



# the water tower

## uvm's alternative newsmag

last issue of the year! good luck with finals!

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

### we change, we wait:

# life after graduation

by lizcantrell

This is going to be an article about leaving college, and, for those of you who are not seniors, it will probably be of little immediate interest. But trust me, everything you are about to read will resonate with you sooner than you think. So read on, and for a moment, step inside a senior's shoes.

It seems that those of us on the brink of graduation experience a sense of panic and self-doubt. "Did I make the right choices? What if it doesn't work out? Maybe I should have done something else, but now it's too late." Maybe you didn't get into the grad school or get the job you wanted. Maybe you're moving home. Maybe you're moving across the world. Or maybe everything worked out perfectly, but you're still feeling that nagging sense of, "What if?"

I've always thought there were more important things we should be asking each other besides what our career plans are. What if we asked, and genuinely cared about the answers, to these questions: "Who do you hope to be? Who do you want around you when you make these choices? What do you think is the best way for you to be useful to others and also to yourself?" Alas, these grow too long-winded and complex. It's easy to forgo the personal for the superficial, and so we blandly recite our stump speech about post-graduation plans to professors, parents, and casual acquaintances.

I don't have a post-graduation strategy yet, so when asked of my non-existent plan I generally make some kind of joke



lauryn schrom

about being a twenty-something who has no idea what I'm doing. But I'm never satisfied by this answer, and it's not because I'm embarrassed or self-conscious. It's because what I really want to say is this, a quote I remember from a class my sophomore year: "True solace is finding none, which is to say, it is everywhere."

door and hide, to shrink back and mumble to the world, "I can't". It's harder, indeed, almost impossible, to shout, "I can, and I will."

Now is the time to do that impossible thing. It is our turn to say "yes" to the world. So, do it. Dive in while you're young and trust that a lot of good things will happen, if you just

now is the time to do that impossible thing. it is our turn to say 'yes' to the world. so do it.

This seems like an odd thing to say in response to a perfectly routine question about life after college. However, I think the sentiment is fitting. Now and again, we all say to ourselves, "I can't do this." We get defeated. We drag our feet. We look around for help and inspiration, and we find nothing. Or so we think.

At the end of the day, everyone just wants to live out his or her dreams—to watch the tiny piece of their desire bloom into an actual life. It's all too easy to say "no", to shut the

let them. Remember that life can be perfect and falling apart at the same time, that you can feel everything and nothing all at once. It is that balance that makes your life bloom.

If you're graduating, remember where you came from, and don't worry about where you're going. You'll get there. Worry about who you'll be along the way. And most of all remember that tiny quote that has stuck with me for years—solace is everywhere. Joy is unexpected. You just have to let it find you. ■

### burlington: a poem

in imitation of the  
third satire of juvenal,  
(after johnson's "london")

by j.m.aglio

Though by the parting of my dear friend torn,  
I still must praise his purpose while I mourn.  
To lay his stakes in those, the Mountains Green,  
fleeing this most dire Burlington scene,  
and breathing in that clear, crisp alpine air,  
to forget each and every single care,  
lending one citizen with house in tow  
to Mount Mansfield clad in deep, brilliant snow.

I'd favor even life in Averill,  
to the Queen City's savage, vicious will.  
For who would not prefer a barren waste  
To such a harsh town, lacking so in taste?  
Where hunger bites as fierce as does the cold  
and flames and collapse threaten buildings old,  
and ten thousand evil fates of this urbs  
are, while awful artists busk on the curbs.

His Outback full of all that he could fill  
he met me on the path before Old Mill,  
where the Marquis had laid the cornerstone;  
whence the clever light of UVM shone.  
Now it is crowded with pedants and fools;  
irony and trendiness are their tools,  
rather than any small amount of wit.  
An honest thought can neither speak nor spit.  
We strolled to the Green, criss-crossed with walkways.  
Grass would be best alone, as in old days.

Then spoke Umbricius about his call  
"Since there is no room in this town at all  
for studies and other honest pursuits,  
and hard work seems to me to yield no fruits,  
every day I am poorer than yesterday,  
and tomorrow will take some more as pay,  
I have decided that I must now go  
to a place where life still is slightly slow,  
now at least while I have life left to live.  
For time drains just like water from a sieve.  
Let those stay who revel in being cool,  
or those who just as flies follow a mule  
'follow politics,' blindly, led by stench,  
and those whose love of the strange none can quench,  
except by purging all that is decent  
from the world, beginning the last descent.  
And why should they not have my city dear,  
Since they are those whom Fortune has brought here?"

... read the rest on page 11

get  
inside  
me:

skyburger no more  
by rebecca laurion

george w. bush gets artsy  
by stacey brandt

gatsby fashion  
by mike storage

"get lucky": 10/10, would bang  
by ben berrick

# the best news team in the universe.



Dear readers,

I hope it's obvious that my poem this week was written in jest. The truth is that I love this town, this school, and the people that populate both. I'm going to avoid getting too wishy-washy about the whole graduation thing, but suffice it to say that the past four years have been wonderful.

An enormous part of my university experience has been writing for and editing **the water tower**. I've had the good fortune to work with an incredible group of writers and artists, whose passion and talent has consistently amazed me. There are clearly things that I wish had been different, stories we could have done, angles we could have taken, but on the whole this has been an excellent year, so thank you for reading.

The same thing can be said for the university as a whole. UVM is a great place, with great people. It has areas on which it can, and will I'm sure, improve, but that does not preclude it from being the inimicable environment that it is. So vale omnes, hic manete optime.

James Aglio  
Co-Editor-in-Chief

Sometimes reading **the water tower** makes our readers want to get naked and fight the power. But most of the time, they just send emails. Send your thoughts on anything in this week's issue to

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

Dear readers,

When you arrive on campus, you are eighteen years old. You think you know things. When you are about to graduate, you are in your early twenties, and you realize you still don't know a lot. But you do know that it is hard separate yourself from the things, places, and people that have come to define and inspire you.

When we find something we love, we carve out a niche for it. **the water tower** has been that niche for me. I've been writing, laughing, partying, and growing with this group of talented people since 2009, and it's quite the understatement to say that I'll always want them so bad.

We've played some water pong, we've laughed at our own puns, and somewhere along the way, we made a weekly paper.

To all the readers: thank you. It's all for you. And to all my **water tower** people, past and present: stay sexy, stay smart, and stay in touch.

For all the Tuesdays yet to come,

Liz Cantrell  
Co-Editor-in-Chief

## the shit list

with jamiebeckett

**Hand Sanitizer** – Hand sanitizer leaves the grossest feeling on my skin. It's not that good clean feeling; it's that gross sticky residue feeling. While lighting hand sanitizer on fire is a bunch of fun, I find this substance to have few other practical uses. Don't worry guys, I have gotten way better at washing my hands after using the bathroom. It's been almost a year since I last had pinkey!

**Reusable Water Bottles** – I love my reusable bottle for, you know, the two weeks I am capable of keeping track of it. Seriously, do these things have legs and walk away when you're not looking or is my memory just shot to shit from all that reefer? All the plastic I save reusing my water bottle is probably offset when I have to buy a new one every few weeks. Sustainability.

**Finals** – What are finals? Why is it sunny? Why can't we drink forever? Do grades matter? Questions I find myself asking way too often. ■

**the water tower.**  
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## (and olds) the news in brief with kerrymartin

**“We're in France, and anything that changes anyone's habits a priori we don't like. But those same people in a few years will see the beauty of the site, and this moaning will disappear.”**

-Eric Vannier, the mayor of Mont Saint-Michel, a stunning fortified island whose abbey receives three million tourists annually, commenting on the public outcry against its \$285 million restoration project. Centuries of silt accumulation has fused the island with mainland France; reversing this process will bring back the good old days of the Dark Ages.

**“If a man betroth a girl to his son, and his son have intercourse with her, but the father afterward defile her, and be surprised, then he shall be bound and cast into the river.”**

-Hammurabi's Code of Laws, the well-preserved Babylonian legal treatise dating back to 1772 B.C., legislating daddy problems.

**“In normal conditions this project should be excavated for twenty-five, thirty years.”**

-Archaeologist Marek Lemiesz describing a massive, 2000-year-old Buddhist monastery discovered in a volatile region of Afghanistan. However, it sits on top of a \$100 billion copper deposit, whose mining rights Afghanistan recently sold to China for \$3 billion. The archaeologists have until June to excavate the remaining 90% of the site, most of which will be destroyed in the search for unobtainium. I mean copper.

