



# the water tower.



## uvm's SPOOKIEST newsmag

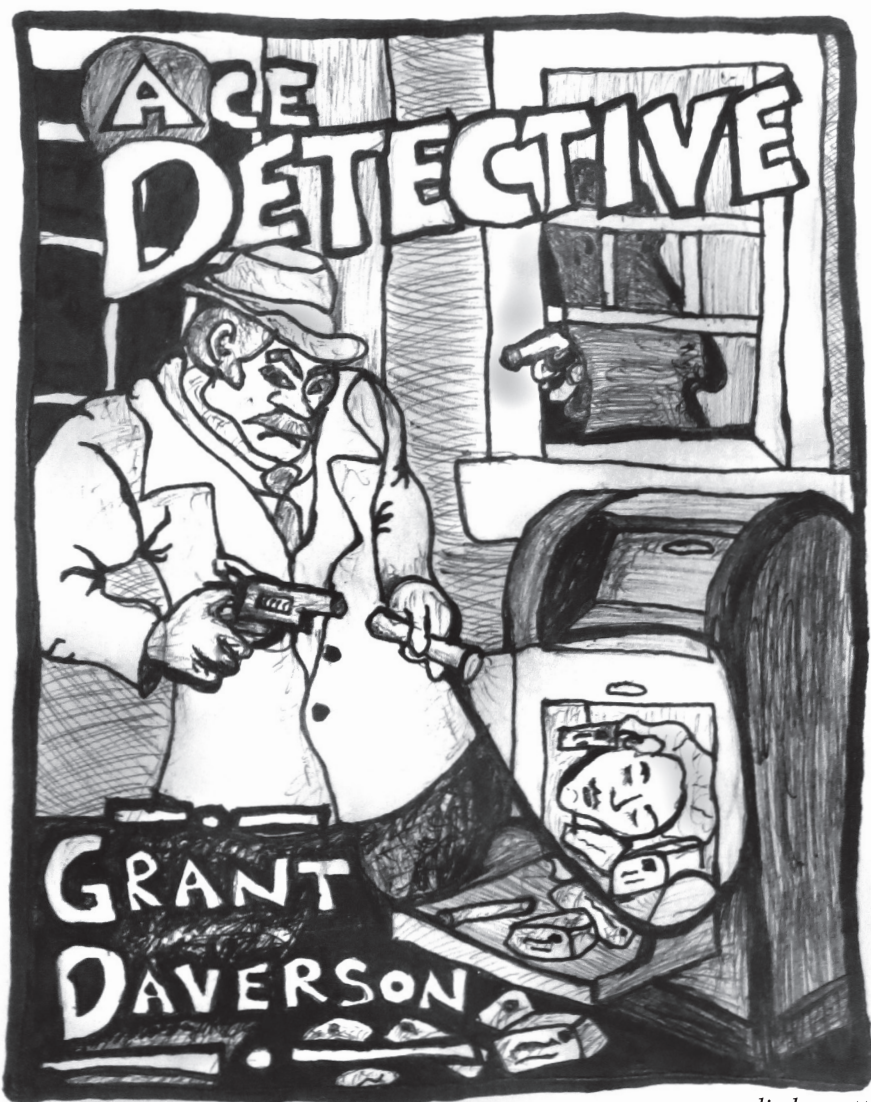


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### grant daverson: in ace detective

*In front of the gritty backdrop of Burlington noir, we now delve into mysteries both sinister and strange, full of lies, deceit, and the most dastardly deed of all—murder most foul—now, we follow the ongoing detective adventures of:*



liz barrett

“Where are we going, again?” asked Rich Barton, confused. He was dressed to the nines, assuming that he was dressing on a scale from one to ten, one being the least nice and ten being the most nice. Daverson, who was accompanying him, was dressed to his sixes in a good light, donning a slightly less grumbly trench coat. It was slightly more untidy and slightly less dark and yet still mysterious.

“We’re going to a dinner party,” said Daverson. “The police chief’s throwing it, and I suspect that one of his cops is working

### “THE CLOCK STRIKES DEADLY, PART ONE”

two part halloween special

by leonardbartenstein

with Valencé—crooked, like the spine of someone with scoliosis. And by attending this party and speaking with a couple of the officers one-on-one, without them being suspicious of us, we might find something out which we might otherwise not.”

“Oh,” said Barton, understanding now. “I understand, now.”

They now stood at the ornate doors of the police chief’s mansion-like house, which loomed over them like a ten-foot-tall man would loom over two normal-sized men. They waited for a moment for the door to be answered, when the clouds above began to open up, raining on their heads, just enough to dampen their heads. As they were allowed inside by the butler, Grant shook himself off a little as Rich Barton carefully removed his outer coat and handed it off to the butler.

“The other guests await your arrival in the dining room,” said the butler, gesturing the way through the foyer.

“Wait just a moment,” Rich Barton angrily whispered to his detective companion. “Are you late? I thought this thing started at seven!”

“Six thirty, seven, it’s all the same...” said Daverson, waving his hand dismissively, as if to say, “whatever, I didn’t care if we showed up on time anyway.”

Rich Barton was about to rebut, but Grant opened the door to the dining room, and they entered. Everyone in the dining room, seated around a grand table with napkins in their laps stopped and turned to face our detective pair. The chief of police, being the host, sat at the head of the table. Next to him was his wife, the indomitable Hillary Clinton of the force, Mrs. O’Police, and to her side was Officer Pembleton, who managed to wear a scowl even in an elegant jade green evening gown. To her side were a spattering of local government types: the city Treasurer Bailey Dew, the city planner Charlotte Howe, and two city aldermen, James and Jeanette Jay. There were two seats open after them, followed by the local public access lottery ball puller, Jazzy Hall. She looked as if she had been in deep, deep conversation with the police chief, judging by the dirty look Mrs. O’Police was giving her.

“How nice of you to join us,” said Mrs. O’Police when she saw the two men in the doorway, standing in her place. “We’ve saved a space for you.” She gestured to the two empty seats. “Please, sit down.”

The two men obeyed, Daverson ending up next to Jeanette Jay,

“oh,” said barton, understanding now.  
“I understand, now.”

### haphazard HALLOWEEN NIGHT

horrors: the highs and lows

by lauragreenwood

Hold your breath, but I have never really liked Halloween. Each year as the holiday approaches I inwardly groan and begin the arduous process of preparing for the nights of debaucheries. Halloween weekend painfully elongates those horrid hours of getting ready before going out. Moreover, it amplifies those ugly insecurities everyone has about whether everyone is looking, dressing well enough, and/or impressing everyone in the room based only how witty and culturally-informed you can appear in under five minutes. It’s another weekend of the horse-and-pony show which tends to lead to wandering around the nearly post-apocalyptic streets of Burlington in outfits too unfit for this time of year. But, hey, even ‘tis the season and everyone should make the best of this big ol’ hullabaloo. Last year, Halloween was weird, good weird and bad weird and here’s the story of my holiday.

Typically a month or so before Halloween, I start tentatively trying to plan what costume I can scrounge together. Unfortunately, last year had the added pressure that I needed a costume I could wear to work as well as that night. Whatever boss thinks it’s “fun” to require costumes worn at work has definitely been brainwashed by the Halloween aisles of Rite Aid. Nothing about finding a costume that I can run around in all night without looking inappropriate or over-the-top is “fun.” I work or I play (Note: the operative conjunction I chose). Well, I went as a matador to work, which looked awesome but stood out in a weird way, since everyone else participated in a half-assed group costume at the last minute. After a week of gluing gold shit to these red pants, there was no way I was going as a “Minion” (like every other girl last Halloween) just to fit in. Reception was tough though, because unfortunately, without my cape in hand, my costume progressively transformed into a pirate, Captain Crunch, and Sargent Pepper’s Lonely Hearts Band. Whatever... I still looked legit.

I got off work and it was Halloween night. What followed was my first keg stand of college, and then my second, some uncomfortable selfies in people’s bath tubs, an epic victory at flip cup, and of course the running into people you normally wouldn’t, asking “OMG, like what are you?” I’m a grump about Halloween, but I’ll admit the night brings out an infectious excitement



... read the rest on page 11

...read the rest on page 7

get  
inside  
me:

kim jong- (the) illest  
by zacknabors

your costume & the world  
by jessebaum

jp auclair  
by alvaswing

fly lo review  
by mikestorace

# the best news team in the universe.

grinbox. 



