Dear Tom Sullivan,

In your email on February 10th, you told the “unique student body” of this prestigious academic institution that we all have so much going for us, that we hold “deep connections and concerns for one another,” and that you shared “responsibility for the larger world.” This is all true, but you go on to explain how many of us also suffer from various unhealthy life-choices, such as high-risk drinking, “misuse of marijuana” (how does one misuse pot?) and prescription drugs: mainly pointing out that these problems block many students’ paths to a rewarding education and bright post-academic future.

I can’t disagree with your observations of degeneracy throughout the student body. However, I do vehemently contend the assertion that such unhealthy practices are so detrimental to our college careers. Not because these make learning any easier (in fact they don’t), but because such excesses do not always correlate to lack-luster grades, poor participation in and out of class, or unfulfilling post-graduate experiences.

Sure, many people skip class because of hangovers, push assignments to the side to smoke or drink, and generally procrastinate to participate in debauchery, but why shouldn’t we have the choice to do so? I know plenty of people who regularly pursue such pastimes yet still do well in school, participate in extracurriculars and find most classes rewarding. Furthermore, plenty of UVM students seem to dislike many of their courses, seeing them as annoying chores, and believe readings are entirely optional.

For them, it’s like getting a degree is just another troublesome step towards adulthood in a process begun in kindergarten. Some could care less as to whether they get a diploma in Economics or Sociology as long as they can get a job outside of the fast-food industry upon graduation (and get wasted as often as possible before real life begins).

The problem here (and I imagine with many state colleges) is that so many people lack the essential drive to challenge themselves academically, preferring to float through university life high as a kite or inebriated beyond cognition. Whether or not they can blow a .15 most Friday nights or still get high, and the creeps will still roost unsuspecting party-goers. It’s “Groovy-UV” after all, and you can’t change that; nor can you quickly change a party atmosphere into the corner of their minds already spilling over with PSAs, D.A.R.E. programs, and Reagan’s “War on Drugs.” In the end, the frat-bros will always drink, the stoners will still get high, and the creeps will still roost.

“Brilliance, intelligence, and innovation do not always come from straight-laced, do-gooding puritans leading lives devoid of fun or excitement.”

...read the rest on page 4

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by coleburton

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by dennisim

Ever since same-sex marriage was officially recognized in the state of Massachusetts, there has been a slow and steady battle to obtain legalization throughout the rest of the United States. With a supportive president in the White House, the cause seems to be getting brighter. These past few weeks have been big, starting with the U.S. Justice Department’s policy changes extending certain rights to same-sex couples. Later, both Kentucky and Virginia had monumental court rulings. And in this past week, Oregon decided that it would not defend its ban on gay marriage.

Over the past few months, the federal government has been taking more aggressive steps to protect same-sex rights. In January, when the state of Utah overturned its decision to legalize same-sex marriages, the federal government announced that it would recognize the marriages that were performed regardless of the state law. In a similar step, the U.S. Justice department has moved to expand the legal benefits of same-sex couples including bankruptcy rights, prison visits, and survivor benefits to partners of police officers and firefighters killed in action. Speaking on behalf of its decision, U.S. Attorney General Eric Holder said, “It is the [Justice Department’s] policy to recognize lawful same-sex marriages as broadly as possible, to ensure equal treatment for all members of society regardless of sexual orientation.” Another monumental aspect of this decision is its recognition of the rights of same-sex couples in states that do not legally recognize gay marriage.

Almost as if in response to the U.S. Justice Department’s decision, a federal judge in Kentucky ruled that Kentucky must recognize same-sex marriage performed in other states. While it has not changed Kentucky’s legalization status, it can’t be denied that the tide is turning. In response to his decision, U.S. District Judge John G. Heyburn looked to other cases involving same-sex marriages, interracial couples, and segregation. “Each of these small steps has led to this place and this time, where the right of same-sex spouses to state-conferred benefits of marriage is virtually compelled,” he said.

