

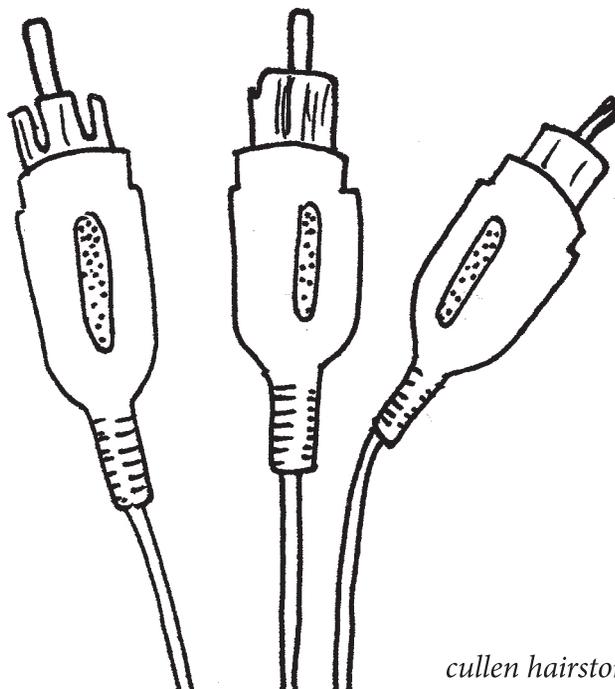
the water tower.

uvm's alternative newsmag

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of profs and projectors: or, what to do when the phd can't find the 'on' switch



cullen hairston

by wesdunn

If you're not overwhelmingly familiar with the following scenario, you probably also aren't familiar with passing attendance grades: you're sitting in class, proud that you made it on time, even though (insert vehicle or appendage here) broke down that morning. The professor is behind the presentation desk at the front of the room. Everything needed for learning to take place seems to be present and accounted for.

But instead, the professor is muttering to themselves under their breath, punching buttons on the projector control modem at random. They turn the computer off and back on again. "Can you all see anything?"

No, professor, you haven't been struck with SOPB (Sudden Onset Projector Blindness, the scourge of academia), there is definitely nothing showing up.

They keep punching buttons, often quite literally. They unplug and reinsert any cord within reach. Now for Act II: Desperation. "Does anyone know anything about how these things work?!" That one kid gets up, and at this point, I reckon there's about a 20 percent chance that the problem gets fixed. Most of the time, this kind Samaritan simply repeats the same process that the professor already did, and the only real change that has occurred is that now, instead of just one, there are two people futzing and muttering at the front of the room.

"Wait, let me see..." "no, that's not..." "Where does this go?" "ok no no no, try this..."

It's basically the same dialogue as the

first time I had sex, combined with facial expressions whose only other habitat is of office work environments when the boss is walking by and you need to look like you're doing something. Nobody ever looks as concerned/interested in anything as they do when they're trying start a projector while an entire lecture hall awkwardly watches.

The feeling you get if the magical union between computer and projector eventual-

"this kind samaritan simply repeats the same process that the professor already did, and the only real change is that now, instead of just one, there are two people futzing and muttering at the front of the room."

ly occurs, if you haven't tuned out by reading text messages or catching up on notes long ago, is almost a sort of mini-high. This same ecstasy occurs when that big hit that looks like it might be foul hits the pole or ekes its way over the wall, or when that arcing three-pointer swishes the net while the buzzer sounds. It's that moment the Olympic athlete in a judged event sees that the judges granted them a winning score. It's that fortuitous instant when the slot machine aligns and begins vomiting coins.

Too bad 10 minutes of class were spent sweating over this state-of-the-art presentation system. Usually, all the professor wanted to do was show a couple pictures. In many cases, they never get it to work,

and they move on with whatever plan B comes to mind. Some professors regard the whole setup like my dog regards bubble wrap, giving it a wide berth and etching away at the chalkboard as they always have.

All of this begs the question: is there a single fucking person at this university who has a comprehensive knowledge of how to operate these things? As it turns out, there seems to be three such people. These divine souls are the staff of the classroom technology

services team, an elite unit based out of Bailey-Howe. They are responsible for the installation and upkeep of the "general purpose classroom presentation equipment," and their webpage within the greater library website emphasizes that they are available to "show you how to use it or just increase your comfort level with it for your classes." They seem very friendly and approachable.

Unfortunately, it doesn't seem as though many professors are taking the time to contact the classroom technology team and get educated. Most professors I know are simply way too busy for that. The result is that many otherwise talented and brilliant individuals are routinely rendered helpless in the face of technology that is designed to optimize their teaching. Many carefully planned lessons run aground on these technological shoals, and unless more professors start calling the classroom technology team (who I'm certain wear sexy awesome superhero suits), we should probably just dismantle the things and see how much chalk we can buy with the scrap

it's always funny in philadelphia

by philarliss

On paper, it doesn't make sense that *It's Always Sunny in Philadelphia* has been one of the most successful cult comedy shows on television for the past ten years. There is virtually no plot, minimal character development even after ten seasons, and the jokes broach topics such as puns on 'boy's holes' and faking autism to get welfare. Somehow, these are some of the exact reasons why this unconventional sitcom is so successful.

Season 10 of *Always Sunny* coming to a close has got me thinking about how amazing it is that the show has somehow managed to stay so consistently goddamn funny. The high quality of the past couple of seasons is a testament to the comedic genius of Rob McElhenney, Glenn Howerton, and Charlie Day—the show's creators and lead actors. In a series where virtually no forward progress is ever made, it is incredible that each new episode never fails to disappoint. Although the same level of dark, bizarre, and dry humor has remained consistent throughout, there have been some new, minor developments to *Sunny* in the last couple of seasons.

The use of more creative and daring camera shots is something unique to the later seasons. In "The Gang Saves the Day" from Season 9, Mac stars in a four-minute fight scene against ninjas modeled after fight scenes from *Kill Bill*; in the same episode, a three-minute cartoon scene showing Charlie's version of *Up* is featured; and in "Charlie Work" from Season 10, an impressive seven-minute, one-shot tracking scene inspired by a scene from *True Detective* is thrown in (Dennis standing behind the bar while creepily uttering "alright alright alright" easily makes this my favorite scene of the season). Any true *Sunny* fan would agree that these sorts of scenes simply can't be found in the technical work of Seasons 1, 2 or 3.

The creators have also decided to recycle storylines—and this has somehow proven an effective choice. Season 8's "Charlie's Mom Has Cancer" was modeled directly after Season 1's "Charlie Has Cancer", with both of them ultimately faking it for selfish reasons. Additionally, season 8's "The Gang Recycles Their Trash" was almost identical to Season 4's "The Gang Solves the Gas Crisis," all the way down to Charlie's "Wildcard, bitches!" ... read the rest on page 6

get
inside
me:

youth & the media
by kerrymartin

fifty shades of...
by wesdunn & stacebrandt

bathroom genie
by mikaelawaters

man buns
by katjaritchie

the best news team inbox. in the universe.



greetings and salutations,

And welcome back from ~spring break~!

Whether you were #poolside on a sunny getaway, volunteering it up on an ASB trip, or freezing the week away in snowy New England, **the water tower** hopes you made the most of it.

As for us, we've put in overtime to get this issue out the instant everyone sets foot back on campus so no one misses a second of news tickin', around-townin', reflectin', tunesin' or Tiny Horsin' goodness.

You'll see reminders throughout the issue, but we're gonna take a hot second here to remind and motivate any curious minds out there that, while we have our own team of staff and editors behind the scenes, **you're what makes the wt.**

Yes, you! Your feedback, words, and art are what keeps us going. Interested? Swing by our next general meeting, **Tuesday, March 17, in the Williams Family Room in the Davis Center.** Bonus points for wearing green in honor of the holiday.

As always, kickin' it **wt** style,

the water tower team.

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

thewatertowernews@gmail.com

the shit list with kerrymartin

The Sedentary Life: When the average temperature is less than the number of class credits I'm taking, I try to fulfill as much of my "research" credit from my mattress as I possibly can. The drawback is realizing that the inactivity creates a 1-to-1 relationship between the texture of my beloved Ben & Jerry's Cinnamon Buns ice cream and my ass-flab. Lump in the trunk.

People who don't know how to use Google Drive: Okay, I understand that maybe you're young and haven't had to use it for many things before...but why not start now? Don't just sit there gaping at me like a seabass, acting like I've just asked you to kill Isaac when I just want you to check your goddamn Gmail. You can't spend that much class time watching GIFs on Reddit and still be afraid of the internet.

Gas and heating bills: \$208 in a month, really? When I signed my lease, you could've mentioned that I'd be spending the winter months as an indentured servant, working the land to maintain circulation in my extremities. I'm sleeping in my rabbit fur hat, PETA can kiss my ass.

