



the water tower.

uvm's alternative newsmag

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hail coffee full of grace

by mikaelawaters

Forgive me UVM, for I have sinned. After four years in a Catholic high school and a subsequent vow to never again participate in organized religion, I confess to believing in a higher power. Dare I say it? After suffering through countless masses, endless religion classes, and a complete memorization of both the Hail Mary and the Our Father in Latin, I confess to having a different religion. This religion, powerful enough to seize my heart and bring me back into the fold, is Coffee.

As definitively sacrilegious and questionably absurd as this confession may sound, my relationship with coffee conforms to the basic structure of conventional religion. According to a compilation of online sources (I will use the "honor system" as a substitute for citations), religions share eight core elements: an ancestral history (a story), the belief in a supernatural power, a mode of worship, a place of worship, a system of rituals, the belief in and a mode of salvation, the belief in the holy/sacred, and a specification of sinful acts.

As is necessary for any legitimate religion, I give you a badass story—Kaldi and his dancing goats. One day, in the highlands of Ethiopia, Kaldi noticed his herd especially giddy and frolic-prone after nibbling some red "berries". Dutiful as always, Kaldi reported this observation along with a few samples to a monk in a local monastery. Not yet a believer, the monk was kind of a dick and just threw the berries into a fire. But, from the flame came the magnificent aroma of roasting coffee. Upon experiencing the soul awakening smell, the monk fell to his knees in reverence and subjugation to the immense power (not really, but go with it).



katja ritchie

Raking the splendid beans from the embers, he ground them into hot water and birthed the fated first cup of coffee.

As demonstrated by the monk's spiritual awakening, coffee is a supernatural

person may turn to that which is phenomenal—a friend, a father, a savior. Jesus may have performed miracles, but coffee itself is a goddamn miracle. It's happiness, love, comfort (and maybe sex?) all in a mug.

The method of worship in Coffeism is consumption. This act can be performed anywhere, but the primary and official place of worship is the café. It is here that like-minded believers can gather to pay homage to the glorious nectar in unity. This worship is observed ritually through the making and drinking of coffee. There is both the ritual of timing (the morning, mid-morning, afternoon etc.. cup) and the ritual of creation (the adding of the cream, the methodical stirring of the two together etc.). The ritual is performed with such frequency not because we are addicts and the situation is beyond our control (I totally don't have a problem...) but in an attempt to reach an enlightened state,
... read the rest on page 6

when consumed, the divine caffeine transcends the confines of the dark ambrosia in which it rests, and diffuses directly into the blood-stream – that's pretty fucking magical.

power (cha-ching! The second 'requirement' of a religion). When consumed, the divine caffeine transcends the confines of the dark ambrosia in which it rests, and diffuses directly into the blood-stream—that's pretty fucking magical. In times of desperation, when all earthly things have failed, a

to russia with 'love'

by dustineagar

Russia has been in the news quite a bit lately. Allegations of skullduggery at the recent G-20 conference, a hardline stance against UN intervention into the humanitarian crisis in Syria, an uncharacteristic embrace of NSA leader Edward Snowden, and a flex of military muscle in the Arctic have combined with many other episodes in recent years to elevate tensions between Mother Russia and her capitalist cousins. The house Stalin built has likened itself to that kid in your neighborhood who is always getting in trouble—whenever the name comes up you wonder what sort of half-witted shenanigans have irritated the community this time. More recently, probably since mass protests erupted in Moscow over allegations of election fraud in December 2011, Russia has been throwing a hissy-fit of global proportion.

In September, the Russian Navy arrested 30 people at gunpoint aboard the Dutch-flagged ship "Arctic Sunrise". Those arrested included the crew, two reporters, and Greenpeace activists protesting Russian drilling in the Arctic, two of whom attempted to board an oil rig. Russia charged the 30 with piracy, which carries a maximum sentence of 15 years imprisonment. Despite calls by the Netherlands for the activists' immediate release, and assertions by the international community that Russia is bound by treaty to cede jurisdiction to the International Tribunal for the Law of the Sea, the arrestees are still stuck in the Gulag, a notoriously harsh Russian prison system.

In more recent news, Pussy Riot, the punk rock band known internationally for their good looks, firm anti-Putin political stance, and provocative band name was back in the headlines last week. Nadezhda Tolokonnikova, last seen throwing up the deuces in the defendant's cage and currently serving a two-year prison term for "hooliganism motivated by religious hatred" after filming a music video entitled, "Punk Prayer—Mother of God Chase Putin Away!" has been transferred to a penal colony in Siberia after complaining about her harsh treatment in prison. The tropical Siberian winter will surely help cure Ms. Tolokonnikova's health ailments—after all, it proved to do the trick for countless political prisoners before her.
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colinwalker

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the best news team inbox in the universe.



Dear **writers,**

lauragreenwood and juliannaroen,

As the library liaison to the Honors College, I read your recent **water tower** essays with great interest. Your thoughtful essays, *including* the constructive criticism, are valuable to helping the Honors College improve the student experience. Thanks for taking the time to share your thoughts.

Best wishes,
Patricia Mardeuz
Library Associate Professor

Hey **water tower** guys!

I read November 5th's article on Furrries and I gotta say, marilyn**mora**, I love you! xD Being one of those less than 10 furrries at UVM, I'm glad someone finally understands and even chose to write about us! Needless to say, I have the article hung up in my room! Thanks for being awesome!

Your fuzzy friend,
Jay Rodrigues

Dear Readers: Thanks for your continued support of **the water tower**! We love all your qualms, quips, queries and concerns, but it's letters like this that warm our little hearts and make us feel like we got it right.

Forever wanting you so bad, **the Wf Editorial Staff.**

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

thewatertowernews@gmail.com

the shit list

with katjaritchie

“What were you for Halloween?” “Cultural appropriation!”: This is old hat by now, but it's still alarming how many premature #tbts and #latergrams depict tipsy, half-assed interpretations of “Native American”, which pretty much amount to eyeliner war paint and, for the more ambitious, maybe a couple craft store feathers bobby-pinned to bleach-blonde locks. People seem to think that “tribal” gets a free pass, not making the mental leap that “being a Native American” is basically like scotch-taping the corners of their eyes so they slant outwards, or debuting a minstrel-style blackface ensemble. You can't “be” a *race* for Halloween. Not only is it horribly insensitive, it's tacky as all hell. Fringe-y H&M crop tops do not historically accurate party garb make.

Mid-Semester Slump: I'm the type of person who thrives on stress and gets hives when I have too much free time, so although it could be (fairly) said that I've brought this overexertion upon myself, I'm still so goddamn tired that I just want to curl up in my bed with a bottle of NyQuil and not be awoken until Thanksgiving break. Being smothered by extended family members and consuming my body mass in carbs and tryptophan sounds like absolute bliss. The mid-semester blues are heavily upon us all. Consider this an open apology to any professors who may be reading this for the utter uselessness of your students for the next few weeks.

Gluten: It's the bitchiest, whitest food sensitivity known to man. Still, pretending that drunkenly inhaling peanut butter cookies won't make me writhe in intestinal agony doesn't just make it disappear. #sorrynot, digestive tract. Fuck you for making macaroni and cheese so painful. ■

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UVM Art Department Digital Lab

the news in brief

with dannissim

“As students’ use of social media is growing, there’s a whole variety of ways that college admissions officers can use it... We have chosen to not use it as part of the process in making admissions decisions.”

- **Beth A. Wisner**, University of Vermont's Director of Admissions, comments of the use of social media and other digital information as consideration towards admission. While some admissions officers may use social media info, it is considered by some to be controversial because of the uncertainty of authenticity in certain cases.

“You asked me a question back in May and you can repeat that question. Yes, I have smoked crack cocaine. But no, do I, am I an addict? No. Have I tried it? Probably in one of my drunken stupors, probably approximately about a year ago.”

- Last Tuesday, **Toronto Mayor Rob Ford** admitted to smoking crack – a claim he had repeatedly denied. In the past, Ford has been called out on wild drunken behavior and lewd conduct.

“We estimate 1,000 people were killed in Tacloban and 200 in Samar province.”

- **Gwendolyn Pang**, secretary general of the Philippine Red Cross, discusses estimated death tolls suffered after Super Typhoon Haiyan devastated the country. Locals estimate the death toll to be closer to 10,000 with close to half a million people displaced from their homes.

“I have lots of clients that come here and say, ‘I want to look like that mannequin.’ I tell them, ‘O.K., then get an operation.’”

- Venezuelan shop owner **Yaritza Molina** comments on customer feelings towards a new type of mannequin that has grown in popularity. The mannequins, who feature a more prominent bosom and other accented features, have been altered to reflect a rising rate of plastic surgery among Venezuelan women.

“This is not an easy decision, yet consumer demand is clearly moving to digital distribution of video entertainment.”

- **Joseph P. Clayton, C.E.O. of Dish Network**, remarks on the video store, Blockbuster, and its store closings. What happened to the good 'ol days of VHS rewinding machines and late fees? Wait, that shit sucked.

