



the water tower.

uvm's alternative newsmag

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uvm.edu/~watertwr - thewatertower.tumblr.com

death to **dobrá:**

we want taco bell!



ben berrick

by phoebefooks and patrickmurphy

Vermont, and Burlington specifically, is known for its politically active and often radical youth. We protest politics, greenwashing, sexism, and even Dobrá Tea. Yes, you heard me correctly. A movement against the Church Street teahouse has evolved from humble beginnings in a Facebook group titled "TURN DOBRÁ INTO A TACO BELL" into a citywide crusade. Led by high school students from the greater Burlington Area, and stemming specifically from Essex Junction High School, this movement is driving faster than a Cheesy Gordita Crunch rips through the intestines. So look out UVMers, with support like this, a brand new Taco Bell may be on your horizon.

The cozy little teahouse that you may have gone to once during your first-year Week of Welcome is far from the locally owned business you once thought it was. Dobrá Tea has nine locations in Europe and the U.S., however its non-locality is not

the primary target of the Dobrá Tea protestors. The protest's leader who has chosen to remain anonymous, expresses in the Facebook group's description, "Things with cheese are mostly always better than things made out of dirty leaves. Tea is not actually

out with the grungy, socialism-preaching city park dwellers, and in with **dog-food-grade meat, oily cheese,** and lettuce sprayed with so many preservatives its list of **ingredients** exceeds that of a frozen **kid cuisine** meal.

a real beverage; it is just a conspiracy theory made up by people who wanted to see how far they could get people to go in the name of being an embarrassing hipster". Furthermore, the group complains that no restaurant should allow people to take their shoes off, and that the restaurant's 200-pag-

es-too long-menu is a so-called "waste of time". They even have a former Dobrá employee enlisted in their task force, showing that even the tea devotees are fed up.

"Fuck interesting shit! We need some more floors with grease on them, more fat bitches sweating out the stench of the bleached pork they just ate and so resemble! More smells of chemical perfumes, sprayed to hide the stench of the pure shit you are eating!" voices another protestor.

This says something strong about what the youth of today truly want. Out with the grungy, socialism-preaching City Park dwellers, out with smelly herbs imported from India falsely promising relaxation and serenity, and in with dog-food-grade

get your game on: a **beginner's** guide

by rebeccaaurion

Quick confession before we begin: I'm not a huge gamer. However, 90 percent of my friends are, and my earliest memory of my father is watching him play Final Fantasy. So even though I wasn't one of the people who spent my weekend downloading Borderlands 2 or Torchlight 2, I can still deeply appreciate what game culture has done for me. I've met some of my best friends through Meta-Gaming Club, and, even though I consider myself a huge geek, just in different ways, gaming wasn't exactly on my radar until college.

As such, I've learned quite a bit about the world of gaming, whether I have enjoyed it or not. For one thing, a 'gamer' doesn't necessarily mean an acne-ridden virgin draped in wizard robes in their mother's basement. Though, that's not to say that never happens anymore. A gamer can be anyone from someone religiously playing Angry Birds on their phone or any devoted fan waiting outside Game Stop during all hours of the night for the newest consoles or Halo installments.

As a whole, I think we can all agree that stereotypes are stupid as hell. And with gamers, there are plenty of them: they're usually viewed as antisocial, reclusive, prone to violence or just generally weird. Even though walking into a group of people talking about Plants vs. Zombies seems intimidating, gamers are really just people enthusiastic about what they love. And just like English majors talking about Shakespeare, or sports fans talking about current player stats, they want to share that enthusiasm with others. I can tell you from experience how alienating it can be to not understand the gaming discussion around me, but it's really just about broadening your geeky horizons.

One way my horizons have been broadened has been through the popularity of video games. Video games have come a long way since the 1970s, when Pong was all the rage. Now, with consoles such as the Xbox and the Wii, challenges within games have gotten harder, graphics have become impossibly beautiful, and gamers can have the benefits of a shared experience from the privacy of their own home. Video games are

... read the rest on page 5

...read the rest on page 7

get inside me:

internet lobbies by coleburton

rock on at petra cliffs by caito'hara

staying in for the night by sagebierman

disney channel fashion icons by sarahperda

the best news team in the universe.



inbox

Dear **readers**,

Dear **water tower**,

In reading of Sullivan's (secret) Thousand Day Plan, I am increasingly more terrified of the direction our administration is taking this fine university. Although part of me can understand taking over Champlain College, I'm appalled by the week of vacation in Hawaii and the agreement with the Mounties. As a deeply spiritual person, I also do not feel that we as human beings are meant to know the secrets of the universe. As such, I suggest a coup over yet another iron-fisted dictator.

Power to the people!
-Former President Fogel

Your concern is certainly warranted, which is why we have formed the militia.
Viva la repubblica!
James Aglio and Liz Cantrell
Editors-in-Chief

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

the shit list nerd edizione with georgeloftus

Campus—I know for a fact I'm not the only one with a 3DS at this school. How? Because on my walk to class I'm surprised if more than 8 of you look like you've gone through puberty. Bring your gameboys; I need to streetpass. Please? I'm sorry I called you babyfaced.

Nintendo—After months of teasing, tussing, and blueballing, Nintendo finally announced a release date/price for the wii's successor. It comes out when students can't play it and it comes at a price students can't afford unless their parents happen to like them.

Borderlands 2—This game is fantastic. I'm glad it came out. I hated having a moderately good GPA anyway.

Transformers 4—Nobody wanted Transformers 2-3... so why does Michael Bay think he's the only one "capable" of directing the "last" installment? The Rock was good, Michael. Pearl Harbor was not.

The Office—How did no one take this dog out into the yard and old yeller it right after Jim and Pam got together? This show died after Rashida Jones left. It's cool though, she's on a better show.

the news in brief with kerrymartin

"There are 47 percent who are with [Obama], who are dependent upon government, who believe that they are victims, who believe the government has a responsibility to care for them, who believe that they are entitled to health care, to food, to housing, to you-name-it."

- **Mitt Romney** accusing nearly half the nation of only voting for Obama so they can be welfare freeloaders. It's true that poorest 46.4% of Americans don't pay federal income tax, but Romney's inflammatory remark ignores not only the state, sales, and payroll taxes that these citizens still pay, but also the richest Americans who don't pay income tax either.

"Strong emotions have been awakened in many Muslim countries. Is it really sensible or intelligent to pour oil on the fire?"

- **Laurent Fabius**, France's foreign minister, reacting to Mohammed-mocking cartoons recently published in a French satirical magazine, just days after a similarly offensive video sparked protests and killings across the Middle East. Ace move.

"They found gold coins and bullion, tiny dos-pesos, \$20 gold pieces, Austrian ducats, Kruggerrands and English Sovereigns dating to the 1840s - enough gold to fill two wheelbarrows."

- **Isolde Raftery** reporting on Walter Samaszko, who, at the time of his death, had \$200 in his bank account but \$7 million in gold stored at home. He lost his genitalia in an unfortunate smelting accident.

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join the wt.
New writers and artists are always welcome
Weekly meetings
Tuesdays at 7:30 pm
Chittenden Bank 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.**

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Special Thanks To
UVM Art Department Digital Lab

news ticker: How you like your eggs, fried or fertilized? +++ I think 4chan could use some government regulation +++ I like how the French know something is stupid, and then do it anyways. ■

flipside of the coin

by coleburton

Last week, Google, Yahoo, Amazon, and Facebook, along with ten other web based companies, founded the Internet Association lobbying group in Washington. Its stated intent is "protecting Internet freedom, fostering innovation and economic growth, and empowering users." The web industry waged an online war against Congressional legislation like the SOPA and PIPA bills when they were brought up in the House last October, even though the bills were meant to prevent acts of piracy on the Internet (i.e. the supermassive file of live Phish albums, episodes of The Andy Griffith Show, and the "Ben & Cherry's" Box Set that you downloaded during your Astronomy lecture last year).

