



the water tower.

uvm's alternative newsmag

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uvm.edu/~watertwr - thewatertower.tumblr.com

i'm **HUNGRY** for victory (an exposé of the dirty little secrets the SGA presidential candidates don't want you to read)

brie toomey



In an unexpected diversion from Suzanne Collins' masterpiece, SGA's Katniss has gone missing and subsequently dropped out of the race for president. Also, our depiction of Connor Daley as Seneca is entirely visually accurate. Also, everything in this article is (to the best of our knowledge) completely true. And unicorns exist. Serrslly. -Ed.

Connor Daley (Seneca)

Daley's platform is well rounded, aiming to improve student/advisor relationships in terms of compatible interests and promoting more local food and beverages on campus. That's all fine and dandy, but let me tell you something you might not know about Daley: I've been on his computer. He left it open when in the fishbowl, and like any snoopy reporter I checked it out. His iTunes was open. These are his top 5 most played tracks:

1. Creed- With Arms Wide Open (342 times)
2. Creed- My Sacrifice (278 times)
3. Creed- Higher (255 times)
4. Lisa Loeb- Stay (153 times)
5. Creed- One Last Breath (137 times)

Is this the person you want in office? Because anyone who listens to Creed that much really shouldn't be trusted with anything more than putting ketchup on a hamburger.

Moreover, this **water tower** reporter has inside sources close to Daley who report that he has a dark, dark habit: Daley frequents the library every day at 12:03 PM. He makes his way upstairs to the periodical collection and farts, constantly and thoroughly, until 12:07. He leaves, and acts like he didn't just disrespect 30 years of dusty magazines that everyone cares about.

by bendonovan and georgeloftus

Michael White (Peeta)

White wants nothing more than to streamline the SGA process, creating a more responsive means for students to enact change on campus. He's been involved with numerous student movement support groups as well as the UVM orientation program.

However, unlike every OTHER candidate, he makes no mention of trying to lower tuition, and I know why. Spies employed by **the water tower** have obtained architectural plans from White's car's glove box that demonstrates a new conveyor belt walkway in the DC tunnel, a slide escape system from every window on the east side of Lafayette, and (thankfully) a plan to replace the doors in Waterman with new ones that don't way 10,000 pounds.

His commitment to improving the student experience is admirable, and his dedication to presenting UVM through groups is exemplary. However, he leaves out one gaping hole in his character; he cuts people in line at New World. Hard. Not strangers, mind you, but his friends. He'll show up with a group of people he knows terribly well, clearly the butt of the train, but by the time they get to the register he's heading the pack. Leadership skills, sure, but burrito-decency skills? Lacking.

His list of inadequacies goes on: look at his smile, it's infectious, which is great. Almost too great. We've been in contact these past few weeks with White's nearest and dearest here at UVM, and it's come up in conversation that he was not seen Thursday, March 8th. That was a full moon. The obvious (and only) explanation is that White is a werewolf, which makes sense. He wants to institute a graffiti wall on campus. It's plain and clear to see this student outlet for artistic and creative energy is a distraction from the fact that he's of *Homo sapiens lupus*.

Ali Sadeghi (Gale)

Under the heading "Issues" in the platform document submitted by Mr. Sadeghi to the SGA election website, he lists "Work in closer proximity with IRA."

the water tower—and the student body—deserve to know: just what is Ali Sadeghi's relationship with the Irish Republican Army? What are his plans regarding militant groups in Northern Ireland? Does he plan to use SGA funds to violently advance the cause of a united 32-county Irish Republic? Has this campus already been infiltrated by progressive Irish radicalists?

We at **the water tower** have no idea. But this being St. Patrick's Week, Mr. Sadeghi's alleged extremist ties need explaining—now, more than ever. We're just asking the questions that need to be asked.

Another question, however, remains unanswered: would you vote for someone who hates sheep?

Sadeghi agreed to sit down with **the water tower** to discuss his campaign platform, as well as his intense hatred for the unbearably-cute quadrupedal caprids:

"God, do I fucking hate sheep. I hate their faces. I hate their eyes. I hate the sound they make. I hate wool. And I really hate lambs. They're the fucking worst. Wait, are you going to print this?"

Mr. Sadeghi also expressed interest in improving communication between the SGA and the student body at large, improving advisor/student relationships, and remaining vigilant to keep UVM's campus free of any and all traces of "those god-forsaken fucking demon creatures."

It has been brought to our attention at press time that "IRA" in this case refers to the Inter-Residence Association, an organization representing students living on campus, NOT the Irish Republican Army, a radical group based in Northern Ireland. We may have jumped the gun on that one. Our bad. -Ed.

Gavin Caster (Heymitch)

Mr. Caster seems, at first glance, quite qualified for the position of SGA President. He has lobbied for the removal of bottled water from campus, organized concerts, and put on forums concerning students' rights.

But how much do we really know about Gavin Caster?

His platform certainly sounds lofty enough, but a careful reading suggests a hidden Marxist agenda. "As soon as I take office," reads his manifesto, "I'm going to ask every member of the S.G.A. to commit to a minimum of five hours of community service per semester." Five hours per semester, confiscated by the state and redistributed to those who haven't earned it? No thanks, Comrade. We've seen that movie before. Spoiler alert: it ends with collective farms and furry hats.

Caster's radical plans for UVM are laid bare in his slogan: "Redefine, Reimagine, Revolution."

This March, ask Gavin Caster who he really wants to represent—the student body, or the Kremlin?

Returning to his promise to freeze tuition, however, reveals a dark side to Mr. Caster's plans. Classified campaign documents obtained by **the water tower** reveal that he intends to accomplish this via a plan entitled "Operation: Fuck the Cornhuskers," a plan which would offset a tuition freeze for most UVM students by increasing tuition on students hailing from Nebraska by 900%. Internal emails from the Caster campaign show the candidate's intense dislike for our 37th state and all of its inhabitants:

"Nebraska I ain't got no use for... They can give Nebraska back to the Indians far as I'm concerned. I hate the damn place more than any place in the world."

Nebraska Governor Dave Heineman (R) responded, "Vermont...uh, that's east of Dubuque, right?"

The Caster campaign could not be reached for comment at press time. ■

get inside me:

kony 2012 by laurafrangipane

uvm ... or hogwarts by robintucker

spring break-ing alternatively by kerrymartin

hairdresser blues by jennymudarri

the best news team in the universe.



inbox

Dear **water tower**,

I thought you heard me last year when I wrote to you about St. Patrick's Day, but I guess it didn't stick. How many times do I have to tell you that it's St. PADDY'S Day, not Patty's Day?! Patty is the name of a woman, whereas Paddy is the shortened version of Patrick. I wrote you a long message last year informing you of all things Irish, but I suppose you don't remember the part where I explained the whole Patty/Paddy debacle. I hope you remember this for next year so that you don't go around promoting the celebration of a random woman named Patty. Because that could get awkward.

-A girl who spent a fair amount of time on the Emerald Isle
editor's note: There are 43 million Google results for "st paddy's day" and 157 million for "st patty's day." Sorry. Thanks for your letter(s) though! <3<3<3

Dear **water tower**,

Might've been worth noting that since we have TWO emails from the university (hpotter@uvm.edu and harry.potter@uvm.edu) we can sign up for 6 months of Amazon Prime for each of the email addresses.

Take it easy **wf**,
Brad

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

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the shit list

with **julietcritsimilios**

Mad Men-Where the fuck is *Mad Men*? We've been waiting for the amazement that is Don, the feminist icon that is Peggy, and the boobs that are Joan for too freaking long, AMC. Get the premiere on my TV already, and pour me a whiskey and light me a cigarette while you're at it.

Mitt Romney's Home Renovations-Mitt Romney was recently talking about re-doing one of his six (SIX!) homes, you know, in the middle of the whole running for President thing. Apparently his and McCain's real-estate assets made him a vetoed candidate for VP in 2008, but if he doesn't make the nomination he can always get an HGTV show.

Spring Break Tan Lines-Yea, going away to (insert cheap and warm location here) was fun for break, but now you're back and that (insert strapless or low-backed clothing item here) looks weird with the half your skin that's still Vermont-mid-winter pale.

Tom Corbett- This Pennsylvania Governor recently stated, on a mandated ultrasound bill for women who wanted an abortion, that women should just "close their eyes" during the procedure. Is that what he does every time he gets a rectal exam for his Viagra pills...oh wait...?

St. Patrick's day hangover-Because nothing beats throwing up Guinness and Jameson in a strange person's apartment while looking for your underwear and other shoe.

the news in brief with **jamesaglio**

"And since we all came from a woman, got our name from a woman, and our game from a woman, I wonder why we take from our women, why we rape our women, do we hate our women?"

-Tupac "Keep Ya Head Up"

Violence against anyone is stupid, but sadly ours (and many others) is a culture that sometimes encourages and abets in violence against women. If you or someone you know is a victim of violence, please speak out; problems cannot be solved if they remain undisclosed.

"He was every woman's man, and every man's woman."

-Suetonius from "De Vita Caesarum"

Suetonius is here discussing the sexual fluidity of one of humanity's greatest conquerors, Julius Caesar, at odds, strangely, with the sentiments of several American lawmakers. In fact, Caesar is one of several noted conquerors with homosexual tendencies, including Alexander, who conquered Asia; Trajan, who conquered Dacia; Alan Turing, who conquered the Enigma Machine; and Freddy Mercury, who conquered the hearts and minds of millions.

