



the water tower.

uvm's alternative newsmag

volume 14 - issue 3 - tuesday, september 17, 2013 - uvm, burlington, vt

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

my day in *the clink*

by billybarou



What had started off as your typical college student's Friday night ended up turning into one of the most interesting weekends I have had here at UVM. As a senior, I thought I had seen it all, but I now realize I was clearly mistaken.

The events of that fateful evening are spotty at best. One moment I was in my house twerkin' like Miley (for the first and last time), and the next thing I knew, I woke up in a strange and unfamiliar place. Where was I, you ask? Honestly, I did not know for quite a while myself. I later found out that I was at the infamous drunk tank, or, as I came to know it as, The Clink.

Luckily I was not locked up alone; there were five of us in the dingy 10-by-12 cell. Two of the convicts were slightly younger than I; there was also another man who appeared to be a regular (his friend picked him up at 10AM, the lucky bastard). The most memorable stranger was

the 53-year-old man with a scraggly grey beard. He woke me up from my drunken stupor to tell me that he had been kicked in the face ten times by someone else, and now had a plastic plate in his head. After he was released at 9AM, it became clear

I had to get the full jail experience, so of course I worked out and did some prison-movie-style push-ups and sit-ups; I even scarfed down my two free meals.

that he knew the drill here all too well, and was likely also a regular.

The police officer gave me a fleeting chance to experience life on the other side again, but of course there was a catch. I thought I would have to climb out like the prisoner in *Dark Knight Rises*; however, this was not the case. To be set free amongst my people again, I needed to blow

a BAC of 0.00. Piece of cake, no? I thought to myself, "I feel pretty good, so I will give it a try." I optimistically blew with all my might, and...the digits keep rising up and up, well over 0.08. The officer turned to me and informed me that I would be in there for a while. Little did I know then that I would, in fact, be there until 5PM...

So, what did I do with my time in the clink? I made the fucking best of it, obviously. I had to get the full jail experience, so of course I worked out and did some prison-movie-style push-ups and sit-ups; I even scarfed down my two free meals. The first meal consisted of "pizza," if you could even call it that, and the second meal was some sort of "chicken" dish. UVMers: if you think the food is bad here, head to the drunk tank for a stint—you will absolutely appreciate the cuisine here (or really any other food for that matter) from there on out.

While in the clink, you have a lot of

... read the rest on page 7

becoming a beer snob *the life of a vermonter*

by lauragreenwood

Last weekend during a visit at another college, someone offered me a beer and I noticeably hesitated. My indecision was not a result of me already being drunk, a looming responsibility to drive later, or even a distaste for drinking beer. No, I paused because I seriously thought about what kind of beer I would be given and whether it was worth drinking. At that moment, it became clear to me that—as a normal college student at a typical college party—I was a snob: a beer snob. I blame Vermont for why I don't eagerly accept a PBR and as to why I'd rather buy for quality and not for quantity. It's almost sad that I have elevated beer standards now, but then again, let's consider the benefits of refining one's tastes.

After finding out the beer offering was bottled Busch Light, I sighed and begrudgingly accepted (I wasn't in VT and, heck, a party's a party). To me, Busch, Bud Light, Budweiser, PBR, Michelob, etc. are all beer brands that scream "American beer"; however, their shouts are comparable to how McDonald's is "American food" and Miley Cyrus is an "American girl". Their brands evoke cheapness, notions of a uniform culture, and—frankly—poor taste. It's almost weird saying this now, because two years ago I never really liked beer (though I didn't shy from taking one #freshmanlyfe), and, when pressed on the product, I would even go so far as to declare PBR was my favorite beer. PBR. Wow, Laura.

I do understand the economic justification for buying the Buds: a 30-rack of Buds (or any of the above beers) is significantly more affordable on a college budget than a 30-rack of (insert any local beer). Since the party must go on, cheap beer may seem the easiest way to go, but, especially if you've just gotten to Vermont, I suggest opening your eyes (and mouth) to taste what we've got.

Many a times I've heard that Vermont is to beer what the Napa Valley in California is to wine. We are in the metropolis of microbrews, seasonal, sessional, and every beer in between. There's a reason beer nerds flock to this territory for brewery tours. There's a reason even

... read the rest on page 6

get inside me:

orange leaf review
by bethziehl

chipmunk hunting
by staceybrandt

birkenstocks
by andrewjuneau
and maggiesullivan

an ode to ke\$ha
by vanessakahn

the best news team in the universe.

inbox 



Dear **kittens**,

I'm the Cat Lady. It's nice to meet you. We're bringing back the **Cat Lady advice column**, and we need all your burning questions and juicy drama. Bad breakup? Friendship woes? Contemplating roommate homicide? I want to know about it. Give me your gripes and I'll give you guidance, and look for all the answers each week in the Reflections section.

Can't wait to get my paws on your letters,
Cat Lady

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

thewatertowernews@gmail.com

the shit list with jamiebeckett

Jack Birmingham and the SGA: On the official student government retreat, Vice President Birmingham and another senator left the premises and visited a bar. This was a secretive affair, so naturally everyone in SGA knew before noon the next day. While both parties involved drank legally that night, SGA stated that this retreat would be drug-free. Thus, the SGA meeting that took place last Tuesday began with a formal and forced apology by the Vice President, for some senators believed his actions warranted impeachment.

Taxation Without Representation: Connor Daley and Jack Birmingham were looking out for individuals who identify as female when seeking an applicant for the vacant Board of Trustees position. Women are an underrepresented group on the board despite making up sixty-five percent of the UVM student body. The phrase "a woman's touch" created much controversy in the meeting and there was a large amount of backlash against the Vice President for being sexist. The use of the phrase is clearly offensive, and one senator stated on record, "I am a white male, thus I know nothing about diversity." The meeting concluded with an agreement amongst most senators that more diversity training should be conducted.

The Library Staff: While SGA feels the need to formally thank the library staff for graffiting the Bailey/Howe Library and harassing smokers, many students resent the smoke-screen attempt of the smoke-free initiative. Last Tuesday, when the SGA passed this bill, the legislation alluded to student appreciation for the librarians' vigilante smoke-free efforts, despite exceeding the university's 25-foot smoking distance policy. ■

the news in brief with dannissim

"In leaving the heliosphere and setting sail on the cosmic seas between the stars, Voyager has joined other historic journeys of exploration: The first circumnavigation of the Earth, the first steps on the Moon... That's the kind of event this is, as we leave behind our solar bubble."

- **Ed Stone**, chief scientist on the Voyager mission, reflects on NASA's announcement that the Voyager 1 space probe has exited the heliosphere (our solar system) and is cruising in the interstellar medium.

"The 2000 Bronze is back in possession of @usolympics and will be in Switzerland asap to @olympics."