Not owning a toaster: This just sucks. I could have bought one, but it's too late now. Got too late right before Price Chopper tossed me some "Buy 1, Get 2 Free" English muffins. Now I'm roasting those puppies in the oven like some heathen. Times are tough, man. ■

the water tower. uvm's alternative newsmag

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the news in brief with jessebaum

"The whole doubt-mongering strategy relies on creating the impression of scientific debate... Willie Soon is playing a role in a certain kind of political theater."

—**Naomi Oreskes**, science historian and all-around badass on Willie Soon, a prominent climate denier in the scientific community who has been found to be accepting bribes from the fossil fuel industry in exchange for fabricating data and publicly denying climate change. Soon seems blissfully unaware that fabricating such data is a violation of Our Common Ground, and that the literal future of human society is at stake here.

"It's unpredictable, like a roulette—one time you are happy, next time you want to jump out of the window or hide under the bed... That's the scariest drug I've ever tried."

—**A Russian man** describes his experience with bath salts, whose chemical formula is constantly changing (to avoid being blacklisted for production) and may be diluted with anything from brake fluid to acetone. Bath salts are yet another reason to be afraid of Russia—the drug has sent thousands of Russians to the ER in the past few months alone.

"We believe terrorism allegations to be political charges. And we believe this to be an attempt to scare and terrorize political rivals."

—**Allies of former Maldivian President Mohamed Nasheed** defend him following his arrest earlier this week. Nasheed was the Maldives' first elected president and a strong climate advocate for the endangered island nation. He was forced out of office by a coalition of political, police and military allies. Current president Abdulla Yameen hails from a powerful and wealthy family, and has reportedly begged everyone to "be cool" as he clings to the presidency.

"Certain questions, that if you're going to answer them at all, you answer them 'yes!' Do you believe in evolution? Yep! Is the president patriotic? Yes!"

—**Fox News Correspondent George Will** counsels Wisconsin governor, professional labor and education enemy, and 2016 presidential hopeful Scott Walker on his platform. This sage advice came on the heels of Walker's "punting" when asked if he believed in evolution. Lest we forget, this is a college-educated man who thinks that college isn't for Real Americans.

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L/L - Outside Alice's Café
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Waterman - Main Lobby
Williams - Inside Steps
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join the wt.

New writers and artists are always welcome
Weekly meetings
Tuesdays at 7:30 pm
Jost Foundation Room
Davis Center - 4th Floor
Or send us an email

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

d.r. no, or, *how we learned to stop caring and keep shafting haiti*

by jessebaum

Tensions in the Dominican Republic between people of Dominican and people of Haitian descent reached a peak on Wednesday, February 11th, when a man named Henry Jean Claude was lynched in a public square in Santiago in what many suspect to be an anti-Haitian hate crime.

Originally, local authorities barely investigated the case, and two other Haitian men were blamed for the murder. Even if the killing were not a hate crime, the police force's incompetent reactions were in themselves deeply troubling. A local police officer actually *tweeted* to deny any racial motivation behind the crime. If you were worried that our Great Nation has a monopoly on racial prejudice, fear not! We're not alone.

Just a week prior, there had been an anti-immigration demonstration (wince-worthy no matter where they are) in favor of the Dominican Republic's new measure to effectively strip an estimated 200,000-250,000 Dominicans of Haitian descent of their Dominican citizenship. Some of those who are set to lose their citizenship were born in the Dominican Republic, have had family in the DR for as many as eighty years, and do not speak Haitian Creole, making the law analogous to rounding up people wearing *Kiss me, I'm Irish* shirts and "deporting" them to Ireland.

But let's back up for a moment here. How is it that this law was able to pass in the DR in the first place?

Well, if nothing in ecology makes sense without evolution (are you with me, fellow Rubensteiners?) nothing in (recent) history makes sense without colonialism and mercantilism, and later, neoliberal economic reform and intervention. It's tempting to look at the situation in Haiti, or in

many other "Third World" countries around the globe and conclude that they are doing something wrong and failing to "catch up" in terms of development. But a look at history shows not a failure to catch up, but a system that shoves some nations backwards.

Perhaps one of the many roots of these issues is a legacy of the intense hatred that dictator/nightmare Rafael Trujillo inspired towards people of Haitian descent while he ruled the Dominican Republic, either directly or through puppets from 1930 to 1961. How did Trujillo gain power? Oh yeah...he worked his way up through the Dominican army when it was propped up by the American military, after we invaded in 1916. But hey, we worried that the DR might default on their debts. A superpower's gotta do what a superpower's gotta do.

On the other side of the border, Haiti's poverty—it's the poorest country in the Americas—is such that the neighboring and developing DR can exploit and abuse it. Massive (and often multinational) plantation-style farming operations in the DR rely on—you guessed it—a steady stream of cheap foreign labor to run, and as a result, there have been decades of immigration agreements that allow Haitian citizens to emigrate to the DR.

Meanwhile, the two major global financial institutions, the IMF and World Bank, have provided Haiti with loans as part of the ever-celebrated Structural Adjustment Programs, where countries must privatize industries, agencies, and social services, to such an extreme that 90 percent of Haitian schoolchildren now attend private schools. And many of them are dismal.

This, as well as trade agreements that have made Haitian farmers go bankrupt (with the social service safety net already shredded) provide the "push" factor for Haitians to migrate. When they cross the border, they provide an essential part of the Dominican labor force—and are resented for it. The song remains the same.

Currently the DR is under fire for their planned deportation policy, and has pushed the deadline back, though critics say there still is not enough time for most of the people now recognized as illegals to file the requisite paperwork before they become stateless. As with any other country's immigration debate (cough, cough), the question becomes, *will realism and tolerance prevail?*

At least here at home, results are inconclusive. ■



jon stewart, the media, and the youth

by kerrymartin

(in order of least to most important)

Last month's biggest TV tearjerker came from Jon Stewart, who announced he'd be leaving *The Daily Show* after 17 years. His Comedy Central departure shouldn't have come as much of a shock: Stewart's signing off after the recent end of *The Colbert Report* (essentially Stewart's bastard child), the installation of *The Nightly Show with Larry Wilmore* to take Colbert's place, and the release of *Rosewater*, a chronicle of an Iranian journalist's imprisonment, written and directed by Stewart. Still, even though we've got at least a few months of *The Daily Show* left, it tugs at many hearts.

Stewart's tenure spanned a period of media more tumultuous and transformative than all that came before it. Cable was on top in 1997, but began 2015 beaten and battered; Stewart rode the wave. *The Daily Show* and later the *Report* rose to two million nightly viewers, just as major news shows on CNN, Fox, and MSNBC plummeted enough to make Comedy Central competitive.

But now, with so many recent goodbyes—including John Oliver, now reaching the high point of his career on HBO's *Last Week Tonight*—Comedy Central is scrambling to keep its edge.

Here's the key question, not just for Comedy Central but for news outlets everywhere: how do we keep the kids?

They mean us. Yes, us students, us Millennials, us Young and Aspiring Adults; *we* matter! We have power as consumers of media to decide its direction, be that gritty integrity, or bawdy buffoonery, or both, or neither. Media strategists are looking to us for what will characterize 21st century media. We can decide with our eyes.

This isn't to say that we as media consumers are not vulnerable to media manipulation; we absolutely are. But as young people, it's our inextricable oddity that makes marketing ideas to us an unpredictable task. Kids are weird and like weird things. Therein lies our power.

Here are the most important points for forward-thinking media producers to know about young America: we're plugged-in, diverse, and self-conscious.

First, we youth are some online, web-surfin' maniacs. This is no mystery: laptops, tablets, smartphones, Netflix, everywhere, and we're still in the early stages of the Internet of Things, the smart-ification of everything. The internet has not only enabled new media, but also consoli-

dated old forms of media. When was the last time you saw anything on cable TV except the Super Bowl and Wolf Blitzer? (And, of course, Stewart and Colbert?)

This isn't just a simple change in the tech we use, it is an amplification of the ways and places we consume media. Now, not even the Five D's of Dodgeball can keep cyber-crap from colliding with you. Modern tech has turned media into a competition for who can smack consumers in the face the quickest. Quality won't win unless it sets the stage for its own going-viral.

Second, we youth are diverse, or we like talking about diversity more than ever. Increasingly, both alternative and mainstream media tout feminism and multiculturalism and lash out at those who don't. The internet has pro-

"media strategists look to us for what will characterize 21st century media. we can decide with our eyes."

vided a particularly divided, persistent, and inconclusive debate about diversity. Yet the newfound near-ubiquity of diversity discourse has forced media outlets old and new at least to open their doors and minds to diversity (some more than others) and de-glorify the old white guy.