Virginia countered with an even more aggressive decision, with a federal judge... read the rest on page 3

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by dan

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by sarah

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by dave

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by lauragreenwood

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it's finally hitting the fan: the rise of violently antagonistic “governments”

by wesdunn

On Tuesday evening, I sat by my laptop with a tab from the Espreso TV Ukraine open, showing a live feed from Ukraine. It was just short of 4 in the morning there, yet there was plenty of activity in Maidan. Kiev's independence square, which looks like a helicopter with its ring of bonfires and tightly packed masses. A few people were silhouetted standing guard atop a barricade, occasionally throwing stones or Molotov cocktails off into the flames and the riot police presumably on the other side. This was a lull. Earlier that day, massive violence erupted after a brief period of peace, and at by the end of the day at least 18 people were dead, seven of them police officers, while hundreds were said to be injured. Since then, the week has been relentlessly violent, with protesters battling police for the Maidan and other parts of Kiev. Other Ukrainian cities are in on the action too. Police quickly upgraded from using water canons and tear gas, and switched to using live ammunition -- many of the deaths have been from trained snipers, with one of the volunteer doctors at the protest camp complaining that there is too often simply nothing to be done, the shots are too well-located and direct. BBC and other news outlets are calling Kiev "a virtual war zone." At this point, the death toll is around 80, and close to 600 people are injured in the fighting.

Earlier in the week, things were seeming to be quite peaceful, as an amnesty deal from the government took effect and protesters began to leave public buildings they were holding. But Tuesday saw a crucial debate in the Ukrainian parliament on voting to amend the constitution to restrict the powers of president Viktor Yanukovych. In anticipation of the vote, 20,000 protesters marched from Maidan to the parliament offices. They encountered riot police and the news that Yanukovych's pro-Russia parliamentarians were thwarting the attempts to have a vote. Since then, the violence has been renewed with unprecedented vigor, and Kiev is currently still shut down as the battle rages on.

The protests, which began in November, will continue to burn hot as long as Yanukovych continues to consolidate power and remain openly close to Russia. And it's not just the Ukrainian government's fault. Russia and the European Union are posturing and pointing fingers, puffed chests across their sides of the Ukrainian divide. On Monday, Russia announced that it was sending 2 billion dollars in aid to Ukraine as part of an economic bailout. Economic hardship and political corruption are the driving factors that brought the Russia-European Union issue to the forefront. Both sides of the battle in Ukraine see the country as faltering – the conflict is over which way to turn for solutions. Yanukovych and his followers, mostly from the industrial west, want to remain in the warm embrace of mother Russia. The opposition protesters, noted for including most of the younger demographics, want to break from that and become part of the EU. The sheer violence that is now erupting from this central conflict is incredible. Meanwhile, efforts by leaders from the opposition to negotiate with Yanukovych have apparently failed.

I can't help but notice that there seems to be a very pervasive trend across the world these days. Perhaps it is related to increasingly drastic economic disparity, or other reasons, but it seems that many governments are no longer connected to vast portions of their constituency. Whether it's the Arab Spring, Syria or Ukraine (or here? Hmm), governments are disconnected and as we see, actively fighting and killing citizens. Sound dramatic? Take a look at any of the pictures some incredibly daring Reuters photographers are snapping in Kiev. When I said hellscape, I meant it. Fire, blood, all that jazz. One thing these governments tend to value is a lack of attention to their antagonistic efforts (cough, USA). But in Kiev, the revolution is highly televised. I can sit in my pj's and watch protesters shoot fireworks into riot police or watch police on rooftops aim Kalashnikovs into the square. As of Friday, a deal has been signed between the pro-EU opposition and the acting government to end the fighting. The older constitution will go back into effect, early presidential elections will take place in September, and in return, the protesters have to turn in their weapons. The thing is, after several days of brutal fighting, telling many of the numerous factions within the protest camps to pack it up and turn their guns and rockets in probably will be easier said than done. I don't think this stops here – we're in for a wild, bloody, revolutionary 21st century, where the increasing stratification in countries all over the world (cough, Venezuela) will be boiling over.

Perhaps it is related to increasingly drastic economic disparity, or other reasons, but it seems that many governments are no longer connected to vast portions of their constituency.

How will you leave your legacy?

Register for Recruitment Weekend
March 14-16

uvm.kappadelta.org

STEPS - continued from pg 1
Brilliance, intelligence, and innovation do not always come from straight-laced, do-gooding puritans leading lives devoid of fun or excitement. Just look at cultural icons like Hemmingway, Kerouac, and Hunter S. Thompson—even Obama was a stoner. Basically, passion and drive to do what you love mean more than any GPA or SAT score and those who come out successful in the end will be the ones with these attributes; over exuberance during your twenties does not preclude these traits.

