



the water tower.

uvm's alternative newsmag

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FOOD FIGHT

the amazing race for uvm's contract



by mikaelawaters

ben berrick

As many of you may have read in our sister publication, *The Vermont Cynic*, Sodexo's contract with the University of Vermont ends in June. Our Cynical family also reported to the Catamount community that, "A committee will look at proposals from Sodexo and other vendors for a new five-year contract to provide food for the school." However, they have thus far failed to inform the community of who the contenders are for the Sodexo contract.

Well, fear not, dear friends: once again and as always, **the water tower** is one step ahead and bringing to you the exclusive inside scoop on the potential candidates for UVM's five-year dining contract.

Ahli Baba's Kabob Shop

Well known in the Burlington community, Ahli Baba's is seeking to extend its popularity by taking over all of UVM's campus dining. While the board was hesitant to even consider the proposal, "It was the breakfast burritos that really changed things for us," said an anonymous committee member.

Ahli Baba's ability to provide old-world, traditional breakfast fare as well as savory salads and pitas sets it aside as a strong candidate. Additionally, the board is interested in this option due to its promotion of diversity and cultural acceptance, two key values UVM strives to promote. "Neither burritos nor pitas are American foods. We think that's pretty neat," confessed a board member in an exclusive interview. **the water tower** agrees: that is pretty neat.

Wings Over Burlington

In what is being called a transitional phase, Wings Over has submitted a proposal to take over the UVM campus dining contract in an attempt to "be seen as more than just a 2am phone call", affirms a Wings Over Burlington exec.

When challenged that this vendor would not provide enough meal diversity and/or options for vegetarians, the same exec beamed, "We have waffle fries too!" In response

to this announcement, UVM Junior Evan (who wished to be referred to by first name only) confirmed, "Yeah, I would probably munch the waffle fries," expressing student support for both Wings Over and the waffle fries.

Hong's Chinese Dumplings

Widely considered the underdog of this competition, the prospect of Church Street's favorite dumpling cart securing the UVM dining contract has generated a lot of excitement and anticipation amongst the UVM student body.

Even more shocking than this quaint dumpling empire making a play at the dining contract is that the lead woman and owner of Hong's still plans on continuing to hand-make all the dumplings herself. This would not only slash UVM food staff and production costs by more than half, but also would also bring the "real food" level up to 100%.

When asked how she felt about this, UVM Sophomore Emma R. (also wishing to exclude her last name) exclaimed, "Wow! That is pretty darn local," a sentiment directly in line with UVM goals and values. The exact carbon footprint of what these mass-produced dumplings would be is currently being calculated by the UVM Eco-Reps: please contact them for any additional questions.

in 2015, **flaming** scorpion bowls will be the new davis center therapy dogs.

Koto Japanese Steak House

Running on a platform of "Hibachi For All," Koto is also considered a strong contender for the contract. With a wide variety of options ranging from steak to sashimi, a committee member disclosed, "Koto fulfills the University's ambition to provide both surf, and turf," a noble goal to be sure, and one **the water tower** fully endorses.

However, most exciting about this contract is that the university has already pre-cleared Koto to serve their famous drink, the Flaming Scorpion Bowl—a mixture of brandy, rum, amaretto, juice, fruit, and a flaming shot of Bacardi 151 described by an anonymous student as, "... just what you need to calm down before a big midterm!" In 2015, Flaming Scorpion Bowls will be the new Davis Center therapy dogs.

Henderson's Cafe

Lastly, UVM coffee shop, Henderson's, is also taking a shot at the larger dining contract. With a wide selection of specialty drinks, as well as a counter of baked goods, this independent coffee shop says it is ready to take the next step and move beyond the Davis Center third floor.

"We've recently added a much larger selection of gluten-free goods," reported a manager. "I think that speaks for itself."

And speak for itself it does, indicating that this café is ready to provide dining to the entire campus. For those concerned about the lack of savory foods or more meal-like items Henderson's could provide, the café responded by saying, "We also carry oatmeal and select craft popcorn flavors."

Chipotle, a display of three vending machines, Mr. Mike's and the Brennan's popcorn machine should also be mentioned: while they were not chosen as finalists, they are still actively trying to gain public support and are petitioning the school for continued consideration.

While the final decision won't be released until well into 2015 (after a televised cook-off and blind taste test), it is safe to say that it will be a tough call. As for us, we will continue to report diligently alongside *The Vermont Cynic*, and always bring to you, dear Catamounts, the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, so help us UVM. ■

get inside me:

ebola at uvm?
by philliparliss

for the love of the butt
by katjaritchie

vermont's migrant farmers
by kerrymartin

flared jeans and you
by lauragreenwood

the best news team inbox. in the universe.



dear readers, a retraction

In our Halloween issue, which printed on October 21, 2014, we included a piece titled “Frankenfashion Faux Pas: What Not to Wear.” This was a piece satirical in nature, the intent of which was to provide completely outlandish reasons as to why clearly offensive costumes were a poor Halloween choice: jokes mentioned blackface makeup being too difficult to wash off one’s face, and ended with a sarcastic quip warning others not to dress as a “White American Male,” as it might be too racially insensitive.

Unfortunately, the piece did not succeed in conveying an air of satire, and for this, **the water tower** sincerely apologizes. Jokes and comparisons which were never meant to be taken literally ended up hurting and causing concern for members of our student body.

What follows is an address from News editor Kerry Martin. We thank those who made their opinions heard to us, and would like to invite anyone with a concern or question of any sort to write in to our email address below at any time.

There used to be a tradition at UVM, an event that defined the year, called Kake Walk. Based on old minstrel shows, students would don blackface and perform songs and dances meant to mock and belittle African-American people and culture. Our school hosted this spectacle every winter for *eighty years*, until it was finally banned in 1969 due to its racist content.

Blackface was just one of many painful episodes of racism and stereotyping which I referenced in my article “FrankenFashion Faux Pas: What Not To Wear?” in *The Water Tower’s* last issue. I had conceived the piece as a sarcastic critique of anyone who would consider wearing any obviously unconscionable, stereotypical Halloween costume, in the painful tradition of Kake Walk: “terrorist,” “illegal immigrant,” Klan member, and so on. But my insensitive and ill-articulated satire turned out much more hurtful than any offensive costume, gleaning cheap jokes from a century of racial and cultural stereotypes. No retraction seems sufficient, but at the very least I want to publicly state my deepest apologies. Stained, that’s how I feel, for perpetrating the same kind of xenophobia and racial profiling which I was clumsily trying to critique. To everyone, I am very sorry.

I’m taking conscious action to prevent something like this from happening again. Obviously the most important part of that is stepping out of myself, to see how my words can affect people more victimized than I am. I will take a more active role in my social consciousness and in recognizing who really bears the brunt of jokes. And I will reflect on how miserable I felt for perpetrating prejudice and remind myself how much worse it feels to be prejudiced against. To you readers who contacted the paper, UVM faculty, or me directly regarding the article, I was moved by your efforts to steer this school in a better direction, and I thank you for providing me with critical personal guidance.

—kerrymartin ■

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

thewatertownews@gmail.com

the water tower.
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the news in brief

with kerrymartin

“When you look at this chaos that’s going on, does anybody think that Vladimir Putin would have gone into Crimea had George W. Bush been President of the United States? No! Even Putin is smart enough to know that Bush would have punched him in the nose in about 10 seconds.”

—John Boehner, Speaker of the House and potential 2016 Republican presidential candidate, defending our former president’s diplomatic style. That’s who I want in office, a man who socks people in the face to pacify geopolitical conflict.

“Dilma is reason...Dilma represents the continuation of *bolsa familia*—wallet full, fridge full, tummy full, a grateful heart and head. This is what determines how people vote.”

—Professor Gaudêncio Torquato, a University of São Paulo political science professor, explaining the recent, hard-fought reelection of Brazilian President Dilma Rousseff. Despite Brazil’s economic decline during her first term (in the wake of a decade of staggering growth), Dilma still embodies middle-class hope in one of the world’s most divided countries.

“I am ashamed to call this lickspittle bunch my government.”

—Reverend Desmond Tutu, Nobel Peace laureate and close companion to the late Nelson Mandela, decrying South African President Jacob Zuma’s rejection of a visa to the Dalai Lama, who was to visit for the 14th World Peace Summit. But South Africa is far from the first country to cave to Chinese bullying and snub the exiled Buddhist leader. At a certain point, we’ve

got to stop letting China take our lunch money.

“‘What can we do about all these shootings?’ teachers ask each other. Lock the doors, we’re told, and assume the worst is coming.”

—Launa Hall, a Virginia preschool teacher reflecting on her elementary school’s recent 13-minute lockdown drill, hiding silently in a closet with a class of frightened five-year-olds. School shooters (and victims) are becoming younger and more frequent, and under the gun lobby’s thumb, all we teach kids is fear.