Personally, I'm glad that a group has been formed to protect freedom on the Internet in the wake of the SOPA/PIPA fiasco, where Congress quietly attempted to

vote the legislation through last year. Many of the companies which lobbied against SOPA/PIPA online and in Washington this past January are among the Internet Association's lobbying group, like Google or Yahoo. If these members continue giving out the same amount of money as last year, the coalition will have a lobbying power of around five million dollars per year (not a whole lot in political terms). To make up for this somewhat modest sum, most of these companies also have the potential for immense amounts of free advertising on their respective websites. It'll be a while before we can tell whether or not this new cyber-group can do any good in Washington, but I can only hope it accomplishes its goals to prevent the regulation of our freedom on the Internet. When the government starts regulating any one of the Internet's many realms, like 4chan or the

Pirate Bay, I fear that it could be the first tumble down the slippery slope of full censorship.

Yet anyone who opposes my standpoint has legitimate cause; coalitions this large in Washington are dangerous. It can generally be said that by allowing such extensive lobbying organizations, which funnel money directly from private or publicly owned companies and corporations, these groups can quickly become corrupt. Along with corruption, there usually comes a shift into hidden agendas as groups start lobbying for self-advancement and profit while ignoring public interests. Examples of these corrupt lobbying associations include the American Petroleum Institute (API), which touts its "Environmental, Health & Safety" work on its website, yet lobbies the government for billions of tax breaks and

deregulation for the oil industry. This is a reason that many people do not support the new Internet Association: the potential for corruption now and especially in the future.

So, as this organization begins its journey in Washington, we are faced with a similar choice to the one that the members of the Internet Association made when faced with SOPA/PIPA. It is the choice between hoping for the best and expecting good things from Google, Yahoo, and the rest, or to assume the worst, that greed and profit will win out in the end. I believe they can do some good, so either I'm an optimist, or my brain just can't comprehend Washington fostering any more corruption than it already does. You judge for yourself. ■

Here's a picture of Walter Cronkite to round out your news experience. Because as old Walty used to remind us, "And that's the way it is".



joe kubert: death of a legend

by richieheap

Joe Kubert began drawing comics, professionally, when he was around 13. He didn't stop from then in 1940 until his recent death, last month. Kubert was an artist, an educator, and a father. He emerged as a force in the comic book community and right after the super-hero explosion following Superman's debut in 1938. His art was convincing and always conveyed the story perfectly, while smacking with an almost eerie mythicism.

"His art was convincing and always conveyed the story perfectly, while smacking with an almost eerie mythicism."

Hawkman, one of DC Comics' characters that Kubert began drawing in the 1950's, seemed to float on the page conveying the elegant beauty of flight, contrasted with the fearsome power of the hawk. His steel jawed, military hero, Sgt. Rock starred in perhaps his most popular series, featur-

ing scintillating stories of war, rooted in Kubert's research of, and participation in the Korean War. He founded the Kubert School in 1976, which has educated some of the most popular artists and writers in the medium including his sons, Andy and Adam, and a multitude of other Eisner award winning artists.

Neal Adams, a friend of Kubert's and artist for many comic books, including Batman, X-Men, and Green Lantern, wrote shortly after Kubert's death "There it stood. Issue #1 of TOR of 1,000,000 B.C. By Joe Kubert. I was carried away. I thought I recognized the style, but I didn't know from where. There I was, a vomit-stained, exhausted, bewildered 10 years old, stunned to the soles of my feet, holding in my hands my

future, my boulder of a stepping stone to everything I would come to love, do, and aspire to." The artist that grabbed me the way Adams is describing wasn't Kubert. But the guy who got me back into comics, after years abroad in colorless disinterest, was Andy Kubert, Joe Kubert's son. The distinctive style that Andy has is undeniable, he is able to translate actions a bit more dramatically than his father, and can abstract to a degree that gives him a bit more creative license, but the foundations in his work were pure Joe. The classic poses, the brilliant staging, the focus to detail that Kubert was known for were evident in the style of his descendants. He was a man who lived by his imagination and who sparked imagination within us.

Suggested Reading:
Tor: A Prehistoric Odyssey
Showcase Presents: Enemy Ace Vol 1
Showcase Presents: Hawkman Vol 1
Yossel ■



mariel brown-fallon



katharine longfellow

around town.

revel in the metal:

metal Mondays at nectar's



by lizcantrell

I almost high fived my roommate for making such a good joke when she said, “so you wanna check out my friend’s band at Metal Mondays?” My definition of heavy metal begins and ends with traumatic images of strolling by Hot Topic from my middle school mall-crawl days, so I couldn’t imagine what the eff I’d be getting myself into.

Eventually, my roomie coerced me, and we headed downtown for Nectar’s weekly Monday metal showcase. I walked in with (admittedly biased) images of black clothing and screaming about #darkfeelings, and when we rolled up I went straight to the bar to get my bearings. While I was obviously a newb in my flowered scarf and cowboy boots, with beer in hand, I was ready to observe the creatures of metal.

The crowd was mostly college students, but there were scatterings of older adults and even a few (obviously confused) people in suits. It would be hyperbole to call the place packed, but it was clearly a popular enough event to draw a medium sized crowd. A few brave souls had already begun moshing, and I kept a safe distance as I checked out the first act.

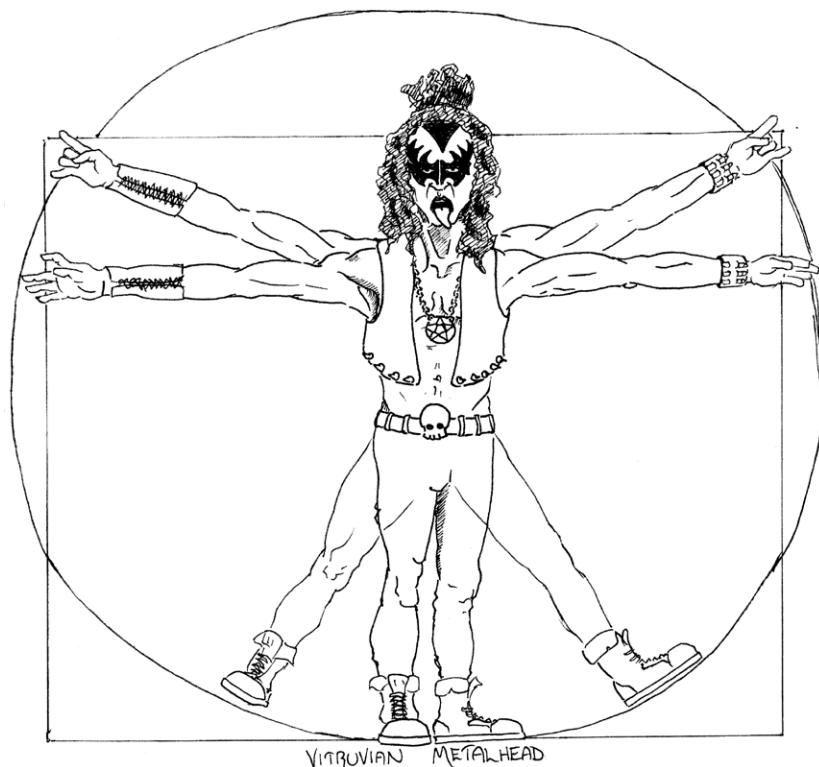
It was about 9:30 and the female vocalist for the opening band, Terraform, was starting things off right, interspersing her powerful Amy Lee-esque voice during the verses

with the expected metal screeching during the screamo chorus. After Terraform left the stage, the middle act showcased five songs of increasing scream-ocity. Unfortunately, I never caught the band’s name, but they did their part in continuing to build the energy.