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New writers and artists
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Weekly meetings
Tuesdays at 7:30 pm
Lafayette L207
Or send us an email

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

how to *lose* friends and *alienate* the globe

espionage and the nsa by annahill

What do you think of when you hear “NSA?” Edward Snowden? Conspiracy? The United States? Or simply, “What the hell is that?” Regardless of your reaction, you should know that the NSA leaks aren’t isolated to our own country—it’s an issue our entire globe is facing. In recent weeks, more confidential NSA files have been offered up through varying sources, and they have all lead to the same conclusion:

Global surveillance is a widespread problem that must be addressed. Many political figures around the globe have been speaking out about intercontinental spying and regulation of communications—and let me tell you, they are not happy. Breaches of trust, strained intercontinental relations, and serious invasions of privacy are only a few of the topics being stirred up in relation to the leaks. So let us take a global sampling of what’s been going down behind the scenes.

Russia: Here we check up on former NSA employee, Mr. Edward Snowden himself, currently living in Moscow, Russia with a newly-acquired website maintenance job. On November 4th, German news magazine *Der Spiegel* received a letter written by Mr. Snowden about his NSA leaks and the future of global surveillance. In his letter, titled “A Manifesto for the Truth,” he stresses how his actions were meant to bring about change. According to Mr. Snowden, despite the U.S.’s NSA and the U.K.’s equivalent, the GCHQ, being the world’s worst offenders of spying, every country must address this issue. “Mass surveillance is a global problem,” he stated, “and needs a global solution.” Regardless of the U.S.’s reaction to Mr. Snowden’s illegal activities, he believes he has done the right thing as both a former NSA employee and as a U.S. citizen.

Germany: Lately, German Chancellor Angela Merkel has been squaring off with President Obama. *Der Spiegel*, once again, published a report stating how Merkel’s personal cell phone conversations have been monitored for years; up until June 2013, Pres. Obama had personally approved the recording of her calls. The previous week, Pres. Obama had called Mrs. Merkel to assure her that her calls were not being monitored and would not be in the future—but what about the past? The report claims the monitoring began in 2002, three years before Mrs. Merkel even became Chancellor. Mrs. Merkel has called the actions of the NSA and of the U.S. government a “serious breach of trust” between allies. After the leaked article was published, Mrs. Merkel called Pres. Obama to confront him on the basis of the allegations. On the phone, she gave him no other option for the future other than a “contractual basis on the activities of the services [of the NSA] and their cooperation.”

France: U.S. relations with France have been shaky as well. Recently, French newspaper *Le Monde* published an article about alleged U.S. surveillance, claiming the NSA recorded 70.3 million of France’s phone calls in a 30-day period between December 2012 and January 2013. Specific phone numbers were tracked and targeted for recording, while text messages were supposedly recorded based on certain keywords. Although U.S. officials have refused to comment on any allegations, French foreign minister Laurent Fabius has summoned various U.S. ambassadors to France to come clean about the accusations. Mr. Fabius believes that, based on the extent of the collection, nearly every French citizen using a phone could have been monitored. French Prime Minister Jean-Marc Ayrault has expressed great concern over the spying, even telling French officials to stop using their own Smartphones to communicate any important information. The PM says the U.S. had “no strategic justification, no justification on the basis of national defense” to record the calls and texts of an allied country.



julianna roen

Vermont, United States: Even here in Vermont, political officials are fighting back. Most recently, Senator Patrick Leahy has spoken out about the NSA’s ability to keep their secrets secret. According to him, if a 29-year-old contractor cannot be trusted to keep secret U.S. files safe, how can the NSA? “[The NSA] can’t keep our secrets and shouldn’t have them,” the Senator said on November 4th on live broadcasting. Sen. Leahy has blatantly rejected the idea that mass surveillance keeps Americans safe, an idea our government has been shoving down our throats for the last decade. He has even pointed out how the Administration has failed to identify a single, specific terrorist plot prevented by their global surveillance. Despite admitting that Edward Snowden has been the key lawbreaker in the situation, Sen. Leahy truly blames the NSA itself for the file leaks. After all, who was the bumbling idiot that hired an ethical guy to work at the U.S.’s most shady government organization? ■

RUSSIA—continued from pg 1

Putin has publicly distanced himself from the controversial aspects of the cases at hand. He has decried piracy charges against the Greenpeace 30 as being unfair and insulting to actual pirates. The magnanimous leader weighed in on the side of clemency in the Pussy Riot case. While Edward Snowden was getting cozy in Moscow’s Sheremetyevo Airport, a la the similarly stateless Tom Hanks in *Terminal*, the autocratic President insisted that the decision to grant asylum was not his to make; he apparently didn’t want big bad Obama to roll up 3 envoys deep packin’ UN resolutions and import restrictions on vodka. No, this decision of significant importance to Russian-American relations rested in the hands of an anonymous, low level bureaucrat. An appropriate contextualization of these more recent events requires a brief foray into modern Russian political history. When third (and three quarters) term President Vladimir

Putin wasn’t raising global awareness of his personal badassery by wrestling bears, helping lost migratory birds find their way, kicking some ass in Judo or hunting tigers, the former head of the FSB (descendant of the KGB) was busy consolidating the power of the Russian executive branch. Putin significantly reduced the authority of the 86 subnational governments in relation to the Kremlin of which he is in charge, and also weakened the legislature which previously could have prevented him from being a douche by executive decree. Compensating for something, Mr. Putin? The United Russia political party, founded by Putin in 2001, has held a consistent majority in the Russian Duma due to Putin’s perceived role in the economic improvement in the 2000’s (and maybe some election fraud, as those protesting in the streets of Moscow following the last election would allege). Putin and United Russia have capitalized on increasing global prices for Russian natural resources,

as well as instigated a brutal crackdown on opposition and dissent to maintain control. In the current model of the international system, the right of sovereigns to exercise control over the resources in their country’s boundaries is universally recognized and presents a paradox in terms of actual human welfare. On the one hand, resource wealth can make a country’s citizens wealthy and prosperous. On the other, a malicious autocrat can harness those resources and use the wealth to oppress his subjects. This is known as the “resource curse”, and is usually discussed in the context of dictatorships in countries with underdeveloped, resource centric economies. It seems, however, that this illustrious group can now include Putin’s Russia. Putin has recently demonstrated a tendency to distance himself from the actions of the Russian state when those actions are controversial. This can mean one of two things. The first possibility is that he actually is not in control of important

decisions which impact Russia’s relationship with the world, in which case all that consolidation of power and his sore fingers from the Medvedev puppeteering act were for naught. If that is the case, Putin has created a monster that he cannot control and shattered Russia’s hopes for true democracy in the near future without even getting absolute dictatorship out of the deal. The second possibility is that Putin is simply bullshitting the international community while pandering to his narcissism and promoting his image as a benevolent leader at home. Remember, this is the same dude that stole Robert Kraft’s Super Bowl ring, and therefore should never be trusted. Ever. We know you’re still a little upset about that whole collapse of communism as a social order and economic system, but seriously, Russia? Stop being a dick. ■

around town.

the scene you haven't seen

burlington's *not-so-secret* nightlife

by marilynora

What's good UVM? Lemme tell you, Burlington's nightlife and music scene. Happenings are happenin'. It seems like every night there are amazing shows, events; the choices can be overwhelming and sometimes you just don't know where to go. While each happenin' does draw in its own crowd, there's still the general feel and aesthetic that goes along with a place. Simply put, different venues cater to different people. With that in mind, if you're unfamiliar with Burlington's night scene, here's a brief review of each one and the crowd that can be found there.

If you're feeling particularly laid back, I suggest you head over to The House That Phish Built, aka **Nectar's**. Nectar's, located on Main St., has the chilliest atmosphere of all the venues in Burlington. While it does feature a variety of music (Sundays: Reggae night, Metal Mondays) it mainly caters to the Deadheads and Phish fans. Who are these people, you ask? These are people that love music, especially jam bands. They're so focused on the music that everything comes second. Little thought is put into how they dress, or present themselves, because it's all about the music. It's a very "come as you are" feel. So if you're frontin' some wild, overrun hair, torn jeans, some obscure band or beer tee shirt, and you're feeling particularly slouchy but you just don't care 'cause you just wanna jam, Nectar's is the place to be.

Located near the outskirts of downtown, on North Winooski, **Radio Bean** is the most hipster venue around. You won't hear modern pop songs here. The balmy, live, mostly-acoustic music acts as a nice calamine lotion to soothe your feelings. This place is home to the most earthy, bohemian, eclectic crowd around. If you just want to experience something new, Radio Bean is it. This is where you'll find cape-wearing people, and Open Mic nights on

Monday are amazing. You will have the privilege of hearing some of the best and worst live music in town. Radio Bean is the place to go to if you're up for an adventure.

Another adventurous place to head to is **Signal Kitchen**. Located in the alley behind Skirack on Main Street at the corner of Pine, Signal Kitchen is a hole in the wall, elevating it to underground-cool status already. It's currently under renovation, but in the short time that it has been open it has definitely catered to the young UVM crowd. If you wanna party with college kids (I've honestly never seen anyone there older than 25), then throw on your best tie dye and flannel and head on over. They're always featuring up-and-coming new artists, and they even work

of that it also attracts creepy old men. If you're not feeling too cute, I suggest you head to Red Square. Boost your self-esteem by having one of your dad's coworkers buy you drinks all night, then you can duck out on them by quickly escaping through the side door.