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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Old Mill Annex - Main Lobby
Waterman - Main Lobby
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Online - uvm.edu/~watertwr

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

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

uvm news you should know: ebola

by philliparliss

To the UVM Community,

I write to you regarding the Ebola virus. It spread to the UVM student body at approximately 11:30pm on October 29th, 2014 in Jeanne Mance residence hall, when a naïve UVM freshman was foolish enough to use the tub on the fifth floor for its actual purpose. A homeless man had been living in the Jeanne Mance bathtub for two days prior, presumably having picked up the disease overseas. The issue of why no one reported this man is currently being investigated.

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Had it not been taco night, and had those chips not been replaced with pico de gallo at approximately 4:30pm, the infection would have likely spread to dozens within the hour. Luckily, a widespread crisis was averted, yet three other students did still contract the virus.

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1. All infected students will be quarantined in Jeanne Mance. The main reason for this is that it was the building where Ebola was first found at UVM, but to be honest, this is where we would quarantine them anyway.

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3. Popcorn at Brennan's is no longer free. Passers-by who don't even order food constantly abuse this privilege, and the funds used to refill it daily are now being channeled

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a. They are being sold for \$100 dollars each in the Davis Center 24/7.

b. You will be given one for free if you participate in any UVM BORED activity.

Please do not hesitate to alert the Administration if you or someone you know has been exposed to the virus. As a community, we can make it through this difficult time without resorting to extreme measures.

Prof. Don O'Tworry
UVM Ebola Response Coordinator ■

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to the honorary 114th congress

by kerrymartin

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Number 114, this might sound unfair, but you're showing up to this party already irredeemable. There is close to nothing you can do to endear your fellow guests (i.e. the sensible American people). But listen, I'm someone who sees your precarious position and knows where your older brother went wrong, so I hope you'll heed these two words of advice:

Aim low.

Give up on the big stuff. There's one big problem with both your good ideas (comprehensive immigration reform, campaign finance reform, carbon emission trading, drug decriminalization) and your bad ideas (deport, impeach, subsidize, escalate): they're ideas. Ideas get too big and unwieldy, too much to grasp, and someone ends up crying. Leave them alone; ideas

google and gametes: new innovations for fertility in the workforce

by jessebaum

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Though some are saying that Google (along with other well-known companies like JP Morgan Chase, Citigroup and Facebook) is paying women to freeze their eggs, and thereby incentivizing delayed motherhood, the reality is, as usual, considerably less Orwellian: the procedure is now just another benefit that employees are free to take advantage of, or not.

The move is a way to allow women to remain working when they might otherwise leave work or stop working full-time to, you know, reproduce. The plan may also be an attempt to correct the gender imbalance in the tech giant's workforce, making these companies more attractive to women by showing them that they will be able to control their own fertility and motherhood without leaving a fledgling career or going broke.

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In turn, later childbirth is linked to higher income (likely a cause as well as an effect) which is good news for the family in question (remember that the cost of higher education is racing at cheetah-like speeds past the rate of inflation, and shows no signs of stopping).

However, some have a more negative outlook on the egg-sicle initiative, saying that it fails to address the root causes of the issue at hand: that business hours and high-powered business culture are intrinsically un-family-friendly. In general, women have historically been pressured to choose family over work when this conflict builds.

In Spain, the siesta has been discussed as a major obstacle to gender equality, as it makes business hours run far later than schools. This bars the primary caregiver at home (in Spain this is still seen as the mother's role) from working full time and building a successful career.

In the US, even without a siesta it's easy to see that the work day and school-day are misaligned, a fact which likely will not change any time soon. All the same, it's hard to argue that increasing healthcare coverage is a negative thing. If this will allow some of the US' biggest and most celebrated companies to become more inviting to women, then that's a development we should all get behind. Indeed, women who have had the procedure have reported feeling relieved, and less stressed about their futures with respect to fertility.

And in the end, it is a woman's choice what she would like to do with her egg cells, and no one else's. ■

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around town.



leche sin dignidad:

a portrait of vermont's migrant latino *dairy* workers

by kerrymartin

The landscape of Vermont—like most topography outside Antarctica and the Sahara Desert—is manmade. What we might see as the untouched New England backwoods is really just a construct of nearly four centuries of agriculture and human land use, down to the very tree species and the bugs living inside them. This shouldn't make it any less beautiful: farms are gorgeous! And those barns, man! And cows, dude, cows! In fact, we should be grateful to the men and women who carved out the Vermont we know today—and to those who still do.

Spread throughout the state, in its most rural corners, are about 1,500 dairy farm workers, or *lecheros* in Spanish. Most hail from southern Mexican states like Chiapas, Tabasco, and Oaxaca as well as several Central American countries, Guatemala in particular. These largely undocumented immigrants represent the lowest quantity of Latino immigrants in any US state, but they are the primary force that sustains Vermont's suffering milk and dairy industry.

Dairy stitched Vermont into a patchwork of small family farms, having rarely with more than a hundred cows who could graze their damp, open pastureland before returning to their red wooden barns for twice-daily milking. In the past few decades, as some farms have swollen to tremendous size with thousands of cows, and still others have organized into co-ops selling to the same corporate milk buyer, small and/or independent family dairy farms have shut down by the thousand.

In 1947, Vermont had 11,206 dairy farms; in 2012, it had 995. Without some profitable side-business like butter, cheese, syrup, pumpkins, or corn, these farms must expand their livestock and find a stable corporate buyer like Agrimark-Cabot or United Dairy Farmers and, in most cases, hire migrant labor.

Underpayment, wage theft, and restriction of benefits are not the only financial impetuses farm owners have for employing Latino migrant workers; they are also some of the few remaining people willing to do this work. Twelve-hour shifts that often start before dawn include milking the cows, feeding the cows, cleaning their shit, washing the equipment, repeat. For some, these shifts include no food, no water, no bathroom, no air conditioning in the summer or heating in the winter, no boots or gloves, old and dangerous equipment, verbal abuse, even physical abuse, and chronic, illegal underpayment.

Some *lecheros* have bosses who understand that better

treatment leads to better work; but others return to their cold, crumbling, infested trailers to shower in contaminated water, drink beer, and sleep on a couch for five hours before the next shift starts. Labeled as illegal, many *lecheros* no longer think their ideas of human rights still apply.

While undocumented immigrants help farm almost every crop in the US, this kind of unjust, abusive, and at times nearly enslaving treatment is especially pervasive in the dairy industry. Most crops are seasonal, and therefore

in Burlington, is one of the few groups fighting for migrant workers' rights. In 2009, a volunteer was teaching English to some *lecheros* on a farm, when one got a call that his cousin nearby had just been killed by a milking equipment malfunction. The tragedy sparked thoughts that there were much bigger problems than the language barrier facing Vermont migrant workers, so they began organizing for reform.

Since then, Migrant Justice has helped organize, mobilize, and unite a large chunk of Vermont's *lecheros*, winning two important legislative battles in Montpelier: a state law prohibiting police from acting as immigration officers—*que la policia no sea la migra, jno más polimigra!*—and another allowing undocumented Vermont immigrants to get driver's licenses. They are currently putting together a broad workers rights campaign that will be in full swing by Spring.

If you like Vermont, if you like cheese, if you speak Spanish, if you care about human rights, if you know anyone who has stories to share...there are so many reasons to get involved with this community. At the most basic, fundamental, and essential level, you can start giving back the thing of which Vermont *lecheros* have been most deprived: social inclusion. Check out migrantjustice.net if you're interested!

But even closer to home, check out Huertas. Run mostly by UVM Superstar Anthropology Professor Teresa Mares, this organization brings volunteers to dairy farms to help set up fresh produce farms for *lecheros* who, for lack of transportation, often suffer from food insecurity. For any more information on Huertas, reach out to Prof. Mares.

Y más que todo, como dijo Cesar Chavez, ¡sí se puede! We can do it! ■



liz barrett

those who harvest them are granted temporary work visas year after year. For example, Vermont's delicious apples are primarily picked by Jamaican workers who come here for a few months every year before returning home.

Milk, however, is a year-round product, meaning there are no visas for *lecheros*.

This strange rule would have been changed by the Border Security, Economic Opportunity, and Immigration Modernization Act, which the Senate passed in June 2013 but has stalled in the House since then.

Migrant Justice, a small non-profit organization based

perspectives on gone girl: darkness and hidden stories

by mikestorage

When you watch a movie directed by David Fincher, you will be absorbed into a darker atmosphere. This is just something I have come to expect from the Prince of Darkness.

Just look at some of his other movies, most notably *Girl with the Dragon Tattoo*, *Fight Club*, *Seven*, and *Zodiac*. The man loves to paint pictures with blurred lines and evil subtexts. He loves to examine and explore humanity's capacity for evil, its heart of darkness.

Gone Girl is no different. The entire narrative of the film assures the darkness, and, typical of Fincher, goes deeper into the darkness than I even thought possible.