The final group, Sanguine Sun, closed the night with no singing whatsoever—just straight ear-piercing cries. But their instrument solos provided some relief, and while the music might have been at an uncomfortable decibel, it certainly wasn’t talentless. What was most impressive was that all of the acts were performing original songs. I’m not knocking covers, but it’s always refreshing to experience people playing what they want to play and saying what they have to say.

While I wasn’t exactly losing my shit over the music like the rest of the crowd (who had now gone full steam ahead with the not-so-gentle art of moshing), I did come to sympathize with the people who love this genre. One of the metal devotees I talked to said it was difficult for metal bands to land gigs because Burlington and UVM are more receptive to other types of music, not to mention that heavy metal outfits are generally ostracized or viewed as “scary”. Which, hey, they kind of are. But they’re musicians too, and they deserve props for having the balls to perform and get their music out there. ■

tenzin chopel



a real cliff hanger

getting your feet off the ground at petra

by caito'hara

About a month ago now, my lovely boyfriend convinced me to give climbing a chance. I’ll admit that I was willing to at least try, but I was batshit terrified of being more than a couple feet off the ground. You see; heights and I are not friends. I wouldn’t go so far as to say we’re mortal enemies, but heights have always been like that bully in the 4th grade who would always throw things at the back of your head. I could ignore them all I wanted and be just fine, but would get hit in the face when I’d turn around to retaliate.

So throughout my life I’ve let heights be. As a matter of fact, the last time I attempted any sort of climbing (fuck you high school gym class), I froze approximately 15 feet up a 30-foot wall and my “friend” left me there. Ok, so she just refused to let me down until I got all the way up, but it was a traumatizing moment and that feeling of shit your pants terror wasn’t something I wanted to experience ever again.

Imagine my surprise then, when I found I out I didn’t have to be more than 15 feet off the ground! There are several types of climbing, and one of them is bouldering. Bouldering is usually done at heights less than 25 feet. Harnesses are not used, and when you do fall as is inevitable, you will plop gently into squishy crash pads. The routes usually aren’t all that long, although they can be challenging and physically exhausting. It took all of

one trip to Petra Cliffs and I was hooked.

Climbing is a puzzle you solve with your body. You are given a problem in the form of a new route and completing it is entirely based on your skill, your strength and your will power. It’s a challenge that can be solved 12 different ways and it’s up to you to figure out the best way to solve it for you. Bouldering for me has gone from being some-

“finishing a **problem** isn’t just about **the joy of getting it**; it’s also overcoming all the other **shit holding me back.**”

thing I thought I’d do once in a while; to something I do 4 or 5 days a week for an hour or two every day. Being a student requires a lot of mental exercise and abuse. I have found no better way to relax; not drinking, not smoking, not crying into my pillow, than throwing myself at a wall. Persisting on a problem, throwing myself at it over and over again and feeling my muscles scream in pain. Dealing with the growing frustration of just barely missing that

one crucial move and the absolute exaltation that follows finally nailing the problem. Climbing allows me to take all of my stresses and manifest them into something tangible. Finishing a problem isn’t just about the joy of getting it; it’s also overcoming all the other shit holding me back.

Sound like something you might want to try but nervous about it? Don’t be. The great thing about climbing is that you can go at your own pace and even the littlest of accomplishments will leave you feeling like you finally managed to score with that hottie you always see outside of the library. There’s a couple of ways you can go about starting this new endeavor. The UVM Climbing Team/Club is a great resource as far as information and potential training partners. Here on campus we have a small climbing wall and a moderately ok bouldering hall. We are also fortunate enough to have an indoor climbing gym, Petra Cliffs, right here in Burlington. Located out by Oakledge Park, for less than the price of a large specialty pie from Leonardo’s, you can rent shoes and climb for the day. And they run student deals on 3 month passes if it comes to the point where your life savings are slowly going down the drain by paying day by day. If nothing else, get a group of friends together and give it a shot. It’s a great way to spend a day and who knows? Maybe you’ll end up with a new hobby. ■

TACO BELL-continued from page 1

meat, oily cheese, and lettuce sprayed with so many preservatives its list of ingredients exceeds that of a frozen Kid Cuisine meal. As with any radical movement, there has additionally been a violent backlash against the Dobrá factionists. One strong opponent declared, “This sucks more than the end of World War II. Fuck this shit; Dobrá is dope as fuck. I can go in there high as a kite and everyone’s chill about it. Screw your fake Mexican food and screw taco shit, man.” In response, the Dobrá dissenters acclaimed that going into Taco Bell “high as a kite” is just as feasible, if not more so, and also the Nazis were the only ones upset about the end of World War II, thus the protestors conclude their opponents are Neo-Nazis. Shit just got real.

On the surface, this may seem like a clash between global consumerism and the “buy local” movement; however, as already mentioned, Dobrá tea is hardly a local enterprise. If Church Street is to be overrun with corporations, people want one that is upfront with their (lack of) quality and match their prices accordingly, unlike Dobrá tea or the commonly scapegoated Urban Outfitters. As one supporter said, “Dobrá is a glowing blue light that sucks in all of the hipsters and hippies like moths to a bug zapper.” Take it from all the Urban Outfitters shirts that have ripped within the first hour of being worn: hipster and hippies care about image, and they don’t care about quality.

But you know who else doesn’t care about quality? Taco Bell. That’s why the Crunchwrap Supreme, a Taco Bell favorite, costs less than \$1. They know it’s made of shit, so they price it like it’s shit. In this economy, moderately priced dog food wrapped in corn meal and cooking oil is all our generation can afford.

Unlike today’s corrupt politicians polluting our radio waves with lies and propaganda, Taco Bell instills honesty. This is what our fellow protestors want to see.

Within the leaves of the 200-page encyclopedic menu Dobrá that drops on you when you arrive for a calming cup of tea are several confusing and possibly offensive tea names. “Feng Huang Dan Cong” raises more than just a few eyebrows. Your run-of-the-mill general physician is not going to screen an allergy test for this rare oolong, whose street name is “The Phoenix Bird of Guandong,” according to Dobrá’s website. Instead of listing all ingredients on their in-store menu, the bulk of the thing is a travel diary. You have no idea what possible toxins you’re ingesting when you imbibe their tea.

Meanwhile at Taco Bell, there is a mutual understanding between you and the apathetic employees that you run a high risk of potential Sodexo-style asquakes. The Taco Bell menu can be easily scanned and comprehended in just a few glances—everyone knows what beef and spicy chicken are.

What the debate boils down to is that the summative motive behind these youthful protests is that Dobrá Tea is a fucking dirty place. With its dim-lit rooms that are clad with oriental rugs and separated by hemp-woven bead curtains, Dobrá Tea is a cesspool of dirty hippies and dirty lies. You have a 90% chance of leaving the building with Athlete’s Foot due to the lack of customer footwear, or a bacterial infection from their “house special”, an infusion of locally harvested braided pubes. (Just kidding, the closest razor to any Dobrá Tea employee is located at the Rite-Aid two blocks up). As one Essex frontrunner in this movement so eloquently stated, “Dobrá Tea is where I come to queef.” ■

movie advice of the week: by georgeloftus

If you just broke up with someone, do not see [Celeste and Jesse Forever](#). If you like indie movies that aren’t pretentious, go see [Sleepwalk With Me](#). If you hate how much money your parents have, go see [Moonrise Kingdom](#) (read: pretentious indie movies). If you want to be confused, go see [Beasts of the Southern Wild](#). If you have a uterus, go see [Trouble with the Curve](#). If you’re meeting your significant others’ parents this weekend, redbox [Girl With the Dragon Tattoo](#), or [Muppets Take Manhattan](#), they have the same plot structure. ■

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finger like a pro

by katjaritchie

We fine-looking folk at **the water tower** know that sometimes you need to do some fancy finger-work before you can get the real workout on.

