



the water tower.

uvm's alternative newsmag

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stfu and vote!

by caito'hara

Lately I've been getting the oddest form of déjà vu. Everywhere I go, there seems to be a whisper on the wind taunting me, prompting me into fitful sleep and prolonged contemplation. Remember when a single scratch would cause one line of a CD to repeat endlessly until you couldn't take it any more? Well that's my life right now, and the single line is "What's the point of voting?"

Take a second to process that. For many of us this is the first major election in which we'll have the opportunity to participate, and, from the insane ramblings of the Republican hopefuls, it promises to be one that could radically affect our daily lives. And yet so many appear apathetic about the whole process, preferring instead to maintain a level of indifference that is directly opposite of what I have come to expect from this campus.

In case you've somehow missed it, our student body is pretty damn vocal when they want change. Just recently, the ban on bottled water was passed, largely because of the student run organization VSTEP and additional support from students. We seem to have no issue protesting deforestation or teachers' rights or Fogel's package, but when we finally have an opportunity to have our voices heard on a national scale... silence.

UVM is largely considered a hippy school, stemming back to the days when the real hippies called our campus home. And while many of us embrace some parts of that culture, it seems that we're somewhat lacking in the political activism and political knowledge of those who came before us. Underlying the question of the point of voting is an even more sinister question; "Why should I follow politics?" Those who are knowledgeable about a subject are typically more passionate about it. The internet has become such a valuable



carly macconnell

tool in getting information out, but what we tend to forget is that saying we'll do something is very easy, actually going through with it is the difficult part. I can click Yes to attending an event and immediately forget about it, and I'm sure that it's happened

we are beginning to rely on the internet rather than using it to supplement human activity

to all of us at one point. We rely more on spreading information than standing up and doing something about it. While we may be aware of what's going on, it seems that we're lacking a desire to know how it affects us and what we have to DO about it to actually create a tangible movement. The

internet is not a replacement for action, and unfortunately it seems as though we are beginning to rely on it rather than use it to supplement human activity. Yes, there is still many a protest and it almost seems like a right of passage here to be part of one, but the lack of interest in the political scene is astounding. Along with the "Why should I vote?" phrase, another common occurrence is "Nah, I don't really follow politics. I don't see the point." No, I'm not making this up; this was actually said by a friend of mine. How are we expected to ever be able to make informed decisions if we refuse to first become informed?

Recently in one of my classes we watched a documentary on the University of California at Berkeley during the 1960s, and ... read the rest on page 5

undressing sex appeal

(whom do you dress for?)

by lauradillon

Perusing online style sites and magazines, I continuously come across articles addressing the supposed distinction between dressing for other women and dressing for men (presumably of the heterosexual variety). It is a common theme in Marie Claire, Cosmo, and many online style blogs. So what exactly do they mean by dressing for women versus dressing for men?

The go to example of this distinction is Sarah Jessica Parker. They always tote Parker as the perfect example of a woman dressing to please women. This is backed up by the fact that when asked a majority of women find SJP to be a strong, sexy, style icon while men overwhelmingly disagree. The man interviewed (normally a white 22-28 year old named something like Ethan) says something along the lines that he just doesn't get SJP's style appeal and then mentions her similarity to a horse. The most recent article I read compared SJP to fellow actress Christina Hendricks (you may know her as the incredibly busty red head from Mad Men) which doesn't seem fair because who could have more sex appeal than that woman and her two superb breasts. These comparisons are faulty because they have way more to do with the way SJP looks than they do about what she wears, but I think the basic idea is right.

This indisputable fashion science proves that there is indeed a distinction to be made between those whose style appeals to men and those who speak more to a female audience. I began asking around to see what my peers thought on the subject. My female friends (and gay roomies) got what I was talking about immediately. When I talked to some guy friends about this topic one of them was quick to pull out this little gem: "Dressing for men involves undressing. Dressing for women involves undressing, trading clothes, and dressing again". Before you get offended take a deep breathe, realize the humor behind the words, and to some extent the truth behind them as well.

Most agreed that there was a distinction to be made, but opinions differed when it came to defining that distinction. Interesting questions were raised. What is the difference between dressing for fellow females versus dressing for men? What about the ... read the rest on page 7

get inside me:

vaginas in the news
by bendonovan
and joshhegarty

know your dorms
by kerrymartin
and jamiebeckett

famous quotes: college edition
by lindsaygabel

the song that healed
by sarahmoylan

the best news team in the universe.



inbox 

dear water tower,

Thanks to phoebebooks, I will now receive REDUCED-PRICE textbooks with FREE SHIPPING. Take that, UVM Bookstore. However, I must point out that it is IMPERATIVE to change your account settings if you sign up for Amazon Student. Otherwise, your 6-month free shipping trial will be automatically “upgraded” to Amazon Prime, which charges \$39/month for membership. Don't let yourself get ripped off, kids.

Props to phoebe for saving me some \$cash\$money\$,

Jess Blier

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

Rethinking Lake Vostok by brietoomey



“I zink v are going to need varmer hats.”

the news in brief with jamesaglio

(and a bit of religion)

“Deeply ashamed.”

-How lawyer **David Mills** described himself following an admission that he had invented charges that former Italian PM Silvio Berlusconi had given him \$600,000 back in the 90's to lie about his taxes. The corruption case for the bribe was just thrown out due to the statute of limitations, at which point Mr. Mills admitted that the whole thing had been a fabrication. Berlusconi denied the charge from the get go, but he's also denied the three other charges against him, including one for having sex with an underage prostitute, so make of that what you will. It's early days yet for ol' Silvio.

“A nightmare that refuses to go away.”

-A senior **Afghan general** describing an incident last week where a gunman infiltrated the interior ministry building in Kabul and shot two US officers dead. Aside from the obvious human tragic element what's the big deal? After all, it is year eleven in Afghanistan, people getting shot, however unfortunate, is hardly news, right? Well wrong. The interior ministry is one of the most secure buildings in the country, insinuating that it was somehow an inside job. This has caused considerable tension between the Afghan officials and NATO, which has withdrawn all of its personnel working in the ministries.

“Enter by the narrow gate; for wide is the gate and broad is the way that leads to destruction, and there are many who go in it. Because narrow is the gate and difficult is the way which leads to life, and there are few who find it.”

-**Jesus** (Matthew 7:13-14 KJV). A variation on the “road less traveled” sentiment made all the more badass by the fact that it was said by Jesus, who was, by all accounts (well... four at least) a pretty swell guy regardless of all the terrible things that have been done in his name in the past two millennia. The point holds though, don't be a lemming.

“For a thinking man is where Wisdom is at home.”

-**Zarathustra/Zoroaster/Zartosht** Ahunuvaiti Gatha; Yasna 30,9. The OG of Middle Eastern monotheistic desert religions, Z, for better or worse, shaped much of the course of human religious development over the past 3000 years with his idea of a fundamentally good deity locked in eternal battle with a lesser or equal evil one. On top of that, he was arguably the most intelligent man alive in Persia during that period of time, and thought very highly of education. This is basically reflected in the quote, which personifies Wisdom as a spirit that domesticates within the mind of a thinker. It's a pretty awesome way of looking at things.

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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Or send us an email

Our generation stands at a crossroads. To the right are the perilous cliffs of punditry and pessimism. To the left is the desolate wasteland of apathy and ignorance. We choose neither. Instead, we brave the trail of truth. 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.**

news ticker: pinko communists contaminating american bodily fluids +++ pig farmers exhume grave of Orville Redenbacher to make room for sties +

rick santorum thinks you and your vagina are going to hell

by bendonovan

Republicans, you've done it again. There was a time, I am embarrassed to admit, when I thought that the farcical race to the bottom that's being called the Republican primary campaign had to have some sort of floor. There had to be a level of absurdity even the GOP rank-and-file weren't comfortable with. There just had to be, right?

...Right?
That assumption was effectively shattered this month by Rick Santorum's sweep of the Colorado, Minnesota, and Missouri primaries, in which the former Senator from Pennsylvania came from behind to win handily in all three states and inch ahead of Mitt Romney in this week's nationwide opinion polls—proving once again that in this race, there is no candidate too loony, no public statement too appalling, no ideology too widely discredited or too thoroughly medieval to turn Republican voters off.

Santorum's surge (for the love of God, don't Google that term) comes in the wake of a controversy over the Obama administration's announcement earlier this month that it would require church-affiliated businesses such as private schools and hospitals to include birth control in the health insurance plans they offer to their employees, which caused an uproar among religious conservatives and prompted angry condemnations from the Catholic Church. Although employers are required to provide healthcare coverage for their employees under the healthcare reform bill passed in 2010, religious organizations argue that they should not be obligated to pay for things they deem immoral and contrary to their beliefs, such as contraception—even if the employees in question are not church members, but simply teachers at a Catholic school, for instance.

The Obama administration backed off slightly and announced that it would require insurance companies to pay for contraception in these cases, and church leaders, by and large, were satisfied with the compromise. But Rick Santorum, no stranger to the game of manufactured white Christian outrage, sure as hell wasn't. He's been on the warpath ever since, not just against Obamacare—a fight that certainly isn't going to win him any enemies among Republican voters—but against birth control itself.

Contraception, he told a Christian blog, “is not ok. It's a license to do things in the sexual realm that is counter to how things are supposed to be.” He stated that although he will not seek to ban it at the federal level, he believes states should have the right to ban it if they choose (something the Supreme Court has ruled unconstitutional).