For those of you who haven't heard of this movie let me give you a quick plot overhaul. *Gone Girl* follows the story of Nick Dunne, played by Ben Affleck, as he discovers that his wife, Amy, played by Rosamund Pike, has gone missing. Both Pike and Affleck deliver stunning performances in their respective roles. As the movie progresses, we discover that Amy and Nick's relationship was anything but the perfect façade that they have presented to the public and the audience.

4 The movie alternates viewpoints between the present investigation of Amy's disappearance and flashbacks of events that take place in Amy's journal, as narrated by Amy herself. Here lies the true genius of the film. The present day in-

vestigation maintains the suspenseful drama that perpetuates the mystery surrounding Amy's disappearance, while the flashbacks provide insight into the current state of affairs between Amy and Nick.

From the beginning of the film the audience is able to detect that there is something amiss amongst the Dunnes' marriage. As the movie moves forward the journal entries become more revealing, and Nick appears increasingly guiltier in the present day investigation and to the audience. We view Nick more and more differently as facts about the Dunnes' marriage fall into place.

However, *Gone Girl* is a movie of perspectives. Like every marriage there are two sides to a story. What makes Fincher effective as a director is the way he is able to unpredictably reveal that unknown side of the story to audiences.

In case you haven't heard it already, there are a few game changing twists in *Gone Girl* that lead us to gasp and rethink what we thought we knew.

Ultimately, we are left pondering, is it the world itself that is dark, or just Fincher's world? 4.2 of 5 stars. ■

“ultimately, we are left pondering: is it the world itself this dark, or is it just [director] *fincher's* world?”



take 'em *downtown*: getting arrested in the name of protest

by jessebaum

A couple weeks ago, I began to toy with the idea of getting arrested. This was not due to a penchant for handcuffs, but because of something a friend has told me when we were discussing a sit-in protest we were going to in Montpelier to protest Gas-Metro's new pipeline going through Vermont. The pipeline would be the largest construction of fossil fuel infrastructure in VT for decades and is planned to tunnel under Lake Champlain to service a paper mill in Ticonderoga, NY. My friend (we call him Taco), told me that protesting was an "arrestable action."

"Not everyone should get arrested," he told me. If you are on probation, are a minority that is often marginalized or treated unfairly by the justice system, or are undocumented, then getting arrested at a sit-in might not make sense.

"But if you think you can, then it's a great way to use your privilege. To show Governor Shumlin that people really care."

As much as ResLife can make students want to vomit at the word "privilege," hear me out, because I think Taco has a point. I am a middle-class, white chick whose parents went to college and are willing to finance my education. I am pretty damn privileged. Also, my mom was arrested at a protest once, and used to play a song called "Have You Been to Jail for Justice" for my sister and me, so I figured she really couldn't get too mad.

500 people ended up coming to the rally, and dozens of people elected to sit-in and risk arrest. To those new to this issue, the pipeline (which was recently approved for construction, despite tremendous opposition) will carry fracked natural gas from Canada, through Addison County, and under Lake Champlain to New York. By the way, fracking (hydraulic fracturing) is banned here because it requires thousands of gallons of potable water, a myriad of toxic chemicals, and has been known to contaminate groundwater, all in the name of continuing the production of fossil fuels.

Governor Shumlin himself was involved in the fracking ban, and yet is a vocal supporter of the pipeline. Also, the project is currently tens of millions of dollars over-budget—a cost which will be passed on to the taxpayers (if you have an account with Vermont Gas, this means you).

At the sit in, the police were not anxious to arrest us—their boss, Governor Shumlin, was so eager to avoid a potential scandal that he offered to call in and speak to the people camped out outside of his office. But, as it was deemed exceedingly unlikely that he would cede to the demands that he, a) rescind the permit to construct the second part of the pipeline under the lake; or, b) ban all

in, and allowed a few of the organizers and a handful of press to travel between upstairs and downstairs, to give updates and keep us informed on the police's plans.

6:30 came and went. We were offered a dispersal notice, where the "incident chief"—the police in charge of the delegation that was there to keep the peace, told us that at that point we were officially trespassing, and maybe we could make our point and not make them have to document everyone.

Not a chance, we said.

"Would we at least walk out?" the incident commander asked us. He had a bad back, and didn't want to drag us.

We looked at each other and agreed. Yeah, we could walk ourselves out.

The incident commander left, and in a few minutes, one of the organizers came downstairs and informed us that Shumlin had asked that we be documented inside, to avoid the improper appearance of a mass arrest.

Bullshit, we agreed.

This did not sit well with the incident commander. For the first time, he looked intimidating.

"What's this I hear about you guys making us drag you outside?"

We wanted to be properly arrested.

I thought I saw him smile. "Well, we can do that."

So in the end, they walked us out into the parking lot, and documented us there with, if I may say so myself, marked inefficiency. My arresting officer made chit-chat, and I got my very own mugshot. After that, I waited for my friends to be processed, and we drove back to Burlington. All in all, 64 people got arrested that night; 64 counts of important visibility for the sit-in. I never did get handcuffed, though. ■

"if you think you can [get arrested], it's a great way to use your privilege...i am a middle-class, white chick whose parents went to college. i am pretty damn privileged."

future fossil fuel infrastructure in the state, the protestors refused the call.

At five o' clock, the building closed, and the cops informed us that we had until 6:30 to leave. They wanted to wait us out. I wasn't thrilled that they had extended the protest-limbo for an hour and a half, but then again, I had accepted the possibility, however faint, that I might spend the night being detained at the police station. A little more chanting and singing wasn't exactly a deterrent.

So we sang, we chanted, and we talked about why we had come to the protest. One of the women there lived in Addison County; her home is at risk. Another man said that he was there to fight for his grandchildren's future.

The police, on their part, were grudging but permissive hosts. They allowed the people outside to bring food

local *jewish man* mistaken for *state of israel*

by benberrick

Local Jewish man Josh Goldman was reportedly mistaken for the sovereign State of Israel by friends and neighbors at a small house party last evening.

Goldman, who has never been to the independent Levantine nation, was asked to explain the motivations behind recent controversial Palestinian containment policy by several curious party attendees. Though professing to have neither experiential nor conceptual knowledge of the complicated historical context of the Zionist movement, nor the emotional impact of a "state-under-siege" mentality on either side of the conflict, Goldman was still asked how he justified the violent suppression of the Palestinian territories and explained the defensiveness brought on by international scrutiny.

"I was scanning the party, and suddenly I see this group of prominent Israeli historians and policy makers over by the table watching the flip-cup game," said Amber Williamson, an attendee of the same party as Goldman.

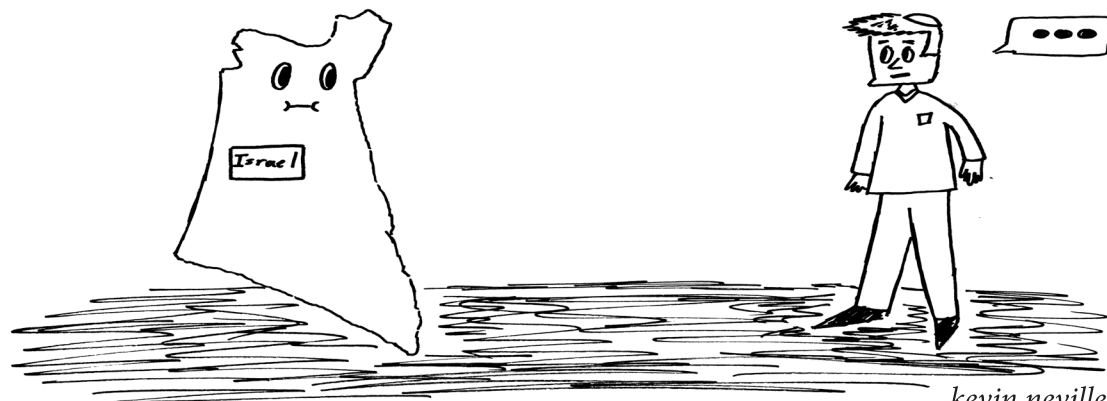
"But as I got closer, I realized it was just Josh," she continued.

"Yeah, this sort of thing happened before," Josh commented. "People get a few drinks in them, and you know how it goes, all they want to talk about is Theodor Herzl and the Six-Day War, Netanyahu on tequila nights. I try to tell people 'I'm an engineering student, I don't really go for the political stuff,' and that usually works. But some-

times I really get judged for the way I look, people will say 'Man, you really look like 20,000 square-kilometer, bottle-opener-shaped country next to the Mediterranean Sea.' People can be pushy, you know?"