- Tweet by **Lance Armstrong**, former heroic sports icon and current disgraced cyclist, reports that his bronze medal from the 2000 Summer Olympics in Sydney is on its way back to the International Olympic Committee. This tweet included a photo of the prize that was stripped from him.

"The potential strike by the United States against Syria, despite strong opposition from many countries and major political and religious leaders, including the Pope, will result in more innocent victims and escalation, potentially spreading the conflict far beyond Syria's borders. A strike would increase violence and unleash a new wave of terrorism."

- One of many remarks made by Russian President **Vladimir Putin** in an Op-Ed piece in last Wednesday's *New York Times*. Putin blasted the U.S. plan for a military strike in Syria and went as far as to say that the United States is not living by "model of democracy, but relying solely on brute force."

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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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.**

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breaking bud: the conflict between federal and state law

by annahill

All too often, I find my friends and myself discussing the legalization of marijuana. We can only daydream about the possibilities: the end of world hunger and all international conflict, the luxury of toking up anywhere, the expansive grow operations we all plan to have eventually. Although we often brush our fantasies aside, legalization in Vermont may not be too far off into the future. Recently, many public figures have spoken out positively about legalization, including Vermont's own Senator Patrick Leahy.

On September 10th, the Senate Judiciary Committee held a hearing regarding the conflict between federal and state marijuana laws. Senator Leahy had requested the meeting in order to clear the air regarding marijuana decriminalization and legalization. Firstly, he expressed his concerns about federal laws being a serious roadblock in the way of changing state marijuana legislation. He told the Committee outright that pot use in the US was nothing new, that it would probably never change, and that our nation needs to begin accepting these facts. Lastly, Leahy stressed the fact that our government has bigger fish to fry, and should be focusing on prosecuting violent criminals, not those lighting up joints. Although he was met with much criticism, Leahy had the numbers to back up his claims for legalization: the illegality of marijuana has led to an outrageously high prison population and a number of unjust arrests, as well as the funding of the underground weed business.

Although legalization may seem like the obvious choice for our country, not everyone is looking to hit that. Kevin Sabet, co-founder of the Smart Approaches to Marijuana drug prevention group, believes our nation will face a major problem if we are to legalize. He compared the issues faced with 'Big Tobacco' to the new idea of 'Big Marijuana,' telling those at the hearing that legalization is a dangerous path to go down. In addition, a primary issue the marijuana market faces is collecting income. Currently, banks are not authorized to issue checking accounts or credit cards

to marijuana businesses, which has made their establishments cash-only. This makes dispensaries prime targets for robberies, as well as eliminating an expansive customer base. Committee members criticized recent attempts to regulate pot sales in Colorado, saying the state was doing a poor job of keeping product legally within state boundar-



frances lasday

ies. Despite these claims, Attorney General Eric Holder of the US Department of Justice has told authorities in Colorado and Washington that the federal government will not interfere with new marijuana legalities.

Despite these serious problems, there are attainable solutions. Federal laws can begin to change, so dispensaries can securely sell marijuana to customers. A serious medical campaign may begin, highlighting both the benefits and side effects of smoking weed. Strict, unbiased enforcement of illegality and legality laws should be put into effect. And of course, federal law should be rewritten to remove marijuana from the government's list of Schedule I controlled substances.

One may be wondering how this recent upsurge of positive opinions of legalization has emerged. Last month, CNN medical correspondent Dr. Sanjay Gupta starred in his own documentary, *Weed*, where he discussed the observable medical benefits of marijuana and THC. In addition, Republican Senator John McCain has (gasp) listened to the people of Arizona, and several days ago suggested that maybe our nation should legalize. If suddenly doctors and senators are advocating for legalization, it can't be that bad, right?

As the public opinion on marijuana use is changing, so is the political. As more figures of notable status begin to speak out about safe use and regulation of pot, so will the people. Contacting my representatives and spreading the leafy love is all I can plan to do for now. I look forward to a future where state-level legalization is a common occurrence, and I can always toke my doobie in peace. ■

racial tension episode V: zimmerman strikes back

by coleburton

George Zimmerman can't seem to keep himself out of the public eye as he continues to attract media coverage over the past few weeks. His tumultuous trial and surprising verdict (well, surprising for those of us who grew up in any civilized part of the country) smacked many Americans across the face like a large, limp dick earlier this summer. Immediately after the 'not guilty' verdict was pronounced, he appeared to drop off the face of the planet, avoiding any and all public contact. That is, until he supposedly "saved" a family of four from a wrecked SUV in July. Some sources state he only pulled the father from the car and others (mostly Internet users of questionable sanity posting within online news articles' comments sec-

tions) claim the whole affair is a hoax. It's probably, in fact, true, but I personally don't see how the now rather portly man (can you say "stress eating"?) could have climbed into a Ford Explorer to save anyone. The family didn't seem grateful anyway, declining to comment on his heroics for fear of death threats from folks still seething over the verdict.

Apart from this kerfuffle, which set social media ablaze with hate-comments against the neighborhood watchman proclaiming "THIS WON'T SAVE YOU. STILL A DEAD MAN," and many other similar statements, Zimmerman didn't receive any major media coverage until the past couple of weeks. He picked up some speeding tickets recently and also a visit from Lake Mary police deputies on September 9 at his soon-to-be ex-wife's home — she had just filed for divorce the week before the incident.

The divorced-to-be, Shellie, claims that he assaulted her father and threatened that he would fire his pistol at both of them if they "stepped [any] closer". To top it all off, he also destroyed her iPad by smashing it on the ground and then slashing it with a knife. It

purportedly contained a video of the confrontation and the only evidence to back up Mrs. Zimmerman's statements. Oh, and to make matters more interesting, Shellie also suspects George has been cheating on her and complains that he has "beaten down her self-esteem" since the Trayvon Martin incident last year.

The most ironic thing about this whole story — apart from the fact that this guy seems trigger-happy and is still carrying a gun after shooting a seventeen-year-old through the heart — is that Lake Mary deputies did almost nothing about it stating, "We have no victim, no crime," in response to questions from concerned reporters. Police only held him temporarily Monday after the incident in "investigative detention," and I suspect that Lake Mary officials simply hoped to avoid the controversy surrounding the 29-year-old poster child for vigilante justice. To me, it seems that something more should have been done when you take into account Zimmerman's history of violence and the cop's own statement that they were investigating a case of "possible domestic battery." With his trial verdict hinging upon Florida's "Stand Your Ground" law and the completely inconsistent use of the statute in courts (think Marissa Alexander's case, a black Floridian who invoked the law unsuccessfully and was sentenced to twenty years in prison for firing a warning shot in the air to frighten her abusive husband), maybe the police just wanted to prevent another media firestorm from descending upon their own department. The way I see it is that I don't want to go anywhere near Florida nowa-days, mostly because I don't need to be shot for wearing a hoodie or sentenced to prison for firing a warning shot at my abusive husband. Sorry Disney World, but our blissful reunion will have to wait until Florida manages to get its shit together. ■



mariel brown-fallon

around town.



orange you glad you didn't get a *creemee*?

a review of *orange leaf*

by bethziehl

Walking into Orange Leaf on College Street can be slightly confusing at first when all you see are dispensers on a wall and a long line of toppings. Orange Leaf lets you choose your container size of large or larger and self-serve. Do not be fooled. You do not need to fill the container nor do you want to if you weren't planning on spending around \$8 on froyo. I like that employees give you the opportunity to sample flavors because they do rotate them and sometimes there's something more off-beat, like cotton candy or wedding cake, that you'd like to at least try.