Furthermore, to truly change the environment here in the ways you set forth will require a dynamic shift in those prospective students whom UVM accepts, and not just initiating support groups. As an institution, you can’t just take the ones whose parents donate thousands, who attended the best private schools, did well on unbalanced standardized tests, or managed to get As and Bs in America’s woeful primary school system. To boil this down, UVM needs to find a better way of sorting out who’s hot and who’s not (in a purely academic sense). Unfortunately, I don’t think this relatively large research school will be innovators in acceptance tactics anytime soon.

Ultimately, if you can attract and retain the pupils who project a passionate drive for success (instead of a checklist of mediocre accomplishments) then it won’t matter if they smoke, drink, and do drugs because they will still achieve greatness before and after graduation; and what else do you really want from those legitimizing your six-digit salary and writing the scholarly legacy of this fine institution?

Tom, your goals seem noble and I respect that (even if there is probably an underlying corporate mentality directed towards polishing UVM’s reputation), but it’s clear that almost nothing short of cell time at the 4Cs will change the upperclassmen’s attitudes. Maybe the first-years will turn out differently, but only if you actually enforce the illegal substance policies on campus with real consequences—otherwise your calls for change are simply hollow rhetoric from the guy in charge.

Sincerely yours,
Cole Burton
They meet under cover of darkness. Hooded figures wearing dark cloaks and chanting incomprehensible tongues gather in a shadowy cave lit only by firelight. Dogs howl as they pass, and mothers lock their children inside. No one knows what they do in that cave, but some say they've heard the walls scream.

Not really. But the Institutional Animal Care and Use Committee at the University of Vermont still engages in pretty shady affairs.

It's true that we don't really know what goes on in their meetings. Sure, we know that the IACUC, a committee required for any research facility using live animals, is tasked with reviewing and approving all animal testing and research, along with making sure it adheres to the Federal Animal Welfare Act. We even know that there was a time when their meetings were public: back in 1991, the Vermont Supreme Court ruled that UVM's IACUC had to be open to students and to the public -- because, oh yeah, we were the ones funding this research with our tuition and taxes.

But in 1995, UVM became one of the few states with an exemption to the law mandating that IACUC meetings and the records pertaining to animals used in experiments must be public. The administration lobbied the Vermont legislature directly, and now if you want to find out what happens in IACUC meetings, or how animals are being treated at UVM research facilities -- well, you're out of luck.

Let's say you're a student -- Johnny UVM -- trying to find out more about live animal research at UVM. You might be able to find out when the IACUC is meeting. But after maybe five minutes, the Committee will go into "Executive Session," you'll be asked to leave, and the bulk of the meeting -- all the pertinent discussion -- will be held behind closed doors.

What if you ask to see records about how animals are treated at UVM? Well, Johnny, according to the principle behind the Vermont Public Records Act, you should be able to access basic information pertaining to the welfare of animals used in experiments. But again, the exemption UVM lobbied the legislature for ensures that if you ask to see records that tell you how animals are used or cared for, you'll be met with silence. Sorry, Johnny.

Vermont is an anomaly in the country. In almost every other state (even North Carolina, the animal testing capital of the country), you can submit a request for public records about research. Specifically, you can ask for a "research protocol" -- the document that the IACUC reviews. Research protocols basically detail whether an experiment adheres to the rules of the Federal Animal Welfare Act. They list what species will be used and how many, what level of pain they might experience, whether anesthetics or analgesics will be used, if alternatives to live animals have been considered, etc. You can also ask for other basic information, like veterinary care records.

Registration is Now Open!

"I am a new transfer student taking summer chemistry 31 and 32. I think summer classes are a great way to get to know your professor a little better and to be more hands on with the material."
**Reflections: Badass or Busted: who can take the title?**

**by dannyfenton**

It starts with that first drag under the blinding glare of middle school gym class, standing there in one of all the other kids, gripping a greasy fat, and playing a game that’s nothing more than an excuse to die in your own sweat. That day. To prove that you are, in fact, a true badass, you pick up the habit of petty shoplifting on weekends and bringing it to school and realizing roughly a dollar a week. However, once what passed as precocious badness in middle school quickly becomes childish play in high school, the habit continues. The definition of being a badass transitions into stealing things two at a time.

If you can achieve those facts without throwing up in your own certainly the most badass of all.

