



the water tower

uvm's alternative newsmag

last issue of the year! good luck with finals!

volume 15 - issue 13 - tuesday, april 29, 2014 - uvm, burlington, vt

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we are *not prepared*

internationality, english and writing at uvm

by wesdunn



julianna roen

It's no secret that our university runs, at a certain level, like a cold corporation. Any prospective student drowning in saccharine pamphlets, or recently-graduated alumni trying to repair their cracked phone after the latest call from Chatty Cats can attest. For the last month or so, you've probably been running into wide-eyed groups of admitted students ogling the Aiken building or getting in your way as you try to enter Bailey/Howe.

You might also be aware of the emphasis UVM places, in these recruitment efforts, on the image of racial and global diversity. The university is very concerned about extolling the presence of non-white students on campus, and many efforts have been made to bring people from more diverse backgrounds to UVM. For over a decade, there has been a recruitment pipeline between UVM and high schools in the Bronx. Very recently, UVM has jumped at an opportunity to kill two birds with one stone, contracting with an outside company called Study Group, to bring in more international students, aiming to bring this population up to around eight percent of the student

body. Though this "partnership" intends to begin expanding to other areas of the globe, so far this has meant a continued influx of students from China, in a continuance of the already-established US-Sino Pathways Program. The aforementioned "two birds" in this situation, from an administrative perspective, are more money (because students recruited from abroad are pretty much expected to be paying the full tuition), and diversity, of course.

combine this with the *countless times* a chinese student has asked me, pointing to **yet another red mark**, "what am I doing wrong here?" and I *haven't had any answer other than* "um... **I don't know, it's just wrong?**"

Though this seems at first glance like another annoying and corporately motivated move by UVM, it might be that there are benefits to this program nonetheless. Surely, more international students at UVM can't hurt, right?

First of all, these students don't exactly seem to be interacting much with the rest of campus. It's not their fault necessarily, and I think it's very similar to the way many ALANA students prefer to spend time in

the Blundell House rather than in most other spaces on campus. I've heard several stories of students in the Global Village of Living and Learning having a Chinese student (or several) in their suite, and experiencing no connection with them. For the most part, these students keep to their own group, conversing and hanging out where they're understandably most comfortable. It might take time, but I like to think/hope that eventually the social environment of the campus could open up a little bit to foster a deeper connection between these students and American ones.

I was surprised, though, when I first realized that our academic environment is also not very welcoming to these students. Many have been studying English for most of their lives, and are very proficient (Study Group has a two-year reading program before sending the students over here). But they're not native speakers, and the difficulty of functioning in an academic environment set up specifically for people who've always known English cannot be understated. Imagine going to college in the foreign language you studied in high school. Sure, you'd be able to get around, get food, have conversations and everything. But when it comes down

read the rest on pg 5...

there's something (off) about earthweek

by jessebaum and joetaft

Last week, UVM celebrated Earth Week—and campus was full of local food, activist-y sentiments and free t-shirts. Earth Day began 44 years ago—the product of first wave of environmentalism, back when vegetarianism was looked at the way veganism is viewed now (as crazy and ascetic at best), and climate change was just a glimmer in most liberals' eyes. Earth Day started with the idea that the holiday would be a day to draw awareness to the rape of our planet, but has since become a day that fosters inaction. In essence, Earth Day—or Earthweek, as we do it here, is greenwashing the movement—a token. But let's back up a little here.

First, greenwashing generally refers to when a company or organization (or an academic institution) uses certain marketing, packaging etc. to suggest eco-consciousness, without actually having much. If you've ever seen something labeled "all natural" (a designation not verified by any independent body, by the way) or a bottle of conditioner with a leaf on it, you've been exposed to greenwashing. Let me rephrase: you have been exposed to greenwashing.

Sometimes, greenwashing involves merely planting the idea of eco-friendliness with a green label, other times it means that there has been a very small step in the right direction (less sulfates, five percent post consumer fiber... you get it). Here's some food for thought—even products that seem completely on the (green) level can be tools of greenwashing. Just because Mead (the notebook company) introduced a line of 100 percent recycled notebooks does not mean that they aren't still manufacturing thousands of notebooks from fresh pulp every day, it just means that the new product line allows them to appear more ethical while carrying on with business as usual.

UVM, our beloved institution of higher learning, is guilty of greenwashing, the same as these companies. Who at UVM hasn't heard their favorite Advocate blithely bragging about the plastic bottle ban, or the "living Machine" that filters water in Aiken? But lest you forget, UVM is balls deep (to the tune of 35 million) in

read the rest on pg 4...

get inside me:

an ode to the WT by dustineagar

wage discrepancies by staceybrandt

step up your style by dannissim

BTV summer shows by mikestorage

the best news team inbox in the universe.



the shit list with caito'hara

Dear readers,

What a year we've had! From scrambling to find a new layout space (shoutout to the library basement!), to frantically attempting to raise enough money to be able to continue printing, it often seemed like this year was one major roadblock after another.

But damnit, we made it. Our staff rallied hard and put in hours of work to ensure that we would have a paper to print each week. Our editors pulled everything together and pushed to ensure that we would not only continue to exist, but to thrive.

It's our last issue of the year, and next year this wonderful paper will be headed up by the lovely **katjaritchie** and **lauragreenwood**, who are, without a doubt, going to rock your socks off. We'll still be around next year, but it's time to hand this paper over and watch it grow under the guidance of two very kickass ladies.

While we will still be around next year, we're losing a few to the scary eventuality of the "real world". So, to **dylanmccarthy**, **rebeccalaurion**, **dustineagar**, and **colinwalker**, thanks for everything you've done for the paper! You'll all be sorely missed, but we know you're off to bigger and better things!

Signing off for the last time,
Sarah Perda and Cait O'Hara
Co-Editors-in-Chief

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

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the news in brief with benberrick

"It's alarming that more than a week after these girls were abducted, there are not any concrete steps to get them back"

- **Mausi Segun**, the Human Right's Watch Nigerian researcher, speaking about the more than 200 girls abducted from a school in the past couple weeks. As South Korea's sunken ferry disaster and internal political debate has dominated headlines, it seems that the US media has completely ignored the abduction of 234 female Nigerian students by terrorist cell Boko Haram—an organization vehemently and violently opposed to western education and the education of women.

"Alcohol makes..food even more rewarding. It tastes good and feels even better than... normally"

- **Dr. Jacquie Lavin** in a study headed by interest group Slimming World, argues that alcohol increases the amount of calories people choose to eat. The conclusions have been dismissed by the British Nutrition Foundation as nothing but an "interesting survey", though a Burlington resident responded simply, "Yo, forget your surveys, I'm drunk as fuck. I'ma order wings".

"Putin will not talk to Obama under pressure"

-In what is either a hissy fit or a pissing contest, **Igor Yurgens**, the chairman of the Russian Institute for Contemporary Development released this statement after Putin severed contact with the POTUS in the face of sanctions and global condemnation of human rights violations in Ukraine. it is not clear if Putin vocalized how much he hates this family and wishes he had never been born before this latest silence.

"If the Comcast and Time Warner Cable merger is approved, the combined company's footprint will pass over 60% of US broadband households..."

- In an official statement of protest, **Netflix** has come out swinging. Having been forced to cave to Comcast's demands for extra money for open, high-speed access, Netflix formally announced opposition to the proposed merger of Comcast and Time Warner Cable, accusing the companies of conspiring to charge content providers and content consumers more for access they already pay for. With corrupt FCC support, net neutrality is well on its way to being dead.

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

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join the wt.

New writers and artists are always welcome
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Williams Family Room
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Or send us an email

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

Obama evades acknowledging gender wage gap among U.S. presidents

by Stacey Brandt

On Tuesday, April 15, Obama signed an executive order requiring increased transparency regarding wages among employees of federal contractors. The President hopes to bring awareness to the wage gap between men and women in the workforce which currently stands at females earning, on average, 77 cents to every dollar earned by males. This bill signing comes in light of recent discussions among Senate Democrats regarding the Paycheck Fairness Act, a bill which would regulate and increase sensitivity to differences in salary among workers—particularly variations in pay between male and females.