As of press time, Mr. Goldman had been correctly identified as a human being rather than a nation of approximately eight million persons, one of that nation's diplomats, or troop of press secretaries attending undergradu-

ate university in America. Goldman's early departure from the party provoked unquenched attendees to begin asking Carson Connery, a third-generation American whose great-great-grandparents had immigrated from Scotland, to walk them through the historical failure of the Scottish independence movement. ■



kevin neville

reflections.

bootybootybooty gawking everywhere: the ass-inine demands of butt culture

by katjaritchie

I had a salient moment of soul-searching the first time a boy put his hands in my pants. I was flooded with a rush of warnings from health class and a profound, exhilarating nervousness, until things deviated from my hazy preconception of the sexual norm.

Why would he want to put his hands on my butt? I was completely, utterly, blissfully ignorant of the fact that an ass could be a thing to be appreciated until, in the throes of puberty, I came to possess one. For a long time, I didn't get it when friends said "Your butt looks cute in those jeans," while trying on pair after pair of strategically-faded flares in PacSun, nor did I understand when other girls complained about not filling out a body-con miniskirt properly before a school dance. Wasn't a proper set of B-cups supposed to be our tenth-grade Holy Grail? Aren't we supposed to want to be skinny?

Having bypassed the era when straight-as-a-board was in its heyday and the pencil-figured ladies of Friends and Ally McBeal were idolized, pop culture has circled back to an appreciation of The Butt. "Baby Got Back" could believably be a brand new chart-topper as we ogle the derrières of everyone from Pippa Middleton to each member of the Kardashians. New members to the butt bandwagon attempt to reverse-engineer the booty they

would have worked so hard to trim away ten years ago, with entire workout regimes dedicated to sculpting the perfect, plump behind.

Still, our love affair with dat ass, despite outward appearances, is far from one-size-fits-all. Enshrining the butt hasn't quieted the cry of women's fashion that embodies the desperate desire to be thin. Slim waists, sculpted abs and the perfect hand-on-hip "skinny arms" in every Insta shot are still in vogue.

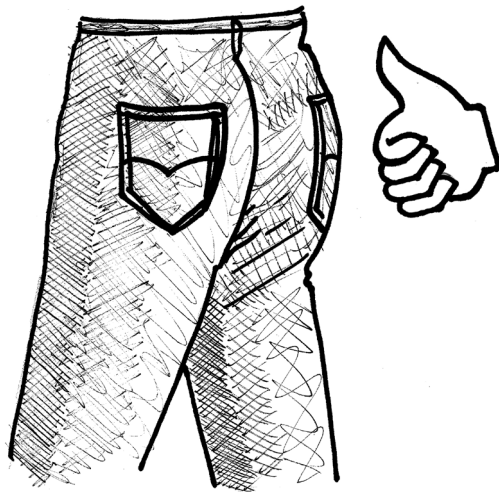
Twerking, after decades of dormancy in hip-hop culture, has been simplified and appropriated by Miley Cyrus, self-proclaimed Pilates queen and possessor of "the flattest ass" at less than 110 pounds, according to a Rolling Stone interview.

Swimwear boutique Frankie's Bikinis has made a fortune on barely-there bottoms built for putting the revealing, "cheeky" look on for show—and yet, despite their blatant display of assets in their attire, cap their sizing at a 41-inch hip measurement. Beyoncé and Amber Rose, to name a couple famous faces, would be pushing their spandex and nylon limits to don a Frankie's piece, with stars like Kim and Khloé K and Nicki Minaj being completely out-sized.

"Booty," the cheap, porny atrocity of a single from J-Lo and Iggy Azalea, is actually, disgustingly relevant to the desires of the very same culture that often won't of-

fer women's jeans in-store beyond a size 14. The double standard soldiers on. Pop culture is sending mixed signals about its desire for the perfect ass.

What's being sold as a love for curves is looking more like yet another criterion to add to the list of requirements for the perfect body, right after toned arms, childlike hips, and a whittled waist. They don't want none unless you got buns, hun...but god forbid some hips, thighs, or belly to go with it. ■



cullen hairston

a gap year of imperialism

by emmaboel

I stomped into Quito with Merell hiking boots on and obnoxious Americanism emanating from my every action. I was eighteen, heading into a gap year, and someone probably should have sat me down and told me to, "just tone it down a bit." In the great nation surrounded by conveniently expansive waters, we suffer from isolationist tendencies that prevent us from, "checking ourselves," and, trust me friends, we've got it bad. We've got it make-your-first-legal-vodka-purchase-and-start-screaming-about-oral-sex bad...to use one of my prouder moments as an example.

Although, as I continued to travel, I discovered that if there was one thing I could pull off artfully, it was the "you imperialist bastard" zinger, and I developed a habit of using it against the English twits who were my comrades in Western volunteerism. I may have befriended the lad who claims, "I always carry around a union jack and collapsible flag pole, you know, just in case," but by god I gave him hell. I named those pricks for the oppressive colonizers that they are and went about my explorations happily learning their slang terms for vomiting up your beer (chundering) at peace with post-colonial angst.

Unfortunately, upon my return to the great state of corn dogs and capitalism, I discovered that America's own genre of oppression seems distinctly imperialistic in the era of globalization, and my strutting into Ecuador aided what global studies scholars are calling "cultural imperialism." Attention fellow gap yearers and students abroad: listen closely, because you don't want to be that guy. Westernization is a real asshole. It was not my embodiment of the comic US of A archetype that was problematic in my relationship to Ecuador. It was my purpose in the country: being a Western person "providing charity to the poor locals."

The West has a habit of intervening in developing countries for the sake of "saving" the natives by exporting our religions, our languages, our education systems, our notions of statehood, our economics, and our political institutions. Aside from their basis in racism and a hierarchy of cultural validity, these practices are nothing, if not imperialistic. We extend over our borders, and instill Western values and systems abroad; we disregard the legitimacy of existing institutions and norms.

Travelling to developing countries to teach our language of privilege, to use a very common volunteerist endeavor as an example, supports the colonial model. It does so by assuring people, who we have deemed "other," that they must speak like us, and we are not afraid to dissolve their nonwestern teaching models in order to ensure that they do. And disrupt those schooling systems we shall with influxes of 18 year old nimrods. Just about how qualified a teacher do you have to be in order to be considered as valuable as someone trained in-country? To paraphrase most international volunteer company websites, "Zero teaching experience required! You can practice here! It practically doesn't count!" Don't worry, South America, we'll send you our bleeding heart nuisances to teach you THE language. We'll be the valiant solution to the education problems that decades of our oppression created. You've proved yourselves incapable.

In Ecuador, we were self-proclaimed seekers of the entire world's salvation. We were feminists and anti-racists. We were goddamn liberals, for fuck's sake. Nonetheless, our work in that country was based in a patronizing notion of global salvation as executed by the Western world, a notion which turns out to be pretty damn racist and elitist. It seems that the world is falling apart at the hands of Western destruction, so maybe we should all

just go ahead and sit down with our "you poor natives" attitudes. So, you almost travelers, you. Buy your rucksacks. Lace on your hiking boots and polish your camera lenses. Go to Ecuador. Go to Tanzania and Cambodia and Nepal. You're going to have the time of your life. I surely did. But, take a few words of advice: always keep some Imodium in an easily accessible pocket, and go intending to learn rather than teach. Go with the intention of immersing yourself in a culture rather than to provide salvation a la Americanah. ■



angel roe

dc superheroes to the silver screen

by dannissim

Hey, movie fans: get excited. Last month, Warner Bros. announced their upcoming schedule of DC Comics movies. With Marvel already well into the second phase of their cinematic universe, DC is already way, way behind. Let's take a look at the upcoming titles.

Batman vs. Superman: Dawn of Justice (March 25th, 2016): This upcoming sequel to *Man of Steel* will only be the second film in DC's new cinematic universe. *Man of Steel* was just ok, so hopefully the addition of Batman (as portrayed by a jacked up Ben Affleck) and Wonder Woman (as portrayed by the lovely Gal Gadot) will help director Zack Snyder further develop Superman. I mean, dude, he just killed Zod – what are going to be the repercussions?

Suicide Squad (August 5th, 2016): The Suicide Squad is an interesting team in the DC Comics universe. Comprised of villains, they're given various missions by Amanda Waller, head of A.R.G.U.S. (a U.S. government agency), for commuted sentences—always under the threat of execution should they go off book. Personally, I think this film is being released too early. DC needs to flesh out their cinematic universe more. But hey, Ryan Gosling is reportedly being courted for a role: not bad.

Wonder Woman (June 23rd, 2017): Gal Gadot will reprise her role as Wonder Woman in this stand-alone film. I'm really looking forward to this as I've enjoyed the New 52 run of Wonder Woman.

Justice League Part One (November 17th, 2017): Having introduced Batman, Superman, Wonder Woman, Aquaman, and Cyborg (and maybe some others yet to be announced), DC will bring together the Justice League (their version of the Avengers). Director Zack Snyder has been announced for both Justice League films, which irks me a bit. I've enjoyed a few of his films, but if there's a *Sucker Punch* or *Legend of the Guardians: The Owls of Ga'Hoole* repeat, I will be really fucking pissed.