If you think this is odd for a politician who actually wants to be President in 2012 to pick this fight, well, that's probably because it is. Most of us thought this was a conversation that's long since been closed;

polls show that 92% of Americans don't believe birth control is morally wrong, and even a huge majority of practicing Catholics believe it's ok. The rest of the Western world has long since tabled the discussion and moved on to issues that actually matter. Christ, even Ireland—arguably the most sexually-repressed country on earth whose name doesn't end in “-stan”—gave up the ghost decades ago and accepted the reality that people do, in fact, like to fuck, and that limiting access to contraception mostly just penalizes women, who almost invariably end up getting stuck with the unwanted kids that come as a result of such policies. In other words, they grudgingly embraced common sense.

As you've probably guessed by now, Santorum's other positions are just as out of step with modernity. The right to privacy “does not exist in my opinion in the US Constitution.”

“there is **no** ideology too widely discredited or too thoroughly medieval to turn republican voters off”

Laws against homosexual behavior are perfectly reasonable, he says, because “if the Supreme Court says that you have the right to consensual sex within your home, then you have the right to bigamy, you have the right to polygamy, you have the right to incest, you have the right to adultery. You have the right to anything.” He has likened gay sex to “man on dog” relations, doesn't believe gays should be allowed to serve openly in the military, and said last week that children were better off with a father in prison than with two lesbian parents.

The really odd part, honestly, is how long it took Santorum to make it to the front of the Republican pack. If ideological purity is what you want, look no further. He hasn't had a thought that deviated from the hardline conservative mantra since—well, ever. He is the perfect Republican. He's got all of Mitt Romney's clean-cut, Ward Cleaver-esque, suburban, missionary-in-the-dark-sans-eye-contact all-Americanness without all the flip-flopping or the Mormonism or the being from Massachusetts. He's got all of Newt Gingrich's unabashed, unapologetic, I-don't-give-a-fuck-if-you-are-poor right-wing street-cred without the abrasive personality, the Congressional ethics violations, or the chronic inability to keep his dick in his pants. He is everything Republicans have wanted since Reagan, and then some.

Which brings us to the truly depressing part of this whole thing. I've written in the past few months about the overwhelming, suffocating, brain-rattling weirdness of this campaign season—the sheer “you've-got-to-be-kidding-me” effect of watching

a sizeable portion of the country actually contemplate voting for an un-serious lightweight like Herman Cain or a half-literate yokel like Rick Perry. But watching Santorum, I'm plagued with a worrisome question: what if this isn't that weird, after all?

What if, after two years of hearing about how today's Republican Party is a different political animal, one ready to jettison the outdated, anachronistic Bible-thumping of the past and have a real conversation about the economy, personal liberty, and the role of government, all we've really got is the same thing we've seen out of one of our two major parties for the last four fucking decades—a pack of old, over-paid, under-sexed white men who long for the good old days when gays stayed in the closet and women kept their mouths shut?

What if we have another goddamn election where one party plays the same age-old card of resentment—of the ignorant towards the educated, of rural people towards urbanites, of broke white men towards, fuck, everybody, and of people who aren't getting laid towards everybody who is (especially, obviously, women)?

What if this is all we've got? Say what you will about the Tea Partiers, but at least the things they're yelling about—taxes, debt, and the role of the federal government—are at least sort of pertinent, to something. I don't agree with them, but at least they're part of a legitimate conversation. Which is why it'll be a damn shame if Rick Santorum wins the nomination (which is still up for grabs right now). With the Middle East in crisis, an economy still on crutches, and a planet that's cooking as we speak, we just don't have the goddamn time to devote our collective attention to the question of whether or not sex is evil and vaginas are scary.

Look, free societies debate ideas. There are grand questions at play this election year—what government should do, who the power-brokers should be, and what the wealthy owe to the society that bore them. But this debate has to have two credible sides—to keep both sides honest, if nothing else.

Which is why, if the choice we're forced to make in November is one between an incumbent President who has a (halfway) credible platform and a challenger who wants to talk about why Sally should keep her goddamn legs closed, it won't just be the Republicans who lose. It'll be every single citizen of the nation that took “the great experiment” as Alexis de Tocqueville once called it (democracy for the dwindling minority that still gives a shit), and literally reduced it to a debate over what to do with one's genitals.

Sweet Jesus, that's depressing. Drink accordingly, folks. ■

how virginia republicans don't care about rape survivors

by joshhegarty

On Valentine's Day, the Virginia House of Delegates voted for two bills, essentially along party lines, that are harmful to the ability of a woman in Virginia to obtain an abortion. The first is a “personhood” amendment, 66-32 votes, declaring that a fertilized egg is a person and therefore has rights, which is obviously an attempt to undermine and eventually overturn *Roe v. Wade*. However, I'm not here to debate with you about abortion; Judith Jarvis Thomson has done that for me in *A Defense Of Abortion*. My real issue here is with the second bill, with a vote of 63-36, mandating that any Virginia woman wishing to have an abortion undergo a vaginal ultrasound.

The idea is that if a woman has an ultrasound prior to an abortion, she will see the being inside of her and come to understand that she is about to destroy a life and opt out of the abortion. The problem with ultrasounds in early terms of pregnancy is that the fetus is hardly bigger than a grape, so regular ultrasounds have difficulty pinpointing the fetus. But vaginal ultrasounds, involving a probe inserted into the vagina, covered in a condom and lubrication, have a significantly higher rate of accuracy. So, yes, the majority of the Virginia House wants to make it law that all women in the state be vaginally penetrated by a doctor in order to obtain an abortion.

This bill shows a tremendous amount of disrespect to rape survivors. I can only hope that these politicians are too stupid to have realized the obvious ramifications of this bill, because the alternative is that they legitimately don't care about the physical and mental trauma suffered by survivors of rape and sexual assault. It also shows an alarming amount of force being applied to doctors willing to perform abortions, in that if this bill is passed, they will be forced by law to either shame and traumatize an already shamed and traumatized woman or to refuse to help. Every doctor in the country has the right to refuse to perform an abortion, but those willing to do them would be forced to perform medical procedures with no legitimate medical benefit (because when a vaginal ultrasound is the correct course of action, they are already being done) in order to serve the whims of politicians, who, it seems, need women who choose abortion to be shamed.

In discussion of the bill, Republican Todd Gilbert said, “We hear the same song over there. The very tragic human notes that are often touched upon involve extreme examples. But in the vast majority of these cases, these are matters of lifestyle convenience.” And for the sake of argument, I'll even pretend I agree with this statement. But if any law does not serve to help and protect people in their times of need, on the basis that most people aren't in such need, then that law is inherently flawed. Even if most abortions are matters of lifestyle convenience, some are absolutely not (survival is not a matter of convenience), and it is not the place of any government to shame and traumatize people in need, no matter their supposed minority.

Since the House's vote, Virginian citizens have been up in arms, signing petitions and protesting on the Senate steps. While initially appearing supportive of both bills, Governor McDonnell began to show concerns over whether or not the ultrasound bill may be a violation of various civil liberties. The Senate struck down the bill; however, it seems that a similar bill will be appearing in the near future - except this time, only external ultrasounds would be required, supposedly following the intended purpose of the original bill. McDonnell has also withdrawn some support of the personhood bill, which the Senate has voted to push back for review. If it is to be taken up again, it won't be until Spring 2013 at the earliest. ■

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Special Thanks To
UVM Art Department Digital Lab

around town.



to all the condescending wonkas...

by shannonward

If you haven't heard of the University of Vermont Facebook Meme page, then I guess you have bigger things to worry about, namely, getting out from the rock that you must be stuck under. If you are lucky enough to be free of any and all rocks, (or if you get the Cynic delivered to you there) then you know what the UVM meme page is. You could probably quote some to me. Some of you have probably contributed to the growing horde of UVM specific memes. They were so funny at first, right? So funny. The UVM meme page provided an opportunity for students to express their frustrations, observations, or really whatever the fuck they felt like expressing in a good-natured, fun-hearted way. But as with all things on the internet, some people started hatin'.

I started overhearing conversations around campus in which people were criticizing some memes that they had seen. "Yeah, I mean, it was funny and all, but you're not supposed to use the Fry face for a 'challenge accepted' joke..."

Seriously?

If you are unfortunate enough to find yourself talking to someone about a bad meme you saw, I want you to pause a moment, take a step back, and really look at yourself. First of all, memes fall under that very specific category of things that should never be spoken about. Sure, you can e-mail them, post them, text them, really do anything with them through a digital medium, but they should never be described aloud in any human language. Never. Second, there are few things existing in this world that are acceptable to be pretentious about. These include: being that guy who climbed Mount Everest wearing only bicycle shorts, having a Ben & Jerry's flavor named after you, and/or surviving a bear attack. You'll notice that being a meme connoisseur is not on this list.

The truly frightening thing about all this criticism is that it means that memes must be on the path to becoming a culturally recognized and respected art form. I mean, I guess that it could really open up a lot of job opportunities in the meme production and/or criticism fields, but at what cost? Just think, by the time our children are going to college, a meme creation class could be able to count towards their fine art requirement. And perhaps one of these UVM meme experts will be teaching the class! Let's make a promise to ourselves right here right now that we will not let this happen.