Hello again, my dearest Eds,

I am proud to say that I am among those who read your letters to the people, and am sad that I am among the apparent few to be writing you back. I have greatly missed your weekly presence this year, but understand if you need to dial back the awesomeness just a tad to keep your writers from combusting (and from igniting the rest of this campus). I would, as it were, wax poetic about the glory of your off-white pages, how they recall moonlight in a puddle; how the articles you all craft are so orgasmically alive—so wet, and pulsating with the gyrations of being!—but I realize that you have space confinements, and must cut short such thoughts.

May the odds be ever in your favor and the coursework light on your shoulders.

Duncan

Also—I want you to know that I would greet with joy the opportunity to get naked and fight the power with any and all of your staff. *Vive la revolution!*

*Thanks for the great support, Duncan, and for upholding our disbelief in TMI! It's enthusiasm like Duncan's that makes this paper worth all the toil and papercuts. We know more of you are out there crushin' on us...write in and tell us why, or, always, just come get naked. Love, Your Dearest Eds.*

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

[thewatertowernews@gmail.com](mailto:thewatertowernews@gmail.com)

## the shit list with lauragreenwood

**Automatic Door-Opener Button Pushers**— I really don't know how to fully describe why it bothers me so much when someone pushes this button before I approach a doorway. I just don't understand why you can't use the two-hands attached to your body to grab the handle and open the door yourself if you are able to do so. The only reasoning I can discern is that maybe the pusher thinks they are doing me a favor by "holding" the door open, but no. It's like you're wasting energy, abusing a feature that has a higher purpose, and practicing weird, lazy chivalry. Bleh.

**Wet Socks and Worse...Wet Shoes**— If you live off-campus, you're familiar with the reality that what you bring up the hill is all you'll have on campus for the day. With Vermont's pissy weather mood swings, I keep getting smacked upside the face with crazy weather I couldn't have foreseen at the start of my day. Wet socks make you feel upset and forelorn. Wet socks make you swing into a downward spiraling hole of depression that has no end and no hope and leads you to a life of insecurity and pain and misery and shitty shitness. There is nothing laughable about wet shoes. The end.

**Chocolate Milk in the Marketplace**— Sometimes when classes got you down, or say wet shoes have you on the verge of maniac melancholia, you just need some good ol' rich, chocolately milk. I know Vermont's local farmers make this decadent treat amazingly, because I drink it whenever I need a pick me up. Step up your chocolate milk game, Marketplace. You can do better than that impersonal, processed crap.

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## the news in brief with kerrymartin

**“She basically read in a very stern manner from her notes on this legal pad, which were just point after point about why this story would be damaging to national security. I don't think I uttered much more than ‘hello,’ and ‘I will think of what you said.’”**

—**Jill Abramson**, former New York Times executive editor, recalling how Condoleeza Rice, while serving as National Security Advisor, met with Abramson in an undisclosed location and asked her to kill an NYT investigation about the CIA. Condi, also State Secretary under Dubya, is now interviewing for Minister of Communications in Iran.

**“The school board is insane. You can't erase our history. It's not patriotic. It's stupid.”**

—**Griffin Guttormsson**, a junior at Arvada High School in Colorado, joining hundreds of students and faculty in a walk-out last month that closed several Jefferson County schools for days. They are protesting a conservative school board decision to guard classrooms against educative materials that “encourage or condone civil disorder.” Take that, state! That's what you get for tampering with the truth a thousand too many times.

**“He said the Google Glass withdrawal was greater than the alcohol withdrawal he was experiencing.”**

—**Dr. Andrew Doan** describing a recent US Navy rehab patient with the first documented addiction to Google Glass. In internet and Glass withdrawal, he acted irritable and argumentative, tormented by nervous ticks, cravings, and memory loss. He even dreamed through the device's small skinny screen. He has since been released, and as you read, this he is somewhere in the room, filming you.

**“It is the destiny of the people of Haiti to suffer.”**

—**Jean Claude Duvalier**, former Dictator of Haiti, who died on October 4th at age 63. Known as Baby Doc, Duvalier inherited the title president-for-life from his father at 19 and led a US-backed repressive regime until exiled for crimes in 1986. After vowing to never return, shortly after Haiti's 2010 earthquake he arrived back on the island, facing criminal charges. Never persecuted during his long exile in France, exact details of his brutality were never unearthed and may be lost forever.

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

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*New writers and artists are always welcome*  
**Weekly meetings**  
Tuesdays at 7:30 pm  
Williams Family 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.**

# 114<sup>th</sup> time's a charm

Or, how I learned to vote for congress

by kerrymartin and not feel shitty about myself (plus some obama)

Smell that? Smells bad, doesn't it? Rancid, honestly. But all the worse for being familiar.

It's midterm season. Not your tests, we don't care about those, unless my tax money is paying for more than a third of your education here, which is probably not the case unless you've won two Purple Hearts and the Spelling Bee. Midterm Elections.

Yeah, those. Didn't we just vote? Yes, yes we did. Why are we already voting again? Seriously, Kerry, I don't know about you, but my Congressman hasn't groped an aid or tweeted a dick-pic in at least two years.

Shut up. This is Democracy. Clear? Good. You've got until Tuesday, November 4th to vote. Vermonter? Register by October 29th: go to sec.state.vt.us/elections to figure out where, when, and how you can vote. Mail-in? Call those guardians of yours, have them mail your ballot to your address, fill it out, and mail it to the polling address. You can buy stamps and drop off mail in the basement of the basement of Waterman.

But why go out of my way just for midterms, Kerry? I only have so many minutes between now and November; beyond school and work I have too many time-draining pastimes, like bathing and gerbil fighting and turning modern electronics into old clocks and writing about it in online forums. I'm busy, man, why bother?

Because it's worth it. Want to know why the 113th Congress was so boring (quite literally US history's least effective), and why the past two years of C-SPAN have caused similar effects to the morning-after pill? First, due to having a divided legislature since 2010—a Republican-controlled House and a

Democrat-controlled Senate—anything substantial or exciting passed by the one body was promptly flushed by the other, like a fat dookie featuring the last embarrassing thing they shoved up there. Second, having read too far into his reelection as thawing politics and a quieter congressional lynch-mob, Obama spent the last two years spitting that same old let's-be-friends shitsmear, to Republicans, to backwards foreign leaders, to national and global financial institutions.

Admittedly, Obama sometimes got huffy, and that was nice at all, but too late, buddy, you missed your chance, those first two years, those first two sweet years when you controlled the House and Senate, you coulda been a contenda', Barry, the world in your palm on top of your Nobel medal!!! But only by term number two did you even begin realizing you couldn't play softball with these people, because they're radical and uncreative and probably as racist as their grandparents. It sucks to get checked and balanced, especially when you had your chance, you had your in, you could've kissed the girl then and there, but she saw you hesitate and said goodnight. You really blew it, Barry.

So then why do these midterms matter? What's at stake?

Confession #1: Democrats cannot win the House. Confession #2: Democrats currently have about an eighty percent chance of losing the Senate. Oh. That's rough. States with highly contested Senate seats include Colorado, Kansas, Kentucky, Iowa, New Hampshire, Louisiana, North Carolina, and Alaska. If you are from one of these states go vote. Now. Or soon. But actually, soon.

(Confession #3: Vermonters, go reelect...

... read the rest on page 11

# fuck geopolitical upheaval, let's talk about

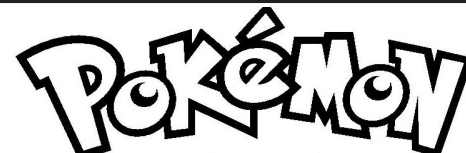
by coleburton

Amidst all of the doom and gloom proffered by mainstream media nowadays, I offer a brighter story this week: the next iteration of the Pokémon game series comes out November on the 3DS as well as 2DS handheld systems. Once again, the Nintendo juggernaut comes in two flavors (*Alpha Sapphire* and *Omega Ruby*) that follow in the footsteps of quintessential remakes, games like *FireRed* or *SoulSilver*.

With these new versions of the classic third generation games *Ruby* and *Sapphire*, the developer Game Freak brings a few new elements to the top selling franchise. As players battle their way through eight Gym Leaders, the Elite Four, and thwarting either Team Magma or Team Aqua, players can also find and furnish their very own Super-Secret Base.

Also, the Area Nav device lets the player search all the Pokémon available in an area, tracking them on a map in real time; it makes the process of catching rare and cool Pokémon that much easier.