But who defines a badass, and what does it mean to be one? In my eyes, there are too many “true” badasses and the ones who have really achieved their own form of badassery and take it to the next level. To prove that you are, in fact, a pre-teen, cigarette of the day. To prove that you are, in fact, a pre-teen badass who has a couple of friends, and is capable of killing some. However, what once passed as pure“(e)ness” has to do with hurtling through a depth analysis of foreign policy or an informative piece on politics in a live stream car Chase or how a cute dog looked at the camera. Spending thirty minutes clicking through “infotainment” in a comedic newspaper.)

Honestly there’s nothing inherently wrong with top ten lists. Of course, some of the topics are more popular than others, but the reality is that top ten lists are just an era in just the right way. Top ten lists are just another rung on the ladder of mindless entertainment. Spending thirty minutes clicking through Buzzfeed does not constitute a healthy dose of mental stimulation. Spending thirty minutes clicking through Buzzfeed does not constitute a healthy dose of mental entertainment.

It’s perfectly fine to have a little bit of quirky facts are fun to have, but there’s a danger to it; it’s not news, it’s info-####ertainment. Spending thirty minutes clicking through Buzzfeed per day is too. However, spend thirty minutes clicking through Buzzfeed is more than just killing some time. Honestly there’s nothing inherently wrong with top ten lists. Of course, some of the topics are more popular than others, but the reality is that top ten lists are just an era in just the right way. Top ten lists are just another rung on the ladder of mindless entertainment. Spending thirty minutes clicking through Buzzfeed does not constitute a healthy dose of mental entertainment.

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by lauragreenwood

This past weekend I was a bad girl. Yet again, I sinned, transgressing from the vow I took years ago to my diet. I’ve always been what I like to call a “struggling” vegetarian, but never before has this derailed my overall lifestyle or instilled regret in my life decisions. I may have reached the tipping point this weekend, as undoubtedly the amount of meat I consumed surpassed my vegetable intake and, dear Lord, I nearly got ill.

Two years ago, I wrote about becoming a vegetarian right here in the Water Tower (shout out to any long-standing fans!), and outlined how my decision was purely experimental and casual. I chose the vegetarian lifestyle because I thought it would be a cool experience to get to know my long-standing lover, food, from a new and adventurous setting. And so, no animal meat of any sorts touched my lips for a good year or so, and I felt proud of my will power. That being said, I’ll admit there were many moments when, painfully hung-over or wrenching in starvation, I would dream of a candlelit date with my grandmother’s meatballs or an exhilarating picnic with a twenty-piece McNugget meal. But, I was stubborn and determined to keep the vegetarian gig alive.

My first accepted reunion with meat (sometimes it snuck its way into meals unknowingly) came at the same place I indulged this past weekend: a local fish fry surrounded by hunters and fishermen alike. My company was well versed in the ins and outs of all sorts of meat from baits, to deer, to fish to beef jerky. I knew this fish fry well and decided that instead of mourning the loss of that amazingly fresh-caught, artfully battered Northern Pike, I was just going to fucking take a bite. So began the “struggling” part of my vegetarianism. I probably break once every couple of months, exclusively for food that other people cook for me. I never really got accustomed to the off-putting jadedness vegetarians had to adopt in order to eat anything other than what they make themselves. The times when I occasionally eat meat do not break my entire mindset. Typically, I eat a couple of disappointing bites and reflect on how much better the meal would have tasted without that horrid substance.

That decision was reified this weekend. I was day drinking, I was surrounded by my meat-eating family, and I was ice fishing in the bitter cold. And so, I ate. I ate breakfast sausage, bite-size pepperoni, beef stew, venison, chicken, and fish and fish and fish. I did not partake in the beef jerky, if that counts for anything. It was about the time of the venison that I began to feel ill. Maybe meat-binging isn’t really for me anymore. To say the least, I was disappointed in myself for not being the food champion of the past. There was once a time where I could hound a terrifying amount of chicken wings without the slightest tummy turning, but now I was a meat-eating wimp. Alas, I’m going to keep doing my vegetarian cooking and selective restaurant ordering, but from here on out I may think twice before committing the meat-eating sins that force my internal repentance.
trash. i want you so bad

someone on campus catch your eye? could it be me?
submit your love anonymously
uvm.edu/~watertwr/iwysb.html

I first met you early this semester.
The first time I saw you walk into the room,
I took notice but didn't think too much about it.
I saw you again a while later but the second time was even better.
I only had to go off looks the first time, the flowing blonde hair and the sparkling blue eyes.
After that second time I saw you, I really enjoy the little conversations we've had,
the childlike ability to enjoy simple things, and most of all, you have got to be one of the most interesting girls I've ever met.