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

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New writers and artists are always welcome  
**Weekly meetings**  
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Davis Center - 4th Floor  
**Or send us an email**

**Our generation stands at a crossroads.** With sincerity and humor, we strive to make you reexamine, investigate, question, learn, and maybe pee your pants along the way. We are the reason people can't wait for Tuesday. We are **the water tower.**

news ticker: Salman Rushdie wrote an article about political courage recently. It's amazing and you should all read it. +++ Above all else, I think I'll miss the news ticker. Finis vitae sed non amoris. ■

# my beautiful, DARK, TWISTED relationship with the news

by kerrymartin

The Syrian Civil War is reaching a boiling point, as President Bashar al-Assad recently condemned American support for a fractious rebel alliance with ties to Al Qaeda, then turned around and used chemical weapons on those rebels. After ramping up its non-lethal aid to the Syrian Free Army with few results, the Pentagon now debates following through on its promise of military intervention if Assad uses chemical weapons on his own people. But that's not what I want to talk about.

North Korea has heightened its threats to South Korea, the Pacific Islands, and even American soil. After testing the country's third nuclear warhead, suspending the peace accord that ended the Korean War, and barring South Korean factory workers from entering the industrial plant that lies on the two countries' borders, Kim Jong Un has proven himself even more bellicose than his notorious father, Kim Jong Il. But that's not what I want to talk about either.

It's the end of the school year, I'm exhausted, and I don't want to talk about ethnic violence in Myanmar, or civil unrest in post-Chavez Venezuela, or Iran's growing nuclear capabilities, or teacher protests in Mexico, or prison riots in Guantánamo Bay, or Donald Trump's 2016 presidential hopes. In fact, I can't think of anything news-related I feel like talking about. I just want to nap.

My first article as News Editor, eight

short, tumultuous months ago, was actually about the Syrian Civil War, when the death count was less than half of what it is today (more than 70,000), and I advocated a policy of American non-intervention. No one listened to me, of course, to my great distress. As unobjectionable as our current "non-lethal aid" sounds, it's really just a half-assed way to make it easier for Syrians to kill other Syrians. Rebels' complaints about this aid's inefficacy could provoke military intervention against Assad, which would involve picking and choosing which factions to support, creating greater rifts within an already fractured Free Syrian Army. If we did depose Assad, we might be pulled into an even darker period of civil war, as we fight to put our favorite faction in control of what is bound to be a failed, war-torn state, whose tattered economy and ethnic resentment make it a terrorist breeding ground.

God dammit, I said I didn't want to talk about Syria. See, this is always what happens: I get on *The New York Times* website, I read and I read and I read, and I pounce on any opportunity to spout my opinions. Being realistic and being cynical have become increasingly synonymous. It can be a real downer, or just flat-out annoying. And it's definitely not good for my health.

Sure, there are merits to being news-savvy. It gives you a broad, holistic view of global affairs. It increases your under-

standing of history, politics, economics, public policy, conflict, even human nature. It helps you form more detailed opinions and more accurately predict outcomes. It helps contextualize the world you live in, which globalization is bringing closer and closer to your doorstep. It's crucial for jobs that demand a firm grasp of current affairs, such as journalism, social or foreign services, international business, and NGO work. And it sometimes makes you feel like the smartest guy in the room.

But what are the merits of these merits? I used to think they were merits in of themselves, before *The New York Times* became this chronic addiction, before I learned how rarely events unfold exactly as you'd like them to, how things fall apart, how lives remain unfair, and how hard it is, after suspending your emotions and reading about war and strife and disease and death, to really feel again. I thought that my sensitivities were untouchable, but we live in a complex, desensitizing world. There's too much stress on what you know, and not nearly enough on what you feel.

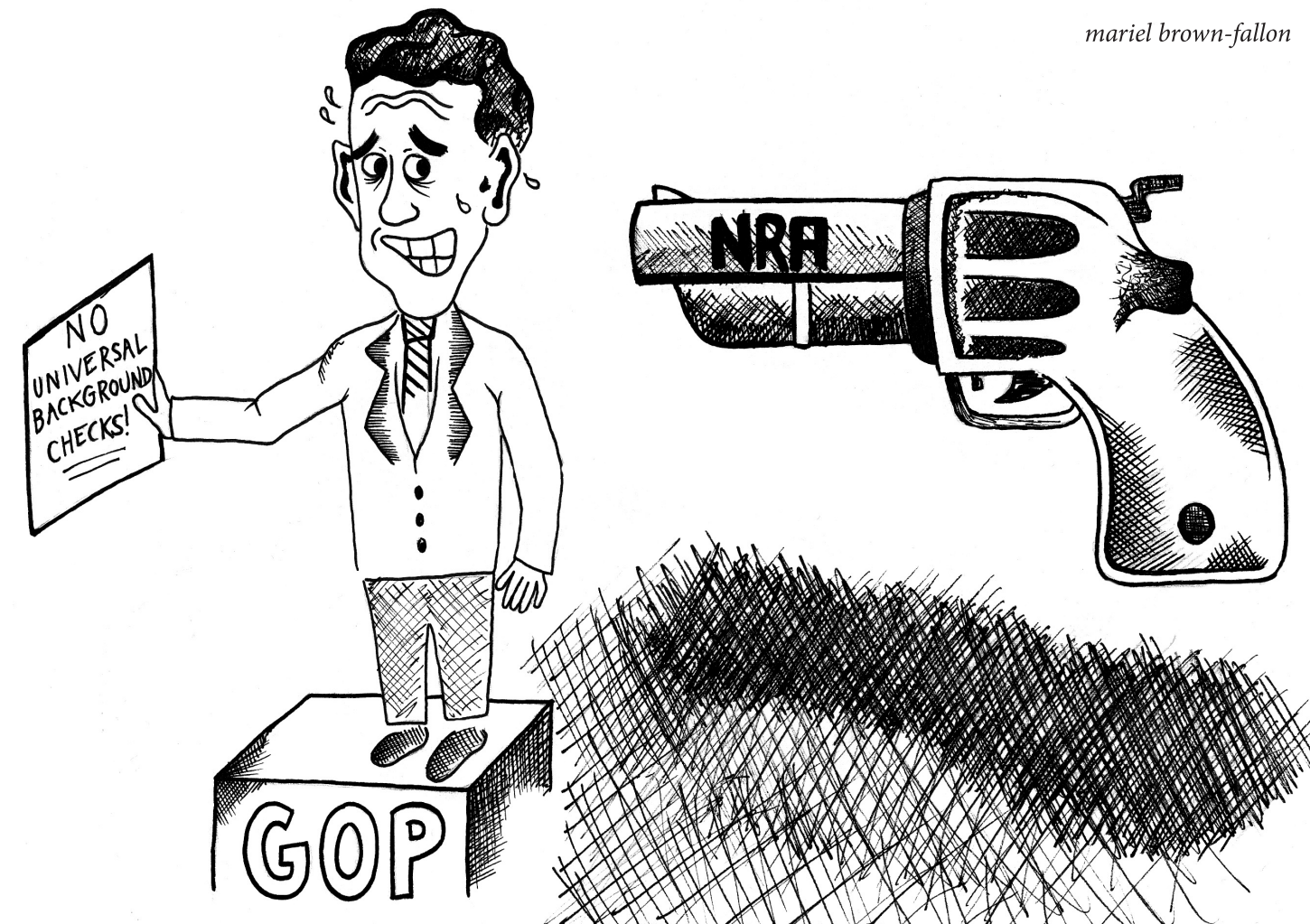
Though I was always politically charged, I never kept a very close eye on world affairs before writing for **the water tower**. Even before I felt the trauma of reading endless articles about endless wars every day for a year, I argued that I value being in touch with myself over being in touch with the world. I'd rather look after

my own sense of what's right and what's wrong then unquestioningly read, learn, and accept the horrors of modernity. But I reached a point where I thought I knew myself well; I even fancied myself infallibly and unfailingly kind, compassionate, and sensitive. I was ready to focus outward instead of inward.

When I began writing for the paper, I figured that my status as news writer versus news reader would allow me to make sense of, accept, and even affect the world I reported on. I definitely enjoy the journalistic relationship I've developed with current affairs, but I can't deny my disillusionment. Staying up-to-date is certainly less passive as a writer than as a reader: it forces you to research, dissect, articulate, and take stances on issues. But as my command of language has grown, my command of content has diminished. I've never before been this aware of my own powerlessness. The news has an immeasurably small influence on the stories it covers, which are at the whims of markets, political bodies, armies, and climates that argue and clash like a pantheon of pagan gods. My pride used to swell when I saw my name in the paper, but the most I feel these days is like a slightly larger grain of sand on a long coastline.

For the past month, I've felt a strange mix of anger, suffocation, light-headedness, giddy amusement, restlessness, confusion, energy, and fatigue. I can't ignore it any longer: I need to break free. I've done what I wanted this year, to cram an incredible mass of information into my hungry brain, but I need to digest, not keep eating more. I'm at the point where any more news, even if it does sate my obsession with seeing the big picture, will get me closer to punching a brick wall. If I hadn't also been reading fiction all semester, I would have already cracked. And if I weren't spending all next year abroad, I would definitely be considering alternatives to college. The year's almost over, Kerry. Just take deep breaths and we'll get there.