Additionally, trainers can use a new ability called Soar; this aerial technique will take the simple mechanics of the mainstay Fly to another level by allowing trainers to fly anywhere in the World of Hoenn. On top of this, new aerial trainer battles will



occur mid-flight as you loop and maneuver your avatar in the air.

Mega-Evolutions will also be expanded in the new Ruby and Sapphire games, a feature that premiered in the last X and Y. Essentially, trainers can use special evolution stones that act as performance enhancing drugs for specific Pocket Monsters.

Just imagine shooting up your Charizard with some GMO at the beginning of every battle and then watching him grow spikes, change colors, and breath blue fire, all as its stats increase. Unfortunately, the Mega-Evolution can only occur during battles, so an aspiring Poké-League Champ can't just travel around with his black and blue Mega-Charizard trailing behind.

Just like any of the previous Pokémon games, this duo will provide endless hours of entertainment as players can catch all 719 Pokémon in conjunction with a copy of X or Y (an insane number if you only remember the original 151), capture at least 10 Legendary Pokémon (including classics like Mewtwo, Zapdos, Lugia, and Ho-Oh), or show off their prized Pokémon in the exceptionally lame but oddly addicting beauty contests. Whatever your Poké-style, these new games will quench your thirst when they come out on November 21. ■

# kim jong-un feeling kim jong-ill?

by zacknabors

On October 7th, an official of the Democratic People's Republic of Korea admitted for the first time in the slightly out-of-touch nation's history that the state has, for years, been using a system of forced labor camps to brutally punish its citizens.

If the first step is admitting you have a problem, North Korea is on its road to recovery – and it certainly seems like this startling announcement is only the beginning of a series of changes coming to the so-called "Hermit Kingdom:" Kim Jong-un, the gluttonous despot of the Democratic People's Republic of Korea hasn't been seen in over a month, leading to speculation that a regime change may be in order. It's no secret that the current Supreme Leader hasn't been nearly as influential or fear invoking as his predecessor and father Kim Jong-il, who died in December of 2011, or his grandfather Kim il-Sung, the founder of the oppressive quasi-monarchical socialist state, who was crowned "Eternal President of the Republic" posthumously in 1994 – making North Korea a sort of twisted necrocracy operating under the rule of a dead man. Reports suggest a palace coup could be in progress: the capital city of Pyongyang (which the Dear Leader has abandoned) has been on complete lockdown since September 27th,

and several high-ranking North Korean officials surprised South Koreans with a visit to meet with South Korean higher-ups, the first of such meetings in years. A defector of the North Korean propaganda machine claimed that Kim Jong-un is now a mere "figurehead", having been deposed and replaced by an oligarchy of North Korean political elites known as the Organization and Guidance Department.

However, the most startling revelation concerning the Hermit Kingdom has been

## "the supreme leader ... may have finally met his match: swiss cheese"

Kim Jong-un's mysterious illness. The Supreme Leader of one of the most oppressive regimes in modern history may have finally met his match: swiss cheese. The rotund tyrant has reportedly consumed an impressive amount of Emmental, a type of sharp-flavored cheese imported from Switzerland. His overindulgence reportedly caused him to gain so much weight that his ankles finally fractured under pressure, causing him to remain bedridden after being spotted limping in public recently. Kim has reportedly undergone numerous surgeries to repair his ankles since their frac-



ben berrick

ture, and yet he still has not been seen since September 4th.

Curiously, North Korean officials initially remarked that Kim was in an "uncomfortable physical condition," an unexpected remark from citizens of a country that has all but deified their leader, but then backtracked when meeting with South Korean officials, stating that there was "no problem" with the 280 lb. despot's health. While Kim's authority may be in question among the political elite of the state, the

propaganda machine continues to churn out messages of the Dear Leader's greatness. One wonders whether the 3rd tyrant of North Korea was ever really in charge at all, but amongst the propaganda-fed public, Kim is still viewed as a benevolent despot. The history of coup attempts in North Korea dates back to 1992, when North Korean military officers reportedly planned a stratagem to depose the first leader, Kim il-Sung, and again in 1998, when a shoot-out in the nation's capital between police and soldiers of Pyongyang led to Kim Jong-il's brief disappearance from the spotlight.

This brief schism was thought to be an attempted military coup, but the Kim regime later denied the shootout when Kim Jong-il reappeared in the nation's capital. Should the Kim dynasty finally come to an end, the future of the country could very well be up in the air – but many remain unoptimistic. Kim's practices of purging top ranking military officials – including his own uncles – may have finally done him in. Of course, as with all news from our favorite Orwellian dictatorship, the news of possible coup attempts must be taken with a grain of salt. The North Korean regime is certainly practiced at hushing up news of dissent, and the news that finally reaches the Western world may be laced with propaganda. The real question is how the world – and especially the lives of North Korea's citizens – will change in response to the end of the Kim regime, should it finally occur. Could we see a true people's revolution of the citizens of the so-called Democratic People's Republic of Korea? Or perhaps a tyrannical military oligarchy that would finally be free of a bumbling, inexperienced figurehead? But maybe, hopefully, the world will finally see a Korean peninsula united under a single flag, free of bloodshed, despotism, squabbling and tension – a true republic of the people ensconced in liberty. ■

# around town.



## ready to mingle:

### a look inside *the life* of a babysitter

by lynnkeating

My stomach was in a knot. I brushed my teeth again, fearing the possibility of being rejected for something that's easily preventable. I had planned to go on this date for weeks, clearing my schedule for over a month. "Who will I meet?" I wondered to myself. When I told all my girlfriends, they applauded my bravery for participating in this speed dating. This isn't your average mixer or meet and greet—it's the semi-annual Babysitter Mingler.

This event takes place once per semester to bring families and prospective sitters together, and it consumed my thoughts way more than I wanted it to. I shamefully tried on all of my clothes the night before, wondering which outfits represented my values, personality, and possibly intellectuality. First impressions count, right? It's safe to say I cared more about my appearance for this mingler than my very first date. Before the parents and children are ready to "mingle", you are thrown into a room with 40 other girls who are exactly like you. "Damn. I thought I was unique and incredibly eccentric when it came to kids" I thought to myself, looking around. Some of my competitors even had personal clipboards, looking professional and all that jazz, whereas I had nothing for my poor, unfortunate awkward hands to fiddle with. The girls wore who pounds of makeup intimidated me—I can't polish my face with the rainbow without looking like a clown.

I even over-cared about my nametag's appearance. I strategically used a gender-neutral color, leaving the possibility of getting me more jobs with families of boys and girls. I also carefully wrote out each letter of my name, because I mean if it were sloppy, parents won't hire me. Right? But then I noticed sparkly stickers on my competition's nametag. What. Where can I get sparkled? Where's mine? The organizers of the event blatantly told me I couldn't have one because I do not have a car. Ouch. As I tried to over-

come my adversity, this car dilemma unfortunately continued to pop up throughout the Mingler. Parents wouldn't even glance at my face, only checking to see if I had this magical, glittery sticker. Since when did it become the de facto rule for babysitters to have a car? Is it really that hard to walk?

As my self-confidence shattered and time dwindled,

**"The urgency to win these families' approval felt so forced. I estimate that in total I received 60 "up-downs" and stink eyes— from families, and the other babysitters. How did I get myself into this situation?"**

the first family entered the mingler. They were immediately engulfed by the 40 teenager girls who are not only looking for cash money, but for a place to nosh on cool snacks that are sold beyond the Marché.

These hives of perky little college girls notched up their voice pitches, thinking this tactic would collect more employment. The fake laugh, the plastic smile, the practiced handshake. It never ended. One by one, more wholesome families entered the room full of anxious babysitters ready to pounce. The urgency to win these families' approval felt so forced. I estimate that in total I received 60 "up-downs" and stink eyes— from families, and the other babysitters. How did I get myself into this situation?

Finally a family pleasantly locked eyes with me. Yes.

I walked forth, trying to be as smooth as possible. "Hi," I said, "my name is Lynn", and immediately the 10 year-old girl whipped out her notepad and rapidly began asking questions: what I want to be when I am older, do I play the saxophone, and do I bake pumpkin muffins. The questions did not end there. The parents then asked, "Are you free November 20th? What are your Fridays like? How about tomorrow?"...My throat closed up with all of these questions lingering in my court. Not knowing which one to answer first, I uncomfortably tried to split my eyes from talking to the adults and then the kids.

Getting some breathing space, I stood alone outside of the aggressive heated jumble. Not to brag, but being a renowned babysitter since the age of 11, I have succeeded so far in the field of babies and parents. So why was I so bad at this? Why did I feel so uncomfortable? Is this what future job conferences will be like? Am I a failure?