Don't let me think or over-think, but if you prefer alpine skiing, snowboarding, or Nordic skiing, I would love to spend my day with you that way.
Chinese food, pizza, Netflix, playing in the snow, whatever you would like. I want to get to know you, spend time with you.

Most guys might imagine women nude, but I really want to see how you dress up, the way your jewelry goes with the dress, the way you would walk in heels.
I know I'm hiding through my writing, but if you are single and you know who you are, seek me.
Time isn't the only buffer I see for the future (I have to write thinking further ahead).

---

We've done projects and labs and homework galore
And I can't help but wonder if there could be more
To you than just a platonic friend
Who I can study with right till the end
You're a Native Vermonter, so quiet and sweet
Your blue eyes and black beard are never effete
With you in Heights North and Me in Heights South
It's perfect- and we should kiss on the mouth
When: Most every day
Where: Athletic campus
I saw: My crush
I am: Another sexy Rubenstein-er

Despite our rocky history, I still find myself pining,
It has to be fate our lives keep intertwining.
Those adorable glasses keep me wanting more,
I hate the fact that you're a member of SHORE.
Your best quality is that you also like to fight,
I keep hoping that someday you'll be my Chocolate Knight.
I keep saying that I hate you, but I really don't mean it
I like a lot of things about you (but mostly your penis)!
I hope you are flattered and don't think I'm abnormal
I'd really just like you to take me to SHOREmial!

When: between 2 and 10AM
Where: Spuites
I saw: An almost frat bro
I am: A sorority dropout

Dare I profess my feelings?
All I have to say to you,
Number 11, is that I'd love to love you
Eternally. I'm thinking
Late Nights under the stars,
Long walks on the beach,
Infinite kisses
On our naughty bits, your
Tongue on my

When: Hockey season
Where: 004
I saw: A financier
I am: Your biggest fan

I remember when we
Hung out together
Hours passed like minutes
Laughs, tears, good times and bad
But you moved on
A new world called you on
And I had to stay in the old
But one, when we're both
Moved on, we can return to visit and say
"once, we were here"

When: The coming of the sun
Where: The new frontier
I saw: My changagook
I am: Missing my LA man

Roses are red,
Violets are blue,
My vibrator's cheaper than dinner for two.
Relationships are lame,
Breakup is sad,
Who needs a man when I want me so bad?

When: Daily
Where: The bedroom
I saw: A rabbit
I am: So satisfied

---

Booze makes you lose stuff. Whether you lost something you truly loved, woke up with someone else's by mistake, or straight-up want repent for your klepto tendencies, the WT wants to hear about it.
uvm.edu/~watertwr/ybwl.php

I made it home the next morning. Underwear didn't.
Haven't lost hope of return.
When: last weekend
Where: A boy's room

Jersey Turnspiking on the dancefloor seemed like such a good idea until the stairs got involved. RIP Dignity; we had a good run.
When: The thirstiest of Thursdays
Where: Spuites

Made an ice fort, and drank some whiskey in it. Built some ice fort furniture, and buried iPhone into the loveseat. At least I still have my whiskey.
When: Polar Vortex III
Where: Somewhere snowy

---

the ear

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

Brennan's
Female friend 1: I really like him!
Female friend 2: Yes, but how's his penis?

L/L
Bro: I BURNT MY NIPPLE!!

Northside Cafe
Girl: I had a dream last night that every piece of trash I never recycled suffocated me.

On the Largest Staircase in Vermont
Girl: I dunno, I've been, like, really static-y lately

Coolidge Lounge
White girl: I have nothing to tbt about. My life is so sad.

Davis Center
Girl: I'm not even queer for another 10 hours.

Harris Millis fireplace
Person 1: I didn't leave my room or my right hand for four years.
Person 2: Yeah, I'm a lefty though.

Living/Learning D
Girl: When are those girl scouts going to be in the Davis Center? My body is ready.

you booze, you loose

Booze makes you lose stuff. Whether you lost something you truly loved, woke up with someone else's by mistake, or straight-up want repent for your klepto tendencies, the WT wants to hear about it.
uvm.edu/~watertwr/ybwl.php
Hey there, uh, lovely readers. Sorry, Dylan's taking a bit of a break from manning "Recently in Tunes", soul searching probably. Anyway he's entrusted the duty to me, at least for this week. As per usual in the music world, it has been an interesting few weeks.

