



the water tower.

uvm's alternative newsmag

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meet the democratic party v. 2.0

(you might actually like them)

by bendonovan

In the interest of full disclosure, I should start by saying that I have been a lifelong Democrat—I've worked on campaigns, I've interned for Democratic politicians, and I've voted Democrat in every election I've been eligible to participate in.

But at the Democratic National Convention in Charlotte, North Carolina two weeks ago, and in over the subsequent week of campaigning, the Democrats pulled off a stunt that surprised even me—they managed to make themselves likeable to a broad swath of the American electorate.

Yes, the very same party that just eight years ago seemed doomed to shoot blanks forever by running absolute fucking duds like John Kerry—a wooden, characterless, painful-to-watch Northeastern country-club liberal with all the charm and personality of your friendly neighborhood certified public accountant—appears to have pulled its head out of its ass for the second time in four years and presented itself as a party full of people you might actually want to have a beer with some day, a feat I imagine is up there with winning the Pennsylvania lottery nine times in a row by playing Merle Haggard's birthday numbers.

As just about everyone from political scientists to my hillbilly relatives will readily tell you, the Democratic Party has long been plagued by a problem of perception; too often, they've lacked the ability to sell their ideas in language most people in middle-America can relate to. And while they've fielded the occasional candidate—Bill Clinton comes to mind, as do Senators like Mark Warner of Virginia or Patrick Leahy of Vermont—who could break that mold, the party as a whole has had a seri-

ous problem getting its message across to the people who need to hear it most; to key demographic groups like middle-class women and politically-moderate working class men, the Democrats too often

the democrats did exactly what they needed to do, and they did it well—they portrayed themselves as the party that cares about working americans. for once, they acted like leaders.

came off sounding aloof and professorial, wishy-washy on national security, and out of touch with the way most Americans talk and think.

This election year, that challenge seems more prescient than ever; with unemployment still hovering above 8% and economic growth still lagging, it's tough for an incumbent President to run on his record

alone. Any candidate who can't convince the middle of the country that he gives a shit and can get things done is in serious trouble.

But at the convention, President Obama and the Democrats did exactly what they needed to do, and they did it well—they portrayed themselves as the party that cares about working Americans. They played the role of smart, capable, reasonable adults who were more interested in solutions than politics. For once, they acted like leaders.

Bill Clinton's speech succeeded in hammering home fundamental differences between the philosophies of the Democrats and the Republicans—"We Democrats," he said, "think the country works better with a strong middle class, real opportunities for poor people to work their way into it and a relentless focus on the future... We think 'we're all in this together' is a better

... read the rest on page 3



katharine longfellow

thursday night live: an evening with seth meyers

by rebecca laurion

Let me start out by saying that if you didn't attend the Seth Meyers comedy show on September 6th, you really missed out. I'll be the first to admit that the most recent seasons of Saturday Night Live (of which Meyers is the Head Writer, for those of you unaware) haven't been the show's best. So I was worried that the evening would be filled with the same lackluster material I've come to expect from Meyers, week after week. I was actually concerned that the highlight of the evening would be when everyone decided to simultaneously belt out "Somebody that I Used to Know" when it played over the loudspeakers.

So you can imagine my surprise when Meyers stepped onto the stage, and proceeded to actually make me laugh. And not just in a chuckle-quietly-at-a-passing-humorous-remark style, but actually laughing, leaning-forward-in-your-seat-because-you-can't-sit-upright laughing.

The question must be asked, however, of why Meyers was more entertaining live in person than live on television. The answer: Meyers' audience was different. In our sauna of a gymnasium, among sweaty hipsters, jocks, preps, and the occasional menopause victim, he wasn't as censored as he is on national television. While we could relate to stories about hiding porn, hooking up on futons, pot, and studying abroad (I can now no longer hear "Où est la bibliothèque?" without spitting out my drink), these jokes wouldn't have received the same reaction from an older crowd. Many of the people watching SNL week after week are those, like my parents, who have been there since its inception. We already know that younger people see the world differently, and what resonates with us will be different than the generation that came before.

Clearly what resonates with us are the subjects older generations balk at: sex, drugs, and bodily functions. And let's face it: the raunchier the comedy, the more successful it tends to be, like American Pie, Superbad, The Hangover, Borat—just to name a few examples. Unfortunately, we live in a culture where crudeness can be more entertaining than wit. And though SNL has certainly matured in what they will and will not talk about on air (For the two of you out there who haven't seen it, do yourself

... read the rest on page 4

get inside me:

scalibrine calls it quits by scottbluni

catscratch fever by kerrymartin

app of the week by patrickmurphy

music mash-ups by lauragreenwood

the best news team in the universe.

inbox 



There was just too much shit this week to fit the list on this page. Check it out on page 4!

Dear readers,

Dear Editors James and Liz,

You demand feedback, I respond. It was beautiful here this summer, I went swimming. Swimming James and Liz, swimming. Now everything sucks and I blame you. I hate you people, and mind you I don't mean that in this new-age hippy dippy you people kind of way. I mean it in the "what do you mean you people," way. Two weeks after you start publishing your so-called newspaper, the weather turns to shit. I can only blame this calamity on you. This is not the usual UVM shit weather. The this place was an awful choice, why the fuck did I come here, my penis has actually managed to chap through my pants, and my balls are one solid chunk of ice sort of weather. This is September. This is early September, and I'm wearing long johns. Dan and Megan published for at least 5 issues before the weather turned to shit last year. What the fuck have you done to my school? Two weeks and you've already published enough of a shit storm to affect the weather patterns. According to the Tornadoproject.com, Chittenden County has only ever had 6 tornadoes. You know what happened last week? A Tornado. The Dan is dead, Long Live the Dan!

Regrettingly yours,
Michael White
President - UVM College Democrats

Dear Mike,

"And as he drove on, the rainclouds dragged down the sky after him, for, though he did not know it, Rob McKenna was a Rain God. All he knew was that his working days were miserable and he had a succession of lousy holidays. All the clouds knew was that they loved him and wanted to be near him, to cherish him, and to water him." - Douglas Adams *So Long, and Thanks for All the Fish*

Warmly,
James and Liz

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

thewatertowernews@gmail.com

the water tower.
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the news in brief

with kerrymartin

"I do not care if it is a 2 year old or a 20 year old, urine stinks and I for one do not want to smell that while in a high traffic area."

- **James Riggio Sr.** criticizing Caroline Robboy, a Philadelphia mother who got a \$50 ticket when her two-year-old son peed on a light pole. The fact that she's fighting it in court, defending the act as a "potty-training accident," maintains the little faith I have in the human race.

"This video is disgusting and reprehensible."

- Secretary of State **Hillary Clinton** on the American-made, anti-Islamic video that sparked a deadly attack on American diplomats in Libya—including the ambassador—and subsequent violent protests in Yemen, Iran, and Tunisia. This is not to be confused with her even more scathing statement on the Bill & Monica sex tape.

"The more you give, the more you gather, the more you get."

- **Ellen Miller**, director of a watchdog group that keeps track of campaign fundraising, commenting on Obama's increased dependence on wealthy donors. As long as Barack's not puffing cigars and sleeping with Marilyn Monroe, he can have all the cash he needs.

"We did not have any big expectation from the South's puppet regime, but this time, we are further disillusioned."

- **North Korea** when it turned down South Korea's offer of humanitarian aid, in the form of flour, noodles, and medicine. Apparently we're supposed to believe that the North Koreans are all watching their diets. Well played, Kim Jong-un.

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contact the wt.
Letters to the Editor/General
thewatertowernews@gmail.com
Editors-in-Chief:
watertowereditor@gmail.com
Advertising:
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join the wt.
New writers and artists are always welcome
Weekly meetings
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Or send us an email

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

news ticker: I'm not sure there is enough text on this page, what do you think? +++ I hope Mariel's drawing is supposed to be Romney as a ventriloquist, with his hand thrust deep in Ryan's colon. ■

DNC - continued from page 1

philosophy than "you're on your own." It was Clinton at his finest—charming but humble, a smart speech delivered in folksy Arkansas twang that conveyed big ideas in a down-to-earth manner. The Obama campaign has been wise to utilize Clinton as its secret weapon, trotting him out at rallies and using him in TV ads in battleground states; campaigning with Bill is the political equivalent of hitting on a girl while you're walking a puppy, and goddamn if he hasn't been firing on all cylinders.

Even Vice President Joe Biden, normally a clumsy speaker prone to embarrassing public gaffes, managed to pull off a flawless address at the convention, contrasting both his and Obama's modest backgrounds with Mitt Romney's moneyed upbringing and arguing that average Americans need somebody who understands the problems they're facing. He reminded his audience that it was President Obama's decision to bail out the struggling automobile industry in 2009 that saved thousands of jobs in Detroit and around the country, while Romney had urged the government to let Detroit fail. The slogan around which Biden built his speech, "Osama bin Laden is dead and General Motors is alive," drove the convention wild; whoever was behind that stroke of political genius deserves a raise.

President Obama closed out the convention in rare form. He spoke with poise and authority; he was funny when he wanted to be and serious when he had to be. He summed up the Republicans' governing philosophy perfectly in one line—"Feel a cold coming on? Take two tax cuts, roll back some regulations, and call us in the morning"—and presented himself as someone trying to restore the things that made America strong in the first place: a

strong middle class, a sense of common purpose, and progress that all Americans can share in equally if they work hard and play by the rules. He reminded listeners that he never promised a quick or easy recovery, but highlighted the successes of the last four years—a healthcare bill that expands coverage to millions of people, economic policies that stopped the country from sliding into another depression, and an end to the war in Iraq.

Meanwhile, the Republicans—already in trouble after the debate they attempted to pass off as a convention earlier this month in Tampa—have spent the last two weeks with their foot in their mouth. Without much in the way of a concrete plan of his own, Romney had little to say about the policies the Obama campaign has been outlining. Even worse, his comments last week about the White House's response to the violence in Libya—he accused the President of sympathizing with the people who murdered three American diplomats—came off sounding like the irresponsible screeching of a politician desperate to make it to the top of the news cycle, even if it means politicizing a tragedy.

In contrast, Obama and the Democrats have come out of this appearing cool and confident. Gone were the cringe-worthy moments from past election years—John Kerry's half-assed "I'm reporting for duty" salute made me want to puke on my coffee table back in 2004; instead, we were delivered a brilliantly executed event that actually made me, for once in a blue fucking moon, proud to be a Democrat.

Who knew? As a cynical asshole who pays way too much attention to politics to be inspired by much of anything aside from a half-full bottle of scotch anymore, I'm surprised to say that the Democrats have thoroughly impressed me.

Maybe we'll be ok after all. If Obama can take this thing home, maybe we'll actually see the Democratic Party grow a pair, go on the offense, and maybe—maybe—get something done. I'm not holding my breath, mind you. But I'm cautiously optimistic. Time will tell. ■

but as long as we supply their demand, nothing's going to change.

Nothing except for submarines, that is. Recently, the Colombian rebel group FARC has switched from small, janky, easily detectable fast boats—the preferred method of naval cocaine transport for the standard low-budget, high-profit venture—to the surprisingly sophisticated submarines that make most countries' navies look like a Cub Scouts model boat race. The three newest subs we managed to capture can transport ten tons of cocaine from South America to the port of Los Angeles without emerging from underwater once. These vessels can easily slip past our sight, and the Coast Guard only has the resources to pursue a fraction of the submarines they actually detect.

So first of all, wut? Holy fucking shit. These groups live in the jungle. They suffer from hunger and disease, and they're constantly on the run from government or US forces. Whose ass are they pulling submarines out of? Where do they store these things, how do they fuel them? I'm less blown away by the impact they're having on the drug trade than by the simple logistics of owning and operating a fleet of submarines when the dense Amazonian canopy is your only protection.

When a drug cartel opposed to its government accesses military technology that rivals the navies of most countries, it makes me reconsider what a nation state really is, void of its symbolic value. These rebel groups wield real and serious power. They raise a key question that hyper-nationalistic

rhymes with **mvp**

by scottbluni

After 11 NBA seasons, the all-star MVP champion of all our hearts will be retiring from playing basketball. Brian Scalabrine, the iconic redhead power forward, became a cult hero while playing for five seasons with the Boston Celtics. Starting in 2005, the White Mamba (as he was called by players and fans alike) was a nearly permanent fixture on the Celtics' bench, however, whenever he got onto the court the crowd would erupt with joyous applause and chanting. While Scal never averaged more than 4 minutes per game and only played scrap time, he was easily one of the most loved players in recent Celtics franchise history. This is a guy who was cut from his high school team and had no scholarship offers until his junior year of college. He worked his way from a nobody to a second-round pick in the NBA draft. Why do we love him so much? He's a man's man, a true warrior.

Honestly, I don't think many players know more about the game than Brian Scalabrine does. Although he spent most of his career watching from the bench, he was able to internalize what he saw and become very valuable to coaches and rookies throughout the season. His friendly, talkative and approachable attitude (plus his six foot nine, ginger, giant leprechaun physique) made him a fan favorite, a man whose entire city wanted to sit down and drink beers with him. Oh yeah, and he has just as many championship rings as LeBron James. Although he is retiring, the White Mamba will find himself in Boston once again next season, working for Comcast Sports New England. He turned down a chance to work as an assistant coach for



the Chicago Bulls (his former team) because he loves the Boston fan base so damn much. And why wouldn't he? He's practically a religious icon in Boston.

I think we could all learn a lesson from Scal. In a recent interview with ESPN, he said: "You can't just, because you're not playing, not work. I work every day like I'm going to be playing basketball for 44 minutes a night." Despite the fact that an NBA game is 48 minutes, this is classic Mamba: while he knows he won't see much time on the court, he acts like he's a necessary player for a championship team. He's an inspiring, legendary basketball player whose work ethic and love for the game will be remembered for a long time. Thank you, Brian Scalabrine. While the Celtics are managing without you, you will be one of the most remembered bench players in Boston history. ■



mariel brown-fallon

America has trouble asking itself: should we continue to view nation states as the predominant organizing power structure in the world today? Or do political maps paint too simple a picture of the anarchistic power struggle we live and participate in?

But the US government is not going to consider this, it's not going to back off, and as thousands of troops return from Iraq only to help fight this War on Drugs closer to home, it's pretty evident that nothing is going to change.

Periodically during the conflict, the government has funded studies to check the efficiency of its fight against drug trafficking. They have unanimously proven that the war has taken barely a chip off of drug demand and manufacture, and by

reducing the supply, we only increase the profits of our supposed enemies. But every administration for the past thirty years has ignored the army of economists pounding on the White House doors, chanting "END THIS."

Central and South American countries have the decriminalization conversation more and more as time goes by, but America hasn't joined that forum yet. We're held back by either deeply-entrenched conservatism, the stimulus of wartime economy, or something much darker and further behind the scenes to add to America's long record of conspiracy. It's a dirty game down there. My only advice is to keep your hands clean and smoke American-grown cannabis. ■

around town.



SETH MEYERS-

continued from page 1

a favor and YouTube Dick in a Box to see what I mean.), it isn't at the same levels of risqué humor as other primetime shows.

There is no doubt that in the past few years there has been a rise of raunchier comedies on television. Take shows like South Park, It's Always Sunny in Philadelphia and Archer use this same type of 'adult' humor to draw in ratings and viewers each week. And that's not even mentioning the premium cable networks like HBO and Showtime, where comedies such as Weeds, Curb Your Enthusiasm and Californication take the raunch to new levels. Meyers didn't shy away from these topics. Fart jokes, sex jokes, drug jokes, you name it, they were all touched upon. Though I must say the personal highlight for me was the rejected Weekend Update punchlines, along with the political satire that SNL has become famous for.

Clearly, our taste in humor has changed from the slapstick days of old, to sex, drugs, political humor and foul language. Not that I'm arguing, of course. Whatever makes you laugh. Unless it's orphans or kicking puppies. That just makes you psychotic.

But whatever your brand of humor, I think an audience member would be hard-pressed to not find at least something in Seth Meyers' show that they enjoyed, even if it's just the fact that he was onstage barely over an hour. So whether or not you love SNL or wish it would go the hell away (I hope you don't), Meyers succeeded with us that night. And isn't that what really matters? ■

the shit list

with georgeloftus

Bears- According to an email sent September 12th, a bear russling with a dumpster was spotted by a student near Coolidge Hall on Redstone campus. FUCK. THAT. A bear? Are you kidding!? I know who's going to win in a fight between the typical UVM student and a st. bernard, so forget about bears. Unless they're wearing just a fedora, or a shirt collar with a tie.

Stoners- Can you believe some stoned student confused that homeless guy russling through the dumpster by Coolidge on Redstone campus with a bear? What an idiot. Smoke another beer, bro.

Apple- Surprise, surprise, the iPhone 5 is coming out. That's great, and I'm sure the increased screen size will be nice, but replacing one proprietary form of adapter with a new one that completely negates every accessory purchased since October 2001 is a backhand across the face. Removing YouTube and Google Maps support makes sense but still sucks. Damn your business savvy Tim Cook.

The Saints- September 9th saw the New Orleans Saints play the Washington Redskins. Scratch that. September 9th saw the Saints get trounced. By. The. REDSKINS; one of the most irrelevant football teams since when the '85 Bears lost the Super Bowl. For one Sunday afternoon the Redskins turned the Superdome into the Thunderdome. Who saw that coming?

sorry about this blank space. it won't be here next week. promise. love,
the water tower

happy hour week 3

with bendonovan and georgeloftus

Aaron Sorkin, the genius behind The Social Network, A Few Good Men, and every erection we've ever had from dialogue that didn't directly involve the mention of our genitals, came out with a new show last year. The amount of people we have to explain its premise to is both shocking and aggravating. This show is the best thing on HBO besides the occasional Lord of the Rings marathon. True Blood sucks, fuck vampires. We like to think we're journalists (no, seriously), so, obviously we love the shit out of this show, and you should too. As always be safe, be responsible. Drink beer, drink water, drink diet coke, whatever. This column is supposed to emphasize social interactions with people in shouting distance, while also watching shows you may or may not know, and appreciating some good tv. One of us is a film major and the other is a poli-sci major, so yes, we're allowed to be extra pretentious and tell you you're an idiot if you haven't seen this show yet.

Got a tv show drinking game of your own? Send it in to thewatertowernews@gmail.com -- If it doesn't suck, hey, we might even publish it. After extensive testing, of course. Mark "AROUND TOWN DRINKING GAME" in the subject line. We're serious. We don't want to write this every week. We have shit to do.

The Newsroom

Whenever Will shouts.

Every time you want to punch Don in his stupid, fucking face Whenever Maggi is adorable, awkward, or adorably awkward.

Whenever you can remember a news piece they're talking about and wish it were in fact reported that way.

Whenever Mackenzie has the biggest ovaries (formerly known as "girl balls") in the room.

Every time you want to hug Charlie in spite of his shockingly large/dark eyebrows.

Any time there's a rant that effectively shuts everyone else in the room right the fuck up.

Whenever someone stress-drinks (never let them drink alone).

Every time Reese is a smug fucking asshole.

Whenever there's sexual tension between Jim and Maggie.

Finish your drink when Will totally kills a newscast, making anyone in this fading Republic who still gives a shit depressed as hell about the piss-poor state of the real world of modern American journalism. ■

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retraction: by georgeloftus

Early afternoon last sunday I was so hungover I thought I saw God, and not in an inviting way. As such was unable to attend the layout session for the **WT**. An unclear line I wrote about cheap dates in Burlington and was changed and the meaning was changed with it. The article said "with the strength of a spritz of Sex Panther by odeon", something strong, virile, pungent, and illegal in nine countries. In my original piece I compared the strength of the extremely overpriced drinks at Radio Bean to that of a prematurely born rabbit whose mother was most likely addicted to crack. Their drinks are weak and overpriced. Don't buy them. And they're assholes about it, too. Go for the music, but do not buy their drinks. Fleece it with a flask. Sorry for the mistake! ■

UVM has an uncanny knack for turning its students into schmucks and getting its way. I'm not saying that the school pushes an agenda or homogenizes student beliefs -the professors here are far too bizarre to convince anyone that life is better as a socialist. Rather, UVM is a master of participatory pick-pocketing: students look the other way while the school plucks their wallets. We buy their promise that the robbery makes the school a better place; that is the moment at which every Catamount formally becomes a sucker.

Of course, I'm talking primarily about Cat\$cratch. If it hasn't been shoved down your throat yet, Cat\$cratch lets you put money on your ID card that you can use on campus and at participating businesses. Don't be tempted, freshmen; what they mask as convenience and efficiency turns out to be the biggest ploy of the century. Here are a few things you should consider before pissing away your liquid assets:

- 1 Cat\$cratch does nothing that normal money can't do. It doesn't give you discounts on essential school supplies or access to Tom Sullivan's Cabaret for Gentleman. It's plain old money that you can't use to make it rain.
- 2 It's inconvenient to spend off-campus. Sure, there's a decent list of stores, restaurants, and businesses that accept Cat\$cratch, but it's a hassle for everyone, if not a bold-faced lie. 99.8% of customers are going to use cash, check, or credit card. Confronted by this new, unfamiliar method of monetary exchange, Bruegger, Ali Babba, and Jerry Garcia have trouble swallowing their complaints.
- 3 Our shiny, high-tech, I-don't-want-to-know-how-expensive vending machines like to malfunction. They are built to accept Cat\$cratch, but I've witnessed enough students swipe, swipe until their beads of sweat turn hot with rage and they begin pounding, shaking, and yelling at the machine, on their knees crying and begging for one Orangina, one Twix bar, or one goddamn Raisinette before the school has to replace a vending machine due to irreparable damage by steel-toed boots.
- 4 When you open a Cat\$cratch account, there's no turning back. There's no withdrawals, no cash back, no transfers to offshore bank accounts, no nothing. And there's no way you're going to buy overpriced Catamount apparel, sell it elsewhere, and lose less than 50% of your assets.

ben and cherry's?

words by georgeloftus

art by benberrick

For those out of the loop, California production company Caballero Video and distributor Rodax distributors Rodax Entertainment titled "Ben & Cherry's" began releasing adult films based off Vermont's own Ben & Jerry's ice cream line. You know how ice cream comes in chocolate and vanilla? Yeah, a lot of the movies ran with that idea. According to statements released, the Ben & Cherry's line of films has since ceased production and placed a return on all films in the market on the basis of trademark violation that "smeared the reputation" of the Green Mountain State's most famous export. Another example of how Vermont definitely isn't self-conscious about how it looks during beach season.

Releases included "Boston Cream Thigh", "Peanut Butter D Cup", and "New York Fat & Chunky". It's too bad the line of films stopped. We'll never get to see "Willie Nelson's Country Peach Gobbler", "Schweddiest Balls", and "Everything but the... Rimjob." ■



\$cratch that: uvm's biggest ploy

by kerrymartin

4 ³/₄ No one thinks your lanyard is cool. Don't try to convince me it's convenient either. It's not. You probably bought it with Cat\$cratch too.

Assuming you keep your ID card in your WALLET, then whenever you have your ID you'll also have cash and/or a credit or debit card (unless you have none of these, in which case, what the hell money do you plan to put on your Cat\$cratch?). Having money on your ID is never going to give you more freedom than your wallet already does, unless you're taking a girl to the library to get freaky with the printers.

6 Your ID can scratch and lose its ability to scan (especially when you keep it on a piece-of-shit lanyard). Then you'll have to pay \$15 to get it replaced before you can use Cat\$cratch again. But guess what you won't be able to use to pay that \$15? Yeah. Sucks to suck.

7 A tragic anecdote about a friend of mine, whom, in case one through six didn't drill the message home: This boy (whom I will refer to by the pseudonym "Washington Irving") came to UVM last year and - before realizing what an irreparable error he was about to make - invested his entire life savings in Cat\$cratch, something in the ballpark of \$1300. As a frequent weed smoker, Irving suffered from the lack of cash and nearly gouged out his eyes in a crisis of dramatic irony. So, after taking shit all semester for being a freeloading stoner, he came up with a few crack-pot schemes to chip in: buying a drug dealer \$50 worth of Marché groceries for an eighth; getting ten concert tickets from Growing Vermont, turning them into cash, and turning that cash into recreational drugs, etc. But after \$1300 of shits, cramps, and regrets, Washington Irving learned his lesson.

This has been for your own good. Don't be like Washington. Say no to Cat\$cratch. ■

reflections.

the ongoing abortion debate

by caito'hara

The volatile Supreme Court decision *Roe v. Wade* was handed down on January 22, 1973, long before I was even a thought in my parents' heads. Even with protests in front of abortion clinics and the harassment of women as they walked into a Planned Parenthood, American women legally had the right to choose to terminate their pregnancy. And for a while it seemed as though things had settled to some degree, but it was obvious that there was never going to be complete public approval given the sensitive and controversial nature of the decision. People still protested, and had the right to do so, but the decision still stood.

Here we are, 45 years later and abortion is once again the hottest of the hot topics in politics. A woman's right to choose what to do with her uterus is once again solidly in the sights of the ultra conservative. And this time, it's being taken to extremes you would have expected to encounter in the 1950s.

CAN become pregnant from rape and at that point who are they to decide whether or not she should be forced to keep the resultant child? How about victims of incest? Should they also be forced to have a child they never wanted? Let's send our Congressmen back to high school biology to learn the more deadly consequence of this bill.

Have you ever heard of ectopic pregnancies? An ectopic pregnancy occurs when a fertilized egg implants outside of the uterus, usually within the fallopian tubes. Every year in the United States, approximately 64,000 women every year experience an ectopic pregnancy. In 95-98% of these cases, the fetus will not survive. Not only that, but ectopic pregnancies present a real risk of fatality to the mother. Only the uterus is designed to expand to handle a growing fetus and when an implantation occurs in another region, it can lead to massive hemorrhaging and organ rupture. This further leads to infertility, correctional emergency

surviving the crazy roommate

by sagebierman

It is not uncommon, as one strolls around campus, to now and again hear upperclassmen say nostalgically to each other, "Aw, look at the freshmen. I wish I could be a freshman again." These conversations always make me do a mental double take, because in my experience, freshman year is no walk in the park. It's the year of adjustment, of harder classes, of coming to terms with what Sodexo does to your body. More than that though, freshman year

is the year of the crazy roommate. Even if you don't personally live with a lunatic, you know someone who does. The crazy roommate can be one of the hardest parts of freshman year. He or she is someone who gets up way earlier than you do and doesn't even try to be quiet about it, someone who talks in his or her sleep about murdering people, someone who refuses to respond when you ask how their day was. The crazy roommate does not observe basic

social niceties, and he or she only exists to drive you absolutely insane. Your anger may or may not be rational, but that doesn't change the fact that everything your roommate says or does is enough to make you lose your mind. For all the freshmen out there who can relate to these situations, or are in one much worse, don't worry. You are going to get through this. Here's how:

1. Don't be afraid to talk to your roomie about what's bothering you. Nothing is worse than bottling up all your emotions—it takes a toll. Even if you're like me and would rather suffer silently than ever mention what's bothering you to the person responsible, just know that silence is neither healthy or worth it. So express yourself to your roommate before it becomes impossible to do so without having a complete psychotic breakdown. Hashing out those roomie problems should be a conversation, not a confrontation—they may sound similar, but the difference in results can be surprising. A few moments of awkwardness is not worth two semesters of utter misery.

2. If method #1 fails and your roommate continues to be a jerk, be not to let him or her bully you. If you want to have friends over to watch some *New Girl* and your roommate is hunched over her desk watching YouTube videos on full volume, you shouldn't let her cramp your style. It's important to be respectful, but you're paying for that room and it's your home too, so don't let a cantankerous roommate throw you off your groove. Invite him or her to join you or maybe nicely ask for some space and your problem is solved.

3. Go for walks to cool down. Stroll around campus, meander downtown, do what you have to do to calm yourself and get your head in a better place.

4. Spend more time in the library. It's a refuge, where you can watch shows on your computer, stalk people on Facebook, grab some coffee, bring lunch, and just chill. Getting out of the room for a few hours a day will do wonders for your nerves.

Freshmen, it won't be easy. Having a crazy roommate is a trying experience, and it sucks. But it's a right of passage in college, something that is annoying at the time but which will supply you with plenty of great stories to tell later on in life. Just remember, sophomore year is closer than you think. ■

5. Talk about it. Venting to people who are willing to lend a sympathetic ear is wonderful. Fume to your best friend from home, call your parents, or rant about it to your buddies while chowing on some Brennans. Voicing your frustration will help keep you sane, just try and make sure your crazy roommate isn't all you talk about. Ain't nobody interested in your issues all the time.

6. Release your aggression! If your roommate makes you feel like punching a wall, go to kick boxing and channel your anger into something productive. Or, if you express yourself best through an art such as dance, moving your body to some sick beats is the best way for you to unburden your soul and work out your earthly woes—hit up a Zumba class! Sweating profusely for an hour will help you deal with that pain in your butt.

7. If things are real bad, indulge yourself. Pick up a pint of Ben and Jerry's, curl up in bed, plug in your headphones, and watch some *Modern Family* or *30 Rock*. Eating your feelings isn't advisable on a regular basis, but treating yourself once in a while can give you strength to carry on.

10. Remember that they are human. Try not to forget that your roommate is a person too; don't let your resentment turn them into something more than they are. Your roommate is just another insecure, overwhelmed freshman. Despite what it might feel like at times, you aren't living with Hitler. You probably drive your roommate as crazy as they drive you, because chances are, you aren't a perfect roommate either.

8. Plan fun activities with your friends. Get off campus for a bit on weekends! We are lucky enough to live in a beautiful place, so take advantage of it. Go to the wonderful Farmer's Market on Saturdays, eat out at one of the amazing restaurants on Church Street, or walk down to the waterfront and take a gander at the Adirondacks. These fun little adventures will serve to distract you from your roommate problems by getting you away from him/her for a bit.

9. Invest in some earplugs. If it's your roommate's early mornings that are making you lose your marbles, those little foam pieces of heaven will do the trick. Also, consider getting yourself a cheap fan that can clip onto your bed. The white noise will help block out the sounds of drawers slamming.

an ode to fruits and vegetables:

how i learned to love the healthy stuff

by phoebefooks

Much like kissing, hugging, and taking naps, I absolutely hated fruits and vegetables when I was a kid, but now worship them as an adult. Humans are genetically averted to "gross" things because of their potential risk to our health—insects, feces, mold, and—to a 4 year old—broccoli. But as adults we know how to clean such foreign vegetation, batter it with butter and

spices, and cook it to extreme delectability. We nom 'em raw too. We bake with 'em, blend 'em, and pickle 'em. Fruits and veggies are the fucking shit.

First of all, fruits and veggies are the epitome of what is good and good for you. Eating healthily releases endorphins in the brain. Endorphins make you happy. And happy people just don't go around shooting their husbands. They just don't. Seriously, eat a banana for breakfast and you'll actually want to go to the gym later in the afternoon. Just search "woman with salad" on Google Image and you'll see nothing but thousands of smiling faces.

There are also many ways to make fruits and veggies not good for you, but that doesn't make them any less delicious; in fact, it often makes them more so. Pumpkin bread. Carrot cake. Fried green tomatoes. Pies—blueberry blackberry, blackberry boysenberry, boysenberry huckleberry, huckleberry raspberry, raspberry strawberry, strawberry cranberry, peach. (Anyone who understands that reference deserves as much love as fruits and veggies do ten

fold.) Fuck, even french fries are derivative of a vegetable if you squint your eyes and look at 'em sideways.

Furthermore, let's talk about avocados. I don't even know where to begin. When scanning a restaurant's menu, my eyes find the dishes containing avocados and automatically eliminate all other options from my list of potential selections. Sometimes

"as adults we know how to cook them to extreme delectability. we nom 'em raw too. we bake with 'em, blend 'em, and pickle 'em. fruits and veggies are the fucking shit"

I want to order something else and it takes physical pain for me to resist caressing words like "BLTA—with avocado!" or "guacamole." On that note, salsa is also totally bomb, and also comprised of vegetables, mainly tomatoes which are kind of like Jesus and I don't really care if they're technically fruits or vegetables because they're juicy and delicious either way.

Plus, you can add all kinds of random fruit to salsa to make it even more magical—peaches, strawberries, or mangoes. OH MY GOD MANGOES.

Cucumbers. Watermelon. Pomegranates. Kale. (Had to mention this guy.) Rhubarb—nature's sweettart. Shit, I even enjoy

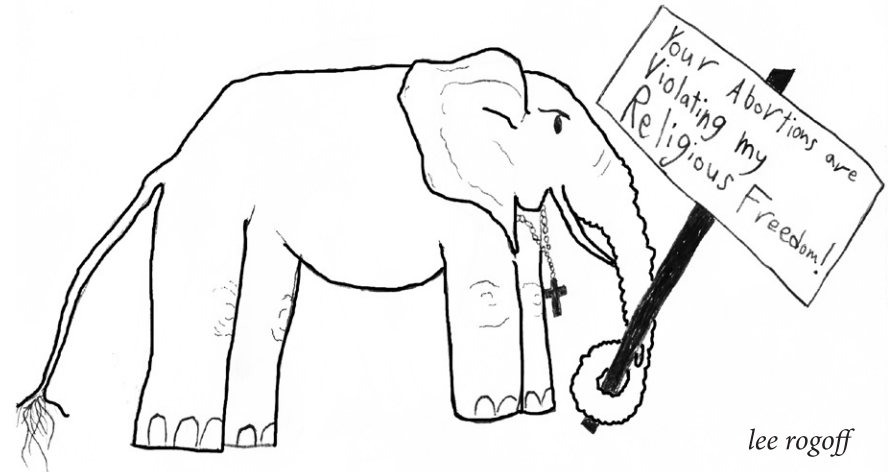
cauliflower, although 15 years ago the mere sight of this albino-broccoli would have caused me to scream bloody murder.

Another thing I did as a young'n was try to convince my parents that Fruit Roll-Ups and popsicles were legitimate substitutes for the fruit and veggie section of the food pyramid. (Brief moment of silence for our forgotten, horizontally-arranged friend.)

Now I'm rather averted to artificial flavoring, and actually get weak in the knees whenever I come home to discover those super-expensive "healthy" popsicles in our freezer. Fruit Leather beats Fruit By the Foot, but I admit I'll always have a soft spot in my heart for Gushers. Pun intended.

I've learned recently that one of the best things you can do to reduce your carbon footprint is to become a vegetarian. My love of meat (to potentially be explained in a later article)

leaves me nowhere near close to going all out veggie, however I have recently decided to start getting more of my daily caloric intake through fruits and vegetables than in meat. Doing this does mean searching for alternate sources of protein, but those can easily be found in nuts and beans, both of which happen to go very well with herbivorous plates! GODDAMNIT FRUITS AND VEGETABLES ARE SO COOL. Good, good for you, colorful, flexible in recipe, and various, fruits and veggies are beautiful, beautiful creatures. Well done, mother nature, well done. ■



lee rogoff

The so-called "Personhood Amendment" is modeled after similar bills from various states, including Mississippi. Under this law, the microscopic wad of cells we all began as at conception, would be legally considered a person and thus have equal rights as the woman unaware she was carrying it. This measure would effectively legalize all abortions—as well as several forms of birth control—and would potentially compromise helpful conception methods like in vitro fertilization. All because a collection of cells that could not exist independently, let alone function as a person or citizen, would legally be considered one.

Let me go ahead and say that I have no issue with people disagreeing over abortion. Everyone has the right to his or her own opinion. However, what I do have an issue with is people pushing against all abortions and my right to choose as to whether or not I have one. Beyond a personal choice issue, however, is the darker and more complicated side of this proposed legislation. If personhood begins at conception, what does that mean for rape victims? Some politicians seem to believe (wrongly) that

6 "if it's a legitimate rape, the female body has ways to shut the whole thing down," (thank you Representative Todd Akin) however a woman

surgery and in some cases death. And no, the Personhood Amendment would not allow even an ectopic pregnancy to be aborted.

Again, I'm not saying that everyone has to have one opinion and that opinion must be to fully legalize abortions. Even as a fairly liberal, I-prefer-no-label citizen of the U.S. of A, there are limits to what is and

is not acceptable in terms of medical procedures and political debate. But completely denying all abortions, some forms of birth control, and even hindering medical procedures

created to allow for new life is absurd. It's my uterus, not Congress'. And frankly I'm appalled that a group of grey haired men are allowed to make decisions regarding a woman's health with little to no input from the people the bill would actually affect.

It is inevitable that there will always be multiple sides to the modern abortion debate. It's not an issue that can be divided into "right" and "wrong". But change is the only constant in our modern political situation. The debate will continue to rage, and people with no right to control my body will continue to attempt to do so. Until this new wave of moral outrage settles and passes however, I will be sticking to *Roe v. Wade*, and my uterus will be my own. ■

upgrade your cell with the wt's app of the week:

by patrickmurphy

Can we talk about how much the Google Maps app sucks for the iPhone? You would think a phone that holds more memory and processing than is needed to operate a mission to the moon would be able to get you to the nearest Taco Bell without distracting you into nearly rear ending four Subarus. Unfortunately, the lack of voiceover directions and the slow updating causes more harm than good. Unless you're walking to your destination, the Google Maps app just takes up space on your little rectangular white privilege.

This week's free app of the week is *Waze: Social GPS*. Waze is set up like your normal GPS device only it comes with a

twist: it integrates user profiles so you can see other "Wazers" around you. "Wazers" can report accidents, speed traps, and even moderate to high traffic. The best part about the GPS on this app is that it will correct itself if it notices that the upcoming traffic is heavy and will find you an alternate route without any strain on you! Waze does this all while using that soothing electronic voiceover we have all come to know and love. Now get yo' booty into the app store and download this shit! The road ahead is paved with learners permits, New Jersey truckers, and soccer moms. Let Waze help you through it. ■

wt slang:

words you need to know

by dealmcdaniel

conversational blue balls (n): When somebody begins to tell you something and then quickly realizes they don't want to/shouldn't finish telling you.

Example: SumGurl: Hey did you hear what happened with Joe and Lisa yesterday?!?! They totally fugh..... Oh wait nvm it's a secret.

SumDude: Are you seriously gonna start giving me juicy gossip and not finish?!? You can't just give me conversational blue balls like that!!!! ■

fashion five-oh.



growl power: pretty in prints

by sarahperda

While most don't consider it a staple the way I do, animal print more often than not seems to make its way into most people's closets in some form or another. Whether you wear it proudly or prefer it in more covert places, here is what your strategically placed animal print reveals about you:



Name: Dana Heng

amelia garrison

shirt

The increasingly prevalent animal print top can go one of two ways. Some shirts are more tasteful than others and say, "I was feeling spunky this morning, hello world!" Others, however, offer minimal coverage (read: bustier-status) and should be saved for the weekends (or, more likely, the bedroom). "Come, let me ravage you" is probably not the message you should be aiming for during the class day but hey, if you can work it, to each his own.

undergarments

Thanks to Victoria's Secret, there are very few females who don't own some form of cheetah/zebra Lacies or bra. If this is the animal print route you choose, you're likely just wearing it for yourself, which is perfectly respectable—dirty little secrets are always fun. The world may not know you have a wild side just waiting to be unleashed, but you sure do. You're so coy, you slippery little minx.

shorts/skirt

Animal print shorts and skirts are bolder than shirts, in my humble opinion, purely because they're harder to find; ergo, if you're wearing them, you are one dedicated individual. Your outfit choice screams fashionista, and I probably want to be your friend so I can steal your clothes.

socks

Fun people wear fun socks. If you have animal print socks, you are required to be tons of fun. If you wear them and you're a stick in the mud, then fuck you. Take them off and never soil their insides with your presence again.



Name: Holly Kaplan

amelia garrison

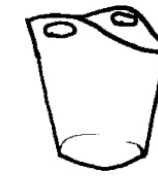
pants

Conversely, if you're wearing animal print pants they're probably of the neon-skinny-jean persuasion from Hot Topic and I'm probably terrified of you. That being said, it's still a bold choice, so kudos to you.

accessories

To those of you who merely use accessories to occasionally introduce splashes of animal print to your wardrobe: you're kind of a weenie, but I have high hopes for you! My advice: do not half-ass animal print, you go big or go home. Upgrade those earrings to a scarf, then that scarf to a shirt and voila! Your outfit went from next-to-average to cheetahlicious in two simple steps. ■

trash. the ear



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

Thursday, 2:00 am, Redstone Lofts

Two drunk girls: "Ali Baba, you're the best cab driver EVER!"

In the Fireplace Lounge, late afternoon

Girl 1: Do you think that if you if shave off your soul patch you shave off your soul?

Girl 2: I don't know. . .

Girl 1: Do you think that if you grow a soul patch that's where it goes?

D-Low Second Floor, Thursday Night

Screeching girl: I AM NOT DEFENDING HITLER!

Millis 2nd floor stairwell

Freshman Guy 1 to Freshman Guy 2: I hang out with girls sometimes, but like, only when they wanna have sex and stuff.

Astronomy 005, Thursday 2:39

Guy 1: (whispers) The other day I saw a girl with an ass so perfect, it could start a war.

Guy 2: (whispers back) Really? Because I saw one that could be used as a table.

Fireplace Lounge

RA: Do you want some Champlain Chocolate?

Student: Where did you get this?!

RA: A source... don't worry, it's clean.

Friday night outside of UHeights

90% naked biddy: "I have a nice looking vagina, so I just don't care about peeing in this bush."

Downtown on Friday

Girl: He is such a loose butthole.

Guy: I don't know what that means!

Girl: I mean, his butthole is loose. I don't know how to make it any clearer.

Wednesday evening, Davis Center Atrium

Guy 1 (revealing much of his thigh to other guy): Dude, seriously, when you're paddling, it's the perfect time for bronzing.

Guy 2: Yeah dude. Are you going to female orgasm?

UHN

Honors College Student: How did things move before they made physics?

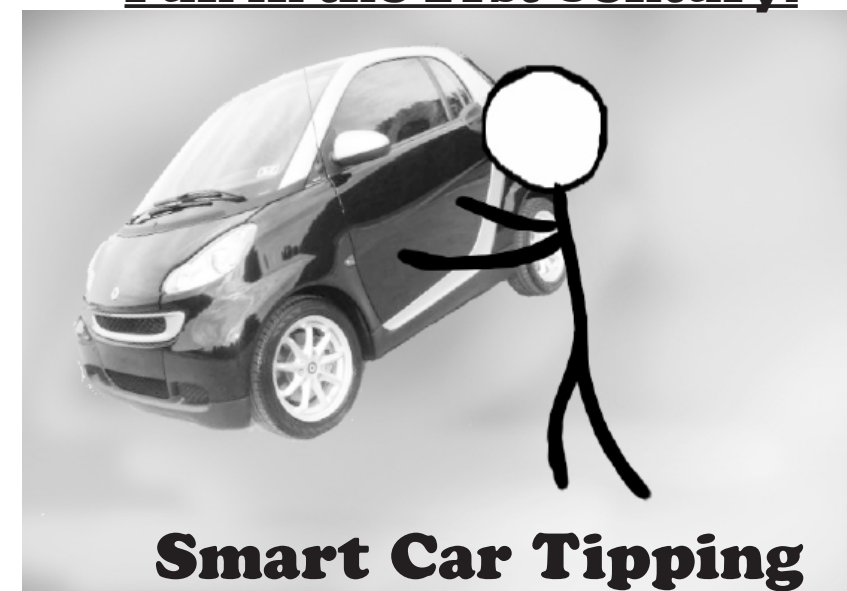
cat litter.



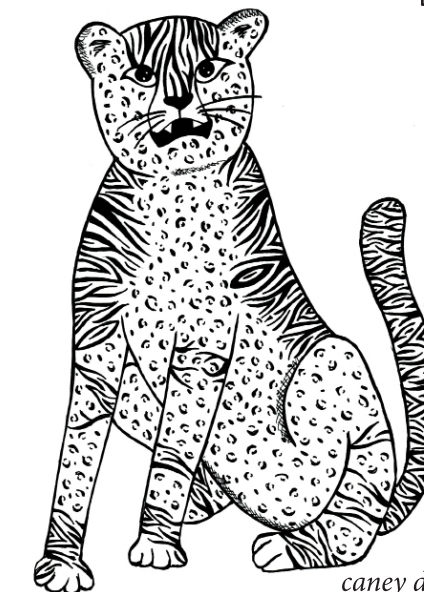
with collincappelle



Fun in the 21st Century:

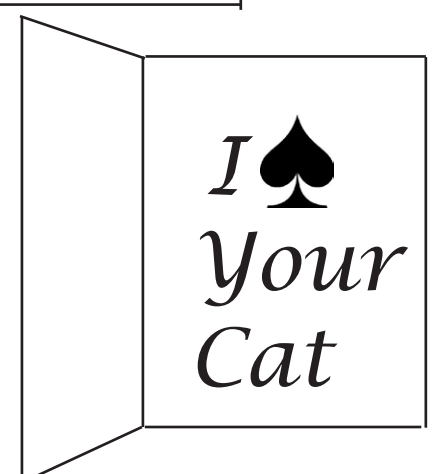
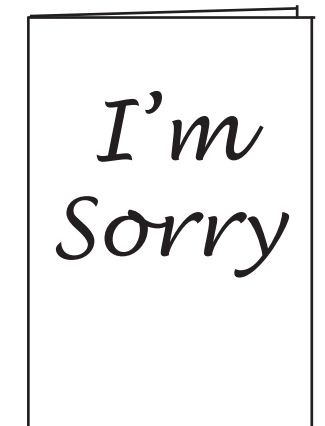


Smart Car Tipping



caney demars

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8 Load Washers	\$10.39
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802.862.6100

fashionably hydrated: fly like a fountain

by lizzieschultz

Every college campus has their label, their fashion identifier that sets them apart from the numerous other college campuses across the globe. At NYU, every freshman girl comes bravely armed with a new Longchamp and Steve Madden flats: and don't even think of showing up to class at Vanderbilt without the newest Lilly Pulitzer skirt, strategically matched with a Vineyard Vines polo. Although it is not directly stated in their handbook, Boston University seems to have a uniform of its own: North Face, some type of BU apparel, sweats and Uggs, done. So, where does UVM fall in this Campus Fashion distinction chart? Are we Boho Hipster? Or perhaps, RUN-way Ready, sporting gym clothes when everyone knows we don't really work out? No, I feel the best way to describe UVM's fashion scene would have to be Fashionably Hydrated.

Whether it is a personalized Tervis Tumbler or a recycled Mason jar, every UVM student's water bottle is sported as a fashion statement.

"every UVM student's water bottle is sported as a fashion statement."

On a walk from Redstone to the Davis Center, you will see more water bottles strapped onto North Face backpacks than hippies on Church Street. They are part of who we are as a community, and they say so much more about us than we think. Each of these water bottles is a statement showing our dedication to the environment that also offers a glimpse into our personality—after all, the gateway to anyone's soul is clearly their water bottle.

To all the other college campuses that are fashionably challenged: take a breath, throw away that tattered crew neck, and get a water bottle. From boots to water bottles, it is clear that UVM has fashion and hydration on lockdown. ■

tunes.



top 5 of summer 2012...

[...most aggravating songs]

Week 3:

Song #3: One Direction, *What Makes You Beautiful*

by dylanmccarthy

This song can essentially be summed up in one sentence: One Direction's "What Makes You Beautiful" is to 2012 what Justin Bieber's "Baby" is to 2010. This song didn't just dominate the summer of 2012, it man(boy)handled the entire year. That's not just my speculation, even The Huffington Post declared 2012 to be "The Year of One Direction."

One Direction was initially signed to Simon Cowell's Syco Records, but later signed to the monstrous Columbia Records where "What Makes You Beautiful" was able to top nearly every relevant Billboard chart. God, this song reaches unprecedented levels of pop music genericism. First and foremost 1D is a boy band, one of the few aspects of the 90s no one wanted to return (don't even act like Justin Timberlake was better as a part of N' Sync). The track naturally deals with a case of unrequited love for a lass who doesn't "know she's beautiful" which somehow in turn "makes her beautiful." The song plays around with this idea for two minutes up until the bridge which is literally nothing but the boys going "na na na na na na" for a few seconds before

"1D is a boy band, one of the few aspects of the 90s no one wanted to return"

[...best albums]

Week 3:

Album #3: Ty Segall Band, *Slaughterhouse*

by dylanmccarthy

Ty Segall has made quite the name for himself over the past few years. After some awkward years dicking around in the San Francisco and Orange County underground music scene, Ty Segall's career has yielded nothing but acclaim. Hot off the heels of 2011's Goodbye Bread comes *Slaughterhouse*, an album just as abrasive as the title implies. When asked about his band's upcoming album earlier in the year Segall said he wanted "to do a total glam Stooges-meets-Hawkwind or Sabbath, something like that would be super fun. I want to throw people off. I want to make a really heavy record: evil, evil space rock. Put a little Satan in space and you got the sound." In spite of the fact that that quote progressively delves into absolute nonsense, it's still a damn good summation of *Slaughterhouse*.

The first three tracks shoot by in full on attack mode: "Death" has confident, monk-like moaning vocals, "I Bought My Eyes" has sinister guitar licks and instrumental outro, and the title tracks outright yelling foreshadow the rest of the album's intensity. "The Tongue" and "Tell Me What's Inside Your Heart" both try to

returning to the chorus one last time.

At this point, you might be saying "But there were plenty of super generic chart topping pop tracks released by groups like Big Time Rush, and the aforementioned J Biebs this summer..." What makes this song so bad? Well, even though 1D is among the same genre as other "boyband revival" acts

they've managed to garner some ABSURD musical awards. For example, "What Makes You Beautiful" was the single most pre-ordered song in all of Sony Music Entertainment history, but that's not even impressive compared to this: One Direction was inducted into the Guinness Book of World Records for being the FIRST EVER British act to have their debut album debut at #1 on the US Billboard charts. Excuse me?! The first ever?! Not Oasis, not Blur, not Radiohead, not even the fucking Beatles, but One Direction is the British act that gets to claim that accolade. If this is a sign of anything to come, we might all be kneeling before One Direction as our musical overlords in five years, but hey, at least they're adorable. ■

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pass themselves off as "friendly tracks", but to no avail—the My Bloody Valentine layered guitars and Segall's garage punk sneer cement the tracks as mosh pit (with plenty of elbows thrown) classics.

"Wave Goodbye" is the closest thing to a proper centerpiece on the album, presenting its "evil, evil space rock" in the form of a slower, marching-orcs-to-the-second-tower-rhythm-kind-of-vibe. The track eventually collapses into an amazingly cheesy guitar solo and a straight up "FUCK YEAH!" from Segall himself. It's as if he's gaining more and more power as the album progresses. "Fuzz War"—a 10 and a half-minute track embodying the "Satan in space" quote, caps of the whole *Slaughterhouse* spectacle. I'll never understand why so many punk and alternative acts have to put their sprawling sound collages with no semblance of direction (I'm looking at YOU "Diamond Sea" and "Green Typewriters VIII), and of course no vocals onto their LPs, but in the world of *Slaughterhouse* it's a fitting closer. If you want breakneck pace garage rock much like The Strokes or 80's Sonic Youth, mixed in with a healthy dose of inexplicable heaviness, look no further. Well done Mr. Segall, well done. ■

curing ipod a.d.d.

with a healthy dose of

music mashing

by lauragreenwood



tenzin chopel

"Hey dude! Can you put on some music?" Yeah of course, I love music. And since you do too this should be easy, yeah? But first, what's the mood? Maybe, mainstream rap beats, the Throne...no yeah, I agree heard that album too much also. Alright, maybe I'll keep it low-key with some classic Radiohead. Too mellow? You keep scrolling your iTunes library endlessly, feeling more panicky by the minute. No one artist seems to have just the correct mood to accommodate your vast attention deficit, emotionally complex, and musically diverse crowd. Nothing feels quite right. You're suffering from iPod ADD at this moment. Usually it drives you to change the song/artist every minute or so. Its irksome not only to yourself but to your crowd. In these moments, you need music that can somehow fit it all in at once without losing your attention. Enter the world of mash-up.

Mash-up artists grab samplings of classic guitar riffs or legendary rap verses and arrange them into seamless masterpieces. The thought may have never crossed your mind that a Ludacris verse would go fabulously over a catchy Phoenix beat. When I first got into the genre, my jaw dropped by the awesomeness of combining songs that originally seem like completely separate entities. Over and over again, I found myself trying to dissect songs to peel back each of the layer of the music. Biggie and Miley Cyrus, why not? Wiz Khalifa and The Rolling Stones, Arcade Fire and Birdman, is this even possible?! Mash-up albums also tend to flow from song to song without pauses, giving your ears an orgasmic overload. You can barely get over how amazing the last combination was before another unbelievable one begins to form.

If you're still not convinced, listen to the DJs who are professionals at this. The more active an artist is the more recent the samplings are in their tracks. Some of my favorites are E-603, Norwegian Recycling,

Speaky, DJ Kristoffer and The Hood Internet. Every DJ will vary in their style, pacing, and obscurity of song choices. But let's address the master of the mash, Girl Talk. God bless this guy, honestly he is a king. When *All Day* came out, a couple years ago I remember listening to it nonstop. Girl Talk has set the bar for mash-up artists with his clever compilations and bad ass live shows. I was lucky enough to go to his show before school started, and, between the mind-blowing visuals, confetti, balloons, toilet paper guns, and sweaty dance party, I believe I went to heaven and back. The best thing about mash-up artists is (drum roll) EVERYTHING IS FREE. That's right, due to licensing laws you can download hours and hours of musical madness without paying a cent (although donations are welcome). If you're not digging the endlessly random samplings, sound cloud is an amazing place to find clever albums that follow themes. Albums like *(500) Days of Weezy* (the *(500) Days of Summer* soundtrack mixed with Lil' Wayne) and *In My G4 Over Da Sea* (Neutral Milk Hotel's *In An Airplane Over the Sea* with all sorts of rap masters) are all available with a little extra searching.

You've heard sampling done in a lot of music these days, but you've never really heard it quite like this. If you're getting tired of your iPod look not towards the new this time, but instead a refresher of the old. Mash-ups give the songs you love a new feel and energy, taking music to new heights. You'll discover new songs along the way and fall back in love with the oldies. This genre is the perfect background music for all sorts of occasions. Need to get pumped for a party? Maybe a pick me up as you hit the terrain park? An excuse to dance like a fool in your car? Go for it, because really the possibilities are endless. Download some free mash-up music UVM, and let's get this fucking party started! ■

créatif stuffé.

just right, *right now*

by bendonovan

This sound is just right, right now.

Dark, slow, haunting blues. Lots of echo. Slide guitar, Spanish-tuned. That bottom string, droning just like the cicadas.

A lot of people don't realize the relationship between music and the land. This wouldn't have been right six hours ago, on I-81 with the sun going down. That's the mountains. The road twists and turns; there's something new over every hill—you need busy music, with a lot going on. Mandolin, fiddle, guitar. This is Mississippi, just past Meridian with Hattiesburg now starting to show up on the highway signs. 62 miles, 48, 25. It's the middle of the fucking night, the windows are down, I've got the cruise control set just under one-hundred and John Lee Hooker on the stereo. This sound is just right, right now.

I slept in the back seat of the Honda for half the drive, until we hit Birmingham. I've been driving since. This is flat land—the Deep South, low, wet ground. Swampy. Slow. Hank Williams wouldn't work down here. The Rolling Stones wouldn't. You need something more primal. That slide guitar, slow and deep. Open-tuned, wild, imprecise but powerful. Seems to harmonize with the goddamn bugs, if you can believe it. G, just a little bit flat. I love that sound—between the drone of a million cicadas and a silk dress hitting a hardwood floor, if you gave me a choice, I might even pick the cicadas. Maybe I'm just losing it. Late night driving will do that to you. Maybe that's why I like it.

This trip started when I told Jon I'd broken up with my girlfriend (about two years too late, but who's counting?). "Jesus, man. I'm sorry. You know what you need?" You can tell a real best friend by what comes next. "Fuck it, we're going to New Orleans." There it is. No platitudes, no half-assed consolations. That shit's for strangers; Jon just cuts right to it. Drop everything. Mardi Gras it is. Twist my arm.

I love the guy to death, but goddamn if he doesn't have awful taste in music. I could only take so much Kanye West before I resolved to smoke a bowl and pass out till we hit Tennessee. But now we're past Hattiesburg and headed straight for the Gulf, and he's passed the fuck out—that twelve-pack he picked up outside Tuscaloosa probably played a role there.

My turn. Time to do it right. I-59, flatlands. That crazy, evil, ghostly sound of Robert Johnson playing that slide around the 15th fret. "If I haaaad PO-seshun—o-O-VER judgement day" Shit, I'd sell my soul to the Devil for that sound too.

I light a cigarette. It's harder to do with the windows down doing 98 miles an hour. Jon wouldn't be happy I'm smoking in his car. Good thing he's out cold.

Music and the land. It's gotta be right. There's nothing like barreling down the New Jersey turnpike, beneath the refineries' glow, with "Rosalita (Come Out Tonight)" on the stereo, or driving across a lonely stretch of New Mexico rendered even lonelier by a Townes Van Zandt song in a minor key. Do it wrong, and you miss things about the place you're in—it's easy to miss that wind in the desert without a pedal-steel guitar in the background. Time was, music was made where it was for a reason. There was a sense of place inherent in everything we did.

John Lee Hooker. Lightin' Hopkins. Mississippi Fred McDowell. That music was born here, in the swamps, the bottomlands—a place where two-hundred years of pain and hardship, sweating and lying and traveling and singing, condenses and falls off the magnolias and oaks and pines. It's slow. It sounds like sweat, accumulating and pouring off your brow. Rhythmic—a drop every four beats.

We hit Louisiana. The sky's turning purple—sun's coming soon. There's salt in the air—not ocean salt yet, just that brackish smell off the bays, the tidal swamps, the estuaries. I love that smell. I was born too far from the ocean.

I hit the I-10 bridge over Lake Pontchartrain at 6:03 a.m. No more slow music—I toss Dr. John's Gumbo into the CD player. Quintessential New Orleans album. African drums, old-school brass, Dr. John's bluesy growl. The New Orleans skyline is starting to light up.

The horns promise it's going to be a good goddamn week. Fuck everything else. Fuck failed relationships. Fuck the Vermont winter I just ran away from. Fuck bad music and that paper I've got due next Monday. It's Mardi Gras.

There's no party music like New Orleans music. The organ line on "Big Chief" comes on. Jon starts to wake up. It's 6:10, and I'm feeling good. This sound is just right, right now. ■

fork it over.



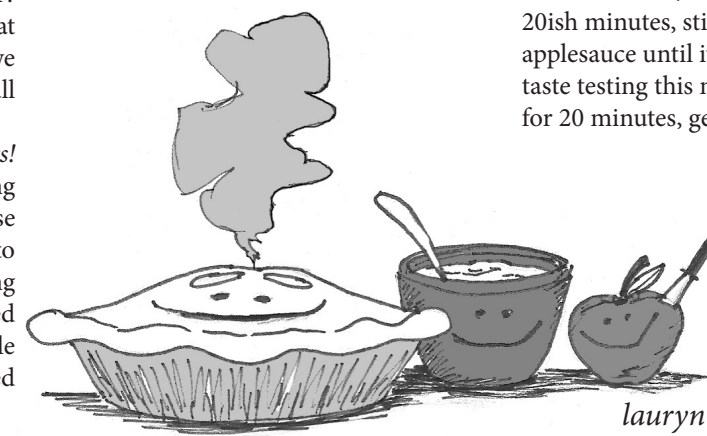
how d'you like them apples?

by meganelley

Friends, it's (almost) Fall. Fall is great for many reasons – the smell, the leaves, the whole new wardrobe of warmer clothes you can wear, my birthday, etc. Most importantly, fall means apple-picking season. Ah, yes, the apples! The wagons! The apple-picking poles! The fritters! The picture-perfect memories! Sounds awesome, right? WRONG. Apple picking is a scam in which you go through a huge hassle to get yourself to an orchard to spend 15 minutes selecting the best looking apples so that you can snap some cute pics with your besties and inevitably end up with a shit ton of apples that you have no idea what to do with. Sound familiar? I thought so. Of course, we all know that we don't need a bushel of apples, but we go anyway. But what do we do with all the goddamn apples?

Fear not, fellow apple pickers! I recently made the mistake of picking far too many apples, and I had to use my apple creativity to figure out what to do about it. So just for you I'm sharing a couple of my very best apple related recipes so that when you make the apple picking mistake you won't be stumped like I was. ■

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lauryn schrom

Applesauce
8 cups apples, cored and chopped
¼ cup white sugar
½ tsp cinnamon

Chop up your apples (peel them if you're picky) and toss them in a saucepan. Add everything else and stir. Cover, and let cook on medium heat for 20ish minutes, stirring occasionally. Cook the applesauce until it's done (I would caution against taste testing this mixture that's been on the stove for 20 minutes, genius). Makes 8 servings.

Apple Crisp
10 cups apples, peeled, cored, and sliced
1 cup white sugar
1 Tbsp flour
1 tsp cinnamon
½ cup water
1 cup quick-cooking oats
1 cup flour
1 cup packed brown sugar
¼ tsp baking powder
¼ tsp baking soda
½ cup butter, melted

Put all your sliced apples in a 9x13 inch pan. Mix the white sugar, 1 Tbsp flour and cinnamon together, sprinkle over apples. Pour water over this. Combine the bottom list of ingredients together and crumble over the apple mixture. Bake at 350° for about 45 minutes.

the cipher

with kerrymartin



Stretch out those hip-hop hamstrings, UVermees, because it's time to bring your rhyme-slingin' back to the water tower. When you work hard and play hard all week long, nothing puts your mind at ease better than lyric therapy. This week, we take swings at Baseball.

Our national pastime? Could not agree more Cuz ninety bucks for nine innings is really a bore To fans hardcore, each game's the Boer War But I have no décor, I just snore and ignore. What was once a real sport is now greedy and ritzy Make a million on a Nike ad to keep your days busy I find it fishy that players like Troy Tulowitzki Can let a stack of bills turn them sissy and prissy Corruption is the oil that makes the MLB function As well as drugs that inhibit male reproduction I see the Red Sox burning on a pile of their earnings Pay the Yankees in quarters so they sink in the Hudson This sport is slow in the flow and dull in the skull Until another pitcher kills a seagull.

by disilluioned Cubs fan Kerry Martin

I don't do steroids, I'm just rabid I've thrown a perfect game high on acid. My 12-6 curve drops just like the bass, Strike three, your team straight dropped to last place. You better fear me when I step on the mound. Or your ass better be expecting a pound. I go out to rack up the backward K's, Then bring your girl right back to my place, Show her my big-barreled bat, They always leave with a signed hat. You know me, I ain't afraid to steal home Introduce your girl to my size 8 dome. And to all my fans up in the stands Your girls are mine, go home to your hands.

by heavy-hittin' hip-hopper MC Derek Skeet-her

Next week, we dread Parents' Weekend. The week after, we grill Fast Food. Send your raps for either week to the-watertownews@gmail.com with the subject "My flow is too grimy, Ganges River" or something to that effect. Best rapper of the semester wins a \$25 gift card to Boloco! ■

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