The Flash (March 23rd, 2018): DC has had huge success with the Flash on the small screen, but in this movie adaptation they will not look to Grant Gustin to reprise his role as the Flash. DC has been very clear on separating their movie and TV universes, which is more than ok with me. Ezra Miller (*The Perks of Being a Wallflower*) has already been announced as the Flash; at the moment I'm having a little bit of a difficult time picturing him as the hero, the Flash, but I can definitely see him as Barry Allen (the Flash's secret identity).

Aquaman (July 27th, 2018): Jason Momoa (*Game of Thrones*) has finally been confirmed for the role of Arthur Curry/Aquaman after months of questions. Khal Drogo will have to clean up (and probably dye his hair blonde) for the role. Personally, I think Aquaman is kinda lame, so I'm not too excited for this one.

Shazam (April 5th, 2019): With Dwayne Johnson (The Rock) already onboard to play Shazam's arch-villain, Black Adam, DC's got some star power behind this one. Johnson had his choice of roles and his choice to play Black Adam was perfect. Shazam (originally Captain Marvel), as a hero, is interesting in the fact that while he might look like an adult and have many powers—the Wisdom of Solomon, the Strength of Hercules, the Stamina of Atlas, the Power of Zeus, the Courage of Achilles, and the Speed of Mercury—he is just a kid. This is definitely one to look out for.

Justice League Part Two (June 14th, 2019): If Zack Snyder doesn't fuck up *Justice League Part One*, then this might be a good movie. If not, there will always be George Clooney's Batman—ha, ha, ha.

Cyborg (April 3rd, 2020): Given his involvement with the Justice League, Cyborg will probably avoid a Teen Titans angle. Also, with the character being featured in at least two films prior, this will probably not be an origin story film (that would be awkward).

Green Lantern (June 19th, 2020): I know, I know, we will never talk about Ryan Reynolds's 2011 *Green Lantern* film again. I can't believe how awful that one was. With no knowledge of casting, I can't really say much about how this film will be, but the Green Lantern comics are rich with an assortment of villains and allies. ■

by cullenhairston

Saturday Night Live has had its share of ups and downs throughout its nearly forty-year run. It's one of the longest-running network television shows in American history, with an ever-rotating cast of comedians and actors. However, I predict these next few years might be the show's last after going downhill. The AV Club reported that October 11's episode, hosted by past cast member Bill Hader, tied with May 10's episode (hosted by actress Charlize Theron) for having the lowest ratings of any SNL episode ever.

This doesn't come as a surprise to me. SNL has always been a show for young people, and honestly, young people aren't watching TV anymore.

Sure, we still love TV, but not in front of a big box like our parents. Today with the Internet, we can watch shows whenever we want. Look at shows like *House of Cards* and *Orange Is the New Black*. People love shows they can binge watch in a week (or less) online. The AV Club said that viewers are just waiting until many of the sketches are streaming online.

SNL will be forced to come to an end when television inevitably becomes obsolete. Moving the show to an online platform won't have the same effect the show

did on live broadcast. That was always the beauty of the show – it was forced to work within limitations. It was live, so mistakes and improvisation were bound to happen, but the show still had to abide by the FCC rules and regulations set for all shows. An online version of SNL wouldn't have the same effect as the show did when it first started almost forty years ago, back when entertainment wasn't as easily accessible (or as easy to get away with things) as it is today.

It's not just the end of television that's causing the show to fail. The recent episodes have not been as funny and seem to rely heavily on characters from previous seasons

to please the audience. Episodes always have their ups and downs, but recently there have been many more downs than ups.

There will always be a space for comedy sketch series. YouTube has made it easy for anyone with a video camera and a joke to broadcast to the entire world, and I think that will carry on what SNL started. Even when SNL comes to an end, it will always be remembered for its clever humor, parodies of pop culture and politics, and everyone's favorite, Stefan. ■

snl...doin' well?

by mollyo'shea

There are some television shows out there that are so perfect, so carefully crafted and curated to create a wonderful viewing experience. *Saturday Night Live* is not one of those shows. It is a crazy, frantic mess of fudged lines, jokes that frequently miss, and occasionally terrible music—and I love it. *Saturday Night Live* is a work of art and complete genius; it isn't just an essential piece of television

“it isn't just an essential piece of television history, but an essential TV show to watch now.”

history, but an essential TV show to watch now.

Not only is the show funny, but everyone on the show looks like they are having fun. That's what really drew me into the show. When I saw Bill Hader break character as Stefan, I knew I was watching something truly special. He was laughing because what he was doing was ridiculous and funny, and that was awesome. You are a part of something special when you just watch this show.

Some of the greatest comedians of not just our generation, but of all time have been on SNL. John Belushi, Eddie Murphy, Dana Carvey, Steve Martin, Adam Sandler, Mike Meyers, Tina Fey, Tracey Morgan, Amy Poehler, Kristen Wiig, Will

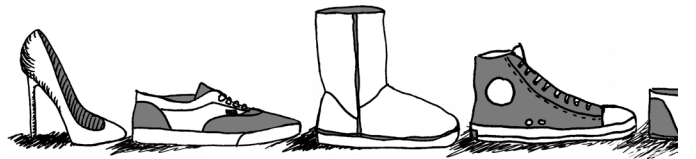
Ferrel, Bill Hader, and my personal favorite, Chris Farley, are just a few well known names who got their start on *Saturday Night Live*. These are just a sampling of the greats that started there, and the list is continually growing.

This show is a place for comedians to get their start and to grow to go on and do great things. You like 30 Rock? Parks and Recreation fan? Watched Animal

House, Billy Madison, Happy Gilmore, Tommy Boy, Wayne's World and loved it? Those wouldn't have happened if it weren't for *Saturday Night Live*. This is where the greats got their start, and there is so much potential in this current cast.

So despite their recent low ratings, and for those of you who think that *Saturday Night Live* is just a part of history now that all your favorites are gone, understand that this year is a rebuilding year. I get it, I do; all the people you watched during your teens are gone and that's sad and I miss them too, but there are so many new faces to love. So give these new kids a chance, I promise they won't disappoint. ■

fashion five-oh.



the first step to moving on is letting go: flared jeans and you

by lauragreenwood

So, there I was, begrudgingly dragging myself up the hill from downtown for an early class when I couldn't help but look down and see the bottom of a stranger's jeans. Like a slap from my prepubescent years, I had a hard time fathoming that someone of my age would still be wearing flared jeans. In awe, I mindlessly followed them until they entered an academic building just to have confirmation that this person was actually going to class in those horrendously shaped, denim dump-bottoms.

This article is not about judging someone's fashion choice, but rather I just want to style-shame the entire orthodoxy of flared jeans to threads. Fashion has moved forward four decades from when bell-bottoms were an iconic symbol of "cool," "trendy" style. But we've all moved on, or at least we should all move on. Jeans have taken new shapes mostly for women and we should accept that the most important characteristics of your jeans should be the fit and feel. Material aside, seriously, look down and admire the amazing way your jeans cling to your beautiful body and just accentuate all your greatness. The jeans you looked down at could not have been flared jeans, because they cause such weird contortions and illusions of the female form to occur.

I can't help but get caught in an internal conflict: like, "why do I need to invent a second hour-glass on my body, aren't my real, fleshy curves enough?" What functional purpose does that flare serve except getting caught in your bike gears and colliding with a weird "Shhh"-ing sound as

you walk? Are any flared jeans even made in a wash that isn't that petrified sky blue shade? No jeans that anyone of any gender own should not be that color of blue unless you are Danny Tanner or, no, only if you're Danny Tanner. Unlike the boot-cut jean, which suggests the lower leg loosened fit has a higher purpose, I can't really fathom the justification behind the flared jean. In middle school, I think I thought they made me look skinnier by drawing

"Unlike the boot-cut jean, which suggests the lower leg loosened fit has a higher purpose, I can't really fathom the justification behind the flared jean."

attention away from my hips and towards my feet. But it sounds ridiculous now to think the fit did anything except make my lower legs look like the base of a tree trunk framing my bulbous Etnies. Oh to be a teenager and awkward in my changing body again. No thank you.

Surrender the denim of style senses passed. Flared jeans are just a fucked up accident of fashion that ought to be retired along with gauch pants and denim capris

(khakis work so long as our lovely rule of fit and feel are respected). You and I are better than flared jeans. Our bodies deserve to be hugged in the right places, deserve to look sleek in darker shades, and deserve to walk peacefully in stoic silence. Flared jeans are a hopeless style that only makes us look like lava lamps. You don't want to be a lava lamp. ■



keely farrell

highlight reel

luis suarez left off fifa shortlist, eats president's daughter

by zackpensak

Swiss newspaper *Le News* has confirmed today that Barcelona FC's Luis Suarez has eaten FIFA president Sepp Blatter's daughter Corinne after he was left off the list for the soccer world's top individual award. Last Tuesday, FIFA announced the 23-man shortlist of contenders for this year's Ballon d'Or award. The most surprising omission from the list is Suarez, who led the English Premier League in scoring last season with 31 goals for Liverpool FC.