Metronome is right above Nectar's. It's never overcrowded, but it, too, is filled with the older crowd reminiscing about the lost 80s or 90s. Metronome is low-key. If you don't have a lot of energy to party but your friends are dragging you out, head to Metronome. The bar is never crowded and if you do find your mojo, then it's a fine place to dance.

My favorite place is the **1/2 Lounge**. Often overlooked, it's a couple of doors down from Red Square. It is very small but it's never overcrowded and the crowd there is amped up. If you want to have a nice little night out, something intimate perhaps, 1/2 Lounge is the place to go. They have their dungeon basement where you can hold serious conversations and mellow out, or if you'd like, you can head upstairs and thrash wildly to electronica amongst the other American Apparel mannequins come to life.

Rasputin's is disgusting; it's the porta-potty of clubs in Burlington. It smells like a used diaper filled with Indian food and smacks of nonconsensual sex. The crowd there ranges from *16 and Pregnant* to sad, middle-aged men who could fill the Charlie Sheen role in *Two and a Half Men*. 'Sputies will let anyone in, no matter how drunk they are. So if you're going out to get hammered and belligerently drunk, head to 'Sputies, they'll have you. ■

"if you're not feeling too cute i suggest you head to red square. boost your self-esteem while having one of your dad's coworkers buy you drinks all night"

with UVM's radio station to present local bands, including UVM's very own Bible Camp Sleepovers. The high likelihood of seeing someone you know there also lends to its very *Cheers*-like atmosphere.

On the days that you wanna rise to the occasion, dress up, drop the beat and bump all night, you have four options: the **1/2 Lounge**, **Red Square**, **Rasputin's**, and **Metronome**.

Red Square, located right on Church Street, is a fine dance club, but it's rather small and always over-crowded. It mainly plays modern pop, which definitely caters to the younger crowd that can be found there, but because

full tank *weedin'* them out northern lights

by davidanderson

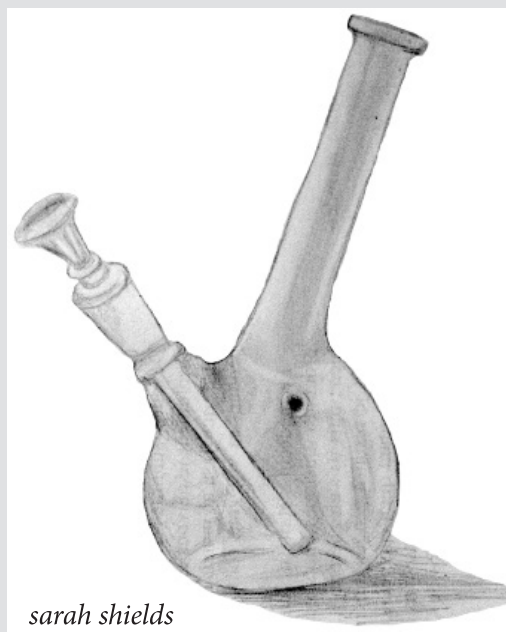
by colinwalker

Full Tank is located at 150A Church Street, but I'm sure that everyone reading this had the location of every head shop memorized by their second week up here.

I was personally in this shop the other week, and the woman behind the counter was very friendly and helpful, regardless of the fact that I asked her to point out the cheapest items she had. Full Tank has a very nice selection, although they are smaller than a few of the other shops around. I like them for their price range; you can get something cheap, high-end, or really classy — but pricey glassware is just asking for a night spent desperately looking for super glue after your hammered friend "just put it back gently." I think my favorite part of Full Tank is the little things they do, specifically that there's only one or two boxes full of stupid blacklight posters crowding the whole area (compared to the poster mazes some places have).

But we should also deal with the elephant in the room here; Full Tank is pretty sketchy. It's really just a small, dark basement; compared to the many of the other well lit and brightly colored smoke shops in the area it does look a little shabby. All the good vibes and polite service in the world couldn't stop you from being unsettled by some of the downright freaky art behind the counter. I have a hard time keeping eye contact with the staff sometimes because I'm pretty sure that this creepy kid in a picture is looking at me.

Ultimately I am a big fan of Full Tank; it's usually where I go to shop and the service has always been really helpful. Even the fact that it's in a creepy basement could be seen as a strength if, for whatever reason, you're a college student in Vermont trying to be discreet about buying a bong. Still, there's no excuse for those fucking paintings though. ■



sarah shields

Perhaps it's because I bought my first piece here that I have some loyalty to this place, but Northern Lights is my favorite head shop in town. With the green siding and giant flag that reads "OPEN," I saw it only as a strange building that I would jog past until I gave it a closer look. Right smack on Main Street, the place is my go-to in buying any implement that will help me "view the Aurora Borealis."

Once anyone steps inside the small venue, the chime of a little bell and a greeting from a vendor welcome you inside, as the smell of incense caresses your nostrils. Right away, you can see the tapestries, posters and other items for sale. Walking around the shop, you come across the cornucopia of pipes, hookahs, and other tobacco/"tobacco" products.

I've purchased a few items here in my time in Burlington, and they're all of top quality. The place has a fair selection of grinders, wooden pipes, metal pipes, acrylic pipes, hand-blown glass pipes (by local artists), hookahs (and shishas), and vaporizers. Whether you're looking for a bowl, a bong, a bubbler, a vape, or anything actually, this place has it.

The price can range from a simple piece that is roughly \$20, to a leading brand-name piece that'll set you back a couple hundred, but is totally worth it. As "the tobacco shop with the hippie flavor," you really can't go wrong with a purchase here. Customer service is great, and you can even enter a free monthly raffle to win items up to \$200. A quick, direct walk downtown, and you can soon easily be on your way up without any hassle.

Honestly though, my fellow blazers, what really sets things apart is something else entirely. It's really the understanding one has with others that when you say that you've gotten your merch at Northern Lights, they respect it and know it was a good purchase, and you feel it too. That's what makes this place stand out, and gain loyalty from customers. ■



“but some of my best friends are black!” uvm’s diversity problem

by caito’hara

Diversity at UVM is a tricky subject. On one hand, UVM is still a predominantly white campus (if you doubt me, look around the next time you’re walking to class in the middle of the day). On the other, the university emphasizes diversity and our awareness of what is and is not (in theory at least) tolerated. Hell, you have to take 6 credits in certified diversity courses before they’ll hand you a diploma. On paper, everything looks so good. It’s not until you look at how it actually plays out that things get a little fuzzy.

UVM first adopted a Six-Credit Diversity Graduation Requirement (no, really, that’s the title of the document) in April 2006, to be put on trial with a three-credit requirement for the incoming fall class. By the time we all got here, the D1/D2 program had become tried and true. We’d all heard about them, knew we would have to take them, and, in some odd sort of communally-brainwashed sort of way, we all seemed to dread them. Sure, I’d met some people who had enjoyed them, but I felt like it was rare that I ever heard about someone taking something away from them in the long run.

I took my D2 last semester and I’m taking my D1 now. Both courses are informative and interesting, and discuss a lot of topics you wouldn’t necessarily think about on a daily basis. My D2 (Intro to Comparative Religions) forced me to examine how religions work. In essence, we tried to puzzle out some of what exactly makes something a religion and how the parts of the whole came together to create something greater than it seems. But it was from an analytical, almost clinical standpoint. It was more about the differences in the religions themselves, not the issues that have arisen in a world full of people who all believe in different things. There was a lack of connection between what I was learning about and the community and world around me. There was a human element missing, a lack of true understanding of the emotions and convictions religion often instills.

My D1 (Con Law; Civil Rights) examines civil rights in America for all classes of citizens, how the laws of the

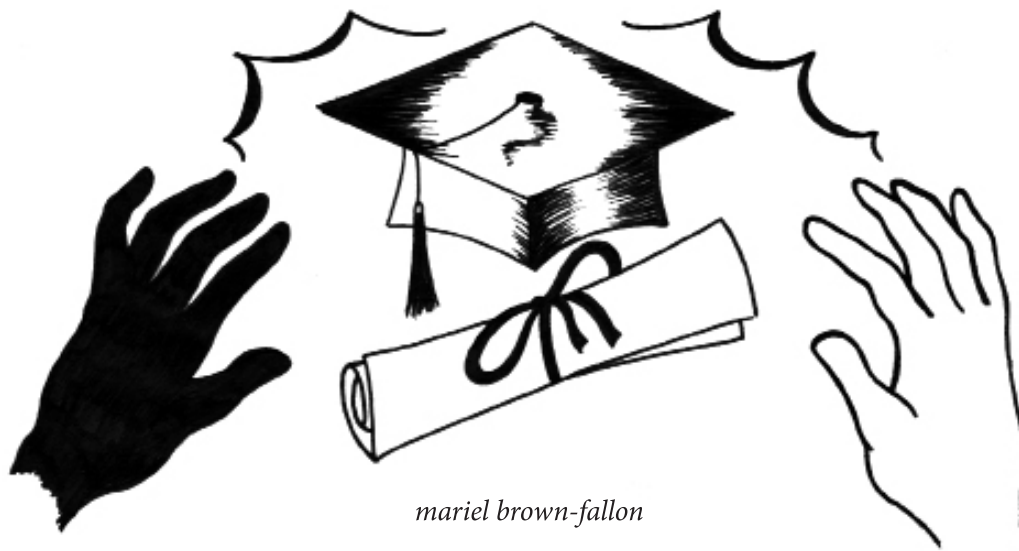
nation have changed and been shaped by shifting popular opinion, and the continuing battle about who does and does not deserve protection. It’s an interesting concept to think about as someone who has made it through life with the privilege of being white and middle-class. There are friends, and family, and people you see walking around every day who haven’t had that advantage; people who go about life knowing that they are being judged because of the color of their skin, or their religion, or their choice in partner (or no partner!). For all my griping about having

meetings and discussed things that wouldn’t be okay in our communities, but it’s not just the overt issues that require our attention. Our manner around others, the inevitable cliques that form, the way we judge people (because we all do) as we meet them, those are the things we should focus on. It’s the way you behave on a daily basis towards your fellow human beings that matter. It’s fighting against a way we’ve all been taught how to view the world, and that requires more than a classroom.

