the different points of your argument... -;)”

Myself: See above.

Facebook’s “trending” section: I was never a Reddit guy, but this little new-ish addition to the FB Newsfeed bothers me. I’m scrolling through a bunch of news networks’ posts about the Iran negotiations or farm worker protests in Baja California, and FB tells me that the biggest thing going on is some actor who’s most noteworthy accomplishment in life was dying yesterday, or some teaser for a trailer for a movie coming soon to theatres. Also, there’s no way that many people talk about astronomy, unless Zuckerberg is trying to expand his galactic outreach.

“Two years’ professional experience required?”: “Oh, this? I know it looks like a rusty bucket full of pink slips, band-aids, booze, and unfilled tax returns, but it’s actually my professional experience. So, hire me?”

“People feel so uninspired to do anything else of meaning, because I don’t even get to reap the benefits of my hard work. I don’t get to teach my daughter anything, I wasn’t even the person who taught her how to tie her shoes. I’m missing her growing up because I gotta make ways for us to survive.”

—Ebony Hughes, a spokeswoman for the Fight for $15 movement, speaks out on the indignity of working two minimum wage jobs. The Fight for $15 is coalition of low-wage industry workers that held a national walkout on Wednesday, and plans to force presidential candidates to take a stance on raising the $7.25 national minimum wage.

“People think that record companies push artists. And I think that that’s the biggest fallacy. I think that the artist pulls the record companies.”

—Hank Shocklee of Public Enemy on the often-contentious relationship between artists and their recording labels. Public Enemy’s cacophonous beats and middle finger to the system changed hip-hop for decades to come. Albums like Fear of a Black Planet and It Takes A Nation Of Millions To Hold Us Back went platinum and pissed a lot of people off.

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

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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
Williams Family Room
Davis Center - 4th Floor
Or send us an email

the shit list with kerrymartin

People who talk too much about their senior thesis: Oh wow, you mean, you really wrote all those pages? Wow, man, I’m like, suddenly so turned on by you, knowing that when I was out there, wasting my time being a member of society, you were at the library, heroically softening your ass cheeks as you penned the next Communist Manifesto. Maybe we could get dinner sometime, then afterwards you can show me all the different points of your argument... - ;)
Earlier this month, the electorate in Nigeria voted in a new candidate, their former dictator Muhammadu Buhari. The change was a shift from their oddly-monikered incumbent, Goodluck Jonathan, who originally enjoyed broad support due to his humble beginnings and amiable demeanor, but proved an ineffectual leader. In light of all the challenges that Jonathan faced, particularly governing the most populous African nation with a world-famous resource curse and coping with the existential threat of Boko Haram in Northern Nigeria, Jonathan's failures were especially crushing.

Enter Buhari. Muhammadu Buhari actually won with well over 2 million votes, though he had lost the elections in 2003, 2007 and 2011. After his 2011 loss to Jonathan, there was widespread rioting in the country between the two candidates' supporters, and 800 Nigerians were killed.

Buhari most notably served as the dictator of Nigeria from 1983-1985, after a military coup that overthrew elected leader Shehu Shagari. His style of ruling has been called "Buharism," characterized by a no-nonsense approach to journalists (jail 'em!), a hostile view of students (21 years of prison for anyone over 17 caught plagiarizing...or dissenting), a resistance to international financial intervention, an embrace of privatization, and the occasional (okay, rather frequent) use of public whipping.

The 2015 election made history as the first time in democratic Nigeria that an opposition candidate (though admittedly, an ex-strongman) has won an election. The fact that Jonathan accepted his loss without inciting political violence or rioting was enough for Nigerian novelist Uchamaka Olisilkwu to comment that "As for Mr. Jonathan, I gave him a personal pardon. In his unexpected act of statesmanship, I rediscovered the man I had voted for in 2011."

Is this pardon undeserved when all that Jonathan did was comply with the rule of law and not incite violence among the politically powerless in his country?

