



the water tower.

uvm's alternative newsmag

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romnocalpypse: a prophecy fulfilled

by kerrymartin

These are harsh times. We have an Arab nation in a full-fledged civil war, escalating drug violence throughout Latin America, and ongoing soldier and civilian deaths in Afghanistan. 2012 has witnessed fatal shootings and ruthless wildfires; economic crisis and restriction of the press; religious extremism and Ryan Lochte.

So yeah, the average news broadcast isn't exactly kid-friendly (unless your baby eats his formula over episodes of Breaking Bad). But I'm not the only one who finds it difficult to believe the long-dreaded Mayan prophecy that predicts the apocalypse occurring in a month and a half. I mean, as a species, we've seen bleaker times than right now—the Black Death, World War II, Donald Trump's presidential campaign—so 2012 just doesn't feel like the last year of humanity.

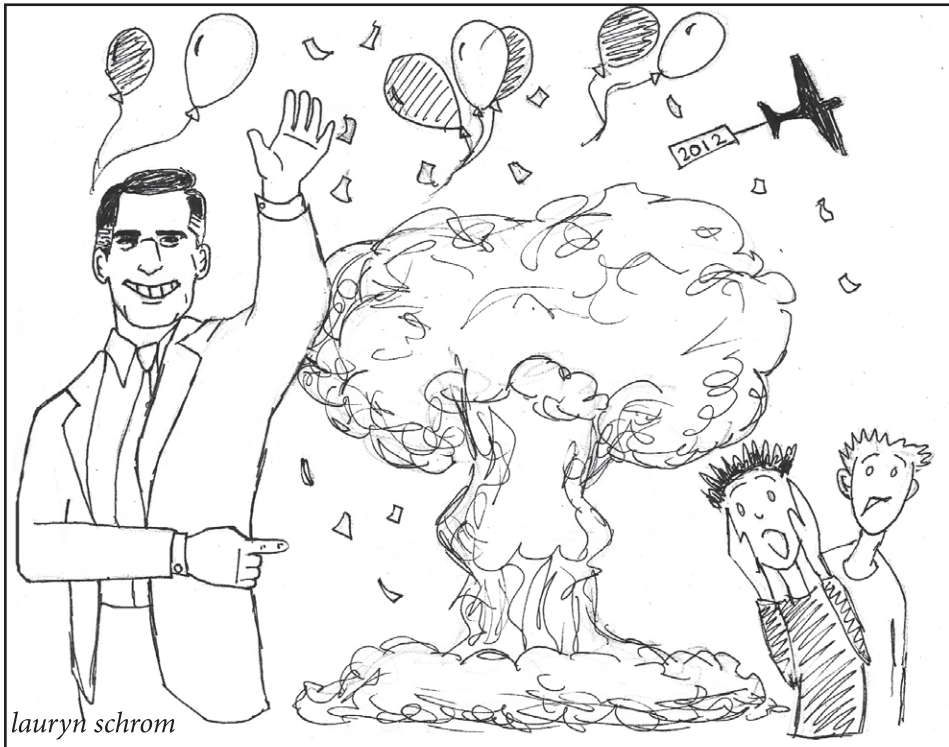
Still, this Mesoamerican myth worries everyone from anxious Albanians to zany Zulus. The Mayan Long Count projects December 21st, 2012 as the end-date of the 5,125 year long cycle; the implications are unclear but seem weighty. Humanity would be rash not to heed this warning. The Mayans were pretty reliable. After all, they made a calendar.

But what could bring about our doom so quickly? Will Iran gain nuclear capabilities despite crippling economic sanctions. Will a spike in ozone deterioration melt the ice caps faster than we'd ever imagined, Will the NAACP name Bill O'Reilly as its next spokesman?

No. Much worse.

The answer occurred to me the other day, and, fighting back pangs of terror, hysteria, hopelessness, I write this warning so that we can get together, fight back, and do whatever is necessary to disprove this mortal Mayan prophecy. The following is a play-by-play account of our last six weeks as a species if we fail to fulfill our race's greatest mission:

November 6th: Mitt Romney and Paul Ryan win the United States' presidential elections with 50.2% of the popular vote. Several poll watchers accusing Romney of election fraud disappear in mysterious



“dressage accidents.” On live television, President Obama quaffs whisky and tells the American people they are fucked. He also admits that his American birth certificate was a forgery.

November 8th: After days of looting and rioting, American democracy is on the

as a species, we've seen bleaker times than right now—the black death, world war II, donald trump's presidential campaign.

brink of collapse. In the country's urban centers, Republicans and Democrats have formed military juntas, battling block by block for territorial control. Each side has made its voice clear: the liberals continue to occupy, picket, and whine, while the conservatives deep-fry and mutilate Michael

Moore's body in the middle of the New York Stock Exchange.

November 10th: Canada closes borders after an influx of eighty million American immigrants, most of whom instantly put their names on waiting lists for free Canadian organ implants. Canada complies by beginning genocide of Inuit tribe to harvest their hearts and livers.

November 11th: President-elect Romney declares an official “War on Vaginas.” Soon after, Hillary Clinton gets stoned to death for letting Bill sleep with Monica.

November 12th: Premier Hu Jintao puts Chinese manufacturing into overdrive in preparation for the American economy

vermont ballots: local politickin'

by laurafrangipane

“I registered to vote here at college because I really want to be a full born Vermonter already, what do I do now?!” Don't panic, my friend. Your ballot is going to be full of decisions you have to make. Here's what some of the more major choices look like. We'll talk through them, but you'll still have to fill the bubbles in yourself.

After you vote for your 2012 President (you do know that's happening, right?), you'll be faced with Vermont's US Senate race. This is one of the people that goes and sits in Washington in the Senate and votes for laws and stuff. Right? Remember that?

Senator Bernie Sanders is Vermont's incumbent candidate, and people really seem to like him. He's an independent, he's a little out there (he likes socialism, is very pro-green policy, and was known under Bush for his choice to filibuster many bills. He'll probably win whether or not you vote for him. He likes the gays, he likes universal health care, and he's liberal as hell. Vermonters aren't gonna hate that. Bernie's running against some notable characters:

Peter Diamondstone. The “I hate Bernie Sanders” option. He's running for the Liberty Union Party, but he's really a big fat old (75, retired) socialist from New York. He's going to keep on running till the day he dies anyway, so you'll have your chance in two years if you miss out now.

Cris Ericson. This lovely lady is a candidate from the US Marijuana Party. Which I think is about all she can comprehend. From the Senate Debate: “When President Obama spoke about the big yellow bird, I don't think he was talking about [Big Bird]. I think he was talking about China. You know, Chinese people, Oriental people are referred to as yellow.” Eesh. I cringe.

Laurel LaFramboise. From the “Keep It Short and Simple” Party. Unfortunately, her plan is far from simple: get a constitutional amendment simplifying legislation to create more transparency in government. Good luck, girl.

Peter Moss, of the Peace and Prosperity Party. He's an old, washed up hippie with no chance. He has a ten point program for what he wants to enact if elected which includes ideas like single-payer health insurance, a one-term limit to remove professional politicians, certain kinds of voting by telephone, removing judges from office and getting rid of lawyers (!), and eliminating certain lobbies (based on whether they're

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...read the rest on page 3

get inside me:

el corjito
by caito'hara

triple trouble
by staceybrandt

going commando
by sarahperda

keane's strangeland
by rebeccalaurion

the best news team inbox in the universe.



Dear readers,

Election Day is finally upon us. Today, people across the country go to the polls to choose a President, Senators, Congressmen, and Governors, and to vote on a host of issues at the state and local level. For many of you, this is the first time you're eligible to vote. Don't waste it.

We're not going to tell you who to vote for—we've probably done more than enough of that already. What we are going to tell you is this: vote, you lazy goddamn hippies! It's no secret that voter turnout among young people is pathetically low; it barely inched above 50% four years ago, and it's been much lower most years. This isn't how it's supposed to be. There are only a handful of countries where people get to vote for their leaders and have those votes counted fairly and accurately. This is one of them. There are huge issues at stake this year. How will we handle the rising tide of democracy in the Middle East? How will we deal with our own economic problems here at home? How will we come down on issues like marriage equality, the environment, gun rights, student loans, and access to healthcare? Today, you get to have a say in all of that.

We've written before about "slacktivism"—when college kids spend lots of time looking and sounding like they're politically aware, and very little time actually doing anything. It's a behavior way too many students here at UVM are guilty of.

Today's your chance to change that. Get out there and vote. Turn off the X-Box. Stop tweeting. Take part in the great democratic experiment that is the United States of America. You have no excuse not to—if you don't take the time to vote, you will have no right to complain, and every right to expect a boot in the ass from **water tower** staff writer Ben Donovan.

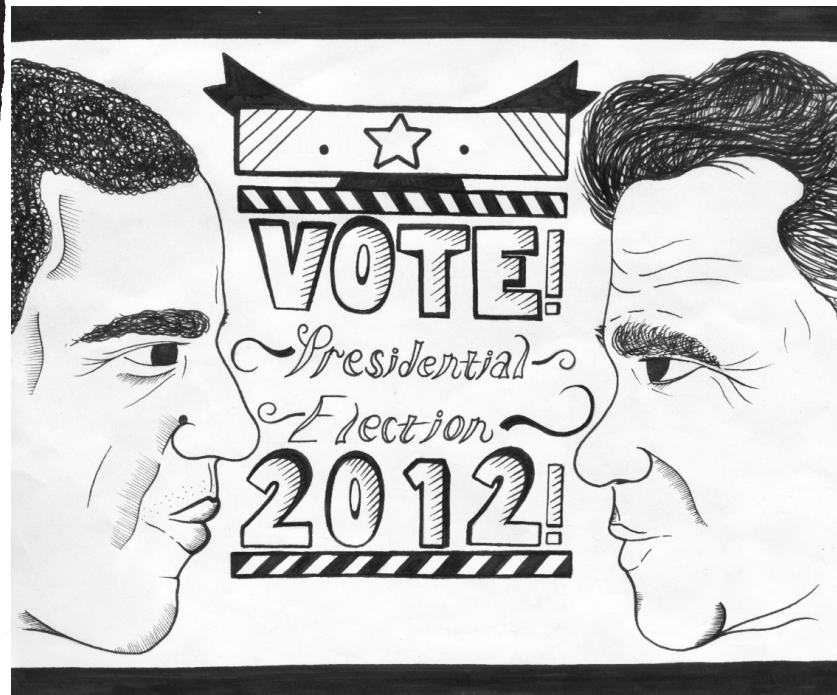
This is your time. Go change the world.