Beloved readers, those who have made it this far, I'm not telling you not to read the news. It's a wonderful use of time that only gets more worthwhile as time goes on. You can even ignore the darker stuff about Syria, Pakistan, and the Congo and still get a broad and helpful overview of the world we live in. Just don't forget that there's more to the world than the news. Our planet has more beautiful, peaceful places than war zones, we just don't send journalists there. Every institution has flaws and needs changes, but most do at least something right. There are billions of lives that look cold and unfair. But everyone is unique, everyone was a child who danced and played and farted and laughed, and everyone has those moments, however fleeting, that they can revisit when winter closes in. For me, nothing is more important than that. Maybe I'm in the wrong business. ■



mariel brown-fallon

# around town.



## sky burgers flies away

by rebeccalaurion

As I'm sure you lovely readers are aware, Sky Burgers, a cool retro style burger spot (on the part of Church Street no one visits, really), with pictures of airplanes and clouds all over the interior, has decided to close its doors at the end of April. And if you didn't know... surprise? Don't worry, I'm sure you'll recover. Deep breaths, that's the key. Also pillows, for punching or throwing across your room in a Hulk-like rage. But I digress.

So here's what's going on, for those of you not aware: Sky Burgers is closing its doors to make way for Pacific Rim, another Asian-fusion style restaurant. For those of you readers who have been here for more than a year or two, the name should ring a bell. Pacific Rim used to have a location right next to American Flatbread on St. Paul Street, but closed a few years ago. However, as of next month they'll be returning to Burlington to hopefully better results.

I, for one, was surprised to find that Sky Burgers was closing. I'd personally heard nothing but good things about the place, and it seems that was the problem. Though their website mentions nothing about the closing, the owner Sky Kenney has spoken with several news sources in the Burlington area about the change. According to Kenney, the success of his business and the constant demand had become too much for him and his wife, and

the sell would allow the two of them to spend more time with their family. You got to admit, even if you're upset about the closing, that that's a pretty legit reason. Family should come first, so as a frequent flier (pun intended) to this establishment, I personally wish the Kenney family all the best. Also, I'd like to request the recipe for your cheese-cake shake, if that's not too much to ask.

It's disappointing to see a Burlington staple close, that's for sure. Sky Burgers has been a great, if expensive, place for good burgers and awesome shakes since I started at UVM eons ago back in 2010. But having been to the previous Pacific Rim, I'm alright with admitting that this change might not be so bad. Perhaps it's the sweet balm of time that's causing me to remember their orange chicken so fondly, who knows. But a new opening will mean revamping to their menu and style, it has to. Following their previous formula would only cause Pacific Rim to close down again, and what would be the point in that? So I say, let's keep our hopes up. Sure, there are already some great Asian restaurants to choose from in Burlington, like Asiana and Asian Bistro, but if Pacific Rim's Thai-Vietnamese blend turns out to be a success, then you'll only have another option for those nights you're craving noodles. Which, if you're anything like me, happens all too frequently. ■



## too big to jail

by mikestorace

Bernie Sanders is an independent Vermont senator known for his radical views and policies, most notably being a self-proclaimed "Democratic Socialist." His voting record clearly matches his reputation, and the passionate man is a force to be reckoned with. On April 12, he hosted a town hall meeting on the UVM campus regarding Wall Street and the financial companies. Bernie proved his charismatic nature as he delivered the opening address of vigor to a mixed crowd of students from several colleges, faculties of several colleges, and a mixed array of adults from all over of Vermont.

Rolling Stone editor and writer Matt Taibbi accompanied Sanders to the town hall meeting, and the two men addressed the criminal nature of the financial institutions on Wall Street. These companies in New York City wield a massive amount of power. Six banks possess approximately 9.6 trillion dollars and issue two thirds of the world's credit cards. Much of this financial action is done in unethical, and at times criminal, ways. Credit cards today can have interest rates as high as 30%. Surely this can be classified as usury and warrants the condemnation to the seventh circle of Dante's *Inferno*.

With great wealth comes great power. These institutions possess unlimited sums of money to be used at their disposal. Much of this money is used in lobbying and campaigns to influence politicians for the deregulation of the financial institutions. While we ponder whether or not to regulate these banks "it is really Wall Street that is regulating Congress," the passionate Sanders claims. These banks have been deemed too big to fail, however in the words of Eric Holder, attorney general in Obama's White House, they have now become "too big to jail."

Now, more than ever, the actions of financial institutions have crossed over the lines of being unethical into the grounds of positively illegal. The

bank HSBC has admitted to laundering money for several Mexican and Columbian drug cartels that murder hundreds of people. However, their punishment was a measly



katharine longfellow

\$1.9 billion fine, approximately five weeks income for the company. This is a simple slap on the wrist for a company with a net worth in the multi-billions. No one went to jail; no one is held responsible in the eyes of the law.

Matt Taibbi protests, "fraud is the normal business model on Wall Street and for the entire world". This fraud characterizes the LIBOR (London Interbank Offered Rate) scandal of the past several years. This scandal involves sixteen of the world's largest banks and their attempts to manipulate markets by fixing interest rates ahead of time. This widespread example of fraud has also gone relatively unpunished. Barclay's Bank has been deemed the guiltiest party in this scandal and have been assessed a moderate fine of 290 million euros (about \$379,291,000), but the men responsible for this fraud and manipulation have not been criminally charged.

The reason these criminals can escape the law is because these financial institutions are too large to prosecute. These banks are incredibly influential on the world stage. Politicians and law imposers are afraid of the repercussions that may occur to the world's economy if we appropriately punish the men at the heads of these gargantuan banks. And so, criminals remain unpunished.

The problems don't end here. The influence that Wall Street has on the political system is rampant. Presidential financial teams are almost exclusively comprised of former Wall Street personnel. Sanders believes it is impossible to find a representative of the working class people. The issue can be resolved, however. Matt Taibbi says he has become more optimistic as he has investigated the issue more thoroughly. "Someone has to go to jail," he exuberantly told his audience. "If we put someone in jail, than we can make an example of them." A precedent of punishing criminal behavior is definitely something we should strive to achieve. By making an example of a high level wrongdoer, our country can establish that the fraudulent business model is unacceptable behavior. ■

## the king(bread) and i: uvm's obsession with kevin martin

by dansuder

Last year, a friend told me a story. As she walked down Loomis, toward Union, she could hear loud rapping about "the white devil." As she approached the corner, she came face to face with a man almost 4,000 people Like on Facebook: Kingbread, formerly known as "Kornbread". Seeing her dress, as well as the gown and diploma clutched in her hands, Kingbread quickly stopped rapping, lowered his hands, and said sincerely, "Congratulations." Then they each proceeded with their respective days.

What is it about Kingbread that inspires us to share stories like that one? What is it that so enchants the UVM community? Is it his skillful rapping abilities? A quick survey of basically everyone suggests that no, it isn't. So what then? We like Kingbread because he is not the same as us. He is black, he is impoverished, he sells drugs, he, perhaps, has mental health issues. But, really, we don't like Kingbread at all. We just pretend.

Our institution has a history of this sort of pretending. UVM's Kake Walk began in 1893. It featured (white) fraternity men in blackface dancing and strutting in an event called "a-walkin' fo' de kake." Sociology professor and famous author James W. Loewen wrote that Kake Walk was an 80-year "fascination with a stereotype of blacks in the whitest state in the Union."

What exactly is that stereotype? The late Larry McCrorey, former Dean of the School of Allied Health, described the "Magnolia Myth" as "The great American lie, which stereotyped blacks as inferior beings, viewed variously as criminal, coward, comic, congenital rebel or as the happy-go-lucky, shiftless, national banjo player." Kingbread today represents the stereotype in a way that the Kake Walk did

for 80 years. Mostly white people tell stories of Kingbread's crimes, his jokes, his rapping. He is a representation of black people in a University that is something like 90% white.

Perhaps it isn't race, but one of Kingbread's other identities that so intrigues the UVM community. It's clear that he's different; it's clear that his life is not like our lives, and that seems interesting to us. I don't (or perhaps don't have to) deal cocaine to support my family or myself. He does! I don't feel compelled to curse and yell while walking down the street. He does! He's just so different! It's wild!

It is striking to me that the figure on campus and in Burlington in some ways most connected to our University is a mediocre cocaine-dealer-cum-rapper who represents for many of us the exact opposite of 'real life.' Something drives UVM's fascination with Kingbread, and it isn't his rapping. Instead, it's his otherness, in one or all of its forms that contributes to all of our Kingbread anecdotes.

Were we actually impressed by his rapping, were there some feature of his that warrants placing him on a pedestal, this conversation might be different. Instead, as a community, we are engaged in a giant game of "make fun of Kingbread," and that's seriously disturbing.

Now, I must take a second to acknowledge that Kingbread appears to be totally content with the whole thing—and I don't mean to speak on his behalf. Certainly, the way we react to Kingbread is not any fault of his. When people start a "Free whomever" movement after someone is arrested for dealing hard drugs, I say more power to that person. Nevertheless, I think we ought to at least consider what our relationship with Kingbread implies about our

community.