However, despite the ostensible sentiments of gender sensitivity within the Democratic Party, a recent study has revealed that the largest gender wage gap is not found within massive franchises, banks, or even academic institutions, but between U.S. presidents. Following the release of this new information, President Obama has adamantly avoided all questions regarding his current salary in relation to past presidents and specifically past presidents of a different gender.

“The presidential wage gap is astronomical and unheard of,” said Heidi Hartmann, president of the Institute for Women’s Policy Research. “In failing to acknowledge this enormous issue, Obama distances himself from women across the nation as well as within his administration.”

Save for a few carefully crafted political statements, little light has been shed on the issue at hand. In a recent tweet, the President joked defensively that if people would like to know about his salary, or the salary of other Presidents for that matter, “they can probably find it on Wikipedia.” Clearly trying to dig the President out of a giant hole, White House Press Secretary, Jay Carney told the media that President Obama’s Twitter account had actually been hacked. Carney added that the subsequent selfie of the President smoking a rolled “cigarette” with the caption “Second Term Swag #sorrynotsorry” was entirely fabricated by an outside party. Without explicitly accusing anybody in particular, it was most likely John Boehner.

The White House is no stranger to the problem of inconsistencies among wages of different genders. Current salary data confirms that women working in the White House

make on average 88 cents to every dollar earned by their male counterparts. But still, exceedingly larger than the wage gap among White House Staff, remains the inconceivable economic rift between male and female individuals who have led the White House as President.

At a press conference last Wednesday, journalist, Annie Lowery of the New York Times compelled Obama to address the presidential wage gap. A convenient bout of coughing following Lowery’s inquiry rendered the President unable to produce a convincing or even comprehensible response. After several moments gasping for air, the President miraculously recomposed himself to articulate the benefits of Obamacare.

Perceptibly amused by Obama’s evasion to address the gargantuan monetary hole between his own salary and that of presidents of different genders, Republicans continue to deem this avoidance as a portrayal of cowardice, weakness, and hypocrisy.

“It is unfortunate that Mr. Obama is not being honest with the American people,” said Republican Speaker of the House, John Boehner. “There is no reason why the President should not be candid about economic injustices, especially when it directly pertains to his own salary. It’s just sad.”

The lack of transparency by the Obama administration regarding the presidential gender wage gap stands as just another bump in the road of the President’s second term. If the President does not explicitly address his salary as being unfairly greater than previous presidents who identify as a gender other than male, it is unlikely the Paycheck Fairness Act will retain any sort of integrity.

**This is a satirical piece. While the statistics and proper names used in the article are factual, the quotes have been fabricated for your amusement and reading pleasure. If, however, you choose to take the quotations as fact, the waffer tower is not responsible for any misunderstandings that may arise. Additionally, if while reading this article, either aloud or in your head, you failed to pronounce the name “Boehner” as phonetically identical to “boner”, I would ask that you read the article again with this correction.* ■*

*“but still, exceedingly larger than the wage gap among white house staff, remains the **inconceivable economic rift** between male and female individuals who have led the white house as president.”*

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a year to remember

how i learned to stop worrying and love the water tower

by dustineagar

As the days between me and my graduation from this university rapidly peel off the calendar, I find myself reflecting on the people, places, and things that have shaped my experience here. In my years at this fine institution, I made many friends, met countless interesting people, and have been inspired time and time again by the ideas that this place has exposed me to. I couldn't fit the full depth and extent of my college experience in a thousand pages. Of all the stories from my time at UVM, my experience with the **water tower** is perhaps the richest, most full bodied, and interesting—definitely something I will look back on twenty years from now with a smile.

I started reading the **water tower** way back when I was a freshman. In its pages, I found a wry view of the world with which I could identify. Every Tuesday morning, I would grab a copy on my way to class and have the best twenty minutes of procrastination of my entire week. After frantically skimming the “I Want You So Bad” section to see if I had a secret admirer wandering around campus, I would read the news section and guffaw at the high-brow pot shots at the state of global affairs. My more mundane humor cravings were more than satisfied by the Cat Litter. I loved reading the **water tower** and couldn't wait for a new issue to be released each Tuesday.

That I started writing for the paper this year was the result of an extremely unlikely confluence of events, as most meaningful occurrences tend to be. I had always sort of wanted to just show up to a meeting, but it seemed inaccessible and I wasn't the type of guy who usually liked to show up unannounced to a room full of 30 complete strangers. I didn't seriously consider the idea until I befriended former **wt** editor George Loftus; he implanted the thought deep in the back of my mind as we sat in front of the Cyber Café chain smoking during finals week last winter. In actuality, I showed up to the first couple meetings to have an excuse to talk to a girl on the staff from one of my classes that I had

my eye on. I wrote her an “I Want You So Bad” thinking it was super clever and romantic, and when it got published I realized how cool it was seeing something I wrote in print.

At the start, my involvement with the **water tower** was a shameless front to talk to said staffer. At the same time though, I was starting to realize that I really did enjoy writing the wry reflections on current affairs that I always dreamed of having the guts to write and send in. What's more, I felt like I was involved in something great with an awesome group of people.

And so, every week I would crank out another story about basically whatever I was inclined to write about. Some took a hell of a lot of research and work, but I enjoyed writing them because they were about issues I thought were important and had pretty strong views about. Writing for the paper helped me to hone my writing skills and to learn how to write as a means of expression and stress relief. I also loved seeing my name in print; seeing my articles on the front page truly made for some of my proudest moments. I also found a group of people that I could relate to on many levels. Acrosting random passersby whilst trying to pedal baked goods and coffee was pretty fun as well.

Even though it didn't work out with the staffer who inspired me to show up to the first meeting, I don't regret having tried. It was one of those things that I knew would have bothered me down the line if I hadn't at least taken a shot. Not only did I learn that I will never, ever understand the female psyche, but I also found something that made me truly happy by the wayside. I had an amazing experience writing for the paper this year. I truly wish I had worked up the motivation to show up to a meeting long time ago. Writing for this paper was one of the things that made my senior year at UVM rich, full, and memorable. I know it is something I will miss about this place. ■

GREENWASHING—continued from pg 1

fossil fuel investments. Ten percent of the endowment fund is currently invested in supporting the companies that extract tons of carbon based fuel every day—one of the prime reasons activists decided we needed an Earth Day in the first place!

So this brings us back to last week's festivities. Earth Week a prime example of how UVM maintains its earthy-crunchy vibes—after all, we gave the planet six extra days! We had a mother-fucking farmer's market in the lobby of our student union! (The Davis Center, ya dingus). But to suggest that these small actions make any kind of impact is to stretch the truth at best, and to hope that they inspire activism in those previously uninitiated is perhaps too optimistic. All in all, the school's emphasis on Earth Week is a token gesture that they can use to flaunt how “green” the student body is (and what does that even mean at this point) without doing much of anything.

However, the idea that a little is not enough, or that our small efforts make no difference at all is depressing and a possible excuse for apathy. Obviously, for example, it is preferable that Sodexo tries to provide local and sustainable food to students—but that does not change the nature of their company, which takes advantage of factory farming and industrial agriculture (not to mention how they treat their workers). In the same way, it's not my intention to suggest that promoting sustainability and celebrating the environmental movement is a waste of time, merely that, at least in the case of Earthweek, it is largely cosmetic—nowhere near the radical action that our situation calls for. Every. Single. Day.

In the end let's give credit where credit is due—for many of us crunchy-deadbeat-deadhead-activists, UVM's green façade is what made us accept the offer of admission in the first place. Remember too, that many, many, many people worked very hard on Earth Week's events and they deserve our thanks. Just bear in mind that unless you're in some sort of Battlestar-Galactica situation, it's really always Earth Week. ■

the brewery challenge

by mikestorage

Prepare yourself beer enthusiasts: Vermont has boosted the term “Beer Snob” to a whole new level. Let me introduce you to the Vermont Brewery Challenge. That's right boys and girls; it's time to take on the Great Beers of Vermont by visiting all of the breweries in the state. Go to any Vermont brewery to receive your passport, which contains the logo of every brewery. Every VT brewery has stamps, so just ask when you go and they will mark your passport. Success is no easy task, as there are 29 total breweries spread out from Bennington to Brattleboro to the Northeast Kingdom. Although this task may be daunting, the reward is certainly worth it. Upon receiving a stamp from all the breweries on the passport, you can mail in your passport for a collector's set of Vermont Beer Gear. This may just be every beer snob's dream.