As I contemplated my future and greater life questions, I skimmed across the room, recognizing that families I previously talked to are now talking with another potential babysitter. "That cheater, that player family", I mouthed to myself silently as my heart sank a little inside. I thought I impressed them! How could they be talking to someone else? The mingler toxically took over my brain— verifying that I would never be able to participate in a true speed-dating event.

As I self-consciously walked home with doubt and fear that no one would call and that I had wasted my time, I set my experience aside, forgetting my insecurities. And somehow two days later I ended up getting a babysitting job. ■

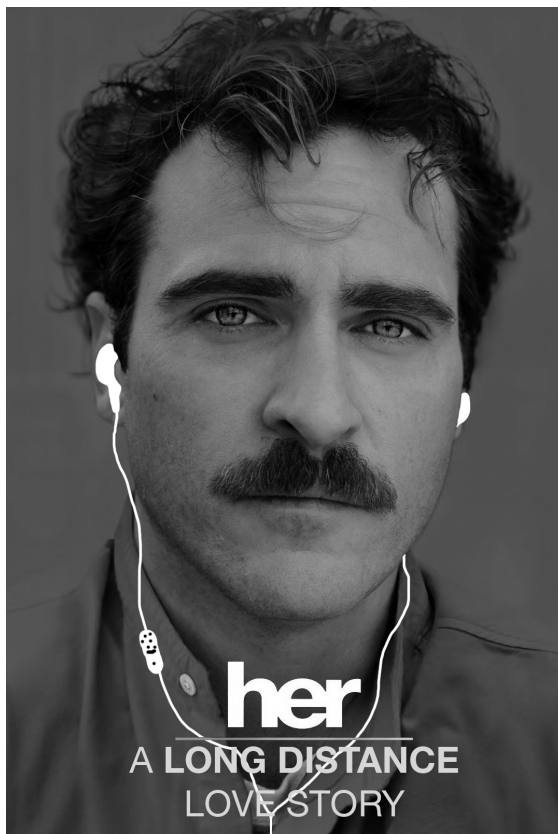
## how my life has become...

by samdenniston

It's been approximately a month since my girlfriend, who pretty much only likes me because I'm French, chose red wine and cheese over Burlington and me. Shocker. The study abroad program she is doing spends four months in Montpellier— not the one in Vermont, but the one 3,675 miles away in the south of France. Forgetting about the harsh reality that some couples have to endure, such as lovers being drafted to war for years without any means of communication, four months felt like the end of the world, and I may or may not have cried myself to sleep several times. But hey, I thought, it's the 21st century and keeping in touch will be easy. I briefly felt nostalgic over the era of love letters I missed out on, then rushed to download Skype and Viber on all my devices. Little did I know, I was about to discover the strange, strange world of relying on technology which comes with long distance relationships.

The first time I realized how much technology could mess with my perception of reality was when we were skyping one night before going to sleep. We were both lying in bed, my head was on a pillow, and the computer next to me on the other pillow. All of a sudden I felt like she was right there in front of me. I instinctively wanted to reach out and feel her cheek. It looked so real. Like a mirage in the desert before realizing it is a mere illusion (not that I've ever walked for days without water in a scorching desert/If ever I were in that situation, I would have a loyal camel.) My senses were tricked until my reason swooped in and left me feeling utterly fooled and deceived. Technology has an unsettling effect of bringing people closer virtually, while reaffirming their physical distance. It can simultaneously provoke happiness and heart ache.

**4** The Apple earphones with integrated speakers are another technological advancement that has become crucial in our relationship. These super sensitive earphones not only allow me to talk to her when I'm on the go, but make



ben berrick

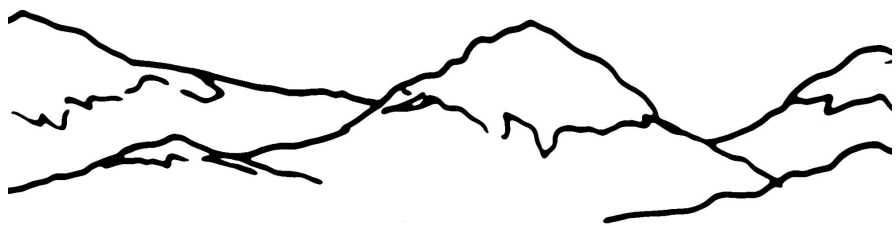
romantic than letters. It keeps friends, families, and lovers connected. Technology can be scary in how accurately it can transfer reality across time and space; yet, even more is how each of those precious transferred seconds with the person who makes you smile can still incite feelings so real and organic. I would embarrass myself in public any day for such a wonderful lady. So next time you think to yourself "who's that crazy girl talking to herself", remember, I'm not insane, I'm just on the phone with the girl I love. ■

## "her"

her voice very clear and sound like she's right next to me. However, in all my life I've never turned this many heads. At first I was flattered, but quickly realized that to those passing by I looked as if I was talking to myself. I have become that Bluetooth weirdo. Because of the six-hour time difference, she calls to say goodnight while I'm biking to class or pretending to work out at the gym, which usually results in me having to talk dirty in public areas on campus. So, do not hurry your pace if you overhear me telling the flowers in front of Jeffords how beautiful they are, or if you catch me whispering to the popcorn at Brennan's how much I miss them.

Over the course of this month, my life has evolved into Spike Jonze's "Her"... minus Scarlet Johansen's smoking hot voice. I take her everywhere I go because I want to share everything with her. We Skype on the phone when I walk around campus, and she hears all of my daily interactions from thanking the bus driver, to placing an order at Alice's, because then it is like she's experiencing it with me. She'll make jokes while I'm talking to someone or comment on what I'm doing, and sometimes, she strangely sounds like my consciousness.

Sure, some might say that technology detracts from human interactions and that there is less charm to today's technological age, but it's immediacy can be even more romantic than letters. It keeps friends, families, and lovers connected. Technology can be scary in how accurately it can transfer reality across time and space; yet, even more is how each of those precious transferred seconds with the person who makes you smile can still incite feelings so real and organic. I would embarrass myself in public any day for such a wonderful lady. So next time you think to yourself "who's that crazy girl talking to herself", remember, I'm not insane, I'm just on the phone with the girl I love. ■



# reflections.

## the *many* personalities of the grocery store

by molly'shea

I am not a happy grocery shopper. I get into the store and immediately feel my anxiety start to rise. I freak out because there's a 99% chance I forgot my list, which means that the entire time I'm in there I will be in a complete panic and somehow manage to spend 50 dollars on several packs of cookies and miscellaneous treats and a hair product that I definitely didn't need. I recently noticed, however, a few people in the grocery store who are way more unhappy than I am. Here they are:

### The confused dad.

This is the guy who is wondering aimlessly around the vegetable section, probably wearing biking pants, who looks like he is questioning his entire life. He stares blankly at two different boxes of organic lettuces, wondering if he should go with the spring mix or the straight baby spinach, debating silently which will make his spouse hate him less.

### The mom who had to bring her kids to the grocery store.

This is the lady who looks like she wants to rip her own hair out because she is trying to wrangle at least two children. She is inevitably going to give in to her 7 year old who is repeatedly putting gushers in the cart, just to stop the tantrum that is occurring.

### The kid whose mom brought them to the grocery store.

This is the spawn of the person described above. This kid hates being in there for more than five minutes, and was definitely duped into it after she picked them up from school insisting she had to, "run a few errands". This is the kid who is pouting and whining at their mom if they peruse the produce section for more than thirty seconds.

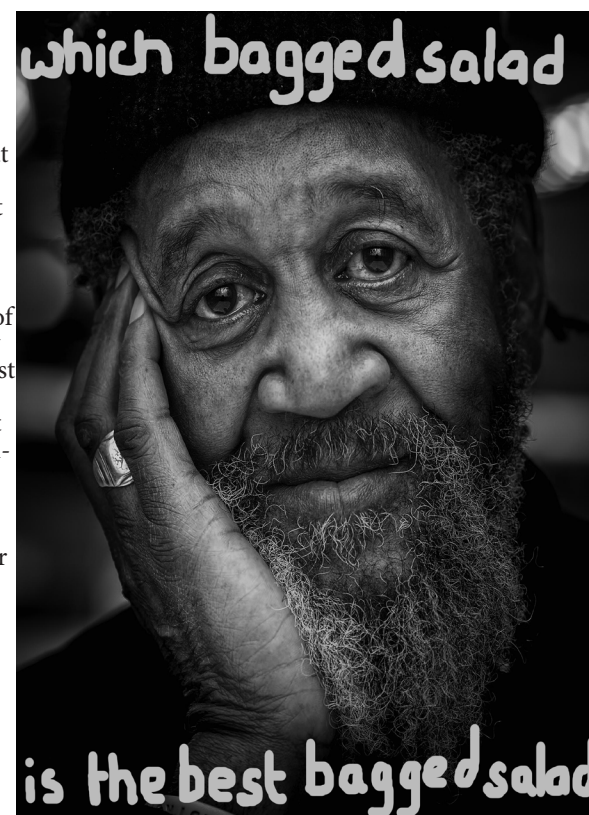
### The person who is dieting and has to check every label.