For some, this means letting non-white people read the newscast in the tone of voice institutionalized by the formerly all-white media, as on CNN or NPR. (Still pretty colorless over at Fox.) But ideally, a youth-led push for diversity in media should bring about journalists, stories, and ideologies that better reflect the United States' (and world's) true population. Outlets like *VICE*, *Slate*, and, even more than before, *The New York Times*, have all made conscious efforts to better represent the civilians affected by major news events, whose voices often go unheard. The same goes for Nicholas Kristof's investigative journalism show *A Path Appears*, for Jose Antonio Vargas's (upcoming) multimedia identity politics site #EmergingUS, and a million Kickstarter campaigns.

However, despite these promising new media trends, popular discussions of true diversity usually fall short of

total acceptance, so consumers settle for an illusion of diversity, a heterogeneity only allowed by a consensus on the limits of political action and attention. In other words, the current prevailing definition of diversity is an assortment of non-white, non-male people now acknowledged by the ruling institutions that long ignored them; they are only acknowledged because they have joined the consensus of political-ideological rule, and they are branded as representatives of their identity groups. This consensus controls all institutions that get reported on, from national and international politics to the entertainment industry; by extension, it governs the media describing these institutions, and the minds that read it.

Third—and crucially—we youth are insecure. Young people mastered the web first and saw traditional cable or print outlets as behind the times. Feeling small and insignificant yet at the same time entitled, youth still seek online media and flex their technological endowments as a means of exerting their voice, their authority, and, the Millennials' favorite social value, their *individuality*.

Our focus on unique identities to be cultivated and propagated has created an economy of individuality, which sustains and relies on a market of infinite opinions to be purported, adopted and tweeted. Driven by insecurity, the individuality obsession gave birth to countless new forms of media—blogs, vlogs, podcasts, profile pages, posts, private messages, comments, Tweets, Vines, Snapchats, infographics, nudies—that have permanently blurred formal media distinctions and theoretically brought individuals and media organizations to an equal plane.

But since we youth stifled our insecurities by becoming empowered individuals, the most successful media outlets will not only profit by creating media we feel cool and comfortable posting to our Walls, but they will use subliminally disempowering media (hint: it's already all around you) to fuel our insecurities and perpetuate the economy of individuality.

There it is, kids: news outlets will give us cool, web-friendly media diverse enough that we feel like progress is made, but not diverse enough to break the institutional consensus, seriously challenge the system, and estrange our friends, employers, and whomever else might be looking at our profiles. God forbid. ■

around town.

who exactly is gary derr?



by benmoffat

Gary Derr is well known by every student and faculty member at UVM as the famous name behind numerous e-mails of varying importance. What the UVM community doesn't know is exactly who, or should I say, what, Gary Derr is. Have you ever met Gary Derr? Do you know anyone who has even seen him? Probably not. This is because "Gary Derr" is actually a supercomputer. Located in a hidden space behind the yogurt shelf in the Marketplace, Gary Derr is a super-charged computer consisting of over 250,000 processors, equipped with 3-platinum coated robotic arms.

Along with that, the UVM engineering and computer science departments have developed a device known as a "Derratron Garyatizer". Being built at UVM, the Garyatizer is claimed to be 100% green - which it is in color, although it fully runs on non-renewable energy. I caught up with 6th year comp-sci major Bexley Buttronomous to learn about the extremely complex device.

"The Derratron Garyatizer works as a bridge to allow Gary Derr to take in what's happening around him and turn it into emotion. The computer can actually feel," Buttronomous explained. Why has the Garyatizer been set up like this? "Many people don't realize the potential of Gary Derr and his current responsibilities. This super computer is not only recognized and sought after by UVM, but also the International Committee of the World Meteorological Organization for choosing the names of major storms and hurricanes. As a matter of fact, Derr is also the official DJ for both the Marketplace and Marché." Buttronomous went on to describe how great of an outlet it was for the supercomputer to be able to choose music to describe his current feelings.

Naturally, I was curious, and pursued an interview with the incredible system. As I walked in, going through an undisclosed secret-tunnel entrance located in Winoos-

ki, I was very impressed by the intricate underground path. Upon arrival, I was even more awestruck when I saw the well air-conditioned room filled with black boxes of wires and circuit boards. I began by asking the computer what he was feeling when he choose to play "Lips of an Angel" by Hinder, "All the Small Things" by Blink-182, and "Turn Down for What" by Lil John consecutively one night in the Marché. Interestingly, Derr responded: "00110100101101011010010110101100010100110," which essentially translates to: "My emotions can switch in a blink of an eye due to the Derratron Garyatizer. I guess I felt confused and sad, angsty and edgy, and even a little crazy and dirty all in the span of ten minutes." He went on to explain that while his song selection might seem completely random, he is indeed processing the raw emotions and feelings that come along with each tune. When asked about what students could expect to listen to while enjoying their extremely flavorful, nutritive, and diverse Sodexo meals next week, Derr responded with more binary which translated to: "I'm really into punk rock right now. I've been feeling like one of the million 13 year-old boys who thinks that no one understands him and how tough his life is. Honestly, if I was human right now I would go straight to the tattoo parlor and get "Parents Drool" and "Skool Sux" tattooed on my upper arms, one on each, after putting generous amounts of eyeliner on of course. I really wish I could headbang too, sometimes I get so heated up in here that they have to bring in extra air-conditioners - all I want to do is get that energy out in a hard-core way." At the end of the interview, Derr wants to make sure that everyone understands that just because he is a robot, that doesn't grant different thinking and judgment. So next time you receive an e-mail from Gary Derr, know that behind every word is a simply astounding supercomputer hidden in the heart of the Davis Center. ■



keely farell

50 shades of uvm: erotic adventures as told by this esteemed campus

by wesdunn and stacebrandt

There have been a lot of good articles bounding around the interwebs lately, comprehensively describing why 50 Shades of Grey is 50 shades of fucked up and how it essentially depicts a wrong, abusive situation. With this firmly in mind, let's move forward, acknowledging the fact that despite (or perhaps, due to) this notoriety, the book/movie has become widely popular and now stands as one of the most widespread sources of risqué material out there. Naturally, this has resulted in some wonderful comedic opportunities, from Gilbert Godfrey's deadpan & nasal reading to a London radio station's replacement of the most explicit words with the names of London subway stations. Inspired by the latter, I hereby present to you a selection of explicit passages from 50 Shades, with most body parts and such supplanted with UVM landmarks. Read it aloud with your friends, or maybe find another consenting adult and name some new moves after your favorite campus fixtures.

Sitting beside me, Christian gently Catamounts my Aiken Center. He squirts baby oil into his hand, and then rubs my Harris Millis Fine Dining with careful tenderness. At the touch of Old Mill I quiver and gasp. He walks around me again, trailing the crop around the middle of my Given Complex. On his second circuit, he suddenly flicks the Converse and it hits me underneath my Southwick, against my Admissions Center. A shock runs through me, and it's the sweetest, strangest, hedonistic feeling. My Waterman convulses at the sweet, stinging bite. My Jeffords harden and elongate, and I moan loudly, pulling on my Royall Tyler. He sighs, and pulls me into his Living/Learning Center, careful not to touch my Bailey Howe - we're at it again. He kisses me softly beside my Fleming, his Redstone moving rhythmically inside my Centennial, his Perkins circling and pressing. His Wright mirrors the actions of his Simpson, claiming me. My Williams begin to stiffen as I push against his Rowell.

"on his second circuit, he suddenly **flicks the converse** and it hits me underneath my **southwick**, against my **admissions center**."

Before I know it, he's got both of my Fishbowls in his vise-like grip above my Lafayette, and he's pinning me to the wall using his Billings. ... His other hand grabs my Catholic Center and yanks down, bringing my Grasse Mount up, and his UHeights are on mine ... My Pomeroy tentatively strokes his and joins him in a slow, erotic dance ... His Water Tower is against my belly.

"Show me how you Rubenstein yourself. Let's see if we can make you Coolidge like this. You're so deliciously Bittersweet. God, I want you ... I'm going to Votey you now, Miss Steele, Kalkin for me, Ana." ■



date night : tips and thoughts from two sides

by lauragreenwood and mikestorace

MOVIE

The Girl-- Unless you are in middle school and getting driven to dates by your parents, you should NEVER have a first date at a movie. Seriously, this is so cliché and the worst way to try to get to know someone. Going to the movies doesn't allow for any conversation; if you enjoy the awkward sexual tension that stirs from being in close proximity to an attractive stranger, just go linger around OGE or some shit. If you are inviting someone over to "watch a movie", this is not a date...this is exactly what we all know it is. Movie dates are good for the lazy couple on rainy days or fuck buddies, that the truth.

The Guy-- The movie date is very hit or miss. On one hand, it is the quintessential date night, and let's be honest, who doesn't love seeing a great movie in theatres? On the other hand, communication is impossible, and isn't that the whole point of taking someone out on a date? The problem I always have with the movie date is deciding what to do with my hands. Do I hold her hand? Do I put my hand around her? It can definitely get awkward. I would recommend the movie date for those in a steady relationship. You get to be close with your lover, and there's always the enticing possibility of a makeout session and the OTPHJ. Lastly, if you are going to choose this date scene, do your research beforehand; there's nothing worse than paying for two tickets to a crappy movie.