Now that the quest has been laid out in front of us, we must carefully strategize our brewery visitation. It would be simply inefficient to only stop by one brewery per trip. Instead, a seasoned beer advocate will collect multiple stamps in one fell swoop.

The first easy trip that everyone should take, regardless of whether they have a passport or not, is the Burlington Trip. This includes the Vermont Pub and Brewery, Zero Gravity Craft Brewery, Switchback, Magic Hat, and Fiddlehead. First stop by downtown Burly where you can drink is the VPB and Zero Gravity (part of American Flatbread). Next, go towards Pine Street and dive into Switchback next to Oakledge Park. Then hop onto Route 7, and take a few sips at Magic Hat followed by Fiddlehead. 5 down, 23 to go. It only gets harder from here.

Next, let's take a little trip to central Vermont to visit the Stowe region, where there are a number of fine breweries. First, take I-89 down to Waterbury and stop at the Alchemist. I hear nothing but good things about this fine establishment. Next, head north to the Trapp Family Lodge and the Crop Bistro in Stowe. Last on this trip is Rock Art Brewery in Morrisville, which is 20 minutes northeast.

Middlebury seems like a pretty swell place; let's drink some beer there. Head south down Route 7, and first locate Bristol. There lies the Bobcat Café and Brewery. Next keep travelling south to Middlebury where you will test your taste buds at Otter Creek and the Drop-In Brewing Company. Lastly, head 20 minutes south to the Foley Brothers Brewing in Brandon.

The next bundle of breweries will be reached in the Northeast Kingdom of Vermont. Check out Trout River and Covered Bridge Craft Brewery in Lyndonville. Next go visit Hill Farmstead Brewery in Greensboro Bend. Kingdom Brewery also lays out that way, but Newport is very close to the Canadian border.

Now, Bennington and Brattleboro may be a long way away from Burlington, but they each house two crucial breweries on the passport. At some point, you're going to have to make your way down to southern Vermont to visit the Madison Brewing Company and Northshire Brewery in Bennington and the McNeill's and Whetstone Station in Brattleboro.

We have made a significant dent into the brewery list; however, I do not have enough space to give you driving directions to every brewery in the state. The rest are nestled into the far corners of Vermont, and will require significant effort to find. If you have been keeping track, we have visited 21 breweries. Two breweries don't require stamps (don't ask me why). So, that just leaves 6 more. Good luck!

Now, if you are too lazy to go to the far corners of Vermont to visit breweries and amass stamps, don't worry. There is plenty of fine beer right in the heart of Burlington. Coming July 18 and 19 to Burlington's own Waterfront Park is the Vermont Brewers Festival. Now, I haven't actually been to this (yet), but it appears to be a dream-come-true. For an entry fee of \$30, participants can sample delicious beers from all over Vermont. This includes a beer glass and 15 samples. Altogether, there are three showings: one Friday night, one Saturday afternoon, and one Saturday night. I might just have to go to all three. ■



battle of the breakfast

henry's vs. pearl street diner

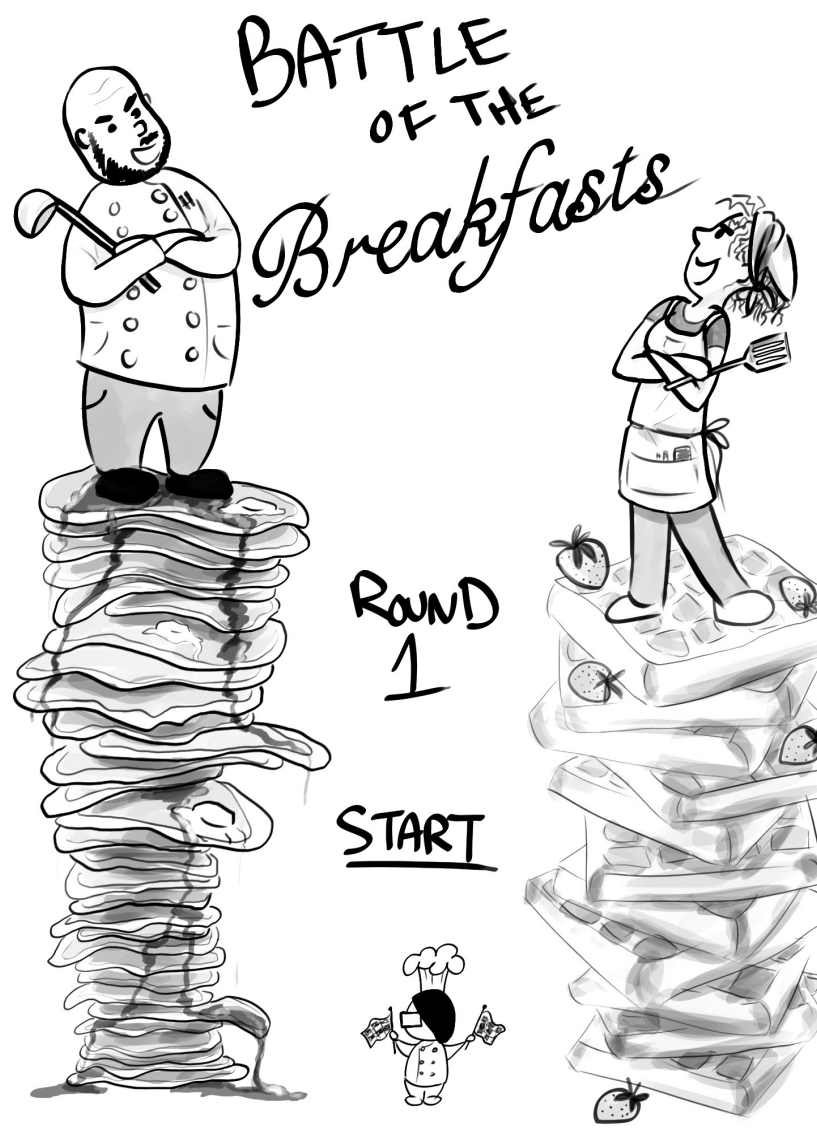
by katjaritche

I've said it once, and I'll say it again: Burlington is sorely lacking in breakfast spots. Penny Cluse is a little too full of itself to justly fulfill the quirky-breakfast niche (also good luck getting seated before you die); Magnolia's is always sure to impress but those prices hurt; Sneakers is a good bet if you want to drive to Winooski—but who wants to do that on a hungover Sunday when the sun won't stop yelling at your eyeballs? Sometimes, your body demands breakfast, and that means a perfect trifecta of meat, eggs, and carbs prepared with equal parts grease and love. Two classic greasy-spoon diner spots stand out in downtown Burlington, and those are Henry's and the Pearl Street Diner.

Henry's is a more obvious go-to, given its proximity to the center of Church Street, but Pearl Street boasts a competitive location slightly off the beaten path of the worst of the Burlington tourist crusade, and it's across the street from the one goddamn Dunkin' Donuts in Burlington. Prices for both are also appealing: you'll shell out 10 or 12 bucks for a specialty Benedict or a multiple-pancake-meat-eggs combo, and simpler things don't break the bank.

I'm a fan of nostalgic vinyl booths and counter seating with a view to the kitchen, and both places have those essentials covered. However, Henry's takes the cake on its counter appeal: the stools are padded, elevated from the rest of the seating area, and feature a direct line of sight to the grill so you can fixate impatiently on your meal as it is prepared, no doubt flying well under each and every health code requirement (grease appeal, check). Pearl Street was a bit of a disappointment, but mostly because the stools were unpadded, and short enough to make me, at a staggering 5-foot-2, feel a little cramped in the legroom department, so I can only imagine the desire my breakfast counterparts had to stretch their normal-length legs.

I do have to hand it to Pearl Street in the booth department, though: little two-person booths with tiny square tables line the front windows, which are freaking adorable. And, there is something to be said about the openness of the place, which is essentially a large square compared to Henry's cramped corridors: I pretty much get sympathy-claustrophobia for the



yin yefko

poor waitresses. Also, what's up with their weird car-hop dresses? Pearl Street waitresses appear to have the freedom to dress themselves.