Complete and total acceptance of all people regardless of any arbitrary factors is hard to imagine in a lot of ways. We see instances of how deeply ingrained societal boundaries are every day, even if they’re seemingly harmless. We grew up hearing about how America was this big cultural melting pot where everyone is free to be whomever they damn well please, and as we grew up, some of that shiny coating wore off and the dirty truths were exposed.

The diversity curriculum at UVM is not perfect. For a lot of people in strict majors, it can be challenging to fit them into a schedule and frustrating when it hits you that you’re paying to talk about why we all need to love each other. The complete lack of connection between the courses offered and any major that isn’t a liberal art is something I believe detracts from it. Teach me how I’m going to encounter this in

the world I’m moving on to, not the one we’re trying to leave behind. Give people the freedom to openly discuss the events and happenings in our world without fear of repercussion or misunderstanding. We’re young; we still have time to unlearn the stereotypes and prejudices we’ve consciously or subconsciously picked up in our relatively short lives. Talk to each other, listen to the stories and find the common ground. Look beyond the classroom. ■



mariel brown-fallon

to take another diversity class on top of my already-busy schedule, I have to say, this one, at least, has served its purpose.

In a seeming paradox, the UVM approach to greater appreciation for diversity feels detached. The university admits that, “Achieving a visible or statistical diversity is not sufficient. The University of Vermont should do whatever is necessary – policy formulation, education, allocation of resources, community dialogue – to ensure that inclusion is a reality of campus life.”

Think about it for a second. Yes, we’ve all been to hall

the megabus crackdown

by wesdunn

On November 1st, Megabus posted a service advisory explaining that UVM had asked them to GTFO, so to speak. “Until a longer-term solution is found,” the brief said, you’re gonna have to catch the bus down at the parking lot behind the Doubletree Hotel, 1117 Williston Road, South Burlington.

This wasn’t really an abrupt decision. Last year, UVM was pissed because people were waiting for busses inside Jeffords, and those busses were blocking staff access as well. Then in early March of this year, there was a massive drug bust, exposing the fact that traffickers were running a lot of cocaine and oxycodone up from New York City to Vermont using the cheap transport Megabus offers. The drugs weren’t intended for UVM students or even Burlington really, it was just the quickest, cheapest way to get into Vermont. In busting up this source, authorities hoped to be drying up the flow of drugs from New York into Vermont. All in all, over 70,000 dollars worth was confiscated.

At this point, Megabus was on pretty thin ice with UVM, as evidenced by their being moved to a “temporary” location behind Harris/Millis. Then, in the last week of October, there was another cocaine bust when the bus from NYC let off in Burlington: pretty much the last straw for UVM.

So what is a college student to do now? Nevermind the fact that our cocaine supply has dried up; the bus now lies on the other side of the highway bridge south of campus, as opposed to a few minutes’ walk from your dorm. For a comparison, ever taken the bus to UMass Amherst? The situation is now exactly like that – you can see the campus as you approach, and then at the last second the bus dumps you in the

back of a mall parking lot somewhere in town.

Luckily, our bus system is much less confusing (in my opinion, at least) than the Pioneer Valley’s. You can take CCTA’s 1, 1A or 12 bus (the Williston route or South Burlington Circulator) to get to this new stop. If those times don’t match up great, it’s also about a 16-minute walk according to the Google – a little under a mile. So for you folks who love to do that whole “I’mma show up just in time for the bus by running because that seems romantic” thing, leave your whimsical selves about eight minutes, depending on luggage.

Look, obviously this is a hassle, but I feel also that it’s worth pointing out that Al’s Frys is now a five-minute walk from the bus stop. You can grab some awesome burgers, shakes and “frys” before or after being on the bus. (Actually, wait, that’s terrible. Especially now that Al’s takes cards. I’m going to get so fat. Shit.) On second thought, maybe just head over to the Starbucks across the street. Or Moe’s. Or Leon-

ardo’s! (I may have a problem.)

But seriously, this won’t be too bad. We can do it. The Megabus move is undeniably annoying and inconvenient, but then again, so is trying to use any other transportation to get to any of the places it takes you for anything close to the low price they charge. In time, hopefully, we can start to move past this and learn to love the new stop location. The key to finding new love for a bus stop is forgiveness. Especially when you find out that you’ve gained ten pounds in pizza, cinnamon rolls and “frys” over the course of a couple trips. ■

reflections.



dave v. david: the appellation of my i

the belf

m

by marilynmora

by davidanderson

"Which name do you prefer?" As someone who overthinks everything, these five words have haunted my dreams since I was young. I have always had a tough time deciding between my two possible names (David and Dave), and my indecision was only amplified by excessive readings of *The Importance of Being Ernest* in my senior year of high school. It's a tough situation as it's not a scenario with any clear winners. I'm sure many of you out there share or have shared my concern regarding nicknames.

There are many different kinds of nicknames; there's the standard Last-Name-is-Now-Your-First-Name, practiced in high schools and sports teams across the country. On the other end of the spectrum, there's the "Embarrassing Situation Frozen in Time" derived from something you did in grade school which followed you into high school. These tend to not linger as long in college as everyone is on an even playing field of drunken embarrassments. My embarrassing nickname was Pigpen, assigned to me by none other than my fourth grade teacher—damn Catholic schools. Then there's the "good" nicknames, ones you receive from doing things you might actually be proud of. Other nicknames are more basic, just simple alterations to one's original name. Many nicknames just chop off an ending (Robert to Rob) or add an "ee" sound (John to Johnny). These combi-

nations are easily interchangeable; the lucky ones with these names effortlessly switch between the two. David to Dave both drops a syllable and adds a completely different vowel; it's a whole different ballpark. This means it's both impossible to use both forms of the name and it presents intense ideological problems as to which one should be used.

Each name brings its own pros and cons to the table: David inspires confidence as much as he turns heads and Dave will make you laugh and always has

time every month, but Dave has never listened to "the man" in his life, and besides he needs the money to fix his damn motorcycle. David performs classical piano for charity, Dave brings the house down every Friday night at open mics with his ska band (he plays bass). I could literally make these up all day, but they probably stopped being funny after the first couple.

What I'm saying is that for whatever reason, I can't help but thinking that even a small difference can imply something

different. People say first impressions mean everything, and a name is the first thing two people will probably learn about each other. Do other people think like this? Almost definitely not. Why do I think like this?

It probably has something to do with my fourth grade teacher making me write David in cursive because "Dave sounds like a name for a slob." (I really should have been repressing these memories or something.) Regardless of whether or not you think I'm completely insane after reading this, I am bringing up an important point: nicknames are part of how we're perceived and we should be careful of what exactly our nicknames imply to people just meeting us or even what they reinforce to our current friends. ■

"you can trust a david to get the job done, whereas dave is probably too busy crushing cold ones"

your back. David is synonymous with intelligence, integrity and ambition. You can trust a David to get the job done, whereas Dave is probably too busy crushing cold ones or working on his vintage car. Dave is undoubtedly more fun to be around than David, sure you can have a sincere conversation with a David, but you could never just go out and have a crazy night with him—he probably has volunteer work in the morning. Dave lives in a "killer apartment," and David leases it to him. David wants the rent on

I don't do selfies. Now, don't get me wrong, I'm a very narcissistic, petty, and self-involved person just like the best of us who like to play it off as confidence. Yet for whatever reason, whenever I extend my arm and turn the camera in the direction of my face, my hands will automatically come alive, let go of the camera, and come flying back to punch me in my own dumb face. Lemme tell you, I pack a mean punch.

I will say that I appreciate the history of the selfie and I completely understand why they exist: people need a nice picture to front with. Back in the day, English aristocrats would commission flattering oil paintings of themselves (some of the earliest selfies around). Caesar was the first Roman to put his profile on the Roman coin, ensuring that his selfie was seen by all. That's some confidence right there. After that, Kodak cameras appeared on the scene, and in 1914 Princess Anastasia became one of the first teens to take a mirror selfie of herself, which she later mailed to a friend.

I realize selfies are necessary because sometimes getting the perfect photo of yourself is not the simplest task. I mean, I guess you could ask your friends, but then how would the conversation go? "Hey Becca, you wanna spend the afternoon taking photos of me!!!!!" That would sound selfish, of course, and selfishness is just so not you. You're sensitive. You have a deep, troubled soul that not even Becca knows about.