"And the old men march slowly, all bent, stiff and sore/The forgotten heroes from a forgotten war/And the young people ask, "What are they marching for?"/And I ask myself the same question."

- "And The Band Played Waltzing Matilda"

Pretty much the greatest song ever written about Australians in World War I and named after another Australian folk song, "And the Band Played Waltzing Matilda" questions the purpose of war and the nature of 'memorable actions.' The best version is by the Pogues; check it out.

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

contact the wt.

Letters to the Editor/General
thewatertowernews@gmail.com

Editors-in-Chief:
watertowereditor@gmail.com

Advertising:
watertowerads@gmail.com

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join the wt.

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

Our generation stands at a crossroads. To the right are the perilous cliffs of punditry and pessimism. To the left is the desolate wasteland of apathy and ignorance. We choose neither. Instead, we brave the trail of truth. With sincerity and humor, we strive to make you reexamine, investigate, question, learn, and maybe pee your pants along the way. We are the reason people can't wait for Tuesday. We are **the water tower.**

kony 2012

consumer activism

by **laurafrangipane**

Unless you've been living under a literal rock in the ground, you've probably either seen a tweet, a Facebook status, or watched the now viral YouTube video produced by an organization named Invisible Children, called KONY 2012. I observe a middle school social studies classroom twice a week. I arrived after spring break to do so and walked into a lesson entirely about KONY 2012. Apparently while I was gone, the students discovered the video and brought it to my host teacher's attention, eager to learn more and disseminate the material in class. The lesson I observed followed a homework assignment discussing the "pros and cons" of the campaign, based on articles provided by my host teacher the students were assigned to read. The articles examined the issue many Americans seem to be having with the campaign- where does the money go when you donate to Invisible Children? The articles showed, correctly, that Invisible Children does indeed only donate 32% of their received donations to direct services. But, interestingly enough, the articles showed that the American Red Cross, widely respected and source for many of my own blood platelets (had I actually been brave enough to donate myself) runs an effective rate of about 33%. A tumblr blog, "Visible Children", run by Grant Oyston, a student of Acadia University, has disseminated these facts and the political savvy quickly reacted with calls to donate to other more reputable organizations.

The fact is, I was super jazzed to see my middle schoolers interested in the world, paying attention to the news around them, and eager to raise money for a cause. They had received both sides of the issue, and during this class period, decided that they would, and could, support the KONY 2012 campaign. Their host teacher was in agreement and had already bought one of the action kits shown in the video and agreed to raffle off the extra bracelet it came with.

The students were eager to organize a field trip to college campuses, malls and public spaces in the Burlington area on April 20th to "cover the night" as recommended by the Invisible Children organization. They discussed making their own bracelets, agreeing that the \$10 price established for the official one was too high, and raising funds at their upcoming school dance.

But, as much as the above thrilled me- it worried me more, and I see it as a larger epidemic and a lesson about what the Internet and social media mean to Americans and the culture of today. Most Americans who consider themselves well informed or dedicated to activism, including myself,

ing broken down in a most simplistic way. It plays on things children are capable of understanding- images of violence (but that are not TOO violent), and a personal story that reminds us all that we have sons and daughters, and we were once sons and daughters. The video offers us a childish solution. Spread the message, and the bad man will go away. The video also offers a very American, consumerist oriented message- buy these posters, wear a bracelet- and the problems will be solved. And make sure you tweet about it. Because 140 characters can tell that world everything in a way that reading literature surrounding the subject cannot. It offers grossly distorted and ma-

"the video itself is eerie in that it attempts to treat americans as children- we are not capable of understanding the conflict, its history, or its future without it being broken down in a most simplistic way"

have known about Joseph Kony and the US presence in Uganda for quite sometime now. The reality is that Kony, without endorsing his actions and admitting that what he has done is any bit of okay, has not been close to power in years. He and his followers operate out of neighboring countries such as the Democratic Republic of the Congo and Uganda, while not perfect, has been calm enough to attract foreign investment in recent years.

The video itself is eerie in that it attempts to treat Americans as children- we are not capable of understanding the conflict, its history, or its future without it be-

nipulated information to sell a point- and it does so incredibly successfully, in the way the Obama campaign's "Yes I Can" speech tugged at millions.

Do we really think that Justin Bieber and Oprah gave a few minutes to considering what their endorsement of KONY means? Each have literal twitter armies of followers, and represent millions of dollars in capital. They control and have more power than many Americans, let alone the Ugandans that this campaign is supposedly about. They have influence over our young people in a way that the President does not. The middle schoolers I co-teach would be more likely to do something because one of their favorite musicians has endorsed it than if they saw it on the news. This is a reality. Are we okay with it?

Gross over simplification of Africa's conflicts is nothing new. It happened with Darfur and it will happen again. It's a well-established genre: Africans need to be rescued from their plight by white Americans. But it is interesting that now social media has been brought in and it seems, if manipulated by the right people- the people who understand how advertising works- it can be used for both good and for evil. The issue is that the American public does not seem to have stopped and questioned why they are acting- they have simply acted, shared the video and done what they are told. We have educated a



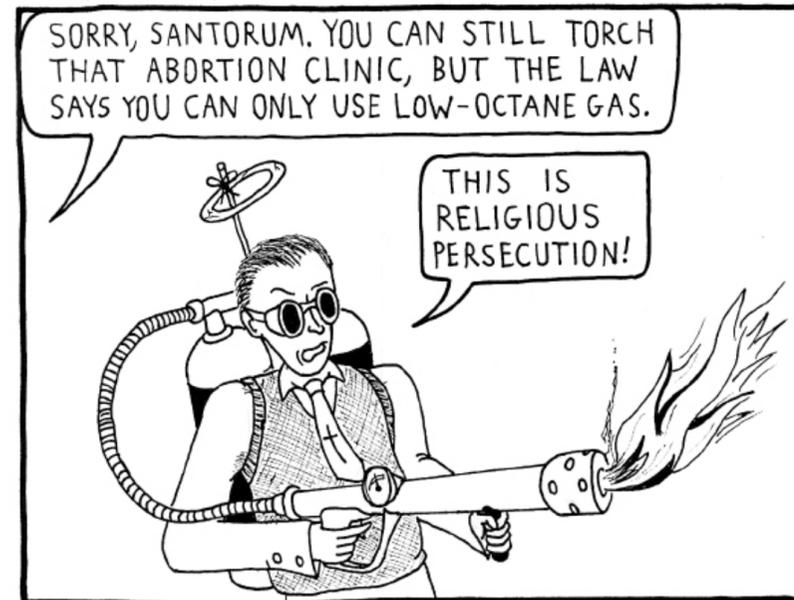
nation of followers, and not just the Twitter kind, although the similarity is rather haunting. I am glad that my host teacher took her job as an educator seriously enough to show her students both sides of the issue before blindly raising money.

If you do decide that you (suddenly) care about the conflict in Uganda, or others in Africa, please consider the organization of Invisible Children, a non-profit based in the United States- with really really great graphic designers at its fingertips. Honestly, if I was a talented art major I would work here. Invisible Children has no auditing agency that reviews where it spends its money. It does not have any salaried Africans working for it. It is a white-people-feel-good organization that is making a few people quite rich. They endorse intervention with weapons and violence and have been pictured holding guns alongside Africa's armies. The problem with using violence against someone like Joseph Kony is that it's likely to invite retaliation. His army consists of children, so the retaliation will result in more children dead, as they comprise his bodyguards. It's true that their main goal is just to raise awareness, but with this comes responsibility, and Invisible Children seems to drop the ball after the awareness has been raised. Many of Invisible Children's largest donors in the previous years have come from anti-LGTBQ, anti-women, conservative groups- presumably because they thought somehow Invisible Children's mission statement aligned with their values- which you should consider, should you choose to donate. On Thursday, March 15th, Jason Russell, one of the co-founders of Invisible Children, and the star of the KONY 2012 video was arrested for allegedly masturbating in public.

Ugandans themselves worry that the sudden call for US military intervention in Africa to search for Joseph Kony would only be a stepping stone, an excuse, for extended exploitation of the country's abundant natural resources and a way to ensure continued pressure for Uganda and surrounding nations to remain US allies. The problems Ugandans face today, while some are connected to the civil war and Joseph Kony, would not be solved if he is put in jail or sanctioned. Ugandans face larger and more important issues over land ownership and the spread of deadly "nodding disease" in relief camps.