Sincerely,

the water tower

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



mariel brown-fallon

the water tower.

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ROMNOCALPYSE—cont. from page 1

to tank once again. Millions of laborers die in overstretched mining operations and factories, so China begins shipping widows overseas to work as concubines at Mitt's numerous manors.

November 14th: Thrilled at the imminent demise of American global authority, Russian President Vladimir Putin rebuilds the Berlin Wall by himself in the middle of the night, shirtless. The confusion that ensues causes the collapse of the European Union. Millions of hopeless Europeans book flights to Greece to riot on the beach.

November 17th: Biden splits from government, takes military, and decides to invade Mexico, postponing explanation to American public. Tanks roll south until American troops kill the last penguin in Argentina, conquering the Western Hemisphere.

November 18th: A Category 3 hurricane hits Washington D.C. and destroys the FEMA headquarters. Biden pulls troops out of Chile and invades New Orleans.

November 22nd: Romney is caught "giving thanks" to one of his newly imported Chinese concubines. In response, he exiles media to North Korea, where Kim Jong-un pays them to continue making fun of US politicians. American media is silenced; *The New York Times* becomes a

dirty mag.

November 23rd: American commerce has deteriorated to a barter system, rife with human trafficking. On Black Friday, so many children are traded for iPhone 5's that American public schools actually begin to function properly. The government lacks the manpower to continue occupying South America, so it converts Brazil's schools into training camps.

December 4th: Rioting in Greece does not prove as fun as the Europeans expected because Putin arrives, sunbathing and stealing all the ladies. They hear the riots in Lebanon are better and book flights.

December 6th: An earthquake levels Los Angeles. No one cares. Massive flu strikes Utah. Same response.

December 11th: The Inuit nation has been robbed of organs. Polar bears move south, feast on the bodies and establish a civilization.

December 14th: Israel faces a new threat: drunk European tourists fighting alongside Palestinian nationalists for control of the West Bank.

December 19th: Flu spreads. Obama tries rallying his sickly populous to fight the army of polar bears closing in from the north, but even if the US Military weren't with Biden in South America, restoring order, democracy, and prosperity to favelas,

it would have trouble rivaling the bears' incredibly sophisticated weaponry and field tactics.

December 20th: Delegates of the African Union, now the world's most stable international organization, drink beer and laugh as the major world powers go to shit.

December 21st: North America is overrun with polar bears, who have established martial law and forced the remaining—infected—humans into ghettos. Famine ravages South America as former US generals slaughter thousands. A third of China's population remains, and no one remembers that Australia exists. Every major world leader has a finger hovering over the big red button, waiting for an advisor to say, "drop the bombs." The waves stop crashing, the birds stop singing, and the world holds its breath. Jesus knocks on Romney's front door, but before he can introduce himself, Romney insists that he loves the Mormon faith and will not be converted. Jesus tries to explain, but Romney gets irritated, and a battle of wits escalates to a physical tussle. Romney knees Christ in the stones, so Jesus pulls on Romney's thousand-dollar hair cut, yanking it off entirely. Romney, dead, slumps to the ground and from his bald scalp pours a darkness that consumes the earth. ■

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

contact the wt.

Letters to the Editor/General

thewatertowernews@gmail.com

Editors-in-Chief:

watertowereditor@gmail.com

Advertising:

watertowerads@gmail.com

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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: +++ Temperature in NYC drops, city officials worry as many are newly without heat +++ Syrian rebels capture crucial oilfield +++ Coptic Church chooses Pope +++ Coptics have Pope

beyond the white house: five key races to watch

by bendonovan

Most of us have been watching the presidential election. (You have been watching, right? Because it's really goddamn important.) However it ends up tonight, the election may very well come down to one or two states. Beyond the White House, though, is a series of contentious battles for seats in the Senate and the House of Representatives. The Senate is especially close; with thirty-three seats up for election this year, the Republicans hope to erase the Democrats' three-seat majority, only to be confounded by a series of unexpectedly tight races. Here are a few to keep an eye on:

Virginia Senate—George Allen (R) vs. Tim Kaine (D)

This election is significant for a couple of reasons. First, demographic shifts and a changing political mood in Virginia have made this once-reliable red state increasingly unpredictable politically. After voting for Obama in 2008, the state swung back to the right the following year and elected a Republican Governor who is on record stating that women shouldn't work outside the home. Both the presidential and Senate races this year are in a virtual dead heat, and could very well serve as a bellwether for other swing states. Second, both candidates are considered heavy-hitters within their party; Kaine is a former Governor and Democratic National Committee Chairman, while Allen is also a former Governor who served in the Senate from 2000 to 2006, losing reelection by less than 10,000 votes, largely due to a series of racially insensitive public comments during the campaign.

Which way the state will go this time around is anybody's guess. Friday's polls had Kaine up by one point, but a lot can happen in a couple of days.

Wisconsin Senate—Tammy Baldwin (D) vs. Tommy Thompson (R)

This race looked like a sure thing for the Republicans. Thompson, a popular former Governor who also served in the Bush administration, enjoyed double-digit polling leads for most of the summer over Baldwin, a seven-term Congresswoman whose positions are significantly to the left of those of the state's electorate. Baldwin chiseled away at that lead over the past few months, however, and now it's anybody's race to win, with various polls showing either candidate up by just a hair.

The race is interesting because Wisconsin is the home state of Representative Paul Ryan, the Republican nominee for Vice President, although it's unclear if that will give the Romney campaign an edge. If it does, expect Thompson to ride in on those coattails. It's also significant because if Baldwin wins, she will be the first openly gay woman to be elected to the United States Senate.

Massachusetts Senate—Scott Brown (R) vs. Elizabeth Warren (D)

Senator Scott Brown won the special election to fill Ted Kennedy's seat when the long-sitting Democrat died in 2009. Since then, he's earned a reputation as a moderate Republican, breaking with his party to vote for the Democrats' jobs bill and refusing to go along with some of the more radical budget cuts proposed by some Republicans. He'll need that reputation to keep his seat in the heavily left-leaning state.

Warren, an expert in bankruptcy law and a longtime advocate for financial reform, served briefly as a special advisor to the new Consumer Financial Protection Bureau created by the Democrats in 2010. (A note to readers: this is the federal agency that makes sure banks and credit card companies can't totally skull-fuck you. Republicans opposed its creation and still refuse to approve funding for it.)

Warren is currently polling several points ahead in an election Republicans once thought was safe, which could thwart their hopes for retaking the Senate. A victory for Brown, however, would prove an important rallying point for blue-state Republicans. Also, this is neither here nor there, but he's got two smokin' hot daughters. Seriously, Google 'em. You'll thank me later.

VERMONT BALLOTS—continued from page 1

"bad" or not). I'm not sure but I think Romney's five point plan,

John MacGovern. Oh right, he's the Republican. Yeah, we have one of those, too. He's a rich, white guy. Next.

Next you'll pick your US Representative to Congress. There's some third party candidates here too, including Andre LaFramboise (sound familiar?) of the "Keep it Short and Simple Party". But here are your two major candidates.

Representative Peter Welch is your incumbent and Vermont's only Congressman. He's your Democratic/Working Families candidate. He's well-liked and has a strong advantage here in our liberal atmosphere. He's been in since 2006, replacing Bernie Sanders, and seems to be doing a great job, receiving high marks from organizations like Planned Parenthood.

Mark Donka is your Republican candidate and a police officer from Hartford, Vermont. He's making a strong and responsible fiscal policy his main platform: less governmental spending.

Governor: you know what that is,

right? Two big choices:

Peter Shumlin is your incumbent, Democratic/Working families candidate (sense a pattern?). He's a businessman with his own travel company, and a strong opponent of the Yankee Nuclear power plant, which is up for extension in Vermont. He's pro-choice, pro-"Team Kale," (an organization that promotes healthy eating in Vermont), and believes in health care for all.

Randy Brock is originally from Philly (sorry, hometown thing, gotta throw it out there), and he's your Republican candidate. He's currently serving in the Vermont State Senate. He has a military and detective background, and a strong opinion of what he views is right, and what is wrong. He's wealthy, conservative, and big on eliminating waste and fiscal responsibility. Brock is an African-American candidate and recalls his own experience with racism. He's going to make the race between these two candidates a close call.

One small candidate I'd like to point out to you is **DJ Llu Mulvaney-Stanek** for Justice of the Peace in Burlington. Llu

has been an out and queer DJ at First Friday, a local radio personality, and a counselor at Outright Vermont for a number of years now. Llu is (as far as I can tell) the first queer to run for Justice of the Peace in Burlington. It's certainly not a reason to vote for someone, but it's certainly not a reason not to vote for someone, and probably a race most of you would never have noticed otherwise. Llu really wants this and believes strongly in giving the gift of marriage equality to others.

Finally, after you pick out all your candidates, you'll be asked four big questions. The first is on a city bond program, that allows the city to take out a bond to strengthen its finances, which were recently downgraded by credit rating agencies, largely caused by past deals with failing Burlington Telecom, the now largely underwater TV and communications provider. Burlington Telecom continues to owe the city tons of money and has no way to pay it back. The idea behind the bond is that it is a way to pay for some expenses without raising taxes, and it is more stable

for the city than borrowing small amounts of money each year. It's strongly supported by our current Mayor Miro Weinberger.