Butt-Selfie



COFFEE RELIGION—continued from page 1

While Buddhists believe that meditation is the key to enlightenment, coffee drinkers avow that it is, in fact, caffeine.

Just as in most other religions, Coffeeists harbor beliefs in the holy, the sacred, and the sinful. Holy is the perfect cup of coffee—allusive, but a symbol of true di-

vinity when found. Sacred is the coffee plant, mother to our father bean. And sinful is known through the two main commandments: Thou shall not brew the ambrosia too weak (Sodexo be damned), and thou shall not ravage its purity with sugar and chemical flavors (Thus, Frappuccino-

ism is a completely alternate religion).

So keep your bibles and your prayer cloths, and Alpha Chi, stop trying to convert me in the Davis Center. My soul is already being saved, one stamp at Hendersons at a time. ■

ie: selfies now more *ass-inine*

What can you do but retreat into your bathroom and spend the afternoon trying to capture the perfect way your hair falls into your face? After editing the blurry myspace arm (and any other flaws in this otherwise perfect portrayal), you may finally upload the selfie for all the world to see.

I can understand all of this, but what I'd like to call out is all of the selfie shenanigans that have followed. Nowadays one does not simply upload a selfie photo. Clustering up my newsfeed, many are now uploading selfies by the dozen. The

**"This generation has a
e appreciation for the
badonkadonk."**

same picture over and over again, but this time with quotes under each photo, like, "When she jumped she thought she could fly." Oh really? Is that what a photo of your highly contrasted reckless and duck face means? I didn't know.

Then there are the bastardizations from which the selfie has spiraled. There is the duck-face selfie, the bathroom selfie, the sleeping selfie, the dressing-room selfie, the crying selfie, the snapchat selfie, and now the latest one that I

would love to watch go, the belfie.

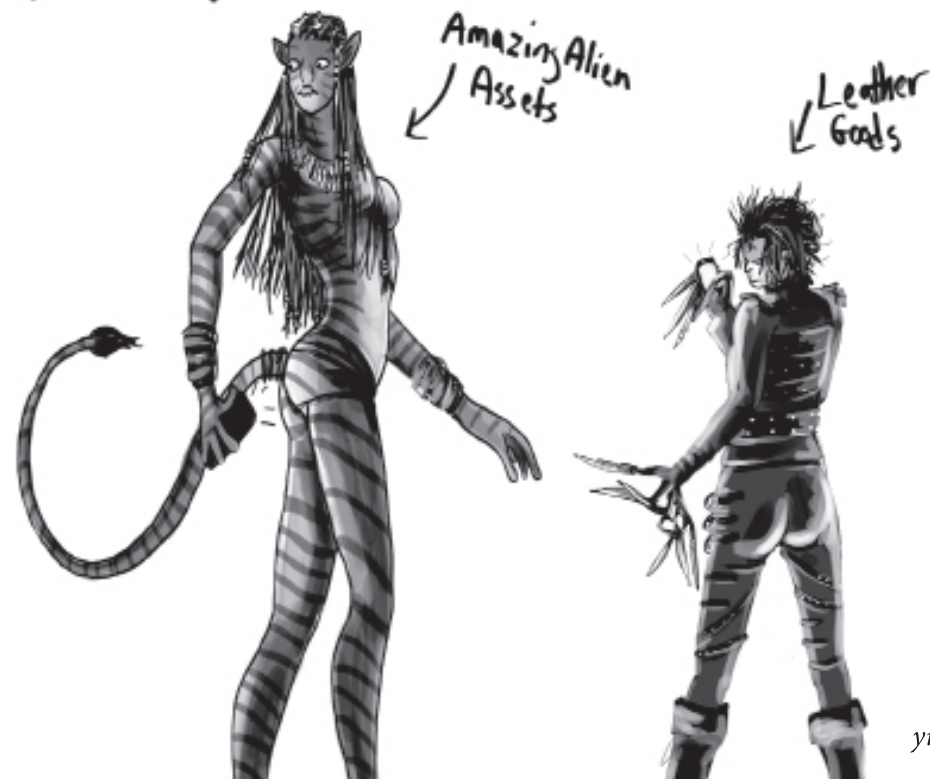
Have you heard of the belfie? Maybe not, but no doubt you've seen it. The bottom selfie, the butt selfie. From what I can gather, Heidi Klum sparked this trend in early July when she posted a pic of her sunburned backside on Instagram. Last week Kim Kardashian started a media frenzy with a gratuitous shot of her derriere, and since then mass imitators have followed.

This generation has a fine appreciation for the badonkadonk. Twerking is the latest dance trend. Kim Kardashian, Nikki Minaj, JLo and their butts have become huge pop culture figures. Yet when Sir Mix-Alot shouts "baby got back!", I'll respond with a "meh." I don't care how close of friends we are, unless we're at the beach, I don't want to see that booty.

Nor am I prepared to see it. There I am scrolling through Instagram during breakfast, "Oh that's a nice shot of the lake, oh you played frisbee with your dog yesterday, oh *chokes on apple* okay that's your ass..." Please don't butt into my day like that, it's the morning, I just want to see cartoons.

So you have some big assets, that's nice. I'm actually really happy for you because there are far too many pancake butts around. However, if selfies are considered the conceited inflated view of oneself than #belfies are the newest, cheekiest level of attention-whoring, and it's just not something I'm willing to get behind. ■

As we **WANT** to see



haters gonna *hate,* taters gonna *potate*

by leonardbartenstein

If you ask someone how they feel about One Direction, you'll probably get one of two responses: 1) "Oh my gosh, I love those guys so much omg!!! <33" or 2) "Oh my God, that stupid boy band don't even talk to me about them." There really isn't much of an in-between. And this is something that you'll find about most pop groups. People either like them, or hate them. And why is that? Why do people feel so strongly about them?

I'd like to point out that I'm not talking about Justin Bieber and the like—Bieber is a total douchebag, and has proven it time and time again. Whether leaving his pet monkey in Germany alone, peeing in a mop bucket in the kitchen of a restaurant, or crashing parties and making huge messes, he's just awful. It's totally legitimate to hate him. Go for it. Whatever.

But then you look at One Direction. What have they done to you? Made you question your masculinity when their catchy songs get stuck in your head? Really, what's the harm in their existence? They're nice to their fans, they do charity work, and they spout really positive music. There's no reason to dislike them. And yet, people insist on not listening to them because they're "dumb and gay" or something to that effect. First of all, being dumb isn't a bad thing, and neither is being gay. And second of all, they don't deserve those labels.

I mean, when I think about it, I have fallen into this sort of rut. I have disliked Selena Gomez for a while. I mean, it all started with that awful show she had on Disney Channel about wizards. That was awful. And my prejudice against her was

spurred by that, and I could never really like her as a person. But there was no reason for me not to like her. She seems like a perfectly nice lady. I was just disliking her for really no reason at all. And her songs are pretty catchy.

Think of Taylor Swift. You might not like her music, and that's okay, but do you really hate her? She hasn't done anything wrong. She writes songs about breakups, yeah, but so does Adele—and we don't demonize her. Taylor Swift is a good positive role model for young girls, and she seems like a wonderful woman. Just because she goes through boyfriends faster than I go through candy does not mean that she should be hated.

Or look at the VMAs, with Miley Cyrus and Robin Thicke. Which one of those two do you find yourself hating more? Probably Thicke, because his song

is disgusting and misogynistic, but you probably hold some contempt for Miley as well. What's the reason for that? Because she showed some skin? Because she had some bad dance moves? That's no reason to hate her. Her new album might not be your cup of tea, but she hasn't done anything evil, she hasn't been rude—she's just cut her hair and likes to stick her tongue out. Again, there's no reason to hate.

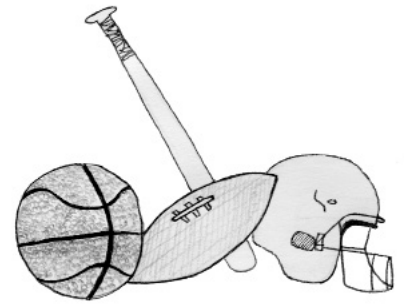
So next time you hate a pop musician, or think you do—stop and wonder why you do it. Is it because you truly hate them, or do you just dislike their music? Genuinely hating musicians/celebrities/strangers/etc. when you don't know what they're like as a person is just sort of a dumb, superficial thing to do. ■



ben berrick

highlight reel.

uvm hockey in all its glory



by zackpensak

My friends and I were counting down the days until we could get the tickets. I mean, who wouldn't want to see UVM play the number two school in the country, Notre Dame? We were in line just as the clock struck 9 AM last Monday morning, behind only a few fans more dedicated than ourselves. Now, for most games, you could say that we were being overzealous, making sure we get our tickets immediately when they went on sale for students. However, this was a big game, especially with Notre Dame being a newly inducted member of the Hockey East. Once I finally got my hands on that ticket, I exhaled a sigh of relief. Sports had returned to my life.

I went to a high school that was extremely centered around sports by season. There was always an undying support system for each sport, regardless of how well the team was doing. Of the many different teams that Staples High School has, soccer was the one that people were most passionate about during my four years there. Every home game, people would pack 'The Hill' in preparation for what always promised to be a good game for the Wreckers. Soccer is a very interactive sport for a fan, as the players and referees are completely within shouting distance. My freshman year in high school we were state champions, my sophomore we were runners-up, and junior and senior year we again went deep into the state tournament.