You have the opportunity to mix two flavors into a twist, or, if you're someone that likes things separate, they have these nifty new dividers that you can place in your cup. One of my favorite blends is coffee with cookies and cream. Coconut is another good one. Personally, I'm hoping to see pumpkin pie there, because isn't fall about having everything pumpkin-flavored?

Once you've settled on which froyo flavors you want, you head on over to the line of toppings, which has most everything you could imagine from fruit to crumbled candy bars. Careful now, your froyo is going to be weighed to determine the cost and those toppings add up. This is where those handy campus coupon books come in and if you bring the Orange Leaf coupon in, you can get 3 ounces for free. Believe me, it's kind of a big deal. If you haven't already gotten your hands on multiples of these coupons, you should. Orange Leaf also has an Ounce Back card which gets you \$1 off for every \$10 you spend.

You may ask yourself, "is frozen yogurt really a healthier alternative to ice cream?" Or you

may not give a flying fuck, like me, in part because you are lucky enough to have a fast metabolism for now. Regardless, the main difference between frozen yogurt and ice cream is that froyo does not contain cream, so it does have a lower fat content. It does not necessarily have fewer calories though, especially when you load it up with toppings. But if you're interested, Orange Leaf provides nutrition information for their flavors.

I do have a few hesitations about Orange Leaf, one being that it can be outrageously expensive. Sure, Ben & Jerry's is expensive with its premium ice cream flavors, but to me, Orange Leaf is not ideal for families. Can't you just imagine parents giving their children the freedom to dispense copious amounts of froyo and load it with toppings? A whole family could easily spend \$40 on a family outing. Then again, that's their problem.

A positive thing is the branding of Orange Leaf. Let's face it, the name is smart. The words 'orange' and 'leaf' create a vivid image of something cheery and even somehow eco-friendly. It foos me into thinking I'm contributing to a good cause or something. While the company may support some good causes, I'm more likely contributing to my waistline.

All in all, I think Orange Leaf has a modern atmosphere and is inviting. They're clearly doing something right if they've been able to make it in the competitive froyo market. I'm not saying that I'm sold on the froyo craze, but I'm happy to mix things up every once in a while and try something different. ■



ben berrick

b-town showdown: boulder versus burlington

by vanessakahn

People in Boulder love to believe they are "in touch with their inner selves," talk about "downsizing their worldly possessions", and they listen to NPR stories about monks in Tibet. They do this all while driving their \$100,000 cars on the way to an overpriced yoga class. But don't fret, they can still be into nature because they occasionally Instagram a picture of the Flatirons to show their friends how "sick" they are at hiking.

So when people ask me why I didn't go to CU Boulder or inform me of how similar Boulder is to Burlington, I typically like to remind them that people in Boulder generally like to wear shoes, and I consider it winter when I have to wear my Steve Maddens with my skirts. Usually when I tell people I'm from Boulder, their face transforms from uninterested to confused, as they can't wrap their minds around why the hell I wouldn't have just gone to CU.

I tell them to come meet my friends from home and ask them their sentiments on hooking up with a "GDI", or a "God Damn Independent". I could not wrap my head around the fact that at CU some of my friends get asked their Greek letters before they get asked their name. If I hear one more person ask me, "Why didn't you go to Boulder?" I swear I will have to find a medium-sized cliff to jump off of. Unfortunately for me, the question is bound to come up, so I will opt to smile at the inquiry and ask them why the fuck *they* didn't go to CU if it's "so sick."

Boulder would tip its hat to the actual hippies in Burlington. I kid you not, I once heard a woman in a Burlington coffee shop say that she had to attend a wedding of a "crystal healer and a yoga teacher." And I honestly commend you people who walk around with no shoes in the fucking snow!

But we are not all hippies here at groovy UV, my friends. I actually don't drink out of mason jars, and I don't even know if our plastic forks can be composted. I'm not trying to get all cliché, but if I had stayed in my hometown I would probably be roommates with the same people from high school, bitching about the same bitches and losing to the same people in beer pong (I hope my CU friends never read this, because that's exactly what they are doing). If I hadn't come to UVM, I would not have had beer running out my nose because one of my dumbass friends fell down the stairs at a fraternity. I would never have known what "wicked" or "mad" meant, and I sure as hell would not have had the most uncomfortable, reckless and fantastic freshman year that I had. Don't get me wrong, I love Boulder and I'm not saying the grass is greener in Burlington, but there's not a day that goes by that I don't thank my lucky stars and my dead grandmother for leaving me enough money to go to school out of state. So here's to you, Vermont, you and your fucking miserable winters, barefooted hippies and all. ■

uvm: my home *down the street* from home

by emmieheadrick

We hit a ton of traffic on move-in day. Even so, it was really only a five minutes to drive to college. When I freaked out an hour later because I realized that I had forgotten my two-disc Blu-Ray edition of *Sister Act*, my dad literally just walked back home to get it for me. I grew up in a house that Google Maps is telling me is .7 miles from where I am sitting right now, yet this campus feels so far away from my home.

For the weeks, months, and years that came before my arrival at UVM, any upperclassman with whom I was acquainted always had the same two pieces of wisdom to bestow upon me: 1. campus feels like an entirely new city and 2. you're going to hate all of the bitches from Massachusetts who pretend like they're "so Burlington". Yep and yep. Bingo.

I've quickly come to the realization that UVM is not really a part of the Burlington that I know and love. UVM is an entirely new universe contained inside of a giant bubble that feels like it's made out of Saran wrap or some shit because it's so hard to pop. The school makes it so that there is really never any reason to leave; everything that you need to survive is right on campus, and you don't really think anything of it until you realize that you've gone four days without ever being more than an eight minute walk away from a dining hall. This university now defines every aspect of my being. Since I've moved onto campus, I've ventured downtown a total of six times – and four of those times were for the sole purpose of going to work. And when I'm working at this job that I've had since I was sixteen, I'm still seen just as another one of those UVM rascals working a few hours a week to earn some extra cash to cover the expenses of weekend extracurriculars. I can never shake the

"UVM is an entirely new universe contained inside of a giant bubble that feels like it's made out of Saran wrap or some shit because it's so hard to pop"

identity of being a UVM student; I can no longer live in my hometown and just be Emmie. And that's really weird.