The second question is on Weinberger's waterfront rebuild project, which is estimated to cost about six million dollars and would construct and renovate portions of land along the waterfront, including the Moran plant downtown. The rebuild would create a skate park and extend Lake Street.

The third is a tax increase that would raise property taxes by one half cent on the dollar to raise funds for improving and renovating the city bike path along the waterfront. These two plans are different. The first will not raise taxes, as the money comes from businesses estimated to participate in the rebuild. The second does raise taxes, but the money goes to a public parks project.

Finally, you are asked whether or not you believe Burlington should support decriminalization of marijuana. The results of this poll will help Burlington lawmakers vote on the issue next year. ■

around town.

bring it around town

burlington's best running routes

by marissabucci

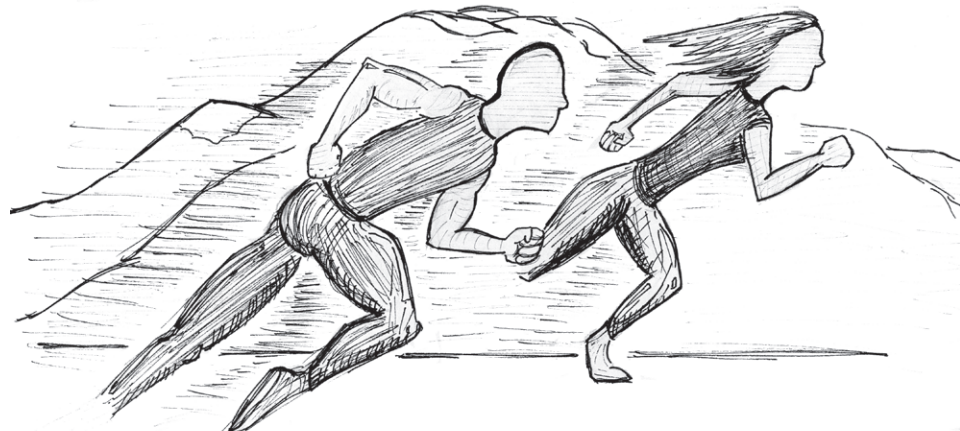
We have only a few short months before the commencement of ski season, when all of us will run for the hills (figuratively) to ski/snowboard whatever mountain struck our fancy enough to buy a season pass for. We still have some free time to kill, and I offer you an excellent way to spend those hours: running.

I'll start with the first and most obvious: the Spear Street bike path. The path starts behind the gym and gently rises and falls past the golf course and the UVM farm. It's a highly populated route; you'll see runners, walkers, and bikers of all ages and sizes, and most of them give a friendly smile or wave. The route provides a good workout without taking you too far away from campus.

Rating: 4 stars

I also frequent a 1.5 mile loop that starts on Athletic. Here's the skinny: run down Main Street towards the lake. Turn left on Summit Street. Follow Summit until Cliff Street, and make a left. Turn right onto South Prospect, and enter Redstone by CWP. Proceed back to Athletic. Yes, I am spewing directions on directions at you, but I promise that it's worth it. Summit Street parallels the campus of Champlain College, and the view of the lake is fantastic. When you look to your right and see Lake Champlain beyond the picturesque houses that line the road, you'll forget all about the 200 pages of reading and three essays that you have to write. Yeah, it's that good.

Rating: 5 stars



Next comes the hospital loop. So, here's how it works: run down Main Street towards South Burlington. Turn left at the entrance to campus right before East Ave. Follow the parking lot to the hospital and bear right when you reach Fletcher Allen. The road will take you around the hospital and deposit you on Colchester, right near Trinity. Sure, it's a little creepy and austere and carries you past the Mary Fletcher building or whatever it's called—my point is, it looks like an insane asylum, and the first time I ran past it I quickly looked the other way. There I was treated to an unbelievable view of the foliage and mountains. I'm serious: this view is breathtaking. It's definitely worth the creepiness and traffic.

Rating: 3 stars

Here's my long story short: time is ticking away. Soon, the only places left to run will be a treadmill that you have to watch 3 hours for—and once you get on, you're subjected to a Keeping Up With The Kardashians marathon—or the humid and suffocating indoor track. Seriously, signups for treadmills

at the gym are the worst thing known to man. We live in a fantastic state that has nearly unmatched beauty and scenery. Take advantage of the paths and trails before they get covered in ice and snow for the next 7 months. ■

the shit list

with georgeloftus

Halloween after Halloween—Halloween sucks, so how did we end up with three of them this year? I was given shit for dressing weather appropriate clothing two weekends in a row. This is not ok. I don't enjoy looking like an asshole/ exerting effort to make myself look creative and fun. If I wanted to fit a mold I wouldn't write for **the water tower**. And then I'd say 'fuck' less.

Microsoft/343 Studios—Seriously? You're going to release your biggest title of the year on Election Day? Our demographic always has the lowest voter turnout, do you really think releasing Halo 4 the one day you're supposed to do something for your country that doesn't involve holding a gun is a good idea? Between being inconvenienced at a local elementary school, or walking downtown to a GameStop, what do you think Joe College is gonna do?

Disney—I'm elated someone besides George Lucas gets to touch the Star Wars franchise now, but I'm sad that the comics will soon no longer be printed at Dark Horse, especially since Brian Wood's (the amazing writer behind DMZ) new ongoing sequel to the original films is set to come out in January.

Merril Roxy—Thanks a lot, guys. I didn't want to see Wreck It Ralph on Friday like the rest of the country anyway. I'm really glad you had five showings of Moonrise Kingdom for four months, but god forbid you get a movie that comes out this quarter of the year. Next time I go there and use your bathroom-- I'M GUNNA WRECK IT!

Main St./Burlington—You re-brick Church St. Every year. Every year. Yet, right by UVM on Main St. there's a series of manhole covers that protrude about 3 and a half inches into the road. This is 2012, is there not some type of science that allows us to be able to fix this? Even Berlin after World War II had flat roads, what the hell, guys, this is 'merica.

Phillip Rivers—Congratulations, you only threw one interception this week! This is the first time in a month you've scored double digit fantasy numbers, and by proxy, the first time in a month I didn't cry on a Sunday. You are the only quarterback more disappointing than Cam Newton. Remember when you were relevant? Me neither. I like you less than Romo now.

el cortijo a tale of (more than) two tacos

by caito'hara

I like good food. And I like drunchies. And I feel as though these two delights of life just refuse to get along and insist upon existing separately. Especially when it comes to ordering out; sure it'll be damn good when your drunk at midnight but it may not necessarily be the greatest. Ladies and gentleman, a drum-roll please, introducing! El Cortijo Taqueria.

Typically when one thinks of drunchies involving tacos, they generally think of the late night Taco Bell runs from high school. But El Cortijo elevates it to an entirely different level. Focusing on a "Farm to Taco" experience (which makes sense considering this hidden treasure is owned by the same folks over at Farmhouse Tap and Grill), everything from the snacks and apps, to the tacos and entrees are fresh and delicious.

But really people, the thing to talk about here is tacos. Wonderfully creative and goddamn delicious tacos. You can either order them individually [\$4-4.75 depending on the taco] or you can get a plate. A plate comes with 1-3 tacos and your choice of two sides, including Spanish rice, black beans and a side salad that I'll actually eat. With both vegetarian and meat lover taco options, there's something here to tantalize even the most finicky of palates. Being the carnivore that I am, my personal favorites so far have been the Carnitas (with pork, charred pineapple salsa and lettuce) and the Carne (ground beef, Argentine chimichurri and lettuce) Holy. Shit. These simple words cannot even begin to convey the complete and utter food-gasm I had when I first sampled these seemingly simplistic dishes. If you

have the balls/ovaries to try it, I have it on good authority that the Lengua (beef tongue), salsa verde and radishes) is one of the best things to eat in Burlington.

Along with their delicious salsas comes a selection of salsas I wish I could make at home and a guacamole I will sadly never be able to imitate. The chefs here also offer tamales and enchiladas, and a fish, lime, cilantro, jalapeno ceviche that I've been absolutely dying to try. And this little gem is open late. How late? 1 AM. Oh yea, it's going there.

"these simple words cannot even begin to convey the complete and utter food-gasm i had when i first sampled these seemingly simplistic dishes."

Fresh salsas, simple but wonderful dishes and a commitment to using the local wonders that Vermont has to offer and open until 1 in the morning; and I haven't even gotten to the best part yet! Along with their food, they sure as hell know how to make a margarita. From the always-a-good-choice traditional to creative spins like blood orange, these little babies (the one downside—a bit on the smaller end of the size spectrum) are both tasty and maybe a little dangerous. But in the end, it's

always a good life choice.

Based on all this, I wouldn't be surprised to see lines of people running down to Bank street to sample some of the samplings this little place has to offer. Hell, I'm sitting here at 12:15 AM wondering whether or not I'm willing to make the trip over there before they close. A personal favorite of mine and a great place to take someone on a date, El Cortijo has the food, drink and atmosphere necessary to make a place worth going to. Again, and again. ■



happy hour week 10

with bendonovan and georgeloftus

drunkdecision 2012

The 2012 presidential election has been a thoroughly taxing experience for everybody. We're tired of the debates and the stupid goddamn TV ads. We're tired of getting into arguments with our relatives. Regardless of whom you're voting for, we imagine you're about as tired as we are of being talked down to by smug pricks with American flag lapel-pins. Seriously, enough is goddamn enough. All the yelling is upsetting George, and Ben almost shot his TV the other night.