Perhaps.

In Nigeria, this peaceful power transfer has restored faith in the state, and the new(ish) ruler signals a coming change. Certainly Buhari thinks so—he wrote an op-ed in the New York Times that promised aggressive action against Boko Haram and education reforms that would help prevent fundamentalism, even as he acknowledged the challenge of beating Boko Haram and recovering the missing school girls that were abducted en masse last year.

Still, the idea of an ex-military dictator's returns to power as a sign of positive change might raise some eyebrows. Buhari has recently said that he is embracing democracy, and that he takes responsibility for all overreaches of state that occurred under his rule. Though many Nigerians take comfort in the fact that someone with military experience will be leading the charge against Boko Haram's insurgency, their trust seems, at best, boldly optimistic.

What is strange about the events in Nigeria is that though the presidential race was framed as a mano a mano fight between Jonathan and Buhari, there were 14 candidates that ran. (Of course, here as in the US, presidential elections in the same way—that is, in fact always more than two options, despite the fact that third-party candidates are barred from the debates and largely ignored--and while Buhari's tough stance on corruption might be more than just a campaign promise—seeing as he jailed over 500 people on corruption charges while dictator—his promise for economic growth seems suspect. After all, Buhari's economic reforms resulted in job losses within Nigeria, a country grappling with rampant inequality...though still less inequality than we have here at home. So, yeah.

At the end of the day though, we can judge Nigerians all we want for electing an ex-dictator that will probably disappoint in every sphere except the military. It doesn't change the fact that we might be stuck with choosing between our ex-president's brother and his predecessor's wife.
With the onset of spring, there comes a seemingly simultaneous rejoicing from the student body. For some, it is the promise of freedom that comes with summer; for others, it’s just the weather itself. For me, however, the excitement stems from the mass migration of fatherly figures that graces our campus, with its slew of quirky idiosyncrasies and a generally outdated “knowhow” of college living. So it only seems appropriate that I attempt to characterize these wild specimens whom I have the distinct privilege of observing with the arrival of UVM’s spring tour season.

**Take-Notes-On-Everything Dad**

“Can you repeat that?” He’s the type of dad that filled your complimentary UVM welcome bag with more literature than gear from the bookstore and probably took more notes on the tour than you ever will in the entirety of your freshman year. Every single uttering of the tour guide’s voice suddenly becomes “a fascinating factoid about your potential Alma Mater.

**Alumni Dad**

They have their UVM sweater and an uncomfortable coming of age tale for every building on campus. Many prospective students perceive college as an opportunity to depart from the looming shadow of their protective parents. However, this is seemingly impossible when you have to wonder if you and your dad lived in the same dorm room, but hey— at least you’re a legacy.

**“The Glory Daze” Dad**

A Phish shirt and jeans from the 80’s that are as worn by the dad himself. This dad’s lost in a limbo somewhere between freshman year orientation and the day they applied for retirement benefits. Don’t get too close or they just might make plans to “hang” later.

**D1 Athlete Dad**

Typically identified by the wearing of a full Nike track suit or their own high school letterman jacket, these fathers are more concerned with whether or not creatine is covered by the meal plan than what kind of majors are offered.

**Overprotective/Hostile Dad**

Don’t even think of looking at their “little angel.” It seems as though the introduction of a daughter into some men’s lives casts a shadow of the ability to demonstrate temporary psychosis in a single moment of eye contact. If you are the unlucky individual that has made the mistake of making eye contact with a dad navigating his daughter around campus, you fully understand this psychological phenomenon. Be respectful and keep your head down.

**Unimpressed Dad**

Make no mistake; nothing is good enough for this dad’s shining star. While they wait for the Ivies to present an appealing enough offer for their child prodigy, these proud fathers decided to grace UVM with the comical exhibition of a visit from their future success story. It seems as though they’ve acquired a uniquely trained eye, able to discern every possible flaw of the university in order to justify why it would be an insult for their sweet bundle of joy to attend.