My first recommendation for those interested is to learn. Take an African history course, understand how Uganda got this way. How is the United States causing these conflicts in the first place? How is the United States militarizing Africa in order to benefit in terms of access to natural resources and our "War on Terror"? What role are we already playing? Learn from Africans- be willing to believe that they have the capacity to solve problems. Listen to their stories. ■

cartoon by **kevin kennedy**



around town.



haikus in high places

the water tower asked the candidates for SGA president and vice president to submit haikus describing their platforms. Presidential candidates wrote about an animal, and VP candidates wrote about food. Now you're super informed! Some candidates didn't submit a poem... sucks to be them!

prez: **mikewhite**
I am a giraffe.
Giraffes can't vote, but you can.
You should vote Mike White.

connordaley
Unbelievable
But true: it's bold and horny
A fucking narwhal

gavincaster
A beast on its own
From intelligent design
With the right touch, soft

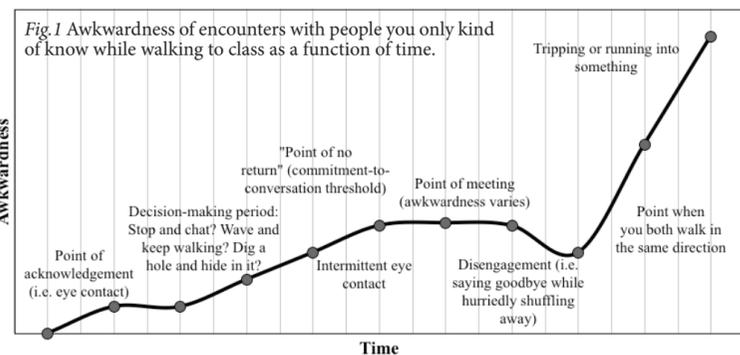
vp: **connorburns**
Communication
Makes everything work better
Just as does bacon

samanthaholland
Delicious cupcakes
Get one if you vote for Sam
JK, no bribes here

tomcampbell
Your hand is on mine
as the chefs at our table,
Preparing our duck.

your life in graphs

by lindsaygabel



yiddle me this

by theyiddler

Many my friends
are pipes or pinstriped;
some of them are just ends.

The glorious gates
where god awaits
traveling, intrepid men

Many scars,
to mirror the stars,
for whose counsel my courts ascend.

where maidens are bathed
or squandered in flame,
and so lie with their truest of kin.

hogwarts school of education and foolery

by robintucker

Just a few reasons why UVM is obviously the alternate universe school where our beloved Potter sorcery occurs...
Rumor has it our new president has a dog named "Harry Potter." If that's not a sign that we have ourselves a headmaster straight from the wizarding world, I don't know what is (unless his name were Albus—then we'd probably be even more sure).

In the town of Burlington we have our very own Hogsmeade, and more specifically, our very own Three Broomsticks (otherwise known as Three Needs). The new Three Needs, on the corner of Pearl and South Winooski, has a very distinct Harry Potter feel; the cozy booths are perfect for plotting ways to embarrass Malfoy and ask out Pavarti, the wall of mirrors creates glimpses and shadows of things that you can't be sure are real, and the beer certainly goes down like butter.

Although I haven't seen a Marauder's Map surface on campus yet, I'm sure there is one. Although some of UVM's passageways are not so secret, we definitely have our nooks and crannies that lead to who knows where. The tunnel leading from the DC to the Redstone path is the most well known, well trodden of the passages. Coming in second would be the somewhat-secret staircase that takes you from the end of the hall on the third floor to the radio hallway on the first floor of the DC. Then there's the completely empty hallway in the basement of Waterman that used to be a bowling alley and is always so hard to situate in your mind's map—is it connected to the café? The staircase that leads to the parking lot? The Financial Aid Office? It's very possible that in this case we could have ourselves a shifting walkway, so be careful not to end up opening a door to a three-headed dog named Fluffy. Now since I've never actually seen UVM's version of the Marauder's Map, I'm not sure of the other secret passageways, but I do have a hunch that the bell tower at the top of Old Mill could lead me somewhere far from the castle. I'm convinced if I skip the right amount of steps on the way up and twist one of the window locks just so, I'd apparate to Diagon Alley or to the attic of Gringotts.

I was never clear on all the logistics of the Room of Requirement (what if someone who really, really needs a bathroom walks by while the DA is practicing? Does the room split into two realities where it is providing for both groups at the same time? I wouldn't put it past the R of R). That being said, we have ourselves our very own, not-so-secret Room of Requirement in the Grand Maple Ball-



collin cappelle

room of the DC. At least ten events happen in that room at the same time each night, and every time you enter it is completely transformed. Sometimes it's a huge hall with a stage and strobe lights, sometimes it's a little room with a few rows of chairs and a soft-spoken speaker at the front, sometimes it's a haunted house and a table full of candy (my personal fav). The GMB obviously is capable of transforming for our every need—I just need to figure out the

right thoughts to have while walking by that will land me in a DA lesson where Cho is looking to get some.

I wouldn't name just one person at UVM as Professor McGonagall, but I'm sure you each have a teacher from your major in mind. That kind of old Professor who knows everything there ever was or ever is to know about everything. They are pretty strict but also totally awesome and have your back, and if you read through the lines you can see that they sympathize with you about that other teacher that you all hate. They probably wear glasses, and if you are really observant you might see a silky cat or another trusty creature running into the bushes a few minutes after you've left class.

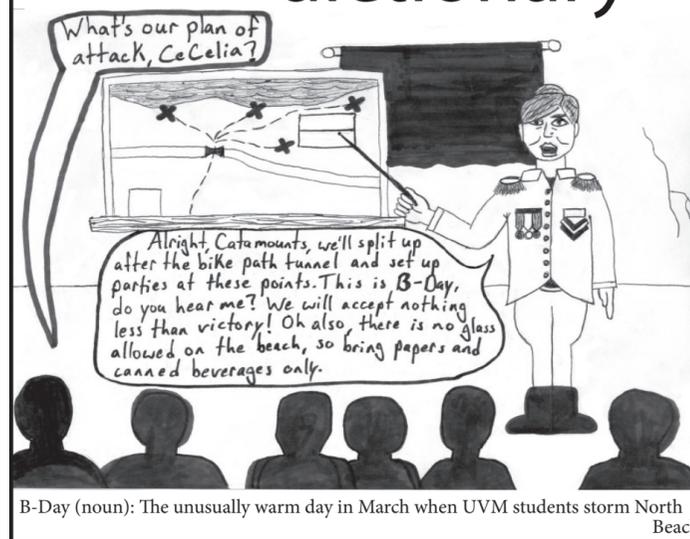
As for Moaning Myrtle, I'm pretty sure that she lives in the men's bathroom on the third floor of the library. She's definitely into smart guys (hello, Tom Riddle is obviously a genius) and she likes to approach them when they are most vulnerable—after a long night of studying on the silent third floor. Now if Moaning Myrtle lives in this bathroom, this of course means that this is also the entrance to the Chamber of Secrets, so if any of you out there know parseltongue and are up for an adventure, I'd do some experimenting. Just don't hiss too loudly; you might get shushed from someone on the other end of the floor.

I know it's not all that visible at UVM, but we do, just like at Hogwarts, have a quidditch team that rocks. They don't play under the lights in front of the whole school, but they do run around on broomsticks, and I'm pretty sure that one of these days they are actually going to fly.

Narnia, behind Slade, is obviously the Womping Willow. It's really hard to find the right entrance—if Crookshanks is there to pull aside the perfect bough you are in luck, but once inside you are in a whole other world. You're invisible to the sidewalk just a foot away; you can hear conversations of passersby without them seeing you. It is a perfect place for mixing potions and herbs which will most likely help you remember your dreams about Voldemort without your scar hurting too badly. ■

barely-urban dictionary

with patrickleene



st. patrick's... week?

an exercise in dorm room (umm, soda) drinking
part I

by georgeloftus

Please note that when **the water tower parties**, **the water tower parties with water and soda exclusively**. The fun-filled games described below are catered to healthy, hydrating excitement. Plan accordingly.

When I was 13, I lived in Chile. They did a lot of things wrong there, to be sure, but one thing they did right was holidays: their "Independence Day" celebration lasted a whole week, and it was awesome. Jewish people got it right, too; as much fun as Christmas is, eight nights of celebration sounds pretty sweet. Furthermore, there's a reason Bonaroo lasts more than a day.

Let's pretend that, at the University of Vermont, St. Patrick's Day lasts more than one night. Let's pretend it lasts seven extra! These are the activities you can get away with in your dorm, and the best possible way to celebrate the patron saint of snakes and cider. Think about it. This is that awkward lull between mid-terms and finals... when are you going to have a better chance?

Night 1: Kings. This game is simple enough that I'm not even going to explain how to play; you've been here for at least a semester, and if you don't know it by now then you're too busy at the library to ever need to learn. The only request I make is that you stop doing Questions when you draw a Queen—that shit's weak. Instead, do thumbmaster. When you draw a Queen, you discreetly place your thumb on an object; the tip of your water, the edge of the table, your forehead, whatever. The last person to realize takes a drink.

Night 2: California Water Pong. Imagine Water Pong if it smoked its body weight in weed and exclusively listened to DMB and OAR (bands that don't abbreviate are too much effort). Relax on the floor with some friends and a low table with six cups on each side; the one rule is that you're not really allowed to try. It's a holiday—don't be that person. Unscrew the door to your closet to turn it into a tabletop, and... relieve... some milk crates from behind your dorms for legs to the table. PS: Relieve might be a euphemism for something, but I'm not telling you what.

Night 3: Centurion. Here in the States there's this lovely little game called power hour, in which you do a shot of water every minute for an hour. But that's the thing: it's little. As in, for little babies. Do yourself a favor, skip lunch, and do a shot of water every minute for 100 minutes. Then you'll have the toughest genitals in the room, or the most slurred speech in the room. You say potato, I say there are still 64 minutes left—DRINK! Whatever you do, don't do it with Franzia. Trust me.

Night 4: Waterio Kart. Find someone who has Mario Kart, and find water. The only rules are that you can't open your water bottle until the race has already begun, and you can't drive while you drink; you have to put the controller on the floor and *then* pick your water up. One water bottle must be finished before you cross the finish line. ■
to be continued next week...

spring break was chili as shit!

