



the water tower.

uvm's alternative newsmag

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marius: the short life of a big giraffe

by katelyn pine

Amidst the hustle and bustle of the numerous Olympic controversies and dilemmas dominating the news, another, seemingly smaller issue was brewing in the capital city of Denmark. The Copenhagen Zoo had announced its decision to euthanize one of their giraffes named Marius. Despite a petition that had gone out a couple days before his death, and two offers from other zoos in Europe to take the giraffe in, the bolt gun was fired while Marius the giraffe ate his favorite meal: rye bread. The euthanization of Marius at the Copenhagen Zoo didn't make major headlines until the deed was already done; however, the impact it left in its wake has many animal lovers alike crying, "Why?"

The main argument for Marius' death revolves around the concept of genetic diversity. Marius was a part of an international breeding program that prioritized the heterogeneity of its available giraffes to keep the stock in tip-top shape. The goal is to not have too many giraffes of the same genes in the pool, as to not inbreed them or pass along chronic illnesses the animals may have. Marius was one of the surplus giraffes at the Copenhagen Zoo, whose genes were "overrepresented in his breeding program [and the] European Breeding Programme for Giraffes [agreed] that [the] Copenhagen Zoo [should] euthanize him," according to the zoo's director of research and conservation, Bengt Holst. It would have been hard to prevent Marius from finding love with a fellow giraffe. At his age, he was primed and polished to begin his own family; however, due to his "unsuitable" genetics, allowing him to find that special someone wasn't going to be easy,



marie brown-fallon

or possible. Rather than explore sending him to a zoo not in the European Association of Zoos and Aquaria, a premature exit from the globe would be the solution to the burden Marius presented. Substitutes

"Many agree that the sequence of events the zoo performed, as well as its willingness to remain clear and open with its decisions, were the right things to do in light of the situation it faced."

to death, such as administering contraceptives to prevent Marius from breeding, would have only diminished his quality of life. Alternatives to contraception might have included separating Marius from his female friends. Since neither process is one that would happen in the wild, many programs disregard contraception or separation as possibilities entirely.

Marius' death may have been unjustified in the eyes of many, but it is im-

portant to realize that the euthanizing of animals in captivity happens more than many would assume. Culling is the process of removing breeding animals according to specific criteria. It happens with zebras, lions, and even tiger cubs, all for the sake of regulating and diminishing overrepresentation. As breeding programs garner more and more success, euthanasia becomes an option when genetic variability is at risk, or the zoo in question simply has too many of one animal. Marius' genetic line wasn't in danger of extinction like some of the other giraffes at the zoo, making him a candidate for removal. Culling often attracts more attention when the animals are popular or cute, and Marius was no exception. The 18-month-old giraffe could probably make even the Devil himself overcome with adoration (seriously though, search Marius the giraffe on Google because he is a looker).

...read the rest on page 3

orange square:
aka **who** are these
divestment people and
why are they so angry?
by jessebaum

If you've been around campus in the last year, you've probably seen some crunchy-types and their signs advocating divestment. But what is "divestment" anyway and why are these kids so worked up about it?

Basically, UVM and all other universities in the US have an endowment—a pool of funds that comes from alumni donations (thanks, Nickelodeon) that is invested to make more money for school related expenses. However, members of our student body have deemed many of these investments to be morally questionable, particularly those that go to companies profiting from fossil fuels. The Divestment campaign asks if financial growth should be the sole variable considered when investing this sizable amount of dough—the UVM endowment is 407 million dollars. To divest would be to purposefully remove money from the unethical stocks.

But wait! UVM has organic and vegan options in their dining halls! Our campus has LEED certified buildings, and we compost, for crying out loud! How is all this possible?

Right now UVM has millions of dollars invested in hundreds of fossil fuel companies (including giants like Exxon) that depend on non-renewable resources for their continued profitability. Fossil fuels refer to carbon-based energy sources such as coal, oil, and natural gas, which when extracted and used for fuel contribute to climate change through the emission of greenhouse gasses. However, despite being monetarily invested in this industry, UVM offers fifteen majors relating to the environment, sustainability, and natural resources. Is this a conflict of interest? Student Climate Culture, the divestment advocacy group on campus says that it is. How can UVM continue to pursue a "green" agenda, and keep promoting their "green" image when it is funding the destruction of our planet?

Easily, says the Board of Trustees. Last year, Student Climate Culture drafted a formal proposal to divest UVM's holdings from the top 200 companies with the largest carbon reserves, and the proposal has been supported by every governing body on campus, including United Academics and the Student Government Association. However, the Board has engaged in some, ahem, iffy tactics with SCC, such as asking for a video defending divestment — three days in advance in the middle of finals week. They have also refused to let members of Student Climate Culture give a presentation before the board on divestment and its financial impact moving forward at UVM.

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the best news team in the universe.



inbox 

Dear **readers,**

If you walked past the library last Friday between 10 and 2, you probably saw a whole bunch of **wafer tower** staff out there trying to convince everyone to “Save the paper!” You might have been a little confused. You may have even asked yourself, “Why do they need saving?” Here’s how it is; we pay our printing up front at the start of every year. Every year, we only get half of those costs paid for by funding from the SGA, and we have to make the rest in advertising and fundraising. Last semester was a little weak in the ads department, and as a result we have until March 8 to figure out a solution to our money problems, or we lose our standing with the SGA.

We want to continue printing, and we hope that you guys want to keep reading! So if you’re a member of a club that might want to advertise with us, shoot an email to watertowerads@gmail.com. If you’d like to donate or have an idea about how we can keep printing, let us know!

Because today, we need you so bad.

—The Eds

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 dannissim & caito’hara

U.S. Speed Skating Suits—The United States Speed Skating team changed suits amid failures to medal. Even after changing out their high-tech Under Armour suits, U.S. favorite Shani Davis failed to medal in the 1,500 meters. I wish I could blame it on the equipment, but it appears to be a case of performance anxiety...happens to the best of us.

Sinkholes—A sinkhole in Kentucky swallowed eight collector Corvettes at a museum. Fuck you Mother Nature for eating up an American classic. Go chomp on a Toyota somewhere.

Sochi Shaming—Enough is enough. We get it; the hotels weren’t ready when athletes and journalists started to arrive, the water isn’t potable and there are stray dogs wandering in and out of everyone’s business. But it’s rural Russia. The people there can’t drink their tap water and have to deal with shitty infrastructure every day. Get off your high horse and calm your shit.

UVM Hockey Fans—Yes, it sucks when our school teams lose, especially when it’s hockey, on our home rink, and it’s to BC. But really guys, have some class. Chanting “Fuck you” at the opposing team isn’t exactly the greatest way to show our sportsmanship. They’re students, just like us, and the way you treated them was shitty. Do everyone a favor; grow up and represent our school like the (almost) adults you are. ■

the news in brief

with dannissim

“Our nation’s judicial system has been infected by activist judges, which threaten the stability of our nation and the rule of law.”

– **Tony Perkins**, president of the Family Research Council, a notoriously uber conservative group, spoke after a federal court in Virginia ruled that the state’s law banning same-sex marriage is unconstitutional. The verdict, along with a similar ruling on Kentucky, has been heralded as another step towards equality. Clearly, not everyone agrees.

the water tower.

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“We have not been notified of the timeline.”

– **Denisse Ike**, a spokeswoman for Veolia, one of the two companies selected to dispose of Syria’s chemical weapons, responded to questions regarding the disposal timeline. As its deadline has come and gone, Syria has only removed 11% of its weapons stockpile.