So, I'm willing to accept that meme-making has certain standards that the creator should aim for, but I will not bring anyone down who does not follow those standards to a T. Everyone needs to chill the fuck out about this. I do not understand why taking a picture, putting some words on it, and putting it on the internet should have so many strict rules and regulations. In my opinion, as long as it's funny and/or insightful, then it doesn't matter if it doesn't follow meme protocol. And I'd also like to add that if a meme isn't made in response to this article then I am going to take be very disappointed. ■

burlington bodymods

by joshuahegarty



malcolm valaitis

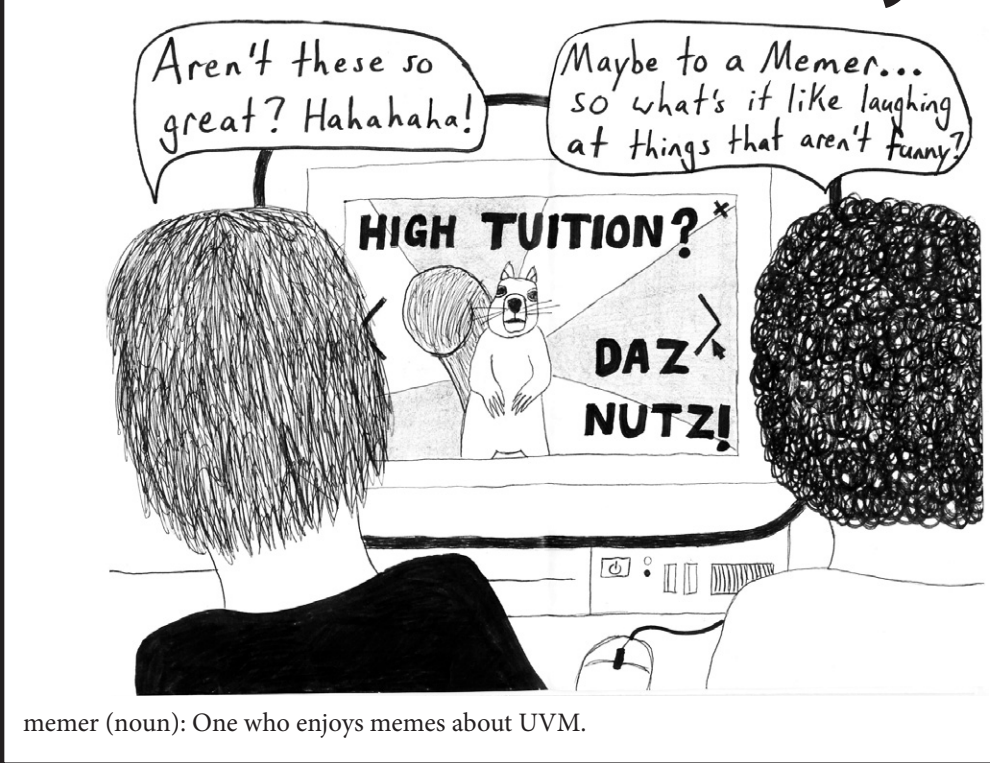
We've all got bodies. They're pretty awesome things. But sometimes we want to make our awesome bodies even more awesome. And when we do, it's a good thing that we're in Burlington, where there are more tattoo and piercing parlors than there are movie theaters. For those looking to try something where you haven't been to before, or maybe just looking to get your first piece of ink in Burlington, here's a nice little summary of some of the places around town (I said it!) that are worth paying a visit to.

Vermont Custom: Located on the second story of a building on Church Street, Vermont Custom is a nice little place with extremely friendly staff. They do high quality work for great prices. They tend to be easy to schedule appointments with. And they don't always require deposits for tattoos. But, their staff isn't very large, sporting only a few artists and one person who does piercings. Walk-ins might be welcome, but if you need to get pierced today, you better give them a call before you head in. Also, worth noting: their staff isn't obviously covered in tattoos. Whether this is inviting to somebody new to the whole body art scene, or off-putting because you want your artists covered is up to you to decide. Piercing prices are listed on their website and tattoos start at \$60.

Yankee Tattoo: Over on Pearl Street, Yankee Tattoo is one of the largest shops in town, both in terms of space and staff. They are very professional and easy to work with. Walk-ins

barely-urban dictionary

with patrickleene



memer (noun): One who enjoys memes about UVM.

the shit list

with julietcritsimilios

All Other Clubs at UVM Besides Mock Trial-The Mock trial team went to regionals without a coach and won. Three of the members even received awards for being an "outstanding witness" and an "outstanding attorney". Against Harvard. They're now going to nationals, still without a coach, and will probably kick ass there too. Feel free to experience feelings of lack of talent and initiative accordingly.

The New UVM President-Sullivan hasn't even done anything yet but he's already making too much money.

The Oscars-To no one's (or everyone's?) surprise, apparently a bunch of old white men decide who win Oscars every year. So really when people are thanking the academy they are just thanking the same people who yell at them to get off their lawn and who vote for Republicans that want to ban birth control. #OccupyTheOscars2012!

Lin-Sanity-It's awesome that Knicks aren't totally sucking so bad that their fans don't have to say "oh I don't really like basketball that much?" Still, the racism around Jeremy Lin is just awful. But don't ask those crazy guys who nominate Oscar movies-they think it's hilarious!

Midterms-They're hereee...

are welcome for piercings, but expect to have to schedule your tattoos at least a few weeks in advance. The staff is super friendly and helpful and the walls are covered in art. They even do free custom work consultations, but they also require a deposit of \$40 per hour of tattooing that you schedule, which goes towards the bulk cost. Tattoos start at \$65. They've got a list of what parts of you they will pierce on their website, but it's lacking price information.

Body Art: Two and a half years ago, somebody told me that this upstairs shop on Main Street, less than a block from Church, was a low quality place, but this scarecrow on my arm begs to differ. In my experience, they're easy to schedule with and they will do custom work for you without a deposit. You might have some trouble with walk-ins though, since their staff is kind of small, but they have multiple people for both piercings and tattooing. Sadly, their website is a bit of a mess right now, so if you want to check pricing or portfolios, you'll have to go in yourself.

And these are just the places I (or other staff) have personal experience with. There's also Moose and Jade Lotus and probably a few more shops worth checking out if you want to get some needles put in you, in a nice, body-modifying way. Have fun. And don't forget to tip (and no I don't know what an appropriate tip is). ■

know your dorms: an honest portrait

by jamiebeckett and kerrymartin

Let's be real, Catamounts: your dorm building gives off some serious impressions. We UVM students are famous for trying not to judge people but only half-assing it, and after we make egregious assumptions based on gender, clothes, and level of whiteness, dorm building is the next incriminating category. Since most of us are confined to our own sections of campus (if not our own hallways), kids on Trinity can't tell Redstone from Reykjavik, and Harris-Millis residents have been known to say, "No, I've never met Jeanne Mance. Does he smoke weed?" So naturally, we must make sense of strange foreigners from the other corners of campus through dorm stereotypes. Here's your guide to judging people by where they live.

University Heights North: Where peacocks roam and hair is combed and girls never give dome, it's the home of UVM's Honors College, so essentially, the nuthouse. Kids from U Heights North are incredible for literally never leaving their dorms except for class. Reslife enforces a 9:30 PM curfew on weekend nights, and that means a lock-door policy. That's why they spend all their time studying and sobbing. Snort some Adderall, glug some non-spiked Ginger Ale, and page, page, pass is the rule for textbook circles. Also, checking out the girls is like an African safari: observing safely from afar while they're in their natural habitat, any of the abundant fucking study rooms.

Slade: You know those kids who looked like super-seniors when you were a freshman, and now you're that super-senior and you still see these kids around? Yeah, they live in Slade. Legend has it that some of the Slade residents were hippies during LBJ's presidency and are still trying to get that Environmental Studies BA. You move to Slade to snort granola, smoke weed with polar bears, and wear that shit you always wanted to wear but never did because you're a functioning member of society. Beware of Sladers; they might pour blood on your T-shirts just for the cotton that was killed to make it.

Living & Learning: Ever wanted a more interesting family? One with hipsters and foreigners who like to bake cakes for charity? Or Irish step dancers who smoke black tar heroin and watch Rocky Horror Picture Show? L&Ls the place for you. Living and Learning communities are all about getting naked and changing the world. Fighting AIDS with AIDS. Incredibly, they can change the world without ever leaving the confines of their common room. When all our international students experience the Marché on acid, then they truly become global citizens.

Harris/Millis: The Harris Millis living complex is home to many of UVM's fine freshmen as well as one of our schools finer dining establishments; the Grundle. Thus Harris/Millis is home to the grundilier, a person who eats in the Grundle on a daily basis. Grundiliers are like any other college student except the fact that they are fueled by whatever Sodexo can scrounge up and construct into a decorative shade of meal. The last girl I made out with from Harris/Millis tasted of chicken pot pie and daddy problems. The mixture of Grundle food and Reslife toilet paper makes the Harris/Millis bathrooms some of the cleanest bathrooms on campus. No one really wants to live in Harris/Millis but you're on athletic campus and, hell, you're not stuck in Trinity.