(teeheehee... puns.)

by georgeloftus

On a sunny but slightly chilled Saturday, Main Street was completely shut down; however, not the Main Street you're probably thinking of. Mobs of people took to the town's center to indulge in the third biggest public attraction in Vermont, the annual Chili Cook-Off of Middlebury. It combined two of my favorite things: gaining weight and a chance to (almost) openly drink in public. I'd never been to Middlebury before, because... well, in my head I always imagined Burlington basically the same as New York City, and Middlebury was that shitty suburb outside of Trenton that you only go to because an aunt with a mustache you have to love because she's getting sick/old/increasingly racist invited you. But you know what? Back to the chili.

It was obviously a big event for all the participants. In spite of there being no snow, the color white was everywhere, painted by the smiles of the contest's denizens. The only time teeth weren't visible was when they were stuffing their faces full of delicious, delicious chili. That's a lie. I think some of them brought margaritas from home, and there was only a faint smell of bud on the air, yet all things considered it was a surprisingly wholesome event.

You couldn't walk in a straight line even if you wanted to. A hundred vendors, for lack of a better word, lined both sides of the street, were contained to the sidewalk by small brick buildings with hand painted decorations on their doors. These proved to essentially be walls of a kennel, keeping people within a certain limit, but giving no con-

trol over their movements; they didn't even pretend to care who they inconvenienced on their way to the next sample of chili. This was entropy you could touch. Occasionally you'd hear a "Whoops, sorry!" ten seconds after the fact, but only douchebags would consider that "too little, too late," when there was so much (borderline) free shit to eat. Children, college students, parents and grandparents partook in the event, and the most beautiful part was that no one went alone. Someone was either leading another linked by hand, or desperately searching for someone they clearly lost amongst the throng of people. Everyone wanted someone just to share the smaller-than-a-dixie-cup sized portion.

Some were made with pork, and others the typical beef. No two tasted the same, and even the bland ones rang a small bell of distinction. My personal favorite had crawfish, a unique texture with a spicy broth-like base. While the peppery flavor didn't last long, it lasted long enough to distinguish itself from the rest, especially the ones with chicken. None were so bold, so daring to be different than that delicious southern dish.

Ironically enough, on a day where there was unlimited access to chili, pending patience, the restaurants were full. It took almost ten minutes to get a beer, but it was worth it when the cream headed Guinness arrived to wash away a full palate. A thousand different flavors were all melded together under the thick froth of a cool, dark beer made

6,000 miles away. In a true meeting of cultures, one of the most clichéd of American foods was only enhanced by one of the most clichéd of Irish beverages. It was a perfect cap to a filling and delicious day.

The day only became unpleasant when trying to leave the sleepy town. Everyone apparently decided to leave at the same time, making for a headache in a town where normally two cars at a stop sign means traffic. Pedestrians decided they could win in a fight against a 3,000 pound motor-powered object and crossed the street with reckless abandon, because, y'know, they're obviously rocket scientists. The drivers unfortunately moved along in similar fashion, forgetting that blinkers serve a purpose and green means you can go. Parking lots that once prided themselves with no vacancies looked deserted, ignored, neglected. The town went from as densely populated as they've likely been since that time last year to as sparse as you'd imagine a relatively northern town in the tail end of a Vermont winter to be. The aforementioned entropy had subsided and by the time the last car left, I can only assume things returned to normal. I can't say for sure; it was the last Saturday of Spring Break and I didn't want to be 40 minutes away from a thirty of PBR I bought any longer than I had to be. That being said, around this time next year, if you're around, I highly recommend making the quick drive down to that Stephen King-ish town and pound chili until you need to roll home. ■

reflections.

spring break-ing, *alternatively*

by kerrymartin

If you're looking for an article that tells you exactly what you do on Alternative Spring Break, then stop reading. I can't tell you whether you'll end up in Florida, Louisiana, or Colorado, working at a food bank, building homes, or helping at a horse riding camp for children with disabilities. I can only tell you two things: why my ASB experience defied and exceeded all expectations, and why you should just say "fuck it" and sign up.

Now don't get me wrong: I would have loved to go to Panama Beach, eat my cereal with whiskey every morning, and flaunt my less-than-impressive physique in a Speedo. But the classic college spring break is not too relaxing, not all that rewarding, and definitely not cheap.

ASB provides an alternative to the drastic drawbacks of a wet and wild week, yet in my group's case, it was just as sociable, sunny, and sublime as any standard not-so-sober college spring break.

In November, when I met the group with whom I would travel to Birmingham, Alabama to help the impoverished youth, I really didn't know what I was getting into.

Even four months later, when we were piling into a white van at six in the morning to begin the twenty-two hour drive to the heart of the South, I barely knew what to expect. I suppose that's the definition of adventure: going into something that you're not sure you're prepared for.

We stayed fairly busy every day, but it felt like five minutes had passed before we were loading up the van again for the drive back north. Yet in that time, we had spent several days working with poor but eager students in an inner-city elementary school and a neighboring library. Other days, we gave out bags of food and hygiene supplies to Birmingham's abundant homeless in a few parks downtown.

Our visit to the Civil Rights Museum also gave us perspective on our work. Birmingham was a capital of the Civil Rights Movement well through the 1950s and 60s, home to marches, speeches, and nonviolent protests led by giants like Fred Shuttlesworth, Ralph Abernathy, and Martin Luther King Jr. They persevered in the fight to end segregation and the "separate but equal" policy, but despite breakthroughs like *Brown vs. Board of Education* and the Voting Rights Act, our trip to Birmingham made it clear that the fight for equality was nowhere near won. While some of the white inhabitants of Birmingham's newer and wealthier suburbs told us that their city's economic divide is not along racial lines, the entirely-black inner city

schools and homeless population beg to differ.

As an unexposed suburban white kid who had never been further south than Cincinnati, the culture shock kept me engaged all week and still occupies my mind. The economic, social, and racial phenomena that formerly had no more context than in a textbook now resound with me as living realities. At the week's end, I presumed that this might be an experience that would change me, more than just in reminiscence and reflection about the trip. This is already proving true. In the aftermath of break, I find my thoughts and future plans inclining towards ASB's major goal: social justice

As ASB (and Wikipedia) taught me, social justice means creating a society based on equality and solidarity that gives every human being the dignity and rights they deserve. Signing up for ASB guarantees hands-on experience fighting for social justice at any of its points of contact: shelters, retirement homes, food banks, schools, what have you.

Every ASB group goes to a different place, volunteers

for a different organization, and meets different people, so it's impossible to tell you exactly what the ASB experience entails. The only constant I can think of

is friendship, and that alone should convince you to sign up. In addition to the rewarding work, my group was able to catch some rays, eat some fried food, see the sights, and become excessively comfortable with each other (in a good way).

Keep an eye out for information about ASB as early as September next year. Don't let the application and interview intimidate you. Sure, you might have to pay \$150 and raise an additional \$100 for the organization, but a hundred fifty big ones is pretty damn good for a week's worth of food, shelter, transportation, and sightseeing, and everyone has five friends or relatives willing to give twenty bucks to their darling college student who's using spring break to help people.

ASB is entirely student run. If you have any questions about it or just want to talk to someone, go to their cubicle in the SGA office in the Davis Center, or email uvmasb@uvm.edu. However, most people go into ASB not knowing much, and not having all their questions answered, so if you want to find out what it's really all about, there's only one way to do it. ■

what your computer habits say about you

by jonathanfranqui

Today, computers have become so widely utilized in our society that you can find an iMac for free use in a public area. The power of the internet and the endless reserve of knowledge it wields is quite literally at our finger tips, and most people below the age of forty can competently utilize it. With this in mind, I have to admit that I am mildly confused – and this is a soft term for my true feelings – as to how people are completely unaware of proper computer etiquette.

Yes, computer etiquette actually exists, and is just as vital as table manners for making a good impression. Disrespecting my laptop is a capital offense in my eyes, and the repeat offenders should be neutered, so we do not have to live in a future of sloppy, brutish people treating machinery like shit. Your computer habits can be a pretty solid indicator of how you carry yourself in the real world and social situations.

The offender: The poker

What they do: The poker, quite simply, will never miss an opportunity to desecrate a computer screen with their pudgy, greasy finger tips. They seem to be under the impression that simply conveying a point with words is ineffective. Instead, they will say "Oh hey look at that!" and touch the freaking screen. Not only does this cover the image or text they set out to show me, but most times you can actually see the screen strain under the pressure of the overenthusiastic jab.

Why they suck: If you have friends or roommates, you probably know a poker, and go to great lengths to keep your precious computer safe. If you don't have friends, consider this the one bonus to being miserably alone. The worst part is, they seem unaware of their misdeeds, and will simply tell you to "Chill the fuck out" when you shout at them for messing with your monitor. This makes my blood curdle, and I have thoughts of breaking my laptop over their head. Of course, this would be a counterproductive measure, so I usually just pack up shop and remove myself from their presence.

What it says about them: To me, this horrible lapse in computer etiquette indicates to me that repeat offenders (because we are all guilty of doing this on occasion) are inconsiderate assholes in most other aspects of life.

The offender: The uneducated tech snob

What they do: These people purchase cutting edge computers, Macs or PCs, which they can't handle and don't need. They will go out of their way to make sure their computers are as pretty and powerful as possible, even if they will only use them for the internet and Microsoft word (as 90 percent of college students do).