DINNER

The Girl-- Classic and historically successful, I'd say you can never go wrong with a dinner date. Call me traditional or call me hungry, the dinner date will forever go down in history as the best way to show someone you're interested, respectful, and (depending on location) adventurous. I hate to say it, but location does really matter, so make sure you live a little by going somewhere other than the safe option like fucking Sweetwater's. Dinner dates allow for an appropriate and defined amount of time which is always sufficient for knowing if the spark is there. While we're on it though, what ever happened to picking up or walking someone home at the end of the night? When else are you supposed to seal the deal, and let it be clearly known what you're both feeling? Come on, guys.

The Guy-- The dinner date makes you a real class act, and is a must for the first date. It makes you look like a gentleman, and it is a surefire way to impress your lady friend. Dinner provides the best opportunity to make conversation, and it gives you a chance to dress up and look like a stud. Make sure you pick a good spot, maybe one off the beaten track of Church Street. I've been loving the Daily Planet lately. The biggest drawback of the dinner date is obviously the shot your wallet is going to take. You have to cover the check boys, because if you don't you look like a total douche. You have no control over what your date gets, but watch your own personal consumption. Don't get an appetizer and stick to one drink. Sweet tip: check the campus special coupon book.

Overall

The Guy-- Dates are fun times, but remember your goal in mind when you choose the type of date and location. If you're looking for a social time, avoid the movie. If you're a bit strapped for cash, then go for the coffee date. If it's the first time you're taking someone out, then definitely take them out to dinner.

The Girl-- Every date should aim to be a new, exciting experience; don't get stuck in your usual patterns or types of date. The best way to keep 'em interested is to keep it lively and fresh-feeling with each outing. No matter the gender, it's in anyone's territory to initiate and keep that connection--happy hunting!

DRINKS

The Guy-- The alcoholic drink date is a fun one. The expectations are definitely towards the fun side, but there is a bit of added pressure. Unlike coffee, there is a higher possibility of some action after the date is finished. However, taking a girl out for drinks is all about the delivery. Don't give off the "I'm just taking out so I can get you drunk vibe." Also, don't suck down your drinks so quickly that you are visibly drunk. You want to act suave and playful. Also, this date setting usually implies multiple drinks, so watch your wallet. You have to strike the balance between buying shitty beer and cosmos. **WARNING:** Do not buy a PBR; it immediately makes you look trashy. A great idea is taking your date for drinks after a movie.

The Girl-- Unlike coffee, the drink date has a little more maturity, sophistication, and sultriness to it. Depending on the guy, I'd say I enter most drink dates with a bit of skepticism. Whereas there is something very cozy about hunkering down in a dimly lit bar over a cold beer or fancy cocktail, this kind of date also comes across a bit insecure and cheap. If either person gets drunk, it's a disaster, so I think it's overall safer to add some food into the mix. Duino y Duende comes to mind as probably the best way to execute going out for drinks as a date (ahh *swoon*). Drinks should focus on more than just the consumption of booze, so it's best when complemented by a unique scene with good music or an interesting crowd.

COFFEE

The Guy-- I'm a huge fan of the coffee date. It is a great way to connect with a lovely lady during the daytime. First of all, coffee allows me to stay on my toes while coming up with creative things to talk about. Also, the beauty of the coffee shop date is that we can share my one true love together. Lastly, a coffee date is mad cheap, so I always take the check. I would not choose this dating method for a first-time date, but it is a easy way to get to know someone.

The Girl-- It seems like all safe guys these days go for the coffee date. There's something really casual and comfortable about sitting over a hot beverage, which makes this kind of date a relaxing territory. Here it doesn't matter who pays because it's so cheap, and you don't have the weird pressure of "it's night time, so what's next..." lingering above the two of you. However, I'm torn on the coffee date and really feel it's better as a followup engagement. Why date if it isn't a little bit uncomfortable, exciting, and unfamiliar?

workaholics happy hour

by mikaelawaters

For all you Workaholics fans, oh baby do I have a happy hour for you. The absolute culmination of die hard fans' (and my own) hopes and dreams, here is finally an opportunity to not only watch the boys get fucked up, but to get silly right along with them. So, grab your snuggie and your booze, 'cause this 'bout to be a tight butthole time.

Take a drink when...

- Adam talks about how strong he is
- Someone mentions their dick
- Alice swears
- You want to touch Blake's hair
- The boys fail to get laid
- Adam feels insecure
- The boys should be fired

Finish your drink when...

- Someone yells at Waymond
- Ders acts loose butthole
- Someone gets butthurt
- The phrase "shmoke a bew!" is spoken
- Jillian tries to help
- Ders mentions swimming
- Montez goes on a rant and says "fuck y'all"

Drink responsibly. ■

reflections.

(it's my) *genie in a bathroom* (baby)

by mikaelawaters

In the beginning of this school year, I met a magical person. A mystical person. A better-than-a-genie-in-a-bottle, a genie-in-a-bathroom person. A person who would change the course of my sophomore year and perhaps even my life. To put it simply: I met a drunk girl in the bathroom.

The year was 2014, the month: August; the location: a nondescript house party on Main Street. Giving in not to peer pressure, but beer pressure on my upper pelvis, I broke the proverbial seal and impatiently waited in line for the second floor bathroom. When it was my turn, the strangest thing happened—a girl whom I had never met came out of a direction unknown and asked in the same casual manner of an old friend, “Can I go in with you?” My immediate thought was, “Uhh... hell no” but devoid of a friendly or socially appropriate response, I shrugged as we entered the baño together and embarked on an adventure I will never forget.

In another bold move, she took the first turn, sitting down to pee while striking up a conversation. Amidst small talk and the unzipping of pants, three points, three eerily accurate and astoundingly profound points were discussed. And in one ten-minute bathroom trip, my life would be changed forever.

1. First, my bathroom buddy informed me that my first semester of sophomore year would be terrible and one of the hardest times of my life. Upon finding out that I was a sophomore and she a senior, the mood shifted from weird bathroom talk to a much more somber tone. Looking up from the porcelain throne, she warned me of what would be a shit semester. She foretold the sophomore slump that I would fall deeply into, signaling the end of the joyous collegiate honeymoon phase that was freshman year. However, she predicted that I would make it through first semester and live on to reign over a victorious second semester – this was the experience she had and indeed

my *collegiate future* as told by a drunken prophette

was the one I would have as well.

2. She encouraged me to study abroad.

She had just returned from Australia and said that I absolutely had to go abroad my junior year. Before I could protest with my doubts, she stated that she knew how hard it would be for me to leave my friends and UVM, but that this experience would be more important. I proposed France or Israel as potential destinations, and she reassuringly and prophetically assured me that it was not the place, but the experience that would matter—I now have plans to study abroad next spring in France.

[At this point in the conversation, we switched. She washed her hands as it was finally my turn to pee, releasing the cracken that was four Natty Lights and three shots of raspberry Burnett’s]

3. She told me that I was really pretty and I said she was pretty back.

Then, just as quickly as she came into my life, she left it: exiting the bathroom and disappearing into the intoxicated masses. We never exchanged names or saw each other again, but I left the bathroom that night with more than just my future told to me by a sort of vodka-induced sorcery. I left with a warm, fuzzy feeling, knowing that I had made a friend. There is no connection in the world as strong as that forged between two drunk females and a need to urinate. It is with these bathroom friends that you share a pee, a moment in time, and a blurry memory to be kept in the album of your heart, perhaps; to be remembered vaguely, yet fondly, in some other line, at some other bathroom, in another house on Main Street, while wasted and just needing to relieve yourself. ■

“just as *quickly* as she came into my life, she left it: exiting the bathroom and *disappearing* into the *intoxicated masses*”

wine psa : supermarket steals and sugary deals.

by mikaelawaters

Greetings wine connoisseurs and fellow cheapskates. Last year, I wrote about the wondrous nectar known to most as Franzia. While I faithfully and forever stand behind my former claims and the product, I have since discovered a few other gems worthy of being shared with the UVM community. So, for those of you who are interested in some sickly sweet bargains on killer-hangover inducing wines, keep reading because yo’ gurl got some suggestions.

Foxhorn Vineyards Pino Grigio-Chardonnay

From the fertile lands of California and featuring a lil’ fox on the label, this stuff is good. For only around eight dollars you’ve got your hands on a 1.5 liter bottle of goodness. And no need to travel to a fancy wine seller for this smooth blend, you can find Foxhorn brand just about anywhere from Hannafords to Price Chopper and Shaw’s. Not to mention, the appeal of Foxhorn’s pino is tripartite. One: it is huge and cheap. Two: It is sweet but not so sickly sweet as to deter mass consumption (this shit was literally made for chugging). Three: It is 12% alcohol which is higher than Franzia and most other economical wine choices.