Pussy Riot whipped at Olympics just before starting a song, no one surprised. Honestly, I'm not even sure this should be discussed in the music section of the paper. Does anyone actually listen to Pussy Riot? They're really barely a band, unless you're down with a whole bunch of yelling. Either way, you shouldn't start making and beating a bunch of punk rockers for trying to sing a song. Silly Cossacks. Also, if you're reading this Nadya, I want to marry you.

George Zimmerman boxing match "officially" canceled. Yes, it's true it's true, but the scare quotes are important here. Just because the official word is that Zimmerman's had to cancel his latest attempt to garnering public attention doesn't mean there won't be a battle. Enraged figures like DMX, David Bowie, The Game, and a litany of other non-famous rappers demand blood, retribution, and a clash of great warriors among other things. Can't be sure when this off the books brawl will take place, but one of us will keep you updated.

Detroit Chef makes ten-course meal based around Radiohead's Kid A. The Detroit Chef makes ten-course meal based around Radiohead's Kid A. Yes, it's true it's true, but the scare quotes are important here. Just because the official word is that Zimmerman's had to cancel his latest attempt to garnering public attention doesn't mean there won't be a battle. Enraged figures like DMX, David Bowie, The Game, and a litany of other non-famous rappers demand blood, retribution, and a clash of great warriors among other things. Can't be sure when this off the books brawl will take place, but one of us will keep you updated.

Boston Calling is on its third go-round, which already speaks to how amazing the management is since they were able to organize two stacked weekends within the same year. I've been lucky enough to attend each time for free by working for security, and if you're cheap too they also offer a great "Will work for ticket" volunteer program. Essentially, you only have to volunteer for like three hours and get to shape your schedule around the shows you really want to see. If you're dead set on being front row every show, the cost for three days is $175. THREE DAYS OF MUSIC. THREE. This is an amazing deal! Most of these bands you can't even get to their show for less than $50. Did I mention the festival has a beer garden, food, and—again for you cheapstakes—re-entry? This means you can trot your sodding bottoms in and out as much as you want to find cheaper food and (you didn't hear it from me) drinks galore! Since the festival is located right on City Hall Plaza, you're perfectly positioned on down at the door, available all day for show critiques, fan girl gushing, and maybe even some emo tear sesshs...anything for you, Death Cab, anything! That is the end of my argument. If you were not persuaded, then we probably should not be friends on last.fm.

Bonnaroo 2014 lineup excites and confuses everyone. Bonnaroo's lineup has been off for the past few years. Coachella usually garners the finer rock and rap acts, and Bisco has been the premier electronic festival for nearly five years now. We've got Elton John headlining the whole shebang, which is great, but I have no idea how Bonnaroo will react to "Tiny Dancer" live. "Saturday Night's Alright for Fighting" is going to be life changing though. We've got a glorious appearance from Kanye West, who probably fought for weeks to have his name appear before Elton's, Jack White yaaaawwwwwwwwwwn. Lionel Ritchie who's—wait a minute. Lionel Ritchie? What the hell is he doing at a festival anywhere? Safe to say nobody asked for this. After the supposed "Big Four" there's a slew of other entertainers. Too massive to get to everything here, but I'll definitely be enjoying The Flaming Lips, Neutral Milk Hotel, Chance the Rapper, and Ty Segall.

This is a persuasive piece as to why you need go to the Boston Calling Music Festival in May this year, no matter the costs or the distance. Massachusetts's kids will agree that our choice in music festivals growing up has always been limited. I went to Jingle Ball a few times (I know, I know, Sue me, why don’t you!) and a few local music fests, but nothing has ever compared to the scale, awesomeness and location of the Boston Calling Festival.

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This spring, oh Lord, this spring is going to be epic. For the outdoorsy, happy folk-type crowd, Friday is the day for you. I've heard Edward Sharpe & the Magnetic Zeros are unbelievable in concert—think tons of people on stage and good vibes for days. In my opinion, Saturday and Sunday appeal to the same type of music lovers, i.e. alternative emo, chill, and indie. The hours I spent in 6-8th grade absorbing Death Cab and Brand New on repeat can finally be justified for this festival where I will know all the words to the main acts. Honestly excites me so much I can't really form the words. Phosphorescent and Warpaint, why yes, I would love to chill. The Neighborhood, you're sweater song got big over the summer which was untimely but I'll sing along at the show for sure. Tegan and Sara, gah. Kurt Vile, The Head and the Heart, Frank Turner...need I say more. Oh right, Modest Mouse. It's mind-boggling. They even still have a headline unannounced but I can only imagine it will also be amazing. (Anyone call up Postal Service?)