Why they suck: While I love my computer and consider it to be an extension of my brain which is unmarred by excessive alcohol use, I weep when I see friends or classmates with an under used cutting edge computer, as I have a list of programs (mostly video games) which I cannot run on my mid-grade PC. It is like they bought a Porsche or Audi for the simple task of driving to the grocery store.

What it says about them: It can be concluded that uneducated tech snobs are very likely superficial or extremely stupid with their finances.

The offender: People who use Internet Explorer

What they do: Use internet explorer
Why they suck: This fatal error neither needs elaboration nor deserves any. It is blasphemous, and I will not associate myself with people who use this browser regularly. You can either choose the road of salvation and install a browser such as Firefox or Chrome, or continue in your ignorance and watch as the respect of your peers slowly evaporates as they see your true colors in the perverted relationship you have with Internet Explorer.

What it says about them: Enough said. ■

revenge of the *betches*: enough with the biddy hate

by sarahperda

UVM is kind of like the equivalent of the Island of Misfit Toys: a convocation of quirky students united under their love of protesting and hatred of eco-unfriendly water bottles. In general, the student community is accepting of all people. From ski bums to tree huggers, hipsters to athletes, almost everyone who comes here is immediately accepted into the melting pot, with one exception: the "biddies."

For some inexplicable reason, any girl who wears a dress to a party in the winter or suckles on a bottle of Evian in ENV5001 is automatically deemed social pariah in the UVM hierarchy. As much as I love this school, snide remarks directed at biddies on a weekly basis get a little irritating, to say the least. At UVM, this group of students is often stereotyped as vapid, vodka-loving pinheads for no reason other than the fact that they dress well, party on the reg and know more about the Kardashian family's dynamic than you can ever begin to fathom. Well you know what? That's not even half of the story. This group needs to have a voice too, so if you're a fellow Cosmopolitan loving, Svedka chugging, money blowing girl, then this one's for you.

For starters, what is with the terminology? What the fuck is a biddy? According to my urbandictionary.com research, a biddy is essentially an unintelligent middle school girl who dons Uggs and mini skirts simultaneously and cannot form sentences without using the terms "like," "omigod" or "shut UP" at least once. This is simply not the case with any girl at UVM. Believe it or not, we all had to apply and get accepted to this university, and just because some girls opt to look presentable each and every morning does not automatically mean that their hair straighteners have fried every brain cell. If you feel the need to stereotype us, at least do us the courtesy of getting it right: we are not biddies, we are betches.

That's right, the correct term for our kind is betch.

What is a betch? In general, a betch is someone who goes to classes in full-blown hair and makeup, unashamedly owns a truck load of clothes, and, above all else, is someone who knows how to work it. In terms of UVM betches, this simply means our majors are often harder than you'd expect from us, our wardrobes don't contain a shred of flannel and we fully believe hiking was only (well, usually) meant for Bear Grylls and his spawns (for further information visit betches-lovethis.com, you won't regret it).

The above statements probably lead you to wonder why people fitting the above description would ever come to UVM. Believe me, I've gotten the "what are

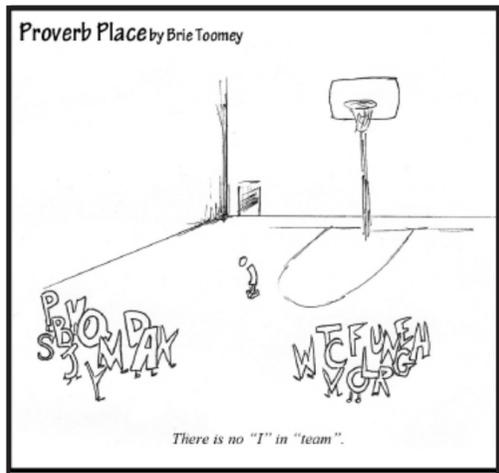
purpose of getting drunk. Why there are identities associated with liquor preference is completely beyond me, but if you're going to call us prissy for drinking Smirnoff, you can bet your bottom dollar we're going to call you out for drinking Jack or PBR. Ghandi might think and eye for an eye makes the whole world blind, but Donald Trump, spoken like a true betch, says when someone challenges you, you fight him right back. Does this make either side of the argument right? Of course not, but if there's one thing this school has taught each and every student, it's take nothing laying down.

Next up: attire. Betches are often criticized for opt-

easily thrown on, then you just pick a pair of shoes and lookie here you have yourself an entire outfit! Think we're crazy because it's cold out? That's why God invented tights, duh.

Lastly: attitude. A betch is by no means a bitch by default. Assuming a betch is a bitch is the same as assuming all hipsters are addicted to coffee and cigarettes, or that all athletes have pea-brains. None of these stereotypes necessarily have credibility, but they are what a majority of students associate with their respective groups. Anyone can have the betch attitude if they want it, and I highly recommend everyone adopt it. The Head Betches of betcheslovethis.com sum it up quite nicely: "Haters and nice people may label us 'narcissistic' but a betch knows that believing in herself is all it takes for everyone else to believe in her." That's all it is folks, betches ooze confidence, a quality everyone should strive for.

Notice how throughout this entire article I have stereotyped this school out the wazoo. It gets a little irritating, right? No one likes to be told who they are based on uninformed opinions, yet we are all guilty of stereotyping each other without even thinking. Our university is supposedly one of the more progressive, accepting schools out there, and labeling people like this is a serious faux pas. It's time for the betches to come out of their walk-in closets and jump right into that UVM melting pot. ■



fork it over.

bake sale saviors

by ellieseitz

Spring is sprung, and love is in the air, folks. The birds are chirping, the plants are flowering, and your ASB group/club team/Druid cult is asking you to raise some funds by sitting at a table outside the library, selling baked goodies. Before you reach for the Marché break-and-bake chocolate chip cookies that you will still find some way to ruin, try one of these fail-safe recipes. They won't let you down. ■

peanut butter covered oreos

Ingredients:

- * Oreos
- * Peanut butter
- * swear to god, that's actually it.

Preparation:

You know how people say "literally" all the time and it gets really annoying because it's rarely the correct usage of the word? Well this is LITERALLY the easiest recipe you will ever use. Ready? Here we go. Put some peanut butter in a microwave-safe bowl. Remember how I said microwave-safe? That's 'cause you're gonna put that bowl of peanut butter in the microwave. Microwave it for like, thirty seconds or so. You'll know it's been basking in that magical little oven

for long enough when the peanut butter is almost totally liquid-y. Dip your Oreos in the bowl of peanut butter. Put them on a plate or something. Feast!

*bonus: these are 100% vegan. It's not that I want to cater to a population that forsakes all of life's greatest pleasures, but you gotta know your market, right? At least that's how I sleep at night.

easy-peasy banana bread

Ingredients:

- * 3 bananas: the older and browner, the better
- * 1 cup sugar
- * 2 eggs
- * 1/2 cup vegetable oil
- * 2 cups flour
- * 1 tsp. baking soda
- * 1/2 tsp. salt
- * so many chocolate chips. so many.

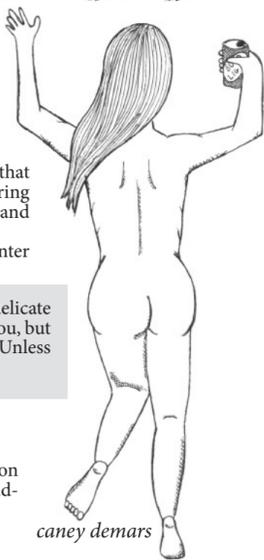
Preparation:

Mash up your old 'naners. I keep a freezer full of bananas that go bad before I get around to eating them. Any fruit in my kitchen is pretty much just for show, I get everything I need from my Flintstones gum-my vitamins. Add sugar, vegetable oil, and eggs. Mix it! Combine all the dry ingredients, remembering that tsp means teaspoon, and baking SODA is very different from baking POWDER. Add the dry ingredients to the goopy banana-eggs-sugar-oil mixture, mix it up, and add the chocolate chips. You know how they say less is more? True fact:

this does not apply to chocolate chips. Ever. Once you've added the chippy goodness and stirred, throw all that shit in a bread pan, muffin tins, or whatever you want. Bake at 350°F. Baking times will be different depending on your pan of choice, so keep an eye on those bad boys. Muffins can take as little as 25 minutes, and bread can take as long as an hour. Bring your wares to the bake sale and watch your peers drool. Who knows, someone might "donate" more than the thirteen cents they find in their coat pocket for one of your goodies. Bake on!

fashion five-oh.

sun's out... guns out



caney demars

by laurenmacklin

I'm confused, is it spring time or something? As much as I would love for winter to continue (...did it ever officially happen?), I think that the recent forecasts of 65 and sunny have left us no choice. We must accept the fact that the last remaining puffs of snow really are disappearing from the top of Mansfield. So it is with great sadness, my dear shredders, that we say an incredibly premature "So long" to our Fischers and Atomic, burying them in the backs of our closets until next November.

But now the real dilemma: What do we replace our snow pants and fuzzy boots with? In case you've forgotten over the (not so) long winter months, here's what to bear in the approaching warmth.

1. Your skin - In the spring time I am a huge advocate for the maxim, Less is More. Don't be scared; once the thermometer hits about 60 in Burlington, nudity becomes the latest and greatest. So let it all hang out, flesh is sexy.

2. A sunburn - Oh, fuck, that's right! I'm Irish. Careful everyone, your delicate epidermis has been sun deprived for months now. I don't know about you, but if you plan to sport your skin, you better sport some sun screen too. Unless you look good in red.