The heartbreaking part of the campus bubble is the fact that, in general, many of the UVM students who are confined to living on campus have no idea of the true magic that Burlington holds. Sure, you have a sweater from a small boutique on Church Street, you've studied in Muddy's twice, maybe you've even stumbled across the Farmer's Market on a Saturday morning and thought "wow, local food is adorable". This doesn't make you "totally Burlington," just like wearing a flannel doesn't make you a Vermonter (it's been eighteen years and I still don't own one). All of the things that make Burlington the special place that you have observed it to be are because of the special, vibrant community that makes up this city – not because of the new college students living up the hill who move here and spend \$30,000+ a year to get in touch with their inner hippie.

Starting from scratch in a new city is hard. I get it, because starting from scratch on this new campus has even been hard. Knowing where to go and how to fit in is something that has to be learned, and with this blasted campus bubble that exists, it's hard to immerse yourself into Burlington whole-heartedly and often enough to do this learning. That being said, I urge you to try. It can be as easy as taking a day to wander through any of the streets that aren't Church Street, or picking up a copy of Seven Days and going to a couple of the events listed in its calendar. Take it upon yourself now to learn what Burlington is beyond the limits of UVM. This city has the potential to completely knock your socks off, and it's going to be a major bummer if it takes two years and an off-campus apartment before you truly experience the sparkle of it. ■

advertisement

happy hour: *catfish*

by rebeccaaurion

I'm so beyond obsessed with this show it's not even funny. Maybe it's because I'm a hopeless romantic and watch in hopes of seeing that happily ever after? Most likely it's because I, like 99% of the other viewers, just want to see that inevitable trainwreck where once again, someone lied on the Internet to snag a hottie. Either way, the show's hella addictive and deserved a Happy Hour, even if it's a miserable hour for the couple in question. As always, keep it classy, keep it safe, and feel free to substitute the alcohol for any beverage of your choice.

Take a drink when:

- There's a useless hotel scene with Nev and Max
- The "client" has "never felt like this before"/"never known a connection like this"
- Nev fails at being Dr. Phil
- Max is having no one's optimistic bullshit. Take 2 drinks if it's Nev's B.S.
- Someone cries, feels betrayed, etc.
- The Internet lover lies about something
- Nev and Max do a Google Image search
- Awkward phone calls happen

Finish your drink when:

- The lovers meet!
- There's an airport travel montage ■



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The Call for Ideas closes on 10/15/2013. Vote & Comment 10/16-11/15/2013.

reflections.

super troll 2sday: a critical examination of a cinematic disaster

by kevinkelly

The color green dominates the UVM lifestyle, whether it's describing the school's self-proclaimed environmental identity, the student body's favorite recreational plant, or the "Ver" in Vermont. However, one particular shade remains relevant to only those familiar with its masked symbolism: *Nilbog* green. Such is the hue that permeates the scenes of my favorite film, *Troll 2*, and invades the lexicon of those who maintain the film as a little-known cult classic. Indeed, the movie is regarded by some fans as a lifestyle more than a conversation starter. I might even confess that I possess a bit of a delusional mission to spread the word of this movie around the Champlain Valley, inspiring more motivated disciples along the way.

How might such an obscure film engender the kind of reactions I speak of while retaining its hidden-gem status? The answer exists within the consensus that initially propelled *Troll 2* into certain significance: it is popularly considered to be the worst film of all time. While many movies with poorly-executed performances and rushed, hackneyed releases may

claim to be worthy of this distinction, *Troll 2* features certain elements that ultimately make it the hegemonic victor within the category. First of all, there are no trolls, and secondly, there was never a *Troll 1*, at least not where this film is concerned. In an act of legally questionable decision-making, producers changed the name of the film from *Goblin* to capitalize on the release of an equally low-budget film, 1986's *Troll*.

Troll 2 features the unfortunate events that plague Joshua, a young boy, as he and his family vacation for a month in the countryside town of Nilbog. What follows is a stunningly illogical "plot," accompanied by the poor acting talents of a Utah troupe whose

line deliveries are quite literally offensive. If the lack of appeal seems equal to the mistakes in extremity, one would do well to consider the reasons *Troll 2* is so venerated.

In a world of lackluster B-movies, *Troll 2* is unique in its consistency. While other bad movies may culminate in one particularly horrible scene or character, *Troll 2* features a slow burn of increasing insanity, and its keeps you watching. But

perhaps the best attribute we are offered by this movie's existence is the human element of failure. You can tell the filmmakers really tried, and something alternative is born from the film's bid for pop culture legitimacy within a 1990's horror film institution. Instead of gaining any kind of critical or commercial traction, *Troll 2* has been resurrected as a masterpiece reflective of twentieth-century camp. In this way, I regard it as an absolute work of art, an anti-Citizen Kane that delivers a complex and rewarding sentiment true to its goal: to entertain. Oh, and, college kids, there is most definitely a near lethal drinking game involved, so it's either that or the "human element." ■



ben berrick

"the consensus that initially propelled *Troll 2* into certain significance: it is popularly considered to be the **worst film of all time.**"

BEER SNOB—continued from pg 1

Heady Topper cans are bought and sold on the internet as collectibles. Vermont has taken the beer market by storm and, hell, they are ruling it. Every time you visit a local bar here, the tap selection is evolving and changing faster than the meal plans on campus. As someone who works at a bar downtown, it is expected that you can list at least thirty beers by heart (which will also always be changing depending on the season or trends) and describe their flavor in terms of hoppiness, tartness, or astringency. To a mere Bud Lighter, the world of Vermont beer is complex beyond comprehension. I don't even know what I'm really talking about when I describe how a beer tastes, but I sure am eager to try it all.

This little state we live in offers hundreds of one of a kind, hand-crafted, love-infused beers that you can't find anywhere else in this country and even in the world.

Embrace this! For me, it took moving here and breaking away from the usual vodka-juice combination to truly start trying out the many beer options available. Deep down, I will forever be a Franzia girl, but hand me a good quality beer and I will salute you. Unlike the college I visited, UVM is unique in that we actually have access to awesome alcohol that is so nearby that you could ride your bike to the brewery. It doesn't get much closer for producer and consumer. Even last week, I met with a two-man team who started brewing just this past May with only six beers but endless passion for the future.