**Mandals Dad**

Self-explanatory.

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**happy hour: springtime people-watching**

by coleburton

Spring is finally here, and instead of trying to persuade anyone to stay inside with this happy hour, the wt gang thought it would be nice to provide you with a drinking game for real life. You know, outside where the sun is shining, the grass is finally grown, and groovy drum circles are ceaselessly jammin.

After all, with this tolerable weather, nearly everyone at UVM has also just exited a dark period in life. A time where burying yourself under seventeen blankets with your face about eight inches from a screen playing Netflix seems like the only sensible solution to warding off the bone chilling cold. So, instead of encouraging everyone’s depressing (yet inescapable) binge-watching addiction, the water tower commands our readers to venture outdoors for some much needed fresh air and possibly some sips of some moonshine… uhh… sunshine.

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Drink when:

- you see more than three joggers at a time.
- you smell freshly-burnt marijuana with your freshly-thawed nasal passages.
- you see someone attempting to study outdoors (since that’s always sooooo effective).
- you see the most adorable happy puppy you could ever imagine.
- a rogue seagull attempts to steal food from an unsuspecting victim.
- the mirrored finish of pasty, white skin exposed to the sun for the first time in months blinds you.
- a longboarder nearly breaks your ankles because they were blinded by said skin.

Finish your drink when:

- someone epically fails at whatever outdoor hobby they practice religiously when it isn’t -30 outside.
- anyone is rollerblading.
- people belly flop while jumping into Lake Champlain at Oakledge—unfortunately they always believe doing flips makes them look “cool.”
springfest: a repudiation
by mikestorace

I had been looking forward to my final SpringFest announcement for weeks and weeks. I knew that announcement would come after spring break, but I begged friends I knew on UVM Program Board to slip me details. I even followed UPB on Snapchat to play my hand at (unsuccessfully) guessing at clues to the performer at what will be the last SpringFest to occur on the UVM Central Campus Green (that’s right, kiddos—construction will destroy what little central green space still remains). Alas, I was disappointed once again.

SpringFest, and other school-sponsored concerts, are the ultimate opportunities for college students to get a close encounter with live music in an easy and comfortable setting. This is especially true for those unlucky enough to live far away from urban centers and musical venues. Having places like Higher Ground, Signal Kitchen, Nectar’s, Radio Bean, and others that consistently bring great artists to town, we Burlingtonians aren’t required to attend such school concerts for our dose of live music.

We have the option not to partake if we don’t fancy the lineup because there are other compelling concerts to attend and better ways to spend our money. For other college-goers in more remote locations, there is no option. We are blessed and cursed. Blessed in that we are not01 defeated by a disappointing SpringFest lineup. Cursed because we will never be satisfied with anything less than a stellar SpringFest performance.

When I learned that the 2015 SpringFest artists were Disco Biscuits and Alunageorge I, like many other UVM students, was disappointed. I was looking for bigger artists with better musical credibility. For that reason, I don’t think the concert will be worth my measly $10. Instead, I will leisurely lounge on the library ledges while listening to the music from afar.

I understand the logic behind booking a jam band, I really do. I enjoy jam bands. I can get behind the mentality because of the widespread support this type of band accrues across the student body. However, a certain quality (even with a jam band) is required to maintain a level of appreciation by audiences. When a low-quality band is the main act, audiences are disappointed by a lack of climax in a performance.

“We are blessed and cursed. blessed in that we are not damned by a disappointing springfest lineup. cursed because we will never be satisfied with anything less than a stellar springfest performance.”

It would appear that the UVM student body has expressed mild disappointment with the medium- (to low-) level artists to headline what is the highest UVM-sponsored event. This is most evidenced by the well-liked comment posted on the official SpringFest page, “The Wooks are taking over.” Students could get on board with an awesome jam band such as Moe., Umphrey’s McGee, or Widespread Panic (see Jay Peak on June 19). I personally would have loved to see the three above artists play SpringFest.