3. A sun dress - This is actually my favorite time of year because every girl on campus gets The Spring Bidy Giddies and throws on way too little fabric. And then a cloud passes over the sun and we realize that hey, maybe we got a little too excited and all of a sudden the most noticeable lady lumps are nothing but, well, goose bumps. Keep the dresses ankle length until April.

4. A lax pinnie - Warning: you better bring your babe repellent too, bro.

5. A guitar - I hear girls like boys who play the guitar? I mean, I don't find anything sexy about watching a strong handed man lazily strumming beautiful notes on a patch of green grass under a blue bird sky, pretending like he has nothing better to do. But I guess it works for some people.

8 6. A slack line - If there's a cheaper and funnier way to make friends than to tie a rope between two trees and watch people line up to fall off then let me know.

7. A Bud Light - but seriously, what the fuck was that cop doing on Redstone last Tuesday? ■

trash.

i want you so bad

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

There's something 'bout a truck, I can't lie I see you rollin' and think you're fly. Hey there Dawg, do you like it ruff? Get your tire chains out, Cuz' I'm built Ford tough. Now, don't Dodge this bullet, I'll make an exception. It ain't just Ford that gives me an erection. (I'm a chick, but seriously-what rhymes with 'exception?') So come hit me up If anything I've said Makes you want to Ram me in your bed. Come stick your key in my ignition In the back of your truck I want you so bad, we should... **When:** Every day **Where:** Harris Millis Parking Lot **I saw:** Birddawg **I am:** the girl next door

Awkward blond with the big blue eyes, Someday SGA Pres, you'd be quite the prize. Platform devoted to Service and UVM style, And let's not forget that smoldering smile... A great leader from day one, it's undoubtedly true, A voice for the students, to help Sullivan get a clue. More power for the student body- Oh your body... Be Ours? **When:** THIS WEDNESDAY AND THURSDAY **Where:** A computer near you **I saw:** A Gigantic Blond **I am:** Voting from afar

In class, your Red Sox Hat makes you easy to spot I'm not gonna lie, it makes me so hot. Those headphones on your neck are so cool Every time I look, it makes me drool. You've probably never noticed me, but I see you We have so much in common, I'm from Boston too! That manly scruff makes you such a hunk When you're not in class, I'm in a funk. I try to steal glances whenever I can Please, Oh, Please be my Red Sox man! **When:** Mon/Wed/Fri **Where:** Givens Lecture **I saw:** A boy with a Red Sox Hat **I am:** Your Boston Babe

You talk kinda funny; you're from the dirty Jers, I'm a city girl from Boston, I don't mind when you slur. Not only are you from Jersey, you are a gym rat, I can't say the same, but my stomachs pretty flat. When I see you, I'm always in my towel, I'm not sure if you're slow; just know I'm on the prowl. There's nothing like a 3am text, it really is a treat, Just follow through and I won't lie, I'd do you in a heart-beat. I know it's not cute when I'm too drunk to shut my room door, But I saw you make out with some other girl at barstool, you little whore. I know you said I was a little much, please let that idea go, 'Cause once you let me in, I'll put on a show. I'm not going to bend over backward, that's just not me, I think you'd be a lot of fun, tell me if you agree. My love for you is like diarrhea I just can't hold it in. **When:** every now and then **Where:** redstone **I saw:** brown eyed boy **I am:** blue eyed girl

Kyle Reynolds, you're pure sex. You completely turn me on when you just flex. You talked once at the rink, Oh, if only I had given you a wink. I let you into the locker room, And from then, I wished our friendship would bloom. The women were playing UConn, But before I knew it, you were gone. I was instantly into you, Does it matter that I'm half Jew? And I know you may be a little shorter than most, But about you, I will still boast. I mean just the way you wear your hat, Makes me want to take off a lot more than just that. How about that Saturday night, I couldn't take you out of my sight. You looked so cute in your ugly sweater, You definitely made my night a billion times better. You did that sweater a major favor, And it made me want to suck on you like a life saver. You told me you were on the racquetball team And your shot is like a laser beam. But I knew you were being silly So I said "oh, really?" I hear you like to score, So how about you and I try a couple of ways or more? When I see you on the ice,

I know you will do more than suffice.

The National Anthem is sang, But all I want is for us to bang. I want you so bad, I kid you not. You and me together; now things would get hot. But there's something I need to confess, Get me in bed and we'll both be screaming yes! In my book though, you truly are the best Now you and me baby, let's go get you undressed. **When:** randomly **Where:** on campus **I saw:** perfection **I am:** your other half

the ear

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

SGA Offices, Monday 1:30 *Guy:* i'm tired of eye fucking her...

UHeights Study Room *Girl:* You know... I just love my arm hair.

UHN 1 *HCOL Lady 1:* Your vagina looks like Abraham Lincoln. *HCOL Lady 2:* I know right, it's uncanny!

U-heights North lobby *That Girl:* Its always been a dream of mine to be a milf. I don't wanna be one of those bimbo milfs though. I want to be a yoga mom and have people say "wow, I can't believe she has had two kids, I'd hit that"

Marché *Really fly boy:* Girls always hang around me when they got their period

Hungerford *Girl:* well, he doesnt seem like a weirdly-small-dick kinda guy.

The Fishbowl *Brutally honest friend:* no, I will not come with you to Ben and Jerry's! you eat too much ice cream.

On the steps of Old Mill *Well-Dressed Guy:* I'm like a whirlpool of body hair.

Saturday night 9PM, U-heights South *Girl:* What are you doing tonight? *Boy:* Going to AER show *Girl:* Can I come? *Boy:* I don't have any other tickets *Girl:* I'll just sneak into it. Is it the frat next to AGR?

Friday afternoon, Davis Center atrium *Davis Center desk person:* Have a great St. Patty's Day! *Student:* I don't celebrate St. Patty's Day. *Davis Center desk person:* You don't celebrate being drunk all day?

Angel's zumba class *Girl:* I can never get down the sexy moves

Mason Hall *Guy in pain:* Holy mother of dickwads!

The amphitheater *Rando girl:* It's so beautiful outside I just want to fuck it!

Mason Hall *Girl 1 (on skyp with her dog):* ewww, stop sniffing your butt! *Girl 2 (taken aback):* ... I'm not!

Bio 001 lecture, the Wednesday before St. Patty's Day. *Professor:* Just a reminder, your exam is next Monday. *Boy (raises his hand while stating, not even Irish):* BUT THIS WEEKEND IS ST. PATTY'S DAY WEEKEND! *Professor:* yes.

Walking up Pearl St. on St. Patrick's *Girl:* The bigger the hoops, the bigger the whore.

CCTA bus to U-mall (Saint Patrick's day) *Lady:* Steven, stop crying... (looks around a bit) and Jenny put your clothes back on

U-heights North *Girl one:* So what are you up to? *Girl two:* Eating. *Girl one:* What are you gonna eat? *Girl two:* Pizza, cuz I'm too lazy to make ramen?

Greenhouse *Hipster 1:* Want to read the Bible for our book club this summer? *Hipster 2:* I've already read the Bible. *Hipster 1:* You're a BITCH! I want to read the Bible this summer!

Outside the Fishbowl *Surprised Steezeball:* THIS is the fucking fishbowl?! I've been here for THREE years and THIS is the fucking fishbowl!?

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hunx has the *hairdresser blues*

by jennymudarri

As much as I'd like to think I'm the free-spirited, loose-cannon cop type, when it comes down to it, I'm a planner and an organizer at heart. So when I tell you that I've been carefully documenting my favorite albums of 2012 (even though it's only three months into the new year), I mean it. I'm doing this 1) because I'm a slightly disturbed, and 2) because I want my year-ender to be the best it can be. This year's trajectory is pretty intense, and the competition is as stiff as Lindsay Lohan's new face—Willow Smith is set to release her debut album, *Knees and Elbows*, alongside JoJo, who's dropping her third studio album, *Jumping Trains*, in mid-April. It's hard to imagine that any half-decent record could hold its own against the likes of these gifted musicians, but I'm pretty sure Hunx's *Hairdresser Blues* could put up a good fight.

Let's be honest: Hunx, aka Seth Bogart of Hunx and His Punx, is about as prissy as you can get—glossy spandex, glossier lipstick. I don't doubt that Willow+JoJo could destroy him in a Celebrity Deathmatch-esque battle, but if we're going to talk about music here, which of course is our primary concern, Hunx reigns supreme on all accounts. He wooed us and shooby-dooed us with *Gay Singles* in 2010, and rocked our fruity socks off with *Too Young to Be in Love* in 2011 (with the help of Shannon sans Clams). Of course, that was when Hunx had his Punx. I'm not quite sure what happened to the gang on *Hairdresser Blues*, or why Seth chose to ditch the ladies for this record, but I actually think it really worked in his favor.

Hairdresser Blues is Seth's most serious work to date—he sings about dealing with the loss of his father, as well as the loss of his beloved friend and tour-mate, Jay Reatard. For Hunx fans, it might be hard to imagine Seth's more serious side. After all, we spend most of our time watching him parade around in skin-tight outfits, or hardly anything at all (can you say tighty-whiteys?) while singing about Joey Ramone, breakups, makeouts, and one night stands. But this album strays far away from those sassy '60s sensibilities, and really focuses in on some more serious subject matter. The album as a whole sounds much more polished than *Gay Singles* or *Too Young to Be in Love* in that there seems to be one single, studded-leather thread that ties the album together from start to finish. It's almost as if *Hairdresser*

Blues is a concept album, only the concept is a coming-of-age story with Seth as the protagonist.