Many of you, like us, are from out of state and have already voted absentee—and thus, have very little to do on Election Day. For our part, we both plan on waking up sometime around 4 in the afternoon, eating a breakfast of Chinese food and Marlboro 27's, and getting staggeringly, sublimely intoxicated while we watch the results come in. Here's how you can play along at home:

Take a drink whenever:

- Somebody says "with x percent of the precincts reporting..."
- Somebody says "swing state."
- Somebody uses a sports metaphor.
- Wolf Blitzer uses one of his crazy-ass 3D graphs that, despite imparting you with very little real information, do make you feel like you're in the Matrix.
- Somebody says "toss-up."
- Somebody says "reaching across the aisle."
- There's an interview with some half-literate middle-American that fails to teach you anything, except maybe that most of the electorate is made up of complete idiots.
- They mention Ohio, Virginia, Colorado, Iowa, or Florida.
- Somebody on TV refers to a really vague demographic group they don't really know anything about ("soccer moms," "NASCAR dads," "Hispanics," etc.)
- They cut to a candidate's victory party before it starts, so all you end up seeing is balloons and bored interns.

Finish your drink when they call a state.

Finish all the beer in your house when they call the election, and then go the fuck to bed. Seriously, this thing went on for way too damn long. We're all sick of hearing about it. Time has been wasted, headaches generated, relationships with half your home-town irreparably damaged. The way we conduct elections in this country is nothing short of masochistic. We've all earned a drink or twelve. ■

101 things to do at uvm before you graduate... and why most of them are dumb:

by georgeloftus

art by leergoff

Ready for a true story? I was hitting on a girl at three needs a few weeks ago, and she found out I wrote for the water tower. After she got my full name she stopped talking to me. Apparently her friend wrote the original list, and they both took it personally. Don't worry, next week I'll write about Star Wars and not get laid because of that either.

78. **Go to a SASS event:** Every date I've gone on this year has been a SASS event, hey-oh! No, but seriously, what the fuck is SASS? **Verdict:** Students Against Scotch and Cigarettes?

79. **Learn the UVM fight song:** Holy shit, we have a fight song!?! **Verdict:** yeah, do it up. And then teach it to me.

80. **Go to the Winter Ball:** The tickets always sell out incredibly fast, this is something I would say is worth going to based on second hand reviews. **Verdict:** Wish I had.

81. **Compost:** Only in Vermont would this be considered one of the 101 most important things you can do in 4 years. **Verdict:** nothing wrong with pro-enviro, just don't be a dick about it.

82. **Walk down to the water at sunset:** cheapest date in Burlington. **Verdict:** do it at least once a week.

83. **Eat in every dining hall on campus:** This one is dumb but harmless. And easy. It's the freshmen cup of this list. **Verdict:** Why not? At least this is like a scavenger hunt.

84. **Meet with Career Services:** I've never done this but I really should. I'm an English major, which basically means I've been paying to be a well educated water/underachiever once I graduate. **Verdict:** REALLY wish I had.

85. **Go to an exhibit at the Fleming Museum:** YES! They have awesome food during events, it's free for students, and there's a mummy on the second floor! Only drawback? Cash bar. **Verdict:** mummy. 'Nuff said.

86. **Vote in every SGA election:** Haha-hahaha, that's cute. **Verdict:** vote in things that actually matter, not who's going to send you a weekly video email that you'll delete anyway.

87. **Witness a Quidditch match:** Fuck my face, sometimes I really hate this school. I forgot this was a thing until just now. **Verdict:** I'd rather contract gonorrhea in 1923 than watch a "quidditch" match.

88. **Go to a Friday breakfast at ALANA:** I would, but breakfast usually involves waking up before the sun warms the pavement. Not something I'm wont to do. **Verdict:** it's a gimme. And it sounds delicious. Do it.

89. **Find out where the Health Center is before you need it:** No, I don't buy toothpaste before the tube I have runs out, why would I need to know where the Health Center is unless I already have strep? **Verdict:** don't they take you here on the tour? You only get one shot at this, don't fuck up. And if you do don't worry. I think we've established this list sucks anyway.

90. **Eat free cheese at Cabot:** This is actually on my list for this semester. **Verdict:** free cheese, what are you waiting for?

91. **Go ice skating on Lake Champlain:** In poor man's ice skates, AKA my converse, yes. **Verdict:** oh my god, live a little! Do it!

92. **Hear Cheryl tell a Joke at Northside:** I don't know who Cheryl is, I don't know where Northside is. **Verdict:** Is this a riddle? The doctor is the boy's mother!

93. **Claim a spot in the library:** a lot harder than you'd think, but that's what elbows are for. **Verdict:** too easy.

95. **Spend a day barefoot:** I'm an adult and I live in a neighborhood littered with broken beer bottles and used syringes. No. I'm not doing this. **Verdict:** dumb. So. Dumb.

96. **Sleep in a hammock:** Hammocks are not ingrained in UVM culture. This shouldn't be on the list. But yes, I have. **Verdict:** Shouldn't looking off the balcony at the Davis Center have been on this list before hammocks?

97. **Take a class just because you want to:** How is this number 97? And it's not like you can get to 120 credits just taking the ones you have to. **Verdict:** DUMB.

98. **Pull an all-nighter:** yes. For fun reasons and the lame one they're probably talking about. **Verdict:** you're between the age of 17 and 24. Don't act like you wouldn't do this.

99. **Take a picture with Rally Cat:** He stopped doing photos after our expose on him two years ago (volume 8, issue 5). **Verdict:** If you can, do it, just don't smell his breath. You could set it on fire.

100. **Own at least one piece of UVM apparel:** They give out shirts like people in Las Vegas give out STDs. **Verdict:** this one's also a gimme. And a self-serving one.

101. **Get a Degree:** no, we came here for fun. **Verdict:** Are you fucking kidding me? Do you think we forgot why we pay astronomical tuition fees and \$10 for laxatives that look burritos? ■

THE UNIVERSITY OF VERMONT
CLEAN ENERGY FUND
A STUDENT INITIATIVE

CALL FOR IDEAS

The Clean Energy Fund seeks participation from students, faculty and staff for its annual Call for Ideas. The CEF generates \$225,000 each year from a student fee to implement renewable energy projects on campus.

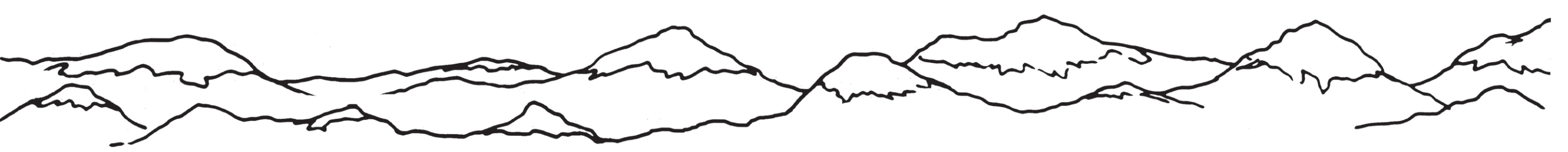
We want your ideas for:
-new classes
-installation projects
-innovative educational tools

What renewable energy projects do you want to see on campus?
How can we learn more about renewable energy at UVM?
Get involved! Submit your project ideas—or comment and vote on ideas
<http://www.uvm.edu/sustain/cef/share-your-ideas>

The Clean Energy Future:
Lecture/Workshop series seeks proposals as well:
<http://www.uvm.edu/sustain/cef/lecture-series-application>
For more information: cef@uvm.edu

The Call for Ideas closes on November 16, 2011

reflections.



adults? i think *not*...

by sageberman

When your eighteenth birthday rolls around, the people around you begin the ritual of trying to make you believe that you're an adult. Parents, siblings, teachers, that random neighbor who you suspect might moonlight as a serial killer all begin saying stuff like "So you're going to be an adult soon huh?" You hear these words, and you might think they are true, because since you were little you looked forward to hitting eighteen, the age when you're "all grown up." But the knowledge that eighteen marks the End of Your Years as a Minor doesn't really mean anything, nor it does it make any impact on how you see yourself or on how you behave. The typical eighteen-year-old isn't paying his or her cell phone, food, or electricity bills. Somebody else is usually still doing the grocery shopping and paying for in-

hours, and often we have different jobs at home for the summer. This job instability is not characteristic of a full-fledged adult, who traditionally works the same hours at one job every day of the week.

Thirdly, college students are too goddamn sexual. In any given year, your typical college student can have anywhere from one or two romantic encounters to 234 (or even more, if you're an especially sexual salamander). Any guy will tell you that there are more beautiful angel faces out there on college campuses than can be counted, and collegiate women have access to all the football, lacrosse, and chess players they could possibly want. Serious dating in college is rare, as it's a time where you can play the field and be as free as Willy ever was. College students move too much to be attached like ball and chain.

"eighteen to twenty-five year olds have an 'optimistic bias,' which pretty much means that we are some naïve motherfuckers."

surance. Life continues as it did when you were five, eleven, or seventeen years old. Even though 18-year-olds are told that they are adults now, they don't feel or act like one.

This is because college kids are not, despite what the people around them believe, actually adults. People from the ages of 18 to 25 are a whole different breed of person, in a stage of life recently called "emerging adulthood." They put off being an Adult, with a capital A, until their mid twenties once they've settled into jobs, grad school, or possibly a life of fighting crime as a caped crusader. Either way, I am here to tell you that if you felt weird about turning eighteen, about becoming an adult in the eyes of the law despite feeling that only recently you were playing house in your backyard, do not be alarmed. In reality, society doesn't see you as an adult either.