Coming to UVM, I was excited for the soccer season this fall. With the absence of football, soccer is the only men's fall sport, so I expected the atmosphere to be buzzing at the home games. However, I was a bit disappointed at my first soccer game here. Not only were there only a few people there, but the fans were perpetually silent throughout the game. There were no chants or words of encouragement being yelled toward our players; just some murmurs about how somebody was in disagreement with the ref over a certain call. The game was lacking the energy I

desired, an energy that I finally found at the hockey game this past Friday.

Walking into the Gutterson Fieldhouse instantly put a smile on my face. The student section was completely full and, ten minutes before the game had even begun, the fans were yelling a non-stop, rhythmic chant of "U-V-M". The supply of thunder sticks made the noise even more deafening. As the game progressed, the decibel level in the student section seemed to stay at a very constant, near ear-splitting, level. Whether it was the classic UVM chant, the ever-present yell of DEFENSE (clap, clap, clap), or even a few more tasteful cheers, there was always something being shouted from section 12.

When I first heard the "Fuck the Irish" chant coming from the back of the student section, I wasn't sure if it was exactly kosher to yell. Of course, Notre Dame is referred to as, "The Irish", but nonetheless, some people may think that is over the top (like the adults and children present). However, everyone joined in upon hearing it and, as I have no Irish heritage and therefore no reason to be offended, I joined right in. Although that was funny, my personal favorite was the chant immediately following our two goals. When Steven Summerhays, the Notre Dame goalie, turned around to get some water and calm himself down, the entire section pointed at him and yelled, "It's all your fault!" There is no better way to get in the head of the lone shot stopper for a team than to place all the blame upon his shoulders. If that's not school spirit, I don't know what is.

We emerged victorious that day, a nail-bitter that ended in a 2-1 win for the Catamounts. As I left the stadium with my friends, we all gushed about how exciting it was, and how much we wanted to continue going to as many games as we could. The next day, with a marathon of *It's Always Sunny in Philadelphia* playing in the background, my friend Ben and I made individual notecards for each

player on the team. We spent a good portion of the day strengthening our knowledge of the team, determined to become hardcore hockey fans. Some would say that we are being crazy and a bit too into it. I would say that we have a bad case of UVM hockey fever. ■



ben berrick

fashion five-oh.



the spray, the can, the wardrobe: hope lost for the future

by lauragreenwood

There are only two instances in my life when I felt I've come anywhere close to lacquering on my clothes. One would be the Naked Bike Ride. And the other would be that time my freshman year of high school when I tried to put on my 5'2" friend's winter formal dress. The contexts were completely different, but both times made me reconsider keeping Nutella as a live-in bedmate and made me accept that there are certain conditions to clothing that cannot be ignored. As we dive into the topic of spray-on clothing I want us to focus on the unlikely pairing futuristic designers are trying to meld. Science and Fashion, antonyms in every pop culture setting, do not mix, and there is no good in the future for our wardrobes if the two become too closely engaged.

Ten years ago, aerosol enthusiast Manel Torres founded a company called Fabrican, dedicated to expanding the market of spray-on clothing (prior to Fabrican, this market included only Marvel comic female superheroes and post-pregnancy yogalates' pants). Torres's "aha" moment for his non-stick wear came from, "When he went to a friend's wedding and saw someone getting sprayed with Silly String". Whoa, pause. The future of fashion, according to this guy, came from Silly String. The only things that ever come from Silly String are horribly played out innuendos and admonishment from my mother. I understand how the entire Sci-Fi genre has made it seem as though we are destined to end up in latex-like clothing, but it really bothers me to

think the timeline of this trend all began with Silly String.

As I sit and scroll through Torres's creations, I'm left a bit confused. This chemistry founded clothing line is created using a liquid polymer blah blah, and dries on like a thick layer of Elmer's Glue. Often his creations are highly couture and require additional wiring to act as a structural base, but Torres's end goal is to create every day, wearable clothing. So yes, that means your peel-able bodysuit can be washed, reworn, or melted down and recycled. I can't help but shake my head. I love clothes and can't imagine never feeling soft cotton or a knit sweater again. I love science and innovation; double-stick tape changed my life. But beyond a few special circumstances, like medicinal applications or astronaut underwear, I really don't understand why fashion needs to come from a can. It bothered me enough when cheese became spray-able, so why would I want my tank top to be as well? Aerosol cans are proven to be absolute shit for the environment and dumb, desperate stoners from our youth. Imagine the crumpled-up sweaters huffers would be coughing out! It's all just too much. Go ahead and explore what a new clothing material can do, but don't try to create the end of a need for all other fabrics.

The only people who should look forward to the prospect of spray-on clothing are gym owners and anime fanatics. I think I speak for the rest of us when saying that I'll gladly stick with my current wardrobe, thank you very much. ■



barry guglielmo

trash.



i want you so bad

someone on campus catch your eye?
couldn't get a name?
submit your love anonymously
uvm.edu/~watertwr/iwysb.html

You've got me staying up too late
I'll admit that I can't concentrate
Midterms that I love to hate
Looks like that'll have to wait
Anticipating every date
Make me wanna celebrate
Feels like I hallucinate
Each touch, it's got me in a state
Of bliss, make my heart palpitate
You're the best kind of twist of fate
When: MWF
Where: Cyber Cafe
I saw: The light of my life
I am: Enamored

I think we both know it
even if I never show it
I'm totally transfixed
dreaming of being kissed
or nibbled on the neck
I love the way you hit the deck
I love the shirts you wear
the way you do your hair
so luscious, flowing everywhere
like you really don't care
like you really don't know
how fucking hot you are
how every time you fix me with that stare
I need to change my underwear.
So stop drawing flowers
and let me in your bed;
draw me instead.
When: Sometimes
Where: Book House
I saw: A fetchin' Tibetan
I am: Everyone, anyone

You tempt me from afar, most every day
I would embrace you more, but I fear to stay
The business is booming, the place is hot
I want you so bad, in your usual spot
Here in my hands, keeping me warm
With you by my side, I'll weather any storm.
Come back to me soon, don't stay long
Please don't make me, hafta write a love song.
When: Everyday
Where: Everywhere
I saw: The best lattes ever
I am: In need

the ear

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

Fireplace Lounge

Dude: Walt Whitman was like Ben Franklin, but for everyone.

Fishbowl

Enterprising young person: Serious question. Do you want to play flute in our One Direction cover band?

The On-Campus Bus

An inspired Bro: If Breaking Bad made a sequel where I cook acid and trip balls all the time, would you watch it?

More Fishbowl

Oblivious Girl: I never know how to eat sushi.
Equally Oblivious Friend: Just put it in your mouth!
Oblivious Girl: But it's so big? Like, do I start from the side or at the top?
Equally Oblivious Friend: You just have to go for it and put the WHOLE thing in.

L/L D Building Hallways

Guy 1: Apparently ginger is the secret to an erection.
Guy 2: Let's snort some ginger and pop a boner.

Home of UVM's finest, Cook Commons

Girl: Are you gonna go to class?
Guy: *burps loudly* Nah, Imma go lift.

Outside Royal Tyler Theater

A girl with a future: I'd rather just open up a cat farm in Mexico. You know, then I can just play with homeless cats all day!

Living/Learning

Shocked gentleman: Are you clipping your toenails into a Goldfish box?

Simpson

Girl: I'd rather be an alcoholic than a vegetarian.

DC Tunnel

Enthusiastic dude: I'm not trying to convert her dude, I'm just trying to sleep with her.

Heard something funny while walking to class this week? Too shy to approach that hottie from your psych class? Let us help! Submit to The Ear and IWYSB at <http://www.uvm.edu/~watertwr/>



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.

What renewable energy projects do you want to see on campus?
How can we learn more about renewable energy at UVM?

Comment and vote on Ideas through 11/15/2013!

<http://www.uvm.edu/sustain/cef/ideas>



For more information:
cef@uvm.edu

Vote & Comment 10/16-11/15/2013.

tunes.



comeback kid? the return of gambino

by elikarren

In a year filled with epic releases from some of the biggest names in hip-hop, could it be possible that the independent underdog produces the album to steal the show? It certainly is. Macklemore and Ryan Lewis showed us last year with *The Heist* that, with a strong enough backing, any underground artist could be thrown into superstardom. But, will Donald Glover; the comedic actor turned introspective rapper, be the next underground hit to steal the show?

Childish Gambino, the rapper pseudonym of Glover, burst back onto the scene earlier this month, releasing a short film clip to his YouTube page to break a year-long silence. The video, which clocked in around a minute and a half, showed nothing more than Glover giving an unsettlingly macabre stare to the camera as he floats underwater in a swimming pool. Throughout the video, a song, which was later found to be a promotional freestyle entitled "Yaphet Kotto", harmonizes the odd scenery. Within hours of this video's release, fans were so hungry and enamored that Gambino decided to indulge them in the whole song, pasting it onto his Soundcloud.

As soon as it hit the web, fans went wild. His Soundcloud and YouTube pages were flocked and every underground music website instantly thrust him to the top of their webpages. Fans were enamored with the mystery of his return and the refreshingly introspective lyrics that flew from his mouth. Furthering this mystery, fans found that Gambino deleted all of his past music from his Soundcloud, essentially restarting his career. They were only left with the mystery of what happened during his time away, and what tracks he made then.