Suarez does have a history of surface-level cannibalism, as he has been caught biting opposing players on three different occasions throughout his career. The most recent victim of the Suarez snack attack was Italy's Giorgio Chiellini in a match during this past summer's World Cup. Despite just coming off a four-month suspension for the Chiellini incident, it appears the Uruguayan's hunger has been reawakened. Upon learning of his Ballon d'Or exclusion, Suarez immediately booked a flight from Barcelona to Zürich in order to exact his revenge.

"I arrived at the FIFA headquarters [in Zürich] hoping to take a quick bite out of Sepp, just to express my discontent with his recent nominations," explained Suarez as he entered a local café for a

post-meal coffee. "When I was told that he was in a meeting, and heard that his daughter lives nearby, I decided to stop by."

Christoph Schultz, a neighbor of the FIFA

president's now-consumed daughter, watched in horror as Suarez waltzed right up to Ms. Blatter's front door and devoured her.



ate her."

Barcelona FC was immediate to express their support for their star striker, as club captain Lionel Messi pointed out that every soccer player has made a few careless mistakes with women over the years. When asked if he, in the heat of the moment, has ever considered eating another person, Messi appeared to be humored by the question and almost broke out laughing. After he was able to compose himself enough to provide a response, he made it clear that he has never pondered human ingestion, as he is Argentinian, not Uruguayan, and that unlike Suarez, he already has four Ballon d'Ors to his name.

UPDATE

Just a few moments ago, Sepp Blatter exited his meeting and was informed of the day's events regarding Suarez and his kin. Although he was visibly shaken when hearing of his daughter's fate, he admitted that he should have seen something like this coming after he left a serial biter off his shortlist. He also acknowledged that FIFA must do a better job in the future to prevent more children of prominent soccer-related

elect officials from being eaten by Suarez.

As for a punishment for his actions, Blatter decreed that Suarez will be handed a five-match ban along with a hefty €80,000 fine. ■

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

This situation is something straight off of *Maury*
But what we have scares me like a horror story
We are definitely the worst of all our friends' incest
I had to crawl through the swamp to make you my princess
If I could give you a prize, you'd get a blue ribbon
Even though you can't drive, I know you're so driven
Since you're not quite of age, we drink at Folino's
If this year was a conference, you would be the keynote
You can meet me in Waterman basement
& you are so sweet, I can almost taste it
You know I'd tap that like a sugar maple
God damn, I want you so bad, Rachel

When: Often
Where: A ship of foolz
I saw: A mermaid
I am: In trouble

Alright, I've felt giddy about having this crush
You come off so gathered but my head's been a mush
You seemed familiar when we actually first met
A friend of a friend, the stages seemed set
But as I've learned more, my heart felt at siege
Cause you seem so cool, so hip, so out of my league
Your passion for music has got me in awe
You appreciate it live, you're friends with Clau
A man who networks so that musicians get heard
But is also so nice, the combination absurd
Our paths continue crossing at work or shows
Yet I get too nervous to serve witty banter in prose
From a different college, but known around town
So outgoing and humble, a man so well-round
I can be a grump, too sarcastic or bitter
I'm not into social media, don't understand Twitter
Yet, I also love music and a guy who's together
I'd love a good date with a man, and so whether
You'd want to grab coffee or dinner, a real date
Know there's a girl interested, who thinks that'd be great.

When: Most weekends
Where: Wherever good music is played
I saw: It's pronounced with a Q
I am: A big fan of your work

I've tried and I've tried
To make you see.
But clearly it's not working
Oh well, woe is me.
We're clearly just friends
And I'm okay with that.
So please stop dropping hints,
I'm no longer at bat.
They say third time's the charm
And maybe this will be true
But one thing is for certain,
That is, I no longer want you.

When: Frequently
Where: In my off-times
I saw: A wonderful human
I am: A mopey friend

You're a high-powered feminist,
that much is clear.
I'd love for you to marry me,
even if I couldn't call you "dear."
We agree on exactly one song,
Luda's "Pimpin' All Over the World,"
but on your index finger,
you've got me all-around curled.
Fake cheese is in,
Real food is out,
We can go out to dinner,
you don't even have to try the trout.
I know that I have to contend with a guy in administration,
the VP of Exec. Operations Mr. Gary Derr,
lest we forget to keep our love a secret,
his wife's wrath you'd incur.
I'm out of space now,
these words I am not trying to mince.
Is a date with you as simple,
as a pack of Junior Mints?

When: All day, erry day
Where: Freshman Orientation
I saw: A damsel from Daygo
I am: Schmidt

I want you,
I want you so bad.
I want you,
I want you so bad.
It's driving me mad,
It's driving me mad.

When: Yesterday
Where: My headphones
I saw: The Beatles
I am: The ghost of John Lennon

I like to drink, the good stuff so local
My pockets are shallow, small paychecks are no joke-al
So when I want quality, quantity, the works
Most bars let me down, with high prices, what jerks
But not you, Thursday, you do it right
The deals are aplenty, the bargains out of sight
\$2 Switchbacks at Nectar's and Drink
Cheap Mr. Mike's Toppers, dippity-dink
Fuck VT laws, no happy hours announced
I'll just wander the streets, see the prices, then pounce
So shout out to Thursday, you dastardly beast
I love your cheapness, avast, now let's feast!

When: Thursday
Where: Thursday
I saw: Thursday
I am: Thursday

Best friends forever
A curse and a blessing;
Every time I see you
I get to stressing:
Did we miss out on what we might be?
And how can I ever say
What you do to me?
Your checkered past, I don't mind it
No need to hide from me
Nothing comes from looking back,
I look forward and see
You; at least that's what I hope in my dreams
But maybe I should quit wishing for anything more
For us, maybe tomorrow's got nothing in store.

When: All the time
Where: Everywhere
I saw: A good friend
I am: Too hopeful

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

Amphitheater

Girl: So, like, you know how like, humans can't see air? Can fish see water...?

Bailey-Howe

Girl: Don't get your panties in a bunch!
Stubborn boy: My panties are in a "twist" actually...
Girl: No, it's "bunch".
Boy: They're *my* panties and they're "twisted", thank you. It's like a tornado down there and my dick is caught in the panty twist. It's different for you. You're a girl, so they're "bunched."

Walking downtown from campus

Freezing boy: It's so cold out my nips could cut glass.
Curious girl: What about diamonds?
Freezing boy: Yeah, totally. Like it's so cold I need someone to rub my nipples...I need some titty friction.

Bailey-Howe, 3rd Floor

Boy: I went through his dresser and found a fake ass and vagina. So I touched it...I just had to touch it, you know? It was like hard jello. So fuckable.
Girl: Never go through other people's dressers.

Davis Center

Inquisitive dude: Like, putting glue on your hand and peeling it off is kinda weird. Like, why is that a fun thing that people do? I guess I don't really know what fun is...

Cook Commons

Girl: Before that, I didn't even know male nurses existed...

Fishbowl

Obnoxious blonde girl to friends: I don't floss. It's a dental conspiracy!

In front of Lafayette

(Ambulance with flashing lights in the background)
Boy: Maybe someone finally died from Sodexo.

Cook Commons

Girl: Oh my god! I want to know what floor she's on so I can stalk her.

it's that time again...
(get your balls ready)

water tower water pong

thursday, nov. 14, 2014
dc, livak ballroom
\$5/team, \$3 to fly solo
(register at the door)

tunes.



goon music 2.0 a mixtape review

by clarkmasterson

God loves ratchet music; at least that's what I tell myself. Anyway, listen to *Goon Music 2.0*, a collaborative mixtape by French Montana and Max B. Be wary if you aren't the type to listen to lyrics containing sex, drugs, and partying; this surely isn't for you. If you are that type, look no further! There is definitely an East Coast/New York sound to this tape, but various instrumentals from songs such as "First of the Month" by Bone Thugs and Harmony are used to create a sound that transcends various niches of rap, across coasts and decades.

While most of the tape is concerned with typical rap subjects such as sex and drug dealing, there is also an element of sadness to some of the tracks. This is reasonable, considering the mixtape was released when

"god loves ratchet music...at least, that's what i tell myself."

"there is definitely an east coast sound to this tape, but various instrumentals...are used to create a sound that transcends various niches of rap."

"while the lyrics aren't exactly well thought out, they are hilarious if you don't take them too seriously."