After sampling the veggie Benedict at Pearl Street and Henry's, while both restaurants serve admirably large toppings of Hollandaise sauce, I have to give the prize to the former of the two. Veggie sausage is a nice touch, especially when they julienne the spinach and thoroughly sauté the mushrooms, and it's a full two bucks less than Henry's version, to boot. Pearl Street also features a scaled-down version of Henry's signature Hungry Henry special, which is comprised of three pancakes or slices of French toast, as many eggs (any style) plus homefries, meat, and toast. I'm not saying I haven't put one away before, but it's not for the faint of heart. Pearl Street's "Hungry Hipster" is a more reasonable single pancake and two eggs, plus the same meat and carb accoutrements. I will, however, give the pancake prize hands-down to Henry's: Pearl Street's denser pancakes don't quite cut it. I want that shit to be crafted from fluffy buttermilk clouds.

All in all, two solid options for the classic diner atmosphere. If you want your full-on '50s throwback right after a Church Street tour of Homeport and Urban Outfitters when your mom comes to visit, pick Henry's. If you'd like to avoid the droves of Quebecois tourists and yuppie parents who demand a 50-foot radius for them to push their luxury strollers containing their shit-head toddlers whom they are convinced are perfect holy angelbabies, take a walk down Pearl Street and pick up a solid, unpretentious cup of Dunks on the way—and make sure to snag a booth. Both are sure to please when it's the weekend and your body sounds the alarm for bacon and eggs, pronto. ■

NOT PREPARED -continued from pg 1

whole art of academic writing there, to lead you deeper and deeper into a main point from an initial premise. Combine this with the countless times a Chinese student has asked me, pointing to yet another red mark, "what am I doing wrong here?" and I haven't had any answer other than "um... I don't know, it's just wrong?" English is hard, doesn't always follow logical rules, and the only way so many of us are able to "just know" what's right and wrong is because we grew up speaking the language.

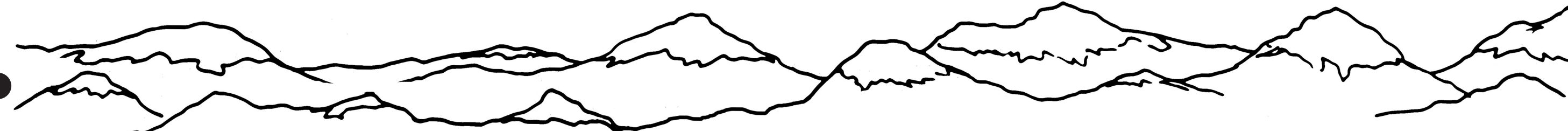
Surely faculty are aware of this, and work their assignments accordingly, focusing on content before minute aspects of grammar? Not really. One major thing left unaccounted for in the drive to bring more international students to campus is the practical aspect of training faculty to work with these students. Instead of seeing what they can bring to a class, some professors focus on what they perceive as papers that aren't up to standard. Students in the school of business complain when they have a Chinese student in their group project instead of thinking about what that

student can bring from their knowledge and perspective.

Even the conversation circle class I tutor (a class for international students that is supposed to focus on conversing in English, practicing new vocab and stuff like that) is not set up well for these students. The professor, presumably unprepared in working with English language learners and obviously frustrated with her assignment, talks about the students as if they're not there, calling them "lazy" when they don't understand assignments or don't bring in homework (the class isn't supposed to have homework).

I think it's great to attract international students to UVM. If it helps fill the coffers, whatever works I guess. But if the university wants to keep this up, it needs to follow through with faculty development and more support in general for these students. We're not prepared, and it's not fair to the international students. ■

reflections.



unaccounted for: why i deleted my facebook

by beckymakous

One of the biggest changes I made this year of college was deleting my Facebook account. Well, deactivating it indefinitely. I first cut out Facebook about six months ago, and have gone on again several times for a few days or week at a time. Deleting my Facebook has easily been one of the most important decisions I have made this year. I was inspired by a video called "The Innovation of Loneliness," which was drawn from a TED talk by social scientist Sherry Turkle. The gist of both the video and TED talk is that in this day and age we have more technological connections yet feel less connected, valuing quantity over quality.

"Human relationships are rich, and they're messy, and they're demanding, and we clean them up with technology." Turkle eloquently says. I have some friends that I never see or talk to but I will still 'like' their pictures and feel connected to them when they 'like' mine. This does not constitute a real connection.

I didn't actually pull the deactivate trigger until I talked to someone who was a deleted-Facebook veteran of two years and made me realize that such a lifestyle was possible. I have to confess a disclaimer however—I did create a work Facebook to be used only for community organizing and activities related to my involvement in Student Climate Culture. I only have a meager 50 friends and never post pictures or statuses; in other words, this Facebook is about as impersonal as it gets. For all intents and purposes, I don't have a Facebook. Here are some things that have changed in my life since I deleted my per-

sonal Facebook:

1) More time. I don't feel the need to check my Facebook right before I go to bed and open my laptop again right when I wake up. It's kind of liberating, not being tied to my computer. There are some rare days where I don't go on a computer even once. I value those days.

2) It's harder to procrastinate. Granted, while writing a challenging final paper I will always find ways to procrastinate, but now Facebook isn't one of those ways.

"i think there is a constant need to validate the image of ourselves that we present to the world..."

3) Less Facebook-stalking. If you think about it, Facebook is pretty creepy. It's a place where people can go and just know things about you. And you can go and just know things about other people. It's removes the fun of getting to learn about someone that you think is interesting by asking them questions. During those brief periods when I reactivated my Facebook, I would be inundated with useless information learning about my friends' day-to-day activities.

4) Less FOMO. Fear of missing out is such a driving factor in college. I used to feel bad when I couldn't attend all the parties that I was invited to. Or I'll see pictures and wonder why those friends were hanging out without me. It's irrational and selfish, but FOMO is a real thing. Now if friends want to invite me to a party, they

have to invite me via text or face-to-face and not with the click of a mass-invite button.

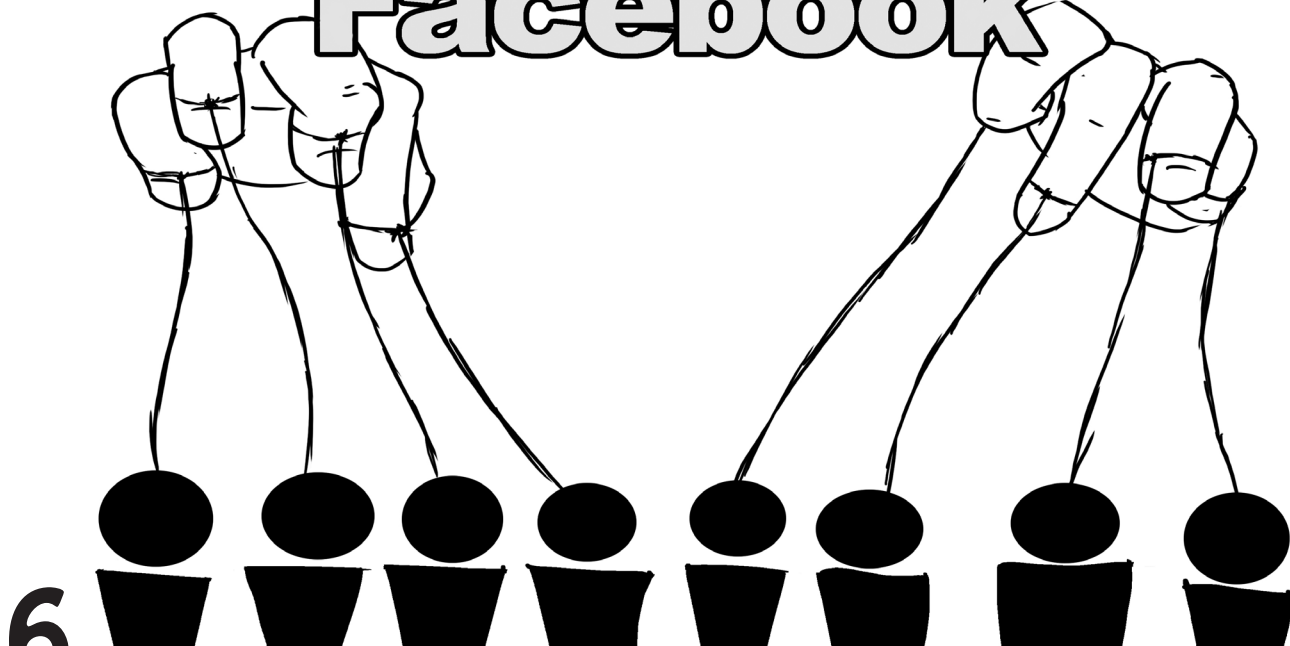
5) Deeper friendships. Now instead of knowing what's happening in the lives of many friends, I only know what's happening in the lives of people that I hang out with, and vice versa. Yes, Facebook is a great way to keep in touch with friends long-distance, but if those friendships really matter you can make time for emails and phone calls.