We also like to go to the gym sometimes.

You may be familiar with the cute little setup now mounting the entrance to the fitness center at Patrick Gym. They are, in fact, biometric finger vein readers, and they serve the exact same purpose as swiping your CatCard through the scanner next to the turnstile: one touch of the right finger in the right spot and it’s a free ride.

Biometric readers are different than normal fingerprint scanners: one, in that it doesn’t store any images of the finger in question, and two, in that it doesn’t use a fingerprint at all. According to the informational PDF on the fitness center website (under “Facilities”, if you’d like to explore how to properly finger on your own time), the system uses a series of points in the vein in your finger, stored as binary data, to create a unique code that essentially works as a fingerprint reading would. Your finger is scanned by “passing near-infrared light” through it, allowing it to be read by a CCD camera, which then identifies the pattern of your vein... or something to that effect.

Whatever the specific fancy toys involved, I was game, and so on my most recent trip to the gym I asked the girl sitting behind the counter if she could help me get things going. I was instructed to fully insert the middle finger of my right hand until I touched the end for maximum effectiveness (ladies) of the scanner. The whole process is a quickie, if you will, and I was heading up to the gym in less than a minute.

Contrary to popular belief (meaning the approximately four speculations I heard before actually signing up), you don’t need to have your CatCard in hand to get your biometric hookup. I was pleasantly surprised at how much sense that made, since the whole system is effectively replacing the card-swipe, but it does sort of defeat the purpose for those who live in the dorms and therefore still need their CatCard for things like re-entering their place of residence. Still, signing up is as simple as reciting your 95 number from memory (oh wait...), and hey, you may as well get in on the easy access. ■

reflections.

a *fresh*(man) perspective:

by staceybrandt

art by allana gangloff

If questioned about our decision to attend UVM, us first-years will respond without hesitation that we came for the beautiful trees, the peaceful mountain air, the unreal skiing, and the quietly vehement liberalism. However, there are additionally certain aspects of this particular university for which we were highly unprepared.

I will start by acknowledging a presence around campus whose name appropriately begins with “F” and ends in “UCK”... Fire truck. Most of us freshmen believed if we happened to find ourselves outside at night, we would hear the eerie yet lovely howls of a wolf pack—not a pack of howling fire trucks. That’s to say, we were unaware of the abundant fire truck activity. Approximately 73 times a day their horns blare with ear-

ing new to UVM, first-years have not yet settled into our role as moving traffic cones through which older students attached to a variety of wheeled vehicles may skillfully (but mostly not so skillfully) weave. I would like to apologize to all you non-freshmen cruisers who expect us to dexterously step out of the way as you bomb down the Main Street hill in our direction. We are still learning these basic reflexes. In addition to TAP classes, UVM should require a course in walking safety to teach us such defensive maneuvers as: the “ankle lift”, the “full-body lunge”, and the ever so difficult “stop-texting-you-are-about-to-get-hit”. For the time being, I think it would be more beneficial for first-year walkers to wear helmets and padding than our extreme-sporting

pm. Most of us have been “preparing” to go out since 7:30, so by the time a party of some legitimacy begins hours later, our “preparations” have gone on too long. This explains why many end up with their heads in the toilet, praying to the porcelain gods that the dorm won’t be charged extra clean up fees.

So what about the more “experienced” buffalo among our herd? These distinguished individuals are very proud that they can handle their “preparations”. The females are clad in skin-tight black skirts and tops which in most cultures of the world would be considered sacrilegious. Their male companions are sporting faded T-shirts, cargo shorts, and super-sexy lanyards (an accessory which could easily be replaced



by a large sign reading, “I’m a freshman and please don’t let me into your party”). It is clear by the first-year ensembles that we are completely ignorant to simple geography.

counterparts. Lastly, I would like to touch upon our rather unfortunate nightlife. On a typical Friday night, you can expect to see herds of us wandering up and down Pearl Street resembling a National Geographic special on the migration patterns of buffalo. We are searching for the nearest watering hole signified by red Solo cups, cigarette puffs, and a “security guard” who is constantly looking over his shoulder like a paranoid seagull; hey buddy, the cops aren’t staked out with snipers in the bushes. What the freshmen herd still fails to understand is that unlike high school get-togethers, college festivities do not commence at 8:30

Burlington happens to be located at a latitude far north of the equator. In short, it gets fucking cold here. Unlike buffalo, we’ll be freezing our asses off by 9:30pm scampering back to the dorm for a sweatshirt. So far, I have had an excellent start to the year. My welcome to UVM has been like a hug from a rather plump aunt of mine—warm, strangely comforting, and always smelling vaguely of pancakes and maple syrup. Thanks to all you older students who have been bearing with freshmen as we feel out our first year. I know you smirk as we partake in our ridiculous endeavors, and that’s totally cool, but just remember: you were a freshman once too. ■

by a large sign reading, “I’m a freshman and please don’t let me into your party”). It is clear by the first-year ensembles that we are completely ignorant to simple geography.

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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. ■

happy hour week 4

with bendonovan and georgeloftus

The West Wing

We at **The Water Tower** could've been political leaders. But then we weren't. We blame our ambition. It was too much for us to handle:

When there's a 90's anachronism (corded phone, pagers/beepers, Rolodex, budget surplus, Martin sheen with dark hair, etc.)

When there's a long tracking shot.

Every time you want to bang Rob Lowe (No homo, but seriously, look at those eyelashes)

Every time Toby gets angry.

Every time someone yells for their secretaries.

Anytime the president is smarter than any real politician in the United States

Every time Josh and Donna have sexual tension.

Every time Josh is awesome in spite of his role in Billy Madison.

Every time someone echoes someone else's line for comedic effect.

Every time CJ lays down the law.

Finish your beer when something gives your sense of American pride a raging boner/lady-boner.

(IE, if you're American and the music swells, finish your drink.)