This is the person who is looking at how many calories are in each tablespoon of unsalted, sugar free, peanut butter. That must be tough considering I don't know how

anyone can resist any of the chocolate spreads on the shelf located right next to the peanut butter. You need to find your inner Tom Haverford and treat yo' self.

### The cashier.

Arguably the least happy of them all, The cashier definitely wants to slam their head against the wall if they have to argue with one more customer about their expired coupon. That feeling only increases when they have a line of over ten people and some lady insists she has exact change somewhere in her purse. ■



ben berrick

## alone but never lonely

by vanessakahn

I never understand why people pity someone who is enjoying a meal alone. Trust me, I do it too. There is something inherently sad about an individual sitting at a table slicing their food, taking calculated bites and starrng into space as their waiter checks on them with a patronizing look and says, "Can I get you anything else sweetheart?" I get it, the ritual of eating is usually accompanied by sharing food with the people we love. But when I find myself eating alone, I never feel self-pity In fact I feel worse for the couples I see all around me staring at their phones and hating the way their significant other eats. I see no problem enjoying my own company, because if I don't like myself, I'm not sure who will.

There are inevitably going to be times when I find myself alone. I'm going to find myself alone in the city where I was sure I would find a career and maybe a boyfriend (lol.) I'm going to find myself alone in trying to understand why the people I love sometimes hurt me. I'm going to be alone in my moral hangover questioning why I insisted on dancing on the table the night before and had to be politely asked to leave the party. I'm not one to lament my sorrow and say things like #foreveralone, I know for a fact someone will one day appreciate my lack of direction, my love for coffee and the way my hands do weird things when I drink. My best friend knows all of these things and still chooses to be seen in public with me, so I have faith. It's more that I truly enjoy spending time with myself, without having to fill every silence with conversation. God knows, there are enough voices in my head to fill a whole room with noise.

In addition to learning the importance of killing a spider or changing a light bulb on your own, being alone

just means you don't have to wait for anyone else. I mean this in a literal and metaphorical sense. First of all, ask anyone who knows me and they will tell you I have about as much patience as a toddler waiting for their turn on the swing set. So, when I'm alone I dictate my own time, make my own schedule, and leave whenever the hell I want. I am grudgingly aware of the importance of having a little patience in this life, whether you're waiting for the right person to come along or for your latte to be

**"sometimes the only one we should be waiting for is ourselves because the sooner we realize that we dictate our futures...the better."**

ready. I'm just saying sometimes the only one we should be waiting for is ourselves, because the sooner we realize that we dictate our own futures and no one else has control over our lives, the better. Additionally, if I let others plan my life, I would be doing way more waiting than I could endure. For instance, a boy suggested we go apple picking a week ago. I still haven't heard from him and frankly I probably won't. We all know apple picking season will end whether the kid calls me or not, so it's time to stop waiting for some boy and pick the apples while they are ripe.

There's something about being alone that makes my relationships with others seem significant. Spending

time alone means that when I choose to be with other people, I do so because I truly appreciate being around them, not because I needed someone to hang out with and they happened to be available. Without my time alone, I would have trouble remembering to cherish the truly wonderful individuals who have strolled into my life.

I know I am never truly alone, because my best friend knows me from my least redeeming moments. There was the time I fell off my bike drunk and told my parents it was indoor soccer. Or the time I cried in my car on my birthday instead of going out. In a lot of ways, my best friend is the one consistent thing in my life and I know she will always be there, even from miles away That being said, I am the only truly consistent thing in my life, so it is essential to learn to advocate for myself. My best friend has her own life, her own dreams, and although I are part of her them, she doesn't base her every decision on what would make me happy. No one will. The sooner I realize that for myself, the better off I will be. Putting my happiness in someone else's hands is about as good of an idea as drinking after a breakup. Either situation ends in tears and someone having to drive me home. So, if you see me eating in a restaurant alone, know that I'm in good company and I am just trying to learn to love myself sooner rather than later, because I figure I might as well take myself on a few dates before I spend the rest of my life with myself. That's one hell of a commitment, after all. ■

# we presents... halloween spooks and kooks

## the **HORROR-BLE** movies of **NETFLIX**



by lauragreenwood

*You're too old to trick-or-treat. Too much of a homebody to go out. Too exhausted from classes to pick up a Stephen King novel. Halloween night is upon you and accompanied only by a six-pack of pumpkin beer, you plop down on the couch in your cat ears and begin the aimless browsing of Netflix. Instead of just passing out before midnight and missing the end of an awesome horror film like "Silence of the Lambs" or "Carrie," here're some movies that appear so shitty, so bizarre, so poorly written that the nonsensical crap on the screen is bound to keep you awake out of mere curiosity of how a story so bad could ever be created into a film.*

1. *Shrooms* (2007): Don't do drugs: seriously. Actually correction, don't do shrooms and then watch *Shrooms* because the trips on trips on trips is enough to make Christopher Nolan confused.
2. *Cockneys vs. Zombies* (2012): Finally; the match up we've all been waiting for. The zombie theme is overdone, but by God you add some Cockneys into the mix and we've got a whole new ball game of garbled speech and bad reps.
3. *Sorority House Massacre II* (1990): Everyone knows the combination of scantily clad undergrads and Ouija boards will produce at least an hour of your life wasted. But hey, a great way to "raise" the "undead"? Har har...am I right, my single males?
4. *Zombie Ass: Toilet of the Dead* (2011): What the fuck? I'm too nervous of what will come up if I watch the preview. I'm sorry if this is actually some bizarre Japanese porn fetish movie, but the title suggests this movie may be just outlandish enough to be enjoyable.
5. *Croczilla* (2012): Ah, the trending combo-animal monsters. Most people don't have a fear of crocodiles I feel and the green-screening is so bad, this movie should provide a laugh.



paige cherrington

*Now, I haven't sat through the entirety of any of these movies so maybe I've unknowingly recommended an Oscar-winning Picture. But I mean "Zombie Ass"... If you are confident you can stay awake and can enjoy a good horror movie, my favorites have got to be the hilarious horr-com "Fido", the plot-twisting "The Cabin in the Woods", and the disturbing "Funny Games," which can all also be found on Netflix. Happy Halloween to my Halloweenies, cheers to staying in and shitting your pants!* ■

## FRANKENFASHION FAUX PAS: what **NOT** to wear

by kerrymartin

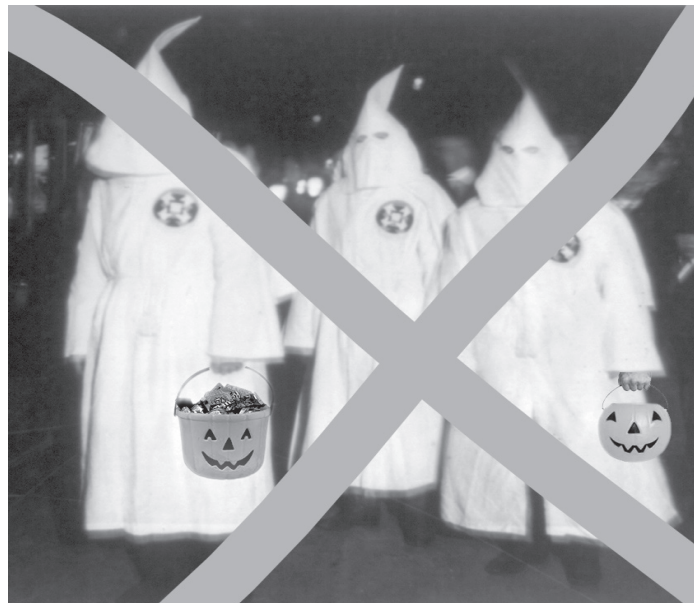
*Now hold your haunted horses, Cataspooks: before you get too eager with this year's Halloween costumes, the water tower wants to give you a friendly reminder that could save you time, money, and embarrassment. Your costume should exhibit your creativity, but if you take it too far, you might be put in an awkward situation. Read our guide on what costumes to avoid this Halloween and why!*

*This is serious. (Read: This is not serious.)*

**Blackface:** It's just not worth it. Rappers, gangsters, presidents...no matter how much you scrub, that shoeshine will be stuck on your face for weeks. Chocolate frosting is no better; the bees will never leave you alone! You wouldn't believe how many bees are still around in late October—we didn't!

