



# the water tower.

## uvm's alternative newsmag

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

# burlington's drowning:

## solving the drunken dilemma

by dansuder

Sam Student's parents are more than a little concerned. He called them up yesterday, said hi, and asked if they wanted the good news or the bad news first. Then he explained that there was no good news. Then the story of his weekend spilled forth like so many weekend stories do.

Sam's Saturday was off to a great start. His buddy from home was up, and the various accouterments of debauchery were already nestled on his 'dining room' table. A 30-rack (Genesee Cream), 2 fifths (Burnetts, Sailor Jerry), 21 Solo cups (One was for water, duh), and a package of ping-pong balls all vibrate to the pulse of the dubstep booming from Sam's "dope" speakers. Sam's explanation paused, and, on the other end of the phone he could hear his mother's horrified snuffle, "Dubstep?! Oh Sammy!"

The terrible tale continued. Sam described his antics, his shenanigans, and, yes, his outright hooliganism. The flow of people into his home that Saturday evening was constant; Sam Student's shithole of an apartment was quickly becoming the place to be. But one guest was uninvited... Detective Colin Montgomery, BPD.

At 11 PM, a warning. At 12:30 AM, the lights were turned off, the crowd was told variously "shhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh!!!" and shut the fuck up, it's the cops!" But at 12:35, Sam



lauryn schrom

entered the basement and asked everyone to leave. He held in his hand, that Ender of Parties, that Emptier of Wallets, the noise violation.

"Samuel A. Student!" declared his parents in unison.

When he called his roommate Jer, who was out of town, Jer had a similar reaction. "Sam, what the hell?!

You can pay that yourself, asshole!" Jer was also exorbitantly fined because his name was on the lease, even though he was four states away at the time.

Sam's story is tragic, yes, but also far too common in today's Burlington. The Burlington Free Press reported last week

on the initiatives the city wants to take in order to prevent problems from occurring in the future. Many want to limit the occupancy in the

**my proposal: burlington bans the sale of alcohol! sam student and his buddy split a box of capri sun and talk about girls while they listen to neil diamond. they go to sleep at 9:30, and wake up refreshed in the morning.**

in the Hill Section to 4 unrelated people per house. Good call, Burlington! Rent's too expensive when 6 people share a house, do you think we could raise it a bit more?

What about, as suggested by one Free Press commenter, B-town charges up to 1000 dollars a person for a violation, and ties it in with UVM punishments including suspension? (The same commenter also thinks "In-A-Gad-da-Vida" is the most likely song to be blared from a window, so I guess we should

## evolution: what's changed since elementary school?

by marissabucci

If I were to start this article off by saying, "A lot of things have changed about school since kindergarten," you would probably respond, "No shit, Marissa." Of course things are different—for one, we stand a good two feet taller than we did back in the days of naptime and snacktime. But I'm here to take a look at the principle changes that have gone on in our fifteen-or-so years of education:

First off, let's talk hallway etiquette. Remember those times when you used to walk double or single file down the hallway? Alphabetically, boy-girl, or whatever sadistic arrangement your teacher felt like—no one can deny that elementary school hallways were organized. No one was fucking around and stopping to hug their friend who they hadn't seen in three whole hours. There was a constant pace and you had to maintain it, otherwise you were reprimanded and sentenced to finish your walk at the front of the line, right next to Ms. Elmore, who always smelled like coffee and wet dogs. Fast-forward to middle school, high school, and college: there is no hallway organization to speak of. People move at their own pace, neglecting to notice anyone else around them as they adjust the volume on their Beats. And there is always that guy who stops in the middle of the Davis Center to bro out with his... bro right in front of you while you're trying to get to class on time. And don't even get me started on longboarders.

On the contrary, we have benefitted substantially in terms of our free time as we've travelled through the ranks of education. It probably has something to do with the fact that we're now legally adults and ain't nobody gonna tell us what to do, but I would rather just revel in it than over-analyze it. It started with naptime—school-sanctioned, timed naptime. Let me just say: fuck that shit. If I want to nap, I will nap. Time and place are irrelevant. I will not wait to nap in my bed if I need a nap. I will nap in my chair at the Cyber Café and no one will stop me. The worst part about elementary school naptime was your teacher standing over you telling you gently to wake up and color. Fuck. That. You don't get to wake me up from a nap and tell me to color in a map of the United States.

Free time got marginally better in middle school, with the advent of "study

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get  
inside  
me:

defense of defense...  
budget  
by kerrymartin

drunkwalk empire  
by bendonovan and  
georgeloftus

marriage equality and the  
pride parade  
by laurafrangipane

fashion haikus  
by sarahperda

# the best news team in the universe.

## inbox



Dear **water tower**,

As a graduating senior, I feel it is imperative that some questions I have get cleared up before I leave Burlington in May for bigger and better things. As my most trusted news source on campus, I believe you, staff members of The Water-tower, have the correct investigative/journalistic resources to satiate my curiosity.

First of all, I want to know more about Kornbread. Does he have a job? How does he support himself? Does public rapping throughout Burlington pay the bills? Does he have a family? Where does he live? Did he grow up here in Burlington? How did he get into the the loud freestyle rap game? I'm sure these questions and many more could be posed in an interview with Kornbread. (Also, has anyone else noticed his delicate ankles?)

Secondly, sometimes the University Health Center parking lot behind Water-man smells like donuts. Where is that smell coming from? Where can I purchase aforementioned baked goods on my walk to class? I'm pretty sure that's it.

A concerned citizen,  
Alice Corvo

Dear Alice,

These are all valid, pressing questions, and no doubt they are on many Cata-mounts' minds. We'll do our best to bring an end to your quest for Kornbread and donuts. Thanks for reading, rock on, and always want us so bad.

James and Liz  
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](mailto:thewatertowernews@gmail.com)

**the water tower.**

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Special Thanks To  
UVM Art Department Digital Lab

## the shit list

with georgeloftus

**Epic Games**—Epic Games, makers of such seminal titles as Gears of War and Unreal Tournament, have allowed game director Cliff Bleszinski to leave the company. Granted he wanted to leave, but still. The man was a genius when it came to gameplay and Fortnite hasn't even been released yet.

**30 Rock**—The season premiered. That's fantastic, one of my favorite shows on TV, hands down. But this is the last season. It was a bittersweet Thursday.

**A Good Day To Die Hard**—Really? A fucking fifth Die Hard movie? I'm still blueballed from the last one where he couldn't even say "Yippie-kie-aye motherfucker!" We need a fifth die hard movie like we need a UTI: as in, we don't, but it's nice knowing we can get rid of it with with a little cranberry juice.

**Jim Lehrer**—This dude was a total hack. He lost control of that debate as quickly as a 13 year old girl loses control of her emotions. He didn't hold anyone to answering a single question. Neither candidate impressed me much other than their ability to artfully sidestep any question aimed towards them. Jim Lehrer failed at his job and in turn failed the American people.

**IMDB**—How the fuck does The Last of the Mohicans have only a 7.8/10 on this website? Why didn't the 66,268 users rate it higher, were their computers broken? Did their mouse not allow them to click on the 10?

## the news in brief

with coleburton

**“So the question is, does anybody out there think that the big problem we had is that there was too much oversight and regulation of Wall Street [prior to the 2008 financial crisis]? Because, if you do, then Governor Romney is your candidate.”**

- **Barack Obama** presents a basic question to the American people during the presidential debate last week. I wonder what people answered.

**“Tampering with someone’s skates is inexcusable, and I’m coming out now and admitting that I did this and acknowledging that what I did was wrong.”**

- **Simon Cho**, an American Olympic speed skater, said as he faced allegations of tampering with a fellow competitor's skates at the World Short Track Team Championships.

**“Chairs, doorbells, airplanes, bridges, games, these are all things that connect us. And now Facebook is a part of this tradition of things that connect us too.”**

- **Mark Zuckerberg** announces Facebook reaching one billion users. Funny, I don't think chairs and doorbells really connect us.

**“The Israeli government will continue to defend our borders in the sea, on the land and in the air for the security of the citizens of Israel.”**

- Israeli Prime Minister **Benjamin Netanyahu** told the press on Saturday after an unidentified drone was shot down by Israeli jets. Some members of the government propose that it was a drone from Hezbollah. The two countries continue to flex their muscles and bear their teeth in this ongoing conflict.

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

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**join the wt.**  
New writers and artists are always welcome  
**Weekly meetings**  
Tuesdays at 7:30 pm  
Williams Family Room  
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**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: It will be awful, but A Good Day To Die Hard is a great title +++ I wish there was a way I could vote for Romney's hair for president +++ The Defense Budget: abusus non tollit usum ■

## a liberal's defense of america's exorbitant defense budget

by kerrymartin

Now I grew up in a swing state. My school playground in Colorado was prowled by political bullies, ready to raise a fist to anyone who threatened their parents' gun rights and tax cuts. Setting differences aside, I befriended some of these kids while remaining a vocal democrat, but even as we grew older and our politics more sophisticated, I always bore the brunt of anti-liberal jabs and hippie stereotypes my friends had picked up at home or from Sean Hannity. But these were not dumb guys, and our friendship became an exercise in respecting and keeping an open mind to contrary beliefs while defending our own. Through it all, I remained a staunch liberal.