“Once we moved Opportunity a short distance, after inspecting Pinnacle Island, we could see directly uphill an overturned rock that has the same unusual appearance.”

– **Ray Arvidson**, deputy principal directory of the Opportunity rover program, comments on findings of the mysterious Mars donut. The rock that had mysteriously appeared no longer seems to support the claim of pastry eating Martians...damn.

“Marijuana trafficking is illegal under federal law, and it’s illegal for banks to deal with marijuana sale proceeds under federal law. Only Congress can change these laws. The administration can’t change the law with a memo.”

– **Senator Chuck Grassley** of Iowa spoke out against the Obama administration’s decision to allow banks to finance legal marijuana distributors. It seems that Senator Grassley hasn’t been hitting the grass.

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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.**

MARIUS *-continued from pg 1*

One detail about this Copenhagen case that is interesting is their transparency throughout the process of delivering Marius' untimely death. They made it known when they would kill Marius, completed the euthanization in a private area of the zoo, and later performed a three-hour public dissection of his body. Many families stuck around to see what the giraffe really looks like on the inside, fascination with the anatomy of these giant creatures overshadowing the act that had just happened. Once the autopsy had been completed, Marius was cut up and fed to the carnivorous lions, a fate that could have easily come upon him in the wild. Many agree that the sequence of events the zoo performed, as well as its willingness to remain clear and open with its decisions, were the right things to do in light of the situation it faced.

Euthanization is a last resort for many captive animals that just have no opportunity to live the highest quality life. Looking for another zoo takes time that many zoos faced with euthanization don't have. Marius may have opened our eyes to what really goes on behind closed doors, but the fact of the matter is that these "merciless" killings have been going on for decades with the particular species' best interests in mind. Marius' euthanization has resulted in zoo officials receiving numerous death threats and many fellow animal experts have been criticizing the decision with fervor. At the end of the day, tough choices have to be made and the consequences of those choices have to be dealt with. Euthanizing will continue until science can discover a better alternative to preventing inbreeding. Until then, Marius' legacy as an adorable giraffe with no control over his situation will live on, reminding us all of the downsides to captivity and conservation. ■

the fustercluck that is the ACA by dustinedgar

Last week, a story broke in *Newsweek* which argued that Vermont is becoming exhibit A for haters of Obamacare. After the disastrous roll out of the Internet based health care exchanges, which are central to the plan at both the federal and state level, the state of Vermont still does not have an adequately functioning health care exchange. Allegations by an anonymous tipster that CGI Technologies (the company that built the exchanges for Vermont and the federal government) misled Vermont state officials as to their progress on the exchange during a meeting over the summer have renewed debate over the merits of the exchanges and the Affordable Care Act in general. If it can't work in the liberal bastion that is Vermont, how can it possibly work in other states?

The Patient Protection and Affordable Care Act, which is referred to as the Affordable Care Act (ACA) for short, or Obamacare pejoratively and/or by the less politically astute, has been at the forefront of American politics since early in President Obama's first term. The ACA has been the focus of a long and protracted political battle which brought Congress to a halt with a series of filibusters in the Senate back in 2009-2010 and included a Supreme Court challenge in 2012. The ACA and health care reform have emerged as the centerpiece of President Obama's legislative agenda. So you may ask, what is the ACA and why is it so controversial? Does the law establish "death panels" intended to play the role of god? Why did Obama the socialist done took our jobs?!?

The most controversial aspect of the ACA is the so-called individual mandate, which requires every American to obtain coverage or face tax penalties. The idea is that if young, healthy people are mandated to obtain insurance, it lowers risk when taken in aggregate. Remember when you texted every single person of the opposite (or same) sex in your contacts list when you were single on Valentine's Day? The same principle applies. There are about 48.6 million uninsured Americans, and we don't very much like watching people die from food poisoning in emergency rooms because they can't pay the equivalent of their firstborn to obtain medical care. Hospitals thus provide these services, which are often uncompensated. This leads to a "free-rider" effect, such that uninsured Americans can obtain emergency medical services without having to pay insurance premiums. The fact that this usually forces the free-rider into bankruptcy is only incidental. The individual mandate was brought before the Supreme Court in 2012, and as reported by Fox News, was struck down. Except that didn't happen, and the individual mandate went into effect on January 1st.

During the initial debate over the ACA, opponents claimed that it would establish "death panels" responsible for deciding who lives and who dies. How can one not oppose such an argument that evokes such images of dystopia? In practice, these "death panels" never came to pass. Actually, since the ACA mandates that people with "pre-existing conditions" can't be denied coverage, mid-level employees of insurance companies no longer decide who gets life-saving medical care and who doesn't. It is said that facts are often a casualty of politics.

The effect of the ACA on economic growth is somewhat ambiguous. Republicans in Congress have latched on to a recent report by the non-partisan Congressional Budget Office which indicated that by 2021, the ACA would result in a loss of hours worked by roughly 1.5-2%. Most of this decrease is a result of fewer labor hours supplied as an effect of the expansion of Medicare and Medicaid and thus lower out of pocket health insurance costs. Also, Obama's push for health care reform does not make him a socialist. Socialism involves state ownership of factors of production, whereas the ACA legally mandates Americans to purchase a good from private firms.

Whether the Affordable Care Act will successfully create a precedent for health reform is unclear. The problematic rollout of the insurance exchanges leaves us with two lessons to be learned. First, the insurance exchanges give pretty good fodder to those who argue that the government shouldn't meddle in the market. Second, when the federal government does meddle in the market, it should never EVER trust Canadians to build a multilayered, complex piece of infrastructure. The ACA is by no means perfect, but it is a step toward remedying our failed health care system. The United States presently spends more per capita on health care than all other OECD (first world, industrialized) countries. While the quality of medical care in the US is first class, anyone who has had the misfortune of requiring medical care understands the outrageous cost of medicine in this country. Personally, I don't like the government telling me that I am obligated to purchase a good or service from a private firm. I equally dislike the idea of out of control health care costs driving our country into fiscal insolvency. ■



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around town.



the great fleming adventure

or that one time i finally checked it out

by lauragreenwood

It took me three years until I ever entered the Fleming Museum. Prior to, my only experiences with the building were intermittently sweating and shivering over the course of a class period in the lecture hall downstairs and that time my Philosophy teacher thought it would be cool to have class outside on the steps where I proceeded to incinerate in the sun. So, the Fleming hadn't made the best of impressions on me or my pallid complexion. Caught up in the usual hoopla of college, I'd never made the time to visit the exhibits even if their little posters in the basement caught my eye. Yet, I'm an avid admirer of the Boston Museum of Science, so it seemed likely that someday, somehow the Flem and I would meet. That day was last Wednesday.

My journey to the Fleming began with an exorbitant amount of advertising. I'd check my email and BAM, three new messages inviting me to the Flem. I'd pick up a newspaper and BOOM, full pages screaming at me to go look at art. A walk across campus and no doubt, flyers upon flyers. Unfortunately, we all get spammed with events happening on campus so it was none of these notices that really brought me to the exhibit. A friend of mine was offered an opportunity to play some swanky jazz at the opening and, as a supporter, I figured I'd enter the museum and do a little research.