Charles Shaw White Zinfandel

Affectionately known as “Two Buck Chuck”, this wine is indeed only \$2.99. However, anyone who has tasted their fair share of pino grio knows that not all Chucks were created equal. Steer your eyes toward the white zin. Charles Shaw White Zinfandel displays an enticing pink color (though every wine review site will disagree) and, for only having to break a five, it is pleasant, yummy and easily drinkable wine. Be aware of the low alcohol content and stock up on bottles while you’re at Trader Joes if you’re planning on getting any sort of shwasty (also buy the TJ’s dunkers cookies ‘cause those bad boys are dope).

Yellow Tail Sangria

Clocking in at thirteen dollars for 1.5 liter tank with a reading of 11.5% on alcohol content, if you’re looking for a vacation in a bottle, this is your shit. Very full bodied with a strong citrus kick, Yellow Tale Sangria tastes like a treat and the promise of a good night. Very easy to drink and rewardingly sweet, be aware of overconsumption as a hangover is not only guaranteed, but will kill your hopes and dreams of a weekend full of fun and productivity. Still, it’s always worth it for the ‘gria and is available at every wine-selling supermarket.

Cupcake Vineyards Moscato

Straight out of the wonderful and distant land of wine known to us as “Italy”, comes a wine whose very taste will have the birds chirping for spring- or at least a season with temperatures above 20 degrees. For a classy, yet doable \$11 dollars, you’ll be toasting this ‘scato for more than its price. In this generous bottle, you will find a delightful clarity in color and fruity flavors. Don’t be fooled by this alcoholic Capri Sun, this baby is 9.5 % alcohol and it could just as easily be enjoyed from a glass as through a straw. And Cupcake ‘scato applies to any situation where you may be gettin’ your drunk on: cocktail party, house party, Netflix party in your bedroom. A small price for a little piece of summer, Cupcake Moscato is an all around winner.

calling the crap on cable

by flanniganalpine

Here is a scenario for you: it is a Wednesday evening and I get back to my dorm room after a long, exhausting day of classes and homework. Drained of all my energy, I want nothing more than to just sit back, crack open a brew, and watch some TV.

My particular interest at the moment is to watch the nightly news on NBC; I’ve gotta be keeping up with the times if I am to complete my political science minor. But no, *No, Flannigan, you cannot watch the nightly news; you cannot be an informed citizen of our great nation that is the United States.* Why is this? Well, of course, UVM does not have cable.

At the beginning of last year I read an article written for this same paper about how UVM students should “Stop Bitching About Cable”. The author of this article, some idiot that shall go unnamed (*cough cough* Zack Pensak *cough*), claimed that students have no reason to complain about not having cable on campus.

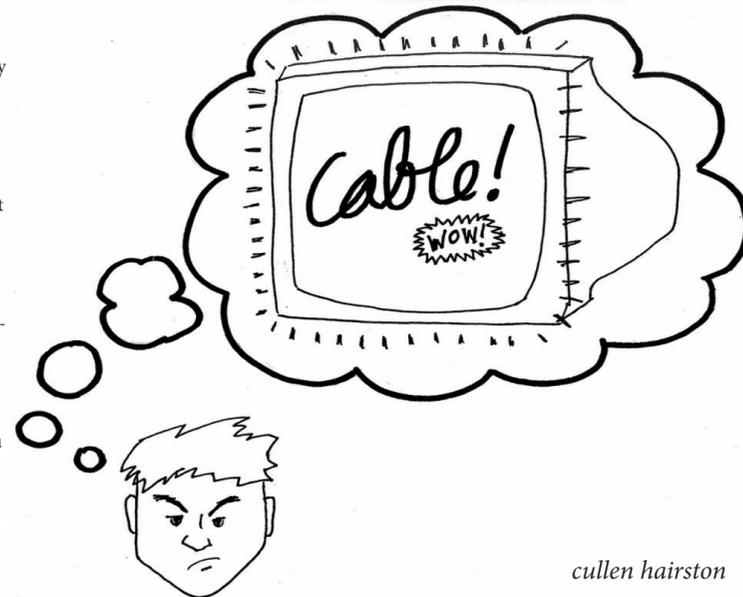
His argument was two-part. Firstly, everyone should be enjoying the great outdoors of Vermont instead of watching TV. Secondly, there are tons of online sites on which a person can watch their favorite sporting event. If I ever met him, this would be my response to the thinking of the almighty Zack:

I have two issues with your argument there Zacky Boy. First of all, it is absolutely freezing in Burlington from late November until mid-March. I myself am not a skier, nor do I play any sports, so when I have some downtime on my hands I am not looking to go conquer nature like you, the superstar UVMer. Of course I think Vermont is a beautiful state, and of course I don’t mind a hike or two when weather permits, but when there is a wind chill of -20°, I want to be warm and inside.

The second bone I have to pick with you is regarding the online sites you seem to live by. I am so happy that you are able to find a sketchy webpage for your football games; hope the 240p video is easy on the eye! However, can firstrowus1.eu provide me with breaking economic news? Can it inform me of the current political happenings in the world which I live? I don’t think so.

You have to realize, Zack, there are some people that don’t turn on the TV just for some stupid, meaningless game that will be forgotten within a year’s time. Myself and many of my colleagues here at the University of Vermont watch television to stay up to date on important issues that affect not just sports fanatics, but the general population of the USA.

You ended your crappy article by pointing out that the funding cut from having cable supposedly went to improving the Internet connection on campus. What a bizarre claim for the UVM administration to make, considering that we still have über-shitty wi-fi in UVM dorms. Maybe that is one thing we, an intellectual like



cullen hairston

ALWAYS FUNNY – continued from page 1

as he jumps out of the van.

A critic of the show might regard the decision to essentially re-do these previous episodes as a cop-out move, but they can go fuck themselves. Instead, the recycling of episodes manages to be a testament to Sunny’s boldness and unconventionality. They’re well aware that re-doing episodes is unorthodox, but they also know that they can make the newer episode hilarious through its own unique flair, not to mention through the basic irony of remembered plot points from seasons past.

Despite these differences between the early and later seasons, the guys at Always Sunny have stayed true to themselves throughout. You still know exactly what to expect when you sit down to watch an episode. Some issue/challenge/endeavor is presented before the opening credits, the gang confidently tries to resolve it, and in the end they fail horribly and go back to their narcissistic existences at Paddy’s Pub.

The consistency in episode style is the main reason why the show has remained so unfailingly funny over the years. The gang’s delusional and sociopathic personalities have remained steady, there have been no changes in the cast, and the

main characters not only create the show but are also best friends in real life. They’ve been getting more daring in the later seasons, but other than that the only thing that’s changed is that the gang now acknowledges that Mac is gay.

At no point has the show ever tried to hide what it is. Sunny has never received an Emmy nomination and I’d bet a rum ham that it never will. But for those who appreciate this brand of brash humor, Sunny is the best you’re gonna get. Some shows may opt to veer away from jokes that touch on things like abortion and homophobia, with intentions of being more widely accepted, Sunny goes straight at that shit full speed ahead. So, Modern Family, you can keep your PG humor and 21 Emmys. I’ll take an episode about trying to find a way to make money off of a dumpster baby seven days a week. ■

stalking the line when *cyber creepin’* goes too far

by mollyo’shea

I feel like we have all been to that place where you realize that you are in too deep. That place where you have somehow managed to virtually stalk your way to the Facebook profile of a friend, sister, boyfriend, best friend, great aunt, fourth cousin nine times removed. I personally realized I needed a wake up call when I found myself scrolling through the twitter feed of someone I barely know, and I don’t even have a twitter. You might be thinking, wow this chick is a creep, and I AGREE. How did this happen? More importantly, is it okay to stalk on social media?

By social media stalking I mean casually looking at someone’s pictures and maybe their friends, but with no intention of going out and finding where they live and watching them sleep. If these are things that you are doing or want to do, stop reading and seek help. There is nothing for you here.

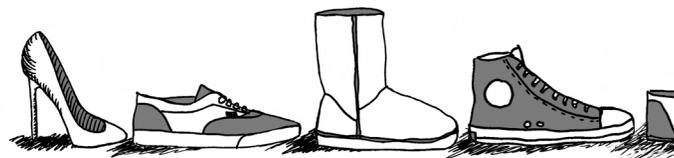
Obviously it’s okay to do a thorough scan of your Facebook friend’s profiles, and

“when you start to feel *creepy* about what you’re doing, you’ve found the line”

other social media accounts; I mean they either added you or accepted your request, so have consented to said viewing of photos and information. It is also pretty harmless to browse through friends of friends’ profiles as well as through the transitive property they are essentially your friend, as well—It’s okay to peek their lives! But is there a distinct line after that? I don’t think there is. I think the line is where you put it, and can only be determined by using your own judgment. I personally feel a little weird if I get to stalking someone I have no mutual friends with, but I think everyone has their own moral line; when you start to feel creepy about what you’re doing, you’ve found the line. Personally, my line is when you’re scrolling through someone’s tweets from 2008, regardless of if you have a twitter account.