**Terrorist:** We know ISIS and other radical Islamist groups are always in the news, but really, where are you going to find all that fabric? They just don't sell it in bulk on this side of the Euphrates. Plus, any decent place you might find probably just had its Hajj Clearance Sale. And cutting up your clothes never looks good, you'll be a laughingstock, with everyone jeering "yijirib beitak wa-beit illi jallafuuk" at you all night.

**Ku Klux Klan Member:** Nothing but Twin XL bedsheets on this campus, and they're just too small for this. Plus that Jersey fabric tears the wrong way when you try cutting eye-holes.



ben berrick

**Nazi:** In this town? Unless you pre-ordered months ago, good luck finding that fake moustache. And regardless of footwear, these ratty Burlington sidewalks make the goose stepping virtually impossible. Plus, just think of something more original, please. No use beating a dead Gypsy-cart horse.

**Illegal Immigrant:** This is Vermont, man, it's just too damn cold for that. Everything you'll need to stay warm on the 31st in Burlington just doesn't come with this costume: shoes, jackets, documents, stinkin' badges, zero residual body fat after a hundred-mile trek through the Sonoran Desert, nothing. You'll freeze. Plus, with so few Latinos in Vermont, the government will just assume you're one of the Abenaki people and sterilize you.

**Jesus:** Unless you're a baby, a thirty-two-year-old, or an eleven-year-old with an incredibly mature sense of Hebrew scripture, no one's going to believe the Jesus thing. Did you ever hear of a college-age Jesus? Every story from Christ's teens and twenties got erased; somewhere in the ashen annals of history lie enough of his drunk Aramaic Snapchats to triple the Dead Sea Scrolls. And if you happen to be bearded, emaciated, and in your early thirties, we've checked: you won't find thorns like that outside the Levant.

**White American Male:** As a UVM student, you've joined a conscientious and considerate community. The White American Male gag might seem funny, but we ask you to consider the people you could offend, thousands of this school's and this city's finest. Please people, on Halloween, think before you act. ■



## what **your** costume SAYS ABOUT THE WORLD

by jessebaum

### -Witch-

This costume says that, though women and men were persecuted for centuries because they were believed to practice magic (or just had a lot of sheep that their neighbors wanted), evil can still look damn sexy!

### -Mermaid-

Though autumn has never been nicer here in VT, the Maldives are sinking and mermaids will soon be the dominant life form from the Marshall Islands to Kiribati. Unless they get smothered by the garbage patch first.

### -Cat-

This costume is all about sexuality, and owning it. Wearers of le chat know that in some countries, it is illegal for women to laugh or show their face in public, and that even in the US, the patriarchal norms that dictated customs for centuries permeate every facet of society... and the cat costume serves as an earnest meow in the face of injustice.

### -Native American/ Geisha/ Racist-

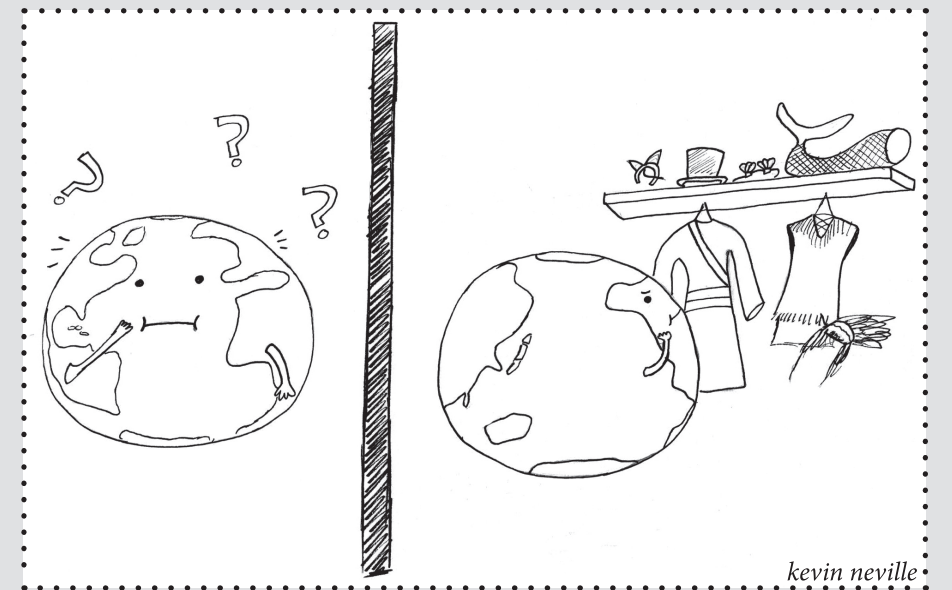
Though undoubtedly sexy, this outfit is really only about one thing, right? Yep, white America's position as the self-perceived center of the universe and definition of normalcy. Unquestionably you chose this costume to make a scathing commentary on our country's:

- a) Unquestioned desire to give to tax breaks to giants like GE, while calling funding for social infrastructure and support racist
- b) Deplorable treatment of the Native Americans and more than occasionally relegating them to mascots
- c) Inability to apologize for said atrocities for HUNDREDS OF YEARS
- d) Shameless double-standards when it comes to celebrating diversity and denying the existence of inequality
- e) Marginalization of minorities and tokenism in the media

### -Cleopatra/ Sexy Egyptian Prince/Princess-

Wow: I really have to applaud this choice. This costume says that though the Nile Delta is indeed where King Tut and the Pyramids come from, what really needs to be discussed is the rise of theocracy in the Middle East. As the proud wearer of the costume, you are now equipt with dozens of potential party convos, such as

- a) Why is it that we only "care" about certain parts of the world when they are falling to shit?
- b) Does intervening in the name of human rights with military force ever work out in our favor, or simply create more enemies?
- c) Do we as Americans (and presumably non-theocrats) have any right to judge what the will of a foreign group of people seems to be? What is "right"? Is there any morality or truth in the world at all? ■



kevin neville

## halloween horror-scopes with madame mysitic ritchie

**Aries:** If you're looking for a Hallow's Eve hookup, it's likely to be your lucky night—assuming you're still conscious and haven't gone missing. Write your BFF's phone number ("if found") on your arm before you blackout. It wouldn't hurt.

**Taurus:** You're bound to succeed in anything you try (as per usual), so go for a super-creative costume (we're talking build-your-own—trips to Michael's for supplies necessary). You'll actually kill it and stand out in a sea of sexy cops and ill-advised Supermen.

**Gemini:** You're generally flaky as fuck, and Mercury in retrograde this month doesn't help that shit. I know it's Halloween, but chill out for a second. Maybe don't ditch your friends for some brand-new hookup like you usually do, or get at your significant other's throat for no reason, again.

**Cancer:** Good news! You get a break from your usual permanent sea of emotions! Let yourself be worry-free this Halloween and you're sure to be the light of any party. Good vibes will guide you for your costume this year, and a special someone is sure to notice.

**Leo:** You a boss-ass bitch, and this Halloween, you know it. You're ready to seize every opportunity, so even if your friends are being indecisive weenies, you'll be the one to lead the pack in your balls-to-the-wall costume.

**Virgo:** This Halloween love is in the air for you, be it your current romance or a new flame. Before you bother asking, "are you sure I should purchase this spandex bodysuit?"—hush. The answer is yes.

**Libra:** It's been hectic for you lately, Libra, but Halloween—against all odds—is right around the time you're going to be pulling all your shit together. Get your schoolwork back on track, start showing up to work on time again, pull it together with the friends on the spookiest of nights.

**Scorpio:** You're generally a hot-mess bundle of contradictions, and this Halloween will see the dark side of the Scorpio moon. Channel your inner Sanderson sister. Embrace that gothic shit and don't even pretend like you don't love it.