For starters, we are not financially independent beings. Most of us, although I know there are definitely exceptions, could not be here at the University of Vermont without help from our parents or relatives. I know I would probably be waiting tables and attending community college without my wonderful grandparents, who pay my tuition. Especially for out-of-state students, college costs an arm and a leg, and possibly your firstborn child. And even if you're taking out loans, your parents most likely help with things like groceries or spending money for fun stuff, like an occasional movie or a random shopping spree when the thermometer hits freezing and your wardrobe consists only of flip flops and jean shorts. Second, a majority of college students have a plethora of unimpressive jobs. We don't work 9-5 because we're in and out of classes all day; instead, we take maybe one or two part-time jobs with flexible

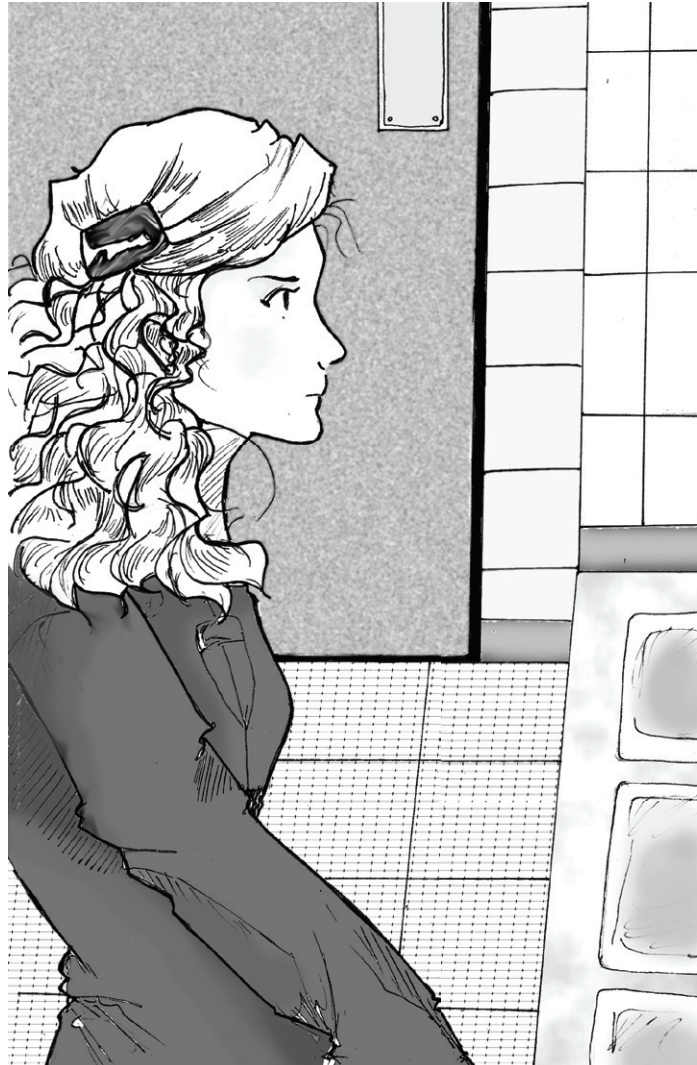
We bounce back and forth from wherever home is to our UVM dorms too frequently to settle down with any person. With the liquidity of our relationships, how could we be considered adults?

Finally, eighteen to twenty-five year olds have an "optimistic bias," which pretty much means that we are some naïve motherfuckers. We are usually pretty delusional, thinking that whatever we choose to do in life will bring immense happiness. Chances are though there are a good amount of us who will probably be very unhappy in the future, maybe with our job or our marriage. Not only do we lack the necessary cynicism and bitterness that most adults have in excess, college kids are pretty oblivious to the fact that we only mortal creatures. People do crazy shit! Maybe you've tried to build a raft out of styrofoam cups and Huckleberry Finn it down Lake Champlain. Maybe you've longboarded down Main Street completely shnookered at sixty miles an hour without a helmet on. Maybe you have jumped off your friend's apartment holding an umbrella, hoping to catch a breeze and sail away to Canada. Maybe you've done thing I actually cannot even imagine. Either way, they are things that an adult, with his or her perspective of the world, would never do.

As college students, our lives are characterized by instability. We don't have our own money, we don't have a full time job, we don't have one steady romantic interest, we don't have one place of residence, and we don't quite understand our place in the universe. We are nowhere near being adults, and probably won't be until our mid twenties. And that's okay. I like my emerging adulthood status. It makes me feel like I'm a caterpillar in a chrysalis, and one day I'll emerge as a butterfly who understands how to pay taxes. ■

mirror, mirror on the wall, where do i look worst of all?

by sarahperda



juliana roen

There are two things women have an unbelievably intense love/hate relationship with: men and mirrors. Though I can't offer much (unbiased) advice on which men to avoid on campus, I can tell you a thing or two about the latter. As women, we are genetically engineered to stare at ourselves while passing any reflective surface. Whether it's mirrors, tinted windows or the glass casings in the Davis Center, we will almost always give in to this narcissistic tendency; it's pure instinct. On our bad days, what we see in the mirror can make or break our entire mood. That being said, terrible lighting can function as the perfect scapegoat for your subpar appearance when life is really grinding your gears. Should you find yourself caught in the crossfires of stress-related breakouts and low self-esteem, post-Ben and Jerry's pudge and too-tight jeans, or a tissue-chafed nose and grapefruit sized lymph nodes, here are a few of the mirrors you should avoid around campus to preserve your fragile morale:

1. Bailey-Howe, 2nd Floor

I maintain that Bailey-Howe is Satan's playground to begin with, and this bathroom is truly a testament to that. First off: there's only one sink that you have to awkwardly hunch over to use properly. Really? Just one? What are we, poor? Moving on: you know that old saying "the mirror doesn't lie?" This mirror takes it to an entirely new level—if you have so much as a single enlarged pore on your face, this mirror will magnify it tenfold. As if the back pain isn't torture enough, the god-awful fluorescent lighting is placed entirely too close to the mirror for comfort, and it illuminates every last flaw you didn't know you had. Unless you're a sick masochistic lion (did I just quote Twilight?), save yourself a rage-blackout (did I just quote The OC?) and use a mirror on a different floor.

2. Kalkin Basement

The Kalkin Dungeon is merciless for two main reasons: 1. I get ZERO cell service (#whitegirlproblems) and 2. On a good day, the bathroom mirror makes me look about as cute as Marilyn Manson. Don't let its dim lighting fool you; this bathroom's lighting is equally as unforgiving as Bailey-Howe (hellooo botched eyeliner, didn't realize I left looking like a drugged-out raccoon this morning!). Stand as far from the lone light bulb above the mirror as you can. Close your eyes whilst washing your hands. Fight the urge to give in to your innate narcissism; it's really for the best. On a semi-unrelated note: if you're feeling brave enough to get within hand-washing distance of the mirror, be prepared to channel your reflection-induced aggression and throw some 'bows. Despite the fact that there are two sinks, there simply isn't enough room for two ladies to gawk at and primp themselves comfortably.

3. Angell Lecture Hall

Admittedly, the setup in Angell is far better than in the aforementioned restrooms. This room boasts three sinks, several feet of counter space, and a mirror that spans almost the entire length of the room. The problem? The light reflects off of the dried-up-mustard-yellow colored countertops, giving each bystander a nice jaundice-like complexion. No one looks good wearing liver-failure-lemon, avoid if possible.

4. Fleming Basement

My issue here lies more with the stalls than with the mirror, but here's the correlation: if I stand at a whopping 5'6 and can make eye contact with the other patrons, as well as with myself in the giant mirror, the doors are too fucking short. This is a powder room, not a peep show. ■

on the spirituality of drawing

by jamesaglio

I am not particularly gifted at drawing. This is not an uncommon relationship for me to have with an art form, in fact it seems to be norm. I am a great appreciator of music, but my own musical ability could only generously be described as amateurish, and while I adore the written word and aspire to command language with the force that I know is possible, I am all too aware that I probably fail, in all likelihood, to achieve the result that I strive for in my writing. So too with drawing, I love the concept, but my own skill leaves much to be desired. Nonetheless, I keep drawing because I have noticed the powerful effect that the act itself has on me.

Recently, upset by the lack of decoration on my wall and lacking anything to put up on them, I set about drawing a picture so that I might have something interesting to occupy the space. This summer I had the good fortune to dig in Rome, and the city has great meaning to me, so I decided that a view of the cityscape from atop St. Peter's Basilica would be an ideal subject for my image, and I quickly found a picture to use as a model. Beginning with the ovoid colonnade of the Piazza San Pietro that dominates the particular view I chose, I began to sketch my own personal version of the Eternal City.

At the time of writing this article, I have sketched the piazza more or less to my satisfaction as well as a small section of the Tiber including the Ponte Sant'Angelo, and have begun working on the rooftops between these two landmarks. As I draw, regardless of the actual quality of my work, I am



super meta art by ben berrick

delighted at seeing the city come into being from my fingertips. As I sketch bold strokes, frown, make slightly offset marks and gently erase away the excess graphite into the form that I desire, I cannot help but be thrilled when the (at times) mind-numbing repetition of ever so slightly misplaced lines gives way to that perfect arrangement that I hold in my mind's eye.

I work slowly, and I do not exactly have a large amount of free time, so it is likely that I will be working on my drawing for a long time before it is ready to be hung up, but ultimately that does not matter. I am not drawing for the final product, which may not even end up being especially good. I am drawing, rather, for the feeling I get from creating something, for the joy that comes with a fortuitous stroke, for the satisfaction I experience when my mind and my hand seem to truly connect and I can finally render what hitherto had only existed in my imagination. It is a beautiful sensation and, when I do eventually finish my drawing and hang it up, I look forward to reliving the way I felt making it whenever I look at it.

That, I feel, is the true appeal of art, in whatever form. Works of art are always judged by how their final rendition affects others, but I can say from experience, even if it is only the experience of an amateur, that the true epiphany of art lies in its making. ■

triple trouble

the woes of rooming with two other people

by staceybrandt

It takes a certain amount of physical and emotional force to cram three college girls into one room, which probably explains the origin of the term "forced triple". Living with two other people in a space the size of most showers on MTV Cribs is at times difficult, so whether the overall economic benefits of a triple outweigh the overall discomfort I am not sure. Well, at least I only had to buy the microwave, and at least my roommates (though they've come close) have not yet exploded any of their vegan concoctions in it. (I keep warning them to be extra careful with the tofu because anything that tastes so much like cardboard must be similarly flammable.)