Following the 2011 release of his debut album, *Camp*, Gambino rose to one of the top rappers for a few months. But still, he was much better known for his acting career with Derrick Comedy and his role as Troy Barnes on the hit television show, *Community*. The fourth of July, 2012 marked Gambino's return with his mix-tape, *Royalty*. Then there was only silence. Rumors flew around that Gambino had gone into isolation, perfecting his craft, and waiting for a big return, but no one really knew.

Then, a year after *Royalty* was released, Glover came back into the news, after telling *Community* creator Dan Harmon that he wished to step away from the role of Troy, so he would have more time to work on other projects. In the middle of July, Glover released two things together, that offered nothing but more of a mystery. First, Glover released a short film on his YouTube page, *Clapping for the Wrong Reasons*, which appeared to be a

slice of his life during the recorder process, followed by a song, "Centipede", which showed a rawer side of the rapper.

This insecurity would only continue to be shown to the general public in the months to come. In mid October, Gambino would cause another stir in the hearts of his fans after posting a cluster of confessions and insecurities on his Instagram. All of these, which were scrawled out on Residence Inn's signature notepaper, varied from his fear of letting down his fans to his skepticisms about his own existence. In the messages, he recounted how this past year has worn him down, and he fears that nothing he is doing is right. But in the end, he shares a bit of hope, and description of his new album's motivation, writing, "I wanted to make something that says, no matter how bad you fucked up, or the mistakes you made during the year, your life, or your eternity, you're always allowed to be better. You're always allowed to grow up if you want."

Following this buzz, people were excited to see his new album come to fruition and were begging that it be released before the holidays came. They simply refused to have a year without a Gambino album. Then, a few days later, Gambino responded

gambino's new songs had top music blogs...slobbering over his genius.

by breaking down the dam on his new album and the floodwaters of beautiful beats, astounding rhymes, and an unfiltered flow splashed through, being streamed onto every available computer that hipsters or hip hoppers could find. Gambino's new songs topped music blogs, including The Kollection, Socovibe, Pigeons and Planes, and Pitchfork Media, slobbering over his genius. The two songs, "3005" and "Worldstar", show his versatility from a soul singer to an aggressive rapper. Also, they came with the announcement that one of his fears had been assuaged and that his sophomore album *Because the Internet* would be released by Glassnote Records on December 10th.

So, if a heartfelt rap album is what you're looking for to keep you warm this winter, look no further than Childish Gambino. After warming up the crowd with his previous attempts, it seems that this will be his time to make a buzz in the hip hop world. Sources are showing that he is aligning himself with his protégé, Chance the Rapper, on this album; the pair of them already being put together on Chance's hit, "Favorite Song". However if an album of angst and self-acceptance isn't what will be floating your boat this year, I hear Eminem has something coming out in a few weeks. But I know for me, and several other eager rap fans, this album may be the one thing saving us from going crazy once finals week comes around. ■

more of the best free artists

by lauragreenwood

Girl Talk- All Day

The true glory of the entire mash-up artist genre is that everything they produce is free. The king himself is Girl Talk and my all-time favorite masterpiece of his is *All Day*. I remember the day, my junior year of high school (holy crap that was three years ago), when my closest friend posted a status announcing the random release of this gem. It's the ultimate album for digging into the entirety of your lyric knowledge, straining your vocal chords from singing along, and getting amped up. No matter where it's played, there is a favorite song mashed in there for everyone in your audience. Give it a listen. Do it. I mean, fucking Lil' Kim laid on top of Jackson 5, M.O.P. beasting over Miley Cyrus, Missy Elliot spitting over Daft Punk. Sounds like a party to me.

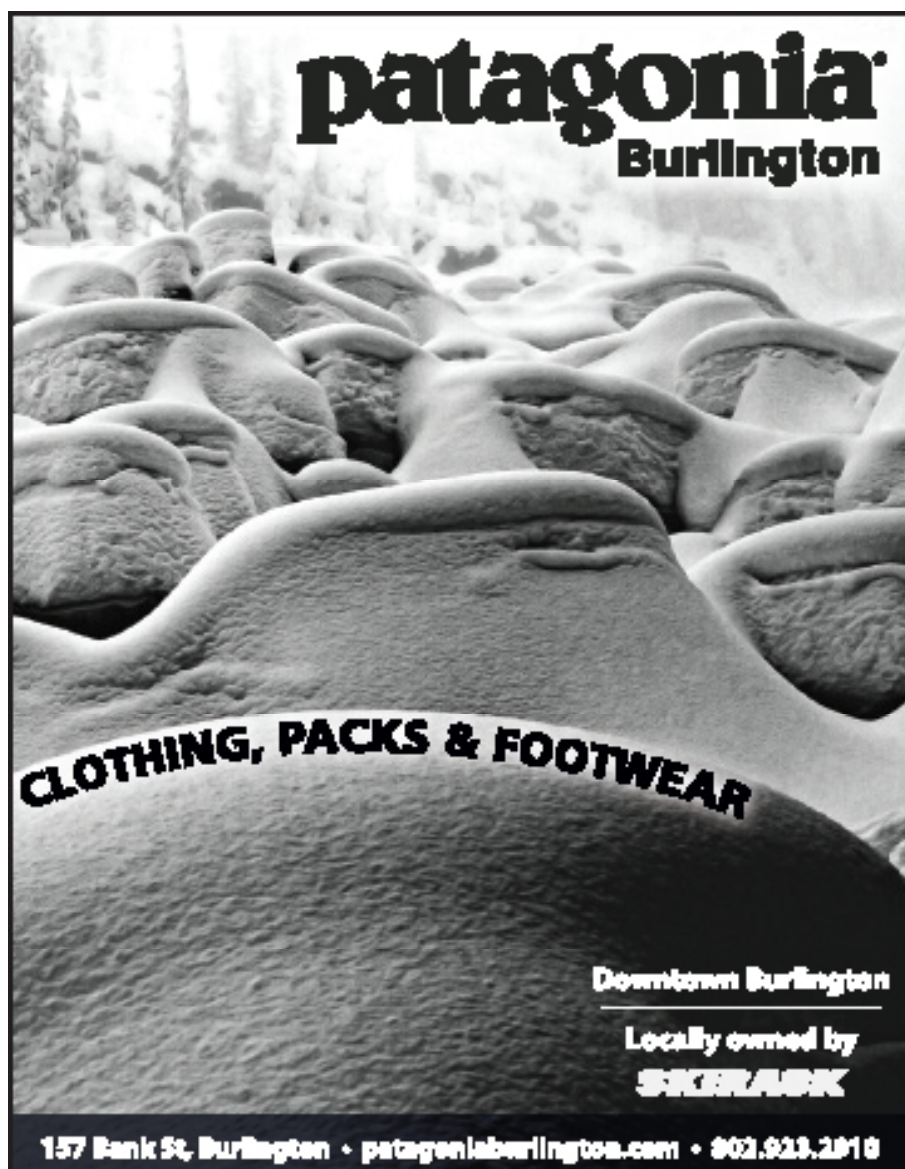
Frank Ocean- Nostalgia, Ultra

Oh, Frankie O. I'm ashamed to explain the full extent of what you do to me. Everyone here has listened to *channel ORANGE*, no doubt (ahem, I repeat NO doubt UVM, ahem), but still available for free download online is Frank Ocean's inaugural album, *Nostalgia, Ultra*. When this was first released back in 2011, it was obvious that this Odd Future member was a break through. Initially, I loved the album because it artfully sampled songs from Coldplay's *Viva La Vida*, which still makes me want to cry a lot. But after countless returns to the album, it's the beauty of Ocean's lyrics that really make this album amazing. The track "we all try" gives me goosebumps every time, still two years later, with its amazing lyrics. For example, "I believe a woman's temple/ Gives her the right to choose but baby don't abort/ I believe that marriage isn't/ Between a man and woman but between love and love". Preach it, O; the beauty of what you create is a true inspiration for the American music industry.

The Retuses- Echo

So, I've got this odd habit of only being able to harness my focus to write long papers if I listen to music not in English. It's the ultimate way to zone my brain out enough to block all the hoopla that's around me and online, to just sit and become absorbed in my work. And that is the story of how I came to love The Retuses. Since I happened upon them on the free MP3 downloads available on last.fm, I've really never known anything about the band itself, but the Wikipedia-ing I'm doing right now tells me it is a one man Russian indie-folk band (huh, so that's the language they've been singing) who at a young age just started recording these graceful pieces whilst in nature. *Echo* is a rare find, an album with short songs that submerge you into mesmerizing, seamless guitar melodies and lull you with sweet, sweet Russian (who knew). I could listen to "Postum" endlessly, because even though I have no idea what he's saying I feel like I'm the only girl in the room that Masha is serenading in his soft, enigmatic voice. If you're into folk that's stripped down to only the basics, then *Echo* is definitely the album for you. ■

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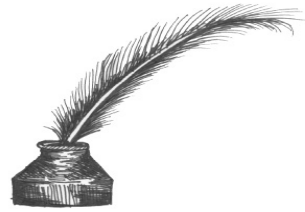
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view from a bridge

by colinwalker

First, I hear the concurrent myriad of waves lapping on the shore. The plucking of the logs between stones and tree trunks. The slight chirps from one bird and then the next. The twisting of the bridge's steel as a cyclist whisks past and the wheels pressure the wooden planks onto each beam of metal. Small chatter from one cyclist to the next as partners pedal together. The wind between nearby trees overhanging the water. A different wind through the trees I passed under. Long croaks of one frog and then another. A subtle hidden hum of a motorboat, distant and undetectable. The wind, once more, caressing and teasing the flesh of my ear.