Trinity: When someone tells me that they live on Trinity I honestly feel sorry for them. We have all heard the horror stories about the paper thin walls and how for some reason there is always someone next door boning. The one unlucky time I found myself on Trinity on a Friday I was generously offered a line of coke. After politely refusing I proceeded to observe the facilities only to find what appeared to be a zoo of drunken horniness. More than one was catamounted for all to see. I left shortly after my "friendship circle" was rudely interrupted by an absolutely belligerent dude looking for a fight. When straws were drawn in the beginning of the year for housing, those on Trinity got the shitty end of the stick.

stfu/vote - continued from page 1

the political activism that consumed the campus. One thing that really struck me was not only the awareness of what was occurring in the world but a deeply rich desire to change it. One of the points made that really struck me was that they weren't protesting because they didn't care about their country or what happened. They cared SO MUCH that they felt they had to do whatever was necessary to make it even better than it is today. In a large way, it seems as though part of our problem is a general indifference to our nation. Patriotism is now equated with gun toting crazies, rather than those who want to see a positive change in the way that things are being done. While our generation is indeed far more aware of the global consequences of our individual actions, we don't seem to realize that if we start at a national level, we have the chance to make a difference. Only 49% of people aged 18-29 reported that they were very likely to vote in this year's election. There are approximately 45 million people in that age demographic. Imagine the difference we could make if our entire generation realized how much impact we have the ability to make.

Education is about more than just a store of facts, it's being able to think for ourselves and make decisions based on that ability. And fun fact, the main purpose of our time here as college students is to gain an education. By not being informed and making no effort to become so, it really seems as though we're discrediting a large part of our education. This is the time in our lives when it's ok to question and correct and to learn what our stance is in this world and what we can possibly do about it to make ourselves heard.

Converse: It sucks that you can't live there for more than a month without getting possessed. As we all know, the ghosts, spirits, and undead corpses of deceased Catamounts all live in the Converse attic, and since drunken freshman girls are loud and obnoxious enough to wake the dead, students in Converse deal with some pissed off phantoms most weekends. Avoid the place and the people in it, unless you really despise yourself and would rather be possessed by a UVM student who choked on his own vomit in the 1950s. That's why when Friar Vincent Lampert, one of twenty-four certified exorcists in the States, came to UVM in October, the Converse creeps locked him in their attic. He's still up there for all we know.

Redstone: It's basically like Woodstock, except instead of Jimi Hendrix and the Grateful Dead, they've got Rusko and Youtube. After a morning blaze sesh and a bowl of cereal with tepid PBR, the Redstoners storm UVM campus with beers, beards, and regrets. They stumble their way through classes until they can return to their free-love nudist colony, where the RAs grow poppy fields in their rooms, and there's at least one moonshine distillery per hall. Public masturbation is tame; public orgies are bi-weekly. Walking through Redstone's halls, you can smell centuries of sodomy seeping from the walls. This is where Ethan Allen got his first blumpkin. Soak it in.

Greenhouse: Any Greenhouse resident can tell you that when you admit you live there, your sobriety automatically comes into question. Not that it wasn't already suspect, what with the Zig Zag Oregon shirt and the eyes of a bloodhound however, greenhouse residents are known for being particularly green. That is to say that castration is a common punishment for those who don't properly sort their waste. Greenhouse members are particularly active, participating in a wide variety of outdoor activities such as contra dancing. Most Greenhouse people enjoy having their own relationship with nature savoring the beautiful Vermont landscape; they often do this by climbing tall trees and toking the day away. Or as the average masshole would put it, "those people in UHeights South like trees and shit."

Jeanne Mance: If anyone you know tells you that they love Jeanne Mance they are lying. Sure they may say things like the parties are awesome, the community is really tight and you're close to both downtown and campus. Now this is all true yet one must not forget that Jeanne Mance is an island, alienating all of its residents from the goings on of the rest of campus. It is easy to forget that this place even exists until the drunk bus suddenly stops, at what appears to be a random spot on Pearl St. The drunk bus then becomes more crowded, filling up with what might as well be Champlain students. These students are in fact UVMers (technically) just looking for some off-campus fun like the rest of us. However, unlike the rest of us, when you live in Jeanne Mance all fun is off-campus, probably because you live in the middle of fucking nowhere.

Central Campus: Wait, people live there? I assumed that Chitty was UVM's waste disposal plant. ■

So why does this matter to you? Even if you you're not an "out there every weekend yelling things about the man" activist, every one of us has something we're passionate about. Whether it's the environment, women's health, gay marriage or the economic crisis still gripping our country, every one of us has something that we believe is important and warrants national attention. And the fact of the matter is, voting allows us to have some influence on that issue. We can't pretend to be for change and informed if we sit back and watch decisions be made without any of our input. By maintaining an attitude of impassiveness we're essentially giving up, both on the issues and on the future of our nation.

I get it: not every election is going to be the most important one in your lifetime and yes, in some ways who the president is can be less important than who's in Congress or your state legislature. But voting is a way to get our voices heard. Yes, it's an individual act but it can also be a demonstration of mass action. To say something and actually force people to pay attention regardless of whether or not they actually want to. Voting is a privilege that we have come to view as a right, and we seem to forget that in other nations you have no say whatsoever in who's in government and how it's being run. Embrace the fact that you have this opportunity to be heard and if nothing else realize that unless you actually vote, you will have very little room to complain about what's going on. Stand up. Be heard. And I'll see you at the polls. ■

reflections.

nine lessons in class crashing

by phoebefooks

If you're looking for a fun way to kill time, before you go sit in the fishbowl and aimlessly browse the internet for 75 minutes as you "check BlackBoard" before your next lecture, wait until you inevitably run into one of your friends somewhere on Central. As the friendship protocol goes, you will chat a bit because she's going to some big lecture in Billings where it's cool to be a few minutes late. When she mentions this big lecture, you should ask to tag along. Seriously. It's completely easy to chill out in the back of big classes as long as you are quiet and don't cause distractions, other than little whispery snarky conversations with your friend (because being in classes with friends is awesome). I've done this a couple of times, and these are the imperative life lessons of crashing class:

1. Being distracted by the Internet is contagious. When you see the kid in front of you stalking pictures of his ex-girlfriend you feel less shame divulging in the same activity. So as not piss off the professor of the class I was crashing, I decided to open Word to look more like I'm taking notes.
2. Class crashing is a great way to get shit done (see number 1). You know those wandering random thoughts that always seem to overcome your mind while in class? As badly as you want to seize those awesome ideas, you can't because you're in class and you want to pay attention. Well, guess what: when you're not actually enrolled in a class, attention is optional. Go ahead and start thought rambling. That's what I do.
3. Sometimes it's easier to get interested in a lecture that you aren't trying to commit to memory. Ironically, I discovered this while sitting in a lecture about short- and long-term memory in a psych class.
4. Guess what I learned! Items in short-term memory interfere with one another. Pre-existing memories can prevent you from creating new memory. That's why it can be hard to remember the name of someone who reminds you of someone else. Cool shit. This is the psychological definition of confusion.
5. All professors at UVM are liberal. Absolutely no exceptions.
6. Some classrooms have comfy seating and ergonomically efficient desk surfaces. Some do not.
7. No one loves to disagree with the professor as much as a Poli Sci major does.
8. You'll find the most people sleeping, watching YouTube videos on their laptops, wearing snapbacks, and the most empty chairs in diversity classes and general requirements.
9. Sporcle is awesome. Actually, I already knew this, but when you're sporcling you look like you are taking notes on boss-level. ■

this wide open space: what your facebook timeline says about you

by laurafrangipane

We all know that one of these days, Facebook is going to pull out the rug and unleash the new Timeline format as mandatory for all users. Your days of avoiding Timeline—either out of passivity or a hatred of change—will soon come to an end. When this happens, be prepared. Facebook will instruct you to fill a cover picture with an image that is unique and represents you best, reminding you that it is the first thing people see when they visit your profile.

Before timeline, the main image on Facebook was your profile picture. The art of choosing a profile pic has come to be tightly constricted and defined. People find it most useful and acceptable when the image is of you, and hopefully one in which you look your best (whether you at your best is wasted at a party or not is up to you to decide).

Yes, we all thought it was hard picking a profile picture that somehow said what we wanted to the world—but now you get to do it with an image that's even larger and even less broadly defined. This, in my eyes, presented an opportunity for interesting social experiment and challenge.

Having spent 90% of the last week on Facebook stalking people I may actually despise in real life (joking, lol, we're all besties on the Internet), I've learned that you can tell a lot about someone by what they decide to put as their crowning jewel - the largest piece of space on their Internet real estate. Read on to find out what your timeline cover pic says about you and why I will judge you harshly for it.

A Trip You've Actually Been On

I already saw this in the Facebook album you posted when you flew back. And the tan you

got while you were there in your profile picture. Ugh, PRIVILEGE. Also, you studied abroad two years ago. Maybe you can move on now.

A Trip You've Never Been On

Whether it's Paris or a stock photo of a romantic beach, at least I'm not jealous of your Facebook album this time. Mmm, yes, generic pretty places. I feel like this comes from the school of, "Here, let me take my desktop background and slap it on Facebook". This is uncreative. This tactic works well if you are 40, but I'm not sure for 20-something's. We can do better. We, like, invented the Internet.