6) More privacy. We live in an age where privacy is virtually non-existent. When I got a new pet snake, people asked me why I hadn't posted a picture on Facebook. A new piercing or tattoo doesn't feel real until there is a picture on Facebook. Why? I think there is a constant need to validate the image of ourselves that we present to the world through the depiction of all the fun things we're doing. Why is it anybody's business who I hang out with and what activities I do in my free time? Privacy is an underrated right nowadays.

The Facebook demographic change from the last three years shows a dramatic decrease in the populations of both 13-17 years olds and 18-24 year olds on Facebook. This means that our age bracket is leaving Facebook in droves. And Facebook does have it's uses. Group emails can be frustrating and ineffective. And I have to admit that organizing events a helluva lot easier using Facebook. But overall, I think the cons outweigh the pros. I am not saying that you should delete your Facebook today, but I'm saying that it is a possible lifestyle and that I would recommend it. ■

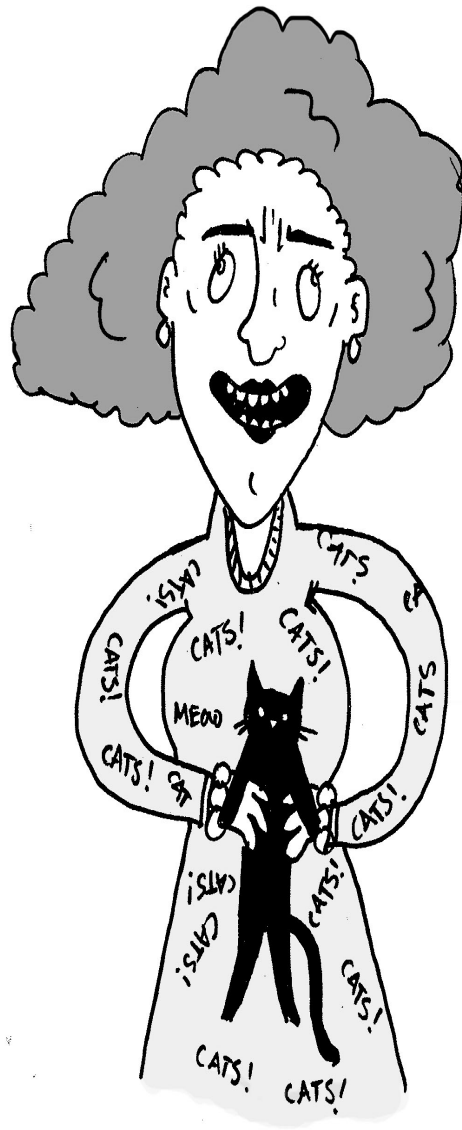
christopher schneider

Facebook



6

ben berrick



you might be a cat lady if...

by mikaelawaters

In the throws of playful banter and light taunting, a friend recently proclaimed that I would have many cats when I was older. I understood this declaration to mean that later in life I would become a weird, lonely, old cat lady with only feline friends for companionship and sense of purpose. While I in no way, shape, or form disagree with this accusation, it got me wondering: what are the factors and early warning signs associated with becoming a cat lady? Is it something that can be predicted? Calculated? Screened for? Vaccinated against? In an attempt to save both myself, and other prospective victims, let's explore the potential factors of causation and/or correlation that could ultimately transform an individual into a cat lady.

First, let us begin with a definition of "cat lady". According to the scholarly and reputable Urban Dictionary, a cat lady can be defined as, "an old woman who usually lives secluded from society with her hundreds of cats. Because she is forced to use all of her social security money on her cats, she eats only cat food and drinks only milk. She is destined to die an old maid with only her cats". Let that sink in for a moment. Picture a grey haired, hunched over, raisin like, elderly woman holding three cats with a fourth and fifth perched on her shoulders. She is whispering to them in a sickly sweet voice about the can of fancy feast she will soon open for them and her home is cluttered with old cans, abandoned knitting projects, and cat portraits on the wall. Stop. Pause. Reflection. This could be you. Based on the qualifications set forth by Urban Dictionary and my own observations, I postulate six certifications which indicate that you are at elevated risk of becoming a cat lady. Note: these qualifications could also serve as definitive proof that you are currently living in a down spiraling, feline reality.

1. If you really like cat memes or clothing with cats on it (even ironically).

This behavior indicates a tendency to acquire cat paraphilia, putting you at risk for future hoarding of said paraphernalia and/or of live cats. From this it can be assumed that you have a fetish for the feline, an infatuation with the imaginary cat scenes and a craving, conscious or not, for the cat lady destiny.

2. If you regularly try to show friends, acquaintances, coworkers etc photos of your cat.

This demonstrates not only that you lack standard social skills and are marginalized by society, but that your obsession with cats is not budding, but has, in fact, already blossomed. The behavior signifies a) that you already have at least one cat b) that your level of obsession with your cat is high enough to plan photo shoots for it c) that you fail to appropriately interact with your own kind and are therefore doomed to acquiring more cats.

3. If you Skype with your cat instead of Skyping with your family and friends.

While I empathize with you for having to suffer through Skype sessions with the technically challenged older generation, this behavior is hard and fast evidence of your preference of feline creatures over humans. This evidence of preference will, without doubt, continue to grow, ultimately culminating in your rejection of the human race altogether for your four legged fluffy friends.

4. If you ask your parents to put the cat on the phone when you call them.

See above. You're screwed.

5. If you have full conversations with your cat or any pet for that matter.

Refer to qualification 4.

6. If you miss fluffy things at school and have gone to Petco on more than one occasion just for feline contact.

I would be misleading if I didn't admit that I am guilty of this doing. However, it is one of the strongest signs of future cat lady-dom. If you can't go more than four months without at least petting a feline through a Petco cage, you're future is bleak; inevitably full of hairballs, canned tuna, and many hand knit sweaters with cat patterns.

There are many things a person could grow up to become that are worse than a cat lady—a serial killer, part of the clan that posts up outside of Rite Aid, a business major... So, if you tested positive for an elevated risk of cat ladyhood, don't panic. Go now and throw out all kitty shirts, posters, pens, and pictures. Remove the photo of you and your cat from home in a heart frame from your desk. Cancel your membership to I Haz cheeseburger. And most importantly, prioritize humans over felines or any sort of creature from henceforth. Alternatively, you could embrace your destiny and go buy both a cat named Mr.Pickles and 300 cans of fancy feast immediately. Either way, the signs are clear: for many of you (myself included), a future of felines awaits. ■

more than meets the eye: i am not my gpa

by caito'hara

Ever since my very first semester at college I've struggled with my GPA, a number that supposedly sums up my performance and knowledge of a subject based on semi-arbitrary evaluations held 2-4 times a semester. It's not terrible, really, but I'll admit that I don't have a 3.0. At first it didn't really bother me. I had time on my hands to bring it back up and I figured it would be a simple matter of putting my head down and studying harder. And, you know, actually doing my homework instead of reorganizing my crayon collection or repeatedly doing laundry. All I had to do, it seemed, was put more effort into making sure that that stupid little number went over 3 and stayed there.

I know that plenty of people who never got above a 3.0 have gone on to live perfectly successful lives. Hell, I know plenty of friends who have landed cushy, well-paying jobs after graduating without having anything remotely close to a 3.0. But it didn't really hit me how much of a big deal people make over a three digit number until I had to meet with one of the HCOL advisors.