The beer you get in Vermont has a story and a connection to the space we share. And this is what makes attending college in Vermont only even better. Where else do parties have kegs of Switchback before Budweiser, and grocery stores have weekly

discounts on Long Trails? Beer snobbery is perfectly socially acceptable because you deserve the best and—lucky for you—Vermont has it. ■



ben berrick

the tragedy of chippy, the chipmunk

by staceybrandt

My experience with hunting is very minute and limited to wandering my backyard with a spring-loaded pellet gun, and one unlucky chipmunk that has now gone off to heaven where he/she/it can endlessly chirp and annoy the hell out of everyone up there. That's to say, I will never do any sort of "hunting" again, although I do have a lot of respect for those who obey hunting laws and hunt for sustenance. For example, when I go down to North Carolina

to visit family every year, opening the freezer is always a déjà-vu moment because it's stocked with quail and venison marked with dates from two years previous—hey, those meat chunks look familiar! Though unlike the meatloaf your great aunt has been saving in the back freezer from three decades ago, the frozen game is vacuum-sealed so it doesn't go bad, will not be hoarded for various sentimental reasons, and will eventually be eaten.

Before I confess my chipmunk tragedy, I will concede the injustices of hunting to all the animal-huggers of America: yes, humans have a ridiculous advantage over animals when hunting. And I mean literally over. Deer hunters figured out the best tactic for hunting is sitting in a tree for hours, harnessed into a tree stand. Deer would never expect a natural predator to attack from up above because generally wolves don't lunge out of trees. Additionally, I understand it is also necessary to drink Budweiser while hunting, probably because it has a similar scent to deer urine. Deer also flock to buck grunting sounds, which a hunter may recreate by simultaneously

burping and farting as loudly as possible, or by using a "deer grunt kit" which consists of a series of plastic tubes and, when assembled, looks like a military-grade kazoo.

The whole chipmunk dilemma began when someone in my house mentioned that we had a "chipmunk problem." Don't be confused, there were no chipmunks inside our house and our backyard is located in a wooded area, so one should expect various woodland creatures to cross through regularly. However, none of the other animals make a scene by running back and forth like little wind-up toys, making an obnoxiously high-pitched chirping sound and digging a network of holes in the lawn. I'm not sure of the etymology of "chipmunk," but there should be no comparisons made between them and Buddhist monks on account of no chipmunk ever having sat still for more than half a millisecond.

My father's solution was to purchase a pellet gun for all varmint-annihilation purposes, including, but not limited to, chipmunks, squirrels, and the occasional sparrow. He subsequently mounted a night scope on the firearm, fully equipped with glowing crosshairs, so depending on your mood, you can either exterminate a small animal or join a SEAL Team Six mission and kill Osama Bin Laden.

As I said before, my hunting endeavors did not tread into the depths of the wilderness and did not involve the tracking of big

game. I never had the intention of mounting the tiny skull of a deceased rodent over my fireplace. If there was any drinking involved, it certainly was not Budweiser. If anything, it was a glass of whiskey meant to assuage the guilt of taking the life of an innocent creature.

Alas, the fateful afternoon arrived when I would take the life of a slightly overweight, fully annoying chipmunk that I will refer to as Chippy. The fact that Chippy was larger than most of his cohorts and that I was armed with a government-issue pellet-gun gave me somewhat of an advantage. Chippy was about 30 yards away, and chirping loudly so as to reveal his exact coordinates. Believing there was absolutely no way I could hit a stagnant metal can at 30 yards, nevermind Chippy, from that distance, I loaded the tiny metal pellet, shouldered the gun, and took aim.

After the pop, I saw Chippy's tail shoot straight up in the air like a wild, electric shock and then collapse into the grass. *Oh my God, I thought, I hope he's alright! Run away, Chippy! Run away, friend!* I trudged through the grass, heart pumping, thoughts rushing, until I came upon Chippy, laid out on his side in a tragic pose, blood-crusted pellet in his neck. My heart dropped into my stomach. I wanted to cry as I transported Chippy's limp body via

dirty shovel into the woods. All the while, the devastation was made worse by the rousing applause of my father and brother who saw the whole thing and were now hooting, "Yeah!" and, "Nice shot!" Oh, the woes of my life. ■



julianna roen

THE CLINK—continued from pg 1

time to think (nice rhyme), and I definitely did so that day. First off, you always hear stories of prisoners devising escape plans to taste freedom; after being in there, I realized that the cops are really on their shit, so if you ever find yourself in there, don't bank on escaping.

There are no windows, so you have no idea what it is like on the outside, save for your precious memories. There is also no clock, so you have no sense of time. If you're dying to know those things, you must ask the officers; if the officers feel like telling you, they will.

They do not offer you a phone call; you have to ask. I felt like the Joker in *The Dark Knight*, I just wanted my goddamn phone call! One problem though: I did not know any phone numbers by heart. My advice: memorize one of your friend's numbers. Since none of us did and were utterly trapped, the other kids and I just chatted and shot the shit for the afternoon because we really had nothing else to do. If it were not for them, I would not have made it through all those hours of sitting down, so I genuinely thank them for that (you

know who you are).

The clock-less hours felt like days; we all just wanted to get out. Around 5PM, the officer gave us another chance to taste freedom. I craftily let the other kids go first so it would give me more time to sober up (fun fact: after the Breathalyzer is used you have to wait 10 minutes before it can be used again). My comrades both failed (again), so now it was my turn.

Just before I blew the contraption, I was told someone was coming to pick me up. I was ecstatic, to say the least; I was finally going to leave this miserable place! I felt bad leaving my new friends, but, let's be honest, I wanted to get the fuck out of there. I departed, telling them I would hopefully see them on the other side some day. My 12 hours in the clink were finally over, even though I incidentally blew a 0.02 on the way out. After roughly 24 hours of not drinking...still not totally sober. Nice.

At the time, it sucked, but, in retrospect, it was kind of fun. To summarize: it was the most fun that I never wanted to have again. That

being said, if my experience has inspired you to visit the drunk tank while you're here, just start the night with some gin and twerking, and you will get to experience the crazy guy with the plastic plate in his head, and the two deliciously disgusting square meals.

If you get locked up like I did, here are some tips to help you make it through:

1. Be friendly and social; it makes the experience a lot more enjoyable and will help the hours pass.
2. Eat what they give you; it will help you sober up.
3. Know at least one friend's number by heart so you can call them to pick your drunk ass up.
4. Watch *Scary Movie 3* and/or *The Dark Knight*, and be able to quote them (not a must, but it really helped my new friends and I pass the time).
5. Just remember...things could always be worse! ■

fashion five-oh.



birkenstocks: a double take

hate

by maggiesullivan

I've had a dreadful relationship with Birkenstocks over the years. Coming to the University of Vermont was a struggle for me, as I had an overwhelming phobia of seeing hundreds of ugly feet strutting around campus. The thought of people willingly wearing these clunky, stiff, smelly shoes had me in a fit. How could so many people be unaware that their shoes were the root of their ugliness? I was, however, grateful to find that many people here did have some semblance of fashion sense, and were wise enough to pass up on this ever-popular "crunchy" trend. I allowed myself to befriend those poor souls who wore "Birks", with the sincere hope that someday they would get hit by a longboarder, and come to their senses. Unfortunately, the epidemic of the ugly foot was more widespread than I had hoped.