However, UVM's radical leftism was a rude awakening to how conservative I was, comparatively. Now don't get me wrong: I'm still your average shag-rug, bong-rip, stop-the-war liberal; I would attend Pride-fest with pride and defend any and every uterus like it's the Alamo. But I've had trouble placing myself on UVM's political spectrum; what I found here wasn't the traditional Republican-Democrat dialectic I grew up with, but rather an equally polarized split between socialism and apathy.

UVM's abundant hippies usually fall into one of those two apolitical categories (no disrespect; I love your stinky bare feet more than you know). But this is supposed to be a school of activism, and it disheartens me that the two wars we grew up with have turned many of us completely away from politics. No one has to remind me that Washington is messier and more crooked than Dick Cheney's blood vessels. But I value my democratic citizenship, and to maintain faith in the power of my vote and voice, I've come to peace with certain policies that are outside my control, and arguably outside the president's as well. One of these is the defense budget.

Now don't shit the bed; I don't hate Arabs, I don't love blowing towns to pieces, I don't think American culture should infiltrate the rest of the world. I will never

defend war hawkishness: the military's highest—and arguably its only—priority is to defend American lives when they are threatened directly. The Iraq War did not fall under this category. But perhaps we need to revisit this piece of advice from US President and Nobel Peace Laureate Teddy Roosevelt: “Speak softly, and carry a big stick.”

So just how big is our stick today? Well, in 2011, the federal government spent \$700 billion on defense, 19% of the total federal budget and 4% of the national GDP (and more than every other defense budget on the planet combined). With the Social Security bill coming in at \$725 billion and Medicare and Medicaid at \$835 billion, Defense takes third place in federal expenditure.

Yes, that's a lot of money that we'll have to pick up the check for. But it's no different from any other entitlement: it guarantees our future safety just as much as SS and Medicare/Medicaid do. There's a reason people talk about privatizing those two entitlements but not defense: security is the basest function of government, and the past few millennia have proven that militaries work better when driven by necessity, not profit. Even if our parks, schools, and small businesses suffer, we must uphold the promise that while you live on American soil, war will never uproot the course of your life.

Also, for better or worse, the American military has become intricately intertwined

with the rest of the world's defense. \$78 billion of our annual defense budget provides equipment, training, and peacekeeping services to some 150 foreign countries. In addition, we fund 27% of the UN's peace-keeping budget and 20-25% of NATO's military budget—more than any other member nation of either organization. Yes, foreign armies should grow more self-reliant, but that requires continued training, aid, and arms sales from the United States to avoid military crises and coups. We shouldn't pick up the tab forever, but weaning the world off of US military aid is a long road ahead.

And here's a big thing: I know we're far from perfect, and I could give you a list of eighty cultures I prefer to Sarah Palin's Real America, but our nation stands for international, inalienable human rights, which many world powers do not. At the end of the day, I'd rather we carry the biggest stick in the room.

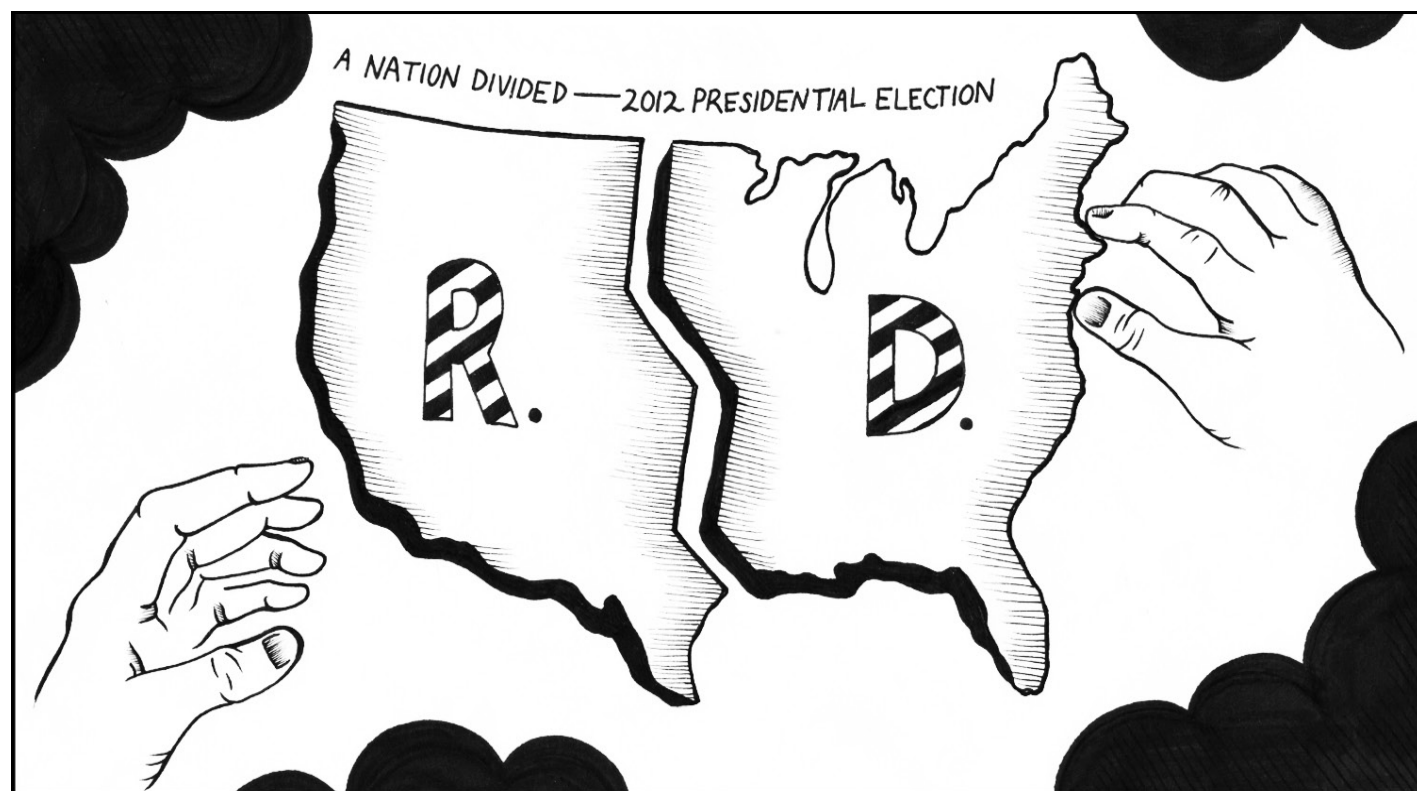
Part of me fears that we'll never be able to wield a weapon without firing it. Every war we've ever fought has been to prevent the next one, and if the billion dollars we spent per week in Iraq wasn't enough to convince us not to fight wars when there aren't guns pointed directly at American heads, then I'd rather not live to see what finally does. Perhaps the military should have to sacrifice its \$80 billion research budget to fund operations instead of relying on supplemental bills from Congress, as it did for Iraq and Afghanistan. But the most essential check on the American military is

our constituency to the executive branch, and if we gained any wisdom from fighting two wars, we should elect wiser Commanders in Chief. (It's worth noting that international approval ratings of American leadership have spiked since Obama got elected and ended the Iraq War).

Let's listen to former Secretary of Defense under Bush and Obama, Robert Gates: “What all these potential adversaries—from terrorist cells to rogue nations to rising powers—have in common is that they have learned that it is unwise to confront the United States directly or in conventional military terms. The United States cannot take its current dominance for granted and needs to invest in the programs, platforms, and personnel that will ensure that dominance's persistence. But it is also important to keep some perspective. As much as the US Navy has shrunk since the end of the Cold War, for example, in terms of tonnage, its battle fleet is still larger than the next 13 navies combined—and 11 of those 13 navies are US allies or partners.”

A lot of people argue that our military's insistence on being ahead of the pack makes the world a more dangerous place. But militarization is a necessary, inevitable component of development, and although we supply the world with more and more arms and ammunition every day, the global rate per capita of violent death has been on a steady decline since the dawn of civilization, and no one foresees this pattern changing.

My advice to you is not to let our massive defense budget deter you from civic life. We value your vote more than you can know, and you should celebrate the fact that you live in a country that listens to your views on at least some policies. Next month I'll be casting my vote for Obama in the first national election I can participate in. Please vote for someone. ■



mariel brown-fallon

## edit-undo!

last week we had a misprint where the last part of Becky Makous' article about the Innocence of Muslims video was cut off. This is the final paragraph of the article as it should have been printed. Eds.