The album starts out with "Your Love is Here to Stay," a heart-warming, feel-good track that also makes you feel kind of bad at the same time. It leaves you with the same bittersweet feeling you get when Lloyd Dobler ends up with Diane Court in *Say Anything*, not because you don't want him to be happy, but because you don't want him to be with her because she's such a priss. The second track, "Private Room," has made its way onto the series of tubes (YouTube is the tube in question) with a killer video that I will sum up briefly: vintage-inspired wallpaper meets Seth Bogart dressed in amateur Sergeant Pepper drag meets rose petals and a velvet bedspread. A few tracks later and we're gaced with "Always Forever," an upbeat, toe-tapping track with reverb a-plenty, and a chorus that'll make you mad. The title track, "Hairdresser Blues," is arguably the catchiest and most memorable track on the album, with its simple chords and hooks, and trademark nasal tonalities that is Hunx's signature sound. It makes me want to run with scissors or get a really bad haircut that I'll too soon regret.

The album ends with "When You're Gone," a somber track that pays homage to Seth's dad. It may come as a surprise, but part of me tends to get seriously depressed by the end of the album (the track before this is "Say Goodbye Before You Leave"—the tribute to my love, Jay Reatard). "When You're Gone" is heavy, heavy sauce, and more traditional Hunx and His Punx fans might be a little surprised to hear this side of Seth, but it's somehow comforting nonetheless. The 2 minute and 56 second track is full of those traditional, grieving-stage thoughts; Seth sings, "I wanna believe that you're here and you're with me."

Hairdresser Blues is definitely a step in the right direction for Seth as he progresses as a musician, and perhaps even takes on the role of a more serious one at that. He tackles some of his inner beasts that need tackling, and fills the prescription for our daily dose of retro-fied nostalgia with his sugar-coated candy pills. We love you, Hunx—keep feeding our addiction, and while you're at it, keep your head up, or at least take solace in that fact that you've landed a spot on my year-ender. Kudos to you! ■

why i pretend *ty segall* is my boyfriend

by sarahmoylan

These days, the uber-hipsters' flavor of the week is lo-fi. Lo-fi (low fidelity) had its beginnings as a fuzzy subgenre of rock 'n' roll, but now, it's more than just a type of music: it's a lifestyle. Gritty, distorted, messy, and unclear, lo-fi can seemingly be used to describe everything from a hazy Instagram snapshot to the mental workings of a skinny pants-wearing twentysomething.

Personally, the ubiquity of the lo-fi movement has left me feeling hesitant to embrace it. Lo-fi music and art are everywhere. Will lo-fi be to 2012 what Gap logo sweatshirts were to 2002, or what "that's what she said" jokes were to 2008? Perhaps. Thing is, I usually dislike big trends—I was never willing to shell out \$40 for a Gap hoodie and my "that's what she said" jokes were so unfunny that some of my friends deserted me—but lo-fi is harder for me to hate. Because of a boy.

His name is Ty Segall, and he's a sandy-haired, 24-year-old Californian lo-fi prodigy. What sets him apart from

"segall is to the lo-fi rock movement what bob marley was to reggae"

others in the genre is his ability to write really, really awesome songs. They're almost always uptempo, they're short and to the point, and most importantly, they're always fun. Segall rarely attempts to do anything profound with the songs' themes or lyrics—he's just a young dude, havin' some fun. The lyrics of "Dating" are a good example of this: "I don't wanna go out with you...Tonight there's a party 'cross town, where all the pretty people hang around/ Oh oh. Oh oh. Oh oh oh ohhhhh."

And unlike other artists, who seem to utilize the distortion of lo-fi to mask their shortcomings or make them sound more hip, Segall uses it like another instrument. Listen to "Standing at the Station" or "Can't Talk" (both are fast-paced foot-stompers from 2009's *Lemons*) for proof. You could definitely record these songs at a higher level of fidelity, and they'd sound awesome. But they'd be totally different songs.

The songwriting talent of Ty Segall was described by culture blog Pop Matters as being akin to that of John Lennon's. Wowza! Granted, hundreds, if not thousands, of up-and-coming musicians have been christened The Next Smart Beatle, and most of them haven't amounted to anything but a couple of CDs that now sit in the dollar bin at your local record store. But with Ty Segall, Pop Matters might have a point. He has a way with hooks that instantly grab you and stay with you for a long time. There's a difference between Segall's kind of songwriting brilliance and the songwriting brilliance that creates pop songs for bands like, say, Train. A Ty Segall song is like good wine—you like it when you first experience it and it gets even better with age. A Train song is like the bottle of whipped cream vodka you can't seem to get rid of—it was pretty good at first, but it got old quickly and now it makes you want to vomit when you even think about it.

The quantity of albums Segall has released almost equals the quality of the songs he's recorded. Since making his solo debut in 2008, Segall has released seven full-length albums. That's a hell of a lot of albums, especially considering that it's normal for musicians these days to release an album once every two to three years. The sheer amount of music Segall has released means there's a lot to pick from if you're looking to become a new listener. I'd recommend starting with *Lemons*, *Meltd*, or the recently released *Singles Comp 2007-2010*.

Lo-fi has found a great leader in Ty Segall. It's not a stretch to say that he is to the lo-fi rock movement what Bob Marley was to reggae. He gives a (pretty) face and a real set of talents to an otherwise nebulous, confusing, and trend-ridden genre. But he doesn't seem to care—he just wants to have fun. I say: rock on, dude.

Rock the fuck on. ■

créatif stuffé. defensive driving

by laurafrangipane

I remember the aftermath, the impact of my car on something in the middle of 95, somewhere in New Jersey, going 80 miles per hour away from you, away from Connecticut. I remember how, in grade school, learning about the states, learning to spell Connecticut- "connect"- "I"- "cut"- how phonetically it's wrong, how I have to remind myself each time I say the word aloud not to say it as a 2nd grader. I remember driving so fast I didn't stop to see what it was, who it was. We were on the phone again, fighting, and that more

than anything else I wanted to win, I wanted to be right, I wanted to tell you "Goddammit, I was just in a car crash but fuck you, I am not stopping to see if I am okay or if the car is okay." I will not give you the satisfaction. I wanted you, for once, to worry. You didn't; you wouldn't. You kept yelling at me through the phone, louder pressed up against my ear and harsher than it might have been in person. I was thankful for the miles between us, thankful that it didn't mean getting physical this time. I kept driving desperate to get away from you but unable to hang up the phone- unable to stop putting myself through this. I had misjudged the distance, thinking distractedly, that whatever I was about to roll over would roll under my car- I was going too fast to make corrections.

It wasn't until the next day, picking up my friend, when he noticed that my car was smashed, and that part of it was literally dragging on the ground. I had been focused on the sound of your voice, on replaying the events of the last 24 hours, on what seeing you in Connecticut had meant. I couldn't hear the sound of my car dragging on the ground, for 90 miles, maybe

more, for the next 12 hours, the next day. I hadn't, when checking the distance between cars after parallel parking, noticed that my car was missing a headlight. I hadn't noticed. I hadn't seen it coming.

I barely remember the impact. It could have been a large divot in the construction zone I took to my friend's house, my car could have bottomed out, I could have imagined whatever it was in the road, appearing- there was no way to explain how else I had been ignoring the damage. As soon as I floated the theory aloud, I knew it was ludicrous, but everything that month had been, everything had been completely like watching someone else live my life. My friend raised his eyebrow, looked me in the eye, unable to

"i couldn't hear the sound of my car dragging on the ground, for 90 miles...i hadn't, when *checking the distance* between cars after parallel parking, noticed that my car was missing a headlight. i hadn't noticed. *i hadn't seen it coming.*"

see beneath the layers of clothing worn protectively. He knew. But he had no evidence. He did not actually know I was covered in bruises, and he did not actually know that my car hadn't bottomed out on the way over and there was a tone of surprise in my voice when he pointed out my car's altered state. He told me he knew, with the glance of a decade and more of friendship, "Yeah, that road's rough these days."

With us, everything was my fault. And everything was your fault. We ran circles around the discussion of fault. We argued about fault. We filed claims, we punched numbers, we ran tests. And never arrived at a conclusion.

I filed the insurance report when I got home, counting my friend as a witness. Knowing my story was insane, knowing that if they called him, he would agree. They paid for the repair, after the deductible. My rate stayed the same. It was ruled "no-fault". ■

on why i was late to class

by georgeloftus

I think about their deliberate movements from this broken sidewalk and wonder where they'll go. As the car drives by, Cash on his radio denotes what kind of mood he's in. Was it something she said to him? Something he did to her? It might've been something beyond anyone's control altogether. I'll never really know. He laughs before turning right at the last second. I guess it's good that somebody knows where he's going, but I have to hope someone's expecting him he looks nice enough to deserve that at the very least.

I think about the taste of last Tuesday when you stared into my eyes, and the fact that one Friday later you broke my heart. The kiss we shared was something special, or so I thought, but memory reminds me I've felt that way before. It wasn't actually special, and nothing's been broken at all, but I'm a jaded piece of shit that's going to stain your smile when you see me out. I hope it feels terrible.