Next, the feeling. The warm sun that heats my skin is only extinguished by the shadows of the few black bars of the railing in front of me, and of course, the lakeshore breeze. Although I wish I had brought a chair, this concrete slab below me, supporting the bridge, is not in any way painful to sit on.

The scent—that which comes with the late spring, although quite gentle. Each breath of air through my nostrils is pure, humble, and not in any way intrusive.

The motor boat, in the middle of the lake, makes its way south towards the small city. Sweat

forms on my legs and chest. A bee inspects my belongings.

Of course, the most important thing, and the most captivating, is the view. As damaged and dusty cobwebs flicker silently between a few of the bars, tiny insects crawl and fly around. Too few and too small to make any noise, they make their way,

“a small dandelion seed falls to the cement on its own personal stream of wind. a spider, twisting and swinging beneath the metal black bars that cage me to this section of bridge, clings to a strand of web and rests”

breathing the same fresh air I breathe. The trees are a spectacular green and the sky is a remarkable blue. Each leaf dances its own dance.

The bridge is rusted, red-brown steel with light wooden planks and pillars of gray concrete. A small dandelion seed falls to the cement on its own personal stream of wind. A spider, twisting and swinging beneath the metal black bars that cage me to this section of bridge, clings to a strand

of web and rests.

Still, what matters most and is most breathtaking is the glint of the sun off the shimmering water. Finally, after all of my observation thus far, a cloud blocks the sun and the shadows of this cage are gone. Distant in the water, the sunlight returns. At my perspective, the streak starts again, focused on only the middle of the lake, and making its return to the bars and my skin. Sweat drops to my nose from my brow. In the water, a kayaker rows, logs float, buoys bounce. Branches, about a hundred yards in, sit restfully, piercing out of the water whenever a shiny wave passes. A fisherman stands in a boat, casting and reeling relentlessly, but with patience. The mountains across the lake stare majestically. They alone rule this place.

As a plane roars overhead, the tiny grains on the concrete become a bit too painful and I rise. I'll be returning later, to this very place, on many more occasions. For now, I'm headed back to the house. As I head home, I'll pass underneath trees whose colors and appearance are almost unreal, but undoubtedly spectacular. I'll have a few views of the silhouettes of the mountains over this wondrous lake I reside near. I'll sweat, I'll take in the fresh air, and the wind shall be my companion. ■

sounds of the woods

by bethziehl

I turned on the light beside me to illuminate the pages of my book that were growing dim in the failing light. It was so peaceful in the log cabin, just me and the night sounds coming in through the window. I absorbed myself in the book, finally free of so many worries now that summer had arrived. I welcomed the hot and muggy air that encompassed me.

As I read through the pages, I began to realize that the sound I thought was coming from the other nearby cabins was not coming from them at all. I continued reading, figuring that I must be imagining the sound of an electric guitar coming from the woods. But the sound grew louder and I couldn't ignore it any longer. The melodious chords drifted in through my window, seeming to beckon me outside.

My curiosity got the best of me and I went to search out how these sounds could be coming from deep within the woods. I grabbed a flashlight and wandered barefoot between the trees, following the music. It was farther away than I had thought and I worried about getting lost.

Finally, I came upon the origin of the sound and it was just as I thought. There

was a boy, guitar in hand with his cable plugged into the ground. I hid behind a tree trunk, peering around to look at him. A firefly glowed beside my cheek and flew to join the other fireflies glowing around the boy. They seemed drawn to him just as I was. I didn't question how his power source could be the ground. This was magic.

The forest was abuzz with an indescribable energy, radiating all around. I moved away from my hiding place by the tree and sat down in front of the boy. Each strum sent vibrations through the ground, leaving me speechless. He didn't seem to notice me; he just kept playing, bliss-

fully. His sounds were gentle almost, unlike any sound I'd heard from an electric guitar before. I found myself laying my head down gently on the forest floor, dozing as I listened.

When I awoke, nothing was the same. Nothing was there but me. Even my flashlight was missing. I sat up and looked around, utterly confused. Had I dreamt it? Was he real? Maybe I had slept walked out here. I stood up to find my way out of the woods and realized that I didn't care. Real or not, I had experienced something special. ■

“a firefly glowed beside my cheek and flew to join the other fireflies glowing around the boy. they seemed drawn to him just as I was”

slipping love

by coleburton

One slips across the floor,
While the other whips contrails in heavy air,
reshaping moist atmosphere.
The two work with the other members in tow,
directing that subliminal whole to and fro.
Pad, pad, pad; these steps echoed in strands
which swing and flow with an energy all their own
An intricate whole contains the home
a burning cage,
for a golden core,
filled full of love,
But with no place to flow.
Its counterpart is made of impenetrable stone,
cold and jaded, it lies beyond walls
contrived for seclusion.
It composes its own winter to stave off the warmth.
This foundation of frost requires that molten essence
to melt to its core,
bringing passionate fire
that burns away the barriers.
It needs this to survive,
or its ember will suffocate under
that self-imposed winter. ■

cat litter.



collincappelle



Satire Styx



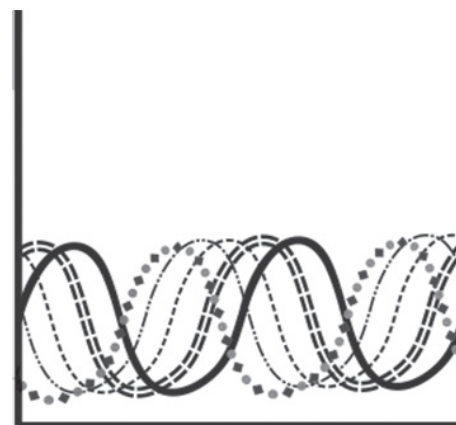
Tip o' the Week

FilmCow's going to make a full length film and release on Youtube for free. Yay. I guess this isn't really a tip... Oh, well. Freedom.



graphs, mothafucka

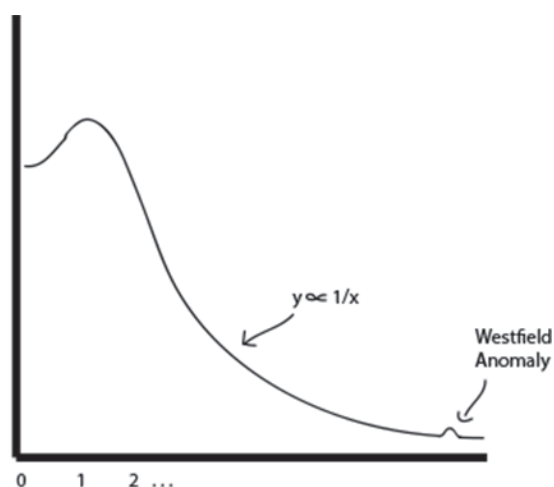
My Level of Understanding In Each of My Courses



As the Semester Progresses

This graph depicts how much I am grasping the content of a course as we go along in a semester. As you can see, I understand each course as a sinusoidal function of time, but each one is phase shifted from the next so I never have a full grasp on all of my courses at the same time. Fun.

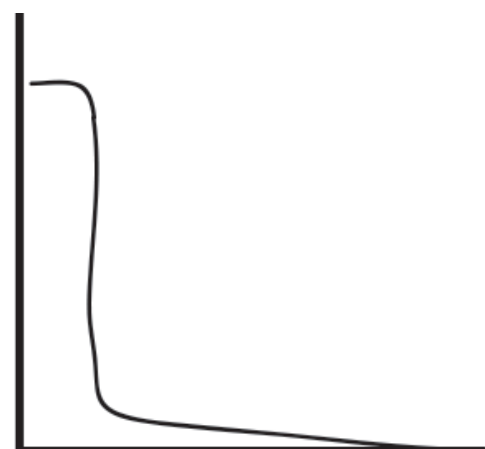
Pleasant
Standard
Creepy
Very Creepy



The Amount of Grandmas in Your Immediate Presence

This graph is called The Harrison Projection as its inventor, Harrison Gessow, is fond of the pet name Harrison. What a coincidence. Anyway, this graph shows what happens when you are subjected to more than the normal amount of grandmas. At first, one grandma is pleasant, but as soon as you get past two grandmas you are entering creepy territory. However, after extensive testing by David Westfield, an anomaly was found showing that as you move from 27 to 28 grandmas there is actually a slight decrease in the amount of creepiness. Neat.

The Amount a Girl Likes Me



The More I Talk to Them

This graph is pretty self explanatory (and pretty common, I guess). When I start talking to a girl they seem to like me but I have this impulse where right around the 40 second mark (yes, I have timed this) I start making jokes at their expense. Most girls don't seem to like this. I wonder why...

This week's back page has been brought to you recently spayed cat:



Awww... she's so sleepy