Hopefully this video, the anti-American riots, and murder of US diplomats in Libya are the worst of it and our foreign relations with the Middle East will only improve from here. It is also important to note that this video was made by a Coptic Christian Egyptian against Muslim Egyptians; this is a predominantly Egyptian issue, not an American one. When former despot Egyptian President Hosni Mubarak was in office, our relationship to Egypt was strong. Now, we still train and fund their military, so hopefully, even under the newly elected President Mohammed Morsi of the Muslim Brotherhood, our ties with the Middle East can tighten back to the way it was in the good ol' days (just without the oppressive dictatorships). ■

# around town.

## church street cheap:

by emilyork

Aside from a general love of getting stoned, UVM students seem to have one thing in common: most of us are dead ass broke. For this reason exactly, Church Street attractions are sometimes avoided by undergrads in a vain attempt to save a few bucks. I'm not about to drop thirty dollars on an entrée from Ri Ra's when I know I can use my points to get French toast at Brennan's. Regardless, we all know downtown Burlington is awesome, and offers many different things that you just can't get on campus. The point I'm getting at here is that spending a day on Church Street isn't often as fun-filled for your wallet as it is for your wardrobe.

So this weekend I braved the elements and made my way downtown, on the hunt for things to do that don't suck, and that don't cost upwards of fifty bucks. Luckily, I was able to find something completely free and completely awesome, allowing me to come to this conclusion: street performers are the shit. Walking from one end of Church Street to the other, I passed probably four or five different musicians and they were all super impressive. Before I even made it halfway down the marketplace, I had already taken a few minutes to stop and watch a guitar player in front of Outdoor Gear Exchange. As I continued on, I noticed the same sort of thing everywhere else. No matter who was playing, most people tended to take a break from their busy schedules of pretentiously sipping overpriced green tea to listen to the music. It seemed other people had caught on to what I was just now learning. Not only is this free entertainment, but these street musicians fucking rock. Of course, they weren't the only souls brave enough to take their art to the people.

## 101 things to do at uvm before you graduate...

### ... and why most of them are dumb:

by georgeloftus

For those not in the know, there's a list circulated by Class Council containing the 101 things you're supposed to do at UVM before you graduate. They range from "get a degree" all the way to "watch the sunset on Williams Hall", so, obvious all the way to adorable. It popped up, as far as I know, a few years ago, and you know what? In all that time a lot of them are still kinda stupid. There's a lot of wasted real estate on this list. Let's begin, shall we?

- 1. Participate in the Twilight induction: I went by accident. I was under the impression there would be food there and I followed the pretty girls who lived below me freshman year. I guess it wouldn't be a good list if you wanted to do everything on it. **Verdict:** necessary for challenge.
- 2. Make a friend from each campus: Check. Except for Trinity kids. They smell weird. **Verdict:** (air motioning "jerk off" with glassed, rolled eyes)
- 3. Sit under the Flying Diaper: This was a lot easier last year before that fucking eyesore was built right next to it. But yes, waiting for the bus by Coolidge, we would wait under it when it was raining. Take it or leave it. **Verdict:** harmless, but cute.
- 4. Watch a sunset from the top of Williams Hall: Literally the only reason I saw breasts freshman year. I really hate heights, but, boobs are pretty cool. **Verdict:** deserving
- 5. Participate in the Naked Bike Ride: It's a vicious cycle... I'd have to get shitfaced to run around naked, and as soon as I get shitfaced running around naked is the last thing I'd want to do. The coolest thing about showering is I get naked and no one's there to make fun of me. This sounds like the exact opposite. I handed out water once? **Verdict:** necessary/never in a million years
- 6. Tie-Dye: I did this all the time. At summer camp. When I was 8. I don't like dressing like an asshole anymore. **Verdict:** dumb.
- 7. Ride the on campus shuttle and listen to George's words of wisdom: I could never hear George over drunk biddies on the precipice of making horrible decisions and drunk bros wondering how they could enable said horrible decisions. **Verdict:** inconsequential.
- 8. People watch on Church Street: Have you ever read one of my articles? **Verdict:** necessary.
- 9. Spend a day at North Beach: Yes. The lake water is cold enough to actually keep your beer cool, it's sort of awesome. **Verdict:** worthy.
- 10. Go apple picking: I go apple picking every week. At the grocery store. Because it's 2012. And they're the same goddamn apples. Whatever, I'm counting it. **Verdict:** dumb.
- 11. Ski and Snowboard. Often: I go sledding a lot... does that count? **Verdict:** alright.
- 12. Eat one of Charlie's famous falafel's at the Marketplace: I didn't know they had falafels at the Marketplace... I got food poisoning there once sophomore year and lost 9 pounds. Haven't eaten there since. **Verdict:** take it or leave it.

Everyone knows didgeridoo guy, that dude with all the puppets and weird looking instruments and shit. Well he's awesome too. Sitting and listening to him for even five minutes of your time can actually be really interesting. He ventures away from the acoustic, Noah and the Whale type of music that we're all so used to in Burlington and dares to play something foreign, something new. It's also clear that he really loves what he's doing, as crazy as he might appear. And need I remind you again, this is free. Who's really gonna be the asshole to complain about that?

Following didgeridoo guy, in an equally stunning performance, is the man who does literally everything. He juggles fire, balances shit, and stands on top of like a dozen chairs at a time. And I know, the chair thing sounds dumb, but it's actually amazing. He also mixes in acrobatic tricks as well, making for an incredible show that technically costs nothing at all. Of course, you're an absolute dick if you don't throw at least a fiver into his hat. What I'm getting at here is that we live in an amazing town.

As ridiculous and corny as this sounds, we are surrounded constantly by art and culture and music. It's a complete and total waste not to go downtown every once in a while and at least make an attempt to soak some of this up. And street performers are a great way to do this: they're fun to watch, really cheap, and tend to be really interesting, talented people. So make your way down to Church Street, avoid the expensive boutiques if you can, and give a few minutes of your time to these amazing performers. ■

19. Get an A in a class: Every class where attendance wasn't mandatory--British Lit, Tennis, and (surprisingly) Creative Writing. **Verdict:** you should really try to get an A in every class...

20. Study by the fountain: No. I have better things to do like clean my apartment or fall down stairs. **Verdict:** pointless.

21. Eat a Vermonster: hardest thing I've ever done in my life. I'm pretty sure that's the closest to having a baby my biology will allow me. **Verdict:** Mount Everest of the list, and awesome.

22. Go to a show at Higher Ground: Matt and Kim, Bo Burnham, Taking Back Sunday, Foxy Shazam, Of Monsters and Men. Great venue in spite of the people that work there and think every Maine ID is a fake one. **Verdict:** I don't know how you can be here for four years and not be tempted to go to a show there. Too obvious.

23. Try every flavor at Wings Over Burlington: No, that's stupid, why would I get anything that isn't Honey BBQ? **Verdict:** ambitious, but expensive.

24. Play a game of Broomball: Even though it feels like something they would do in Canada, yes I've done it. Watch out--Team Water Tower is gonna bring the hurt this season. **Verdict:** silly, but whatever. Everyone gets bored sometimes.

25. Learn to longboard: hahahahaha, no. I enjoy looking like a grown up when I move from one place to another. **Verdict:** dumber than dumb. ■

26. Join a club: You're reading this aren't you? If I weren't on a club I'd masturbate and play video games a lot more than I do, so it's nice to have something besides myself to tie my hands up. **Verdict:** a must.

27. Get a free plant from the Horticulture club: I hate the environment. **Verdict:** dumb.

28. Go up to the attic of Converse and hunt for ghosts: I'm afraid that if I go in there I'll become a vessel for Viggo the Carpathian and out of respect for humanity I refuse to go into Converse. Please tell me someone else has seen Ghostbusters 2... **Verdict:** silly but alright.



# happy hour week 6

with bendonovan and georgeloftus

We all love nostalgia. We go to 90's night at Metronome. We watch Woodstock and wish we could time-travel back to when Jimmi Hendrix was alive, hallucinogens were passed out like lolly-pops, and everyone was blissfully unaware of the STD's they were almost certainly contracting. We throw 80s parties, because as Sarah Perda pointed out last week, every red-blooded American male pops a secret boner for leg-warmers. That's just science.

But after spending a rainy Saturday watching HBO's Boardwalk Empire, we've come to the conclusion that all those other decades royally suck compared to the '20s. Everybody wore three-piece suits. Bars were for drinking whiskey and

punching people, not for DJs and bachelorette parties. If it wasn't a courtroom or a church, you could smoke in it. There was also an incredible amount of violence and corruption fueled by an ineffective ban on a substance everybody still used anyway (sound familiar?), but whatever, the '20s still kicked ass.

This week, get your nostalgia on, **water tower**-style, by watching Boardwalk Empire and getting drunk like it's 1929. We should note that these writers do not endorse underage drinking. You know, just like we don't endorse smoking, swearing, fellatio, or sarcasm.

*Got a tv show drinking game of your own? Send it in to thewatertownews@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.*

## Boardwalk Empire

Every time there's gratuitous nudity  
Every time a famous gangster's name is dropped. (Al Capone, Lucky Lucciano, etc.)  
Every time somebody casually drops an ethnic slur or a sexist comment.  
Every time Jimmy's relationship with his mother is intensely creepy.

Every time Prohibition is hilariously ineffective.  
Every time you realize you forgot how awesome Steve Buscemi is (seriously, kids—this is the guy from The Big Lebowski who ended up in a fucking coffee can)

Every time somebody gets incredibly violent out of nowhere  
Every time Agent Van Alden ( a.k.a. NOT-Joaquin Phoenix) is just a weird motherfucker.  
Every time the Commodore is a raging prick.

Finish your drink whenever the level of back-stabbing between the main characters reaches absolutely fucking epic proportions—these are gangsters in the 1920s we're talking about, after all, so prepare to lose a weekend or two to a hooch-induced fog of war.

# the virtues of walking-

by caito'hara



katharine longfellow

I will be the first to admit that I love having my car up here (Insert massive amounts of convenience). I no longer have to worry about every little shadow on my late night journeys from downtown to campus and vice versa. I can go out to Petra whenever I want to get my climb on and getting home for breaks or traveling for concerts will be easier than ever. I can make Dunkins runs when I'm missing home and get the hell out of Burlington when my head feels like it's going to explode. And ya know what? Sometimes I hate the damn thing.

As nice as it is to have my vehicle, I still choose to walk to 90% of my destinations. A car is convenient for longer trips, but for day-to-day travel in and around Burlington, walking is far more efficient. I'm from a small town, and being able to get to a drug store or grocery store without having to turn it in to a day trip is freaking awesome. I can walk from my dorm on Athletic to Rite Aid and back in the same amount of time it would've taken me to DRIVE to a Rite Aid in my hometown. And by walking? I can continue to eat like a normal human being and not waste precious fossil fuels.

I am an incredibly impatient person. I don't like waiting, standing in lines makes me twitch, and you really don't want to be in a car with me in traffic. I feel as though there's this thought of, "Oh let's just drive! It'll be so much quicker!" Yea...ever walked downtown between 4-6 pm and seen the lines of cars? Or noticed how many damn streetlights there are between campus and Church street? I thought I had, until I started getting stuck at every single light no matter my destination. Next time you take an adventure, count how many stop lights you see between start and finish. Now imagine every one of them turning red as you're attempting to reach your destination. Cue: frustration.

There are also environmental concerns to consider. We know that burning fossil fuels contributes to global warming. And the gasoline that powers our cars,

# my love/hate relationship with my car

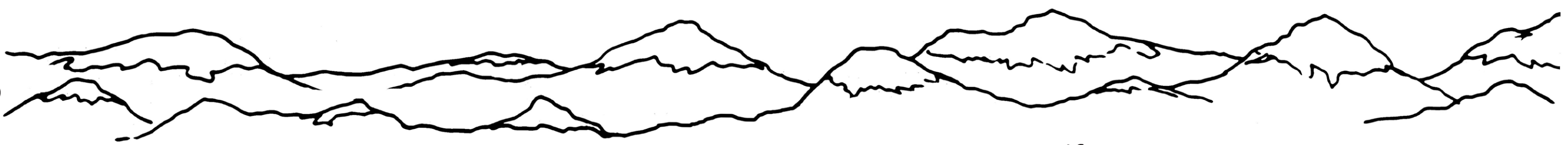
for those of you who may be unaware, is a petroleum-based product (Read as: dead dinosaurs). Cars operate with the greatest fuel-efficient when there are as few stops/starts as possible and idling is hell. In a city like Burlington, or really any town with more than the 1 1/2 stop lights mine had, stop and go traffic is a given. You're car doesn't run as efficiently, you end up burning more gas, and GODDAMNIT STOP KILLING THE EARTH!..... Sorry for that outburst.

There's an incredible sense of camaraderie when you and your friends band together to trudge your way anywhere when the weather is less than ideal. You don't get that with a car! There's no sense of unity, no surviving the elements with your closest pals or even just exchanging an acknowledging head nod with that poor unfortunate soul across the street. Surviving an outdoor adventure in the middle of January here in Burlington is more than enough to create a bond that will last.

Lastly, I don't trust people. I now understand why everyone hates driving in college towns, and yes I acknowledge it's not just us who suck balls. But really? People are stupid enough in every day life, put them behind the wheel of a half-ton, moving death machine and suddenly they seem to get a whole lot dumber. Stopping in the middle of Main Street to pull a Chinese Fire Drill and then leaving your hazards on for the next 300 yards? Go fuck yourself. I may or may not have a slight case of road rage and trying to drive through mid-afternoon traffic is enough to give me an aneurysm at 20. No thanks!

Ok, so I do love having my car. There's just a multitude of reasons that I still prefer to walk. It's better for the environment, it's my thinking time, it's far less stressful and in many ways it's easier! I'm not saying that I don't use my car, in fact I do with a surprising frequency. There's just better ways to do simple things than being the dick that drives a half-mile when you could walk there in just a bit more time. ■

# reflections.



## why being an only child is nbd

by lizcantrell

People generally give one of two responses when you say you're an only child. There's the standard, "ohmigod you're so lucky", usually accompanied by an eye roll as the person reflects upon their horror of a sibling. And then, there's the "oh... that's cool", which is a poorly disguised, conde-

scending-Wonka way of saying, "you must be a spoiled, selfish little bastard". The truth is, viewing an only child in these extreme terms is kind of like framing the "Edward" vs "Jacob" debate as only having two options, when clearly the answer is "Harry. Voldemort. One of the Weasley twins. Madame Pomfrey. The Firebolt. ANYONE but Edward or Jacob."

A common misconception is that only children either desperately want a sibling, or are total brats who are pumped they have the wishbone all to themselves. Perhaps the real answer is... they just don't care, they've been sibling-less since day one. We are a normal breed of kid, and chances are, you probably wouldn't even know unless we told you.

I'll admit that the only child stereotype exists for a reason. We all know "that person" whose parents magic genie-ed that shit and gave them whatever, whenever. You can spot 'em from a (red carpeted)

mile away. But can you really blame the kid, as irritating as they are, when the parents might have something to do with it? No one is born saying, "me, me, me!", and while that doesn't absolve only children of all high crimes and misdemeanors, it's worth noting. Not to mention there are plenty of people who have siblings, and yet act like they are the most precious things to have ever graced the earth (see: the Bush daughters, Prince Harry, Ivan the Terrible, etc.)

The reality is that only children and

kids with siblings are probably raised about the same, with one exception: only children don't have built in ammo against the rents. My dad was damn strict because I had to be protected from boys, lippgloss, TRL, and Democrats (cheers to being born in the great state of Alabama). And yes I fought back, but I didn't have any equally dramatic, hopelessly adolescent siblings to help me gang up on him, so I rarely won. That's probably the one downside.

The much more important upside is that my dad never treated me like "one of the kids". Now that I'm an "adult" (legally able to do whatever, except rent a car without giving a pound of flesh in insurance fees), we're straight chill with each other. Obviously, people with siblings can get along just fine with their rents, and this is not to say that parents with multiple children can't recognize them all as individuals. All I'm saying is that sometimes children might get lumped into a generic "kid" grouping, whether the parents intend to do so or not.

**"we all know 'that person' whose parents magic genie-ed that shit and gave them whatever, whenever."**

These minor differences aside, at the end of the day, being an only child doesn't really impact one's daily interactions. It's just a fact o' life, like long lines at New World or the unfortunate existence of anchovies. While I'm an only child, and I wouldn't have it any other way, it's not because I get more stocking stuffers or more attention, but because it has worked for my family for 21 years and that's all that matters, the same way having 19 kids all named J-something works for other people (jk that's totally cray). ■

## rowling's new venture: life after potter

by jamiebeckett

When I first heard about J.K. Rowling's new book my wand erupted the messiest patronous that needless to say, no invisibility cloak could hide.

However, upon finding out that this new book is going to be about muggles, my giddiness was short lived. *The Casual Vacancy* went on sale September 27th and will be Rowling's first adult novel, thus maintaining her worldwide fan base, none of whom ever received that goddamn letter from Hogwarts.

The Potter franchise is one of the largest the world has ever seen, so as Harry grew up so did the multitudes of us magic-crazed young'uns. Then a few years ago a measly morsel called the tales of the Beadle and the Bard was released creating another huge seller, but also a big letdown. I understand that the book was meant to be a collection of children's stories, but it still left me so unsatisfied. With that in mind along with George R.R. Martins recent notoriety as a fantasy author, I believe Rowling pulled out all the stops trying to leave her mark as a great modern writer.

Those of us who have read all the Potter books know that it is not Rowling's intricate plots that are appealing to the reader but her compelling protagonists. The ease of reading and the magic of the universe that readers are immersed in is what they wanted. However, this was when they were ten. Now they have grown up and HBO's Game of Thrones has captured the fantasy audience's attention. The unique and complex power struggles in Game of Thrones, in addition to the other underlying themes, justifies the oft-made comparison between

George Martin and JRR Tolkien. With such a prominent and talented fantasy author in the spotlight, it is no surprise that Rowling wants to be elevated to a literary upper echelon and thus is releasing a new book.

*The Casual Vacancy* takes place in a seemingly idyllic English town but beneath the façade is a town in conflict. With the unexpected death of a parish council member, the proceeding election drives the plot as the town devours itself in a struggle to resolve the conflict.

Even if it is mildly over hyped, Rowling's own take on political turmoil should prove to be an interesting read. As readers we can count on an engaging microcosm of a town that depicts a wide spectrum of people that we can find ourselves connecting too. I believe Rowling to be more than capable of tackling some of the larger questions of human nature, and I am looking forward to the choices she makes.

Some critics believe that this book will be blown out proportion, that it will receive more attention than the quality of



katharine longfellow

work deserves. Personally, I believe haters gonna hate. It's J.K. who shits gold and not Tywin Lannister. I mean she is richer than the queen of England. I hope that Rowling can deliver in *The Casual Vacancy*, producing a book that earns her place amongst the greats in modern literature (she's already there in my book). To anyone who has already read the book and thinks they are bigger and better harry potter fans than I... Crucio!!! Belatrix taught me well, I fucking meant that one, bring it! I will fight you for the biggest fan title. An open letter. ■

## if you give a state marriage equality... what happens next?

by laurafrangipane

Vermont celebrated three years of marriage equality on September 1st. It was the first state to allow same-sex marriages back in 2009. After California's brief flirtation with same-sex marriage in 2008, Prop 8, voted on by citizens, overturned the marriages by amending California's constitution to define marriage as existing only between a man and a woman. Vermont's same-sex marriages still aren't recognized federally due to the Defense of Marriage Act of 1996 (DOMA) that legally defines a marriage as between a man and a woman, which is still on the books despite widespread opposition. Regardless of how limited equality might be in the rest of the country, Vermont same-sex marriage laws show how much, for the better, a community can change.

Three years, traditionally, is the "leather" anniversary. Think "leather" in the queer community and one immediately thinks of a subculture where many take pride in wearing the material for sexual and deeply powerful reasons. At pride parades, where opportunities are offered for the queer community to be more visible and out, the leather community often participates, wearing leather thongs, straps, cages, etc. The images conjured are often BDSM in nature and often intended to be so. While they represent a happy and healthy display of sexuality, it is just that: a display of adult sexuality and orientation, something children are not a part of. I exemplify this particular subgroup not to "yuck its yum" or to ostracize it, but to demonstrate that pride events are traditionally very sexual, and thus are generally themed towards an older, if not an adult audience. At pride events in cities and states without marriage-equality law, if any children are present.

The "leather" or three-year anniversary in Vermont saw a unique change, I think, for a Pride event. Alongside beautiful expressions of sexuality, identity, and queer culture, were families. Lots, and lots, of families. Queer families, straight families, ally families, the gamut. Toddlers ran around and danced to "It's Raining Men" with Moms and Moms or Dads and Dads. Families and couples brought dogs to Battery Park of all shapes and sizes. Some children were dressed for the parade. All were well loved and included as part of the event, as changing tables, and arts and crafts for kids were among some of the amenities provided.

As it is in states without marriage equality, traditional symbols of Pride were there: rainbow flags, couples holding hands. But what was unique to this Vermont Pride was the sheer normality that marriage equality has obviously created in this state. For the kids growing up in these new families, it was just another day, and they got to see other kids and families like them. They got to hang out with Mom's friends in the park and have a big party. Speakers emphasized accepting oneself and one's body—no matter what, in whatever form—which is a message all children need to hear, however they grow up. The leather lovers, drag queens, and sexually charged put on a more family friendly show on stage. It was fun for both adults and children.

Madeleine Kunin, former governor of Vermont, spoke at the event. She recalled speaking at an early pride parade in Burlington in the 1980s and being chastised for her appearance by some Vermonters. She described firsthand the change, for the better, that Pride had become. It has become an event not just for an angry, marginalized, group of people, but for celebration, relaxation, and for families to come together. She recalled when churches protested the parade along Church Street. Now, she pointed out, churches march in the parade and hold services geared towards the queer community.

Pride was held for the first time this year in September to attract Fall visitors and college students. Next year will mark the "Fruit and Flowers" anniversary of many couples and the fourth birthday of many children I saw at pride. I am left incredibly optimistic about where the queer community is going in Vermont. I loved how normal life could be for queers, which brings hope to me and to others like me. I encourage those on the fence about marriage equality to come to a Vermont Pride: experience what marriage means to creating love, feel how normal it is to be a just one part of a sexual spectrum. ■

## DRUNKEN DILEMMA

I guess we should up the suggested fines to take into account the last 40 years of inflation...)

Dear readers, I have the solution. But let's first identify the problem. Most Burlingtonians point to students, with the Free Press arguing that "the burden of teaching civility to... youngsters" is something that the police have to deal with, because "neighbors [would] like to see [college kids] grow up and settle down." But the real issue is right up there in the second paragraph, folks, staring you square in the eyes. The problem is alcohol. (Also dub-step, but let's move on.)

College kids are quiet and studious, but drunk college kids, sometimes... not so much. I wake up to the loud, grating, ear-splitting screeches of the elementary schoolers playing down the street on a relatively regular basis, but I don't blame them. Instead, I blame their state of mind, i.e. that of a six-year-old. Likewise, when it comes to noisy college kids, we shouldn't blame them. Instead, we should blame their state of mind, i.e.

-continued from page 1

being shwasted.

My proposal: Burlington bans the sale of alcohol! Problem solved! Picture this: Sam Student has his buddy up. They split a box of Capri Sun and talk about girls while they listen to Neil Diamond. They go to sleep at 9:30 PM, and wake up refreshed in the morning. Sam's neighbors, Burlington natives Pat and Sal, enjoy a bottle of wine sparkling cider in their living room—and watch You've Got Mail, before likewise retiring early to their respective bedrooms. Detective Colin Montgomery loses his job, but it's okay because he got to go home early and play Halo with his dog. It's a good weekend.

Pearl Street Bev becomes Pearl Street Creamery. Kids with fakes and fifths become kids with wholesome pints of 2%. In addition to problems with crowding and noise, Burlington would take a tremendous step in preventing violence of all kinds, and vandalism would be similarly lessened. This is a solution with literally no downsides. Think of the homework we'd all get done! Think of the cleaning up

we wouldn't have to do!

As a different commenter on the Free Press's website states, "Every college town deals with [noisy and crowded] situations. Exception Brigham Young University perhaps [sic]." Besides number of students, political affiliation, geographic location, religious beliefs, and mascot (oh, wait, same animal, different name), the ONLY DIFFERENCE between our two Universities is the availability of alcohol. To create a cultural shift, the city of Burlington must embrace extreme measures, namely, the prohibition of alcohol within the city limits. Burlington must change from "BYO" to "BYU," and the time for that change is now.

And no, I will not listen to other ideas! I am both a Burlingtonian and a UVMer, and as the Free Press makes clear, working with others toward a common goal is less important for both groups than blaming the other group for failing to work with others. ■

## EVOLUTION -continued from page 1

halls." These designated times and rooms for studying were more often used for snacks, passing notes, and catching up on the latest issue of Tiger Beat. But still, we were confined. High school brought about this magical thing called "free periods," or whatever your high school called them. For the allotted time period, you could go anywhere or do anything... as long as you were back in time for your next class.

Enter college: class time ranges from 0-5 hours a day, and the rest is mostly unstructured time in which you can do whatever the hell you want. Want to go to Downtown Threads? Do it. Want to hit up the library? Go for it. Want to get a new piercing before Sociology? There's no administration standing in your way. As for me, I prefer to nap. Whenever, and wherever.

Remember those enormous desks in elementary school that had space to put all of your worldly possessions in? What happened to them? There is an arguable inverse relationship between desk size and amount of work received in respective stages of education. In elementary school we had desks that could fit dozens of textbooks even though we didn't have friggin' textbooks. Middle school

and high school gave way to the desks with little baskets under the chair in which you could store your books. Downgrade? Yes, but definitely still functional. There was enough desk space to fit your textbook and notebook. Enter the desks in Waterman 401. There is not enough room for a single notebook. Getting set up in my Italian class is like playing an impossible game of Jenga: Now if I put my textbook at a 45-degree angle and keep my notebook in my lap, I should be able to just fit my Speeder & Earl's mug of iced coffee and...WHY THE FUCK ARE THESE DESKS SLANTED SO THAT BOOKS DON'T STAY ON THEM. DON'T even pretend like you haven't felt that frustration. We have been seriously ripped off in terms of class seating as we've grown up. Except in Billings Lecture Hall. Those chairs are niice.

Finally, I would like to discuss music class. In our pre-college years, music class consisted of sitting in the stuffy orchestra/band/chorus room three days a week as your burned-out jazz-playing band conductor led you through the James Bond theme song for the hundredth time (which I mean with all the love in the world, Mr. Fumasoli). Or alternatively, in ele-

mentary school, it consisted of one day a week playing the xylophone—or if you were lucky enough, the glockenspiel—to "Mary Had a Little Lamb." College is a different story. There is no dedicated music class. Instead, "music class" occurs on Friday and Saturday nights at some unspecified hour, when the drunkest guy at the party decides that he wants to get laid and so picks up the nearest guitar and starts strumming Dispatch. Sometimes that guy is joined by his amigos, and they form some sort of collective that features guitar guy, guy who hits whatever object can double as a drum, and guy who spits rhymes over all of the noise (which again, I mean with all the love in the world, Don Keif [I mean it. Look him up on SoundCloud]).

Long story short, things are a lot different from our young'un days. We have evolved and revolutionized music class and free time usage to suit our new needs. However, desk size and hallway etiquette are different stories. I'm going to start group advocating the use of tasers on people who walk too slowly. I hope you will all join. ■

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# fashion five-oh.



## haute haikus

by sarahperda

We are unisex?  
Are you sure about that, man?  
Huh, that's news to me...  
- Headbands

Don't force the sleeveless,  
If it is meant to be so,  
It will come pre-cut  
- On cutoff tees

Shameful existence,  
Please don't wear me in public  
Only during sports  
- Toe Shoes

Stop teasing me, imp  
Keep me in, or let me out  
Limbo is torture  
- The boxers peeping out of your pants

Uggs aren't waterproof,  
They also lack any grip  
I'll keep you upright  
- Leather boots

I know you love me  
But can you handle me,  
betch?  
It's game on, drunkie.  
- High Heels

I could look real nice  
If you'd only give me love  
Tame me, I dare you  
- Your frizzy Hair

It is fall, asshole  
I am freezing to death here  
Save that shit till June  
- Your belly button on crop tops

I can't walk for shit  
Three to six inches too high  
Fuck it, I want flats  
- lizcantrell on high heels

Despite your beliefs  
I do in fact get dirty  
Pretty please wash me  
- Sweatshirt

I promise I look  
Better than those fugly jorts  
Get inside, you'll see  
- Jeans ■

# how to: not dress like an asshole

by georgeloftus

Bluntly, last week sucked ass. It was cold when it shouldn't have been, it was raining when we wish it weren't, and I had to read books I didn't want to. Who the fuck cares about a Marxist interpretation of film theory? I'm American, these colors don't run.

What stuck out though were the disparate ways people handled the temperamental shifts. Most responded appropriately, wearing rubber boots that went up to their knees, jackets that repelled water, and umbrellas strong enough to withstand the wind. Others did not. And I hate them.

When it's raining/cold out, don't be that asshole who wears cargo shorts with skater shoes and socks halfway up your shins. Seriously. That guy sucks. He should stay at home and eat the rest of his colored goldfish.

If you go out to a bar on Saturday and it's freezing out, don't be that girl in heels and a dress so short she's showing a skin-to-fabric ratio of 76:24. You will be stared at by every person who doesn't deserve you. That chick kinda sucks too. Remember: it's easier to treat gonorrhhea than pneumonia. Wear a coat.

Dressing appropriately for the weather is one of the most obvious indications that you're no longer a child. If you're reading this, you're at least a month and a half into your collegiate career and your mother hasn't grimaced at your attire once in said amount of time. Here are a few ways you can start dressing older than you currently look right now.

Throw away jeans with holes in them. Get rid of tattered khakis that have trailing fabric at the bottom. For the love of god, stop wearing beer shirts. I can guarantee you that I drink exponentially more beer than you, and I don't own anything that says "PBR" besides cans that haven't

been recycled yet.

Wear a fucking raincoat when it's wet out. One that doesn't absorb water, but one that's impermeable to it. Have an important presentation? Wear a tie or a blouse with a blazer. Have some pride. Throw out anything you own that has fire on it, whether red or "awesome" blue. Also, unless you have strep or you just made a major contribution towards the cure of cancer, you shouldn't wear sweatpants outside of your apartment/dorm.

Mid-drifts might be hot, but don't show them off allways. Limit it to once a week. Remember you have parents. If you own anything made out of crocodile skin (purse, boots, bracelet) throw it the fuck out. Yesterday. Speaking of bracelets, don't own any jewelry made out of leather.

Unless you're at summer camp and you're nine and you made it yourself. If that's the case, I'm sorry I said "fuck" so much, and please stop reading this paper. Wear. Socks.

Unless you're going to a themed party, don't own Hawaiian shirts. Buy them that day and return them the next. Also, ladies, wear more off the shoulder sweaters and side ponytails. Dudes, less gel. The more gel you wear, the more suspicious people will be about the rag in your right hand and why it smells so sleepy.

It takes a lot to act like a grown up, but it certainly doesn't take a lot to look like one. Consider the aforementioned advice and people might start taking you a bit more seriously. And if they don't they'll probably enjoy the rejuvenated college atmosphere that suddenly feels more academic, and less hungover. ■

# fork it over.



## ode on a rasher of bacon

by jamiebeckett

While some might write odes to fruits and vegetables, real men love meat. Bacon is the ruler of all meats for its versatility and sheer awesomeness; it literally makes everything better and it is the bane of vegetarians. While there are many who will attest to the divine powers bestowed upon this salty meat, others take matters into their own hands and have begun hoarding the world's precious swine. The impending pork apocalypse has already hit campus, for there is no place around that serves bacon worthy of my time. My supreme dissatisfaction with Brennan's bacon leaves my meaty excitement flaccid. Is it really too hard to get a few strips of nice crispy bacon?

The Chinese have a strategic pork supply that supposedly helps keep down inflation and maintain food price stability. The surge in grain prices after this summer's prolonged drought will in turn

influence the price and supply of pork. It turns out that global warming might not be the best thing for agricultural yields--who knew? (Scientists). When it comes to feeding the world's seven billion people, we might want to consid-

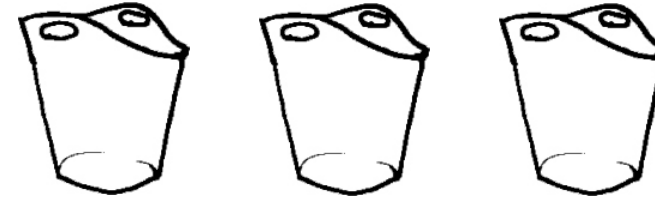
**"bacon is the ruler of all meats for its versatility and sheer awesomeness; it literally makes everything better."**

er the energy lost as it inefficiently moves up trophic levels. That is to say that it takes at least ten pounds of grain to

produce one pound of meat. With so many people hungry one might wonder why so much of our food is eaten by our food. You obviously haven't had bacon in a while.

Meat tastes great and is important in many of our diets; consuming less, however, can go a long way towards future sustainability. Such reasoning has influenced Brennan's to make Mondays meatless. They don't actually deprive any of us from our precious meat, but they do have quaint little signs asking us students to order meatless meals. Participation is voluntary and one should consider all the advantages of ordering a vegetarian option once a week. Next time you get the pancakes ask for extra potatoes instead of the pathetic strips of soggy bacon Brennan's gives you. Remember that everyone loves bacon but the price of meat is too damn high! ■

# 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

Stepping, spinning, sliding,  
Alone together in a crowd,  
Lingering: your hand in mine, your eyes on me.  
Something stirring, suddenly  
Alive, aloft, alight.  
Do I dare ask?  
Ask you to dance? To  
Never let go?  
Can I take that chance?  
Inhibitions aside,  
Now I float on your tide, and  
Give in to your salsa romance.

**When:** Last Friday night (No Katy Perry, though)  
**Where:** Patrick gym  
**I saw:** a SASSy stallion  
**I am:** supremely smitten

I get wet when you sing radiohead  
and when we play around in bed.  
Remember when we used up all the lube  
and in your mouth you place my boob.  
I walk to your house all the time  
and suck you dry like a lime.  
You've pleased me more than any guy  
you make me moan and sigh.  
It doesn't even matter that you're Jewish  
I hope our fling will continue to flourish.  
**When:** Thursday-Sunday  
**Where:** Usually your place  
**I saw:** My nugget  
**I am:** Naked in your bed

We snuggled once but I don't remember,  
I think it was in early September.  
I live on your floor and see you every day,  
you seem like quite a solid lay.  
Such a short man with such petit girth,  
What is that weight on your shoulders? The Earth?  
I know that you are straight, but you seem a bit shady,  
You can be the tramp, I can be the lady.  
I know I flirt, I know I tease,  
But I want you to be my main squeeze.  
You seem like the man, the man for me,  
You got those thighs, those thighs like Bruce Lee.  
Tonight might be the night with any luck,  
Tonight might be the night we....have sexual intercourse.  
**When:** All day, Erry day  
**Where:** Doesn't matter  
**I saw:** A hawt sexy man  
**I am:** The Barron

Do you recall the weekend that we met?  
I know you do; somehow I can't forget  
The way we flirted, spoke, and said goodbye.  
You were the girl and I was--am--the guy  
For you, but yet this life tore us apart,  
And struck me like a...quiet, in my heart.  
Two months or three; it was closer to two,  
That you had me and I...I had you.  
Eight lines I'll write, this week, and next, and next.  
For weeks it takes to write of love complex.  
**When:** an overcast day  
**Where:** on the running track  
**I saw:** her  
**I am:** the Mystery Poet

remember to check out the overflow  
on the blog!  
thewatertower.tumblr.com

# 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

**Kid doing yard work for some guy on Loomis St**  
*Older dude:* ...and you're gonna need to use the ladder to reach the windows, so you might wanna lay off the grass.  
*College kid:* I don't do that...  
*Older man:* Huh?  
*College kid:* I don't climb ladders.

**Marche checkout line**  
*Girl 1 to girl 2:* Shut up! I'm not going to make out with you and I'm NOT going to draw you naked!

**Outside of Mann Hall**  
*Girl to guy:* We have the most unimaginative sex a person could ever come up with

**Sketchy dark section of College Street, Saturday night**  
*Guy to guy:* "See that girl over there, I pogo-sticked her last night"

**Room 235 in the Marsh Life Science building**  
*Guy:* "Unless you no longer care about your testicles, you should not wear skinny jeans if you're a man!!!"

**Thursday morn, Simpson Fine Dinning**  
*Biddie:* I don't know a lot about Jewish culture. I thought they were only in America.... I just found out they were in the Middle East.

**Davis Center Marketplace**  
*Friend 1:* Do you want to go to the library with me?  
*Friend 2:* You're kidding, right? That place is Satan's fucking playground, I don't belong there.

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# tunes.



## bears versus animals

by mikestorace

Grizzly Bear and Animal Collective are two bands that have been critically acclaimed and revered by hipsters and indie music fans everywhere since their beginnings in 2002 and 1999, respectively. Both bands are well loved by both the impeccably high standards of indie music website *Pitchfork*, and comparatively less stringent ones of *Spin* magazine/website. Although they are both idolized by the same group of people, their styles could not differ more. Animal Collective boasts loud and screaming vocals, experimental electronic beats (headed by Panda Bear/Noah Lennox), and, at times, pounding guitar, that all come together to yield genuinely innovative music that cannot be characterized by a single genre.

Grizzly Bear, conversely, are more laid back, depending less on keyboard and more on percussion and enticing guitar riffs. While Animal Collective dotes on the genre of electronic, Grizzly Bear strays more towards folk. Daniel Rossen, the lead singer, coaxes the listener with his appealing voice, contrasting significantly with the vocalists Dave Portner and Noah Lennox of Animal Collective.

Both bands achieved relative mainstream success through their last albums (much to the dismay of hipsters

everywhere). Although this success is not as widespread as that of Bon Iver or Arcade Fire, the two bands have music videos in the multi-millions of views on YouTube and even have made it on to the radio. "GASP!" Animal Collective's *Merriweather Post Pavillion* and Grizzly Bear's *Veckatimest* essentially launched the two bands into indie superstardom, and fans waited in eager anticipation for the arrival of new albums. Both have delivered superb follow-ups in the form of

**"both bands achieved relative mainstream success through their last albums (much to the dismay of hipsters everywhere)"**

*Centipede Hz* by Animal Collective and *Shields* by Grizzly Bear.

*Centipede Hz* is more of a return to old for Animal Collective. Gone are the trip-pop beats of *Merriweather Post Pavillion* and returning are the yelps of old. *Centipede Hz* reminded me of the garage-rock sound of songs like "Peacebone," "Purple Bottle," "Grass," and "Native Bell" from *Strawberry Jam*, *Feels*, and *Here Comes the Indian*. A return to the traditional Animal Collective sound is not a step backward in the least, how-

ever, and *Centipede Hz* is a very solid album throughout.

*Shields* is an incredible step forward for Grizzly Bear. The band calls upon interesting electronic beats in songs such as "Gun-Shy," "Aldema," "Yet Again," and "Sleeping Ute." They also maintain faster beats in the song "Speak in Rounds" and, at times, harsher guitar. Although the band had played with sound before, they break new ground as a band with the successful music achieved in *Shields*.

In terms of body of work and overall quality of sound, Animal Collective wins. They have a superb sense of delving into music in a way not many other bands can even come close to. However, their bizarre sound upon initial contact deters the average music fan, making them inaccessible to most listeners (much to the love of their fans).

Grizzly Bear maintains a resume of only four albums compared to Animal Collective's nine studio productions. Despite this, however, every album is fundamentally sound, and *Shields* is their most thorough to date. From beginning to end, it is diverse - picking up in parts and slowing down in others, giving listeners a phenomenal performance. Best new album: *Shields!* ■



kerry martin

## the tinny tiny tunes of

# a\$ap rocky

by michaelstorace

A, money sign, A, P; the man, the legend; the choice for UVM's 2012 Fallfest. What does that money sign even mean? Are you implying that your income is greater than mine...? I would assume so! For those of you that live under a rock or simply have matured beyond university sponsored activities, A\$AP Rocky, Danny Brown, Schoolboy Q, and the A\$AP Mob visited the school on September 22 to deliver a performance to the student body.

I attended this event with a very open mind. I think that A\$AP Rocky generally has a good sense of flow. His rhymes aren't half bad and his beats are generally phenomenal. His live performance, on the other hand, did not live up to my moderate expectations. I do not blame the performers for this! A\$AP Rocky and the A\$AP mob had tremendous stage presence and put on a good show. Although I do not know who this "mob" even is, they were constantly dancing around the stage and managed to keep the audience very much enthused and entranced with their antics.

The bottom line is that

UVM sponsored events put on in Patrick Gym WILL NOT be good. This is a very unfortunate fact as the school devotes a significant amount of money to the UVM Program Board. Under different circumstances, this concert might have been more enjoyable; however there were several factors that caused this show to be below average:

First, sweaty freshmen boys do not make a good crowd. This was a rap concert, and was 150% a grinding show. Anyone who had listened to A\$AP before knew that, and everyone who planned on going was absolutely certain of that. Unfortunately, the girl to guy ratio was abysmally low, forcing a lot of male bumping and shoving. Male attendees simply latched on to the few women in the audience and would not let go. This crowd dynamic, however, will always be the case for a school-sponsored activity.

Also, Patrick Gym has terrible acoustics for concerts. Shows in Patrick Gym will not be heard properly, plain and simple; the music sounds tinny and distant. For this show in particular, I could not even hear



ben berrick

the beats that make A\$AP as good as he is. All I could distinguish was the faint rapping of the men on stage. To most, this didn't really seem to matter, as the music was an afterthought to the inebriated, albeit hopeless, search for women to grind with. I on the other hand go to concerts primar-

ily for the music and was disappointed when a subpar presentations.

The sad fact that concerts will never be good when Patrick Gym is the venue is one that UVM students will simply have to deal with. Bottom line A\$AP Rocky was definitely better than Mac Miller. ■

# créatif stuffé.



to the

## kids who play guitar in dormitory basements

by anonymous

To the kids who play guitar in dormitory basements: not up the stairs on dormitory beds on tipsy saturday nights in the hopes of luring girls to go past first, singing in the same hoarse voice, same chords, generic indie crooning, knowing exactly how to get the freshmen girls-any girls-to start swooning

To the kids who play guitar in dormitory basements: totally entranced in their own world, fingering out obscure chords, struggling to remember words, cacophony of drums, amplifier static, erratic singing, unbridled joy and ecstasy.

To the kids who play guitar in dormitory basements: you are the ones worth keeping around, the ones whose minds are sound, feet on the ground, as close to earth as you can get, unlike those up the stairs, trying to touch the sky without even really knowing why, it's all a game, if you can win then you're victorious, glorious

To the kids who play guitar in dormitory basements: allowing yourselves to be alone with your thoughts, granting your mind the chance to explore itself, travel to new depths, figure out the way, face the emotions, memory uneroded, deal with harsh realities and move on instead of pushing on without contemplating, experiencing, fully feeling

To the kids who play guitar in dormitory basements: perhaps this was a bit directed, perhaps these musings are based in the confusing, abusing finale of love lost, curtain drawn, audience applause, encore? not a chance that was not romance

To the kids who play guitar in dormitory basements: i tip my hat to you, for in some way unknowable to you, you have restored my faith in the guitar.

## boxing day

by katjaritche

He knew he'd never do it, but something drove him anyway to run a hand over the worn-smooth rifle, dusty in its rack on the wall. Even though he didn't want to, there was something powerful about just touching an object that, if picked up at the wrong time (or maybe just the right time, he thought perversely), and if held in a certain way, could end his very existence. He got the same feeling every night when he cupped the little, orange, plastic bottle in his hand and peered inside at the happy, rounded capsules. They were very different experiences, touching a stately antique rifle and considering a mundane bottle of pills, but both reminded him sharply of his impermanence and made him fear sudden impulses.

Sean put his hands suddenly into his pockets, realizing he still had a hand on the gun through this reverie, as if keeping it there would drive that fatal urge into his brain. He had thrown on yesterday's khakis again—or had he slept in them?—and his left hand hit the folded program from the day before, printed on cheap paper at his mom's office, "In Loving Memory of The-

odore White" typed in stupid cursive and bearing evidence of the old work-printer being low on toner. They'd all packed into the Catholic church for which Grandpa Ted harbored so much hatred. That hatred had been passed down to Sean's mother, but her complaint was less "singing" to that goddamn organ at the ass-crack of dawn

and more the gauzy, white church-blouse Nana Ann always wore. She could always see the purple bruises the size of Grandpa Ted's meaty fingers through the sleeves. Sean had never even met Nana Ann, and so he wouldn't have known any of this except for the conversation he'd had with Aunt Claire when she got drunk at Christmas, so he knew to watch for his mother staring up at the foreboding stained glass of her childhood, shaking like a leaf.

**"while everyone else reacted in loud, emotional outbursts, Sean found himself really just kind of put off by the whole thing."**

The rifle was the last thing in the attic to be put away, and Sean surveyed all the packed boxes around him, his day's work. He hadn't shed a tear at the funeral, putting on instead a fake stoicism that made all the female relatives clutch his shoulder, tell him what a strong young man he was, and shed more tears in his place. Everyone

had seen it coming, but no one saw it coming like this, and while everyone else reacted in loud, emotional outbursts, Sean found himself really just kind of put off by the whole thing. He supposed, in the end, Grandpa Ted had gone how he wanted to—or, at least, that was enough of an explanation to quiet his conscience. He lifted the old rifle off the rack and supposed he should wrap it in newspaper.

As he did so, he fixed his eyes on the

## the cipher

with kerrymartin

*Stretch out those hip-hop hamstrings, UVmcees, 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 explore Columbus Day.*

It's that time of year, the day of celebration To honor the man who discovered this nation. We've turned forest to lumber, field to plantation And oppressed the natives who we thought to be Asian. Columbus Day? Sounds like a pandemic. We honor the men who made blankets pathogenic, Who made contagion systemic, founding eugenics That would be later picked up by UVM academics. No estoy de acuerdo con ese gran día Por el hombre que vino y nos oprimia. Celebrar el conquisto es mal fantasia, Llegó y robó todo lo que queria. White men came to rape the land and its people To save them with the gun, bottle, and steeple. *by embittered emcee Kerry Martin*

Oh another long week and it tastes so sweet You mean I don't have class? Awww man I'm beat! Friday, Sat'day, Sunday boozin' Wrap it all up with some Monday snoozin' I'm saying fuck school cause it's so cruel Give me so much work, I'm feeling like a drug mule. Monday will be my day of R & R Let's bless Columbus for coming this far On this day, we reflect nationwide with respect Conquistador, murderer, explorer of the West America, we're taking the day off...

... Wait...what? So we have school? No shit. Fuck it, I quit! *by lackadaisical lyricist LL Cool G*

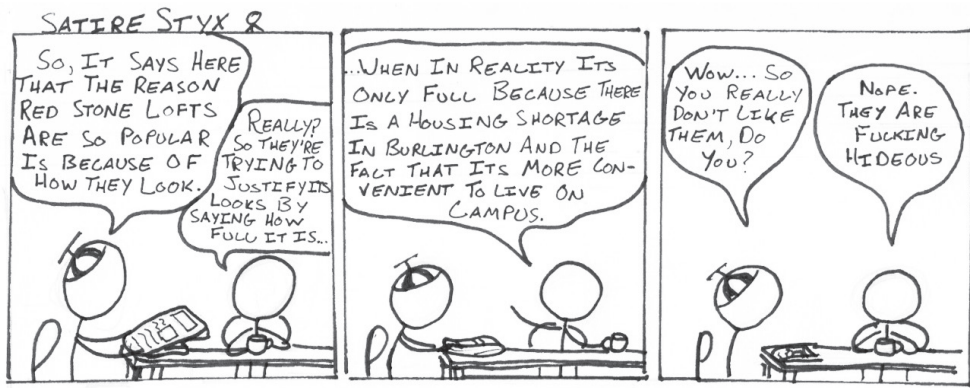
*Next week, we disenfranchise Mitt Romney. The week after, we crack Crossword Puzzles. Send your raps for either week to thewatertownnews@gmail.com with the subject "My flow is too grimy, Ganges River" or something to that effect. Best rapper of the semester wins a \$25 gift card to Boloco! ■*



# cat litter.



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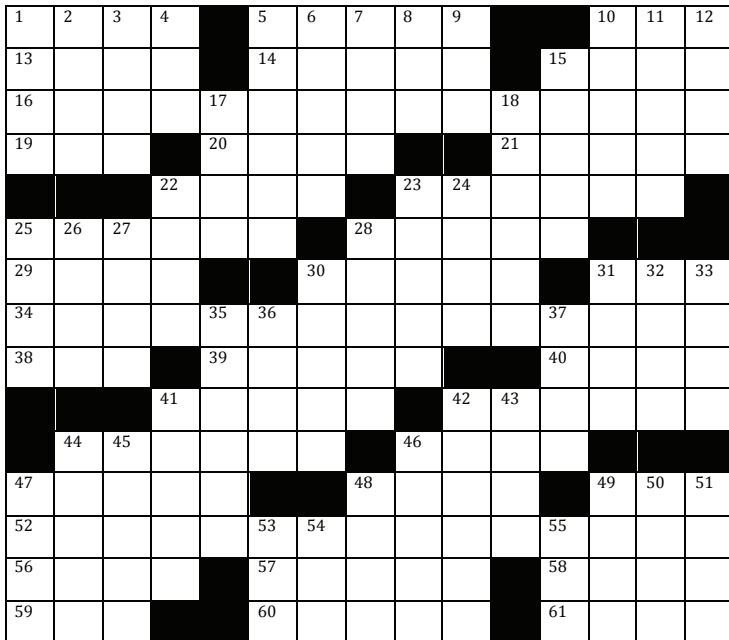
## First one to \$ Whoredom is Leader of the Free World



\* campaign contribution figures from <http://www.opensecrets.org>

## Le Crossword Puzzle

### WYSIWYG



#### Across:

1. Scot
5. Slang
10. Sha
13. Else
14. Alien
15. Neal
16. Call an Ambulance
19. Two
20. Rims
21. Evoke
22. Data
23. Augers
25. Hereby
28. Sepal
29. Open
30. Optic
31. Dad
34. See the Funny Side
38. Eel
39. Extra
40. Tree
41. Gapes
42. Friend
44. Neuron
46. Pair
47. Faxes
48. Aero
49. Bat
52. Raise Objections
56. Acts
57. Grave
58. Tuna
59. UPS
60. Tares
61. Star

#### Down:

1. Sect
2. Claw
3. Oslo
4. Tel
5. Sanity
6. Llama
7. Aims
8. Neb
9. Gnu
10. Senor
11. Hacks
12. Alee
15. Navel
17. Arab
18. Legacy
22. Dent
23. Aetna
24. Up In
25. Hose
26. Epee
27. Reel
28. Spurs
30. Often
31. Dire
32. A Den
33. Deed
41. Guess
42. Farces
43. Riot
44. NAACP
45. Exits
46. Peeve
47. Frau
48. A Jar
49. Bout
50. Anna
51. Tsar

## So... You wanted to ride a Fixie