See, I was only able to actively participate in the Honors College my freshman year before I was bluntly informed that my academic performance wasn't up to their standards and I would no longer be a member of that "elite" group (and I use that term loosely). At the end of my first semester at college, I was put on academic probation, which was a perfectly justified response to my rather abysmal performance. Part of being on probation in HCOL meant that you had to meet with one of the HCOL advisors to discuss the performance issues. I expected the usual "What did you struggle with? What do you think

you can do to improve your standing?" rhetoric I had gotten before when my grades dipped in high school, and, to some degree at least, that's what I got. Oh, and there was a little thing about how I should probably switch majors.

Yea. You read that right.

I went pre-med freshman year, and while I've since switched into the engineering college, at that point I was really gung-ho about the whole thing. When I sat down with the HCOL advisor, I was informed that my grades (from one semester...) showed that I was strong in the humanities and seemed to have a weakness in science and math. After spending all of 30 seconds glossing over ways I could improve those scores, I was "asked if I had ever considered switching majors, because my grades would be oh so much better if I went in to a liberal arts program.

Now, I'm not knocking any of the liberal arts majors; the world needs teachers, writers, historians and artists just as much as it needs engineers, chemists and doctors. However, it was really disheartening to be told, even implicitly, that in order to succeed, I needed to get good grades (duh) and, in order to make that happen, I should switch majors. Aren't advisors supposed to be encouraging of a student's dreams and goals, not shit all over them?

Good grades are but a part of success; hard work, drive and passion for what you do counts so much more than whether you only manage Cs, no matter how hard you work. To have someone who was, in theory, supposed to be supportive of his students and their goals essentially imply that the only way for me to be successful was to switch to a degree program I had no interest in was a huge blow to my self-confidence.

So, I got the boot from HCOL, and I wouldn't exactly

"[my gpa] says nothing of my tenacity and willingness to go the extra mile to perfect a project."

call it a bit-tersweet departure. (It was glorious and wonderful and I don't regret a thing.) Here I am 2 years later, still a science major and still without a 3.0. And while I haven't been advised again to switch majors to save my poor GPA from the soul-eating trap of being less than a 3, I have been repeatedly informed that I "should really try to get at least a 3.0." Yea...thanks...what do you think I've been trying to do for the last 4+ semesters?

It seems to me that professors and advisors believe that there's a magical and mythical world of never-ending job offers if you have above a 3.0, and if you don't manage to reach that nirvana you're doomed to an endless pit of despair and unemployment. For fucks sake, even intern

applications are bitterly judgmental. Yes, I believe that internships should be competitive; companies want to hire the best candidates for the position. But there have been several applications that I started but wasn't even allowed to finish, simply because I answered "No" to having above a 3.0. Grades are important, that can't be denied, but they do not define me.

I am more than my GPA.

My GPA is a three-digit number that claims to describe my academic achievement. It says nothing of my tenacity and willingness to go the extra mile to perfect a project. It says nothing of my passion for biomaterials (yea, I'm weird) or my eagerness to learn from those with more experience than I have. A GPA, while it appears to define academic success, does nothing more than attempt to quantify the incredibly vast amount of information one takes in at college, which, in my humble opinion, is something that is impossible to express in a single number.

The thing is, I've learned so much more here than my GPA could ever possibly reflect. I've grown as a person, gotten rid of some biases and probably picked up a few more along the way. One could almost argue that I matured. I believe that one of the issues with judging students based on GPA is that the individual as a living, breathing human being is ignored. A GPA pretends to sum up a person's worth in a single number, when we all know that our worth can never be described so compactly.

My GPA is a number. I am a human being, and I am so much more than just my GPA. ■

7

highlight reel.

world cup preview

haley montgomery

by zackpensak

No event in the world of sports captivates such a staggeringly huge audience as does the World Cup. FIFA reported that over 700 million viewers tuned in for the 2010 World Cup final between Spain and Netherlands, making it the most watched sports event of all-time. The world's top international soccer competition is set to begin on June 12th, with host nation Brazil taking on Croatia. This year's field of teams is being labeled by many as one of the most highly competitive of all-time. So to help you get ready for the quadrennial extravaganza, here is a preview of the 2014 World Cup. (Teams in bold advance.)

Group A: **Brazil**, Croatia, Cameroon, Mexico

Brazil comes into the tournament brimming with confidence, and will breeze by their opponents on the shoulders of Neymar, their young superstar forward. Croatia will grab the second spot with their Real Madrid midfield maestro Luka Modrić playing the role of supplier to forwards Mario Mandžukić and Nikica Jelavić. However, a slip-up by either team could open the door for Cameroon to sneak through, with the ever-dangerous Samuel Eto'o at the head of their attack.

Group B: **Spain**, Netherlands, Chile, Australia

Although all Brazilian eyes will be on their team's opening day match, the attention of the world will be focused on the repeat of the 2010 finals happening the next day in Group B. Footy fans giggled in excitement when the former finalists were drawn in the same group back in December and this match promises to be an opener for the ages. The Spaniards and the Dutch may face a challenge when facing one another, but should have no issues in dispatching Chile and Australia in their following games. Look for La Roja to come out of this group with a full 9 points in hand.

Group C: **Colombia**, Cote d'Ivoire, Greece, Japan

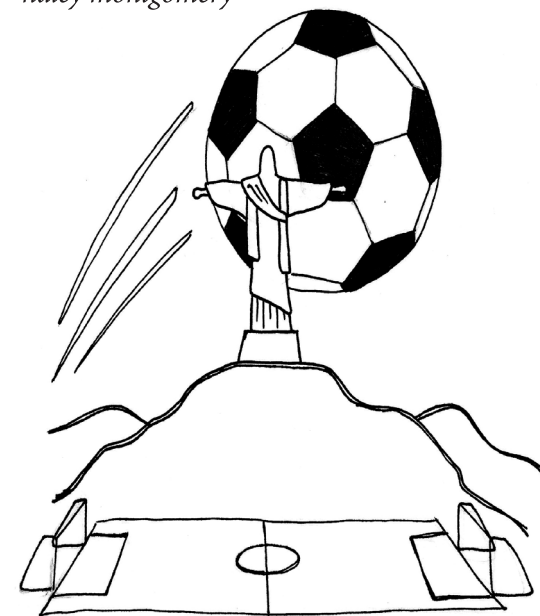
A few months ago Colombia was a popular dark horse contender for this year's competition until star forward Radamel Falcao went down with a knee injury in the winter. Nonetheless, the Colombians will take the group on the strength of James Rodríguez in midfield and Jackson Martínez up top. The second spot is up for grabs, but Cote d'Ivoire will be able to squeeze through with three-time reigning African Footballer of the Year Yaya Touré leading the way. Keep your eye on Greece, as despite the domestic problems in the country they have a very strong football team, currently ranked 10 in the world by FIFA.

Group D: **Uruguay**, Italy, England, Costa Rica

Here we come to the first Group of Death of this year's World Cup. For Uruguay, the best striker in the world at the moment, Luis Suarez, will be accompanied by the hero of the last World Cup, Diego Forlán, and the PSG marksman Edinson Cavani. It will be a tough battle for second place in this group, with both the Italians and English playing with a bit of a chip on their shoulder. England is the younger and arguably more talented side, but their players have very little World Cup experience. In the end, Italy will live up to their reputation as a stalwart defense led by the ageless Gianluigi Buffon and Andrea Pirlo.

Group E: **France**, Switzerland, Ecuador, Honduras

One of the largest stories in the past World Cup was the complete implosion of the French team. However, if you fast-forward four years, you will see that the team seems to be finally clicking. This is a team filled with world-class talent throughout the lineup, from goalkeeper Hugo Lloris to midfielder Franck Ribéry to forward Karim Benzema. Switzerland on the other hand does not have the big names that France is able to boast, but instead has a ton of international experience.



Group F: **Argentina**, Bosnia-Herzegovina, Nigeria, Iran

Another big question this year is whether or not Lionel Messi will finally be able to silence the critics who doubt his legacy due to a lack of international success. Participating in his third World Cup, this may be Messi's best shot at lifting the trophy on July 13th. Three of the best strikers in the world will be looking to play alongside Messi: Manchester City's Sergio Agüero, Napoli's Gonzalo Higuaín, and PSG's Ezequiel Lavezzi. These strikers, plus an extremely potent midfield, equal a serious contender. Bosnia-Herzegovina will be playing in their first ever World Cup as an independent nation and will be led by Manchester City's scoring machine Edin Džeko.