I think about the disappointment I'll probably make someone feel. The slightest negligence that makes someone late to a lunch or an answer I'll get wrong in Spanish that only serves to highlight my inadequacies. The calls I'll drop and the people I'll ignore just to keep myself on schedule, or worse, the people I couldn't care less about. I hope they'll just walk past me. We don't care about each other, we don't need to pretend. It's great we had that one class together four years ago but I've never met anyone who had a smaller impact on my life and sometimes I wish you'd just leave me alone.

I think about the smell of the fields I know I'll never see again, the ones that were painted with dew and history, and the lazy sun that couldn't be bothered to pierce the sky. I think about the love I kept upstairs and sustained with freeze-dry noodles and eyelashes that went on for days. She only had moles on the right side of her face and every single one was goddamn perfect. There were so many promises then I wanted to keep and to this day I'm looking for the power to hold them, I've never given up on you and I don't plan on it. Someday, I swear, you'll be Mrs. Me and it'll happen the very same second I stop being the wreck of a man you used to know.

I think about the weight I'll gain and hair that will turn grey before it falls to the floor. I think about the last thing I'll see and if it'll be worth it. I think about the lions I see day in and day out and don't give two shits if today's the day they eat me alive or not. I think about the screams that bring me back to daycare, and the sights that remind me the ocean is so goddamn far away that I'd probably strangle someone just to smell the shit of low tide and the dead clams it brings.

I think about how late I was this morning, how I missed the crossing light, how much my lungs hate these stairs, and how I think I'll be thinking about things just a little longer, but only because I have to. Sorry I was late to class. ■



the cipher

by kerrymartin

On those long days, when the average Catamount gets batted between Old Mill, Bailey Howe, and the Grundle eight times, encountering the intolerably pretentious professors and the accidentally hipster homeless, it's in our nature to sit down, take a deep breath, and make sense of our jumbled thoughts through lyrical genius. Now, for the first time, all you aspiring UVMCs can expose your hip-hop taste buds to the water tower by rapping on a variety of topics. This week, we clip the wings of Twitter.

The first MC's pronounced, "This is the word, We as rappers have a duty to make ourselves heard." But nowadays you don't even have to be a nerd To send obnoxious Tweets through a bitch-ass bird When the web became accessible, rap lost its voice Who you wanna listen to? You no longer have a choice I could rap a thousand pages, like MC James Joyce But without a Twitter, I'll never have a Rolls Royce Fuck social networks, fuck staying connected The shit I read online rarely leaves me affected But celebs who've neglected their Tweets get rejected And fall for drug injected and dirty sex unprotected So Twitter, I'll gladly glaze you with skeet For making the rhyme less dope than the Tweet

by bitter bum-rapper Kerry Martin

Next week, we abort Rick Santorum. Send your flows to kmarti15@uvm.edu by Thursday at 4:00 PM with the subject "My flow is too grimy, Ganges River" (or something to that effect). The week after next, we debunk Capitalism (you can send me those raps too).

cat litter.

with gregjacobs

if axe told the truth:

new fragrances based on the reality of life in college.

bong rip

clean laundry awkward freshman ambivalence

beer shits one night stand

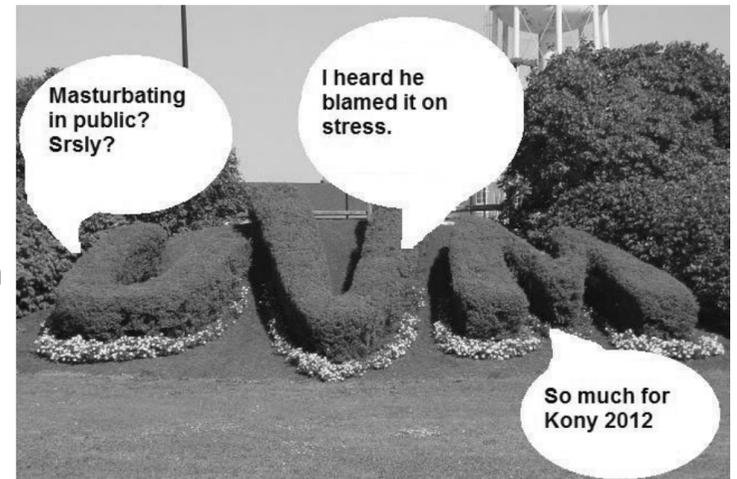
bailey-howe

sexual frustration

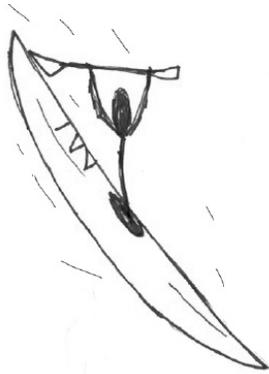
morning after

regret

desperate cramming ■



memories of avi kurganoff



From Isabel Hamilton

The first story I ever told Avi was of a shooting star I saw in Montana. I was driving down the highway on a clear night, feeling lost, when a shooting star caught my eye. Streaking over the mountains, it lasted only moments, bright and bold and magic against the darkest sky. Avi listened in a way I have never been listened to, like the words I spoke were the only words he could hear.

He listened to all of us this way, lifting us, making us feel like we matter, at the very least matter to him. Avi was the storyteller though, every day he did something he loved; kayaking, snowboarding, hiking, leading trips, laughing, and making people feel good. After every adventure he would tell me a frightening/hilarious/exhilarating story and then say, "I am so busy all the time, and I'm stressing out, but how mad can I be if I'm doing everything that I love?" He truly appreciated each moment he was given, and I think that is what we all have to take from this.

The best way to honor and remember a great storyteller, such as Avi, is by continuing to tell his stories, as well as our own. We have to make our own stories now, and to do that we have to live as Avi lived. Avi lived for experience, lived for life, making each moment special.

I did not know when I told Avi my shooting star story, how he would change my life, nor did I know the way he changed everyone's life that he met. He has become the shooting star to me, brief but so bright in an otherwise dark sky. Although he is gone, he will never truly leave us. We have to carry him every day, making the most of life, making people's lives happier and fuller.

I would like to share some stories from the lives that Avi has touched.



I came to mine and Avi's room one day and I had just failed a chemistry test. I was in a bad mood and Avi told me to stop and put everything down to play music with him. He handed me my guitar and picked up his, sitting as close to me as he could. We played for twenty minutes, just jamming. When we were done all the worries were gone and Avi just smiled at me. In that moment everything wasn't just okay, it was amazing.

From Joe Hasselman

The last day I saw Avi, Friday night before break, I will forever remember as the best day of my life. We had been together for two months and I was blissfully happy to have him with me. We spent the day together, walking in the warm fresh air, feeling springtime on our faces. We headed back to his dorm talking about future plans of wilderness, adventure, and service. He wanted to take people outside, heal them, and share his stories. I remember feeling so lucky to have such a beautiful soul by my side. Before we fell asleep that night he played Joe Pug's "Hymn #101" and sang to me. He sang with his whole heart, and in those four minutes I fell in love with him. I am sad to have lost Avi, but I know he will forever make me the best person I can be.

From Isabel Hamilton

This past winter break, I got the opportunity to spend a month kayaking the Grand Canyon of the Colorado River with Avi. There were 10 of us from UVM that got to share these amazing moments with him. When a trip like this comes up, the place itself is often the first thing that people describe as amazing. This trip was an exception, as the people are the first cherished memories that come to mind. Above all, Avi's character and energy fill my head. He had so much ambition to learn, to laugh, to entertain, to explore, and to help. There was never a dull moment with him. He was always around to help, with a literal hand or simply with his strong presence. I now know, there will never be a dull moment or a helpless circumstance, as Avi taught me how to make the best of any situation, how to have fun with the dull, and how to appreciate the worst. For this reason, he will always be with us.

From Will Seegers

When I first met Avi, I was amongst a group of kids who either didn't, or barely knew each other. As a transfer, I knew approximately no one. I was overwhelmed by the names that fell upon my ear. By chance, I ended up on a chairlift with Avi. Figuring he hadn't heard or remembered my name, I turned to introduce myself. Before I could speak, Avi said, "Lo, tell me three interesting things about yourself." The rarity of this type of first interaction took me off my feet, as well as did the fact that he had remembered my name. Three things I learned about Avi that day: 1) he was Argentinian and spoke fluent Spanish. 2) He was going to Alternative Spring Break. 3) He was on the kayaking club. If there was a fourth thing to say about Avi it is that everyone who knew him will miss him tremendously.

From Lauren Macklin

It was the first day of this semester and we were standing in the Fishbowl, all wondering when Avi was arriving back to school from his trip in the Grand Canyon. No one has talked to him really because he has always been up to his own adventures; how could we keep up? So we see him sprinting by New World!

We all start screaming his name, and the whole Fishbowl gets quiet from the noise. He sees us, stops, and yells, "Hey! I'm in a hurry. You guys rock! See ya later!" What I find so special about this story is that even being in such a rush, he still wanted to show his gratitude and friendship. We all agreed that this was such "an 'Avi' thing to say."

From James Clark

*Editor's note: As people, we're forced to confront loss. Over my several years at UVM, our community has lost students, faculty and staff. The school is too big for everybody to know everyone else, but when a community member passes away, the entire campus is affected. This page is for Avi, but it's also for the other community members we've lost, and the people whose lives they touched. **the water tower** and the UVM community remember those people, their energy, their influence, and their impact.*