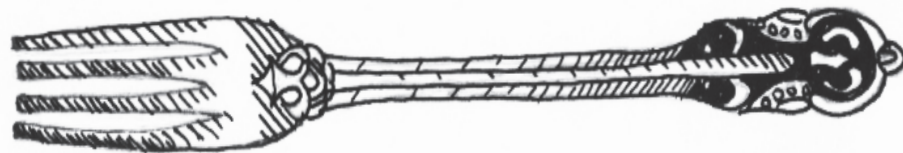
**Sagittarius:** Okay, you have been running yourself ragged all fucking month and if you try to add a blackout Halloween to the mix you're probably going to explode. Settle down and keep ya head on for Halloweekend.

**Capricorn:** You're generally the grounded type, and you're going to need to keep that in mind as shit hits the fan for everyone around you. Tensions are gonna fly, and it's up to you to take the bottle of Jack away from your friend who's ugly-crying.

**Aquarius:** The world is taking notice of your individuality; dress up as something as weird as you want and you will absolutely pull it off. Anyone who doesn't like it can go shave their back now.

**Pisces:** You're generally romantic, dreamy, and intuitive, and this Halloween, you have it in spades. Go with your gut on a costume idea; it's definitely a winner. ■

# fork it over. oink if you're hungry



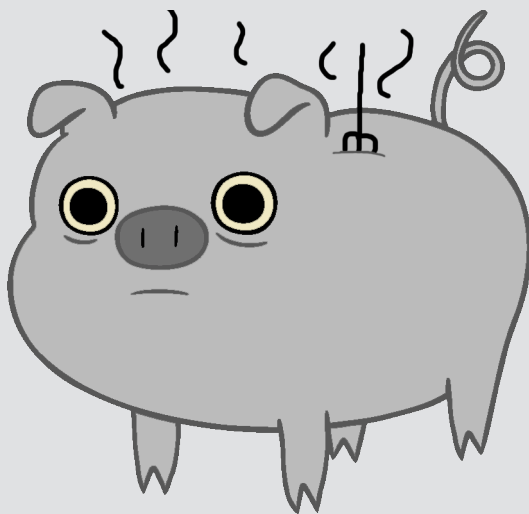
## a review of **prohibition pig**

by **mikestorage**

If you ever venture down to Waterbury, Vermont and are a fan of delicious food and drinks, then you need to take a stop by the Prohibition Pig. This brewpub features one of the most extensive and elaborate beer selections in the entire state of Vermont, not to mention an assortment of concoctions that are brewed in house.

As I walked into the bustling restaurant on a brisk evening in late September, I was faced with the dire news that I would have to wait a solid hour and half for a table. So, naturally, I made my way to the bar to scan the extensive list of draft beers. The sheer volume and geographical diversity of that list continues to astound me. Beers ranged in location from Germany, Italy, Quebec, Allagash in Maine, and, of course, a wide range of Vermont breweries. Most prominent of these Vermont brews was Lawson's Finest Liquids Sip of Sunshine. This American Double IPA is considered by some to be the best beer in the entire state, and its presence on the draft selection helped to certify the Pro Pig's elite beer selection.

The Prohibition Pig has been newly appointed to the famous Vermont Brewers Association, and has subsequently found a spot on the Brewery Passport. For this reason, I immediately ordered one of the three ProPig's on



draft: a delicious double IPA. With a full body of hops, the Bantam Double IPA made the wait for a table pass quite quickly.

Once I finally got a seat, I was faced with another difficult decision: what to eat? The Prohibition Pig features warm, delicious comfort food. From burgers, to pulled pork, to craft mac & cheese, I really couldn't go wrong. I personally delved into a delicious chicken potpie, with melted gravy and a soft warm crust. It absolutely hit the spot after a chilly fall day of hiking.

The Prohibition Pig is a fabulous spot. With great beer and delicious food, this brewpub has something for everyone. Stop by and grab a few drinks, or stay for a meal; either way I guarantee you will enjoy the atmosphere. ■

Rating: 5/5 Price: \$\$\$\$

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# highlight reel

## *mourning a legend of the slopes*

by **alvaswing**

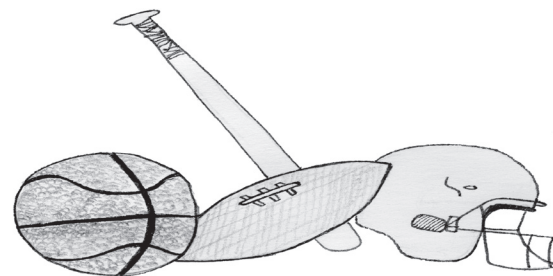
A few days ago, as I was browsing one of the many ski websites I visit on a daily basis, a strange article caught my eye. It said JP Auclair, the famous freestyle skier, had gone missing.

Later that day, reports came in that he and his ski partner, Andreas Fransson, had been caught in an avalanche in Chile. My body went into shock; the hair on the back of my neck stands up even as I write this. While sitting in my room I thought it must've be a mistake. After another hour or two of research my fears were confirmed: JP had passed away.

JP Auclair was born in Ste. Foy, Quebec on August 22, 1977. He helped design the original twin tipped ski with Solomon Ski company, calling it the "1080". This was a revolution in the ski world because before JP, freestyle skiers would heat up the tails of their skis and just bend them up manually, essentially destroying the engineering that constructed the ski. After his creation of the 1080, JP helped to found the legendary ski brand Armada along with fellow skier Tanner Hall. JP was a loving husband to his wife Ingrid, also a legendary freeskiier, and a father to his son Leo. JP appeared in more than twenty major ski movies, and he even at the age of 37, was still one of the most prominent skiers in the world.

My brother Eli and I went on to reminisce about the countless hours we have spent watching JP's roles in clas-

sic movies such "Poor Boys Productions 1242" and "Ski Porn". We watched his segments so many times that the tape on the VCR wore too thin to play. JP was the reason my brother and I started to look at the mountain differently. He inspired us, along with so many other skiers, to push the boundaries of what we knew. Above all, JP gave his heart to the ski world. He loved to ski and share it with the rest of us. I encourage any of you who are not familiar with him to search him on YouTube or Vimeo. He has countless clips that will keep everyone, even the most intermediate skiers, entertained. I was never able to meet him in person, but those who have say that he never had a negative thing to say about anybody's skiing techniques. He was just a perpetually happy human being. As a diehard member of the freeski movement I would think that JP would not want to be mourned, but



## *the death of jp auclair*

instead celebrated. The next time I click into my park skis there will be a piece of JP with me. Legends never die.

JP Auclair: August 22, 1977 - September 29, 2014 ■

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# tunes.



## flying lotus and the descent into *madness*

by mikestorace

From its “Intro” of assorted noises and sinister undertones to its haunting conclusion, “The Protest,” *You’re Dead!* pervades your mind. It takes over your thoughts and makes sure that the only thing you can think about is the sinister future that awaits you. *You’re Dead!* is complicated. Is it an electronic album, a hip-hop album, or a jazz album? The not-so-simple answer is: it’s all three...and more!

Steven Ellison, or the artist more formally known as Flying Lotus, is the king of sub-genres. Wikipedia has classified his past music as trip hop, experimental, nu jazz, electronic jazz, and jazz-fusion. Every album that he has produced and recorded thus far has taken on a unique sound, all while falling under the larger classification of electronic music. Flying Lotus’ fifth album *You’re Dead!* continues this trend by working towards a newer, more fluid jazz sound.

When I first listened to *You’re Dead!*, I was welcomed with a cacophony of noise. The first four songs on the album are short and fluid. They combine chaotic clamor with smooth electronic jazz, and are really just one song split into four tracks. It is this combination that alludes to the larger and more ominous theme of death. The scramble of noises puts me in a state of turbidity that foreshadows the darkness to come. The cacophony contrasts with the smooth jazz sounds that indicate levity and point to the lack of control we have over death. Check out the second track, “Tesla,” which features the composing genius of Herbie Hancock, the legendary jazz pianist who played with Miles Davis.

The jazz influences of *You’re Dead!* are purposeful and impossible to overlook. Many of the tracks feature quickly paced drumbeats that bring back memories of Buddy Rich and Gene Krupa. They make the listener’s heart pick up in pace until it races in anxiety towards some ominous thing, perhaps death. The album also features electric and bass guitar rhythms that indicate its jazz influences. Essentially, *You’re Dead!* is a jazz electronic album. It flows together between genres almost as seamlessly as it flows between tracks.