"we all thought it was hard picking a profile picture- but now you get to do it with an image that's even larger"

Your significant other

Especially when your profile picture is also of the two of you. Congratulations on your real life love story. I feel like it's almost a milestone of a relationship to make it into a profile picture- but I'm not sure what a cover picture means for your future. I love you 400% more? I love you twice as much? You're scaring us single people. I feel like a third wheel, and I'm not even in the same room as you guys.

A nostalgic image from your childhood

Would we have been friends in 4th grade? Now I know we wouldn't have. I was into Pokemon, not Yu-Gi-Oh, bro. I didn't want to know that if we had known each other then we would

have been enemies. **Some hipster-ass art**

You listen to dubstep, were high last night, are actually an art major, have a Twitter or read Pitchfork this morning. Or some combination of these things.

Something involving words

Fuck, man, most of Facebook is words. What would possess you to add even MORE words? I get that you're trying to make this statement and meaning and stuff but shit haven't you heard that a picture is worth a thousand words? I don't need to know your life's mantra. Just pick a picture of a goddamn puppy next time.

Another Picture of yourself

If I wasn't already thinking you were a narcissist, now I am. I'm happy for you and your self-esteem. I'm happy you think you look great in not one profile picture but one 400% bigger. I feel awkward looking at both angles of your face or your face and your ass at the same time. This could never happen in real life. Stop it.

A cute animal or your pet

You'll never love me as much as you love Spot/ Fluffy/Puff the Magic Dragon. I knew this deep down, but I didn't think you'd actually admit to it. I knew you were vegan, but I didn't know you also loved pigs so much I'd have to stare at their cute faces every time I wanted to stare at your face. Sorry for being human, man! I feel guilty eating these pork rinds over my computer; I'm getting crumbs on your cover picture.

Timeline has made being a creep a hell of a lot easier. Once everyone has Timeline and not just a third of my friends, I'll enjoy instantly getting to know how people's brains work even more. ■

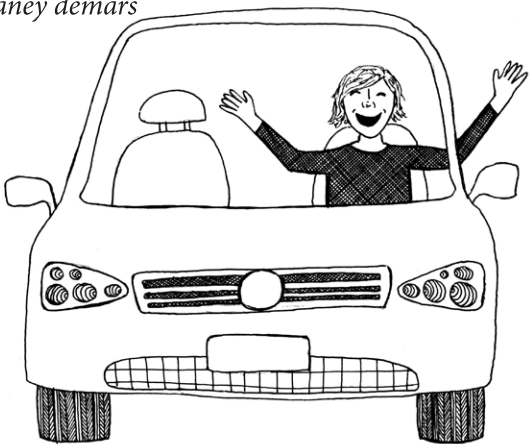
the wt investigates: autonomous cars

by drewdiemar

In 2010, Google built a fleet of seven Toyota Priuses to gather images for Google Earth's Street View feature in California. The cars always carried a human "driver" sitting in the driver's seat to take over in case of an emergency, but in reality human intervention was never needed and the autonomous cars were much safer than their human-driven counterparts.

General Motors predicts that complete autonomy, achieved by the use of laser sensors to detect objects in the immediate vicinity of the vehicle and GPS to follow predetermined routes, will be a standard offering on its models by 2020. Other estimates claim that the autonomous car could be for sale to the public by 2017. Computer-driven cars create many issues for lawmakers, law enforcement, auto manufacturers, and every driver, pedestrian, biker, etc. who may encounter one. **the waffer tower** invited a panel, chosen for their vast intellect and influence, to discuss these potential issues. Weighing in on the future of the autonomous car are:

caney demars



Eric Schmidt: CEO of Google who helped push for the development of Google's autonomous car.

Lindsay Lohan: American actress.

Rick Santorum: Senator from Pennsylvania, running for the GOP's presidential nomination.

Kim Jong-un: Dictator of Democratic People's Republic of Korea.

Lil' Wayne: Rapper, personality, activist.

Clint Eastwood: Tough-as-nails, redblooded American.

Jeff Foxworthy: Inexplicably popular comedian.

Rally Cat: a part-time Catamount and full time University of Vermont spirit raiser.

Lohan: Not that I would EVER, EVER condone drunk driving, but in theory--in theory--somebody could safely operate these vehicles under the influence, right?

Schmidt: Actually, the cars would be likely be equipped with a Breathalyzer test, which would have to be passed for the car to start.

Santorum: These liberal cars want to tell you how to drive! They want to tell you what's ok and what's not ok, because they think they're smarter than you! Oh, you're too drunk: you can't drive! It doesn't even care if you're a hardworking American or a freeloading welfare junkie!

Schmidt: You're right. It doesn't.

Kim Jong-un: Ha! In my happy, sunny country, we've been using these cars for decades! Look at this newspaper if you doubt the claim! (He holds aloft a picture of his father, Kim Jong-il, in what appears to be a stationary convertible Fiat with both hands giving a thumbs-up.)

Lohan: Ohmygod! I wanna move to South Korea! I love Harajuku girls!

Lil' Wayne: I got a car/It drive itself/I be behind the wheel/I be high as hell/I be rollin' blunts up on the freeway/It's a way of life, call it the free...way.

Rally Cat: Rawwr! Rally Cat wants to remind you that rolling blunts while driving can lead to a CAT-astrophe. GO CATS GO!

Santorum: You think blunt-rolling while driving is bad, Rally? Before long, homosexuals will be committing sodomy on America's roadways. Do these cars have any preventative device for gay sodomy?

Schmidt. No. They don't prevent gay sodomy.

Eastwood: Lotta cars these days. 'Takin' people here, takin' 'em

there. Ballerina practice, vegetarian restaurant, talk-about-our feelings group. In my day, a man had to get to somewhere, he picked himself up by the bootstraps and got himself there. He didn't fuss over GPS or heated fucking steering wheels. I'm starting to wonder, what happened to this country's balls? America has no more goddamn balls, and now you're making an electric car that drives its own fucking self?

Schmidt. Correct. We're making an electric car that drives itself.

Foxworthy: If yew just bawt a car that can drive itself, and yer involved in a sexual relationship with an immediate relative...you might be redneck.

Lil Wayne: I got a cousin, she about a 8/She want my dick, who am I to discriminate?

Santorum: Weezy makes a great point. There is no reason to believe that these cars won't be the new hotbeds for interracial, incestuous sodomy!

Rally Cat: Rawwr! If you think you might be addicted to incest call our incest prevention hotline, and CAT-apult yourself out of incest!

Lohan: I've been addicted to incest ever since I was in a film about it. If I could go back and do it all again, I never would have gotten involved in The Parent Trap.

Foxworthy: Redneck dictionary: Incest. "Hey man, have another beer." "Well, if you incest."

Conclusion: The panel concluded that though there are significant issues associated with instituting autonomous cars, their development should be encouraged. More cars driving themselves=less dumbasses controlling vehicles. ■

UNDRESSING - continued from page 1

gay community? Is there a similar dynamic? Can't you just dress for yourself and say fuck it? While I certainly hope that people are dressing how they want to, in whatever they like and feel comfortable in, I think it is important to realize that there will always be a "gaze" upon them. Feminist theory has called this the "male gaze" which acts upon women in our society. Women are often viewed through the lens of the heterosexual male, and in many ways, the way women dress is thought about through this male dominant gaze.

Regardless of gender or sexual orientation, it's impossible to go out in our society without some kind of gaze upon you. Sometimes you dress because you want those looks. Sometimes those looks are bestowed upon you against your will by some random creeper. Unless you are totally socially oblivious, it is unlikely that you don't realize people will see and react to the way you dress.

Does this realization, or perhaps resignation, dictate the way you dress? Do we see this style phenomenon at work on the UVM campus? Most people I talked to said yes. Almost all the articles I have seen describe women dressing more fashionably for other women, while opting for pure sex appeal when dressing for men. Imagine this...it is Friday night and you (a woman) are going downtown to a party. If you want to attract male attention, you probably aren't going to be wearing the newest trend of sweater vest and high waisted shorts. You might opt for something that is traditionally defined as "guy hot," like a simple dress or low cut top. Basically, you wear something that makes you feel hot. And there ain't nothing wrong with that.

In comparison, if you are going out to breakfast with some girlfriends, you probably won't have your assets on display at Penny Cluse. You might opt for a grandpa cardigan belted over a sundress with patterned tights or some random accessories... in essence, some-



brie toomey

"while i certainly hope that people are dressing how they want to, in whatever they like and feel comfortable in, it important to realize that there will always be a 'gaze' upon them"

thing the average straight male would not understand but your female friends will totally be jealous of.

Perhaps the best way to look at it is in terms of what people appreciate. It just so happens that women are oftentimes the ones who appreciate what other women are wearing. I get compliments on my style all the time from other girls in class, my gay friends, and

even female professors. Most of my male friends simply don't appreciate, or perhaps more likely

don't even notice the way I, or other women, dress. Whether you rummage through the laundry on your floor looking for anything clean to wear or spend

hours planning the perfect outfit, it comes down to what you like. If you like the looks you get when you wear your favorite low cut top, then slut-up! If you aim to make all the other women in class jealous with your impeccable style, go for it. What all the style blogs seem to forget is that fashion is less about sex appeal and more about wearing what appeals to you. ■

famous quotes as applied to college

by lindsaygabel

I love quotations - so much so that I started collecting particularly good ones in a journal and have developed an obsession that has so far filled three and a half books. I often find myself questioning how many of these wise words actually apply to my life as a college student, because we live in a mystical world where everyone is our age and being a responsible adult is not so much a requirement as it is an option. As demonstrated by the examples below, however, certain quotations can, in fact, function as words of guidance for life inside the college bubble, if only after a generous amount of creative thinking.