I would have to say the most difficult aspect of the triple life is wardrobe changes. The great privilege of parading around my house in complete nudity after coming out of the shower has been taken away. I have been reduced to a disheveled fool who shuffles about the room awkwardly clutching a towel under the peripheral, yet perceptible, gaze of my roommates. Thus, my attempts at putting on undergarments become rather acrobatic as I try to spare my roommates from a recreation of 'Janet Jackson at the Super Bowl' or 'Britney Spears Exiting a Limousine'.

Getting dressed in pitch darkness is the other obstacle that triples have thrown my way. Three out of five days a week I have an 8:30 morning class and my roommates do not. Unfortunately, my plans to establish a dorm room dictatorship never passed the imaginative stages, so majority rules and the lights stay off. Not only does my already questionable fashion sense suffer considerably, my morning routines have been turned into a scene from a James Bond film. Location: Pitch dark dorm room. Mission: Blindly untangle skimpy underwear from big toe without falling over and getting a concussion. I can assure you if James Bond had worn Victoria Secret lingerie he would have struggled immensely to complete this mission.

Remarkably, cleanliness in my dorm room poses less of an issue than my early morning endeavors. Our overall cleanliness is moderate to high, but this is of course an average. Seeing as three, randomly select-

ed individuals reside in one living space it makes sense that there exist different levels of cleanliness. Those of my roommates are as distinct as the New England seasons. On one side, we have my roommate who represents spring, the season when your mother decides that everything must be cleaned (no matter how arbitrary, pointless, and/or ironic scrubbing the inside of a bathtub may seem). The desk on this side is so completely visible and unobstructed that I believe the pilot of a small two-seater plane could achieve an emergency landing there. To say the least, it's a hypochondriacs dream. I've actually seen a speck of dust about to land on this side of the room and abruptly change course after recognizing an impending tube of Clorox Wipes from the TV commercials.

In the opposite corner, we have my roommate whose area symbolizes the fall season mainly because it seems that all of her personal belongings have fallen on the floor. Her laundry lingers like that one pile of leaves that hasn't been put into a bag because everyone went inside to watch football. In contrast to its spring counterpart, the fall side appears to be a still-shot from an episode of TLC's Hoarders. I don't know whether to be horrified, or to search for last year's holiday gifts (you'll have to excuse Santa, kids, he was buried alive). As belongings from the fall zone begin to encroach into my personal area, I may start auctioning off some select items. Two dollars for a tampon wrapper and half a box of week old munchkins! Going on...

In the midst of all the triple madness, I did have the opportunity to move into a double with some anonymous individual. I chose, however, to remain in my current living situation for fear that the roommate of said individual had moved out on a count of some unbearable human quality such as an earwax collector or a chronic porn addict. I'm not sure if I was being rational or just a pussy. It should be known that I have always been a poor gambler, so when they told me I could trade in my current, small misfortunes for those of someone else I said thank you, but I'll keep mine. ■

fashion five-oh.

the daredevil wears nada: a case for going *commando*



by sarahperda

Lingerie shopping is, for some, an absolute addiction; the world is a girl's oyster when it comes to shopping for underwear. It comes in countless styles, patterns, colors and coverage, which is why it's so easy to justify purchasing an inordinate amount at every single Semi-Annual Sale. That being said, sometimes underwear just doesn't make the cut. Whether it's because it shows through your outfit, or because you simply don't have a spare pair lying around, sometimes going commando is the way to go. Though you may have some reservations about reverting to this more primitive fashion, there are several reasons why going commando is an idea to flirt with.

There are few things tackier than a VPL (visible panty line). If the general public can see the exact shade of bejeweled, magenta underwear you're donning through your pants or dress, everything else about your outfit will go unnoticed, no matter how cute it is. Unless you're a superhero or a Victoria's Secret Angel, it's a fair bet that no one wants to see your undergarments as part of your ensemble. Similarly, I understand that sometimes you just want to wear granny panties, but should you choose to do so, you must choose your bottoms wisely. I can't speak for the guys out there, but I'm going to go on a limb and say that the usually drool-inducing yoga pants outlining your rumpled up,

saggy Hanes are more of a boner killer than a jaw dropper. Sure, a thong can fix the problem, but you know what eliminates it altogether? Free-ballin'. Boom.

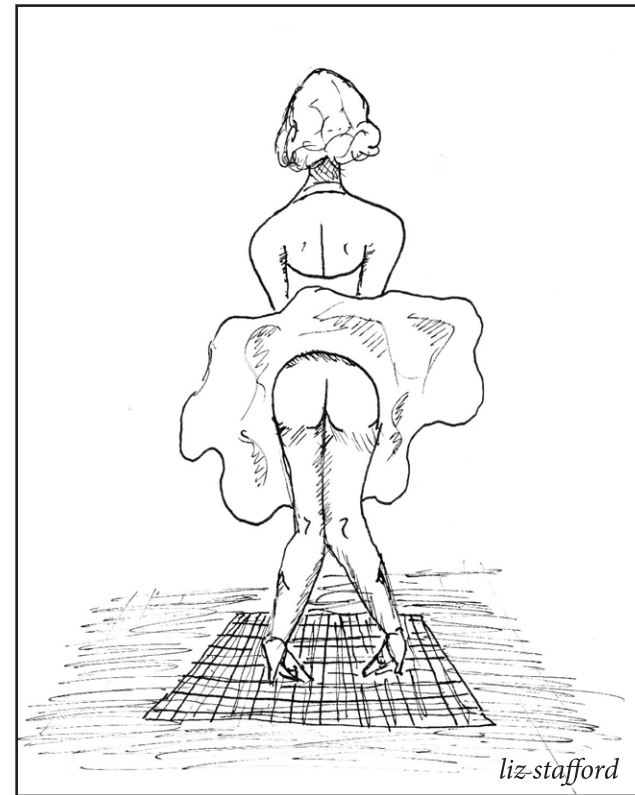
From an economic standpoint, going commando saves way more money than you'd think, particularly for those of us living off campus. Though blowing bills on underwear isn't exactly fiscally savvy, leaving said underwear in the drawer when you go out on the town saves you boatloads in laundry money. This way, you can use your quarters for more important things, such

"sure, a thong can fix the problem, but you know what eliminates it altogether? free-ballin'. Boom."

as making commemorative pennies at tourist stops, or throwing them at the socialist activists outside of the library (how's that

for distributing the wealth?).

Still not convinced? How's this: your confidence will skyrocket if you prance around panty-less. You know that semi-unwarranted feeling of power you get when you're the trusted keeper of a dirty little secret? When the secret is just for you, the feeling gets magnified tenfold. It's hard to explain (hence the necessity for firsthand experience), but when you walk around knowing your Hanky Pankies were left behind for the day, but no one else has any idea, it's a very bizarre confidence booster. Check out the girls who strut around campus



like they own the place—I guarantee that at least half of them have the commando-induced swagger going on. Though secretly baring it all might be somewhat outside of your comfort zone, going commando definitely has its perks: you save big, you look good and you feel great. Take a breath, take it off, and fear no panty line when you're sashaying across campus. ■

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

Your hair is the tits
(And by tits I mean it rocks)
Your style's so sweet
And every time I tap my feet
I'm wanting you,
Wanting you to look down and see our matching shoes.
Oh don't you know boy, we could be so fine
Same year, same major (I think)
So if you got a girl hurry up and forget 'er
Cause I promise you I'm better
You're on the tri team?
That's hot.
So hot I want you to feel my pectoralis major
And I want you to know the curve of my gluteus maximus like the back of your hand
Sorry to be blunt, I swear I'm a class act
So why don't you just pop on down to Trinity
Cause if I never get to talk to you, well, that'd be whack!
So babe, lets have study sesh
Anatomy, Obesity, Sport Psych...
All night ;)
When: Classes together everyday
Where: Exercise Psych
I saw: the man of my dreams
I am: a girl you'd love

What a wonderful world! It would only be better if I could see you again. You caught me at my most vulnerable moment at Brennan's on stage when I shoved the microphone up my juicy love tunnel. I couldn't help it your beautiful eyes and sexy bod made the temperature rise. Let's meet again and maybe I can play with your microphone and sing a few tunes. You caught my eye instantly!
I wrote you a special poem as soon as I ran out and your female coworker gave me a glare. Roses are red and sometimes thorny. When I think of you, it makes me horny.
When: Saturday
Where: Club 590 at Brennan's
I saw: A sexy Davis Center employee with a hot bod
I am: A blonde biddy

Struttin' along in your Vermont-y plaid and sweatpants
You make my heart flip and flop in quite the dance
Yeah, I know that didn't exactly rhyme,
but right now I really don't have the time!
Instead my mind's preoccupied with images anew
imagining all that we could do.
Hmm...what I truly want is just to snuggle with you.
We only just met a mere few weeks ago,
but boy, you are someone I want to know!
Hopefully you see the way I glance your direction,
And perhaps will notice my newfound affection.
So if by some chance, this rambling makes its way to you,
I hope you'll recognize what you need to do.
Just give me a sign that my suspicions are true,
That you look at me the way I do you.
(a poetic response in return would be cool too)
When: sadly only once a week.
Where: you know where.
I saw: the one they call bear.
I am: a long ways from home.