Last year's fashion week explicitly featured Birkenstocks on the runway. Models were strutting their stuff in the sandals I despised. Suddenly, ugly was the new pretty (can that even be a thing?), and I was wholeheartedly confused. These shoes were making the most elegant outfits drab and dismal. Over the summer, I watched the epidemic turn to a pandemic, the ugly shoe was permeating society. The sight of a sexy man in Birkenstocks instantaneously repulsed me, and I am not easily repulsed by washboard abs and a face like Brad Pitt.

Let me put it this way: Birkenstocks are the epitome of unattractive. They are unsightly, uncomfortable, and uncomely. I'm not quite sure why so many UVers, and New Englanders in general, think this is a good look for them. It makes all feet look wide, unkempt, and quite frankly, like a Neanderthal. As if going to a 'dirty hippie school' isn't bad enough, put on a pair of Birkenstocks, and you will instantly transform into one of the ugliest people on the campus. The fascination with appearing as if you just got back from a three day journey in the woods is absurd to me.

I must say, even I considered buying a pair of these slab-like, greasy shoes at one point. I insisted it would help me make more friends here (that was not true at all). My mother intervened, forbade me to own them, and for that reason, I am slightly more fashionable, and forever indebted to her. My final PSA: clean up, kids, and don't spoil your beauty with a dumbass sandal. ■

love

by andrewjuneau

I'm sitting here, looking at zip code 05405's average highs and lows for the month of September and all I'm seeing is bad news. The temperature is only going one direction for the rest of the month: down. I grew up in Wisconsin; the problem is not me being unable to handle the cold. Do you know what this dip in temperature really means? No offense, but I don't care about annual snowfall for your

pair of good ol' Birkenstocks, and heading out for the day, will be disrupted.

Starting pretty damn soon, I will no longer be able to have my soles caressed by the soft, caring footbed of my Arizonas! The cork bedding that I have taken so long to shape to every nuance of my feet's undersides will now sit in my closet, waiting for the springtime so that my feet may fill them once again. During this winter, I will have to wake up and put on some horrible, foot-encasing monstrosity to wear while going about my day. I know what you're thinking: "Dude, you own Birkenstocks. You clearly have spectacular footwear preferences and must have some great winter-wear." Right you are, reader; right you are. Nevertheless, nothing conforms exactly to what my hooves desire quite like these sandals. They are as close to perfect as a shoemaker can produce. As they are worn, they transform to the wearer's shape. In other words, the more they are worn, the better they get! Wear them too much and the bottom gets shaved down to nothing. That being said, you really can't wear them too much. If you do, you can have the bottom replaced! Birkenstocks have quite the reputation as footwear for the fashionably unfortunate, the freaky hipsters, and the freethinkers; I don't care how you try to group us purely because we are damn comfortable. If you're like me, you'll only consider switching shoes once your toes begin to turn blue when you wear them outdoors. So here's to Birkenstocks.

If you want to wear another type of shoe, then go do it. Could some bland, shitty fashion faux pas inspire someone to wear something else with this kind of passion? I don't think so. So if you think Birkenstocks ought to be done away with and never worn again, go take your sock-covered toes, slip them into something else, and leave us good people alone. We're fine with it, there will just be more of these lovely shoes for us. ■



barry guglielmo

skiing trips. No, I don't care about the lack of good weather for your longboarding or discing. This granola-cruncher is concerned about something else entirely. What it means is that my daily routine of climbing out of bed, slipping on a

fork it over.

unlimited waste



the composting sham

by jamiebeckett

This summer while many of my peers worked with businesses or organizations building their resume performing cool internships, I worked in the produce section at Price Chopper. Aside from dealing with an alcoholic boss, this job was an almost pleasant experience. It gave me insight into the typical American supermarket, which is a saddening and soul crushing experience. Not only do you have to endure endless hours of cheesy love songs, but a significant portion of my job was to toss out produce whose quality was "subpar". The fruits and vegetables put on display must look perfect and I found myself throwing out quantities of produce that could feed hundreds. When I suggested to the store manager that they compost the thrown out food, I was practically laughed at. The sad truth is that I can't entirely blame them. Knowing the employees, the compost pile would have filled up with plastic and other non-compostable waste. Industrial composting facilities refuse to accept products that will

disrupt their steaming compost piles. Composting is a great waste reducing practice that is fairly easy to implement, yet Americans waste an ungodly amount of food each day. The fact is, upwards of 40 percent of our food is wasted. Food packaging fills up our landfills, is littered across our landscape, and is a major component of ocean cesspools such as the Pacific garbage patch. Here in Vermont, many of us fancy ourselves naturalists, environmentalists, hipsters, locavores, hippies or yuppies, and all of us know better than to think that excessive food waste is acceptable. The University and Sodexo have made efforts to minimize their impact by investing in compostable and recyclable containers, but most of the responsibility still lies with the students. It is your job as an individual dedicated to environmentalism, to properly dispose of your waste, and that entails more than you'd think. For years, the composting bins found in the DC, Redstone, and Cook have gone straight to a landfill. Ask the custodial staff yourself and they will tell you that they

frequently find compromised compost and toss it out with the trash. This year, first years have been forced on to the Unlimited meal plan. Sodexo will place a seemingly endless amount of "food" in front of you, and it will be your job to think before you pick. It's far too easy to take more than you could possibly eat, and we've all grabbed something at the Grundle that looked good, but turned out to be barely edible. While I'm not condemning you for it (like I said... we've all been there), I'm encouraging you to think before you eat. It's ok to go up and get a second serving of things, you don't need to bring it all to the table at once. And when you inevitably end up throwing part of your meal away, be aware of what you can and cannot compost/recycle/toss. Read the signs, ask questions, Google that shit, and just be generally aware of how things work. If we all make the same small effort on a daily basis, maybe, just maybe, we can start talking seriously about food waste. ■

trash.



i want you so bad

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

WANTED: A FARMIN' MTN MAN
Alright Vermont, how hard could it be
To find a man who is very beard-y?
Clad in flannel and Carhartts
Be still, my beating heart
I will bake you cookies and rub your feet,
Then you can chop some wood to give us a lil' heat
You can pluck the banjo and maybe sing too,
While I'm in our farmhouse kitchen preparing some stew (for you) (for two)
I spend most of my days sleeping and playing with goats,
You can join me too or just tend to your handcrafted wooden boats
I can provide you with offspring and a warm body at night,
Or help out on our family farm until the morning light
So come to me mountain men, and soon you will see
That I am quite a catch and could be your wifey
When: the future
Where: the mountains
I saw: a farming mountain man
I am: wife material

September was when you rubbed me down
Despite my injury I could not frown
Now at practice I hope I get slammed
So my body can be reunited with your hands
I can't get your smile out of my mind
All I want to do is touch your behind
Going out for drinks with you would be rad,
Although I'm taken... I still want you so bad.
When: At practice
Where: The pitch
I saw: An adorable athletic trainer
I am: Smitten.