So I guess what I am trying to say is, that it’s okay to look at other people’s profiles to a certain extent, and the line gets crossed when feel like you’re being a weirdo. ■

fashion five-oh.



fashion rollway: new york

fashion week

by victoriacassar

The second week of February starts off Mercedes Benz Fashion Week in New York City, and this year's was far from the norm. Of course there was an abundance of the Eastern-European-looking girls with straight hair, thigh gaps, and prominent cheek bones that have been set as the ultimate beauty standard of our era; however, what social media was really buzzing about was #rolemodels-notrunwaymodels.

Designer Carrie Hammer made history this week by again putting together one of fashion's most groundbreaking shows. In Spring 2014, Hammer casted Danielle Sheypuk, the first-ever model in a wheelchair, to appear at New York Fashion Week. She rolled out with fierceness, rocked 10-inch heels, and even showed some thigh during the last stretch of the catwalk. Hammer explains she picked Sheypuk not because she is in a wheel chair, but because she is an empowering woman who advocates sexuality and dating amongst the community of the disabled.

Hammer pushed the boundaries of what to expect in Fall 2015 in terms of colors and patterns, but more importantly in shapes and sizes. The question this week wasn't "what's on the catwalk?" but "whose on the catwalk?" The fall show featured models with disabilities, including qua-

druple amputee Karen Crespo who wore a red dress that proudly revealed her prosthetic arms, and American Horror Story actress, Jamie Brewer, who became the first-ever model with down syndrome to walk the runway. Hammer specifically tailored each outfit to their individual bodies, as opposed to creating an entire collection that would only fit one physique.

Even more surprising was that Carrie Hammer did not stand-alone. Italian brand FTL Moda shared a similar vision for 2015. FTL's designer Antoni Urzi, who has created costumes for Lady Gaga and Beyoncé, casted Jack Eyers, one of the first male amputees to strut the catwalk.

He displayed his metal prosthetic leg, which exaggerated his stride in quite a sexy manner. "The fashion world has been very selective up until now and seeing a diverse range of people is refreshing," says UVM sophomore and British fashionista Skomer Bennett-Clemmow who describes his own style as "urban chic".

Unfortunately, there was not as much diversity or novelty in the demographic of spectators who claimed front row privilege. Puff Daddy, for one, could have very well come straight out of Macklemore's Thrift Shop music video (So. Last. Year) with his oversized fur coat and

washed out jeans. Kanye and Kim also made it to the front row with North West, who wailed in Vogue's editor and chief Anna Wintour's face. (Update: her classic bob hairstyle remained compact as she shifted her body away from little Nori.) Although we are unsure as to what caused the child to throw a tantrum, it is very likely that it had something to do with her daddy's underwhelming clothing line: Adidas Originals x Kanye West YEEZY SEASON 1 *signature grunt*, or with the freakishly skinny models who will eventually turn her already-doomed-to-be superficial adolescence into one of body shaming and low self-esteem.

The media has become our era's form of survival of the fittest, but with a very skewed vision of what is fit and healthy. By creating an illusory idealization of beauty that a minority of the population actually can attain, the media has made many people either go to extreme lengths in order to conform, or concede to feeling worthless. However, there is hope that 2015 will be a year that advocates for diversity in the media. Bennett-Clemmow adds that, "in an ideal modeling world, we want to see conventional beauties with 'normal people' looking beautiful side by side... Why not have a campaign of Cara Delavigne alongside Jamie Brewer?" Now that would be more interesting. ■

"The media has become our era's form of *survival of the fittest*, but with a very skewed vision of what is *fit* and *healthy*."

don't want none unless you've got buns hon

by katjaritchie

Grooming and a level of decorum have taken the forefront in men's fashion as of late, with slicked-back hair and the revitalization of the corner barber shop in vogue. Dudes are throwin' it back to classic Americana in their meticulous upkeep habits, and mainstream fashion has done its best to

assert a mahogany-and-leather, no-girls-allowed, manly-man rebranding. To nip that testosterone-fueled air of trendsetting in the bud: no one could give two fucks if they use a straight razor and lather it with a horsehair brush. It's a beauty salon with different decorating choices and the world is just happy straight dudes are embracing hygiene. Get over yourselves, but keep getting those mani-pedis.

This appropriation of classically feminine beauty habits has spread even to guys who prefer a more rugged exterior. Enter: the man-bun. Dudes are opting to let a grown-out crewcut extend past the jawline and shoulders, and sporting casual buns with their jeans and leather boots. Jared Leto suddenly has the best topknot and ombre fade in the game (for shame, ladies, for shame), and Harry Styles even accented his more low key man-bun with a cornrow-esque side braid.

8 The response to the man-bun has been varied yet violent, whatever side of the coin people seem to land on. Personally, I've always been a staunch

opponent of long hair on men. I think it's creepy. You are far from Fabio, cut the shit and, well, cut that shit. (Call it shallow; I call it "standards.")

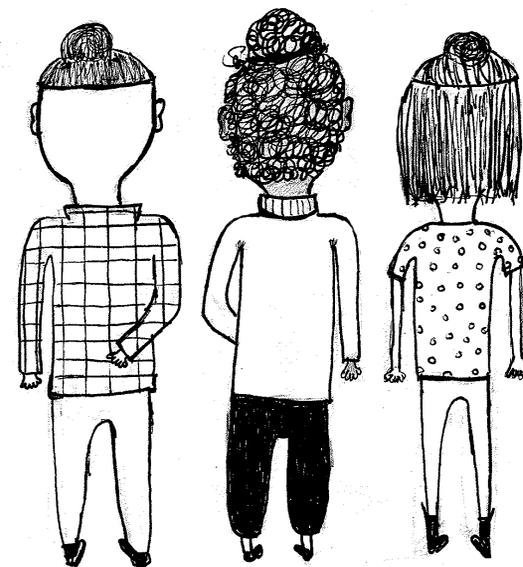
Paradoxically, man-buns are hotter than the flames of hell. What's to be done, then, about the long hair they

necessitate? Once the perfect knot is in place, is the only choice to secure it for all eternity? Should we reconsider bringing back those fake ponytails from Claire's for easy removal? Are man-buns a mere spectator sport, reserved for lone wolves who

will never subject a romantic interest to the inevitable unleashing of their manes? This is field research worth conducting, but the risk involved is undeniable.

Regardless of preference, it can't be disputed that the effective man-bun must be executed with a level of personal style. One must be aware of whether they're shooting for the effeminate, willowy look, with deep V-necks and gauzy fabrics à la One Direction, or a more flannel-lined, mountain-man vibe. It's possible that the man-bun is a fad of an elusive sort, similar to so many other trends in both women's and men's fashion in that it's pulled off best by those who already have perfect bone structure and a runway-ready physique. Perhaps the most intriguing aspect of the man-bun mystique is what it means for menswear: this isn't your dad's suit-and-tie.

It's showing more skin and embracing a silhouette other than "rectangle." It's menswear with blurred boundaries, adopting a softer, more tailored, more high-maintenance attitude, and despite my long-locked misgivings, it's about damn time. ■



emily grace arriviello

trash.



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

i want you so bad

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

It was a hot "summer" day
Down by the sand
When I landed my eyes
On a Dominican man.
His hair was wavy,
Like the ocean behind him,
His body, so natural
He must go to the gym.
Too bad I had to leave
At the end of spring break.
Any thought of my future husband
Makes my body shake.

When: Last week
Where: SGA comps.
I saw: A subtle stud
I am: A public prince

the water tower



wants you!

writers ● artists ● opinionators

tuesdays @ 7:30 pm
williams family room, davis center

The Tunnel

Eavesdropper: Man, what that chick said would be perfect for The Ear.

Bailey/Howe Steps

Hipster-ish guy to girl: UVM: come for the beaches, stay for the communism.

Bailey/Howe

Guy 1: Stay bearded, dude.

Guy 2: You too man, stay bearded.

UHeights North

Spelled out in a window: HAIL SEITAN!

Outside L/L

Girl, to the wind: ... they'll get it, eventually. Sometimes...

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

advertisement

Registration is Now Open!

"I chose to take Summer courses this year to help lighten my load during the academic year. With a double major and minor, all science based, my semesters can be pretty heavy, so I found this to be a good way to help me focus more on each course I need to take."



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uvm.edu/summer

tunes.



takes *burlington*

by michaelstorace

Of all the budding electronic and dance artists springing up in Burlington, Puppet sets himself apart from the rest. The main reason for his impressive success is effective branding: both of his media representation and the careful and articulate development of a unique style.