"You are the one who must choose your place." ~ James Lane Allen

This does not apply to UVM course registration, however, because it usually holds that you can only choose your place in that one class you really need if you are an ENGS or PHIL major of junior standing with the required prerequisites and have neither six letters in your name nor a birthmark in the shape of Louisiana.

"Full maturity...is achieved by realizing that you have choices to make." ~ Angela Barron McBride

Wisdom is achieved by realizing that you made the wrong ones.

"Sometimes good things fall apart so better things can fall together." ~ Marilyn Monroe

And sometimes good things like your new pair of boots fall apart because snow, salt, and mud make it impossible for these items to survive the winter.

"And from the discontent of man, the world's best progress springs." ~ Ella Wheeler Wilcox

E.g. from the discontent of eating cereal three meals a day,

one forces oneself to learn how to make pasta.

"A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush." ~ English proverb

But after birdwatching in Centennial Woods for hours for BCOR 12, you don't want birds in the hand, the bush, or anywhere within a six-foot radius.

"There is much pleasure to be gained from useless knowledge." ~ Bertrand Russell

Now you have justification for Tweeting or updating your Facebook status to inform all your virtual friends and followers that you "just 8 a bagel lol! #winoftheday"

"If I ever said in grief or pride, I tired of honest things, I lied." ~ Edna Saint Vincent Millay

And while we're on the subject, I also lied about eating all your Oreos.

"The beginning is half of every action." ~ Greek proverb

The other half is procrastinating for hours beforehand.

"He has only half learned the art

of reading who has not added to it the even more refined accomplishments of skipping and skimming." ~ Arthur Ballour

A proverb for college textbook reading

"A journey of a thousand miles must begin with a single step." ~ Chinese proverb

But when it's the dead of winter and you have an 8:30am class, that journey across campus begins with a stream of obscenities.

"The ability to concentrate and to use your time well is everything." ~ Lee Iacocca

Read: a large majority of college students have nothing.

"You can't start the next chapter of your life if you keep re-reading your last one." ~ Unknown

Proof that ineffective skimming can put your life on hold.

"Decide on what you think is right, and stick to it." ~ George Eliot

And when it's wrong, attribute the decision to someone else. ■

fork it over.

i am sam(oa): why cookie names matter



edit, undo: Last week's fork it over article was by elielseitz, not megankelley. Sorry!

by sarahmoylan

It's freshman year. I anxiously wait in line at the Davis Center to buy a box of Girl Scout cookies. This is a big fucking deal, people. I have to use cold, hard cash to purchase these cookies—the Girl Scouts don't take points or blocks. This is the first time all year that I've bought a foodstuff that didn't come out of Sodexo's vertically-integrated food production system. I repeat: this is a big fucking deal, people.

I'm close to the front of the line now. I can almost taste the sweet, chocolately, coconutty goodness of a Samoa sandwiched between my tongue and teeth. Mmmmmh-hmmmm. Mmmmmm.

I'm now at the front of the line. I instinctively reach for the purple box. "Samoas, my sweet!" I say as I grasp the package and throw \$3.50 at the tiny Girl Scout. "Samoas! Oh, how I love you, Samo—

"What the hell is a Caramel deLite?"

That's right, my box of sweet, chocolately, coconutty cookies is emblazoned with a bold, white "Caramel deLite" on the front panel. This is strange, foreign, weird, disturbing, shocking, gross, repulsive, unnerving. What is a Caramel deLite? Is it at

all related to Afternoon Delight? Admittedly, I am intrigued by this possibility, but still disturbed by the name as a whole. Eating a Samoa always beckoned visions of snacking on a coconut in a steamy tropical paradise (specifically, to me, the American Samoa). Eating a Caramel deLite must taste like...well, hanging out in a grocery store, ogling the generically-named cookies and trying to de-

cide between Round V anilla Thins and Sugar-Free Sugar Cookies. What's up with that?

Furthermore, as I learn when I open the box and consume the cookies, the Caramel deLite and Samoa are not created equal. The Samoa, while smaller in size, is denser and moister in flavor. It is topped with seductive swirls of dark chocolate, whereas the Caramel deLite is topped by anemic lines of milk chocolate. Eating a Samoa is an experience. Eating a Caramel deLite is an obligation.

Anyway, I later learn the reason these cookies are called Caramel deLites and the ones I have come to know and love are called Samoas. It's because there are two different bakeries that produce the cookies, and each bakery owns unique trademark rights. The Girl Scout cookies in any given area may be of either variety, depending on where the local troops order from that year.

And, as I learn, Samoas aren't the only cookie to suffer from an identity crisis. The Tagalong is known as a Peanut Butter Patty. I take issue with this name for two reasons: one, it's not creative, and two, it sort of sounds like the nickname of a fantastical hooker (can't you imagine someone saying, "It's been a rough night, man, I think I'll call Peanut Butter Patty, and she'll, uh, make it all better."). Tagalong, though, is a cute name. Who wouldn't want to eat a Tagalong? Hell, you could name your dog Tagalong! But you couldn't name your dog

do-si-dos are called Peanut Butter Sandwiches. Trefoils are called...shortbreads. What? This should be illegal. And in most cases, the cutely named variety is far superior in quality, although I am willing to admit that I prefer certain textural aspects of the Peanut Butter Patty to the Tagalong.

Here's the good news, though: three years later, the UVM Girl Scouts—that's right, I like to think of them as being our very own UVM-sanctioned Girl Scouts, who secretly lurk about campus all year and emerge only to sell cookies—are selling Samoas. And Tagalongs. And Trefoils. SCORE! I'll probably be buying a lot of girl scout cookies this year. It's unfortunate that I can't get a bulk discount on Samoas, but I'll work with it.

So, all is right with the world. Except for the fact that my second-favorite girl scout cookie variety, the Lemon Chalet Crème, has been discontinued. But that's another article for another issue. Enjoy your Samoas, people. ■

fashion five-oh.

wtfabric?



with colbynixon

Gingham, tweed, twill, madras, bleeding madras, houndstooth- what do these terms mean? Maybe you're like me and continuously mix up the precise difference between gingham and seersucker, or maybe you're one of those people who think that every pair of madras shorts are Bermuda shorts. Well, fortunately, you have this handy pocket guide for deciphering patterns and fabrics. This list is by no means exhaustive, but will cover some of the basics. Each description will also be ranked by "preppiness" on the always scientific, René Lacoste Scale of Prep Status. (1 Crocodile = not at all, 5 Crocodiles = Prep Superstar) ■

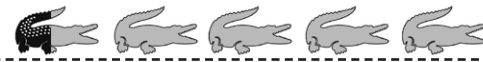
Madras- a lightweight cotton fabric usually featuring brightly colored plaid patterns, though there are other options available. However, you must be careful, because not all plaid shorts are madras shorts, and not all madras shorts are plaid. Remember, madras is a fabric, not a pattern. 4/5 Crocodiles



Bleeding Madras- like madras, but the dyes used are not colorfast and will run, resulting in a different shade every time. Seems mildly impractical, but Vampire Weekend says it's cool, so it must be. 4.5/5 Crocodiles



Twill- type of weave, seen in chinos and denim. Not terribly exciting- it just sounds cool, sorry folks. 0.5/5 Crocodiles



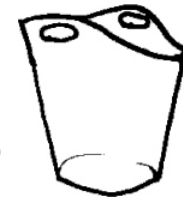
Tweed- initially meant to be used as informal outerwear due to its rough, unfinished weave and water resistance, it has come into fashion along with the "English Country Estate" look. Mildly itchy, and seen in many drab patterns. 3.5/5 Crocodiles



Houndstooth- characterized by its broken checks, this pattern is usually seen in black and white (think chef's pants) or black and brown. It can be seen in super formal situations, on jackets and vests, or not, (in the back kitchen of your favorite restaurant). 3/5 Crocodiles



Herringbone- a pattern seen in tweed clothing, it has a distinctive "v"/"reverse v" pattern. May be seen on suits and formal overcoats. 3/5 Crocodiles



trash.

i want you so bad

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

It was a chilly dark night, past the hour of nine In WILLIAMS ART HeLL
When I delivered my Oscar-worthy line
"Hi"

It was all I could muster
For the glint in your eye left me flushed and flustered. I was shocked and in awe of the warmth in your smile
And instantly turned on by your art and scruff style. I collected myself, approached and inquired About your drawing, but you were not inspired. The tedious arrangement of stools got you down, As you stroked fountain pen across page, with a frown. You struggled with the permanence of such ink on paper, Not used to creating without an eraser. No black and white lines, you can pencil me in. Color me excited with what's in your art bin. When you get bored of still life, Babe, I'll be your live model.