Before I get into the actual exhibit, I want to make it clear I'm not an expert in galleries or really a qualified art critic. I am simply just a girl who knew there'd be free food, good music, and some cool art to explore. Having never been to an opening, I had no idea how fancy the affair was; thus, in true college student fashion, I wore my gym clothes. Thankfully, the Vermont farmer decked out in boots and overalls in the lobby assured me I wasn't the most underdressed person in attendance. Walking into the depths of the building, I was really impressed with the general architecture of the place. "But, Laura, tell me about the Tibetan Identity exhibit!" Hush, I'll get to that. Like I said, not an art critic, which means I'm easily awestruck by random beauty. A combo of the staircase in Titanic and Mt. Olympus, the Fleming Museum is bringing it's A-game with a grand marble staircase and balcony. I gawked while eating my free pakora and hummus. The space was beautifully modest, not demanding attention but certainly deserving appreciation—like Egyptian cotton sheets on a twin XL.

In terms of the art, I felt their entire collection was very appropriate for the Vermont community—for the most part. I laughed softly (as you do with museum decorum) at the "Cow" by Andy Warhol. I loved the personal story attached the struggling baby sitter by

"I'd check my email and **BAM**, three new messages inviting me to the Flem. I'd pick up a newspaper and **BOOM**, full pages screaming at me to go look at art."

Norman Rockwell. I laughed not so softly at the ancient Egyptian "water bong" with full description of how one smokes cannabis (nice move, UVM student). The entire upstairs was adorned with peaceful landscape portraits: some were fairly bland or lifeless, others were full of life as I was looking out a window. The Vogel exhibit was sometimes colorfully catchy, but—more often than not—it left me standing in front of a blank piece of paper with a scratchy line drawn on it, my head tilted...perplexed. I really recommend taking a slow walk through the entire museum to take in all the diverse pieces they have. From Ancient Greece to precolonial America, the backstage of a circus to the final resting place of a mummy, there was so much to take in (much like the pakoras).

I'm not writing an exhibit critique because this article would need to be twice as long, a length the layout folks would despise. But credit is due to *ANONYMOUS: Contemporary Tibetan Art*, it is the attraction that finally brought me into this unseen building and the art that really slowed down my pace. Every piece astounded me by the clashing of a traditional Asian form with an ostentatious pop of modern style and neon colors. It was a mixed media exhibit—mostly bright acrylic paintings or photos, but there were a few 3D pieces as well like the draped monastic robes. I stared in awe and admiration of how a silenced community of artists was using their artwork to demand attention. Hands down, my favorite piece was the *Roots and Mandala* (but the collage was a close second). From afar, *Roots and Mandala* just looked like a giant pencil

sketched circle. Upon closer inspection, you realized that the simple lines weave in and out of an extremely intricate tree pattern whose roots mimicked traditional Tibetan patterns. I love the little hidden gems of Winnie the Pooh and the random half-finished sketches on the side. The picture was less ostentatiously beautiful. Instead, it required a delicate kind of focus that tosses you into a Zen trance from tracing the lines. To the artist: you've put all my notebook doodles to shame, easily.

So check out the Flem, if for no other reason than the free food. That night I learned if you give them a podium, many many speeches they shall make. That a bowl + napkin combo makes the perfect makeshift Tupperware for leftovers. I still never gathered if I was supposed to talk to the students on guard in the galleries, my acknowledgements often got mixed reviews. The Fleming Museum is certainly unlike any other place on campus, and I'm thankful that I made it in there at least once in these four years. Let's hope they'll be more. ■

DIVESTMENT -continued from pg 1

The worst part is that divestment was officially rejected by the Investment Sub-Committee (a sub-group of the Board composed of three white guys) over a CONFERENCE CALL over winter break. Ummm- bullshit, amirite?

The fact is that we know that if we use all of the fossil fuels that the energy companies are trying to extract and sell, the effects of climate change will be incredibly severe and damaging to humans and wildlife globally, AND there is a huge chance that the carbon-based industries are overvalued. As governments around the world invest in alternative energy and tax carbon emissions, the carbon reserves that these companies own will be worth much less and may never be utilized, causing an industry wide bubble to "pop" much like the housing market a few years ago. It's also super important to note that divesting from fossil fuels poses a minimal risk to the endowment fund (according to several independent studies run by asset management groups such as Aperio Group, NorthStar Asset Management, the Tellus Institute, Impax Asset Management and others) so the Board can stop dangling the threat of losing scholarship money over our heads. Plus, UVM has divested before! UVM withdrew funds from Sudan in 2006 during the Darfur genocide, and before that we divested from South Africa in 1985 in protest of apartheid. This is not a question of "can we?" It's a question of "how can we?"

Finally, if you've been reading this and thinking, yeah, this is all well and good, but even if every last cent of the \$407 million endowment was invested in dirty energy, that amount is spare change to huge companies like BP... well, you'd be right. And if it were only UVM considering divestment, it wouldn't make any difference at all to any of these companies. But it's not just UVM. Hundreds of divestment campaigns exist on campuses across the country, in addition to divestment campaigns within churches, non-profits, and local governments. Vermont itself has a bill in the state Senate that aims to divest the state pension! Divestment has proven itself in past campaigns to be an effective tool in stigmatizing immoral industries politically and helping to hurt them financially. The divestment movement is currently the largest student movement in the country—are you in?

Student Climate Culture meets Mondays at 8pm on the 3rd Floor of L/L. ■



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reflections.

you booze, you looze

by victoriacassar

Unst unst unst. The music is taking over your body. It's starting to get really hot, so you put down whatever it may be: a sweater, a bag, dignity, all sense of class, or, hypothetically, a very sentimental salmon-colored t-shirt with pine trees surrounding an old truck with "Liberto" written on it.

As soon as you make the decision to climb on a chair to stash your coat into a kitchen cabinet, or in my case, between ceiling pipes, you are now dealing with an automatic 60% chance of forgetting these not-so-sneaky hiding spots by the end of the night. We all promise ourselves not to misplace our belongings, but that's usually before throwing back a few (or a few too many) shots and feeling like the Ambassador of Tequila Nation.

A house party does not simply consist of classmates and friends. It is an amalgamation of many bold alter-egos. Captain Waterhouse, Pirate Dan, and Bianca are just a few examples of people who feel that sailor hats, Gandalf pipes, and the French language are their (respective) fortes while under the influence. It is indeed magical how liquor can bestow upon us the ability to tear up the dance floor or spit sick rhymes—or at the very least convince us that we're killing it. This would be why some think their pong skills are on par with LeBron, and would also explain why someone's inner Sherlock Holmes might have thought my shirt was an indispensable clue for their investigation (which is why I am willing to for-

give you for taking it. Please give it back!). However, the sensation of being undefeatable and incredibly confident is actually one's most susceptible state. It is during this time that one would most likely participate in a round of strip poker, in which case the probability of losing articles of clothing would greatly increase, and also when the risk of kleptomania would be at

"scientifically referred to as 'alcohol-induced kleptomania', individuals suffering from this illness cannot repress their ninja alter-egos"

its highest.

Totally legitimately and scientifically referred to as "alcohol-induced kleptomania", individuals suffering from this illness cannot repress their ninja alter-egos. They are as agile as a drunken person can be, and (keeping in mind that 60% of this hypothetical situation is devoted to you simply forgetting where your stuff is) are responsible for a 10% chance of getting your shit stolen. Unfortunately, "Gas Pedal" is covering up the suspenseful Japanese flute sound effects, and they aren't walking in slow motion or on their tippy-toes either, so it's quite difficult to spot them. The remaining 30% is caused by a phenomenon

called the Pragmatic Brain-Blast, which consists of taking someone else's item because it looks close enough to yours. While in this state of mind, it makes total sense to take the coat with the furry hood, emblazoned with an "I'm a Feminist" button, even if you're a dude, and you didn't even bring a coat.