*You’re Dead!* also features some notable collaborations. I already mentioned Herbie Hancock, but the album also features the likes of Snoop Dog and Kendrick Lamar. The bass guru Thundercat, who played with Flying Lotus at Higher Ground on Saturday, also helped produce many of the tracks. He is the one responsible for the furious bass beats that populate the album. Last but not least, Steven Ellison’s rap alter ego, Captain Murphy, also appears on a few tracks. If you have not heard of him before, check out Captain Murphy’s mix tape *Duality*.

Let me take a moment to say that the newest FlyLo album is not a uniform performance. It is a quick album that clocks in at only 38 minutes and it is one that shifts and transforms rapidly. It starts out as a frantic chaos of disharmonic noises, but quick-



artwork by shintaro kago

ly turns into a hip-hop album with tracks featuring Snoop and Kendrick. However, it quickly lulls the listener with some slower, more enticing tracks. “Turtles,” “Coronus the Terminator,” and “Siren Song” are the calm of death. We are greeted softly until we are abruptly awoken by “Ready err Not” and “Moment of Hesitation.” It is here that we face the consequences of our actions in Hell. Now let me ask you “Can you feel the walls closing in.../ welcome to the descent...into madness.” Flying Lotus makes it clear from this point forward that there is no redemption beyond this point.

Although Flying Lotus has many significant albums among his body of work, *You’re Dead!* certainly makes the case for its place among the best. It is the fastest paced and features abrupt transitions. It is a heap of broken images that contradictarily appears smooth. It is a great album to focus on for active listening or to listen to in the background. Altogether, *You’re Dead!* is a very solid cohesive unit that should be listened all at once. ■

**“it is this combination that alludes to the larger and more ominous theme of death”**

## pleasures from the past: *music edition*

*There’s nothing better than pressing shuffle on iTunes and hearing that song you were obsessed with back when Heelys were still hip. Here at the water tower, we were feeling a bit nostalgic and thought we’d share with you some of those songs that you just can’t deny you enjoyed.*

“Move, Bitch” by Ludacris

To this day, Luda could feasibly claim more than a third of my identity as his own making. I had just turned eleven and received my first shiny iTunes Gift Card and was forced by a friend to download “Rollout (My Business),” the genius of which, in a moment of lucidity, was revealed to me on first listening. That became my gateway to hip-hop, but before exploring further than Luda or than that same album (Word of Mouf), I discovered his masterpiece: “Move, Bitch.” Unlike “Rollout,” “Move, Bitch” is more abrasive and mood-dependent, even more so because its unapologetic violence is accompanied and even improved by blunt irony. See also the music video for “Get Back.”

kerrymartin

“Pon de Replay” by Rihanna

This is a CLASSIC. Before Bad Gal Riri, we had jailbait newbie Rihanna, rocking faded flare jeans and oversized skater sneakers like no other. Who cares what the hell “pon de replay” even means; my blue iPod Mini’s dying moments were likely spent blasting this song into my barely-pubescent ears while my mom drove me to get new hoops at Claire’s or something.

katjaritchie

“Let Me Love You” by Mario

I do deserve good things! I wanna see how love is supposed to be! Still blushing everytime Mario throws himself at me because I’m “that type of woman” who desires it all forever and always.

lauragreenwood

“Dear June” by nickasaur!

This electronic bubbly pop song by the skinniest, emo-looking kid to come out of suburbia includes deep, emotional lyrics such as “You radiate like sunshine; And my teddy bear at night time.” Powerful.

cullenhairston

“The Bad Touch” by Bloodhound Gang

Hot damn. The first time I listened to this song I felt like I actually lost my virginity. Who knew there were so many different ways to talk about sex? My personal favorite is “just turn me on I’m Mister Coffee with an automatic drip.” It’s fitting that the name of the album containing this song is *Hooray for Boobies*.

mikestorace

“Temperature” by Sean Paul

The combination of both Sean Paul’s voice and the theme of the song being impossible to understand is what really does it for me. Sean, I don’t know what words you are trying to say or what you mean by them, but I do believe in my heart or hearts that you have the right temperature to shelter me from the storm. P.S. You can be the Papa, I can be the mom.

mikaelawaters

“Wannabe” by the Spice Girls

It doesn’t matter if I didn’t know what this song was really alluding to until I was sixteen, “Wannabe” embodies everything perfect about a pop song. Nothing screams “I’m a stupid young adult” when you can only relate to lines like, “friendship never ends.”

katelypine ■

# créatif spooké

## MIDTERMS

*-continued from page 3*

Peter Shumlin, Peter Welch, and Ke\$ha, but for Washington, there ain't much else you can do to your ballots.)

And why, Kerry? You still haven't really told me, you've just made some weak, extended metaphor about elected officials and pooping. Okay fine, here's why: a Republican-controlled legislature would inhibit any last "fuck-you-guys," race-to-the-finish moves Obama might make; it wouldn't be a cramp in his last mile, it'd be an aneurism. More, it would bypass the president with the same counterproductive, medieval political vitriol it's been spouting to bored ears since the Kenyan got elected in the first place.

Historically, the last two years of an eight-year presidential term are rarely fruitful, but when a president loses all control of an already-frustrated legislature, that legislature can then tarnish the president's entire tenure.

Also, I've pumped you with the federal stuff, but don't forget state and county elections: if you have any personal beef with your current Governor, Senators, House Reps, School Board Members, ballot referendums, state marijuana laws, County Coroner—do some research, you probably do—then you'll want to fill out that freedom-form as soon as possible.

But forgetting local politics (which are honestly the best politics), on November 4th we can send off this fierce message: Mr. President, we feel a fiery ambivalent something towards you, and god dammit, we're gonna keep it that way, and maybe even crack a smile. ■

## the clock strikes *deadly*

*-continued from page 1*

and Barton next to Jazzy Hall. Before sitting herself, Mrs. O'Police gave a curt nod to the server standing in the corner of the room, letting him know that the last guests had arrived and now was the time for him to go to the kitchen, retrieve the dinners, and bring them forth for the people to eat.

"Excellent to see you, Daverson," said Mrs. Jay, smiling politely at him and handing him a basket of dinner rolls. "It's been a while, hasn't it?"

"A while," said Daverson, taking a roll and passing the basket on.

"I think the last time we were together was when you and I spent quite the night together at the Firemen's Gala," she said, reminiscing about her memories. "And what a night that was," she added, sliding a hand along the detective's thigh.

"That was the marshal of the Halloween Parade," said Grant, removing her hand like a mother cat might remove an unruly kitten by the scruff of its neck, and placed it on her own lap.

At this point, the dinner was brought out by a small brigade of servers with the assistance of the butler, who directed where the dinners were to go, like some sort of fancy traffic cop. They ate the dinner in near-silence, as the storm began to steadily grow

outside and drone on and on and on like a cicada with nothing better to do. Eventually, they finished, and the plates were taken away with a greater than or equal amount of grace as they had been brought in.

A loud thunderclap shook the house, and a few of those gathered let out screams, in a discordant harmony; a terrified Mormon Tabernacle Choir they were. The room went eerily and abruptly black. "Calm down, it's just the lights," said Chief of Police O'Police.

That was when the gunshot rang out. This gunshot was distinct: it could not be mistaken for a car backfiring, because that wouldn't make sense, considering that they were inside at the time. It couldn't be a thunderclap, either, because the gunshot, though loud and resonant, did nothing compared to the thunder and lightning that had caused the blackout. So, it was a gunshot. This caused some of the voices to cease screaming, and others to scream even more. ■

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**A story of faith, hope and forgiveness from a SURVIVOR of the Rwandan Holocaust**

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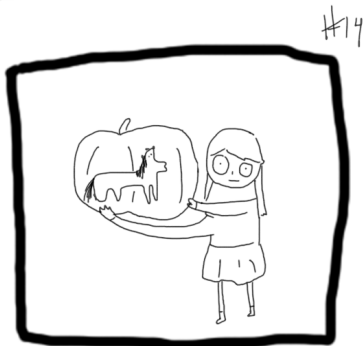
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# achievement schooling



**Freshmen Fifteen:**

*Drink your weight in PBR.*



**Friends 4ever (0/50):**

*Be Facebook friends with 50 people you've only met once.*



**Pro(craستی)gamer:**

*Play video games instead of doing homework . . . for the third day in a row.*



**Worth the Wait?:**

*Spend \$50 at one bar in a night.*



**Corporate Skill:**

*Get off your lazy hippie ass and become a working student.*



**Completionist:**

*Get your diploma.*

## Lyric of the (Bi)Week:

"Masturbates, then feels guilty. Scrubs his hands 'til they relent. Smile expresses strong resentment. Shakes until morning next."

-Gemini, Jawbreaker