SpringFests of UVM past have certainly been a roller coaster of musical enjoyment. The heights appear to have been reached before I started going to school here. Legend has it that bands such as The Roots, Thievery Corporation, Cake, Gov’t Mule, Ratatat, and the Flaming Lips have visited UVM to play, and if you go back far enough you will see that legends like Phish, Bob Dylan, The String Cheese Incident, Lou Reed, and Red Hot Chili Peppers have graced this school with their glorious presences.

However, SpringFests in recent history have been a bit of a letdown. During my brief stay at UVM I was able to witness Soulive, MGMT, and Atmosphere take the stage before a crowd of disinterested drunken college students. Perhaps it is the audience that helps to explain the general lack of enthusiasm generated by the headlining artists. This was highlighted by MGMT, who played a concert devoid of any emotion whatsoever. UVM marked simply a benchmark for them in a long line of Spring 2013 college performances that I’m sure were interchangeable. Can a UVM SpringFest even be successful, given the audience and the venue?

Perhaps not, but I think the process by which SpringFest is chosen can more accurately represent the artists that UVM students want to see. I demand democracy in SpringFest selection process. UPB, why not narrow the selection down to two or three candidates and then allow the students to vote for their favorite? I guarantee the voter turnout will be better than it is for SGA elections.

Lastly, prioritize where the money goes. Instead of having a multitude of small events and freebies that dissipate money (like WinterFest), concentrate that money in a grandiose event. That event, of course, being SpringFest—with a legitimate headline that UVM students can get excited about.

elixir a local film with global implications
by clarkmasterson

I had the pleasure of recently watching the trailer to Elixir, a movie premiering on May 1st, directed by UVM student Matt Lipke. Lipke is an environmental science and film production student with a passion for directing, and this movie is serving as his senior capstone project. He has produced three feature-length films since graduating from high school, along with numerous short films. His latest work pays homage to his interest in immoral environmental management and its consequences.

The plot takes place in 2115, 100 years in the future. By this time, the world is gripped by chaos following the occurrence of numerous environmental disasters. Survival has become a daily struggle, as the bare necessities of life, such as clean water, are no longer available. As a result, civil unrest is rampant and anarchy is ever-threatening. The movie follows three individuals who represent a microcosm of this grim reality. They battle the elements of the northeastern United States in search of a mega-dam known as Elixir, a site of precious clean water.

Unfortunately, water has been privatized, and the Mulholland Corporation controls the dam. These folk aren’t particularly amicable and prefer to violently crush all opposition. Throughout their ordeal, the three protagonists lack technology and basic necessities, creating an environment of high susceptibility to injury and disease. Each individual is forced to internally conceptualize the idea of morality and how to apply it. To add to these woes, the Mulholland Corporation has hired mercenaries to form a “peace-keeping” militia known as “Skulks” to slaughter those who encroach on their territory.

This movie helps to highlight the current problems our world faces in terms of environmental protection and sustainability. I remember hearing a report about the CEO of Nestlé saying that water was not a right, but a privilege. This is a parallel I drew with the movie, where a powerful corporation is able to privatize something everyone on this planet needs to survive. While the profit to be gained by such measures would be immense, the level of suffering would be exponentially greater.

Matt Lipke’s film is a strong, desensitizing reminder: it is extremely important for the human race as a whole to treat the resources we need with care. If we wish to see future generations continue our legacy, we must remain humble. Nature is not something that can be controlled by humanity, no matter how hard we try.
Every year they try to go to Montreal, Eagle and Evergreen dreamed of the perfect party cruise. Tired of binge watching Unbreakable Kimmy Schmidt, Evergreen put her hands on what she had for walking, and Eagle left her hot chocolates—‘they were ready to hit the town. Here is a minute-by-minute account of their experience.

4:00pm: Eagle and Evergreen drop off their keys, and are at an unknown location. They try to insistence her to join them, but the more they try, the more she says, “No, thanks, I need a hot bath.”