UVM has trouble talking about certain identities in a safe forum. Race seems to be brought up a lot less than LGBTQ issues, or feminism. Those are causes that deserve the attention they are getting at UVM—in fact, they deserve more. Granted, we have Race and Diversity classes, but, a) many students want to get rid of them, and b) in my experience they have fostered surface-level conversation at best. So race and class still need to be talked about in bigger and more profound ways. When someone Likes Kingbread on Facebook, then posts a UVM Confession about how annoying the D1 requirement is, there is something seriously wrong with that picture.

UVM has lots of issues around dominant and subordinated identities, to be sure. Last year's Campus Climate Survey showed that half of all students have experienced bias, and about 2/3 of non-white students have experienced bias. We have a tenured professor who has been (somewhat controversially) described by a Southern Poverty Law Center director of research as a neo-Nazi. Nine out of every ten students are white, when the proportion of white people in the US as a whole (let alone the world) is much lower.

We need to think about what kind of education UVM students are getting beyond their majors and minors. I can see pressure to increase students' understanding about social justice, but I also see students fighting against it. To many in the UVM community, Kingbread is an enigma, a mystery, and an in-joke. But in real life, he's a person, and it might be worthwhile to consider that the next time you tell a Kingbread story. ■

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## presidential art : george w. bush picks up the brush

by staceybrandt

In rendering the essence of contemporary culture, a group of extraordinary painters have graced modern America with artistic genius: Norman Rockwell, John Singer Sargent, Georgia O'Keefe, and George W. Bush. Wait, what? Yes, with the discovery by Internet hackers of digital files of paintings by President Bush, it seems that our former Commander-in-Chief has traded missiles for bristles. The Smoking Gun, an

online publication that leaks of-ficial documents for entertainment purposes (oh, the wonders of American media), published the photos in early February that have since caused uproar in the art world.

The subjects of Bush's paintings are said to revolve around the most important aspects of his life. We have learned that Bush's true inspirations include himself and his dog, Edgar "Degass" Bush III (once publically thought to be an old donkey) who resides at the Bush family farm in Texas. One of the paintings released was a self-portrait in the shower; the president depicts his own back and head with a highly disproportion-al reflection in a circular mirror. The simplicity of strokes with the depth of neutral colors and skin tones emphasize a surprisingly toned physique (most likely a case of artistic liberty, though I have never personally seen President Bush in his tighty-whities). The bathroom portrait seems to be a bizarre response to Degass' re-nowned concentration on bathing women (see "La Toilette"). Thus, it has become strikingly clear that Bush most highly values his grace, innocence, and femininity.

The other portrait honors the presidential pooch, Barney; a notoriously cheeky Scottish terrier. This portrait offers a stoic, yet gentle representation of Barney's face with heavy brush strokes ac-

centuating the highlights in his dark fur. Again, it seems Bush's work revolves around the senti-mental and the sensitive. Maybe —just maybe—what the Ameri-can people mistook for simple-mindedness, or stupidity in Bush was, in reality, a tendency toward simplicity: the ways of an artist.

I can't help but wonder what would have happened if President Bush had communicated with the American people through his art instead of his poorly articulated speeches. For one thing, his partici-pation in the arts could have been viewed as a refreshingly lib-eral move for a dedicated repub-lican. Heck, it might have pushed the House closer to bipartisan-ship. Just imagine if President Bush's State of the Union was re-placed by an art opening wherein his newest works depicting his goals for the term were unveiled. Snide remarks at the TV by Amer-icans in their living rooms would be replaced by wonderment; "Is that little blob of red and squiggly line supposed to be military aid or a health care package...or gay rights?" The flexibility of interpre-tation could have pleased a wide range of political outlooks. More importantly, Bush could have bullshitted his presidency through art rather than through misinfor-mation and a Southern drawl. ■



## how to have the best SUMMER ever

by phoebefooks

Like an expertly steamed cappuccino or an unexpectedly free morning due to the cancellation of a class, the summer months are meant to be slowly relished and taken for all that the warmth and sunlight that each day has to offer: to bring supreme relaxation, a surplus to—or perhaps an emptying of—one's bank account, brightened smiles, freckled cheeks, and everything in between. These expectations can, how-ever, bring forth anxieties over whether each moment will be lived to the fullest or whether one will properly be reaping their summer for all its worth. The misconception here, due primarily to the perceived norms set through social media, is that one must be doing something extraordinarily epic in order to be enjoying their summer.

Warm pavement beneath bare, dirty feet giving way to the cool relief brought by a lush lawn, as you made your way home from the neighborhood pool, a friend's house, one of those random places your parents would take you to (the ones where you really had no idea at all where you were—not that you had the slightest care), or perhaps you were ventur-ing back from a creek or pond in your own secret spot in the woods where you spent hours moving around sticks and rocks: having the time of your life doing almost nothing at all. Laziness, grass-stained knees, water-melon, thunderstorms, tadpoles, and mud marked these long summer days, not zip-line adventures in Costa Rica, the "best in-ternship of your life," or any sort of roman-tic "summer fling" as fictionalized on the glossy pages of Cosmogirl or Seventeen.

Summer can be savored within the confines of one's home no matter the loca-tion or the extent of what that particular locality can offer. The real magic that sum-mer provides is the free time, the lack of incessant scheduling and prioritizing, and the time to let our minds meander and thus grow. With the space and time to daydream, the summer of your dreams can be realized. Take solace in the fact that, more often than not, you won't know whether it's Saturday or Wednesday. Stay up late! Indulge in those tender breez-es carried by the brief chilly moments that occur late during the trough of each sum-mer-time diurnal cycle. Wake up early with the chirping birds and grasses glazed with dew from the falling of the night sky.

I apologize if you are now having trouble remembering whether you are reading a **water tower** article or a Thoreau essay—

"the summer months are meant to be slowly relished."

6 I urge you to reminisce back to the sweet, slow days of a summer spent between elementary grades.

## summer flix picks

by dannisimm

**Iron Man 3 (May 3):** Robert Downey Jr. is back as Tony Stark: genius, billionaire, playboy philanthropist (and sometimes superhero). Be prepared for action out the wazoo packed with several new armors and not one, but two villains.

**The Great Gatsby (May 10):** This is not the first Hollywood realization of the classic F. Scott Fitzgerald novel, but director Baz Luhrmann is sure to bring a unique vision to the story. The cast is highlighted by Leonardo DiCaprio as Jay Gatsby, but it is the beautiful sets, costumes, and effects that make this movie shine.

**Frances Ha (May 17):** Greta Gerwig (Arthur) stars as dancer (who's not really a dancer) just trying to find her way in life. Gerwig is as quirky as ever in this film about chasing your dreams and facing the realities of life.

**Star Trek Into Darkness (May 17):** J.J. Abrams, Czar of the *Star Trek* and *Star Wars* franchises, unleashes the second installment in his *Star Trek* reimagining. Benedict Cumberbatch stars as a villain of the Fed-eration, driving Captain Kirk (Chris Pine) to send his crew on a mission that may be their last.

**The Kings of Summer (May 31):** This Sundance coming of age story should provide a nice reprieve from the big-budget films of the summer. The cast has a few recognizable faces (Nick Offerman, Megan, Mul-lally, Alison Brie) but it is the three unknown faces who provide a performance that we can all relate to in some way or another.

**Much Ado About Nothing (June 7):** This Shakespearean comedy has been re-imagined in a modern set-ting by director Joss Whedon. After wrapping up on *The Avengers*, Whedon gathered the cast and crew of *Much Ado* and filmed the entire movie over 12 days at his Santa Monica home. I'm not a Shakespeare buff, but I believe Whedon may have created something special with this film.

**Man of Steel (June 14):** Superman returns to the silver screen as Zack Snyder (*300*, *Watchmen*) has taken the task of reimagining the Superman origin story. Henry Cavill leads the cast as the man in red and blue tights, along with Kevin Costner as Jonathon Kent, Russell Crowe as Jor-El, and Amy Adams as Lois Lane. Christopher Reeve made us believe a man can fly; *Man of Steel* will reignite the dream for a new generation.

**Monsters University (June 21):** Pixar's last flick, *Brave*, may have won an Oscar, but I don't think it was worthy of the Pixar name. *Monsters Inc.* was a classic animated film, and here's hoping that Pixar can go two-for two.

**Pacific Rim (July 12):** When I first saw the trailer, I had mixed feelings. But as I look again and again at Guillermo del Toro's latest effort, I am excited by the stunning special effects and possibilities of new "aliens attack" film. The genre has been covered many times over the years, but at the very least the giant robots will be cool.

**Only God Forgives (July 19):** The director-star duo from *Drive*, Nicolas Winding Refn and Ryan Gos-ling, team up again in another incredibly violent yet beautiful film. *Drive* was the perfect combination of blood, gore, and style, and Refn and Gosling seem primed to hit the same chord. Nothing says family fun like chopsticks being used as a weapon.