We can discuss my dimensions over cheese and a bottle. Nothing oils up my canvas like a nice Cabernet. And stimulating discourse on Miró and Monet. I've got golden-brown curls and I'm easel to read. So my cheeks may blush red if you take me to bed, But I hope that the red arouses yellows, greens, and blues
And you find that you want me to be your new muse.
When: The Sunday before our Monday off
Where: Top floor of Williams
I saw: An artist starving for love
I am: ready to satisfy your appetite

you may be shorter, but your eyes are bangin'. let's get together and do a little smangin'.
When: when i get lucky
Where: in the lib
I saw: a not so average joe
I am: drooling?

we have a high five history yet my cruel intentions are still a mystery. i invited you over for a strange night of incense and wine unfortunately my friends did not let me shine people say i'm joined at the hip, but i had you and he just got lip. i hope my thumbs up wasn't the end of us, that it wasn't just the twice, my querida guardacabras.
When: tuesday/thursday or after the OP
Where: waterman 403
I saw: my faux chilean compadre
I am: hung up on your death grip

Bella como el atardecer,
Ojos que brillan apasionados,
Labios que me provocan y me ponen nervioso,
Una personalidad que enamora,
ella es todo lo que uno quiere,
pero querer no es suficiente,
dormir contigo es lo que quiero!

It started in Paul's classes, When I first noticed your glasses. You learned "how to be a man," and that's when I became a fan. No worries this crush is light- Unlike your love for girl fights. I haven't seen you that much, But I still think you're clutch. I was told the end should be sluttly- So I'm sorry this sounds nutty... but- "after me you'd need some rest, because I want to explore your Redwood Forest".
When: Freshman Year
Where: Above Boloco
I saw: A Badass Ginger
I am: Rolling in the Deep

I saw you walking by as I strolled to Lafayette In front of food trucks we passed, I wish we'd met. No doubt I've got a thing for you--I'm dead set. We should go out, but I can't promise a stringed quartet, by the way, I hope you don't smoke cigarettles! beautiful dark skin and dark hair of the middle eastern or indian subcontinent descent
I'm so very thankful for this blessed event perhaps you are punjabi, bengali, pakistani, afghani, or maybe persian
I'm ready for immersion.
When: 2/21
Where: walking to class on university place
I saw: dark skinned, exotic and petite
I am: a New Yorker with class

this goes out to all those uvm guys, I hope that it isn't too much of a surprise it's great and all that you can grow a beard let's be real if you couldn't shit may get weird... but please oh please, just listen to me if you're beard looks like pubes, then just let it be you don't need to prove your manhood, it should be easy to tell and with that hair on your face your swag won't go well so leave stubble or even go for the full on shave come on boys, let's just be brave
When: too fucking often
Where: everywhere
I saw: pubes where they don't belong
I am: just tryna help you out

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the ear

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

Athletic

Girl 1: So, did he give you the money yet since you won that bet you made?
Girl 2: No, I just feel bad taking money from a guy that I'm sleeping with. I know it's completely unrelated, but it makes me feel like he's paying me for my services!!

Davis Center

A Female enlightening a group of males: The reason we're crazy is because you make us crazy

In one of the million crowds of white uvm students on their way to class

asian girl: white people are, like, the least funniest people in the world.
black girl: mmmhmm i know.

Marche, Sunday night

Girl 1: The O.C. theme song came on my Ipod this morning.. The entire time I kept thinking of you having sex.
Girl 2: I wish I never told you...

Outside Cook

Psycho girlfriend holding boyfriend's hand
Girl: I wish I had a set of handcuffs so you couldn't get away

L/L

girl: eating a Lindt truffle whilst taking a piss might actually be the manifestation of nirvana. I'm gonna email that to my professor tomorrow.

Wing 2

Guy: Do you have have a bikini I could wear?
Nonchalant Girl: No I don't, ask Sarah!

The Grundle

girl: That's it! I'm never eating with you guys again!
guy: Well, you can eat with us in Simpson if you want, but the man Grundle stays the man Grundle.

Millis

Girl: Can you only get pregnant if the girl has an orgasm?
Guy: No.
Girl: Then why did we evolve to have them?

Outside Bailey Howe

Girl: You almost had a threesome with my boyfriend and a fat chick!!

In Simpson Dining Hall

Chef 1: (while putting on protective gloves) " I hate putting these things on"
Chef 2: (bare handed) "That's why I never wear them anymore!"

Cook

bimbo: "I don't want to learn how to pierce my own vagina"

2am, Main Street

Girl1: I sold a pair of my panties on Craigslist... I got 60 bucks!
Girl 2: Haha, I'm going to throw a rock through that security car's window!
Throws rock at car

tunes.



sleigh bells: the transition from basscore to chillcore

by lauragreenwood

The anthem of my Summer 2011 was the album *Treats* by the Derek E. Miller and Alexis Krauss duo of Sleigh Bells. Gone were the days of belting out Queen or rapping alongside Kanye, and instead they were replaced by the head-banging, body-pounding bass of that album. Seriously, listen to it and tell me your mind doesn't blow up a little bit as your ear drums are overloaded by electric guitar and drum beats. Now, we are faced with their sophomore

album *Reign of Terror*. The album leaked all over the internet on February 14th, and was officially released February 21st. And the frenzy over this album has begun: singles, a performance on SNL,

reviews across the internet, mini tours. You name it and this group is doing whatever it takes to get *Reign of Terror* attention. Sleigh Bell's sound from *Treats* is overwhelming upon first listen, which is what makes the anticipation for their new album so high. This band could have gone anywhere, but what direction did they choose? When I first heard *Treats*, I thought it was a horrible mass of loud noises, but through conditioning and listening to it while extremely intoxicated, *Treats* really grew on

me. *Reign of Terror* doesn't have the same harshness that *Treats* first presented us with. The sound is more liquid, organized, and appropriate for all occasions. The in-your-face sound that is Sleigh Bells is not lost, but rather, tamed. If you're already a fan, the album is going to be a BIG change. I know the wildness that is Sleigh Bells, and *Reign of Terror* definitely doesn't reign terror on the listener. The first song on the album "True

to this *album* is so much more versatile. a mid-night drive, a chill sesh in the woods, a nap on the beach, a starry night with your significant other. the sound fits a variety of moods that sleigh bells was never able to reach out to."

Shred Guitar" still has the shrill guitar and the bass, but it's obvious something has changed. My theory? The volume. The pace has slowed and it seems as though the entire volume (therefore energy) of this album is turned way down. The single "Comeback Kid" has remnants of their loud sound, but still falls short. As I wait for the huge bass drops I came to know and love in *Treats*, they never seem to appear in full force in *Reign of Terror*. Songs like "Demons" and "Leader of the Pack" probably most mimic

a hypnotic wave. The track "You Lost Me" for me epitomizes the airy feel of this album. In concert, songs from *Reign of Terror* will provide a breathing period between their dance-inducing oldies.

The original power which made Sleigh Bells so killer has definitely redirected away from the party and towards the after party. I feel ambivalent to this change but know that upon repeat listens, this album and new sound will grow on me.

If you're already a fan, give this new al-



collin cappelle

bum a swing. It may be different, but the uniqueness of the Sleigh Bell's duo is still prevalent. They definitely took a risk on this album, but I respect the fact that they are going to surprise many fans and tap into a wider variety of genres. This summer at the end of long night of raising hell to *Treats* they'll be no need to change the artist, because *Reign of Terror* will provide a cool flow and slow ride to ease to my impending hangover. ■

the song that healed

by sarahmoylan

Late last summer—the evening after the first day of school, actually—one of my best friends from home died unexpectedly. Nothing so shocking, so horrible had ever happened to me before. I found out about her death late that night, and after a long phone call home, I spent hours staring at the dark, blank walls of my bedroom, trying to make sense of things.

Like I so often do in stressful times, I reached for my headphones and iPod as a pacifier of sorts. I figured I need to hear something that would help me "let it all out." I'm normally a pretty emotional person, so I always figured that when death inevitably met someone close to me, I'd be a slobbery mess. But that night, even at the moment I opened the message that informed me my friend had died, I'd been weirdly composed. And I wasn't really okay with that. I guess I didn't think it was healthy.

Instinctively, I turned on *Funeral* by Arcade Fire. It did seem like an obvious, if clichéd choice—*Funeral* was written and recorded after several Arcade Fire band members had suffered the loss of family members. I wouldn't go so far as to say it's death-oriented, because I can't think of a single song that is explicitly death-themed, but there's certainly a sense of emotional turmoil that pervades throughout. *Funeral* is deep. I've listened to it hundreds of times, probably, taking comfort in and learning something new from its familiar riffs and thoughtful crescendos. But that night, it only sounded like noise. It provoked no response from me, and I fell asleep from pure physical exhaustion to the whines of the violin on the last track.

The next day, the only thing I could listen to was "Crazy in Love" by Beyoncé. It was the numbing agent I needed to get through the day. I needed to feel normal, I needed to feel like I belonged in a normal world where people

hadn't learned that something really awful had happened to their friend last night, and there was something so remarkably normal about listening to "Crazy in Love." I guess it got me through the day, but it didn't help clear up my muddled thoughts.

I don't really remember what I listened to after that, and looking back, it's not important. I went home that weekend for the memorial service, where I wore all black and looked at old pictures and generally lived out the nightmare that is losing someone close to you. Again, I suppose I hoped that somewhere in all this I would just

"this was it. this was what i needed, this was the song that understood me"

totally lose it—"let it all out"—but I didn't. I came back to Vermont that Monday and life went on.

A few months later, I was shuffling through my iPod one night when I couldn't sleep. I stumbled across Death Cab for Cutie's 2005 album, *Plans*, which has always been my favorite Death Cab album. It's timid and sweet but decidedly dark and a bit mysterious. I quickly put on "I Will Follow You Into the Dark," an quiet ballad featuring just Ben Gibbard's vocals and an acoustic guitar.