The end of the night is approaching and everyone is scrambling to get their stuff together. Perhaps you attempt to orchestrate a "search for the lost Aztec purse" with new bathroom girlfriends who seem to profoundly relate with your story, or your losses will more likely go completely unnoticed until the morning after. Either way, throw on that drunk cloak and head back to campus, because that's the only layer you've got (unless John Travolta conveniently happened to be someone's alter-ego, in which case he would probably spare his leather jacket and sing "Summer Nights" the entire way back).

Booze makes you lose stuff and that's a well-known fact. I hope these groundbreaking stats have been eye-opening and will make UVM partygoers think twice before hiding or swiping. ■

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hero for hire: adventures of an unwitting tutor

by wesdunn

It started out of the blue one day when a professor apparently nominated me to apply to be a Writing Center tutor. It sounded cool, so I went for it, and I am now in my second semester helping people with their writing.

It's great, I absolutely love it. But sometimes I wonder: "How did I get here? What am I doing?" Part of this probably has to do with the class we take along with the tutoring work, where we reflect on and discuss our sessions and writing centers in general. But the personal issue has persisted as, like a snowball rolling downhill, I've found myself acquiring more tutoring jobs. In addition to working in the Writing Center, I now spend time at a youth center in Winooski, on the Young Writer's Project website, in an ESOL class, and I'll soon be doing online tutoring appointments.

Insecurities abound. Who said I was qualified for this stuff? Why is it assumed that I know what to do? And even if I do, does that necessarily mean that I can impart it to you?

Particularly in the Writing Center, I'm

supposed to be a "peer tutor." I'm at your level (often, pretty below it), but if you need to talk to someone about doing words good then I'm there to help you work on turning what you want to say into neat prose (or poetry) on a page.

For a lot of reasons, that's not always how it pans out. People think I have some secret

"people think i have some secret to academic success, that i have some special authority or something. i don't!"

to academic success, that I have some special authority or something. I don't! The only thing between you and me (and sometimes this doesn't even make us different) is that I spend an inordinate amount of time staring at my laptop, listening to my Local Natives Pandora station and hammering on my keyboard. I'm usually in the writing zone, so I like to talk about it and help other people... um, groove with the jive, so to speak.

But in the course of potentially around

eight hours I spend doing "tutoring" things each week, I feel like this special hat sometimes gets placed on me...and I don't really look good in hats. It's tempting to take the sense of authority as a self-confidence boost, but if I have one major pet peeve, it's people who like to feel better than other people. There's self-confidence and self-

cold and omniscient **water tower** editors by the time you read it. (*Editor's note: Wes has since been tarred and feathered for failure to immaculately proofread this article.*)

Don't get me wrong – I think I can be helpful when I tutor. But I think it also bears mentioning that I am totally still learning, still figuring it out, and usually feeling kind of weird if you're treating me as anything other than a fellow person. I just like writing a lot, the same way you like whatever you do. Doesn't make any of us any better than each other. So if you find yourself in the Writing Center anytime soon (and you should, it's a really

worth, and then there's being an insecure, mousy person who finds some title to hide behind and look down on others from.

I don't have answers. Honestly, if you make an appointment with me in the Writing Center, you'll find I mostly have questions – lots and lots of questions that will hopefully help you figure out and work through what you're trying to write. I won't edit; I don't really know how to, and my own writing is far from perfect. This article itself will have been kind of gutted by the

great resource), don't look at the tutor you meet as though they're anything other than a fellow student sitting down to look at and talk about your paper and your writing with you. That's really all it is. ■

new doo: would you watch for a scooby snack?

by leonardbartenstein

Recently, I've started watching a lot of *Scooby-Doo*. There's a season of *Scooby-Doo: Mystery Incorporated* on Netflix, and that's where I'll start. To begin with, this is the eleventh version of *Scooby-Doo*, and is the longest-running, at fifty-two episodes over two seasons. I haven't seen the second season, so that's a fair warning before this really gets underway.

This series is both a reboot and a continuation of earlier versions of the show. It assumes that the older mysteries have been solved, and near the end of the first season, even alludes to Flim-Flam and Scrappy-Doo (both from 1980s versions of the show). It does, however, take the gang in a whole new direction. Shaggy and Scooby stay pretty much the same (basically stoners who are scared of everything). Daphne turns out to want nothing more than to jump Fred, who wants nothing more than to blissfully build traps (and is pretty oblivious to Daphne's advances). Velma is really sassy, which I love, and is really sexually aggressive toward Shaggy, which I'm not quite as happy about. I'm not sure I like Velma or Daphne being that thirsty, and it gets a little annoying at times.

The gang no longer lives in Coolsville, but Crystal Cove, where a mystery surrounding teen sleuths from yesteryear arcs throughout the series. They are also aided by Angel Dynamite, a kick-butt radio DJ who is one of my personal favorite parts of this new series.

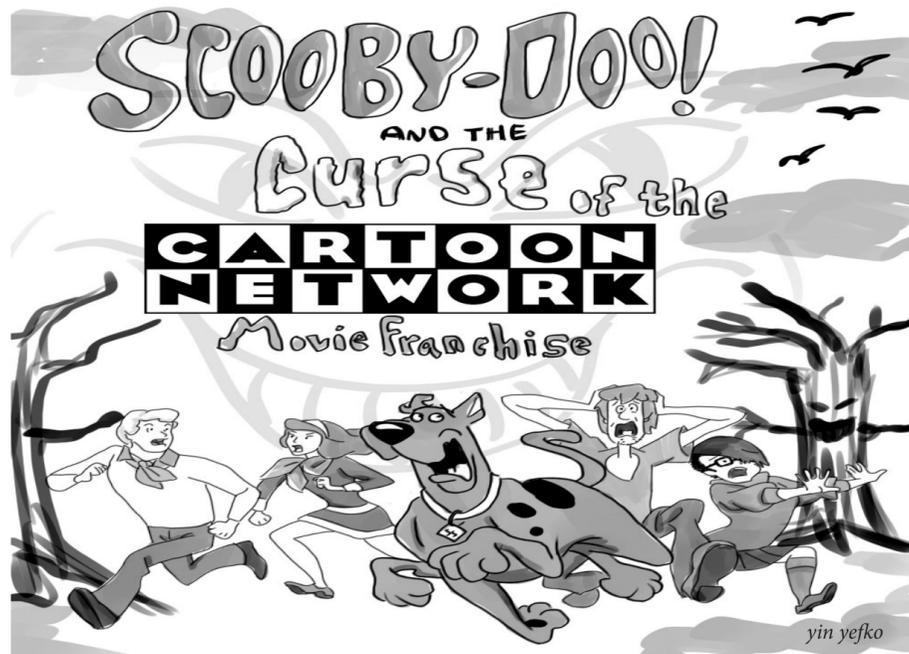
Although the gang's dynamic is a little bit different (teen mystery solvers solve mysteries with a talking dog in thirty minutes or less), it's changed just enough to be very interesting. Plus, the season finale is very dark, featuring plot twists that I didn't think I'd find in a kid's show.

The show doesn't have Casey Casem (of "Casey Casem's American Top 40" fame) voicing Shaggy anymore, but he was replaced by Matthew Lillard, who played Shaggy in the first two live-action movies. ■

Speaking of live-action movies, I rewatched those recently, as well. The first two, may I say, are simply amazing. They are cinematic masterpieces, which we will watch with fondness for years to come. The latter two...not so much.

You may be wondering to yourself: "Wait, there are more than two live-action *Scooby-Doo* movies?" The answer is, regrettably, yes. Created by Cartoon Network in 2009 and 2010, these monstrosities followed the inception of Mystery, Inc. in two movies: *The Mystery Begins* and *Curse of the Lake Monster*, which add up to about three hours of my life that I'll never get back. They put so little effort into the CGI Scooby in these movies that he gets barely the amount of screen time he should, as the title character. When he is onscreen, it's easy to see why the people who made these movies thought it would be a good idea to leave him out quite a bit. It is some of the worst CGI in a live-action movie I've seen since the early 2000s. It's hideous.

I think the point that I'm trying to make here (by taking the long way around) is that things both get better and worse with time (specifically *Scooby-Doo*). The cartoon is engaging and fun, and is really great to watch altogether, because of the central plotline that was lacking in most of the earlier incarnations of the show. The movies, however, are utterly terrible. The *Scooby-Doo* franchise is a great one, which has entertained kids (and apparently, college students) since the late sixties, and hopefully will continue to entertain kids into the future. I know I'm going to watch the second season of *Mystery Incorporated* as soon as it comes out on Netflix, because the same characters I was nostalgic for have been reinvented in a new and interesting way. And as much as I like to complain about it, I really do enjoy *Scooby-Doo* in all of its incarnations, and will keep watching those meddling kids (and their dumb dog, too!). ■



ode to redbull ~blue edition~

by phoebefooks

I've never really been a big fan of Red Bull, or any type of energy drink for that matter, due to the generic taste of non-viscous, carbonated cough syrup beheld uniformly by each of these drinks. If I wanted to make a mixed drink using NyQuil I would, but that would have quite the opposite effect of Red Bull's medley of B vitamins, taurine, and caffeine—the latter to which I am deeply and irreversibly addicted.

The introduction of the three new Red Bull editions—blueberry, cranberry, and lime—has revolutionized my caffeine intake, allowing an option that's far less passé than Green Mountain coffee and more socially acceptable than 5-hour energy to partake in multiple daily servings. Blueberry is by far the best flavor, followed by cranberry, but the lime edition on the other hand is reminiscent of the mysterious Bud Light lime-rita, forever on sale at Rite Aid (and thus forever present in my refrigerator courtesy of my extreme couponer roommate), which leaves much to be desired in terms of taste. Long live the sultry, cobalt blue can, and Godspeed to us caffeine addicts, may we survive and prosper. ■

highlight reel.

leave michael sam alone

by zackpensak

On Sunday, February 9th, 2014, Michael Sam, recent graduate and former defensive end from the University of Missouri, sat down for an interview with Chris Connelly of ESPN's *Outside the Lines*. In the following thirty minute segment, he publicly announced that he is an openly gay man. Sam, the reigning SEC Defensive Player of the Year, is projected to go in the third or fourth round of the upcoming draft, and, if he does get drafted this May, will become the first openly gay player in NFL history.

Since the interview, there have been stories about Sam all over the Internet, with ESPN seemingly producing an article per day. Unfortunately, the majority of the stories are lined with a negative undertone. Whether they are quoting NFL players saying that Michael's sexuality could cause some problems in the locker room, or his father saying that he "[doesn't] want my grandkids raised in that kind of environment," the press is solely focused on what predicaments could come out of Sam's recent announcement. But what of Sam's college statistics? What of potential NFL suitors? That's what needs to be looked at when talking about Michael Sam.

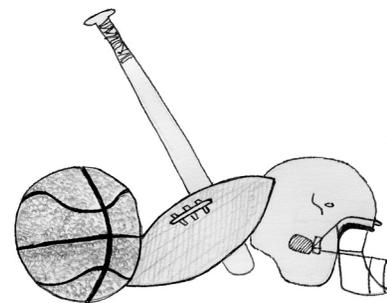
In his senior year, Michael Sam had by far his best season in college. He recorded 11.5 sacks and 19 tackles for a loss, leading the SEC in both categories. He was also named first-team All-American, by consensus, and a semi-finalist for the Chuck Bednarik Award, an honor given annually to the best defensive player in the country. As someone who is not a college football fan, I had never heard of Michael Sam before his immense media attention in the past week. However, when reading articles about Sam, I found myself utterly shocked and bewildered. This sense of

extreme surprise has nothing to do with his sexual orientation, but with his predicted draft position. I am baffled as to how the best defensive player in the best conference in college football could be on the board until over 60 players have already been taken. After an NFL season in which almost every passing and scoring record was broken, you'd think that teams would jump on the chance to get one of the premier pass rushers in the NCAA.

Michael Sam's draft position was shockingly low even

"He is not a man who is *inviting media attention*... he is a man who wants to *play in the NFL and be successful*..."

before he made his announcement on Sunday. In the days following his interview, NFL analysts have said that his draft stock will fall even further due to the constant media attention that his future team will receive. He is viewed as a distraction, and a player with a label that no team wants to have. Rob Rang of CBS Sports describes Sam's coming out as an example of cause and effect. He says that, "by announcing his personal lifestyle, Sam made it public. And with that announcement, Sam is inviting the media, and by extension the public, to follow his journey into the NFL." But that is where Rang, and the plethora of other media sources writing constant articles about Sam, are wrong.



Michael Sam is not a man who is inviting media attention, who wants to have a spotlight perpetually hanging over him. He is a man who wants to play in the NFL and be successful, a goal just like every other professional football player.

In an interview with SI the night after his coming out, Michael Sam was asked a simple question: why now? "Why now?" he responded, "Because I want to tell the story the way I want to tell it." This blunt response to an equally blunt question encapsulates Sam's motives for making this monumental announcement when he did. His sexuality is his information and his information alone, and he has the right to do with that information whatever he pleases. The announcement has nothing to do with attention, it is simply what he wanted to do. There doesn't always have to be a thoroughly thought out and complex reason for a person's actions, which there certainly wasn't for Michael Sam's.

In Michael Sam's own words, "I see no hard thing about it. I know what I got to do. I know what my focus is: It's training for the NFL. Everyone else can blow this out of proportion, but I'm not." Frankly, Michael Sam doesn't give a damn what people say or think about him. This shouldn't be a story about him trying to overcome the adversity that comes with being the only openly gay player in the NFL. This should be a story of a man working to achieve his dream in becoming a professional football player, a story that he shares with hundreds of other college athletes. Enough is enough. If we are going to talk about Michael Sam, let's talk about Michael Sam the football player, not Michael Sam the gay football player. ■

fork it over.



finding franzia by nolanharrison

A box of Franzia: the economical, easy-to-drink option that finds its way into the hands of many a weekend warrior. For the unaware consumer, making a decision from that vast vineyard of white boxes can be a little daunting. Whether you're looking to host a dinner party, kick back after a long day on the slopes, or simply unleash that jellyfish from its cardboard cage, it's easy to get lost among Franzia's myriad of tempting options. That's why I, your humble connoisseur, am here to guide you through the sensory wonderland inside that box of Franzia and help you sip, slug, or slap your way to bagged nirvana.

Cabernet Sauvignon

Flavoring: This is Franzia's boldest red. The Cabernet Sauvignon has a hearty, plum allure with a lighter, cough-syrupy finish.

Ideal Pairings: Top-shelf beefs such as Slim Jims or Matador Beef Jerky. Garnish with Funions for extra zest.

Best Enjoyed: Dramatically swirled whilst tacking up maps at an underground Resistance meeting. Eastern-European accents abound.

Sunset Blush/White Zinfandel

Flavoring: These "pinks" are near identical, but the Blush has an aftertaste that really camps out on the tongue. Both are foxy and sweet, possessing flowery, crunch-berry undertones.

Ideal Pairings: Cinnabons, Welch's Fruit Snacks, Nerd's Rope

Best Enjoyed: Watching the actual sunset while knee-deep in swamp water, deboning a freshly caught gator.

Chardonnay

Flavoring: A smooth and refreshing white, reminiscent of a pail of white grapes filled with rainwater. Franzia's Chardonnay has been heralded as the most chuggable wine developed by science.

Ideal Pairings: Filet O'Fish, Easy Mac, Hushpuppies

Best Enjoyed: After a 5k, slurped from a drinking fountain, or stored in a Camelbak.

Pinot Grigio

Flavoring: These sensitive little grapes are enticingly dry and tart, like the tongue of a sensuous, yet stern mummy.

Ideal Pairings: A wilted on-campus Caesar salad box, string cheese, any of the grilled numbers from Charlie's Chicken

Best Enjoyed: In a Sprite can at your younger sibling's cello recital. Theatre Binoculars are a must.

Chianti

Flavoring: Notes of a heavier, nutty wine, but with the drinkability of a melted raspberry Popsicle.

Ideal Pairings: Liver, Fava Beans, Raisinets

Best Enjoyed: Clenched in a free hand while marathon-Snapchatting an uninterested ex-hookup.



julianna roen

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

To the girl with the prettiest smile
And the battiest tattoo
Just wanted to tell you how deeply
I truly care about you

All those summer nights with tequila
Eating pizza until we cried
In kandi, fannies, and glitter
You're always by my side

I could write this poem forever
My love for you knows no end
But I hope you already know
I think you're the perfect friend

Next week's the big twenty-one
I'll see you at thirty-eight
I promised you drinking in lingerie
So of course, I won't be late

When: As often as possible
Where: To the sun & moon and back
I saw: My Wonder Woman
I am: Mermaid Man

what if i'm supposed to be with you instead?

When: do I consider this? every day
Where: it got real? Ri Ra's
I saw: you in a different way
I am: so unsure

Even though
we're miles apart,
you somehow managed
to steal my heart.

My broken spirit
you have mended,
turned it to
a garden tended.

For all of those
who care to listen,
to read the words
that I have written,

Cherish loved ones
every day,
or regret it
when they're far away.

When: everyday
Where: everywhere
I saw: a couple saying goodbye
I am: missing someone of my own

We spoke about magic
you talked about magic
I'd like to see if we can make some

When: V-Day
Where: Votey
I saw: a cute and friendly nerd
I am: an awesome, sexy person



Despite all of the lovers in this town,
And couples, boyfriends, girlfriends, all the sex,
My face would be fixed in an eternal frown,
If the **wafer tower** left this campus next.
So donate something, help them to regain
The funding and respect that they deserve
These poems just one part of their campaign
Providing stories, humor they observe.
If everyone at UVM just gave
A dollar, even less, say fifty cents
The **wafer tower** you would help to save
By covering their debts and their expense.
So don't hold back, they need some money, too
'Cause after all, they do this all for you.

When: Valentine's Day
Where: in front of Bailey H owe
I saw: a bunch of hot **WT** staffers
I am: the phantom poet

You've never had a poem
or a song composed for thee.
Then this will be your first one yet.
You are my addressee.
So what you are still single;
you're not a half to one.
The holiday's still going on,
the night is not yet done.
Or maybe you're just really shy
(or ugly, even worse).
This campus has a lot of folks
with preferences diverse.
Or maybe you're, still reeling from
a break-up, damaged goods.
Or maybe they just don't quite get it,
and you're misunderstood.
Perhaps you just can't open up,
or maybe you're afraid.
You've got to open up to life
or die a sad old maid.
(Or maybe you're just waiting 'til
you're married, what a joke!
Give up, we're not religious here!
Just give or take a poke.)
Or maybe you've high standards;
no one is good enough
in spirit, mind, or attitude,
and/or they're not hot stuff.
So what, it's just a holiday,
a commercialized affair.
It's an excuse to go get laid.
(How can Christmas compare?!)

When: whenever
Where: wherever
I saw: someone who looked like he/she needed a poem
I am: the phantom poet

I see the item rolled and light a match,
-the pause within the air seemed like a year-
the flame ignites the paper with a catch,
and breathing brings in sweet smoke fairly near.
Inhaling, then I smile, then I wait
a second, then I puff and smile twice
and pass it, ever gently, to its fate
to lift the others with its form so nice.
As ganja and tobacco flavors meet,
and it is passed (to left) the smoke's flowin'
and up it travels, drifting from the heat,
and suddenly, now we're all easygoin'.
I want you-need you-every single day,
so be my Valentine, my spliff. Okay?

When: erryday
Where: errywhere
I saw: a fat spliff
I am: fiendin'

the 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

Aiken Center

Wildlife Bio major 1: Sloths go all the way down to the ground to poop.
Wildlife Bio major 2: *Nods*
Wildlife Bio major 1: Why the f*** would they go all the way down to the ground to poop?!

Tupper

Curious Gent: So who haven't you made an official complaint to for indecency? You know what you're being? You're being a curmudgeon!
Pseudo-curmudgeon: No, curmudgeons don't do this when Katy Perry comes on. *starts shaking hips*

Bailey Howe Library

Dude 1: Dude, I'm a raging pescetarian.
Dude 2: What?
Dude 1: Yea, I have not eaten meat since the super bowl.

Waterman

Freshman girl: Just like, expand your horizons, you know...I mean, I might consider not living in the Honors College next semester.

Mercy

An inspiring lad: Motivation is quotivation when you have to quote someone, ya feel me bro?

Fireplace Lounge

Intellectual man: Yeah I would definitely have to say that conception is my favorite part of the life cycle

Votey

Math professor: ..and we used to start each class by sacrificing a chicken to ward off evil spirits.

Kalkin

Gent: It looks like someone didn't sleep in their own room last night...
Lass: Well, at least one of us got laid last night, and it wasn't YOU!

Perkins

Neat Freak: ...and we're going to mop.
Friend: Wait, you guys mop?
Neat Freak: Of course we have to mop! There was a fire, and the firemen went to every room, and they didn't, like, kick off their shoes....

Waterman Cafe

Optimistic Girl: I feel like, when you really love each other, it's just like, so easy to just...spend forever with each other, you know?

Late Night Somewhere

Farm Boy: I'm concerned my jacket smells like cow shit, but I love it when I put my hands in my pocket and pull out hay and screws.

tunes.



timber o' timber

the party song for 2014

by marilyn mora

As this sentence is being read, you, the people around you, UVM, Vermont, the United States of America, the Globe, and probably even your mom, are yelling, "Timber!" While there is chance that a small portion of those mentioned are in the lumber profession and just felled a tree, it is far more likely that they are listening to the song of our generation and arguably one of the single greatest pieces of music ever created, "Timber."

Now it is safe to assume that at least one person is already thinking (or saying), "Are you fucking kidding me?" And to this I respond, absolutely not. With obvious and unashamed use of auto tune, nonsensical, repetitive lyrics and a seeming attempt to pass computer skills off as musical talent, "Timber" admittedly has its flaws. From a technical standpoint, you can be as snobby and judgmental as you please. However, you can't deny Timber's prolific playing or recent success. And from this fact, I hereby assert that for three reasons "Timber" is not only a glorious musical creation, more alluring than a Siren's call, but absolutely essential to any successful party of 2014.

Reason 1: Timber is catchier than a cold in college (or STDs...)

Regardless of any personal feelings towards the song, it is pretty impossible to not have "Wooooah Wooooah Wooooah (timber)" running through your head at least once a day. And, when the song is actually playing, let's all just be honest here and admit that it defies human nature and will power to not sing along – or hum. For better or worse (and I'm hardcore batting for the better side) "Timber" is a catchy and memorable tune.

Reason 2: Repetition and emphasis of the phrase 'going down'

What exactly the song means by 'going down' no one actually knows, but that's not the point. The point is that when "Timber" comes on, blaring through basement, attic, and dorm speakers alike, you know a lot of shots are about to be taken, elevated surfaces are about to become more occupied than Wall Street, and that you are beginning the process of making a night you won't remember with people you won't forget. By repetitively using the phrase and at the beginning of the chorus, "Timber" has become the ultimate pump-up, pre-game, party poppin' song by alerting all listeners to tighten their seat belts and keep all hands and feet inside the vehicle because the night's about to take off.

Reason 3: Timber is easy to sing under the influence

The benefit of Ke\$ha herself not being able to sing is that the song still sounds correct when you and three friends scream the chorus in a bout of drunken euphoria. Owed again to the songs catchiness as well as its pretty simple and repetitive lyrics, on a table, on the floor, makin' friends with the toilet seat, you can and will always remember the lyrics to "Timber." And you'll probably try and sing it.

Owed to its catchiness, repetition and emphasis of the phrase 'going down' and ability to be belted even black out, "Timber" has transcended the confines of being just a song, and now hails as both an anthem of a good time and a majorly played and requested single. Not just on the radio or climbing iTunes charts, but here at UVM and colleges nationwide, allegedly mature and legal adults are not only listening to "Timber," but demanding it be played. And as they should be. "Look up in the sky, it's a bird, it's a plane Nah, it's just [Timber]" playing anywhere and everywhere and demanding that "you better move, you better dance." So to all you naysayers still out there, you can either fight it or give in and start dancing and belting. Because "Timber" isn't goin' anywhere anytime soon, and it's a lot more fun to just give in. ■

album grades: a review of after the disco

by mikestorage

The partnership between James Mercer and Danger Mouse continues with the second release by the Broken Bells entitled *After the Disco*. Ahem, more like the disco is here and now! The second installment features a much more up-tempo album that paces through listeners headphones. Mercer's voice pulses through the eleven tracks of the album, and Danger Mouse provides the techno pulses that perfectly accompany his vocals.

You all remember James Mercer, of course, as the lead singer and guitarist of the indie band, The Shins. However, the man has changed up his sound quite a bit while headlining for Broken Bells. His songs are much more fast-paced, and feature additional punctual guitar rhythms and riffs. While we all adore The Shins for their soft-spoken, introspective musings on life, Broken Bells wants no part of that. Instead, on their latest album, Mercer has spoken words of apprehension about the future, pointing to the present as a joyous time. Well, enjoy the transition, and if you prefer Mercer's role in the Shins, you'll find plenty of what you like in their new album, *Port of Morrow*.

Accompanying Mercer is the legendary producer Danger Mouse, aka Brian Burton. Burton has produced some great albums, including *Demon Days* by Gorillaz, the *Gnarls Barkley* albums, Beck's *Modern Guilt*, and two Black Keys cds. Danger Mouse is accomplished as the conductor of albums, and he successfully combines up-paced techno beats with darker sentimentalities. In a rare interview, he stated that he wanted the role of a movie director in music, and he definitely leaves his mark on his associated albums.

After the Disco is certainly worth a listen, especially if you appreciate either of these individual artists' respective works. You should also check it out if you appreciate music that gives a techno twist on the traditional alternative genre. While Danger Mouse/Brian Burton's additions can feel a bit superfluous and artificial sometimes, they are funky and cool at other points on the cd and are really fun to listen to. The first half of the album is definitely better.

Check these guys out at the Metropolis venue in Montreal on March 4th.

Grade: 8/10

Best Songs:
"Perfect World"
"After the Disco"
"Holding on for Life"
"Medicine"

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créatif stuffé.

the cipher

with lauragreenwood

Stretch out those hip-hop hamstrings, Uvemcees, because it's time to bring your rhyme-slingin' to the water tower. When you work hard and play hard all week long, nothing puts your mind at ease better than lyric therapy. This week, you've got a first-class ticket to **Studying Abroad.**



How you do college, now that's up to you.
It's a time for independence, so do what you do!
But I gotta be straight about something so naggin';
Study abroaders you have gotta stop braggin'!
So what? You packed up, sent your forms and flew?
You made it to Paris? Oh joy! Great for you!
As I'm sitting in my room with a big storm brewing,
Incessant Facebook pics got my temper stewing.
Foreign cities, old churches, monuments obsolete
You sitting on the beach, sun shining, bare feet?!
I wanna say I'm happy cause you're happy and we're friends,
But you've gotta stop the posting, gotta quit this trend.
Take your time, soak it up, get middle-class cultured,
For now I'll just be pickin' your Insta, straight vulture.
Vermont winter's been chill, so thanks for asking,
Oh wait--you've been too busy exotic seaside basking!
So I'm a jealous fuck, I'm not afraid to admit it.
Checkin' your Twitter on the constant, I just can't quit it.
Looks like you're having fun...which is cool, I guess;
But let's have the deets in person; for our friendship, that's best.

by the trip-ridin', flow-flyin' L. G-Unit ■

professing

by alexgriffin

two guys are talking about small government
and the Swedish model
and macroeconomic decision making
French socialism
Merkel
yadda yadda
from opposite ends of the political rainbow
butting heads in the way that
two crosswinds
just become a bigger problem
for whatever's between
which here is usually the truth (quote unquote) I imagine
one shoves a burger into his mouth and rolls his eyes
to something about welfare cuts
("is that really what you want for society?")
their eyebrows arch towards each other
gleaming like crowbars

I had a philosophy professor
who said that in the two decades he'd been doing the whole study thing
he'd only changed his mind on one thing ever
(some obscure point of epistemology)
one time I stalked him online
and saw him sing karaoke in a DEVO hat
and found he played in a goofy hardcore band
with songs about jerking off into towels
in the early '90s
and looking at him now
I know he has the same taste in dick jokes
one of them has a class to go to
they talk about buying weed
"fun discussion"
"good time"
he walks off smiling
like eight year olds laughing about farts a few minutes
after trying to crack the other's skull open on the pavement
nothing altered, nothing decided
dry effort cracks a smile
and someone somewhere puts their hand into a towel
and takes it out sticky and dripping ■

what i found in the woods alone

by leonardbartenstein

I went to Cub Scout camp, and when I was there, they basically let us do whatever we wanted. There was an abundance of authority, almost half of the campers' fathers coming along in lieu of extra counselors, but somehow we were able to do, conceivably, anything. I was able to buy slushies and chewing gum and Pepsi at the camp store, which I would not have been allowed to have in such abundance at home. There was also a tendency for tall tales at that camp, one of which was the story of the ten-foot, man-eating black snake that lived in Lake Dawn.

There wasn't really much of anything to the story. It went that in Lake Dawn, which the camp wrapped itself around,

there
lived a
ten-foot-
long
snake.
It ate
camp-
ers. We
had to be

"there was a tendency for *tall tales* at that camp, one of which was the story of the ten-foot, man-eating **black snake** that lived in *Lake Dawn*."

careful if we walked alone or went fishing without someone supervising or else we would, without a doubt, be eaten by this basilisk. There wasn't much supervision to be had, though, so walking or fishing alone was no special occurrence.

One day, when I was walking back from the camp store with a vanilla Pepsi and spearmint Trident gum, I was working my way through the woods on the way to the campsite for my Cub Scout Troop. There was a terrific sense of liberation, some sort of an *adult* feeling that this lack of watchful eyes had given me. As I went, I was looking down, scouring the ground for some sort of walking stick. I didn't really need one, because I was ten or eleven or something, and spry enough to not need to lean my weight on a stick. All of the cool kids had a good walking stick at the camp, though. Sometimes we fought each other with them while the fathers sat around the campfire, mumbling something about us earning our official Cub Scout "Whittling Chips," which would allow us to use knives on our own. They didn't care enough to police that, though, and all of the boys were able to carve the bark off of their walking sticks without the

dads ever knowing.

That was about the time when I saw the large black form on the ground, long and winding, wrinkled, like my Catholic school uniform before my mother ironed it. It was a rubber snake, about three feet long, laid out on the ground, right in the path that people followed to get back to our camp. It was really a pitiful attempt to replicate the monster that we had been told about; it was puny compared to the legends. I supposed that it was the best that someone could do—fitting a rubber snake into their footlocker along with all of their other camp supplies (which were listed on a handout before we left, and included things such as "camp cooking

kit" and
"shower
shoes",
among
many
of the
things
we were
told to

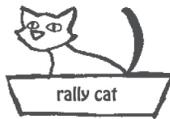
bring but did not use while there), but it would be a tight squeeze.

Well, I thought, *I had better bring this back to camp, and show that the jig is up.* There was no use in leaving the thing out there; it had already fooled someone. If it worked on anyone else, that would just be overkill. I bent over, reaching my fingers toward it.

When I picked up the snake, lifting it a few inches from the ground, I realized that it was cool to the touch, though there was no reason for that to be strange. The moist ground, covered by old fallen leaves from the previous autumn, would have been cool. But the skin of the rubber had the wrong feel, by way of texture. It was slightly hard on the outside, as if there were actual scales. Perhaps it had been left out in the weather, and the rubber had hardened. The weight of the snake felt off, as well. It was either too light or too heavy, but I can't remember which. It was strange, though.

It was especially strange when the rubber snake slithered out of my hand and away into the woods, down toward the lake. ■

cat litter.



collincappelle



It's like NBC intentionally ate a whole bunch of Mexican food the night before just so they could take a big shit on the Olympics and ruin it for everyone. Just go home NBC. No one wants you.

Tip o' the Week

We are now on youtube. You can watch this page be made. Just search UVM Water Tower or copy the url below

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=494OXa54RQ8>



where your tuition actually goes

As we are all aware, we do not really know where our tuition goes. However, due to my recent involvement with parties who want to remain nameless I have gained insight into what actually happens to our tuition payments. What I have found is that most money does not go into construction projects, administrator salaries, or even into the investment of fossil fuels and Nicaraguan Death Squads as previously thought. In fact, the truth is much more interesting. I have compiled a list of the three biggest portions of the annual budget. They are as follows:

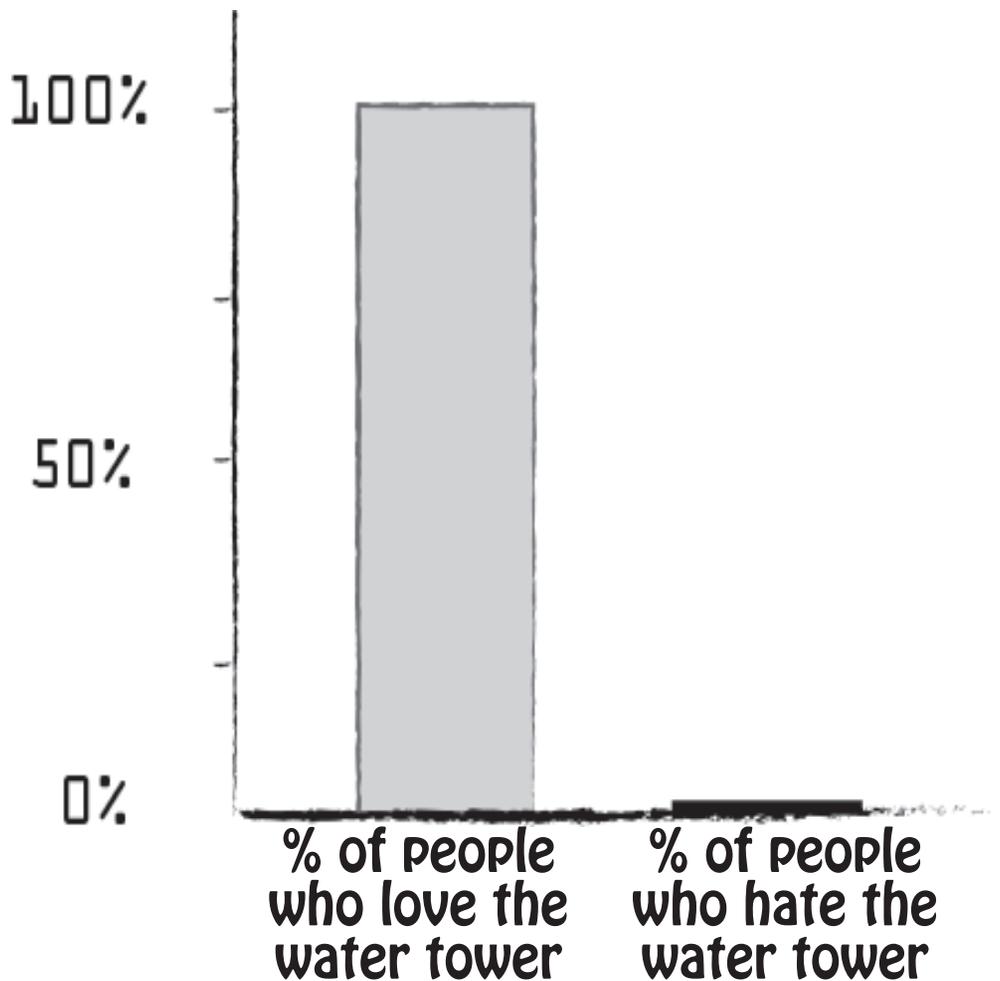
Research into creating an Orange Rhyming Dictionary – It was previously assumed that there exists no words in the English language that rhyme with orange. Researchers at our school have tried hard to counter that belief since 2006. The research group, which is a part of the Rhyme School (one of the Colleges here if you haven't been paying attention), has been drawing massive resources in their attempt to create what would be the most outstanding achievement since the monocle. The last major breakthrough in this area was in 1998 with Jets To Brazil's debut album, *Orange Rhyming Dictionary*. Now, while this album is really good (like really really good), it actually did nothing substantial to further the number of words that actually rhyme with orange. This project is UVM's biggest receiver of money getting about 700 million dollars annually. On the positive side, the research group has said they are homing in on the first word.

Attempts to get Neutral Milk Hotel back together – I do not know why the University has tried to keep this one quiet as most UVM students would probably agree with this policy. Ever since their break-up after *In the Aeroplane Over the Sea*, UVM has been spending about \$200 million annually in payments to the members of Neutral Milk Hotel in order to have them create new music. The attempts have largely failed, although NMH is currently in a reunion tour lasting until August, so at least that's cool.

Ninjas – I mean the one word pretty much explains it all. Any respectable university needs a coalition of ninjas, and UVM is no exception. The ninjas keep balance on campus. UVM spends about \$100 million annually to keep the ninjas from growing angry. No one wants angry ninjas.

a shocking new study says the water tower is #1 in UVM's heart

by leonardbartenstein



*a population of one was sampled for the study