**Elysium (August 9):** Director Neill Blomkamp (*District 9*) delivers another sci-fi vision. *Elysium* is the story of the tired and poor of Earth seeking equality from the ultra-wealthy that live on the space station, Elysium. Matt Damon and Jodie Foster highlight the cast.

**Honorable Mentions:** *After Earth* (May 31), *World War Z* (June 21), *The Lone Ranger* (July 3), & *Kick-Ass 2* (August 16).

but I only hope that you are beginning to realize that summer's greatest offerings are its freedom and simplicity, and I encourage you to take full advantage of those features. I can give a few concrete recommendations that should contribute to your arrival at summertime bliss.

Overall, eat as much fresh produce as you can. You know the way that all the ski bums get, when winter starts to roll around, and as base inches pile up on the mountains, they all start to lose their heads in excitement over all the fresh pow? Re-place winter with summer, snow with fruit, and ski bums with foodies in that instance to understand why you shouldn't ever go a meal without some fresh tomatoes or rasp-berries during this fine upcoming summer. ■

## cover letters: an exercise in ass-kissing

by lizcantrell

Every student fears the dreaded cover letter. Lucky for you, **the water tower** has crafted a fool-proof, fill in the blank sample. We're handing it over so you can read it, steal it, and work it. Simply select the option in italics that best fits your need, making sure to strike a balance of arrogance, repetition, and insignificance. The ideal cover letter is vague enough to make you sound modest, while specific enough to lend your candidacy a qualified and professional air. Basically, you should it so that, if you were introduced to the person who wrote the cover letter, you'd slap them for being such a pompous and verbose asshole. Happy writing!

Dear Mr. or Ms. (*Insert name of Vice President of Executive Manage-ment and Hiring, etc, here*)

It is with great enthusiasm that I apply for the position of (*Public Re-lations and Marketing Management Intern/Social Justice Fellow/ Environ-mental Education Advocate*). I am eager to become a part of your team because I am driven and inspired by your cutting-edge mission. I want to leverage (*multi-disciplinary paradigms/thematic interfaces*) to achieve (*real-time outcomes/sustainable legacies*) so that (*consumers/stakeholders/ constituents*) can profit. Moreover, I am passionate about empowering real-world initiatives through the (*convergence/integration/ fusion*) of talent and technology.

My chosen major (*Societal Planning/Strategic Communications/ Sus-tainable Economic Justice/Global Political Traditions*) has given me a rich background in the issues that your organization advocates for. With my high level of scholastic achievement, I am able to effectively and persua-sively (*translate/communicate/incorporate*) the principles of the field into decisive action.

As the (*Senior Campus Coordinator/President of Student Activists/ Leaders For a Brighter Tomorrow*), I have acquired invaluable (*decision-making/conflict management/project implementation*) skills that would put me at home in your organization's result-oriented environment.

By leveraging the power of (*social media/niche-targeted curricula/col-laborative group-think*), I believe that we can pave the way for the next generation of (*innovators/ground-breakers/savvy-minded entrepreneurs*). I would be honored to join your team, and would enjoy (*utilizing/transferring*) my experiences and education in order to further (*empower/advance/promote*) your organization's admirable mission.

I look forward to the opportunity to meet with you and discuss my prospects, and I thank you for your consideration.

Sincerely,

Brown D. Noser III

ben berrick



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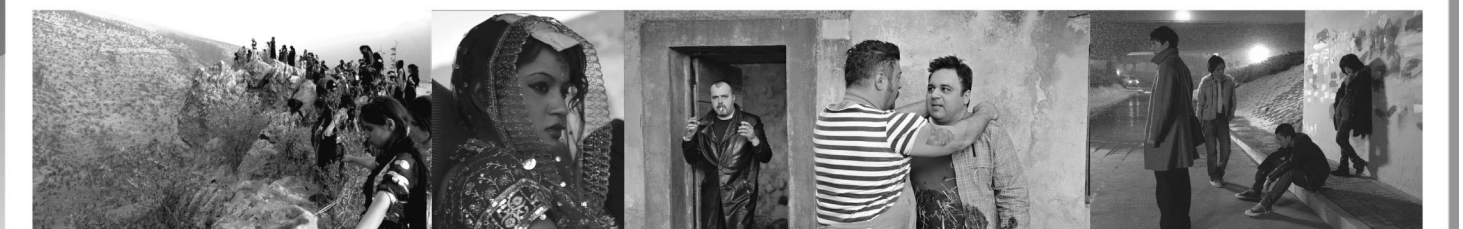
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# fashion five-oh.



## bringing *swanky* back: the great gatsby collection

by mikestorace

Who's excited for the new Great Gatsby movie starring Tobey Maguire (boo!) and Leonardo Di-Caprio (yay!)? I know I am; they've only been advertising for it for like two fucking years. Jay Gatsby is positively the bee's knees; he is the definition of luxury, and the quintessential fashionista. And guess what? Now you can dress just like him, old sport.

Brooks Brothers has recently released a new line of clothing modeling Gatsby's elegance. Should you partake in the elegant, albeit expensive, Great Gatsby Collection, you too may have the most popular parties this side of the Mississippi. You can now don a silky smooth pink suit, a sleek black cane, or a straw boater hat and see yourself become just like the mysterious and luxurious Jay Gatsby.

I'm not sure in what universe you would ever need a \$200 boater hat, and since when did a cane become a fashion accessory? Sorry I misspoke—canes are for old, decrepit people—Brooks Brothers euphemistically names their version the "boxer dog walking stick" (maybe it'll help me keep my balance when I'm drunk?). In any case, Brooks Brothers does have some interesting clothing. For the sake of style in all of us,

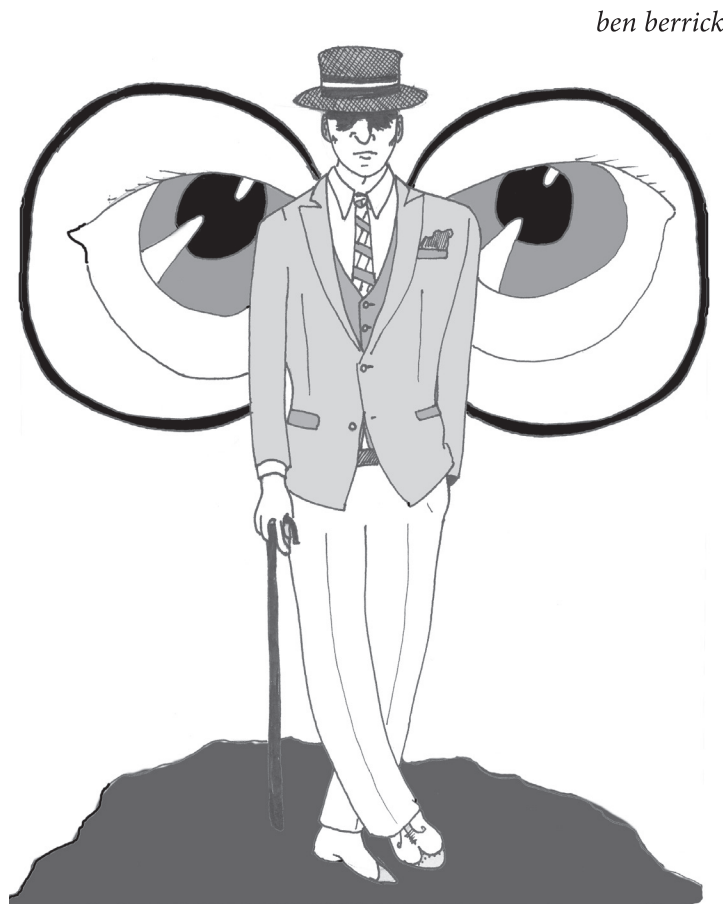
maybe just stick to the button downs and ties. If you're feeling risqué, however, and maybe like going on a shopping spree, the Gatsby line is for you.

Really and truly, you should shop at a Brooks Brothers near you (though it is probably easier to do so online), and purchase the Great Gatsby attire. Why? So that when you go to the midnight premiere of The Great Gatsby on May 10 you will be appropriately dressed. Why the hell are comic book geeks the only ones who get to dress up for midnight movie showings? Literature buffs now have that opportunity too,

**"should you partake in the *elegant*, albeit *expensive*, Great Gatsby Collection, you too may have the most *popular* parties this side of the Mississippi"**

and we are proud of it. I might even go as far as to move to West Egg, start my own prohibition business, and become the symbol of new money in the grand old U.S.A.

But seriously, let's get down to the real theme behind The Great Gatsby...why the hell did the United States legalize alcohol in the first place? Could you imagine an America where we couldn't booze or smoke plants? No wonder all the characters in the book are so bizarre. Regardless, lighten up, old sport, and go buy yourself a nice pink suit. ■



ben berrick

# fork it over.



## so long, *sweet sodexo*: the foods i'll miss the most

by beckymakous

The year is coming to an end, and soon we'll have to start saying goodbye to friends for the summer, finishing classes, and packing up our belongings. Another thing we'll be saying goodbye to is the food here on campus. Now, many of you may be celebrating the Sodexo-less summer meal plan, but I just want to take a moment to appreciate some of the good food on campus that will be missed over the next few months.