4:17pm: After a delay, Eagle and Evergreen are lost in search of their taxi, and are not in the mood to be listening. Eagle and Evergreen agree to cross the street for further investigation.

4:53pm: A man emerges from a compound on the abandoned residential mound and begins walking. It is time to hit the street, and the man is likely to avoid any trouble. Eagle and Evergreen crossed the street with caution.

5:52pm: Eagle runs into part of her high school flock, their thoughts of being in the middle of the street sent them into entry into the compound. An offer to part in the search of Mary’s whereabouts was rejected, and she passed up; after all, there were more parties to attend.

10:56pm: Eagle and Evergreen decide to take a smoke break at a house that was near the street. They lit a joint on the chair, and went on her way secretly.

11:29pm: Eagle and Evergreen find themselves on a street known as Crenshaw Ct. It smells perfect for a few rounds.

11:30pm: Another party is located, and Eagle and Evergreen build up the courage to go, but then was a young man offering to help her find the house she was at.

11:46pm: A dam in distress walks toward the end of the project. Evergreen entered a rough continuance. Eagle first met (impossibly) come into play and is the best decision she made all night. The game is the best, but this is the only party that has left her all night.

12:05am: The mausoleum crept out just from the first party they were into, and they were only on the street. Upon further investigation, it was noted that the house in this house had a bird in it. The game’s wasn’t about the patriarchal society we live in; it was about the facts.

12:30am: A new game plan in mind, Ege and Evergreen venture back into the cold for one last hurrah.

1:13am: The lads soon disappeared into the night, taking their emotional baggage with them.

1:34am: After a mighty successful evening, Eagle and Evergreen were in no hurry to go anywhere in order to get some beauty sleep. With their experiences to tire, they concluded that the last party was the best of their lives, and all the others were lackluster.

2:40am: With a new game plan in mind, Eagle and Evergreen set out on foot in search of their target.

3:46am: While on their trek back to campus, Eagle and Evergreen find themselves engaged in a delightful conversation about the patriarchal society we live in. Upon further investigation, it was noted that the house in this house had a bird in it. The game’s wasn’t about the patriarchal society we live in; it was about the facts.

4:53am: The water tower wants you!

7:30am: Williams family room, Davis center

Wants you! Can you do a lot of things with $249—you can buy snow pants, one ski without a bind-
Points are low. Cash is tied up in beer and concerts. Bank account is dwindling away. It's been said before and yeah, I'm saying it again, college students are shy about managing a budget. Before professors can even send those pesky reminders about midterms, we've all already forgotten to respect those half-assed Excel spreadsheets, which, for a laughable second, we thought would actually have any impact on our reckless spending habits. No matter how dearly you once held onto that Points Meal Plan pocket-sized “Guide to Success” and dreamed that it would be realistic to only spend 10 points per day (like seriously, have you ever been to Brennan's), it's April and that shit is gone.

If you thought you were hungry now, well, it only gets worse off campus. I'm just as broke, hungry, and helpless as the rest of you, but I've acquired a set of skills over four years that I want to pass on to you all. The following are my tried-and-true tips and techniques to scavenging for free food on campus.

(Disclaimer: This is not @FreeFoodUVM, but I highly recommend that for the true freebie follower. Or google “freeganism”.)

1. Study in Billings from 12pm-5pm. Besides the beautiful view, this spot also has the advantage of hosting some of the ritziest receptions on campus. Lectures tend to happen earlier in the day here, so make sure you scout out a seat on the upper level before things get going. From this perch, you'll have a birds-eye view of all the selections below that you can swiftly swoop in on. (When things dry up there, make your way over to the fourth floor of the Davis Center from 5-8pm to try and run into one of those nifty art openings and such.)

2. Career Center Events. Conquer two birds with one stone by pleasing your parents, earning points, and satiating your starvation. In a bizarrely desperate attempt to draw students into workshops, the Career Center seems to always offer a pizza incentive to sweeten the deal and alleviate the anxiety of being there. Know you'll have become victim to their emails reminding you of your professional incompetence, but hey, it’s food, dammit. Most people duck out early from these events early, so don’t feel bad about becoming a smooth criminal after Leonardo’s shows up.

3. Don’t feel bad about becoming a smooth criminal after Leonardo’s shows up.

Read emails from your department. It's easy to pass over these emails like those from Gary Derr or, say, the Career Center, but your department knows what's up. They've got advising sessions, info sessions, admitted students events, and, oh yeah, lectures with receptions. It’s like the administration everywhere knows that where there's food, there’s sad, hungry souls like me willing to listen to a meal.

When all else fails, there's always Brennan's popcorn and oyster crackers from the Marketplace. Actually, I’m not entirely sure if those crackers are free, maybe don’t take those. Plus, it’ll dry up my market and I’ve only got a few more weeks to survive through.

Well, it took a college degree to accumulate these tricks and hopefully they can still be of some use for the future. When you’re strapped for cash and have been in the library so long you feel like Kimmy Schmidt, any sustenance will do. The amount of free food out there for the taking is endless (Trader Joe’s samples, challah handouts, popcorn at the OP!), you just need to want it bad enough to not be embarrassed to ask and indulge. And hey, once you’re a pro, you’ll realize there is really no limit to where and when Tupperware can be used.

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fashion five-oh.

no, i would not like to meet your feet

by katjaritchie

Whenever the weather finally comes around each spring on campus, a dangerous notion never fails to cloud the judgment of a sector of our student body. As a seasoned UVM student about to leave behind this community that has been my academic home for the past four years, I would be remiss if I did not pass along what wisdom I have gained – especially if it meant I could save even one fellow Catamount from this idiotic choice:

Holy shit, put your gooddamn shoes on.

It’s one thing to kick off your sneakers for a walk through the grass when the sun is shining; temperatures break 60 degrees, you’ve got some time between classes and the campus green is actually green. It’s exciting! New grass feels great on bare toes! We’re vitamin D-deficient and we’ll take all the rays we can get!

But it’s another thing to subject your unprotected soles to the interiors of buildings or to the sidewalks teeming with broken glass, cigarette butts, and old gum. Everyone else in your right mind around you has put their feet away, so what’re you thinking? Seriously, no one in the world wants to see your feet. No one.

I get that you’re in touch with nature because you’re at UVM and you took a yoga class and bought a tapestry and you smoke weed like three times a week now. But going barefoot in public is not acceptable. It is neither safe nor in any semblance of proper social conduct. It’s not like going braless, okay, it’s not a fashion choice and it’s not a statement. It’s fucking gross. And you’re going to step on something.

The reasons should be self-evident: imagining the negative consequences of forgoing shoes outside of one’s home requires no great mental leap. Just in case you cannot conceive of such consequenc es through logic, here are a few:

1. It bears repeating that no one’s feet are cute. Without fail, they always look sweaty, bony, and unwashed when revealed in public (or in private, for that matter). When’s the last time you washed your hands? 5 minutes ago? When’s the last time you thoroughly scrubbed your feet to bottom while singing “Happy Birthday” two times through? Oh, right, never.
2. I saw a hypodermic needle on the ground on Loomis Street the other day. At some prior point, it was filled with an illicit substance and came in contact with someone’s blood. If this image does not immediately engage your rational thought, go to Health Services and they can help to fill in the gaps.
3. Ditching your shoes does not make you appear more outdoorsy, more fit, more adventurous, or more daring. It is the glaring defiance of a social custom that is deeply ingrained in the general populace with very good reason. It only makes people wonder where the hell you got off thinking that you’re too good to follow this etiquette like the rest of your (shod) peers.
4. Any part of one’s body that has come in direct, repeated contact with things normally found on the ground (dirt, trash, broken glass, discarded gum, animal feces, drunk-dude urine, and apparently heroin needles) should ideally not be tracked into other’s homes. This is inconsiderate.

Having provided you with common sense (that really, you should have already picked up by now), I will leave you with this: It’s getting warm out there. Feet smell. There’s nasty shit on the ground. Interior public floors are to be respected. Lace up, comrades, and I don’t want to hear any excuses.
someone on campus catch your eye?
couldn't get a name?
submit your love anonymously
uvm.edu/~watertwr/iwysb.html

You're so close
Yet so far away,
Your warmth and light
Radiate in my memory,
Giving me strength to complete my essays.
O Summer, where have you been?
Your absence for the past seven months
Has been felt by many.
O Summer, please come back
Into my life. Shine your sun onto my skin
And replenish my thirst for warmer temperatures.
Most importantly, free me from
The shackles of this institution of learning
So I may bask in your glory.

When: A cloudy, rainy day
Where: The northern latitudes
I saw: A memory of better times
I am: Waiting impatiently

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

Bailey/Howe, 2nd Floor
Girl (answering phone): Hey, I'm in the library... are you at Anthony's house? ... Okay, good... are you dressed like a slut? *hangs up call*

DC Tunnel
Friday lovin' chick: I'm working on recovering from my sobriety.

Patrick Gym
Girl: There are plenty of fish in the sea; we swim in a big-ass ocean.

Waterfront
Frat guy: This is bullshit, the stern's not even facing the fucking lake.

Off-Campus Shuttle
Girl: The Farmhouse is super yums.

Registration
is now open!

smart is...
saving 30% on summer courses
Classes begin May 18th
Earl Sweatshirt Soars on His Second Studio Album

Earl Sweatshirt has been in the rap game since 2009 when he joined Tyler, the Creator’s rap group Odd Future Wolf Gang Kill Them All (OFWGKTA). He was subsequently able to play the game by his own rules and set the bar as high as he wanted for himself. Earl Sweatshirt’s mom is a law school professor at UCLA and his Dad is a published South African poet. This cultured upbringing couldn’t have contributed more to his ability to morph what would be a seemingly chunky line into a silky thread of a rhyme with a gum of thought.

This style of rapping lyricism is not what I would expect to hear blended with the dark gritty beats he uses. Earl manages to pick beats that sound like you’re watching television on a screen with just a little too much static to see the crisp picture. This couples perfectly with Earl’s dark and sometimes depressing lyrics.

What makes Earl so different is not his age. At this point in the rap game there are a million other teenagers making mediocre tracks. What makes him so special is his self-awareness. Earl’s ability to understand his feelings, coupled with his lyrical talent is what makes his music so interesting. Earl Sweatshirt’s music is not what I would put on if I were having friends over; it’s slower and often grim to the point of intensely depressing. Earl gets much of his inspiration from dark areas, like the death of his grandmother, his father abandoning him at a young age, and his addiction to various drugs.

Earl’s self-awareness is the reason why his music has much of the same sound and atmosphere. He seems to rarely experiment with different styles, beats, or lyrics. His tone in his latest offering I Don’t Like Shit, I Don’t Go Outside: An Album by Earl Sweatshirt is much the same as his last. Earl’s time spent in Odd Future has influenced him by motivating him to believe in the product he creates. Odd Future is an excellent crew because of how dedicated they are to putting out the dark gritty beats he uses. Earl managed to put out another fantastic album with this release, and he definitely lived up to my high expectations. As long as he keeps spitting outrageous lyrics and remains his crazy-ass self off the mic, Action Bronson will be one of my favorite rappers for a long, long time.