Group G: **Germany**, Portugal, USA, Ghana

Welcome to the second Group of Death. A large percentage of the German squad play for either Bayern Munich or Borussia Dortmund, the top two teams in the Bundesliga. The obvious chemistry aside, the level of talent on this team is astonishing. They have the best keeper in the world (Manuel Neuer), one of the best full-backs in the world (Phillip Lahm), and a top center midfielder (Bastian Schweinsteiger). For Portugal, Cristiano Ronaldo was recently awarded the FIFA Ballon d'Or and will be playing alongside multiple current and former teammates at Real Madrid. The Americans will rely on Michael Bradley will need to be on the top of his game to provide the right passes for the United States' very questionable front line. To make matters even more difficult, the Yanks will need to get past Ghana in their first match, a team led by AC Milan midfielders Sulley Muntari and Michael Essien that has knocked them out of the past two World Cups.

Group H: **Belgium**, Russia, South Korea, Algeria

In the past few months Belgium has become a dark horse fan-favorite to make a deep run in this year's tournament. This expectation was severely damaged a few weeks ago when striker Christian Benteke was ruled out of the World Cup with an Achilles injury. Nonetheless, two of their most promising talents, Eden Hazard and Romelu Lukaku, are enjoying the best seasons of their blossoming careers. In addition, captain centre-back Vincent Kompany leads a strong line of defense in front of goalie Thibaut Courtois. Everyone on the Russian national team plays in the Russian league, and their industrial chemistry will get them through. ■

fashion five-oh.

summer fashion tips

by dannissim



I won't lie to you; summer isn't my favorite season. For one – logically speaking – cold weather is more sensible. You can only take off so much clothing, whereas there's nothing quite like suffocating in layers. Second off, I hate the damn humidity on the East coast. I sweat like it's no one's business. If there is one thing I do look forward to, it's the change in wardrobe. Spring let's you take your boat shoes and your favorite polo out of the closet, but it's summer where you really get to strut your stuff. Here are a few tips for all you fine readers.

8 'Fellas, the fabric that you should pay more attention to is **linen**. Guys tend to wear plenty of polos and tees, but I don't see enough linen. It's incredibly breathable, making it ideal for summer wear. My tip: buy a slightly oversized linen button-down shirt. Undo the top three buttons, and rock it with your favorite bathing suit and sunglasses on the beach. I've

got this killer off-white, paisley one that always makes sure I'm noticed. In the tees department, try to change things up by varying the neckline—crew, v-neck, boat neck.

For the ladies, as much as I enjoy a good pair of short-shorts, try to avoid constant wear. **Mix up your style** with rompers or a nice sundress. The loose fit will help to keep cool in the summer heat. As for last summer's major trend, high-waisted shorts, I have mixed feelings. Honestly, they're not for everyone, but if you feel that you can pull it off more power to you.

For all, spring and summer signal a time for one color palette above all others: **pastels**. Oh, how I enjoy sporting my varied shorts collection: pink, baby blue, seersucker, and my favorite, Creamsicle orange. If you don't own any pastels, I don't know what's wrong with you and you must rectify the situation at once. Also, **throw away your fucking flip-flops**. I'm sorry, but I

don't see how they can be all that comfortable with that continued sensation of clutching the shoe. Guys, try to stick with Birkenstocks or boat shoes (I like to mix it up with both) and ladies should have several different flats in their arsenal. As always, make sure to protect your eyeballs with a **quality pair of shades**. Don't be a cheap motherfucker, so invest in polarized lenses. I'm always a fan of Ray-Bans, and if you're looking for something vintage, try to snag a pair of Boris Becker Polaroid sunglasses on eBay.

Don't be afraid to try new things. Summer should be a time where you shouldn't feel the stress to always impress. Try a new style, and then try another, and then donate your jorts to Goodwill because you didn't know what you were thinking. Sorry, but I'll never wear jorts. ■

trash.



i want you so bad

someone on campus catch your eye?
couldn't get a name?
submit your love anonymously

uvm.edu/~**watertower**/iwysb.html

Finals are now looming and summer is finally coming,
I can't tell you how much I'll miss your nightly guitar strumming,
Your lessons on car parts and fluid mechanics,
And the occasional rant about thermodynamics.

Lazy Sunday mornings won't be the same without you there,
I'll miss your sleepy "good mornings" and your silly gopher stare.

Mac and cheese and Radio Shack won't be as fun alone,
(I'll have to FaceTime you while I'm there so I don't look *too* thrown.)

You've changed me for the better this year and tamed my wandering eye,
You've been called a "TFD," but I've learned you're a pretty good guy.

Though I know it's not goodbye and I know I'll see you soon,
And I'll obviously be calling you every single afternoon,

I just wanted to say I love you and I'll miss you everyday,
I'll be back before you know it, August 15th is on its way!

When: 11/22

Where: Around the corner

I saw: A piece of work

I am: Squirtle

Always have I admired all you are,
Because your humor never fails to shine,
Because your beauty's brighter than a star,
Your body's better than the darkest wine.
Perhaps it is too late for me to act,
(And, graduating soon, I'm out of time)
Remaining, however, there stands the fact:
Knowing you cannot be expressed in rhyme.

Even though you're not single, weeks remain,
Restive I am; attraction can be pain.

When: Tuesdays, sometimes Mondays, Wednesdays, Sundays.

Where: usually the Davis Center

I saw: a gorgeous girl

I am: almost out of time

Roses are red,
Violets are blue,
Sugar is sweet,
I'll assume you are too!

When: All year long

Where: Layout

I saw: A too-empty inbox

I am: An editor running out of people to write IWYSBs for

I have the biggest crush on you.
I sit in class all day and stare at you.
I have the urge to look for you.
In my dreams and on the street.
Your beauty must be a divine godsend.
For I know that I will never see another like you.

I lack the nerve to talk to you.
So I will continue to observe from afar.

When: Spring Semester

Where: UVM

I saw: a girl

I am: a boy

You could be much better.
Really, it wouldn't be hard.

You basically ignore me
And never put down your guard.
Yet, it's your eyelashes and tall physique
That get me all of the time,

Make me want to be with you,
And tell others that you're mine.

But it's not just your appearance
That causes you to stand out,

It's also your capacity to care
And love your friends sans doubt.

So if you could seize this opportunity
And recognize my desires,

Maybe things could work out
And we'd have a relationship wired.

When: pretty much every day

Where: various places

I saw: a diamond in the rough

I am: going crazy

Your brightly colored shirt caught my attention,
I remember you don't like wearing logos.

I like your creative stories

Want to write some together?

When: Tuesday and Thursdays

Where: Lafayette

I saw: A man

I am: A woman

Cat-eyed

Poli-sci

Curly style(hair)

Dipped in ketchup

..French-fry..

Um, you smoke cigarettes

I could be your Nicorette

But I'm way more fun than that gum

Let's chill when this class is done

When: Poli- sizzle

Where: MWF

I saw: a girl

I am: hoping you don't think I'm too weird

You missed my
Chalkboard expression
So here's my
Confession:

I met you this fall
And wanted to call

But you left before
I could try.

Since then I've been
Waiting and
Contemplating

And I'm not this
Kind of guy. so be

At Billings this Friday
At noon

And you'll see why
When: Not enough

Where: Around

I saw: XX

I am: XY

Neon paint on your body.

You make me feel oh so naughty.

I've wanted you for sooo long.

But loving your "sister" is soo wrong.
Perfect body. Perfect lips.

You make me wanna swing my hips.
Hiding my love is such a job.

Because all you do is make me throb.
When: All the time

Where: Everywhere I go

I saw: Neon beauty

I am: Booty poppin' blondie

We see each other everyday

And that one shower was electric

You give me butterflies in my chest..

...or an arrhythmia

Either way, my heart flutters for you

I like the energy between us

You are so incredibly beautiful

Love you always

When: Every day and Night

Where: "Our" Room

I saw: A Princess

I am: Your Prince Charming

I spotted you in the Cyber Cafe,
From you my eyes did not stray.