<p><b>The Marketplace</b> <b>Veggie Risers</b> – This is the gem of all breakfast options.</p> <p><b>Caper's wraps</b> – Not only the falafel wraps, but every wrap at Caper's including the scrumptious Israeli wrap (beans and Israeli couscous with avocado-lime dressing), the Margherita wrap (fresh mozzarella, tomatoes, and basil with balsamic dressing), and many more.</p> <p><b>Jell-O cups</b> - I have a soft spot in my heart for Jell-O. Don't hate.</p>	<p><b>Waterman Café</b> <b>Morning Glory muffins</b> – These huge muffins are always filled with delicious things. I'm not exactly sure what those things are, but I do like to start my mornings with these.</p> <p><b>Fruit yogurt parfaits</b> – Definitely the best on campus, and they usually have actual raspberries or blueberries in them which are hard to come by in most dining locations.</p> <p><b>Tomato, mozzarella, and basil pizzas</b> – A recent discovery: definitely tickles my taste buds.</p>	<p><b>The University Marché</b> <b>Worms in dirt parfait</b> – I always get excited when I see this being served. It just reminds me of childhood.</p> <p><b>Smoothies</b> – Definitely a treat. It's fun exploring the different types of smoothies, but number 4 and number 10 are unquestionably my favorites.</p> <p><b>The Euro Station</b> – Most of the time, there is something lip-smacking being served in this vicinity. For example, last Friday I had maple-glazed salmon. Let that sink in for a second: a college campus served maple-glazed salmon.</p>
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<p><b>Redstone Market</b> <b>Salad bar</b> – I like this salad bar because it's pay-by-weight and not by container, so I just feel like it's fresher and I get more of it.</p> <p><b>Vermont-made cookie dough</b> – So many different kinds! My personal favorite is mocha chip.</p> <p><b>The hot bar</b> – This always surprises me. Sometimes a Thanksgiving dinner, complete with turkey, stuffing, gravy, corn, and mashed potatoes; sometimes they serve wings; sometimes they serve potato skins with sour cream. This is a great addition to the Redstone Market. ■</p>
--

# trash.

## i want you so bad



remember to check out the overflow  
on the blog!  
[thewatertower.tumblr.com](http://thewatertower.tumblr.com)

Lauren Wheeler, number 24, you're the one I wish I could get to know more. The second I saw you at my first women's game, I knew I had to know your name. Your cheeks so red and cute with your 3 point glasses; Oh, how much prettier you are than the other lasses. We ride the same bus Tuesdays and Thursdays from Kalkin, it's nice, considering for the past 5 months I've been pretty bad at walkin'. I was there in Albany, unfortunately we had to mourn, that didn't stop me from tooting my horn. I've seen your mad skills down on the court, unfortunately for me, you might not like that I'm short. For you, I would shave my beard and trim my hair, but really, try me out, that is my dare. It sucks that I'm unable to say hello, if I could, I would ask you to go out for some tea or some joe. I am sad to see you graduate, but I know I can no longer procrastinate. Lauren, I wanna take you on a date.  
**When:** Game time  
**Where:** Catamount Country  
**I saw:** Her...  
**I am:** Dancing Sax Guy

I've been reading a whole lot of trash  
And I'd like to get a feel of that ash  
All your writing for food  
Got me right in the mood  
Let's buttfuck and forget all the shassh.

**Where:** In the African wildsh, during a train robbery, anytime, anyplacesh  
**When:** A time of your chooshing

**I saw:** Jamie Beckett  
**I am:** Sean Connery



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# the ear

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[uvm.edu/~wafertwr/ear.html](http://uvm.edu/~wafertwr/ear.html)

**South Willy**

*An impressed lass (about a lad with tight shorts):* He was hanging out with his wang out, but IN! IT WAS INSIDE HIS NEON SHORTS!

**Greene St.**

*A young woman contemplating graduation:* Thinking of everything I have to do in the next 3 weeks makes me want to throw up. Actually, it makes me want to eat cookies.

**Simpson Dining, Saturday night**

*A mouse to a lark:* There's no dumb people in our group. College problems.

**Main Street, Friday afternoon**

*Observant young lady:* That guy was attractive  
*Significantly less observant friend:* A TRACTOR!  
?!?!WHERE?!?!?!?

**Simspon dining hall**

*A shaggy gentleman:* One time my friend and I went to Petco to try and get our hair groomed.... They weren't having any of it..

**Royall Tyler Theatre, Monday morning**

*Lovely lady:* You can't impregnate a blue whale!  
*Dashing young man:* Not with that attitude!

**Green outside the Davis Center**

*A squire:* I only have 95 points left  
*Some knaves:* Are you on unlimited?? How?!?  
*The squire:* I eat like 3 meals a day!

**Simpson hall**

*Ambitious young woman:* I just wanna run around naked.  
*Her practical friend:* Do the Naked Bike Ride; everyone's naked there!  
*The woman:* No, you don't understand, I wanna run around naked on acid in the woods.

**Marche**

*Bewildered lass:* Yes, we are talking about unicorn pornography. You heard exactly what we were talking about!

**Bike Path**

*Real Vermonter:* I learned how to skin a deer before I learned my multiplication table.

**In Wright hall**

*A madam:* I don't really mind if people see my boobs.  
*A mistress:* I mind if people see my boobs, but I don't mind if people feel them.  
*The madam:* I get turned on when people feel my boobs.  
*The mistress:* I don't really, I'm just like "oh, that's cool I guess, whatever".

**Redstone**

*Lady:* You can just spit on it...

**North beach**

*A confused young man:* Yeah, like I was kinda a fag in middle school.... you know, until I started smoking weed.

**Outside of Cook**

*Naive young lady:* I was at this party last night that had free bagels and all you had to do was blow a guy.  
*Her compatriots:* ...then it wasn't free.

# tunes.



## daft punk: hype *and* song

by **benberrick**

Just before midnight on April 18, Daft Punk's new single, "Get Lucky", dropped to a horde of fans and followers: all foaming at the mouth at the prospect of finally getting their hands on the first distinctly DP (Daft Punk, not double penetration) sound since the Tron: Legacy soundtrack released in 2010. Even the soundtrack, though distinctly carrying DP's fingerprints, was not the kind of high quality French House inspired robot-funk that most fans expected. It was this kind of sound—the fantastic use of vocoders in songs like "Harder, Better, Faster" that inspired a new generation of EDM artists; the unflinching use of piercing sounds or discord in "Brainwasher" and "Prime Time of Your Life"; the innovative use of samples typified by albums like "Discovery and Human After All"—that fans had been craving with a vengeance.

The good news and the bad news are one and the same: if "Get Lucky" is a good indicator of the content of their new upcoming album, "Random Access Memories" (RAM for short), then fans shouldn't hope for a revival of the old Daft Punk sound. They've moved on with a decided abruptness that, for fans infatuated most with Homework or Human After All, may feel like a break up, with all the raw emotional confusion of being told, "It's not you, it's me". However, this change in style could be seen far on the horizon—Daft Punk made it clear that Random Access Memories was going in a different direction—and,

at least for me, is not only fascinating, but magnificent.

In an interview with *Rolling Stone*, Thomas and Guy-Manuel (because the robots do have human names, guys) said that "The Seventies and Eighties are the tastiest era for us...It's not that we can't make crazy futuristic sounding stuff, but we wanted to play with the past". Additionally, they made a crucial point: "Electronic Music right now is

**"with a funky baseline that'll have you spontaneously thrusting at no one in particular, a kick-ass guitar riff by Nile Rogers, and lyrics crooned gently into your ear by the indomitably sexy and somehow forty-year old pharrell..."**

in a comfort zone and it's not moving one inch...That's not what artists are supposed to do". The robots, by gathering a team of big name and historically significant collaborators like Pharrell, Giorgio Moroder, and Nile Rogers, as well as forsaking the use of recorded samples in favor of live instrument studio recordings, are seeking to make RAM not only an homage to the pop, disco and funk that defined an era, but also an album designed to shake the EDM scene out of its dubstep machine-sex 4/4 beat complacency.

So what about the single? Is it any good? The answer is,

despite what era Daft Punk you prefer, decidedly: yes. With a funky baseline that'll have you spontaneously thrusting at no one in particular, a kick-ass guitar riff by Nile Rogers, and lyrics crooned gently into your ear by the indomitably sexy and somehow forty-year-old Pharrell, if you aren't either dancing or vaguely moist by the song's end, I have doubts as to your humanity. Additionally, the Daft Punk signature is undoubtedly there, even before the vocoder's kick in at the 2:20 mark. In fact, despite the richness of the other parts, it is the robots that have some of the most soul: sucking you back into subconscious fist pumping in the same inexplicable way that "Harder, Better, Faster" did when it was first released.

Will the new album be so good as to be the genre game changer that Daft Punk hopes? I can't say for certain, and the album's drop date, May 21, will be the only time when anyone can say for sure, but I have high hopes. That being said, I'll be avoiding the rumor mill: like an orgasm, delaying premature excitement makes the real deal infinitely better. By avoiding speculation and analysis, we get a chance to do what really matters: tell the critics to fuck off while we listen and decide for ourselves. All I know for certain is that on May 20th, I'll be up all night to get lucky. ■

## your summer festival guide

by **mikestorage**

Well the summer is fast approaching, and we all know what that means...where are you going to spend your \$250 to party like a rockstar for three days of non-stop music? Yes it is festival season ladies, gentlemen, and music lovers alike. Let's take a look at what's in store for this summer. There are two defining characteristics of a festival: where is it and who's playing.

Sometimes half the fun is getting a groovy road trip in with your buddies, but gas prices are making this increasingly more difficult. Road trips are fun and all, but paying even more money (on top of the huge ticket costs) is not economically feasible. The trick is to find a festival close to you in order to cut down on transportation fees. And of course the other side of a festival is the artists playing. There are different types of festivals from bluegrass to indie bands to "chill" music. Finding the right one for you is key.

Well let's start off with the most famous: Bonnaroo in Manchester, Tennessee. This festival has it all, and definitely is one of the best that the United States has to offer. Bonnaroo has classic rock like Paul McCartney (he's still alive?) and Tom Petty. It has Indie rockers like Wilco, Grizzly Bear, Animal Collective, and the Dirty Projectors. It also has rappers like A\$AP Rocky, Kendrick Lamar, and Earl Sweatshirt. And it also has DJ sets like Pretty Lights, Wolfgang Gartner, and Boys Noize for all you DJ fans (Bassnectar enthusiasts I'm talking to you). Not a band lineup, to say the least. Bonnaroo gets the big names, but it also is in the middle of nowhere. It's definitely a hike, but probably worth your time and money. A huge plus of Bonnaroo, which is not true of the city festivals, is that you can camp out. This is a huge advantage because you can save some money on lodging and you can enjoy the front lines of the festival experience. Tickets are \$270 plus a shittion of gas money.

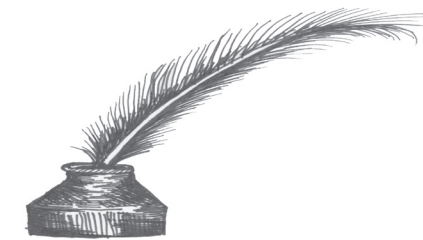
For those of you who don't want to head down south or reenact *Deliverance*, have no fear! There are many other awesome shows. The Midwesterners take pride in Lollapalooza, which takes place in Chicago. Lolla also books some a lot of really good bands. This year they're featuring Nine Inch Nails, Vampire Weekend, The Killers, The National, Grizzly Bear, Queens of the Stone Age, The Postal Service (that's a throwback), The Cure (an even bigger throwback), and Mumford & Sons. And that just scratches the service of a quite extensive lineup. Too bad tickets are sold out. Check out Stubhub, they started at \$235.

Also in a city, New York City, Governor's Ball boats a much-improved lineup from last year. The Big Apple is headlining some artists you don't see on the rest of the festival frontlines. Check out Kanye West, Kings of Leon, and Guns N' Roses (what the fuck). A lot of Governor's Ball fans were a little upset with the Guns N' Roses pick for the final headliner. Quite an interesting choice there. Aside from this, Nas, The XX, Grizzly Bear, Beach House, Animal Collective, the Local Natives, Beirut, Thievery Corporation, and the Japandroids are featured in Ne York City. Aside from the headliners, this festival shows a striking similarity to that of Bonnaroo, except a little less depth. A big step up from 2012. Tickets are \$220, along with housing in the city (which will probably cost you your left arm). ■



julianna roen

# créatif stuffé.



## the cipher



with **kerrymartin**

*It's been a year of great times, great rhymes, and sometimes-light crimes. But now it's time to say goodbye: this year slipped away like sand between my fingers, and even when I reminisce about the great moments, I do so forlornly. This farewell is even harder than last year's, for while I'm studying abroad next year (in Argentina and Tanzania), I won't even lay eyes on the school I love or any of its students. I'm leaving this section in the able hands of water tower editor lauragreenwood, better known by her stage name LL Cool G. Senior year, I'll return to the best news team in the universe, but I already know how fast the time will fly by. That will be the hardest goodbye of all.*

*I was supposed to rap about the United Nations, but fuck that. Let me get some things off my chest. I love you motherfuckers. Yeah, you, the asshole with two thumbs and a water tower in your hands. Even readers with no thumbs. You're the best.*

When I sit back and think about the time that I've spent On pastimes, crass rhymes, that make my 'rents lament Hiding from dissent in clouds of reefer scent But looking within, I'm not sure I'm content. I repent, I've said some things I may not have meant If you were offended, please don't resent I'm a petty poet full of plenty passions up-pent Inside of my mind's every groove and indent. I spit simple similes dismally, listen please I pay fees for my egotistic lyrical bigotry This is me visibly admitting my misery I'm healthy in infancy, visiting ill MCs. I print this shit timidly, not for publicity

Abysmally spitting overambitious symphonies But practicing chivalry, married to rap, no polygamy Instilling my skills with wisdom and dignity. The industry doesn't see my linguistic wizardry All they want is dimwits who fuck bitches explicitly My eccentricity's not worth their downgrading sympathy For all those who agree, please stand up and walk with me! Rap's authenticity ain't measured in cash Or quantity of ass or size of coke stash

It's not what sells the best to all-colored trash Or what wannabe electro producers can mash. It's all about lyrics, it's so people hear this And stop what they're doing to say "Man, that's some real shit." It's about cutting critics and scathing satirists Unafraid to climb onto stage and tell the crowd, "Fear this." We take stock, and talk about Biggie and Pac, And kids who got their starts rappin' up on the block But we remember their names because they crossed the crosswalk And bent over to the mainstream executive cock.

The realest MCs would have never sold out There's no money in telling the truth, no doubt. These bards knew exactly what they were talkin' about Too cutting to conform and earn credible clout. If we had just given voice to the radicals We'd revive the Old School in manner most rational But no, we shut them up or fractured their clavicles Leaving room for commercial rap to become international. Who will write the saints' tales for the martyrs of rap? Isolated MCs watched their love torn into scraps Smart phonics get crushed by industry economics White execs turn Ebonics to commoditized crap. Who wins? Is it industry sharks out yachting? Running record labels like plantations of cotton? Is it the next hottest act who's already been boughten? Or unpopular philosophers bound to be forgotten? These are questions for which history has no answers. These are ignorable, non-fatal musical cancers.

But no lyin', many cells are multipliyin' and dyin' Just to be above the bullshit that's sellin' and buyin'. I bow down to these heroes, not to count myself among them. But don't blame me when they're gone once the industry's hung them. by elegiac emcee Kerry Martin

## BURLINGTON-

cont. from page 1

ac quid Burlingtonense faciam? For though there are many things that I am, A thief or charlatan I cannot be. I cannot sell some herbal remedy, Cannot ever hawk homeopathy. And I care too little for apathy To slave in some dreadful espresso shop Selling bad coffee at three bucks a pop. I've no hope of wasting the cash and time Of people having committed no crime, whose money they would wish was better spent; no place for me in local government. The only way to survive in this deme Is to become filth, or so it would seem.

That race best now to Burlingtonians, the subject of many dreadful paeans, has weighed much too heavy now on my soul, and has torn asunder what once was whole. It may seem I'm lusting after pity, but I cannot bear a hipster city. Yet what portion of our widespread refuse was born out of Brooklyn's cultural ooze? Even thinking about those Austin-bred hooligans quiets my spirit with dread. Each just as unique as the one before, spending buckets of money to look poor. I'm sorry I'll miss this summer's new trend. No, it's too much; I can't even pretend.

They're just so damn good at nothing at all, such humans as these justify the Fall. They sit on their stoops with their stupid scowls, their pretentious ennui invoking howls from those who compose the proud and the sane of awful, loathsome, miserable pain. The mere thought enough to boil my blood, maybe they'll drown in a PBR flood.

And even if you can stand the people Who fill out the gaps between each steeple, Good luck finding a place to call your home, A place without stench, where no roaches roam. If lucky, some small, foul cell you'll get. Oh, no wonder it's called "the college ghetto." Prices so high, you'd expect a palace, not a landlord so bitter with malice, so obsessed with holding onto your rent, Keeping up your home not spending a cent, That any short request is one too tall. You're just lucky to have water at all.

I could still add reasons many and more, but the sun now sets upon the far shore, of dear Champlain, shining silver and blue, and I must away now from here and you. If ever to Yuma or Charlottesville you flee, be sure to call me and I will come and there listen to you read Satires, if they deserve better than cleansing fires." ■

## mountains in your eyes

by **lizcantrell**

The Tetons. The place you have been looking forward to the most. The cathedrals of Wyoming, you tell me. You want to pray in their presence and feel a geological God emanating from their pewter and blue tips. You say it is one of the wonders of our nation, but no one visits because of distance, and cold, and altitude. You are determined. You are motorcycling across America.