6

staying awesome while staying in: tips for a rad night

by sagebierman

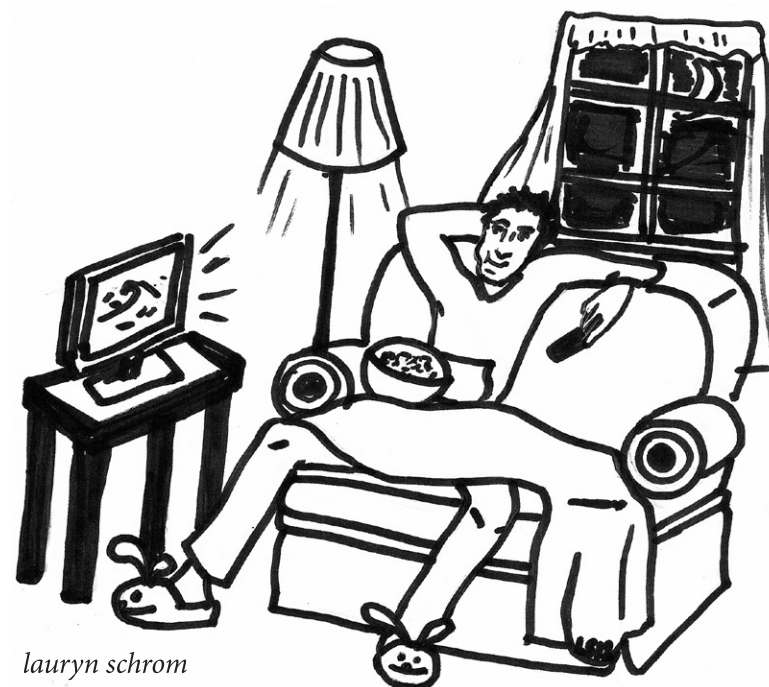
Have you ever had one of those weeks where by Friday night you can't contemplate dragging your exhausted body anywhere but to your bed? Perhaps you have a test on Monday and need to spend the weekend getting real intimate with your textbooks, or maybe you straight up don't have the slightest inclination to go out. If you should find yourself in a situation that prevents you from getting drunk on a Friday or Saturday night while it feels like everybody and their moms are preparing themselves to wander Pearl Street in search of a good party—don't you worry. There are dozens of ways to have a ballin' time staying in! The pervasive stereotype about college is that every weekend will undoubtedly involve ragers, raves, and drunken nights that cumulate in your inebriated self passed out on Main Street in a desperate attempt to make it back to the warm sanctuary of your dorm. The much more real aspect of college is that a lot of people choose to stay in than go out, and many students don't drink or party every weekend, or even at all. So when Friday or Saturday night rolls around, don't be afraid to don sweatpants instead of stilettos, kick back with some friends, and eat, craft, or dance to your heart's content.

1. sober kitchen!

Every dorm has a kitchen for its residents, so anybody can partake in this awesome activity. Go to the Marche, pick up some brownie mix or some spaghetti, as well as all necessary ingredients to make said foods delicious, and spend the next couple hours making yourself a gourmet dinner. Your friends will thank you for the break from Sodexo when you whip up your mom's secret marinara sauce and show them what real fine dining is. To complete the sober kitchen experience, it's important to pretend that you're Emeril Lagasse and talk everybody through what you're doing with way too much enthusiasm. BAM!

6. feast!

Invite your best buds over, accumulate all the blankets and pillows you can, call up Leonardo's or China Express or maybe some Wings Over, pick out an awesome movie and chill your balls off. If it's a girls' night, you can't go wrong with a Disney movie, but if you're chilling with non-prince fans, The Dark Knight or Inception will hit the spot. Ordering out once in a while will give your points a breather, and if you're splitting the food between some friends you probably won't spend more than six or seven dollars on your feast.



lauryn schrom

5. dance party!

Anyone who has ever spent a couple awkward hours at Lift will tell you that clubs aren't the best place to get down with your bad self. If you engage in the same goofy, socially unacceptable form of dancing that I do and aren't a huge fan of bumping and grinding with a stranger, never fear. Accept that a club will never be able to satisfy your primal urge to jump around and sing along to top 40 pop songs at the top of your lungs. To avoid the censure of your peers, stay at home and throw your own dance party! Every one will be sober (a big embarrassment-saver when it comes to dancing), there won't be any sketchballs, and I guarantee that no matter how rank your gym shorts are,

your room smells better than any club. One cold winter's night, my friend and I decided to make a music video of "Love the Way You Lie". She put on a baseball hat, I put on some Mardi Gras beads, and we had the time of our lives channeling Eminem and Rihanna. So pick out a song that makes you wanna bust a move, set up your camera/computer, and record you and your besties dancing your hearts out. Recording it is essential, because after you're done dancing, whether it's a minute or a year later, you can have the time of your life watching the video. Seriously, dance parties are where it's at.

2. release your inner martha stewart!

If you aren't feeling like going out, indulge in a few hours of craftiness. Make the mini hike to the Michaels in the Staples Plaza and pick up all necessary supplies to fulfill your creative needs. Michaels has hours upon hours of entertainment contained within its fragrant aisles, so finding something that tickles your fancy should be a breeze. Does a family member or a friend have a birthday coming up? Grab some puff paint from Michaels and add personal touches to the UVM tie/ mug/ tote bag you inevitably bought for the birthday boy/girl. With puff painting, the possibilities are endless. You can decorate anything, from T-shirts to picture frames, with inside jokes, song lyrics, and your favorite quotes.

3. do laundry!

It might seem lame, but as someone who has done laundry religiously on either Friday or Saturday nights for two years at UVM, I can tell you it's awesome. Whether you're doing it at eight o'clock or at midnight, laundry on a weekend night is a win. You'll have access to a choice selection of the best and most effective washers and dryers, and to sweeten the deal, you won't have to fight people for machines or worry about any eager beavers taking your underwear out of the wash before you even have a chance to make it down the stairs. So avoid the Sunday Slam and do your laundry on Friday or Saturday!

4. lose yourself in the internet!

Dedicate several hours to your favorite show on Netflix. Or, if you prefer a more interactive Internet experience, check out imgur, #whatshouldwe-callme, or thatsotru.com. I guarantee that you will spend many happy hours on these websites.

GAMING—continued from page 1



ben guiglielmo

more than just puzzle solving, they're about immersing yourself in an imaginary world, where you literally hold the controls. Gaming has become much more mainstream, with titles like "World of Warcraft", "Call of Duty" and "Pokemon" becoming everyday jargon. At some point, everyone has been a gamer.

Whatever genre tickles your fancy, there's a game out there for you. Whether you're a history buff, zombie enthusiast, science fiction/fantasy nerd, or you just want to kill things with big guns to release your frustrations at the world, there's something out there. If you have no idea where to start, do some research about games/consoles that will fit your needs. Want human interaction? Visit a store, where the employees are paid to know their stuff, and should be able to find one that will interest you. Whether you want single-player, connect with other gamers in a group experience via the Internet, or you just want to watch Mario eat mushrooms and turn into a giant, you should be able to locate something that interests you.

Better yet? Talk to real gamers on campus. Trust me, there are tons of them. We even have weekly meetings to discuss the newest releases, play RPGs (which are Role Playing Games, for example, Dungeons and Dragons, which is actually really fucking cool) at the Meta-Gaming Club (L&L D Classroom, Tuesdays and Fridays at 7). If you keep your eyes open, you can spot the gamers in a crowd. They're the ones shouting about broadswords vs. battle axes, and complaining about taking arrows to the knee. They're nice people, go say hi sometime.

Moral of the story: don't jump to conclusions. Even if you decide that gaming isn't for you, at least you can say you tried. If you know for a fact that video games don't appeal to you, try some of the awesome board games out there, like Arkham Horror or Munchkin. Give Role-Playing Games a try. Seriously, there are so many options out there. And if you don't even feel like trying anything, you had better have a good reason. Just sayin'. ■

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

by patrickmurphy

The iPhone has the uncanny ability of making the most simple things we do with our phones more entertaining. Just small things like calling someone is made easier by having a mic built into your earphones, or how texting has a bunch of those hidden gems where you can send someone a whale or raunchy combinations of emoji. One of the most fundamental activities of our age group is also augmented by the sheer awesomeness of the iPhone: drunk texting. I texted one of my friends "TEQUILA" once and now I can't even come close to spelling anything beginning in "te" without my iPhone swooping in and correcting it to TEQUILA. However, drunk texting has become second nature and some of us are probably looking for a new outlet of communication with our friends during our inebriated mindsets. This week I am featuring HeyTell: voice text messaging.