Damn that Carhartt flannel was bangin',
Girl on you my mind has been hanging.

You are so fine,

And that bod I want to intertwine.

You asked me a question about nutrition,
But all I could think about was turning

your ignition.

From the moment our eyes met,

I only thought about making you sweat.

You put other girls to shame,

When the love of my life you became.

When: All day erry day

Where: Outside lafayette MWF

I saw: Slammin' blonde with rock hard

quads

I am: A killer whale

the ear

overheard a conversation in b-town? was
it hilarious? dumb? inspirational?
tell **the ear** and we'll print it

uvm.edu/~**watertower**/ear.
html

Simpson Fine Dining

Student: Can you check this buzzer? It's been a long time and it hasn't gone off.
(*FOD worker looks at the receipt.*)

FOD Worker:It's been four minutes.
Come back later.

Redstone Green

Girl to Friends: Who has the Dominos app? I need pizza and parmesan asap.

SGA Offices

FeelGood Girl 1: What is eugenics?

FeelGood Girl 2: It's, like, racism.

Downtown

Reminiscing Senior 1: Remember back before you had a boyfriend? Sometimes I miss how insane you used to be.

Reminiscing Senior 2: Yeah, I had a good run. My only two requirements were that he had a penis and a pulse and I was sold!

College Street

Boy: If I were a parapalegic I'd still be such a great driver

L/L

Guy: I'm gonna poke your mom

Girl: ...Um?

Guy: On Facebook! On Facebook!

The Gym

First-time Gym Girl: Are sit ups like birth control? Do you have to do them everyday?

Waterman

Guy: Hey! Call me.. uh call me.. wait ,whats the name of that actress again from that cheerleading movie?

Me: Um.. I dont know lets look it up..
[*finds out it's Kristen Dunst*]

Guy: Right ok ok, so here we go.. You can call me Kristen Dunst cause I'm about to Bring It On.

Me: Wow—ok so that's where we we're going with this.

créatif stuffé.

dear cab driver

by carlymcandrews

You are a wrinkled, grey-eyed man with a confused, salacious smile painted on your face like a mask. I don't smile back at you, I offer no courtesy to normalize your unprovoked predation, I offer no sanction that might twist your sentence into sweetness.

I am a leopard today in my printed skirt, transparent tights and black sneakers like paws. In my natural habitat, I sit in baobab treetops stalking bloated antelope and long-legged deer, bloodthirsty and hot as the sun.

I am a leopard, but I can't run like I'm made to in your car, so while you fill the ten minutes between here and my destination with mumblings of misplaced desire, I fantasize about tearing out your jugular with my incisors, biting off all ten of your fingers, one by one.

Your glossy eyes can't meet my gaze and hang heavy; weighed down by shame and indignity, you ask for my fare. Your mind, empty and dry as the wide open plain, is a broken piece: good as gone, hollow. A victim of PTSD or mental illness, I see now that you have no life left in you, you are an artifact of the Vietnam War, fit for an American history museum.

Grace rips my heart out and hands it to me. It's sticky and warm in my palm. I forget to hurt you like you hurt me now that I have to protect my life organ. Slowly, I step out of your cab, thinking nothing but *don't drop it*. ■

a trip to the ladies' room

by angelameredith

*My first encounter with the up-close
That had to be put up with.*
—Seamus Heaney, "Eelworks"

I knew exactly what it was,
even before I knelt down
like a ridiculous detective
to magnify the obvious
and inspect the waste of time.

A trail of brownish splatter-lets
starting at her chair
that is still
excused from the empty table.

I imagine the circumstances,
the shuffling clatter:
walker wheels at max speed,
furious slippers tearing
the hardwood hallway
like sandpaper
skate-scratching,
skate-scratching.

There is something vain in the finely-aged,
wine, cheese,
the trip to the ladies' room.

Now, on my knees, Cinderella scrubbing,
doing what has to be done
with a soggy paper towel,
struggling to recall
the last time I had cleaned my room,
and if I had ever before
felt too young.

But a thin outer rim clings
to the dried-in specks.
The point of my thumb
makes invisible scribbles
over a story I don't want
to tell my mother,
or laugh at with friends
in the bathroom
at a party. ■

aptitude

by katjaritchie

I'm watching a kid, maybe seventeen or so,
sit down in a cafe in a starch-white button-down
and be seen for a college interview.

The counselor is pert, mid-twenties,
and the boy's halfway between parental respect and the utterly uncharted
allure of a marginally-older woman. He discusses
the SAT and essay questions,
along with the newest edition of all the right prep books,
eyeing the legal pad under her forearm, where the smell of her floral perfume
mingles with new paper. It's moments like this that
I realize I am not cut out for poetry.

How much more sharply could I etch for you
every line of worry on this poor kid's face,
dimpled with blackheads under hair gelled to mom-approved perfection
if I only had a block of hearty prose? How clearly

could I sing the birdlike tempo of her easy laughter, or give you the dry touch
of bony, cocktail-ringed fingers sliding through a brunette bob;
drum out the dull pound of tallying this boy's every stutter
until you feel them as I do:

each a black mark against him, demerits
even before an acceptance letter,
without my full and flourishing scope of parts of speech and sentence structure,
antecedents skipping over adverbs, clauses
playing in conjunction?

Verse slashes half my toolbox and sends
some of my best-loved instruments clattering to the floor,
insisting instead I render a different kind of beauty, and it's not that one's better
or worse,

it's just like handing me a hairline paintbrush and telling me to give you Monet;

it's the world reduced to the sum of its parts, and like this boy
I'm tongue-tied. The counselor ends the session,
she shakes his hand. I know what it is to have more to say,
if you only knew how the parts fit together. ■

cat litter.



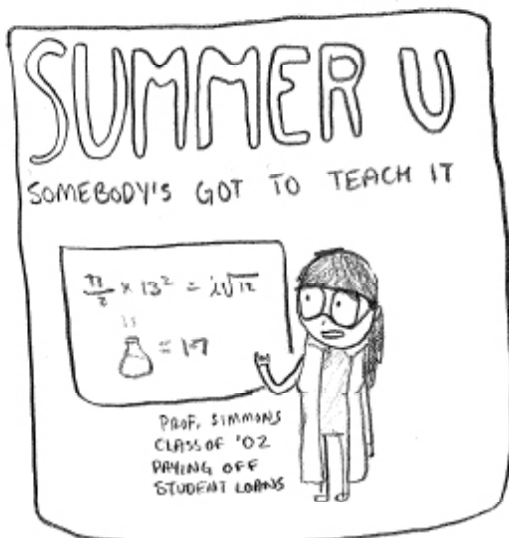
collincappelle



A tiny horse.



these awesome things were done by leonardbartenstein



IF SUMMER U ADVERTISED TO PROFESSORS, TOO...

the year in review

Everyone knows the only way to really gauge how well a year has been is looking at the material things in your life. If what you have now is better than what you had a year ago, you have done well for yourself. Below I have listed all of the special things my housemates or I have purchased in the past year with little delightful tidbits about why they are the best things ever.

Waffle Maker – Essential if you are serious about breakfast food but still useful if you are not a hardcore waffle-er. Waking up and having a crispy Belgian waffle is quite literally the best thing ever. These things are a bitch to clean though.

Cast Iron Skillet – Really, if you do not understand why this is the best piece of cookware you will ever own, you should never cook another meal again.

Active Ankles – Throughout the course of last year, I sprained both my ankles playing basketball and volleyball. After the second time, I realized I should probably start wearing these wonderful contraptions to prevent another week of hobbling around with a black and blue foot.

A Jets to Brazil Poster of the album "Perfecting Loneliness" – Nothing says you are an emotionally stable, well-balanced person when the only thing on your white bedroom walls is a poster with the words "Perfecting Loneliness". I figured it was better than just the bare walls...

An Attachable Bidet – One of our houses most recent purchases is the fabulous bidet. For those of us who have a thick coat of hair pretty much everywhere, coupled with a meat heavy diet... OK I'm not going to go into this further so let's just leave it at this: it leaves you clean every time. Also, if you turn it on high while not sitting down, the water jets all the way to the opposite wall which is hilarious.