The bike is your only companion, its steady hum the only sound you've heard for 2,000 miles. You have travel guides shoved in every loose flap and fold of your pack gear. You have your camera safe and dry for when the moment comes. You keep something of mine folded in your foul-weather jacket. I don't know what it is. A letter maybe. A bit of sand from home.

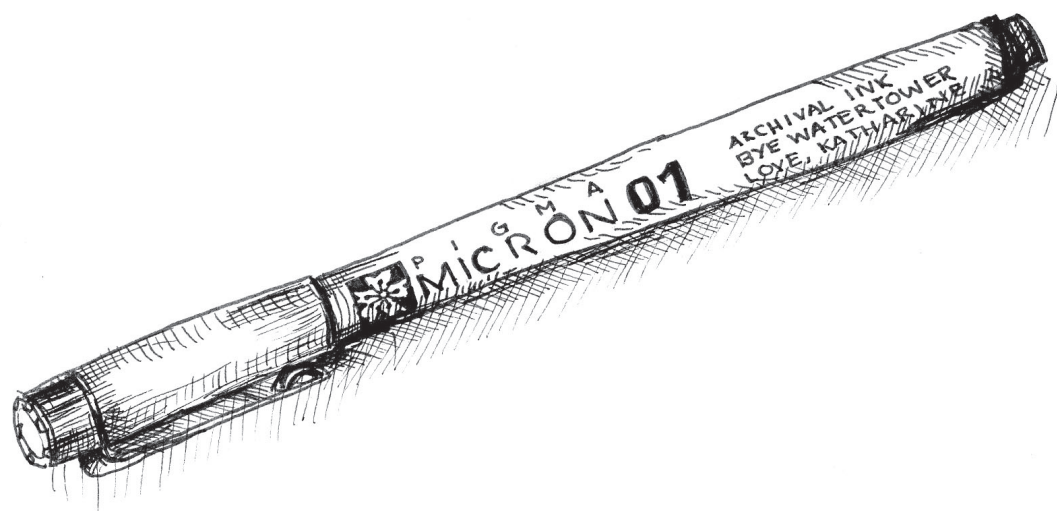
After a morning battling mist and highway dust, you reach them. You've been watching the peaks emerge taller and taller for miles, but when you reach the entrance into Grand Teton National Park, the scale of it all presses down on you. You take off your helmet and let your hands fall to your side. You have no breath for speech, nor the vocabulary to give words to what you see. It has to be experienced, you tell me. There is no other way.

There is an open expanse of lake, reflecting the mountain's snowy caps in perfect symmetry.

# cat litter.



collincappelle



katherine longfellow

## Tip o' the Week

When they say Crisco is only for baking, they mean Crisco is only for baking...



# the way we were: *why drugs are a bad idea*

I have seen the deaths of King James and Queen Elizabeth and the rising of a new regime in **the water tower**. They were murdered while I hid behind the curtains and whimpered trying to silence the bells on my shoes and hat. I was informed many others died in the Great Water War, but I will get to that later. Right now I will tell you the story of the fall of the King and Queen and the rise of the usurpers, Cait O'Hara and Starah Perda. It all started many moons ago...

As court Jester for **the wt** I may have the lowest station of all the editors on the paper, but I am also privy to a lot of insider information. I have been requested to perform for the King and Queen during their most secretive moments like their plots to lay siege to the Cynic's office in the Davis Center (unfortunately there was a confusion and UVMtv was targeted instead, sorry for that). I have witnessed their meetings on the steady decline of Catholic readership caused by some light hearted remarks and some people having a way too serious outlook on life, but I never imagined I would be present for the discussion that turned into what are now known **to wt** staffers as The Purges.

When I was called into the War Room, I thought it was going to be like any other time. I would do my little self-deprecating stand-up routine and then finish with some impressions of UVM administration, which pleased the King and Queen very much. This time however, there was a third party present. I quickly noticed it was Kerry Martin, News Editor. My heart skipped a beat because if you know Kerry, you know he's trouble. I briskly walked to the center of the room, stood firmly and said, "What will you require of me today, Sire?"

And James said unto me, "Young Jester, we have noticed that there are many plotting to rise against us. So, as any good King and Queen are to do, we will burn them and eat their eyeballs. You have been spared for your apparent comedic value. Should that fail, however, you will surely be killed. Now leave us."

Before leaving I saw Kerry's face. There was a slight twinge of a grin and a twinkle in his eye. As I walked out I noticed I was drenched in sweat. This was a bad time to be a member of **the water tower**. I immediately went to my confidant and resident bad-ass Ben Berrick. Little did I know he was already informed of The Purges and took it as his duty to kill Malcolm Valaitis and Kitty Faraji, and

take their roles as the Art Editing team. I looked upon him as he was filled with the afterglow that only happens after strangulation. I looked with horror as he turned to me and said, "Isn't it grand to be alive." The door whipped open and I saw the flash of the sun in knife so I curled into the fetal position silently crying preparing to die.

"Oh, is it over?" It was just Julianna Roen looking depressed, "Ben, you promised to wait!" Seeing the horror that had befallen my one-time friends and colleagues. I stumbled the corridors of the school, my head spinning with the thoughts of what I witnessed. All of a sudden hands grab me from behind and throw me into a dark room. A light flicked on temporarily blinding me. Cait and Starah stood in front of me and began screaming, "What do you know?"

I proceeded to tell them everything I have just told you for fear that Starah, the Fashion Editor, would stick that mean looking stiletto in my eye. They told me to follow them so we walked the long walk as they explained to me the current state of affairs.

Cait, Around Town Editor, told me, "The strikes began early this morning. We were able to fend off the first wave and since then have been in hiding. Currently, Jamie Beckett (Food Editor) and Phoebe Fooks (Reflections) have taken up refuge with their friends at SGA, so they are safe and Dylan (Tunes) is at a festival so he should be gone for a few days. The rest of us are in this room."

We enter through the doors into what seems to be the command center of the resistance. "We started our plan to depose James and Liz last semester," Cait continued, "after the uncertain circumstances of the replacement of George Loftus and Josh Hegarty by myself and Beth Ziehl. I only thought George was graduating and by natural order I would take his position. It was only until Beth accidentally let on that she conspired with Laura Greenwood (Copy Editor), Kerry and the Royals to knock off George and Josh. Apparently they were causing a bit of trouble that James and Liz wanted quashed. Had I known that, I never would have taken the job." She looked away and flicked a tear from her eye. "Since learning of their deceit, I vowed to take down the King and Queen and feed them to the people. Since Starah is a cannibal she immediately agreed to my plan and so for the last semester we have been cultivating our support. So far we have decided that Starah and I will

run this shtick after the Royals have fallen. Rebecca Laurion will take my post as Around Town Editor, Mike Storace will take Starah's position as Fashion Editor and Dan Nissam will replace the traitorous Kerry Martin in News."

By now things had settled down but I knew it was just the calm before the storm. The troops eventually readied and I was instructed to follow. The two opposing parties met in the atrium of the Davis Center. On the one side was James, Liz, Kerry and the pro-Royal coalition, on the other Cait, Starah, and the rebels. Curiously, Ben and Julianna were missing. Seeing that they were woefully outnumbered, Kerry ran away saying, "Fuck this, I am going to Argentina." James and Liz, however, stood their ground. They were prepared to die. The two sides rushed but before they met to hack out the bloody battle, a figure swooped down from the staircase and lopped off the King and Queens heads. There stood Ben, bloody katanas in hand. Everyone on the battlefield had frozen. Ben slowly stood tall giggling like the ape-man he was. For what seemed like an eternity, but was probably only a few seconds, nothing happened. Then the sounds of footsteps were heard coming down the stairs. It was Julianna, looking sad again saying, "Ben, goddammit, you did it again! I never get to have any fun."

Starah walked up to Ben, "Give me... gimme the heads... I want the heads... please..." Ben tossed her James decapitated head and she began to feast. I stood looking at Ben. "Why?" I asked, and he replied, "For the thrill of it."

Cait tried to get the situation under control by decreeing, "We are victorious. Ben, if you and Julianna agree to just kill non-**water tower** members we will make you the art editing team." To which they said, "OK". The opposing sides reached a peace agreement and everything went back to normal. Yay.

Basically, the point of this story was to tell you in a fun and interesting way what next year's editing staff will look like. We have: Cait O'Hara and Starah Perda as Editors-in-Chief, Dan Nissam in news, Rebecca Laurion in Around Town, Phoebe Fooks in Reflections, Mike Storace in Fashion, Dylan McCarthy in Tunes, Beth Ziehl in Creative Stuffe, Laura Greenwood as Copy Editor, Ben Berrick and Julianna Roen as Art Editors, and Me in Cat Litter. ■