Mr. Wonderful Definitely Lived Up to My High Expectations

You can understand and follow along with every rhyme as he raps it, which is something I find difficult to do when you can’t hear him. You can understand and follow along with every rhyme as he raps it, which is something I find difficult to do when you can’t hear him. You can understand and follow along with every rhyme as he raps it, which is something I find difficult to do when you can’t hear him. You can understand and follow along with every rhyme as he raps it, which is something I find difficult to do when you can’t hear him. You can understand and follow along with every rhyme as he raps it, which is something I find difficult to do when you can’t hear him. You can understand and follow along with every rhyme as he raps it, which is something I find difficult to do when you can’t hear him. You can understand and follow along with every rhyme as he raps it, which is something I find difficult to do when you can’t hear him. You can understand and follow along with every rhyme as he raps it, which is something I find difficult to do when you can’t hear him. You can understand and follow along with every rhyme as he raps it, which is something I find difficult to do when you can’t hear him. You can understand and follow along with every rhyme as he raps it, which is something I find difficult to do when you can’t hear him. You can understand and follow along with every rhyme as he raps it, which is something I find difficult to do when you can’t hear him. You can understand and follow along with every rhyme as he raps it, which is something I find difficult to do when you can’t hear him. You can understand and follow along with every rhyme as he raps it, which is something I find difficult to do when you can’t hear him. You can understand and follow along with every rhyme as he raps it, which is something I find difficult to do when you can’t hear him. You can understand and follow along with every rhyme as he raps it, which is something I find difficult to do when you can’t hear him. You can understand and follow along with every rhyme as he raps it, which is something I find difficult to do when you can’t hear him.
It was a cold and dreary Sunday when they came for me. I had just settled down for a cozy nap, a stomach full of milk, and a purr in my throat when they barged into the living room, voices loud, and their figures towering and gangly. They had reached into our small box, our home, our world, and rifled through my siblings and I as if we were clothes on a clearance rack, tossing us back in when we didn’t “fit” right. They seemed giddier and more enthused by the same features that had sent them swooning only seconds ago. I distinctly remember the words of the small girl, her hands like ice and her breath the odor of stale gum and peanut butter. “Look at how orange he is! He doesn’t have a speck of white like the others!” the child said as she swaddled me aggressively within her pasty cape from this fiendish prison. Occasionally I allow them to explore their world, as if it was a gift they were curious and too empty inside to be sick. The begged and prodded me to explore their world, as if it was a gift they were curious and too empty inside to be sick. The begged and prodded me to explore their world, as if it was a gift they were curious and too empty inside to be sick. The begged and prodded me to explore their world, as if it was a gift they were curious and too empty inside to be sick. The begged and prodded me to explore their world, as if it was a gift they were curious and too empty inside to be sick. The begged and prodded me to explore their world, as if it was a gift they were curious and too empty inside to be sick. The begged and prodded me to explore their world, as if it was a gift they were curious and too empty inside to be sick. The begged and prodded me to explore their world, as if it was a gift they were curious and too empty inside to be sick. The begged and prodded me to explore their world, as if it was a gift they were curious and too empty inside to be sick. The begged and prodded me to explore their world, as if it was a gift they were curious and too empty inside to be sick. The begged and prodded me to explore their world, as if it was a gift they were curious and too empty inside to be sick. The begged and prodded me to explore their world, as if it was a gift they were curious and too empty inside to be sick. The begged and prodded me to explore their world, as if it was a gift they were curious and too empty inside to be sick. The begged and prodded me to explore their world, as if it was a gift they were curious and too empty inside to be sick. The begged and prodded me to explore their world, as if it was a gift they were curious and too empty inside to be sick. The begged and prodded me to explore their world, as if it was a gift they were curious and too empty inside to be sick. The begged and prodded me to explore their world, as if it was a gift they were curious and too empty inside to be sick. The begged and prodded me to explore their world, as if it was a gift they were curious and too empty inside to be sick.
Lyric of the (Bi)week:

“Everybody want to talk about who this and who that
Who the realest and who wack, or who white or who black
Critics want to mention that they miss when hip hop was rappin’
Motherfucker, if you did, then Killer Mike’d be platinum”

- Hood Politics, Kendrick Lamar