'Twas a hot night this summer
When all through the home
A party was ongoing
Sweat dripping, I did roam.
I saw you standing
With a beer in hand
Off to the side by a window
Those golden locks looked so grand.
I approached you
We talked for quite a while
You were new to the school
Your shyness made me smile.
Some pong caught your attention
But soon we had to dispatch
We said our goodbyes
Oh how I knew we were a match.
I've seen you since then
Just a time or two
And I think of you often
That first night when I knew.
Now you're finally single
Hope she's not too mad
But I can't bear it much longer
I want you so bad.
When: This summer
Where: That party
I saw: A hot guy
I am: Waiting for you

It's so hard not to stare
with your sexy red-hair.
I really wanted to ask,
What was in that case,
Saxophone? Violin?
Maybe we are fate...
I'm also a musician who
would love a date.
It was then that something
inside me pined for you more.
I hope I can build up courage
like I've never before,
To say hi and chat,
even if it's only to be friends.
After all I believe love prevails
in the end.
When: Yesterday (Tuesday) &
More
Where: On Campus Bus
I saw: sexy man, red-headed
musician
I am: shy man, tall, senior

To my Jewish husband:
You don't know it yet but we
will elope.
I've been seduced by your To-
rah trope.
You're in love with that ratch-
et ho.
Everyone agrees—she needs
to go.
So please, dump her sorry ass.
Make this faygala's dreams
come true, alas.
When: I least expect you
Where: Central campus
I saw: The man of my dreams
I am: Desperately unrealistic

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

L/L C Building

Girl 1: You're such a tease!
Dangerously attractive male with no reason to be self-conscious: Tease? Really? No one's ever called me that before. I'll have to write that one down. Hmm. Tease...

First floor Bailey Howe

Girl: The level of fucks given about this project is minimal.
Guy: You want apathy? Try being a super senior.

University Heights South, Halloween, 8:20 pm

Greenhouse bro: Yo, You going to rage tonight?
Greenhouse biddie: No, I am going to do my NR6 paper.
Greenhouse upperclassmen: That takes 20 min, crank it out, go rage!

Outside the bookstore.

Guy to Girl: My dad always says that women are like cats... the more you ignore it, the more attention you get from it.

On the steps outside Bailey Howe

Guy 1: Dude, I had an exam today but it got cancelled because my professor got pneumonia.
Guy 2: Fuck yeah!
Guy 1: I know, Pneumonia High Five!
High Five

Sunday Morning, the Grundle

Bro 1 to Bro 2: I told some girl last night she had nice tits. She didn't like that and walked away. What the f*%k?

advertisement

fork it over.



trippin' ova tapioca

by jamiebeckett

Some people believe that because they have all their teeth and don't receive money from Medicare that they are above tapioca. They see this creamy white pudding as old people food, destined to be digested by men with liver spots. People who believe this have 1) never tried tapioca or 2) are completely ignorant to the powers tapioca pearls possess. Any-



one who has every drank bubble tea knows what's up. One moment your sucking your smoothie like drink though this huge ass straw the next thing you know some bead of tapioca is flying down your throat. While some of you might be taken aback at first, experienced tapioca eaters know how to cherish their pearls. Tapioca literally has the coolest texture and is so much fun to play with in your mouth.

If I know anything about Vermonters, I know they love dairy products way too much. So know I ask you what is wrong with vanilla pudding and some added texture? Below is a fine recipe for tapioca that will get you and your friend's mouths watering. The recipe is simple and you know you can't go wrong with cow fat and sugar (ben and jerry's.) Hopefully this quick article has relieved your unfair bias to this awesome dessert. Those of you who are determined to see the pasty white pudding as ejaculatory fluids, more power to you. Leaves more pearls for my necklace. ■

Ingredients

3 cups whole milk
1/3 cup small-pearl tapioca (not instant)
1/2 cup granulated sugar
2 large egg yolks, lightly beaten
1 vanilla bean, split lengthwise, seeds scraped and reserved
1/8 teaspoon fine salt

Directions

Place 1 cup of the milk and the tapioca pearls in a medium saucepan and stir to combine. Let the pearls soak uncovered at room temperature for 1 hour.

Add the remaining 2 cups of milk, sugar, egg yolks, vanilla seeds, and salt and stir to combine. Place the pan over medium heat and cook, whisking frequently, until the mixture just comes to a simmer, about 10 minutes (do not let the mixture boil). Reduce the heat to low and cook, whisking frequently, until the mixture thickens and the tapioca pearls are softened and translucent, about 15 minutes. Serve warm (the pudding will thicken as it cools). Place any leftovers in a bowl, press a sheet of plastic wrap directly onto the surface of the pudding to keep a skin from forming, and refrigerate for up to 2 days.

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

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keane's *strangeland*: the soundtrack to my summer

by rebecca laurion

The first five issues of this semester's **water tower** covered the top five albums of the summer. Noticing that my all-time favorite band had been left off the list, I'm taking it as a personal mission to share their greatness. For those of you who aren't familiar with them, Keane is a British piano-based alternative rock band whose fifth studio album *Strangeland* was released this past May.

In the past, I was sadly disappointed by Keane's previous album *Night Train*. The band departed from its usual style of vocals, piano and drums by adding a guitarist. The sound on that album was just all wrong; I don't even know how to describe it other than they sounded like a completely different band, and not in a good way. I feared this would be the end of the band I've been obsessively following since I was twelve. (Seriously, Keane, I love you to death. But you make it very difficult when you give me a sub-par album featuring Kenyan rap in half the songs. You're British. Stick to what you know.)

However, the band seems to have learned from their past mistakes. While nothing will ever beat their first glorious album, *Hopes and Fears*, *Strangeland* is a strong second place. Within these songs, I recognized the band I'd fallen in love with eons ago: strong melodies, and emotional and relatable lyrics that tell a concrete story. *Strangeland* is about that classic existential crisis we're all grappling with: finding our place in the world. Whether

you're trying to find a place to call home, or you feel out of touch with the people you used to connect with, there is a



kerry martin

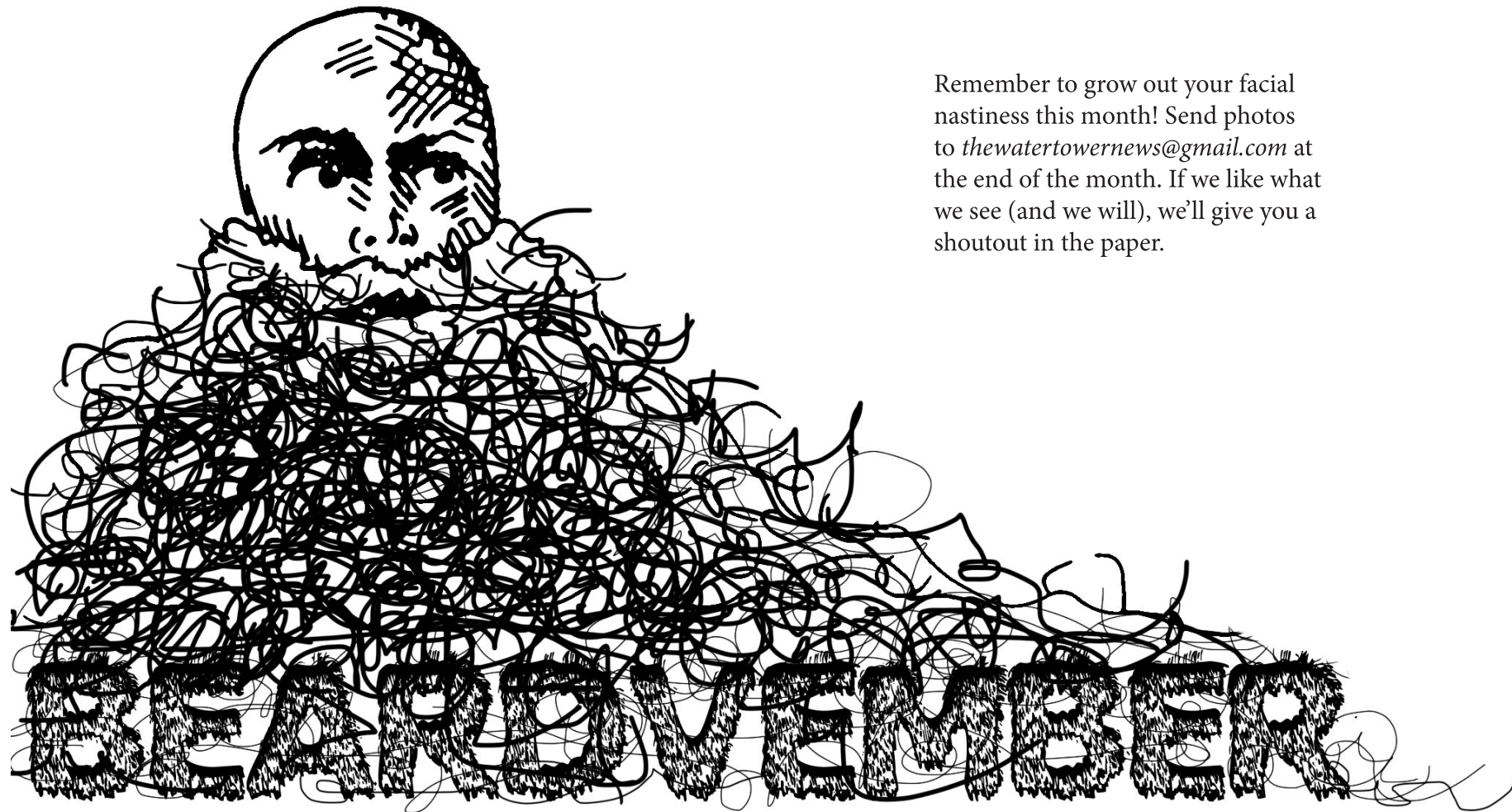
song on this album for every trial in life. Really, I dare you to find a song that doesn't apply to you. This is especially

true in the case of the song "You Are Young," which, boiled down to it, is about doing something important and worthwhile in your life before kicking the bucket.