Your long blonde hair
Makes me unable to control my stares
Your face and your height
Make me wanna go all night
That fine man-bun
Lets me know we could have so much fun
I want you to wrap me up in that flannel
Maybe we could even burn a candle
I get frustrated when you sit so far away
I hope you're looking for a good lay
One time I saw you at this hotel
Having to leave without you was hell
I don't know how to talk to you
But I really wanna be your boo
When: Tues/Thurs
Where: Jazz
I saw: An awesome guy
I am: Wanting it

ear

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

Casually walking back to redstone campus in the middle of a thunderstorm

Bro 1 to the group: should we start running guys?
Bro 2 to the group: I already said that and you guys said we had to look "cool" even though we know no one on this campus!

Outside a lab in Jeffords

Nerd one: How's that ahhhhh facial poison ivy?
Nerd two: Ohhh you know, same old, same old.

In the Mason Lounge

Dudebro: So of all the girls you've made out with, she's the hottest you came on?

Thursday afternoon Cyber Cafe

"Well it's Thirsty Thursday"

Grundle, Friday afternoon

Guy 1 to Guy 2 hunched over a computer: "Its like, worse than blue balls"

Outside of Given

girl 1: I got a 55.
girl 2: I got a 63!
girl 1: Well it's hard to study when you're trippin'..

Quarter to one, outside L/L B

Girl: The power of the vagina will help you with your archery.
Guy: ~continues singing on said subject ~

Brennans

Charming lad: I'd rather fuck the taco if all my friends were watching

Millis hallway, Thursday night

Girl to Guy: Alright, I need to talk serious with you now.
Guy: I can see your boobs through your shirt.

Isham St.

Bro 1: "They don't even understand how to play a game where you choose the highest card."
Bro 2: "I don't know man, I just don't mind stupid people."

Cook Commons

Dude 1: Wait, do you hear that?
Dude 2: Wait, what?
Dude 1: Oh, it's the sound of something echoing in your cavernous vagina.

Dining hall

Bro 1: Remember that time I caught you watching porn?
Bro 2: yeah, but now we watch it together so it's ok!

remember to check out the overflow on the blog!
thewatertower.tumblr.com

her love is my drug: an ode to ke\$ha

Don't get me wrong, Ke\$ha has said some questionable things in her career. I doubt she will ever read my tribute to her, because she doesn't "read anything, because [she] feels like the haters really like to hate out loud." I feel you on that one Ke\$ha, but there are a few valuable life lessons I learned from your seemingly trivial repertoire of songs.

I can sincerely say that I am in love with my "crazy beautiful life." In fact, I couldn't have articulated it better myself. Lesson number one on Ke\$ha's list is to embrace our lives even with all their imperfections. Ke\$ha wants us all to be in love with our lives as they are and "not what they should be." It's so easy to let our heightened expectations get in the way of what life is trying to offer and Ke\$ha refuses to let that happen.

Ke\$ha endorses unapologetic self-love. She is constantly in the media for her weight fluctuation and for having more of a body than many other performers. She has made a commitment to embrace the fact that she may not have the "perfect figure" but she "celebrates what [she's] got." Every kind of healthy body is beautiful, but Ke\$ha adds some variety to the fairly homogenous group of bodies that the public is exposed to. The stories of agents telling their clients that they could be famous if they got a few surgeries done or lost this amount of weight truly break my heart and, quite frankly, appall me. I commend Ke\$ha for never buying into anyone else's idea of who she should be...for better or worse.

If you listen to Ke\$ha at all, you know that almost none of her songs put a strong emphasis on having a boyfriend. She's also not

impressed with pretentious assholes and doesn't "need love looking like diamonds." The focal point of most of her songs are her and her friends going out, and making memories worth writing songs about. Granted, the lifestyle she is endorsing is less than kosher, her focus is predominantly on her and her friends.

Believe it or not, between all the booze

are the moments I want to remember and these are the stories I won't be able to replicate for my kids, they are going to have to find Ke\$ha's modern-counterpart and gain these experiences for themselves.

Not that I will be telling my kids this, but in hindsight all the waking up in front yards we did in high school made for damn good stories and Ke\$ha had something

by vanessakahn

Jack while we were "dodging all the douche bag guys." When we didn't dodge one of the said "douches" because we were getting "sleazy" and he ended up breaking our heart, she always made sure to remind us of his "teenie weenie" and life went on. I don't know, you can bash on Ke\$ha all day long, but I sure as hell did not reject a bunch of college offers to end up making it big time,



Ke\$ha talks about, she actually ends up endorsing natural highs a fair bit. I constantly embark on adventures aiming to "get a little high on life." If I think about when anyone would listen to Ke\$ha, it's in the euphoric moments of letting go and embracing the people and opportunities we are blessed with. Just today after having the unmatched opportunity of climbing a fourteener with my best friend, we blasted Ke\$ha with the sunroof open, the smell of mowed grass wafting into my car, dancing at the stoplight and receiving strange looks from the family of four in the car next to us. Those

right when she "threw up in the closet" and then proceeded not to care. I think there's a time and a place for this kind of behavior and Ke\$ha's mentality just happens to correspond with the point we're at in our lives.

I definitely won't read the Ke\$ha bible forever and even if she is still getting "sleazy" at 40 years old, I hope to be some kind of stable. Accompanying growing up comes an array of stupid things we have to get out of our systems. Ke\$ha may be one of those stupid things, but she was there for us when we "woke up in the front yard." Ke\$ha was laughing into her shot of

singing about glitter and shit. Bottom line is, if you want to find me this weekend or next, I will be getting sleazy somewhere less than appealing, but at least I will be making the most of my night like "I'm gonna die young." ■



my stupid poem

by phoebefooks

He said, "I don't know why I'm here," but he didn't seem to mind. His hand shifted the gear still intertwined with mine. Daylight was breaking on the horizon ahead, penetrating the night from which we fled. Above us a deep sea blue faded to pink and gray, and the earth grew damp as it does with each day.

But that day was the day we decided to run. Just woke up at dawn and dove into the sun. Life wouldn't seem so short, we thought, if we had nothing but time, and freedom is having nowhere to go, but everywhere to hide. So before we leave, let us plant a seed, a seed that won't grow bread, but might grow peace. ■

photo by amy dorfman



my soul's gentle shout

by tommyfalcone

These earthly impulses swell inside me
And at certain moments of clarity,
Burst through the indelible repression
Like the occluded blue light,
Dancing feverishly in my gaze
When I attempt to excavate the primordial reality
That is piled under centuries of human excrement.