Brendan Baldwin's musical career began well before his career at the University of Vermont. He comes from a very musically inclined family, most notably his first cousin Eddie Vedder. Baldwin is a drummer by training, and has had the opportunity to play with Jimmy Chamberlain, the former drummer for the Smashing Pumpkins. This technical musical background is crucial to the art of making music, regardless of the platform, and influenced Baldwin to begin producing his own electronic music during his senior year of high school.

Since then, UVM has played a crucial part in Baldwin's development as a music producer. It was in Living and Learning that he first started amassing speakers, a subwoofer, and music computer software. It was also in his freshman and sophomore years that he collaborated with his former roommate Nick Mooring to form the group Art Thieves. It was through Art Thieves that Baldwin was able to first experiment with playing live gigs and marketing himself as a professional musician.

After two years of success, Art Thieves disintegrated when Baldwin and Mooring had a falling out over their larger goals for the project. Baldwin decided that he wanted to devote himself and his career to producing music. It was in the ashes of Art Thieves that Puppet was born.

Baldwin describes his style as a combination of ambient and dance music. It is through hours and hours of manipulation that Baldwin is able to "produce his songs to perfection." For example, the forthcoming song "The Fire" features 147 different layers of instruments and contains

"the main reason for his impressive success is effective branding...a unique style."

two unique drop styles.

Baldwin's careful manipulation of the availability as well as the sound of his music aids in the fostering of musical exclusivity. Electronic music does not revolve around full-length albums like other genres, but instead depends on the cultivation of singles. Much more emphasis lies on the importance of an individual song, both in its specific production and marketing. Another component of Baldwin's successful branding strategy is his use of social media to create hype and attention around a new track.

Despite his own triumphs, Baldwin feels that the current state of electronic dance music is in decline. The art of production is dying in an age where a musical set can consist of an artist pressing play and watching the audience dance obliviously to an unoriginal composition. The electronic scene, especially in Burlington, is "oversaturated," Baldwin states, a reflection on the reality that creating electronic music today does not have to require much in the way of ability or skill.

However, this sad state of affairs seems to have done little to impede Puppet's progress. So far, his work on Puppet and Art Thieves has led to a variety

of live performances with the bands Savant, Savoy, Big Gigantic, and Infected Mushroom, as well as opening for MGMT at UVM's 2013 Springfest.

Puppet's first single, "Scribble," has amassed 157,500 listens on SoundCloud, 500,000 views on YouTube, and also reached iTunes' list of top dance tracks. It was released under the label Monstercat, which is one of the hottest electronic and dance music labels today. In response to his growing fan base, Puppet dropped "Answers" at the beginning of February.

Baldwin's success as Puppet has also motivated his decision to leave UVM after this year to pursue his new career in electronic dance music production. In an industry where fans become complacent with a repetitive sound, innovation is a heavily desired

trait by fans and music labels alike, and Brennan Baldwin as Puppet exemplifies the much-needed creativity in the new electronic scene.

During our interview, he led me through much of the process that goes into making a song. It takes pure devotion as Baldwin "studies the music" until his ears get tired." But it is this level of devotion to his sound that sets Puppet apart. ■



joey bada\$\$

and the return of 90s rap

by alvaswing

Joey Bada\$\$ has been on most rap aficionados radars since his highly acclaimed mixtape 1999 dropped in 2012 when Joey was just 18 years old. Joey burst onto the scene with 90's style beats and gritty flow that made listeners reminisce on what may have been the golden age of hip-hop.

Joey's first true album "B4.DA.\$\$" had its fair share of hype. However, after a couple of listens, I don't know if it lives up to what me and other Joey "badmon" fans had hoped it would be. The album delivers a very polished finished product which is to be expected seeing as it is a true album compared to just a mixtape. The beats are quite possibly the strongest part of the whole album; there is a ton of solid variation throughout the songs.

Joey delivers solid rhymes throughout the album, but it's hard for me to not want more. As an artist who

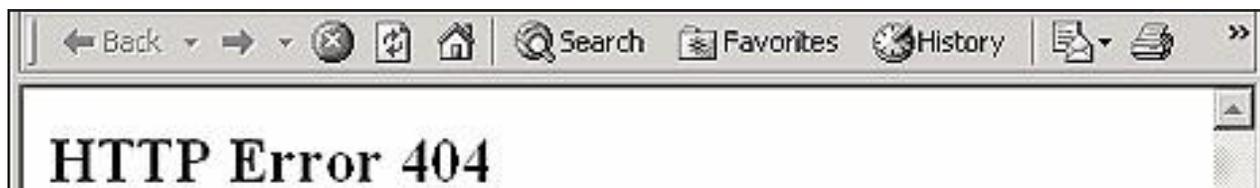
came into the game so highly regarded, this album feels like Joey played it safe and stuck to what he knew. This is not all bad because his conservative lyrical approach to songs is fun to listen to and gives the album, and certain songs in particular, good playback value.

As far as individual songs go there are definitely a few gems. "Paper Trail\$" starts the album off with a relaxed style beat and Bada\$\$ coming in hard with some of my favorite verses on the album. Later in the album on two of my two favorite tracks, "On & On" and "Escape 120", happen to be back-to-back. "Escape 120" is arguably the most impressive offering on the whole album, and features a catchy hook and newer sound. Joey gives listeners a look at a more mature version of himself. Finally, "Chicken Curry" is a must listen. Joey raps about his mother and back when they didn't have

all they do now. This song is a fun listen and is definitely a feel-good track.

This album will surely get a bunch of playback from me but at the same time I can't help but feel like Joey could've gone farther. He gave listeners exactly what was expected from him but as an artist who was known for surpassing expectations this album was almost a disappointment. It poses the question, where will Joey go next?

Rating 3.5 stars out of 5 ■



grant daverson:
ace detective in
"Murder on the Trans-Asian Bullet Train"

part two by leonardbartenstein

Previously: Grant Daverson and Rich Barton, when investigating a lead on their drug case on the Trans-Asian Bullet Train, were interrupted from their investigation by the revelation of a murder most foul! Can they find out whodunit before the train pulls into the station?

"Yep," said Daverson, standing up. He turned to Barton and the other people who had gathered around to see the body. "That person is definitely, and certifiably, dead."

"We didn't really need an expert for that one," said the conductor, rolling her eyes. Daverson gave her an "I-know-that-but-I-was-just-being-professional-about-this-whole-thing-so-don't-par-tronize-me" look and rolled his eyes right back. Barton couldn't take his eyes from the mangled body on the floor. The man's head had been bashed totally in, leaving the man as just a shadow of his former self. There was blood everywhere, and the bathroom looked just awful.

"So what we need to figure now is who might have committed such a crime," said Daverson. "We're on a contained train traveling at speeds higher than 300 miles per hour. No one could have gotten on or off since the murder. That means that now is our chance to capture the villain before they have a chance to escape."

"What's with the sudden heroic detective act?" asked Barton. "You haven't ever seemed to be the type."

"To be honest," said Daverson, condescendingly, "I don't want the conductor to solve this before me." He glanced to her, who shot back a look. You know the kind of look. "And I'm kind of bored. If I solve this murder, then I don't have to talk to you quite as much. It's a win-win-win. Let's get to some clues."

Daverson went to the side of the room, and looked around the floor. For a bathroom on a fancy state of the art train, it didn't seem to have to have a very fancy air to it. It was kind of grody, actually. There was at least one cockroach, and the whole thing carried the miasma of a gas station bathroom someone might visit only because they had eaten a gas station pizza and now needed to immediately void it from their body. By the smell, Daverson realized there was a very real chance that someone had done just that in here. After a quick scan of the room, he noticed that there wasn't anything in the room that could have been used as the murder weapon. The crowd of people continued to watch him, but they didn't dare disturb him in his element.

"Does anyone here have any sort of connection to the dead guy I should know about?" asked Daverson. He peered around the crowd. "I won't get you in trouble or anything. Just fess up now so I won't have to figure it out the hard way." He looked over the faces again. "Or did you all do it? Because if so, I would be so disappointed."

No one responded to the Daverson's accusations. He took a step toward them, over the mangled body of the victim, and only stopped when he heard a voice from above, as a cherub from the seraphim. "Attention passengers: we will be pulling into the station in close to five minutes. Please ready yourself for arrival."

"We're here already?" asked Daverson, turning

to Barton, who shrugged.

"It's a bullet train," said Barton. "They go fast."

"Well then," said Daverson, turning back to the crowd. "We'd better wrap this thing up quick, then." He looked over the crowd one more time, scanning their faces for any sort of clue that they might be, instead of an innocent passenger, a murderous killer. After a moment, he pointed to a man with a Santa Claus beard and a neat business suit. "You, sir."

The man pointed to his own chest and raised his eyebrows, as if to say, "Who, me?"

"Yes, you," said Daverson.

"Uh... you were the one who did it."

"How did you guess?" he asked, his face turning suddenly sinister.

"Oh?" said Daverson, his mouth an O of surprise. "It was you."

"Yes—I mean, wait," the culprit looked down at his hands. "You weren't sure?"