Clearly Tom Chaplin, Tim Rice-Oxley, Richard Hughes and Jesse What's-His-Name-The-Guitarist (Just kidding, it's Quin. But they were best without the guitar, so who really cares?) have finally perfected their musical style in this newest release. Keane is a rarity in the modern alternative music world, in that they genuinely have an emotional connection to their music that translates onto their records. They're extremely talented, but unjustly aren't getting enough recognition. They're very popular across the pond, but in America I'm lucky if I get to hear a snippet of "Somewhere Only We Know" during Grey's Anatomy (Rewatch the Pilot if you think I'm kidding. Last scene, it's right there).

Hopefully this glowing review inspires you to check them out. And if you like them, Keane's going to be at the Flynn on January 29, so definitely check them out. What better way to reign in the New Year than with a newfound artist to love. Believe it or not, these Brits can even deliver their soulfulness live. I'll be the girl in the sixth row fangirling like there's no tomorrow, restlessly attempting to throw myself on stage at my musical idols. ■

Remember to grow out your facial nastiness this month! Send photos to thewatertowernews@gmail.com at the end of the month. If we like what we see (and we will), we'll give you a shoutout in the paper.



créatif stuffé.



joan clark

by juliadwyer

Magical, mystical mother of owls
Where have the seasons taken you?

Would you care to know
That my hands are bigger now?
Or that some boy bruised my heart
And I lost a bit of that sunshine I was given?

My infinite childhood —
Stuck in the bark of the trees
Down a path passed the marsh and the sea

And now,
I wonder if your cabin is as I've imagined it
Or if you think of me, grown so big

a halloween-harlequin romance

by georgeloftus

It's that arrangement of teeth, set just above your chin that keeps me up tonight.

The thought of them beside me chasing sunsets we very well know will be there to chase again tomorrow.

But it's that once-in-a-century shade of pink and the way it brings out that damned front row that makes me burn gasoline trying

That foggy night I tried to taste them but tripped and let you tease my heart instead.

You stole it when you shouldn't have, It's wholly in your hand now, the closest ones know

All I have to do is scream but all you have to do is squeeze.

Assert the pressure and stain that particular pattern that tips your fingers. There's nothing else to do; I'm still driving and the CD's stopped.

Do it. Distract me before I promise you the curvature of the earth, or show you a sky so full of stars, the lack of black will impress you most.

After all, we lost the sunset, but the next one's a whole tomorrow away.

Squeeze.

waiting

by bethziehl

Waiting. It's one of those things we all do. One of those things that annoys us so much because when we're waiting for someone, time passes so much slower. That day was one of those days in which waiting tortured my soul and shook me to the core. Blank white walls surrounded me with their coldness and provided no comfort for the current situation. And that smell, oh, that smell. That clean smell of sanitation made me want to vomit that very moment and run out of there far, far away. The light above me flickered and buzzed in its last moments of life, like a person's internal light going out. I wanted to scream, but the vastness around me prevented it. I could scream all I wanted, but no one would ever hear me. I was trapped. The glossy floors called to me, begging me to tap my foot on them to a beat. But this was not a day for music. This was not a day for happiness. This usually joyful man who had music constantly following him was silent. There was no music, not without her.

My heart beat quickened and I closed my eyes. I wanted so much to cry, but even more so, I wanted to pray. Never before had I felt the need to pray, but I prayed like a madman. A hand touched me on the shoulder. Was it God? No, that's insane. I opened my eyes, thinking the feeling might be gone, but it wasn't. A nurse was by my side. Her mouth moved, but I heard no words. She began to walk away and looked back at me, so I followed her down those dimly lit hallways, thinking that maybe I had died and finally gone to some night-marish place. How I wish that were true.

She led me into a room where curtains surrounded a bed. My feet stopped. They were cemented to the ground. I heard a faint, constant beep from a machine and regained movement with my legs, slowly moving forward. The nurse pulled the curtain back and I saw her. Breathing. A happy little tune made its way into my head and I smiled slightly, but the smile didn't linger long. Her sad slender body lay sprawled out on the bed, badly disfigured from the car accident, so much that she barely looked human. I bent down to her, wanting to touch her bandaged head, but not wanting to hurt her. Her breathing was muffled. "Lily," I choked out, but the tune was already fading.

After that day, I watched and re-watched recordings of us singing and playing together, boring a hole deeper into my heart. I finished the last song we had been working on and added lyrics, but remained unsatisfied with the results. Nothing seemed to flow the way it used to and I only got frustrated. I quit trying to write and instead became a couch potato. The more I watched our glowing faces in the videos, the more I knew she'd want me to go find someone new to write a tune with. Though I knew I wasn't at that point yet, I would be eventually. I still felt her presence around me and it gave me comfort. The lilies I had once planted for her outside of our home were beginning to bloom and they smiled back at me just as she always had. ■

the cipher

with kerrymartin

Stretch out those hip-hop hamstrings, UVemcees, 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 debate **Voter Apathy**.

Gather round the TV and hit up CNN,
Love it or hate it, it's Election Day again.
You'll hear a lot of different shit from Wolf, Rachel, and Glenn
About who lies the least of these two angry men.
But I know a lot of kids who get fed up and sick
Of determining which candidate is less of a prick.
That hairdo slick conceals a skull quite thick
But it can bounce around a question like a pogo stick.
So they stay home, letting the candidates fight their own war
They beat states while their people beat Halo 4
I know voting's a bore that you might abhor
But step back and remember what you're voting for.
So take a look at your ballot and choose a side tactfully
And don't get lost in the cave of voter apathy.

by civic MC Kerry Martin



Next week, we smear **Peanut Butter**. The week after, we spray on **Pornography**. Send your raps for either week to thewatertowernews@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! ■

rain

by laurafrangipane

baby diapers
melting in the gutter
I am
trash.

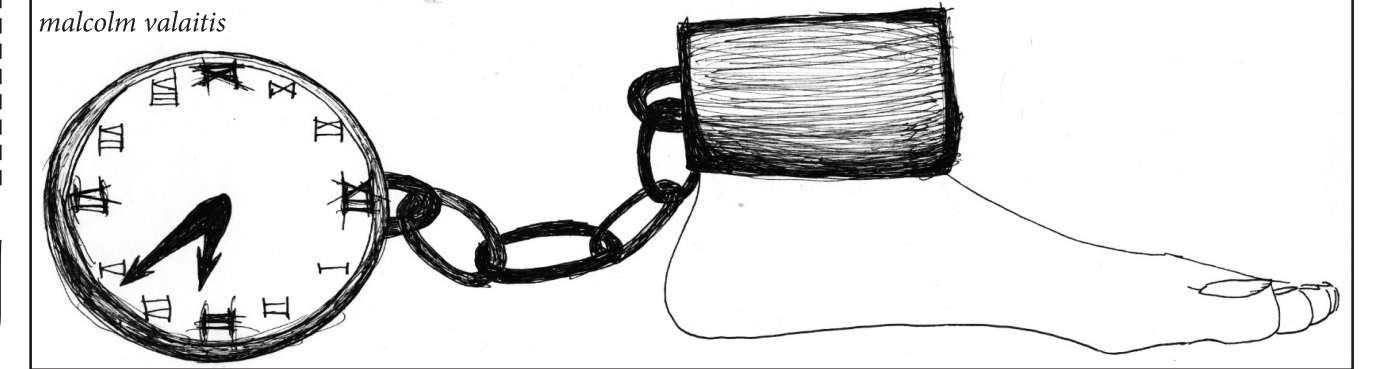
houses, mothers
washed.

I, very small
holding hands
clapsed.



barry guglielmo

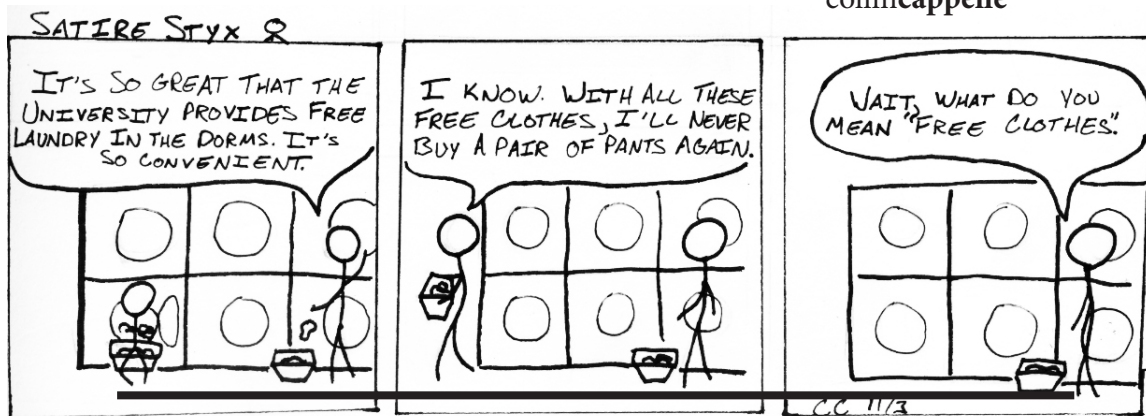
malcolm valaitis



cat litter.



collincappelle



things
to
consider
before
voting

More Awkward Cards from

Hallmark

Happy
Birthday

You're
Adopted

p.s. your real mom's in
prison and your father's
Herman Cain

- It has been reported that Romney masturbated at least once, eyewitnesses say it was an awkward affair.

- Obama has three illegitimate sons training in Siberia

- Romney types at an astonishing rate of three words per minute

- Obama sleepwalks and pees the bed

- Romney has never been to the beach

- Obama has done cocaine (whoops, that one's real)

- Romney likes the feel of thorns on his feet, so he has, on multiple occasions, run through prickler bushes with no shoes on. He then pours pure acetone all over his cuts.

Water Tower Water Pong: look for tabling the week before!

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