Max B was facing 75 years in prison for conspiracy to commit murder, a charge that would eventually lead to a conviction. Needless to say, nobody wants to do that much time in the can. These sentiments are exemplified in "I Never Wanna Go Back", referring to returning to prison after already having served seven years

for an unrelated offense. My personal favorite tracks are "Pluto" and "What You Want From Me", as they are more upbeat and party-oriented. While the lyrics aren't exactly well thought out ("I'm so high, got me on Pluto / I been waiting long time"), they are hilarious if you don't take them too seriously. Yes, all of you old school rap scholars who feel the need to critique all

the lyrics, I'm talking to you. Why do I feel the need to let you know about a rather obscure mixtape from 2010? To put it simply, it's too sweet not to! I've been partying and chilling to this music since I first heard it two years ago. It isn't as sentimentally deep or lyrically potent as some of its other NYC counterparts, like *Illmatic* by Nas. However, if you're looking to have a good time and listen to catchy hooks, look no further, my friend. While it's since been removed from Datpiff.com due to copyright issues, you can find this mixtape easily on YouTube and Spotify. ■

krill plays the monkey house

by kip

Krill, a three-piece band out of Boston, played at the Monkey House in Winoski this past Tuesday. The openers were Gregory Michael Jordan on solo guitar and UVM's Chopan, a group that makes honest, ear-rattling-emotion sounds, which is comprised of Max Fedeli and Jack Braunstein.

As the headliners were setting up, people played games of pool or smoked outside in the cold, rainy night while locals sat at the bar watching the game. Mostly, though, the student-age crowd of 25 gathered among friends in anticipation.

10 All eyes were fixed on Krill as they went right into their set. The band made sounds that most people would hesitate to click past in their cars, if only to try and comprehend what

they're hearing.

Singer and bassist Jonah Furman is the main reason for this phenomenon. His voice held practiced melodies that consistently faltered into falsetto and trembled with all the confidence of a high-school freshman asked to read in class.

Krill's songs have a tendency towards the absurd; their repertoire includes songs with themes of peanut butter, turds, and phantoms. "Last summer I played a lot of solitaire / thought about how I wanted to / love you enough to miss you," he sang, accompanied by Aaron Ratoff on guitar. Sweat dripped off his nose as he picked at a treble-toned and reverb-

"the guys that make up the band, wearing running shoes, jeans and raggedy sweaters, faded back into the crowd after the show. this is the mysticism of krill."

bigger than yeezus: kanye and paul mccartney collaborate

by zacharynabors

No, nothing's wrong with your contacts. Paul McCartney and Kanye West, both established giants in their respective musical fields, are reportedly in cahoots to record at least one song together. This has been reported by various music sources, including *Pitchfork* and *Spin*, as well as news sites, including the *Guardian* and the *New York Post*. The story dates back to 2013, when McCartney revealed that he had originally considered a rap segment for a song from his latest album, *New*.

When pressed to reveal which rappers he would have chosen to invite into the studio, he replied that either Kanye or Jay-Z would have fit the bill. The ex-Beatle also revealed via Twitter that he had begun listening to West's music regularly. Sources for the *New York Post* claimed that McCartney and West had been collaborating on a song entitled "Piss on Your Grave," a seg-

ment of which can reportedly be heard in an Instagram video posted by the rapper in August which featured West repeating the song's title over a beat with a *Yeezus*-type vibe.

West and McCartney have been attending each others' performances recently as well, leading to even more speculation about McCartney's involvement on West's upcoming *Yeezus* follow-up, allegedly due later this year. Kanye isn't unfamiliar with English pop stars, having worked with Elton John on *My Beautiful Dark Twisted Fantasy*'s "All of the Lights," and performed live with The Police in 2008. The details are indeed murky, but I have extremely high hopes that this could prove to be one of the most interesting, controversy-provoking, and thoroughly enjoyable musical collaborations in recent pop music. ■



ben berrick

heavy riff, his chin to his chest for most of the show.

At one point in between songs, Furman said, to no one in particular, "This

common themes of self-doubt, guilt, and circular logic. A good example of this, we agreed, is in the song "My Boy" where he grumbles, "If I find myself blaming myself / I've got no one to blame but myself". This sort of self-defeating thinking can be difficult to address. Yet, the fact that this attitude is so often perfectly distilled into simple terms within Krill's songs is what makes them resonate with people.

The guys that make up the band, wearing running shoes, jeans and raggedy sweaters, faded back into the crowd after the show. This is the mysticism of Krill.

Krill is nearing the end of this tour and their next album is set to be released in February. Get their tunes at <http://wherethere-sakrilltheresaway.bandcamp.com> ■

next song is about the same shit all of our songs are about" before going into another tune with a jolted rhythm, emphasized by Luke Pyenson's cracking snare drum. After the show I caught up with Furman to ask him what he meant by that comment. He spoke a bit about how the songs share

[witty title here]

grant daverson:

by leonardbartenstein

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: Grant Daverson: Ace Detective in “The Clock Strikes Deadly, Part Two” (two part Halloween special). Last time, in Grant Daverson: Ace Detective: A dinner party, the lights go out and—a bang! What mystery could lie in store for our hero in this murder mystery special, what horrid crime could have been committed?

“Here,” shouted Officer Pembleton, pulling a flashlight from her stylish but functional handbag.

“Thank you, Diana,” said Mrs. O’Police, when the beam found its way to her face as Officer Pembleton slid it across the floor in her direction.

Pembleton’s flashlight crept around the room like your friend’s mom creeps Facebook for pictures of their kid because they never call home. Her beam followed the terrified faces of the party-goers until she landed on the face of the City Treasurer, Bailey Dew. Instead of a face at all, the man was face down in what remained of his mashed potatoes, blood geysering from the exit wound in the back of his skull. Jazzy let out a shriek, letting her wine glass drop to the floor, and shatter, sending white zinfandel and imitation crystal everywhere.

“I’ll get the fuse box,” said Pembleton. She started for the door. “Where is it?” she asked the O’Polices.

“Right outside,” said the chief. “In fact, if someone wanted to, they could have easily switched it off, making it seem like it was the storm.”

“We should call the police!” shouted Jeanette Jay, clinging to her husband like a barnacle to a yacht.

“We are the police,” growled Pembleton as she slipped out of the room. They were left in darkness again, the room only illuminating for a moment thanks to the flash of lightning just outside of the window in the north-facing wall. The faces in the room were grimmer than the reaper in that pale, vampiric, monotone, leaching flash of light.

The lights then came back on and Diana Pembleton rejoined the group. “Alright,” said Daverson, “You’re the police. Who killed him?”

“We need to call for help,” said the chief. “Right now, we’re all suspects.”

“The phone line is dead!” said his wife, holding the telephone from the table in the corner of the room to her ear.

“Look, there,” said Charlotte, pointing out the window. “The line was knocked down by a tree!”

The rest of those assembled moved to the window, seeing that the O’Polices’ one hundred and fifty year-old oak. The tree, of that they were so proud each autumn, had crashed down across the phone lines, also blocking the driveway in its fallen-downedness.

“So we’re trapped,” said Rich Barton, placing his hand on the back of his hair to steady himself.

“And one of us is a murderer.”

“More than half of us have guns on us,” said Pembleton, “and I’m assuming that there could be others. Any one of us could have done it.”

“Oh dear,” said Jeanette placing a hand daintily over her heart.

“What do we do now?” asked Jazzy, unable to take her eyes off of the morbid figure of the now-former city treasurer.

“Well,” said Daverson, producing a cigarette from an inside trench coat pocket and lighting it, “as Pembleton over there has put it, we are the police.”

“You aren’t,” interjected Diana, cutting him off inter-ruptingly.

“So we might as well figure out who did it and arrest them,” said Grant, ignoring his former colleague’s comment and taking a drag from his cigarette, the lit tip punctuating his statement.

“Before,” the thunder crashed outside of the window, like a camera flash that takes people by surprise, taking them by surprise, “the murderer kills again.”

“What?” asked Mrs. O’Police, “Why would they strike again? They’ve had their murder, and there’s no reason for them to do it again!”

“Oh, but isn’t there, Mrs. O’Police?” asked Daverson, addressing not only her but the entire assembly with his eyes. “Who is to say that this isn’t the first murder of a series of murders? And who would want us to postpone



paige cherrington

our investigation?” Mrs. O’Police began to reply, but Daverson didn’t allow her to. “I’ll tell you who would want us to postpone our investigation: the murderer! That’s a strike for you, Mrs. O’Police.”

“A strike?” asked Pembleton. “Grant, this isn’t baseball.”

“Ah, but I’ve never found a thing in life that can’t be molded into a good baseball metaphor,” said Daverson. “Crime, dames, uh... baseball...”

“My wife isn’t the murderer!” said the chief, slamming

“jazzy let out a shriek, letting her wine glass drop to the floor, and shatter, sending white zinfandel and imitation crystal everywhere”

his hands down on the table. “How dare you accuse her—”

“This angry outburst isn’t boding well for your infield single,” interjected Daverson. “And I tell you, that short-stop’s got a mighty arm.”