"I mean, to be honest," said Daverson, "no. I just kind of guessed."

"Oh," said the Santa man. He looked to Daverson, to the body on the ground, and to the conductor. He then turned to the door to run, but the conductor was on him like a tick on an un-socked leg of a hiker in the New England summertime.

"This is all well and good," said Barton, speaking to Daverson as the conductor used zip ties to handcuff the murderer, "but did we ever find out about the drug shipment?"

"If you keep talking about drugs all the time," said Daverson, "people are going to think you're trying to score some, Rich. It's kind of weird, your obsession."

"That's the whole reason we took this trip!"

"And what a lovely time that turned out to be," said Daverson. "Let's just pick back up on the investigation when we're back in Burlington Noir, and call it a day."

And a day, indeed, it was called.

Next time: What will happen next in the ongoing investigation of Rachael Valencé? Will anyone get murdered? Will the drug lord strike back at her pursuers? Find out all of this and more in the next installment of:

grant daverson:
ace detective

the
cipher

feat. kerrymartin

How you doin', UVemcees?!? Maulin' midterms, or gettin' mauled? Well, good news, the water tower has some lush lyrics to keep you limber. Don't leave me hangin' up here on center stage...waiting for others to snatch the mic. Send me your raps, on my topics or on any topic! Even no topic! Just go off! But until that happens, I'm still here, and this week, we overthrow US Foreign Military Intervention.

Ever since the Calvinists declared they're havin' this
 To the land, we've been sadists, far from masochists,
 Round up the pacifists, paint 'em as blasphemous
 Cuz they can't kill at random like the Basalisk.
 We started swellin' real big, Viagra was nationalist,
 Destiny is manifest, hemisphere's antagonist.
 Guadalupe Hidalgo, read it with an asterisk
 That says we treat our half the world a sack of shit.
 Cuz we take land with ape-hands, break it down to sand,
 We make plans with fake fans, then forsake our man,
 We bake pans, not to bake clams but break clans,
 Now we buy trade deals with Coke and Ray-Bans.
 How many brutal regimes supported?
 How many of their victims show up and deported?
 How many dirty news stories contorted?
 Millions of inevitable victims of governance exported?
 How many wars underreported?
 It don't mean it's good just cuz your taxes support it.
 How many notions of US-the-best purported?
 Soon as they get a second thought, they're thwarted.
 by CIA whistle-smoker Kerry Martin

Next issue, we get around to Procrastination. Please write raps and contribute, however long or short they are! Send your lines to thewawertowernews@gmail.com with your favorite rapper in the subject line. The best student rapper of the semester gets a fabulous prize! ■

cat litter.

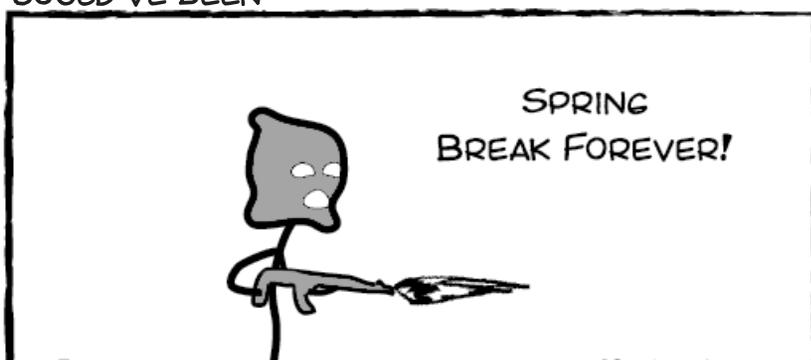


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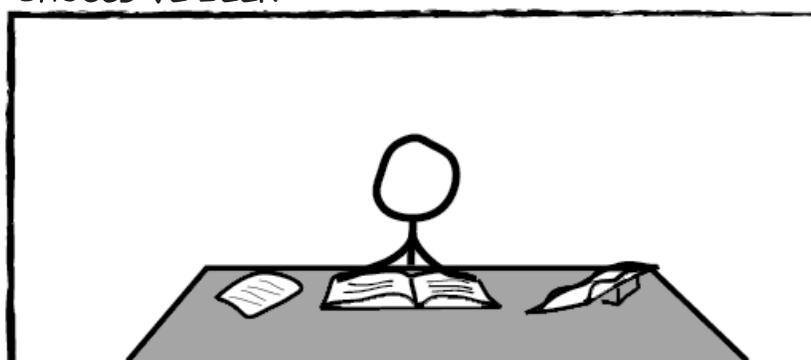


SATIRE STYX ♀

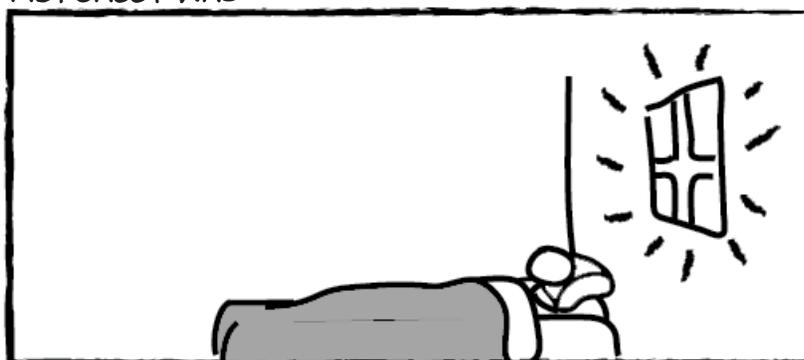
WHAT SPRING BREAK
COULD'VE BEEN



SHOULD'VE BEEN



ACTUALLY WAS



how many people have you seen naked?

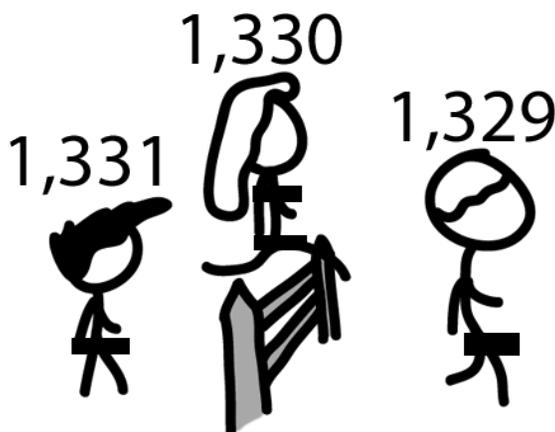
Like most of you, the first thing I thought when I saw the naked issue was, *Damn...look at that dude all the way on the left on the front page. What a hawtie.* More importantly, however, last issues' naked exposé left me pondering one thing: Exactly how many people have I seen naked? Now, I have to define exactly what I mean by this. In my calculations I will include both people I have physically seen in person as well as on TV, Internet, etc. Also, I will only include full nudity here; full birthday suit or no cigar. Don't worry I'll make sure to guide you through the calculations so you can see how your naked sightings compare.

Let's start by counting the number of people I have seen naked in real life. First are the five people I have slept with, not bad for someone who is socially oblivious. Second are the ten **water tower** humans with me at the photo shoot a few weeks ago. Lastly are all the people at Naked Bike Ride. Now this is where the numbers start to get fuzzy. Let's assume there are 1,000 naked people who participate at the end of every semester. So I've done NBR twice to which you would think means I've seen a total of 2,000 people naked at this event, but you'd be wrong. There is probably a bit of overlap in who does NBR every semester, which we

need to take into account, also, one person cannot see everyone at NBR so we have to make considerations for that. Let's cap NBR sightings at 1,200 and call it a day. I cannot see another source of live nakedness in my life since I've never been to a strip club and cannot really remember any

other times in my life where there were naked randos in my face. So the total for live nudes is roughly: $5+10+1,200 = 1,215$.

Now, if you aren't already uncomfortable, be prepared since I'm going to talk about all the porn I've watched. Please note these are conservative estimates, the true number is probably much higher. I honestly can't remember how old I was when I started watching porn but let's go with 13 because it sounds right. On average, I think I watch videos with 2.3 people in them (I'm mostly a traditionalist, but every once in a while two people just isn't enough). I'll also note that I very rarely watch a video more than once and don't even watch the same people all that often. Lastly, if we average over the years how often I watch porn I think it comes to a video every other day. This is a very front heavy distribution, hitting its peak when I was 14, which remained high until it took a dip for a few years when I was in a relationship, yay commitment! Now my pace has steadied and I think once every other day is a good estimator. Putting this all together we get the equation: $2.3 \text{ people per video} \times 2,870 \text{ days since my 13th birthday} \times 0.5 \text{ videos per day} = 3,300$. Yep.



Lyric of Spring Break:

"Checks under the bed, then opens the dresser,
He looks at the closet, I pull out my Beretta,
He walks up to the closet, He's up close to the closet,
Now he's at the closet,
Now he's opening the closet..."

-Trapped in the Closet Chapter 1,
R. Kelly