Gibbard sings, "You and me, we've seen everything to see. From Bangkok to Calgary, and the soles of your shoes/are all worn down. The time for sleep is now. It's nothing to cry about. 'Cause we'll hold each other soon/ in the blackest of rooms..."

This was it. This was what I needed, this was the song that understood me, this was the song that brought tears to my eyes and brought back memories back of the person I'd loved and lost. It was interesting, to me, that this song I'd adored for so long—in high school, I copied all of the lyrics to a sheet of notebook paper, just to marvel at the beauty of the words—needed me as badly as I needed it. Although I'd always found it to be beautiful, it never fully made sense to me until now, when I could match images and memories to the words. My friend and I had been to neither Bangkok nor Calgary, but we'd traveled all over the country together, and I guess you could say the soles of our shoes were pretty worn down. I imagined her sleeping peacefully, waiting for me, where I will someday—hopefully a long time from now—meet her in the dark.

I cried a little as I listened to the song over and over, but I didn't lose it completely—because for whatever reason, I finally realized I didn't have to.

Coping with death is different for everyone. Every person who dies is unique, and each person who feels that loss is, too, unique. I wish someone could have told me last August that there is no set way to feel when somebody dies, and there's no reason to feel guilt about being about being able to go about your day-to-day life in the aftermath, even if you feel like you've never faced a climax of emotional pain.

But ever since that late summer evening, there will always be an emptiness within me, just like anyone else who was close to someone who has died. At least I can take comfort in the knowing that there is someone waiting for me, in the dark. ■

créatif stuffé.



the cipher

by kerrymartin

On those long days, when the average Catamount gets batted between Old Mill, Bailey Howe, and the Grundle eight times, encountering the intolerably pretentious professors and the accidentally hipster homeless, it's in our nature to sit down, take a deep breath, and make sense of our jumbled thoughts through lyrical genius. Now, for the first time, all you aspiring UVMCs can expose your hip-hop taste buds to **the water tower** by rapping on a variety of topics. This week, we pummel Cold Weather.

What happens to my schlong when it's negative one?
Does it dry up and shrink like a raisin in the sun?
Most definitely, this frostbite leaves me done
My dick's thickness has a sickness called shrinkage, no fun
This is no laughing matter, cuz when my teeth chatter
My raps sound like I'm coughin' up chocolate cake batter
It's balls cold, it makes hot glass shatter
So when I smoke bowls, the glass shards scatter
I still get high, but I can only take slim hits
Frozen cerebellums make us all into dimwits
I tell you, this climate is utterly bricktits
I'd rather chill in hot oil with a couple of fish sticks
You're screwed if you do not bundle, dude
Unless you fry yourself to death like Grundle food
by intrepid track-star kerrymartin

Next week, we sink Beer Pong. Send your flows to kmarti15@uvm.edu by Thursday at 4:00 PM with the subject "My flow is too grimy, Ganges River" (or something to that effect). The week after next, we skeet on Twitter (you can send me those raps too).

MOTHAFUCKAS BETTA RECKANIZE

Step outta Simpson in the winter and it's blisterin' Cold, two steps outta the building and I'm shiverin' The sight of the Redstone Express sure relaxes me Until I walk up and see it's filled to capacity Dammit, I lean my head forward into the wind And so the Monday morning march of death thus begins The shower that I just took has some bad consequences Now my hair froze and it's cuttin' up my forehead like I'm Hendrix I'm crossin' Main Street, still pissed I missed the shuttle When a biker cuts me off and I step into a puddle Through the Davis tunnel, where I enjoy the brief respite As soon as I'm out, I feel the frostbite re-bite I got the jacket mom sent, it was nice of her to try to help But I still feel my dick shrink and get sucked up inside itself Finally inside Billings, "Praise the Lord!" to the ceiling My hair thaws out and my foot regains its feeling I rub my hands together, I can feel the warmth sinkin' in My ears lose their blueness, my vagina becomes a dick again Up to the classroom where my gladness decays There's a note on the door, "Class is cancelled today," WHAT!? Why'd I even come here? I shoulda knowed better Fuck this school, fuck this state, fuck this cold-ass weather by the bard with balls drewdiemar

the male gaze

by joshhegarty

I mean this in the kindest way possible. It hurts to look at you. Because the second my eyes drop (from your eyes) below the line of your smile (past those lips) -mid conversation- (to your breasts) you briefly become object and I, objectifier. No better than our cousins in the jungle: bashing in skulls for the right to procreate (as if there were, or ever will be, a right to procreate).

I could make excuses; say I'm just a male animal (nobody puts down dogs for fucking) and biology explains the rest: the primal instincts, the false chivalry, the lustful leering, the astute compliments, the stammering speech, the show of bravado, the way I'm hypnotized by how you move (the thoughts that stain my sheets).

But these are excuses for my limbic system (and they tell me good dog owners neuter). And there's no room for respect in the wire frames inside our spines. So, I say it again. It hurts to look at you. Because I'm weak and you deserve more respect than I (and my lousy y-chromosome) can muster up.

smoking kills? smoking makes you queer

by laurafrangipane

Because I have yet to meet someone who identifies as female who isn't as askew as the Marlboro dangling from her lips.

I'm generalizing, but the women who smoke when they're drunk are the same ones who explore their sexuality in corners of bars, while the brotherhood watches, objectifying them as shameless sluts because it's worse these days to be a lesbian.

Yes! I was the one who drunkenly yelled out "BREEDERS" from across the street at your heteronormative lifestyle

I'm sick of correcting your fears and your patriarchy and reminding you that I am more than my body I'm sick of hiding my life in the closet from my father who carefully weighs each word I say for its straightness

I felt the need to point out that while you went silent and unnoticed I am forced to live my life silent and unnoticed (I am an assault against my career and your family's values)

Remember what it felt like to be an Other (for you, a brief moment) there was a time of ignorance and now there is an after of deep shame

How am I supposed to say that I can tell by the look of weary oppression that you are one of me?



yiddle me this

by theyiddler

- i. An obedient slave, thirsting for work. But off the clock he is hardened and curt.
- ii. A docile dragon who snarkily snorts when his belly of fire has your tasty retorts.
- iii. I know many hands, yet have only fingers And silver tongues with no taste for pleasures.

answers to last week's yiddles: a window and hate

cat litter.



Wt exclusive:

photos from shakira's
seal shake-up

by gregjacobs

Two weeks ago, renowned superstar Shakira was thrust into life-threatening danger while on holiday in South Africa. While innocently enjoying a day on the ocean, Shakira approached a (seemingly) cute sea lion, which proceeded to viciously attack her. Luckily, the pop star escaped with only a few scratches. Now, thanks to **Water Tower** special reporting, we are able to print the first photograph of the incident as it took place:



The sea lion was unavailable for comment, except to say, "but that's not even my good side!"



artists who aren't nicki minaj but also aren't performing at springfest *(tell your friends!)*

by dansuder

Sean Paul - He's got the light, but he's still waiting for somebody to pass the dro.

Vampire Weekend - The band is currently in Tanzania opening a combination Starbucks/Polo Ralph Lauren franchise and working on a new musical project with Art Garfunkel and Toots and the Maytals.

Led Zeppelin - On their epic journey through Middle Earth, they got side-tracked by Sullyra, heir of Thingol, Lord of the Thyrellian Elves. So they can't make it. Also, John Bonham is dead.

Lil B - He's Ellen Degeneres, Fabio, Bill Bellamy, and, research suggests, Oprah Winfrey. The kid is *BUSY*, yo...

Das Racist - They're at the combination Ralph Lauren and Starbucks, kid.

Dave Matthews Band - They begged the administration. "Please," said Dave. "Please let us play! We'll play 'Crash' 10 times in a row if you want!" But 2012 UVM is not 2003 UVM and the administration was like, "Um, no."

Phish - The administration said, "Dudes, we're not even letting DMB play. Also, what the fuck is guelaha papyrus?"

Dan Fogel's Olde Timey Blues Band - "Baboon's, she said, never can be conscious of morality / And I got the blues so bad I don't never wanna wake up"

Blink-182 - Actually, Blink IS playing! It's gonna rock! Tell your friends! Spread the word!

12

SATIRE STYX 2 - "ACID SONG" - JOHNNY HOBO AND THE FREIGHT TRAINS

I TOOK TWO TABS OF ACID YESTERDAY AFTERNOON/AND WOKE UP THIS MORNING WITH A TORN PAIR OF SHOES /AND FOUND I'D RUINED MY LIFE AND EVERYONE ELSE'S TOO/I GUESS THIS IS WHAT MY TEACHERS WARNED ME DRUGS WOULD DO/BUT THEY FORGOT TO MENTION THE WAY/THE MORPHINE MAKES THE PAIN GO AWAY/AND HOW I'LL ALWAYS REMEMBER THE GOOD TIMES IN MY SPINE/AND THE HOLES I BURNED IN MY BRAIN WITH THIS NEXT LINE

by collincappelle

CC 2/24

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"Thank you VFP! As an American, you gave me an unbelievable way to see Europe safely, affordably, and make a difference."
- Alexandra, 2010 Volunteer to France, Belgium & Austria

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