HeyTell is like the international walkie-talkie I never had. So much easier than texting and twice as fun, this app adds personality into the cellular social sphere. Much like text messaging, all of your chats are saved, leaving you with a collection of unnamed 2 second blurbs of god only knows what. Making phone calls has become so stressful for most people for absolutely no reason other than pure laziness, but HeyTell hybridizes texting and phone calls into a single stress-free and effort-free manifestation. And if you've got a friend that excessively abbreviates to the point where you would rather eat a pound of human hair than read their text messages, just have them download HeyTell, they'll have one hell of a time trying to translate their idiotic dialect into a spoken tongue. ■

7

fashion five-oh.



growing up gaudy: DCOM style icons

by sarahperda

Unless you lived under a rock in a far away land lacking cable TV, you probably grew up watching the Disney Channel. Friday nights at 8/7 C meant new Disney Channel Original Movies, and new DCOMs often meant new fashion inspiration. Here are a few of the most influential style icons of our time hailing from the Disney Channel:

Galleria Garibaldi – The Cheetah Girls

Galleria is the textbook definition of diva. She knows she's the HBIC (google it, I dare you) and has absolutely no qualms about strutting her stuff in her several thousand cheetah print ensembles. Cheetah fur, cheetah jeans, cheetah pleather—you name it, she worked it. Sure, people probably thought she was a tad over-the-top, but nothing ever came between her and her love of style, and that, my friends, is something to be admired.

Chad Danforth – High School Musical

That hair! Those moves! Those witty, borderline-too-tight t-shirts! Say what you want about HSM but Chad oozed swag. Case closed.

Andy Brinker – Brink!

Oh Andy, the original skater-boy. There are very few people who could make rollerblades and wrist-guards look as good as that hot tamale did. Brink sparked the skater-chic trend back in the 90s that still exists today, albeit more focused on longboards and wolf t-shirts, proving that quality style trends never die.

Zenon Kar – Zenon: Girl of the 21st Century

Head to toe neon/metallic spandex? Asteroid-sized beehive buns? Snagging the Earthling boy-toy while simultaneously donning both? Check. Although Zenon's fashions never quite caught on in this century, she certainly demonstrates that as long as you have the right attitude, your style will work in your favor.

Kelly Collins – Cadet Kelly

Shockingly, the transition from art school to boot camp was not an easy one for this free-spirited middle-schooler. Although Kelly is expected to conform to the rigid military lifestyle, she opts to dress up her uniform with scarves and her superiors with neon paint, adding a more fashionable flair to that hellhole. She also learns to manhandle guns along the way, which is pretty badass.

Edward Marshall – Up, Up, and Away

You're probably wondering who this character even is. Edward, played by Sherman Hemsley (if that aids your visual), is the grandpa in this film, aka the "Steel Condor," the super-strong superhero who has an ongoing feud with Superman. The Steel Condor is more of an inspiration than an icon—all I'm saying is that if I look that spiffy in spandex when I'm that old, I'll be absolutely ecstatic. Style knows no age people, remember that.

Lexy Gold – Get a Clue

Before LiLo went batshit cray, she made an appearance in this film as an Upper East Side betch hell bent on unearthing the reasons behind her teacher's sudden disappearance. Whether she was clad in her skintight, leather spy-wear or vibrant, printed bellbottoms, Lexy Gold was the reigning queen of tween fashion for all 83 minutes of that blockbuster film. I know I sure worshipped her fashion sense, I'm still ready for the patterned nylon pants come back tour because of it.

Johnny Kapahala – Johnny Tsunami

Johnny wasn't exactly stylish, per se (actually, he wasn't stylish at all), but he certainly made a statement: when you're super chill and own that many Hawaiian shirts, everyday is Casual Friday. YOLO. ■

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

I think you're heaps steezy
Dear Kevin 'Molfeezy',
And it would be easy,
For us to get sleazy,
Just like Ron Weasley
(because you're also a ginger).

When: before Taylor Swift sold out
Where: paddling the waters of my heart
I saw: a sexy durrr
I am: D.

Your orange sweatshirt is the color of the flames in my heart for you,
They burn like the fires of Mount Doom.
Let's forge a new love together.
(One that hopefully won't tear apart Middle Earth).

You are all on which my mind can focus,
filling to the brim my world-1,
But alas, you know not where to find me,
Your princess is in another castle...and she's a man.

When: Many moons ago, on a dark and stormy night.
Where: The Crimson Crag Hall
I saw: A Man I Call Wheat Thins
I am: A Dungeon Master with +5 Dexterity

I found a best friend in you this summer
Life was wild, fun, adventurous, insane
But you don't like to flirt with deadlines
And I didn't want to cause you pain

Though we played around with being more
We promised to always remain
Friends until the end
No need to pretend
But you left me fend
Off the world on my own

Now you're gone gone gone away
And I wish that you were near
Though the truth may vary
I miss you terribly my dear

When: all summer long
Where: all over the state
I saw: a man with passion
I am: missing your presence

Dark hair, kind eyes,
I'm drawn to you-
it's no surprise.
We're supposed to be studying Theories of Space,
but I just can't help staring at your face.
Plus you look like Gendry from Game of Thrones,
which makes me REALLY wanna jump your bones.
Let me be the Arya to your Bull,
and I assure you my heart will be more than full.

When: M/W
Where: Lafayette 200
I saw: The dreamy boy sitting in the corner
I am: Smitten

We met eye to eye a few times,
At the Grace Potter & The Nocturnals concert.
You stood next to my brother and I,
During Galactic and we looked at each other and smiled.
As you moved closer to that stage,
I just couldn't forget that smile.
I would look over to where you went,
Only to see you looking back.
God, I wish you go to UVM,
Otherwise this would be
A bit pointless.
I also wish I got a name,
Or a number as this would
Simpler to find you.
Hopefully you will see this,
And we can track each other down,
To get to know each other,
And see what goes from there.

When: During Galactic at the Grace Potter & The Nocturnals Concert 9/15/12.
Where: Grand Point North Festival, near the stage.
I saw: A cute good looking girl alone at a concert with a red backpack.
I am: A bit shy guy, who would like to get to know you. I am the one with hair, shorter, and had a black and grey over shirt on.

Your green pants, how they caught my eye
And I'm usually not such a shy guy,
But we shared glances and laughs while waiting in line
And maybe you felt the same vibes as me?
My John Lennon glasses did belie
How much I wanted to say "hi"
And I wanted your number, but didn't try
So here's mine:
802-349-3593

When: Last Monday
Where: The Marche
I saw: A girl as vibrant as her pants
I am: Intrigued with a Radiohead shirt

Gorgeous girl with long hair don't care,
You give me hot flashes and make me stop and stare,
Cover girl, model material, and that perfect smile,
Why don't you notice me and come hang out a while,
Henna tattoos and perfectly planned clothes,
Why you so sessy, nobody knows,
Hindi Kate Middleton princess you can be my queen,
Drop to one knee and present you a Ring Pop pristine,
Intelligent, down to Earth, and funny like All That,
Quit playing games with my heart, CPR it stat,
You've got the game on lock and the odds are in your favor,
Felicity style crush, every moment with you I'll savor,
As long as you love me it's all I'll ever need,
I wear my heart on my sleeve for only you to read,

When: Activities Fest
Where: DC walkway
I saw: a henna tattooing goddess
I am: a preppy demi-god blogger

fork it over.



decadent chocolate
double brownies

fancy apple
panini

by nikitaarias

by nikitaarias

Vegan shmegan is the first thing that came to mind when I tried these brownies. Their gooey chocolate deliciousness by no means taste like a healthier low fat alternative. This being said, eating the entire batch may be hard to resist and chances are it'll happen. No, scratch that, it will happen so accept its reality. This recipe will take no more than 30 minutes to make so call over a friend, pour yourself a big glass of milk, aimlessly spend hours on Netflix instant-watch trying to find a movie worth watching and enter chocolate brownie heaven!

Ingredients:
2 cups all-purpose flour
2 cups sugar *
¾ cup unsweetened cocoa powder
1 tsp baking powder
1 tsp salt
1 cup almond milk

...and vegan!