Seriously, go to this. Buy your ticket now before the prices are jacked up (which hell, would still be cheap). I'll be patting all you lovely souls down at the door, available all day for show critiques, fan girl gushing, and maybe even some emo tear sesshs...anything for you, Death Cab, anything! That is the end of my argument. If you were not persuaded, then we probably should not be friends on last.fm.

boston's calling my teenage soul
by lauragreenwood
créatif stuffé.

hannah
by katjaritchie

I had heard it every day down the attendance sheet in elementary school, always reminding me how uncomplicated it was compared to mine.

You could spell it the same way both backwards and forwards, girls would brag, when we were young enough that, inexplicably, that meant something.

No one ever asked how to spell it, either, except maybe for the one girl whose parents thought they were original, dropping the last H, or the one who, herself, decided the first syllable was stretched out “honn-ah” and it was the closest thing we had at 8 years old to sizing up one another at all of four feet tall, and I wished my name, too, had to try just a little harder to be different.

Still, I never thought I’d hear the name on a new friend’s cockatiel, and it was the closest thing we had at 8 years old to the one who, herself, decided the first syllable was stretched out or the one girl whose parents thought they were original, except maybe for the one girl whose parents thought they were original, dropping the last H, or the one who, herself, decided the first syllable was stretched out.

It was a slight thing I made sure to do, whenever I was putting pants or shorts on in the morning, since I was thirteen. I only started paying attention to it this past week, though, and thought “Fuck it!” finally making the switch.

The sensation is wonderful. I have a slightly greater spring in my step, and I feel like I’ve taken a great leap. I understand that not every guy has this problem, but for us who need to choose a side, I’d say play around with it. I’ll throw it to one side for a few days, the other for some others. It’s not about where you pull it; it’s about how you pull it.

Beyond the hidden meanings in here about not choosing sides and how it applies to government and ethics, I think I’ve come across something here that may free other members from one-sidedness. For instance, there are some jeans that just help you display yourself more respectfully in public by keeping it to a certain side of the fly – it’s just the way the trimming is by the zipper. That awkward denim fold is bad enough already. Now, I can be subtler about my sausage. I have pride in it already, but I like to keep the way the trimming is by the zipper.

I’m 20 years old, been around a while, Driving for years, experience for miles. My record’s clean, that’s a matter of fact, Driving for years, experience for miles. For a better future, then what is the point of taking action? We hope for a better future, hope that mankind is not utterly forsaken, and know that “this too shall pass”. We are steadfast and stoic.

When confronted with injustice, inequality, drug abuse, and other social problems, we (sometimes) acknowledge them with the hope that tomorrow can be better. Action and hope are of course two very different things, but if there is no hope for a better future, then what is the point of taking action? Perhaps the greatest virtue of our moral agency is that when life throws us difficult circumstances, we always have a choice. While some outcomes may be beyond our control, there is always a decision to be made about how we handle them. The aggregation of these decisions is what truly defines our character. When you receive hilarious news, do you break down and cease to function, or do you eventually move on? When faced with heartbreak, do you withdraw into a shell or do you pick up the pieces and move on knowing it won’t be the last time? Benjamin Franklin once defined insanity as doing the same thing over and over whilst expecting different results. So given a world in which suffering, tragedy and heartbreak, why do we persevere? There is a simple answer, and it is that hope springs eternal.

reppin' UVM decals, buckle up, hit the road.

Cruisin' in a family-size ride, beats bump.
Nothing like savoring sweet van-cert triumph,
ff down the line, joyride, take the van out.
Papers on papers, text too heady.

Drivers’ ed champ back in the day, no doubt;
Aced the test anyway, luck of a beginner.
Skipped so many, get trigger

Who cares about Driver B or RUA,
Hit pause, rewind, no need to replay.
Skipped so many, got trigger finger,
 Acced the test anyway, luck of a beginner.
Drivers’ ed champ back in the day, no doubt;
Paid off down the line, joyride, take the van out.
Nothing like savoring sweet van-cert triumph,
Cruisin’ in a family-size ride, beats bump.
Rockin’ privileged driver status, now I’m good to go,
Reppin’ UVM decals, buckle up, hit the road.

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When I was thirteen, about the time right after I started masturbating, I had one of those talks with some close buddies. This being the turning point of puberty, which psychologists reference as a very sexually explorative time, our conversation happened to be on the subject of “Which Side Do You Keep Your Dick On?” Right away, my friend and I knew it was the left side. It was just a thing. In the past leg, it should be “kept to the left, cause on the right is too tight.”

That mode of thinking, and the actions I took for years to come, all may have played the subtlest roles in my subconscious. I spent years with this notion, and acted accordingly. I know that historically, left-handed people have been mistreated; however, left-handed seemed to be the correct style.

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Now, I can be subtler about my sausage. I have pride in it already, but I like to keep things intimate.

It’s not that I’m taking the road less traveled by. It’s not that I’m starting a trend or revolution. It’s somewhat personal, but I feel almost anyone can understand. I switched it to the right, and that has made all the difference.

the cipher
with lauragreenwood and katjaritchie

Stretch out those hip-hop hamstrings, UVMees, because it’s time to bring your rhyme-slingin’ back 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, we have a head-on collision with UVM Van Certification.

I’m 20 years old, been around a while, Driving for years, experience for miles. My record’s clean, that’s a matter of fact, So van certification! Seems frankly whack! Thought I’d learn how to drive on a big rig Using complex deduction and possibly trig. pH through the roof cause the training was basic, Super long videos, I couldn’t face it. Double lines, yield signs, all that made me sleepy, Facts on vehicular death got me weepy. It was all review, read the book already; Papers on papers, text too heady. Who cares about Driver B or RUA, Hit pause, rewind, no need to replay. Skipped so many, got trigger finger, Acced the test anyway, luck of a beginner.

Drivers’ ed champ back in the day, no doubt; Paid off down the line, joyride, take the van out. Nothing like savoring sweet van-cert triumph, Cruisin’ in a family-size ride, beats bump. Rockin’ privileged driver status, now I’m good to go, Reppin’ UVM decals, buckle up, hit the road.

hope springs eternal
by dustineagar

Our generation was raised on a steady diet of grief and sorrow. From 9/11 to Sudan, from Iraq and Afghanistan to Syria, the worst kinds of human suffering have become engrained in our collective psyche. We have become desensitized to the cruel world around us; the struggles of peoples in distant lands separated by the vast gulf of differences in culture, politics, religion, language and geography that delineate the communities of the world simply do not captivate us. Then again, if each one of us felt the crushing weight of every human tragedy on CNN, it would be unbearable.

How then, do we get through the day? How do we weather all of these miserable facts of existence without becoming coldhearted and cynical? That beautiful thing, which allows us to persevere through the most adverse circumstances, which allows us to focus our energy on the present instead of dwelling on the past, is hope.

We hope for a better future, hope that mankind is not utterly forsaken, and know that “this too shall pass”. We are steadfast and stoic.

When confronted with injustice, inequality, drug abuse, and other social problems, we (sometimes) acknowledge them with the hope that tomorrow can be better. Action and hope are of course two very different things, but if there is no hope for a better future, then what is the point of taking action? Perhaps the greatest virtue of our moral agency is that when life throws us difficult circumstances, we always have a choice. While some outcomes may be beyond our control, there is always a decision to be made about how we handle them. The aggregation of these decisions is what truly defines our character. When you receive horrible news, do you break down and cease to function, or do you eventually move on? When faced with heartbreak, do you withdraw into a shell or do you pick up the pieces and move on knowing it won’t be the last time? Benjamin Franklin once defined insanity as doing the same thing over and over whilst expecting different results. So given a world in which suffering, tragedy and heartbreak, why do we persevere? There is a simple answer, and it is that hope springs eternal.
Tip o’ the Week

Have you ever noticed in almost every Cynic article, each paragraph is only one sentence long? I’m not saying it’s a bad thing or anything like that, it’s just that once you notice it, you can’t unnotice it. Know what I’m saying?

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burlington’s favorite lyrical monster
Champ the Rapper

Ok, so we made it a whole issue last week without repping Chance so I had to add him into this week’s issue. He is just too magical to not mention all the time.