For inauspicious consequences accompany those
Who attempt to eternalize being,
Whose mere existence depends upon the infrequency
That it is perceived.

We exist as the sea must.
And much like the sea,
The universe contains myriads of undulations
Propagating towards nothing.

Suffer much.
For suffering is inevitable and utterly necessary.
Embrace the residual effects of
Anger,
Hatred,
Despair.
When time comes,
It will intensify love to insurmountable measures.

Accept the duality of our conscious realm
As non-duality.
Learn to love the bleak and horrible in everything,
It has its place.
Hold onto rationality,
But be able to throw it away.
Most of all,
Love life. ■

the pretender

by bethziehl

Thick rimmed glasses and a typewriter. You call yourself an artist of words. With the clinks and chings of your machine, you think you have company into the wee hours. A cigarette smoking in a nearby ash tray. Does it ease your pain? Bed head. Newspaper clippings. Single malt scotch. You're just a fraud. I wonder if you look out your clouded windows.

You pace the room like your head is full of big ideas that you are trying to filter. I've been watching closely for the past months, trying to figure out what you're all about. It's exactly as I stated before, you're nothing but a wannabe novelist full of ideas no one cares about hearing. You neglect your girlfriend as though you are working on a story that will either make or break your future, but I know the truth. Your story is just a cover up for the sad life you live and you're praying for clarity that will never come.

Then there's her. She rides the subway to work every day, head leaning against the window, eyes looking out in a fog. She wonders what she is doing with her life, why she is dating you. She doesn't tell you about her boss who is sexually harassing her because you don't ask and she doesn't think you care. Hair down, bangs in her eyes, she's hiding. She spends rides contemplating suicide and how she'd go about it. Her story is the saddest of all.

I sit in the windowsill, coffee in hand, and I watch you from the window of my apartment into yours. Day after day, it is the same. You are the same. She comes home from work and you barely look at her as you sit hunched over your typewriter. She makes you dinner and the two of you sit across from one another, barely speaking. You stay awake long after she has crawled into bed and fallen asleep. Why don't you love her?

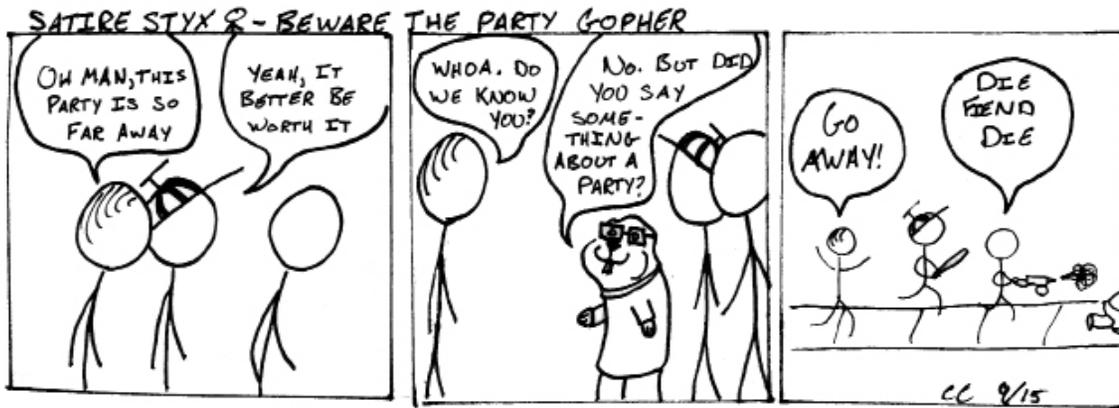
Things have been different lately. I've seen you up late all night with the light on, busy writing. What are you up to? The box of cigarettes lies there, full, your drink, empty. I haven't seen her in a few days. Is she on a business trip? No, I know where she is.

Now you sit, hour to hour, typing away on your little machine. I wonder what it is that got your wheels churning so much, what it is that is written on those pages. Then I remember that I know what the words say. I know your story. I've lived it. ■

cat litter.



collincappelle

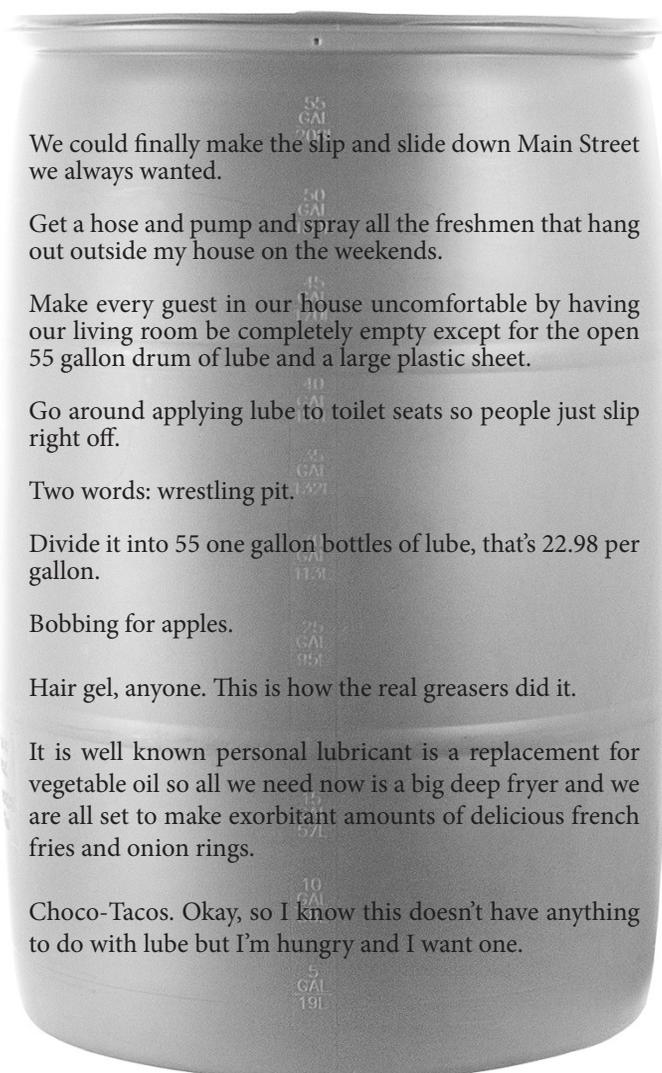


Tip o' the Week

Don't play cookie clicker, it will consume your soul and replace it with cookies.



things my friends and I can do now that we bought a \$1263.80 55 gallon drum of **personal lubricant** from amazon



REMEMBER WHEN PEOPLE WROTE "I WANT YOU SO BAD"s INSTEAD OF UVM CONFESSIONS



PEPPERIDGE FARM REMEMBERS