½ cup vegetable oil
½ cup unsweetened applesauce
1 tsp vanilla extract
¼ cup vegan chocolate chips
¼ cup chopped walnuts (if you aren't allergic)

Instructions:

1. Preheat oven to 350 degrees
2. Grease a 9x13 inch baking pan with some vegetable oil.
3. In a bowl stir the flour, sugar, cocoa powder, baking powder
4. Add almond milk to the dry mixture. Add vegetable oil, applesauce and vanilla.
5. Mix well until blended, and generously add the walnuts and chocolate chips.
6. Spread onto the pan and bake for 25 or 30 minutes.
7. Let it cool for 15 minutes and enjoy!

You've been eating homemade grilled cheese sandwiches all your life, but its time to skill up to the next level of your grilled cheese sandwich making. That's right, get "red onion special" on your grilled cheese! Seriously, who says you can't make your own gourmet cheese sandwich in the comfort of your own home? This sandwich will take you no more than 20 minutes to make, a wait you and your taste buds will agree is worth the effort! Get fancy, pour yourself a cup of that purple stuff and indulge yourself in a warm cheesy apple Panini. MMMMMM Apple Panini with Maple Dijon Sauce!

Ingredients:

- 2 slices good quality bread
- 1/2 apple, thinly sliced
- 3 slices of cheddar
- 4 slices deli ham
- 1 tsp melted butter
- salt and pepper

Maple Dijon Sauce:

- 3 tbsp sour cream
- 1/2 tsp Dijon mustard
- 1/2 tsp maple syrup
- 1/4 tsp garlic powder

Instructions:

1. Combine all ingredients for the sauce and set aside.
2. Spread 1 tbsp of sauce on one slice of bread and top with sliced apples, ham and cheese.
3. Brush the tops of each sandwich with melted butter and sprinkle with salt and pepper.
4. Place sandwiches butter side down on hot grill pan or panini press and press those bad boys!
5. Cook until both sides are golden brown and you start to see cheesy melting deliciousness. ■

tunes.



[For last week's Mashup article, artist Tenzin Chopel drew two separate pieces of artwork to visually express the aural sensation of listening to a mashup. Sadly, tragically sadly, we could only print one of those. However, so that you may experience the same amount of joy that we have from his art, we are proud to present the other piece from last week. We give you Sexy Mozart. (Eds.)]

tenzin chopel



top 5 of summer 2012...

[...most aggravating songs]

Week 3:
Song #3: Train, Drive By

by dylanmccarthy

Well, now we're really scraping the bottom of the barrel. Train has been circulating the airwaves for the better part of our lives, and for the most part they've dealt out some innocuous, but consistently solid post-grunge radio rock. However, from 2009 on Train has released a constant stream of ear poison. Much like Gym Class Heroes, Train has fallen from grace in a pretty tragic manner. In order to understand just what makes "Drive By" so deplorable, one must look at what made early Train so listenable.

The first thing that comes to mind is the quality of their lyrics. While Train never broke any new ground with their music, they were able to spin some surprisingly clever and deep yarns. A perfect example is their first commercially successful single, 1999's "Meet Virginia." This lovesick powerballad was a heavy hitter for all the right reasons, a powerful but anticipated chorus with beautiful lines like "She only drinks coffee at midnight/ But the moment is not right/ And the time is quite/unusuall" peppered here and there. "Meet Virginia" made Train seem like something just a bit deeper than your average light rock band, and that's all they needed to carve out a niche market in the early 2K radio scene.

Flash forward to present day Train and things are very, very different. To be hon-

est, the first time I heard this song I had no idea it was Train. I could've sworn it was a crossover with a pop-country singer and one of your dime-a-dozen bland R&B acts. "Drive By" seems like a 2nd grader who just learned what rhyming was minutes before wrote it, but no, lead singer/songwriter Pat Monahan is just as involved with its composition as "Meet Virginia". There's no real emotion here, there's certainly no creativity, just the yawn and eye roll when Monahan wails "OH I SWEAR TO YOU!! I'LL BE THERE FOR YOU!! THIS IS NOT A DRIVE BY-I-I-I-III!" Blegh, he straight up rhymed "you" with "you"! Not to mention other cringe worthy nonsensical word-play like "On the other side of a downward spiral/ My love for you went viral." What in the world were they thinking?

It's almost as if their '09 effort *Save Me, San Francisco* was a test to see how much they could water down their lyrics, and still appeal to a mass audience. Surely, a song hinging upon the lyrics "Hey soul sister/ Ain't that mister mister/ On the radio, stereo/ the way you move ain't fair you" could never be successful? Oh, that track is certified quintuple platinum by the RIAA, nevermind. What happened Train? Where did the subtle genius of interplanetary ballads like "Drops of Jupiter" go? Well, there's always their inevitable follow up album... ■

[... best albums]

Week 3:
Album #3: Fiona Apple, *The Idler Wheel...*

by dylanmccarthy

Fiona Apple has been in hiding for quite some time now, but boy was it worth the wait. Apple's first album in seven years, *The Idler Wheel is Wiser Than the Driver of the Screw and Whipping Cords Will Serve You More Than Ropes Will Ever Do* is one of the finest pop albums of the millennia thus far. In spite of the mouthful of a title, *The Idler Wheel...* is Apple's most accessible effort yet, all while maintaining the baroque pop elements that made Apple so delicious in the 90's. *The Idler Wheel...* plays out as an artist slowly losing her mind, rather than just another pop album. For the undicted, Apple is a singer akin to Cat Power, Feist, Suzanne Vega, or Tori Amos who hit it big with her '96 debut album *Tidal*. While Apple is certainly comparable to the above artists, she outclasses them in almost everyway (except maybe Tori Amos, maybe).

Lead single "Every Single Night" starts off the album with a little bit of nursery reminiscent piano chords: hell its innocent enough to fool one into thinking the track is going to be ordinary, but once Apple comes in singing "Every single night/ I endure the flight/ Of little wings of white-flamed/ Butterflies in my brain", its obvious this is no "twinkle twinkle little star." Her vocals

spike up and down in volume and force, up until the gentle and psychotic closing lines "I just want to be everything/ I just want to be everything". Even though "Every Single Night" is the first track and lead single, don't be fooled--it isn't a "traditional single". There are no "singles" here, no song where Fiona sat down and knew she was going to send this to a radio station; each track is surging with effort and creativity showcasing Apple's epic contralto range, begging repeated listens.

You can feel Apple's larynx strain on "Daredevil" as she laments "Seek me out!! Look at, look at, look at me!! I'm all the fishes in the sea!" and hear her peaceful side on "Valentine". Yet, there's always a feeling of unease permeating the tracks. The whimsical psychosis on "Jonathan" and "Left Alone" adds an extra eerie punch to lines like "You'd like to captain a capsized ship/ But I like watching you live," and "I don't cry when I'm sad anymore, no no/ Tears calcify in my tummy/ Fears go inside of my toe". Overall, each playthrough of the album has left a different impression on me, and each time I've found something new to enjoy. I just hope we don't have to wait another 7 years for another album. ■

"Her vocals spike up and down in volume and force, up until the gentle and psychotic closing lines"

créatif stuffé.

vinegar

by katjaritchie

The old key always made my hands smell like vinegar, if they were sweaty while I was holding it. There's only cracked plaster left now, only scuffed floorboards and old linoleum that were tired when you got there and will be still now that you've left. There's only the dust in the corners which is the new tenant's job now, and four square faded spots in the carpet from the legs on the big leather couch and the dent in the wall which, without me, you would have had to pay for. You made it a million years ago while you were first bringing the table inside. I called while you weren't looking and said the people moving out fucked up the walls. The hundred-dollar dent has paint in the middle from the corner of your fucking table.