“Daverson,” said Diana Pembleton coolly, like the cold of an ice cube when you reach for it and it sticks to your fingers because your body heat melts the ice but then it freezes right away, but then it breaks off when you drop the ice cubes into the glass, but it still feels kind of weird. “Why don’t we just focus on the real stuff: evidence and motives?”

“How’s this for a motive,” said James Jay. “Mr. Barton over there has always been a little behind on his property taxes for the little store that he runs, and City Treasurer Dew had just readjusted his rate. That seems motive enough for me!”

“What? No!” said Rich Barton, putting his hands up to his face in surprise, like a mock portrait of Edvard Munch’s “The Scream,” or of Kevin in Home Alone.

the
cipher
feat. kerrymartin

Are you still listening, UVemcees??? Hip-hop hamstrings feeling limber? ‘Cuz it wouldn’t be another week at the water tower without your wicked spittins! Still feels lonely up here on center stage...waiting for others to snatch the mic. Til then, though, let’s drive stakes through **Teen Paranormal Romance as a Literary Genre**.

In my generation—as opposed to those Who just shed the robes of high school graduation— Pre-teen girls seeking quick heart palpitation Thunk about hunks with their own imagination. What happened next—Cedric Diggory’s misery Mixed with vampiric imagery—premature sex! Stephanie Meyer only wrote that quasi-porn text To express adolescent love for her dog Rex. Canines became male hotness’s main line, Guys who suck blood, cry, and cum at the same time, More hot cuz it’s secret, only heard through the grapevine, With pale guys, look like they’d burn up in the daytime. I don’t find it ironic, in times of crises chronic, The demonic has supplanted as the new male erotic, Flawed world, so girls want more heroes Byronic To achieve adolescent orgasm philharmonic. Not me, though, I just like girls who like foods, I’ll write about that, girls will eat to impress dudes.
by weary wolfman Kerry Martin

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

“Wait just a minute,” said Charlotte Howe, pointing a finger toward the two aldermen. “James, you and Jeanette have been trying for years to approve a new park in the South End, but your terse relationship with Bailey Dew left you somehow written out of the budget! You’ve just as much motive as the bookseller!”

“Just a minute,” said James, now riled up by the excitement of the accusations, “you have been trying to get a new bike path approved, one that would intersect the area that we wanted a park. You knew it wasn’t in the budget, either, especially with the fancy lampposts you wanted along it, and that we wouldn’t let you do it, because we would never budge from building our park!”

“But in that case,” rebutted Howe, “I would have had to have killed you too, James, and I would have done it first. Your dimwit wife would have just gone along with my plan, then, because she doesn’t have half the brain to do any actual work on her own!”

“Is that a confession?” asked Jeanette.

“No!” shouted Howe. “I was speaking hypothetically.”

“This is nonsense,” said Chief O’Police. “These accusations are getting us nowhere. We need to do some ballistics and--”

“Don’t act like you don’t have a motive too, Maurice,” said Charlotte Howe, glaring down at him. “You didn’t like the way that Bailey gave your wife eyes, and you never have.”

“That’s why,” said James, picking up from where Charlotte was going, “you didn’t want to invite him this evening, was it? Because you thought that he and your wife were not going to make strawberry shortcake for dessert, but the beast with two backs!”

“We were going to have strawberry shortcake?” asked Jeanette. “Oh, I do hope we get to still have that, it’s my favorite.”

“This is preposterous!” said Mrs. O’Police. “I was not sleeping, nor planning on sleeping with this man! And we were going to have crème brulee!” ■

Whodunit? What fate will come to Grant Daverson, Rich Barton, and the rest? Tweet/Instagram your theories to [@thewatertownnews](https://twitter.com/thewatertownnews) before the thrilling conclusion in the next issue of the **wafer tower**, and see if your hunch matches up to that of Grant Daverson: Ace Detective!

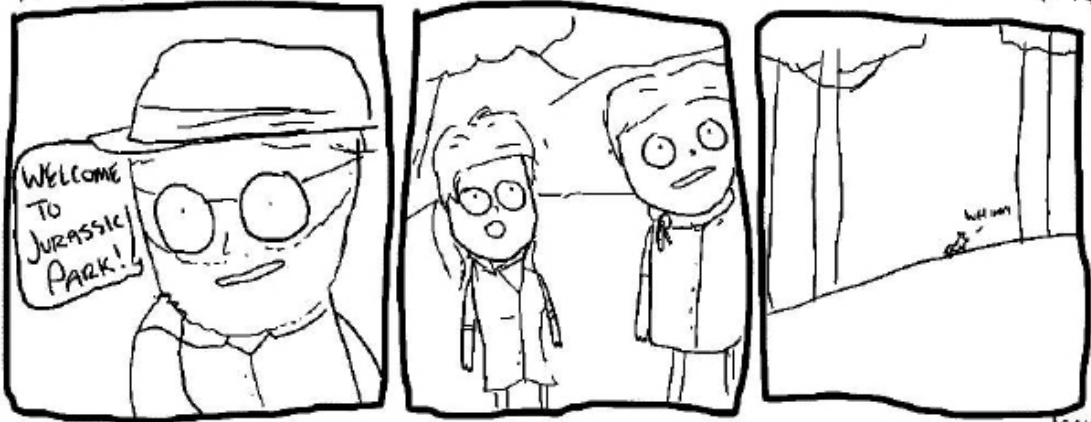


cat litter.



with collincappelle

A tiny horse.



#16

leon

A tiny horse.



#15

leon

by leonardbartenstein

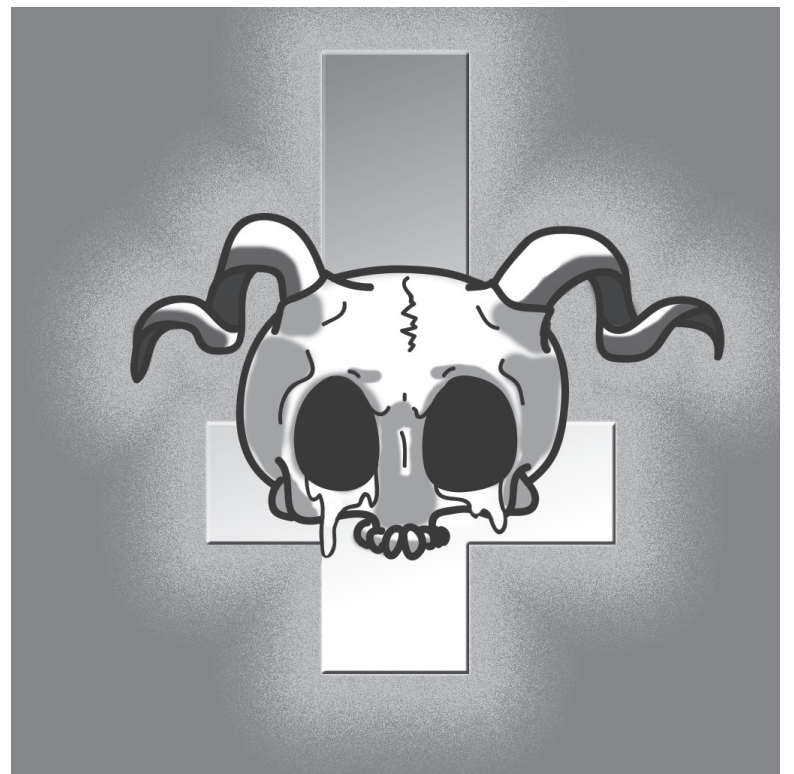
the shit list with benberrick

Halloween Weekend Thieves: Way to go, assholes: you took everyone's favorite holiday and turned it into your own private bike-stealing orgy. Just because everyone talks whimsically about a "night of mischief" doesn't mean that when we catch you with our bikes later, we won't make sure you eat *both* tires.

Burlington PD: Look, I get it: it's a busy weekend for you guys and you are, to your credit, very professional about the way you handle noise violations. But really? A ticket for some faint bass at 11:30pm? College is a financially trying time and I'm broke as fuck. Three-hundo is a bit harsh for a little too much *unce-unce-unce*.

People On the DC stairs: It can be hard sometimes not to have a quick conversation with some friends in passing. We've all been there, but I'm sweating and wheezing my way up the student center equivalent of Mt. goddamn Everest, and I didn't plan enough time for the circumnavigation of your little posse. Wave and move, people: wave and move.

Hangnails: You would think that some painful experience shared by every living being would be easy to surmount and move on from, but this kind of pain is much worse than slipping in public or uncomfortable poops. It lingers like a shit-smell and hits you with a little PTSD flashback everytime you wash your hands.



Rebirth Awaits You
Nov. 4th

Lyric of the (Bi)Week:

"Third, I do admit that sexual appetites conflict with ambition,
But it's important that my life resemble Pimp C fan fiction"

-Colonize the Moon, Busdriver