You never liked me as much as your mother did; I smile to myself and become defiant at the hazardous fireplace that got lit up anyway, the tiny splatters you never noticed above the kitchen sink ("probably because I made them" I think, bitterly, instantly), and mostly the chip gone from the baseboard from when you hauled yourself out of here so fast you half-dropped the armchair I always hated. I think for a second that that one instant of grief with that shitty chair is the best fuck-you I could have given. I think in the next second that the best one you could have given me is that even years from now, from time to time I'll probably still wonder why my hands aren't smelling like vinegar. ■

hooked

by sierramakaris

She watches men fall apart in her hands and her sex puts them back together but only for a moment: only until the bucks and moans have shaken them loose again. She rocks them to sleep with hands like lace that might as well be steel and fondles her dirty pearls when they drop off, waiting to hear them beg.

"Don't leave, don't leave"; their murmurs set the cadence of the night, deliver control straight to her lacy hands, and she smiles: Forever is her favorite word. Full of inflated nothing. Pregnant with hot air. A word that without the weight of lust might float away, her hard-earned pearls on the wing.

"I don't usually kiss," she tells each one, "but for you, I make an exception." ■

social networking

by joshhegarty and laurafrangipane

We are homeless. Sam's got this phone and is always instagramming and twidling with what's in front of her. It's cracked and she picks up free Wi-Fi, steals WPA access codes. New cities bring new Wi-Fi networks with old names: plays on location, jumbled defaulted LINKSYS, BIG BOOTY or YOUR MAMA jokes, and lines from primetime TV shows we watched in the before.

Sam and I've been traveling together a while. Most of the time since I left home. You can't say I even left. More like, I became homeless. After Mammy died, there just wasn't a home to go back to. Just a house, piled up with debts nobody could pay and strangers that wanted to take me away, tag me, put me in their network, and raise me like new parents would just make me forget the life before. That's when I left that podunk town behind for good and ran into Sam. Been on the street with her since. Sam will dumpster dive at closing bakeries or get her hands on expired goods and we make money by busking. She comes up with polls: "Which is the most generous gender?" "Which are better, cats or dogs?"

and splits the money with me. She lets me take the winning side. She's cute; got a dimple, freckles that tap out constellations, and a sideways punk crop. She's almost made to be homeless, can sweet talk anyone into anything and out of anything. Reminds me of my Mammy.

We got this cat. Or, had this cat, Mabel. She ran off while me and Sam were arguing. Hasn't come back like usual. I liked having her around. When she's gotta eat, I make sure we have food. When she purrs, I smile. When she cries, I remember how. Sam never much liked Mabel. "Another mouth that don't help us," she says. But she helps me look for Mabel anyway. Sam disappeared once. In Atlantic City. She was gone a few days. I kept asking about her along the network of punks, dirty

old men, bastards, queers, cracks, and perverts that call the street home. A few days later, just when I was thinking I ought to get moving, she came back to our corner wearing the same clothes she left in. All her stuff was gone and she had a black eye. She didn't say anything. I didn't ask.

Sam's got pictures of Mabel on her phone, and we start holding up the LCD screen to strangers: "Have you seen our cat?" rather than "Spare a dollar?" She posts the picture on Facebook, Twitter, Instagram, whatever networks she's in. Sam's got hundreds of people in her phone. Some of them are probably dead now, but she tells them all about Mabel. I tell her that's no way to find a cat and we split the streets searching. The lake here is beautiful, pink sunsets and blue-eyed water. But staying too long in one place makes me sad. I've memorized

"i kept asking about her along the network of punks, dirty old men, bastards, queers, cracks, and perverts that call the street home"

the cipher

with kerrymartin

Stretch out those hip-hop hamstrings, UVemcees, because it's time to bring your rhyme-singin' 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 emancipate from Parents' Weekend.



It's been over a month in our academic year. We've took a couple tests & we've drank a lot of beer. But what the fuck, you say my parents are coming? Just the mere thought has my mindset bumming. Endless nagging about the state of my room. "Have you made your bed? Do you own a broom?" Awww Mom, you don't gotta blow a fuse! I know you've missed me but I ain't a recluse. Let's get that grub, straight up Church St. lovin' Sweet Watah, Three Tomatah, Ri Ra Irish pubbin' Phat meal, what a steal, not paying, that's the deal. Stock the fridge, just a midge, you know this love is real. Family time has inspired this rhyme. What at first I dreaded now I'm inclined, To call Mom and Pops, "Ayo Whatsup? October 5th's Parents' Weekend, do you wanna come up?" by rhythmic revolutionary LL Cool G

I just left you people! Why have you returned? All your lessons were learned so my freedom was earned I'm still your child? Now the tables have turned, I'll pregame our dinner, try to act unconcerned. Your dear boy is gone, after a prolonged "so long" He's only had a few weeks to play pong and rip bong Be gone! Your baby girl wore things all along If you try righting my wrongs, I couldn't write this song. Give up your attempts to remain a watchdog You cover tuition, we'll buy the top-notch grog You can't control where your son sticks his crotch log Especially when the booze makes him a certified scotch hog. Your scruples are futile, my abuses are brutal. Cuz I've quadrupled the use of my noodle most crucial. by undeveloped underclassman Kerry Martin

Next week, we drive cars through Fast Food. The week after, we protest Columbus Day. Send your raps for either week to thewatertownnews@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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cat litter.



with collincappelle

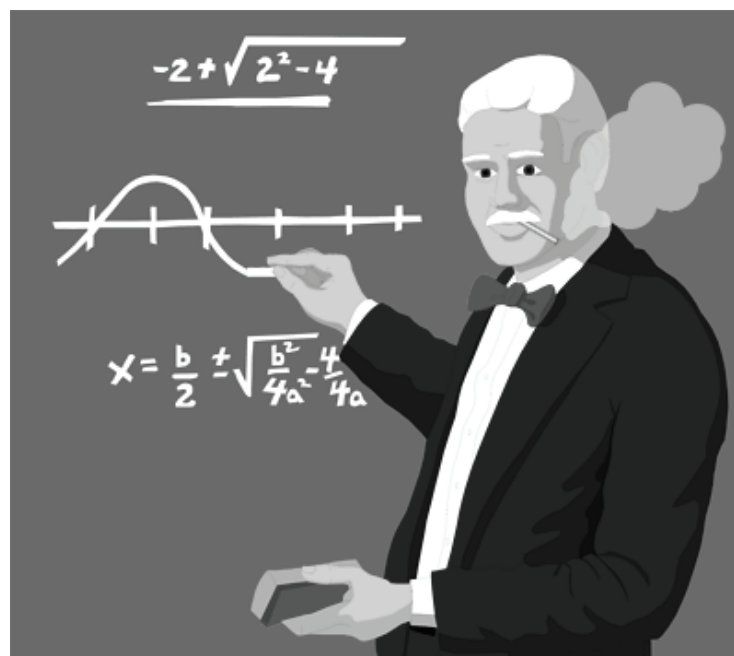


UVM pick-up lines

by lauragreenwood

- You make my heart heavier than the Waterman Doors.
- Bailey is asking Howe one could love another this much.
- I can take you to all U Heights.
- I'm gonna ride you like the Drunk Bus. It'll be loud, intoxicating, and all night long.
- It takes a lot of Willis to not Buckham you Chittenden-less right now.
- You can take a ride on my longboard anytime.
- Don't give me no Mercy, let's have a Holy Trinity
- Let me put my Front Five in your Back Five

Breaking News...



The Math Dept.
Smokes Chalk

Meet the Newest Members of the UVM Team:

