

the water tower.

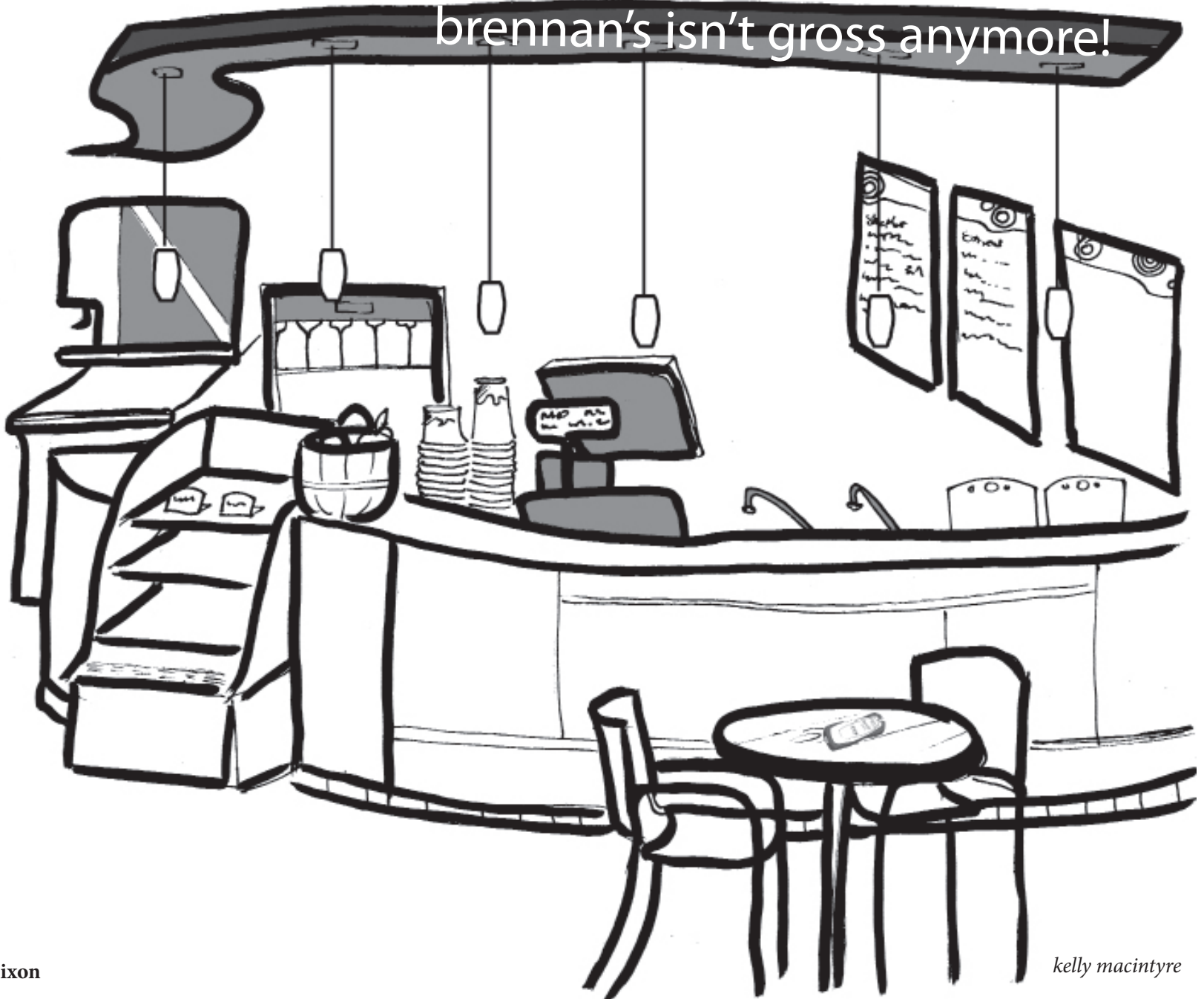
uvm's alternative newsmag



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can it be?

brennan's isn't gross anymore!



kelly macintyre

by colbynixon

Brennan's, home of Jalapeno Poppers and greasy fried food, a hallmark of really poor service, was one of the Crown Jewels of the University Dining Services collection, which also includes such fine establishments as New World Tortilla and The Marketplace.

However, over the summer, Brennan's underwent a major renovation and became what might be known as the "New Brennan's" - an environmentally conscious, organic food-serving bastion of salads and sustainability. The new tagline on the menu reads, "Local. Sustainable. Organic." It's like if Wendy's decided to use only free-range chickens in its chicken nuggets.

In addition, now Brennan's is serving breakfast... all day. This means if you've missed your Grundle waffles on Saturday morning, you can still get Vermont Buttermilk Pancakes at UVM's new favorite underground dining facility.

So how does the "New Brennan's" compare to Old Brennan's? **the water tower** decided to send in an undercover food specialist to find out.

I ordered the most expensive item on

the menu, the Cuban Grilled VT Sliced Steak Wrapper, along with a "100% local ice cream" Vermont Apple Cider Shake, bringing my total to 13.40 points.

Instead of being handed one of the old food-stained, poorly laminated numbers, I was handed a buzzer, meant to go off

the buzzer.

The Wrapper is a solid choice, receiving three out of five stars. It is very filling and flavorful, but I felt like a caveman trying to masticate woolly mammoth muscle due to the apparent elasticity of the meat. This problem could be solved by getting

One of my dining companions ordered Tamar's Chicken Tenders, which were in fact, just chicken tenders, leaving us to wonder who the hell is Tamara?

once my meal had been prepared. So no more full service, which actually seems to have stream-lined the whole operation and eliminated the scenario where everyone gets his food, except for your buddy Evan, who is forced to subsist off everyone's left-over sweet potato fries.

Once the buzzers go off, (which I should warn you can be most alarming for the unaware) you return to the counter and pick up your food in exchange for

quality cuts of meat and cutting the steak into pieces smaller than my stapler before wrapping it up. That aside, I was very happy with the flavor of the Wrapper. The avocado and caramelized onions were great complements to the local wheat wrap that they were served upon, though I'm not sure exactly what makes this sandwich "Cuban."

The shake was equally good, but overpriced. I could have made the same thing with some vanilla ice cream, apple

cider, and a blender for a fraction of that price. One of my dining companions had ordered the Vegan Chili with Local Baked Bread (6.00 pts.), which she complained was "too spicy," while another ordered Tamar's Chicken Tenders (7.50 pts.), which were in fact, just chicken tenders, leaving us to wonder who the hell is Tamara?

Brennan's is different, without the sports jerseys (which are now in the Grundle), the Dane Cook posters (which are now in compost somewhere), and TVs (which were distributed around Central Campus for the 2010 fiscal year by the Vice President for TV Reallocation). The food is less greasy. There are more vegetarian-friendly options, and a diverse shake menu. However, under the new façade lingers that same windowless charm, and that same unjustifiably long line snaking out into the Davis Center Atrium. The New Brennan's may appear to be different, but just remember that when you feel something vibrating it's the buzzer, not your phone, because you still don't get service in the Davis Center basement. Perhaps that would be too much change. ■

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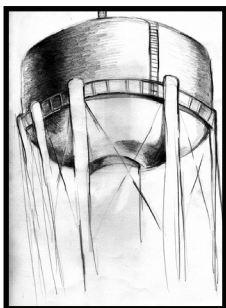
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inbox

Yo, no offense to anybody, but the old **water tower** logo was awesome and everybody loved it, particularly me, and I REALLY don't like the new one. Sorry to the artist. It's just that the old one was so good. I understand trying to make one that fits the new font, but the old one was great and the new one is not. It looks like a UFO. I'm sorry. I just feel very strongly. This sounds ridiculous, but I used to stare at the old logo and think about how cool it was every time I got a new issue. I'm not joking. Other than that, great job so far. I love the **water tower**.
- Jeff Schumann

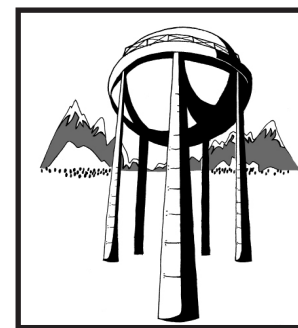


Sometimes reading **the water tower** makes our readers want to get naked and fight the power.
But most of the time, they just send emails.

send your thoughts on anything in this week's issue to

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the shit list

with macsmith

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Ashley Jo Beach Simple steps to being a good teacher: 1. Show up to class on time prepared to give a lesson. 2. Do not have sex with your thirteen-year-old student. 3. Do not have sex with said thirteen-year-old student in the bushes. 4. Don't do this for the rest of your career.

Mahmoud Ahmadinejad The Iranian president recently had this to say concerning our Jewish friends worldwide: "The pretext (Holocaust) for the creation of the Zionist regime (Israel) is false...it is a lie based on an unprovable and mythical claim." Everyone left mid-speech, mildly disappointed that Ahmadinejad hasn't come up with something new to say about anything.

Best Buy Remember when setting up video games was easy? Now you have all of these extra steps like opening the box, taking out the consol, plugging it in and turning it on. What a headache! Now, for \$129, Best Buy will send Geek Squad to your house to set up your Playstation 3 for you. And people wonder why we're still in a recession.

Mike Duvall This California Republican had to resign after bragging to a fellow state assemblyman over an open mic about his extramarital affairs with young women. In an official statement on his website, he makes no effort to confirm or deny the validity of his statements. Here's the part that really gets me: The number of Republicans in government these days has decreased significantly, but the number of Republicans making asses of themselves has skyrocketed. Did we vote out all of the good, honest Republicans?

Egypt In an ingenious attempt to combat the spread of Swine Flu, the Egyptian government had all the pigs in Egypt killed earlier this spring. It seems like very rational thinking. But the pigs in Egypt are almost wholly responsible for cleaning up all the organic waste in the country (you can't expect a government that kills pigs to take care of real problems like waste). Now, garbage is piling up stories high in the streets of Cairo, and nobody can get a bacon egg and cheese.

the news in brief

with paulgross

"He's a jackass."

-President Obama, remarking on Kanye West's bizarre and highly publicized stunt at the MTV Video Music Awards, where the rapper stole the mic from country diva Taylor Swift to announce that Beyoncé, indeed, had one of the best videos of ALL TIME!!! Beyoncé, in a smooth move, invited Taylor Swift back on stage later on so that she could have her moment. Some class apparently still exists, somewhere.

"Bitingly smart!"

-The new apparent worst film critic in the world, **Tom Charity**, reviewing Megan Fox's latest picture *Jennifer's Body* where she plays a high school queen bee who seduces boys, has sex with them, and then eats them. The film should feature plenty of cleavage and carnage, but I highly doubt that any part of it will be "bitingly smart."

"One apology is sufficient."

-Rep. Joe "You Lie!" Wilson, refusing to apologize again when heckled by reporters for his now infamous battle cry during the President's joint-address to Congress. Mr. Wilson also insists that the only thing he ought to apologize for is his incivility—he insists his claim that Obama was lying is accurate. To this, I am compelled to respond, "Mr. Wilson, you lie!"

"The Russians may have convinced the Americans that there is no need for such a shield."

-A senior Iranian government official, commenting on the United States' decision to scale back its Bush-era plan to envelope all of Europe in a Star Wars-style missile shield. Only in Iran's mind, however, was this decision motivated by the "convincing" of the Russians as opposed to the fact that the shield is a tremendously expensive waste of time that only works in 10% of all tests. Gotta love state-run media.

"This is the very, very last resort."

-Ebrahim Sneh, a former Israeli defense minister, telling the international media that, if the United States does not impose serious sanctions of Iran within a year, Israel will be forced to strike Iran's nuclear power plants. This is the Israel with whom our alliance is "unshakeable." Thanks AIPAC.

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

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Editors-in-Chief:
watertowereditor@gmail.com
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New writers and artists are always welcome

Weekly meetings
Tuesdays at 7:00pm
SGA and Student Orgs. Office
Davis Center - 3rd Floor

Or send us an email

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Our generation stands at a crossroads. As we walk through a world ever connected to a thunderstorm of news and reflection, we risk losing the ability to think for ourselves. **the water tower** is for us non-thinkers. We provide witty and sometimes outlandish opinions so that you don't have to come up with them yourselves. We can't promise that you will agree with everything that we say, but you will respect the tenacity we have to say it. Every once in a while we will generate something that is truly thought provoking. We are the reason people can't wait for Tuesday. We are **the water tower**.

"you lie!" the crisis obama failed to mention it just may be your paunch

the new shot heard 'round the world

by briancofill

Just days before the anniversary of the Sept. 11th attacks, Congressman Joe Wilson of South Carolina shouted two very vile words at President Obama during his healthcare address to Congress: "You lie!" This sharp accusation was met by many gasps within the chamber, as well as by a death stare from Speaker Nancy Pelosi that rivaled the glares of that woman who hosted *The Weakest Link*. The politicians in Congress seemed shocked, as did about every news outlet. There were statements flying around about the informal and formal etiquette of congress, the unwritten rules of the legislature. It all seemed like an episode of "Curb Your Enthusiasm"... only not nearly as funny.

Wilson was responding to Obama's statement that his healthcare bill would not cover illegal immigrants. The joint-session of Congress was very tense as Barack Obama attempted to clarify his healthcare agenda, a tough feat when even he seems fuzzy on the details. Congress invited the President to speak at this special session because the healthcare issue is causing national concern. Wilson, who is running for re-election in the upcoming midterms, apologized shortly after to the President personally, and to the general public in a video. The video, however, asked for campaign donations and tainted the entire apology. Since then, Joe Wilson's opponent has raised hundreds of thousands of dollars. Coincidence? I doubt it.

"Although Joe Wilson is the Kanye West of Washington, many see him as the voice of their concerns."

But was all this an overreaction? Examinations of legislatures around the world show much larger degrees of, shall I say, interaction between its members, often resulting in outright violence. There have been brutal fistfights in Taiwan, Japan, Russia, Mexico, and even in the Alabama State Senate. Shoes have been thrown in the House of Commons in Britain, where it isn't out of the ordinary for party leaders to just insult each other without even uttering one word about politics.

Let us also not forget the infamous canning of Charles Sumner on May 22, 1856. In this incident Preston Brooks, a South Carolina congressman (what the hell is wrong with South Carolinians?!) approached Massachusetts Senator Charles Sumner, who was seated at his desk in the Senate chamber, and beat him to near death with a cane. All of this was over the controversial issue of the time - abolition of slavery.

In no way am I likening the controversy of slavery to the current healthcare debate. But I don't want to make light of the current situation that has Congress in a deadlock. It's sparking debate in the electorate like I never thought I'd see, evident by the town hall meetings of the summer.

On September 15, only days after Congressman Wilson had his outburst, the House voted 240-179 to admonish him. This is the first time in the House's 220-year history that a member will be formally punished. As the numbers suggest, this was a largely partisan vote with almost all Representatives present. So then, all the members were in Congress, but not talking about anything important, be it national defense, taxes, the environment or the very issue that started the mess, healthcare. This waste of time and waste of taxpayer money was all so one man could be formally told that he'd done something wrong. Although Joe Wilson is now considered to be an abrasive loudmouth, the Kanye West of Washington, many see him as the voice of their concerns over the healthcare issue. But politicians, regardless of their party or their position, have yet to accomplish anything in the healthcare realm yet. At the very least, if things continue this way, I can watch C-SPAN for Friday Night Fights instead of ESPN 2. ■

by ginamastrogiacono

It's my first year of college. If you're a freshman, you know that you received that none-too-subtle e-mail about the freshman fifteen. (Oh excuse them, the freshman twenty five. I'll just go cry in a corner now.) Well, couple that with our country's recent healthcare crisis, and I'd say I've got a rather large dilemma of my own. My president, my dean, and let's face it...my mother, are all telling me to take my health into serious consideration. So it got me thinking just what sort of health industries need reforming. Our college seems to think that it involves our personal food choices. The president thinks it's our entire healthcare system. But according to new research, the

caused by that food are going to continue to make a buck as well. As for the healthcare industry? Check the Fortune 500 list for the names of the people who can back up that machine in need of re-oiling.

Because obese people can essentially create higher healthcare costs at any point in time, insurers want to keep these same poor people in the hole, by placing lifetime caps on the pre-existing conditions caused by the food that they're eating, or simply letting them go all together. For people who are overweight, and thus at risk for hypertension, heart disease, hyperlipidemia, and different forms of cancer - their healthcare spending is 36 percent higher than normal-weight

"People who are overweight are at risk for hypertension, heart disease, hyperlipidemia, and different forms of cancer - their healthcare spending is 36 percent higher than normal-weight Americans"

problem we really should be addressing is our nation's growing waistline.

Wait, did a study just call us collectively fat? (I'm going to say us and not take this personally. We're a nation. Let's stick together.)

Yes, it's true. The United States spends double on their citizens as European nations, as far as healthcare is concerned, and it can all be linked back to your diet. So, it would seem, that the system in need of reform could be a little more pinpointed - our food industry.

Most of the diseases our nation suffers from are "preventable" diseases that are chronic. Not all of them are linked directly to your harrowing decision between Fruit Loops or Kashi, but a lot of them are.

Let's do the math -
To treat obesity in America: \$147 billion
To treat diabetes - \$116 billion
Recent increase in healthcare spending due to obesity - 20-30% (according to *NY Times* study.)

Um, help?! Someone call the food industry, like, now please? How do we turn these numbers around?! Isn't someone in charge of keeping these things in check?!

Well, it seems it may be more political than just a quick, "Hey there, we'd like some reform and our diabetes to go waaay down, please and thank you." Cheap food sells, and the diseases that are

Americans, for those under the age of 65. With the new system up for reform, we'd be likely to see these ways change, and with them, some hope for changes in other areas as well. As the age rate and population increase, you've got to wonder where all of that money is going to go. People are living longer with illnesses that they never should have had to encounter in the first place. Diseases like obesity and diabetes that can cause these chronic illnesses scaring away insurers, will soon lure them in faster than the smell of some fresh Speeder Earl's, because for every person they save, they essentially can put money directly into their pockets. A new big company accomplice will be born, and things like healthier school lunch menus could be popping up faster than a new McDonalds on every local street corner.

And the steps have already begun. New York City, for instance, has a new ad campaign out. And if you are a particular fan of soda it might make you hang your head in shame. (Lindsay Lohan, I'm not pointing at you, but I'm looking pointedly at you.) Their new slogan asks, "Are you pouring on the pounds? Don't drink yourself fat." Soda, in fact, has some ingredients proven to cause Type 2 Diabetes. So things like this ad campaign could be the stepping stones to greater movements like a soda tax, and

then more fresh regional food systems - the list goes on and on.

The system is simply in need of a kick. A healthcare reform bill and a food industry reform bill are the schoolyard friends holding hands who need to march themselves to Washington and sit themselves on Capitol Hill. (I watched *School House Rock*.)

We're making some great efforts, and our president is pointing us in the right direction. Now it's time to take it to the next level. We've got to turn it around and take a hard look at the information that is placed before us. Yes, the numbers are scary. (OK, terrifying.) Yes, the tasks are a little daunting. (What? Cheetos aren't

the healthiest food choice on the supermarket list?) But it seems to be that as thoughtful American citizens and as up-and-coming college students, the biggest stand we can take against this impending crisis for ourselves and our country is to remain educated. Michael Pollan probably said it best: "High quality food is better for your health." (But now and then maybe the vegan Marche cookies could be an OK alternative? It's a stretch...) ■

obama has now been in office for 9 months let's check his progress

Close GITMO: **Fail**

Pass any environmental legislation: **Fail**

Do anything about Darfur: **Fail**

Present a quality healthcare package: **Eh?**

WTF Obamz?!

more than a woman? gender controversy sends track world into frenzy

by brendansage

The sport of Track and Field is being tarnished and embarrassed by yet another scandal, but this one is far different in nature from the typical positive tests for performance enhancing drugs by the world's fastest sprinters. Last month at the world championships held in Berlin, Caster Semenya, an 18 year old South African, garnered many headlines for her performance in the women's 800m final. Semenya dominated the field, cruising down the final straightaway to victory by a massive margin. Her incredible time of 1 minute, 55.45 seconds is easily the best in the world by a woman this year and just two seconds from the women's world record, a remarkable accomplishment for such a young professional.

Yet as soon as she crossed the finish line, questions and suspicions about Semenya were raised from around the world. Many were skeptical of her very muscular arms, rather flat chest, as well as her masculine voice and facial structure. Sixth place Italian finisher Elisa Cusma grumbled, "These kind of people should not run with us...for me she's not a woman, she's a man." Russian Mariya Savinova, who finished fifth in the race, echoed Cusma's sentiments with an even more blunt and impersonal "just look at her." Only hours after taking the gold, the International Association of Athlet-

ics Federations, Track and Field's leading governing body, ordered a gender test on Semenya, and did the worst thing it possibly could have done: They made it public.

Immediately following this admission, a firestorm of negative attention descended upon the sport. TV stations, tabloids, other athletes, and politicians all had to have their say, and none of it was positive. The New York Daily News labeled Semenya a hermaphrodite, and angry South African civic leaders described the test as racist. To try and quiet the doubters, Semenya recently appeared on a magazine cover sporting a very feminine makeover that seemed quite forced and not truly fitting of her style. The situation has become a circus, and almost everybody has lost sight of what is truly important: the feelings of Caster Semenya.

Due to the IAAF's utter lack of regard for Semenya's privacy, she has been subject to the tasteless humor of millions and has had to listen to countless comments about her body on international television. The embarrassment and humiliation is unimaginable and is completely unjust at any age, but especially for such a young woman. The issue of whether Semenya had an unfair advantage over the field is really moot, for the IAAF claims that the test was not done to determine whether

Semenya was cheating but rather whether she had a rare medical condition which could be diagnosed and treated. While I do feel that if she does indeed have a condition which gives her a boost over the competition then she must get it treated in order to race again, I also believe it would be unjust and absurd to strip her of the gold medal she has already won. She did not purposely cheat and she has already suffered far more than she should have had to.

As far as the explanation as to why the test was conducted, it is unsatisfactory to say the least, for if it really cared about Semenya's well being, the IAAF never would have exposed her to the insensitive scrutiny of the world. The incompetence and disrespect displayed by the officials is unfathomable, for they are supposed to protect the sport, and all they have done is damage it at a time when it should be experiencing its greatest prosperity following Usain Bolt's spectacular world record sprints at the 2008 Olympics and 2009 World Championships. My suggestion for the IAAF is this: The next time you're going to do something as personal as test someone's gender, keep it quiet, please. You'll do both the sport and the individual in question a whole lot of good. ■



reflec

the beater stole my quaffle

by cassiejenis

If you see someone running around with a broom on campus, don't jump to the conclusion that they read too much Harry Potter and went insane. UVM now has a Quidditch team, and the **water tower's** own Cassie Jenis went to investigate.

Quidditch is played in the wizarding community, notably at Hogwarts School of Witchcraft and Wizardry and at the Quidditch World Cup. The game is played on broomsticks with seven players on a team - three Chasers, who pass the Quaffle (the ball) back and forth and try to score by throwing it through one of the opposing team's three hoops; a Keeper, who is basically a goalie; two Beaters, who control two balls called Bludgers and hit them towards other players; and the Seeker. The Seeker chases a tiny flying ball called the Snitch, which, once caught, both awards the team that caught it 150 points and ends the game. This game is played flying at high speeds and is a contact sport. It's basically the most exciting and badass game ever invented.

"If you see someone running around with a broom on campus, don't jump to the conclusion that they read too much Harry Potter and went insane."

Practice was advertised as BYOB--bring your own broomstick-- but the term was used loosely. There to greet me was a motley crew of people holding Nimbuses, wooden brooms, plastic brooms, and even mops and Swiffers. A lot of these lesser-quality flying devices were unfortunately destroyed on the first run across the pitch. Yes, we ran across the field with broomsticks between our legs. I mean, we couldn't risk flying, what with all the Muggles around.

We ran back and forth a few times before dividing into groups and passing the ball back and forth while running. Flying a broom while catching a volleyball is much harder than you would think, but most of us were much improved by the time we started running drills. And by drills, I mean trying to score a goal while dodging Bludgers and other people trying to tackle you.

I am not exactly out of shape, but after two hours, I was exhausted, sweaty, and dehydrated. This sport is like soccer-- you never stop running. From the moment the whistle blows, you pick up your broom (you start with the them on the ground) run for the ball, dodge people trying to hit you with dodgeballs or tackle you, try not to trip over your broom, and pray the other people can catch one-handed. Even when you are hit with a Bludger, you don't stop-- you have to drop the ball and run around your goal posts before you can keep playing. And did I mention that the Snitch is a cross-country runner who can use the whole campus to run around and the Seeker has to catch him on a broom?

Quidditch is one of the most active, violent, and silly sports I've ever played. This is not just for the diehard Harry Potter fans that go to movies in costume and know the difference between a nargle and a hippogriff. This is for people who want to compete in the most ridiculous way imaginable. ■

the end is here....

by mollykelly-yahner

The End is Here.' You have probably seen this sign outside of Bailey Howe Library. It is the sign their crew is notorious for, but Zack, Dave, and Amelia have many other means of connecting with their peers to talk about the concept that concerns them most - the perceived separation of humans from the global ecosystem as well as from each other. In other words, they are talking about the lack of community.

Most of the time when I would pass by their sign, I assumed it was another "far out" group in Burlington, speaking their

through that outlet for conversation we all can realize what is meaningful in our lives and then take action to be connected with our surroundings. If there is one word this group insists on reviving, it is community. Their reasoning for this essential revival makes sense if you consider how disconnected many people are from real life. We are overbooked, overscheduled, and that cuts down on time we have to share and give back to others. Everyone is so busy with his or her own life. But the interconnectedness of the college campus itself helps in challenging

problem is lessening because they actively help promote community growth here on campus.

Whether it is a certain club, sport, band, or organization, hobbies are one way to engage with others and enjoy life. The 'Turtle Clan' is not trying to suggest that there is a universal way to go about life; rather, they recognize that people go about living in very different ways. An understandable point they make is that for change and greater community connection, you have to connect with your surroundings, not just yourself. This



christine hill

liberal minds in an endearing way. However, these people don't just mold into the background of Burlington's pleasantries. They have something valuable to discuss.

This group is not a bunch of stoned-out hippies sitting around motionless, complaining about the world's problems. They are reading books on community building, languages, and environmental studies. The 'Turtle Clan,' as they call themselves, is about reviving community, and they're starting at UVM.

These thought-provokers dwell in the upper level of a two-story house in the Old North End. Through the backyard, past 'The End is Here' sign, up a ramp full of people, into the house, I'm taken to what can only be described as the chill space. The room is decked out with tapestries, unique flower art, comfy pillows, stocked bookshelves, writing materials, art supplies, and teacups. A low, spinning, circular table takes up most of the floor space--facilitating the passing and communal sharing of various foods, teas, and pieces of influential literature amongst the guests that come in and out of the house. Books on community building, philosophy, language, and environmental impact fill their shelves. The group was out and about campus regularly last semester, but as Dave assures me, they'll be out there this semester, too, with more things to talk about.

What are they doing with their scattered signs, books, and CDs?

They are talking. They say thinking and talking is the first thing to do because

this tendency.

Although the 'Turtle Clan' does not have the ultimate solution to this problem, its efforts are noteworthy. It perceives that the problem with civilization is that we, as one culture of humans, have

"They are talking. They say thinking and talking is the first thing to do because through that outlet for conversation we all can realize what is meaningful in our lives and then take action to be connected with our surroundings."

separated ourselves from the community of the world and from the interconnectedness that it is naturally made up of.

"What are humans born knowing how to do?" Rebecca asks. "Work together," Zack replies. As Zack puts it, "We talk about the stuff nobody is talking about." Zack, Dave, Chris, Amelia, and friends address the main problem with society as a whole - the 'I problem.'

However, I'd like to think that most of the UVM community is not part of this 'I problem' because many of us are involved in efforts around community-building through various clubs, environmental projects, political parties, religious groups, fraternities, sororities, and other engaging activities. UVM, and the greater Burlington area, are exceptions to the way the majority of people act - detached. With the efforts of this group, this

point comes up consistently in the many observations these young people make. They insist, "It's up to you to decide what's important in your life," as many of us are doing right now.

From what I've gathered, hope for the

future is in the excitement of human interaction and the potential that those interactions have to better the world.

The efforts of this group are geared towards starting the process of thinking in hopes for greater results. This problem that they present

cannot be solved overnight. While the 'Turtle Clan' makes a convincing point about this disassociation problem on the national level, more credit can be given to the local efforts.

Although some people may not agree with this claim, it takes a great amount of effort and courage to go out and present this point to the Burlington community. Whatever opinion you may have on this situation, there is always a greater need for community engagement. That is a claim that can be accepted by most. Here at UVM, a community of aware, opinionated students, we just need to think about it. As Zack points out, "that's at least a start." ■

tions.



doing well while actually having a life

by jelenaaleksich

While the weather's fine and the novelty of Burlington is still upon us, we are definitely in the best days of the year. Students opt for the outdoors in between classes and the

campus becomes a maze of eclectic, happy groups of people. Junior Wendy Goldsmith talks about the Burlington vibe: "It's so nice and beautiful outside this time of year and I've always questioned which I

would rather sacrifice: schoolwork or the weather?"

I'm pretty sure everyone feels the heat of academia upon us this semester with ferocity. Exams are approaching, teachers are intensifying, and the library is the most crowded I have ever seen this early on. Excluding most of the novel freshmen, this contemporary condition in the midst of UVM requires the rest of us to step up our game.

College is full of temptations and traps everywhere you go: friends, parties, downtown, extracurricular activities, and the mountains are just a few that could severely distract you. Mainly, it's the fact that we can basically do whatever we want whenever we want. This dangerous reality only heightens and becomes more apparent the older you get; living off campus, with houses and apartments, creates a multitude of new ways to lose focus. That's why these simple guidelines should help you utilize your time the best way possible so you can let loose whenever you want while still having a presentable résumé.

1. Daily planning: Seriously, I know it sounds lame, but the first step to getting your shit together is to write it all down: due dates, grocery lists, activities, etc. If these intimidating, decorated gadgets aren't for you, simplify with just making

lists on a plain sheet of paper. Besides, you can totally customize your personal planning; a few helpful approaches are writing on post-its, in cell phones, or even on your own hand.

2. Work first, play later: Remember those middle school days where the nerdiest person had a roller back pack and the teachers told you the fundamentals of how to be good student? Well, this sounds pretty middle school, but it actually works. Getting your work done earlier in the day makes everything so much easier because you can enjoy nighttime. Next time you get asked to let loose in whatever UVM way you choose, you can accept without having to worry about that lingering assignment.

3. The library is your friend: Who knew learning was actually the cool thing to do? The library is a campus hot spot. Since we're all different and special in our own way, the different floors accommodate with different vibes. If you want a more casual setting, involving work with others, the first floor is for you. If you want a bit more quiet and privacy at your own desk, then the second floor is where it's at. If you're super intense and love pure isolation, the third floor will provide you with that splitting silence that you need when cramming for that next big exam.



kelly macintyre

4. Weekday Madness: Try to be as productive and task-oriented during the days of school in session, so you can fully bask in the fun of your weekend days with ease. You'll even feel super stoked when the weekend rolls by, because you'll actually be burnt out from the week.

5. Go to class (mostly): Going to class will eliminate hours of trying to learn it yourself. You'll save time and money by attending and you'll also earn extra perks with your teachers. They'll appreciate your effort and give you the benefit of the doubt in the future. Not only do you profit academically, but also you may meet people in your class that you would never meet otherwise. The perks are completely endless; you could acquire a best friend, hot hookup, or person that will lead you to the hottest parties, concerts, or sports events of the year. To sum it up: you will obtain a better and bigger social life by going to class.

At the end of the day, college should be fun. However, in order to fully take advantage of everything Burlington has to offer, you've got to get on top of your responsibilities and use all the other time for whatever the hell you want. Who says you can't have your cake and eat it too? ■

one less drink...

by bridgettrecro

ever have one of those nights where you wake up naked in your bed, with puke in your trash can, struggling to remember how you got back to your room, examining the various bruises and scratches all over your body? Have you ever had that happen to you five weekends in a row? Well I have (okay, I'm exaggerating a bit), and I'm proud to say that after so many nights of the same wild antics and next-morning regret, I decided it was time to take a little break. A one hundred day break. It presented itself as a great challenge, but a necessary one.

Most of us will probably come to a point in college where our partying gets a little out of hand. We're at the point in our lives where we're supposed to be having fun and enjoying our youth, but every once in a while we may have a night that makes us reflect on where exactly we're headed. Being in college poses the trickiest situation of all: ignoring the pressures of alcohol even when it's something most students have been doing throughout most of their adolescence.

"When you find a potato, an oven mitt and a jar of peanut butter in your purse from a random house party the night before, that's a red flag, and a sign you might be a klepto," junior Michi Lin confesses. "It's embarrassing the next morning, everyone thinks you're a crazy bitch, and you feel like someone you're not; it's kind of scary." If you ever find yourself in this kind of situation, it may be time to cool it for a while. Another junior, Laura O'Brien, reflects: "Drinking becomes too much when you make decisions that you either can't remember, or decisions that have a negative impact on your life... Although it might be embarrassing to admit you need to cut down, it's worse to keep going out and not be able to control yourself."

If you're up for taking that break, keep a few things in mind. College parties— I mean ragers, the ones where you can barely fit in the basement— are not exactly fun when you're sober. But as we get older, those parties seem to lose their touch, and you might be interested in spending your time with a slightly smaller group of friends anyway. One upside to staying sober is that you can always be a designated driver— and take care of a friend that may be having too crazy of a night. As long as you have friends you appreciate being around, sober or not, you'll enjoy the time you spend with them, even if they're getting drunk and you're not. It might be weird at first to watch your friends pouring drinks, and even harder to politely decline a drink offered to you, but it gives you a new perspective all the while that is hard to describe.

It's the beginning of your fall semester and it seems like there are good parties left and right. You're ready to go nuts on the weekend, because, after all, it's a new year at college. Ever heard the saying "enjoy it now, because after college, it's called alcoholism"? That's probably why so many of us choose to spend our nights at these kind of parties, getting crazy and savoring the time we have to binge drink until the age when it will be more of a social taboo.

Eventually, we'll have to buckle down and get into the real world— and the prospect of throwing away our social habits may be difficult to shake right now. For me, currently being in college and trying to rid myself of bad drinking habits was overwhelming at first— but I eventually realized that I enjoy my life and my friends without alcohol, and discovered I was perfectly capable of taking time off from it. When you realize that, you'll be ready to bring it back into your life, but hopefully in a considerably chilled-out way. ■

on-campus vs. off...i miss my RA

by olivianguyen

hurrah! Upperclassmen life has officially started. My new school year begins with hundred-level classes, moving into my first apartment, cooking real food in a real kitchen, and freedom from the supervision of ResLife! YES! Everyone looks forward to moving from on-campus to off-campus after your sophomore year for obvious reasons. But is there anyone who feels a little nostalgic when they think of their old dorm life?

The night before the first day of school when all the sophomores and freshmen finished settling into their nooks, I visited an underclassmen friend who moved into Mason that day. I couldn't help but reflect on last year's move in day with my old roomie and how excited we were to make new memories in our humble, tiny abode. A typical response to the question "Do you like living off-campus?" would be "so awesome," "sick," or "I get to do whatever I want." But we all secretly miss on-campus life, just a tiny bit.

Before moving off campus most juniors have a vague idea of how to cook their own meals. Like cereal. The ease of being able to swipe your card and get food instantly without the hassle of taking time out of your busy schedule to cook and clean is lost in this new transition.

Lunch and dinner dates with friends during the week are now planned less frequently. Meeting up with friends everyday in Sodexho's fine dining halls (not that fine) and for DC's favorite Falafel Thursdays at Capers, are barely an option. You find yourselves in hectic schedules that don't match up anymore because of harder classes, jobs that pay the gas bill, and choosing money-saving meals at your own apartments... alone. However, transitioning from instant Sodexho food to tastier and cheaper home-cooked meals does get rid of the upset stomachs

you would get from the Grundle. "I eat so much healthier now that I get to make my own food," says Monica. Who knows if that imitation crab meat is actually edible?

Now that most of my friends are living off-campus as well, we are all spread out in our different apartments. Friends are no longer a 30 second walk down the hall, but a 10 minute walk away. Some people may miss the disgusting amount of unlimited grubbing on Sunday afternoons at Simpson Dining Hall to cure the typical hangover with the same people and same clothes from that night; working on take-home tests with five other kids down the hall who are coincidentally in the same class; and you can't forget the crowds for the Drunk Bus on weekend nights.

"Before moving off campus most juniors have a vague idea on how to cook their own meals. Like cereal."

However there may be downsides to this kind of lifestyle. Unlimited food at dining halls is pretty satisfying for Sunday brunch, but one usually ends up eating more than one's half weight in tater tots and omelets. The DB was actually a pain at times because the amount of crowding and craziness on those buses was almost too inhumane to endure. And now that you live off campus you don't have to worry about the treacherous walk at the end of the night all the way back to Redstone.

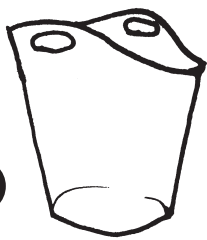
Positive changes from on-campus to off-campus life may include better food, excuses to have a car or a new bike, no "quiet hours," more personal space, no sex-iling, no RAs, ultimate freedom, be-

ing a part of the Burlington community, and being able to live in a house with your friends. The pros of off-campus life outweighs on-campus living, but you can't help but reflect how you lived the past two years while transitioning to a new way of living. Some upperclassmen actually choose to live on-campus despite the hype of moving into your first apartment junior year. Anh Thu Lam, a junior and biochemistry major, chose to live on-campus in the U-Heights dorm for her third consecutive year. "Because I work in the labs in Marsh Life Science during various hours throughout the week, it is easy for me to walk to work and go back to my dorm between experiments. I do believe in moving off-campus to learn how to live on your own, but right now this is the best option for me."

On the last day of dorm life of sophomore year, I remember a friend of mine said, "We will never live like this again," and it's true, we will never have janitors to clean up our puke on sloppy weekends or unlimited laundry machine use, but everything has its pros and cons, so it doesn't hurt to admit that on-campus life wasn't that bad. "Living on campus was definitely more convenient because you have everything you needed within a five minute walk," says junior Megan Lamos who is living off-campus the first time this year.

Convenience is the main thing that will be missed about on-campus living, but "our time has come to move off-campus and to wean ourselves into the real world and accept responsibility," says Drusilla Roessle, a junior who loves off-campus life. It is time to stop being so sentimental about the past two "convenient" years of on-campus life, and cheers to off-campus livin'. ■

trash.



i want you so bad

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

We take Japanese class together.
The first day you wore an Oscar the Grouch hat.
I want to talk to you and make nanpa!
I usually smile from across the room at you-
You are SUPA KAWAII.

When: Tues. and Thurs.
Where: Suzuki-Sensei's class
I saw: a man
I am: a woman

We bumped into eachother at the Cowboys and Indians party. You complimented my cowboy outfit, and I said "Arrgh." I think you were the hottest Indian there.

When: Saturday night
Where: Downtown
I saw: a woman
I am: a man

Your friend was eating an ear of corn in front of Pearl Street Bevvy, but it was you that I was after. I share the first name of a famous serial killer, will you be my next victim?

When: last week
Where: Pearl Street Beverage
I saw: a woman
I am: a man

the ear

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

Crossing Main Street:

Boy: Dude, I'm not, like, a pedophile or anything...
Girl: Haha, yeah... My boyfriend was a pedophile.

Group of Freshmen Headed Downtown:

Freshman Boy: Guys, what area code is 802?

Outside the Davis Center:

Shawn the Baptist: Men were made to conquer and are ambitious, while women are nurturing.
Kid in the Crowd: If I don't have ambitions does that make me a woman?

Coming from a WDW Window:

Some Dude: OH SHIT! A salad AND a fruit cup?!

In Front of Waterman:

Girl 1: So for Halloween I am thinking of being either Champ the Lake Monster or Old Greg.
Girl 2: Please...don't be Old Greg.

A Kid Walking by Shawn the Baptist:

Kid: BIGFOOT IS OUT THERE!!!

h.t.h.d.t.e.h.t.s

(how the hell does this even happen to someone?)

has anything ever happened to you
that made you wonder
how the hell does this even happen to someone?
let it all out. it's good for you.
uvm.edu/~waterfwr/hthdtehts.html

My girlfriend is studying abroad in Italy this semester. The lack of physical contact is really getting to me so I sent her a sexy facebook message when I was drunk. In the message, I told her exactly what I wanted to do if I flew to Italy. It was really dirty and involved pasta and meatballs. I accidentally sent it to her little sister who's in my class. HTHDTEHTS

I tried to tag myself in a scandalous photo from a Anything But Clothes Party, and I tagged my older cousin instead. I untagged it immediately but he still received a notification. HTHDTEHTS

My little sixteen-year-old brother came to visit me last weekend. He of course got very drunk with me and my friends. We took him to a party and when the night was over, we returned to the dorms via the Drunk Bus. I look to my right and what do I see? My brother sloppily making out with my slutty best friend. I started hitting them yelling, "STOP, STOP!!" A guy sitting across from me was like, "Hey, what's the big deal?" as if I was cock-blocking for no good reason. I then explained the situation to him, still yelling frantically. He understood. HTHDTEHTS

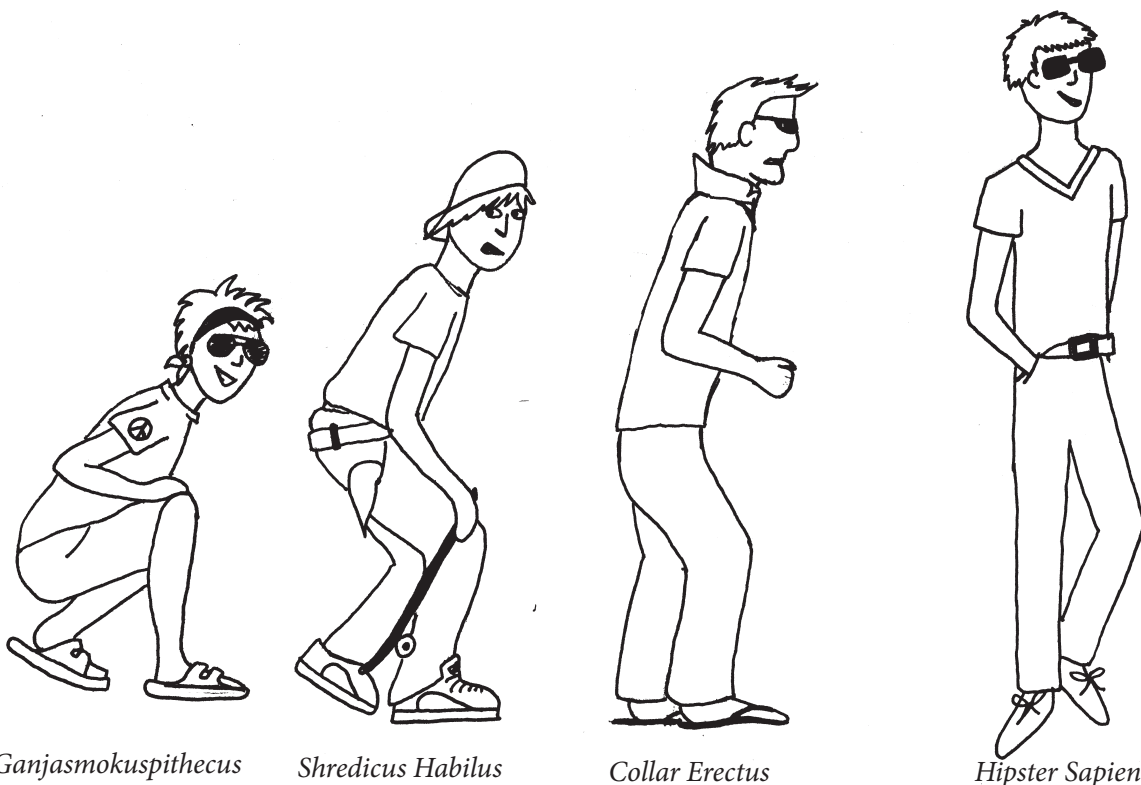
I woke up on Tuesday morning with a random kid in my bed. The sheets were soaked with pee. I still don't know which one of us it was. HTHDTEHTS

fashion five-oh

the evolution of hipster

with juliettecritsimilios
artwork by danielle berg

Take off your ray bans and look around. Hipsters are everywhere. On campus, on runways, in the street. The hippies have traded in their dreads and kept their headbands; the preps have kept their flannel shirts and ditched their polos; the skaters still wear their ripped tight jeans but substitute Dunks for Vans. And they continue to multiply. But in a style that was always based on irony, does it lose some sense of self when everyone is now such an active member of the culture of these clothes? Or, is it the opposite: Since everyone is participating, the irony is at the highest level it ever was.



Ganjasmokuspithecus

Shredicus Habilis

Collar Erectus

Hipster Sapien

**STUDENTS FOR THE
NATIONAL EQUALITY MARCH
WASHINGTON, DC
OCT 10 - 11 2009**

CONTACT:
mark.leach@uvm.edu
207-272-3537
Meetings: tuesdays 7pm
4th floor, Davis Center

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créatif stuffé.

Feeling a little *créatif*? Wishing Vantage Point was published more than once a semester? Well now you can submit your creative writing, short stories, poems, drawings, black and white photos, and any other *créatif* things to the water tower's new section, *créatif stuffé*. Send your submissions to thewatertownnews@gmail.com by Tuesdays at 4:00.

scribbles part 2

by alextownsend

One day I started finding words around campus, all with a number next to them. They form a message. So far all I have is "...plain, ... deserve better." Now I want to find the rest. What does all this mean?

A week ago I found the fourth word. It was 'too.' That was enough to get rid of my final doubts; whoever the mysterious messenger was, he or she was a complete grammar geek. Who bothers with that extra O?

I'd been looking for words from the strange message for a few weeks now. I found the first one on a library desk, a word with a number next to it. Ever since then I'd been running into other words around campus, all written the same way with a number next to them. Before last week the words had just been a game, something I'd keep an eye out for but still not really care about.

This fourth word was different. I'd found it right outside my Italian classroom, scribbled on the wall of the hallway. I almost missed it, but some girl knocked me aside while she hurried past and my face practically smacked into the word. Then I saw it and I just stared. It was right there, an innocent 'too' with a four next to it. It was like it was asking me to find it. Was it possible that this message was actually for me?

I thought about the words I had. I knew there were at least eight and so far the sentence was "...too plain, blank deserve better." What was that supposed to mean? Was I too plain for someone? Was this my girlfriend's weird, passive-aggressive way of dumping me? One nervous phone call later I was sure that wasn't it, but I still had no more idea what the message meant. The difference was that now I had a need to find out.

I searched all over campus for someplace where someone might have written graffiti. I found the words too, or some of them, anyway. There was one scribbled down the entrance to the gym (was this someone who liked sports?), another was on the walkway to the campus museum (was he or she an artist?), and even one written inside the stall of a girls' bathroom (Aha! So she was a girl!).

By the end of the week I had more pieces, but the picture wasn't any clearer. I'd gotten excited when I found words one and six, but then I'd found something that I hadn't expected: a word ten. Now the message said "I blank blank too plain, you deserve better. Blank me." It had more than one sentence. Who knew how long it was altogether? Before I might have just given up in frustration, but now I had to know what all this was about.

It seemed like something out of a spy novel. Would I become a secret agent if I proved that I could find the whole message? Okay, that was unlikely, but would I at least get a prize?

Three days later: I found word number nine. The second sentence was 'Meet me.' It was instructions! But who was it I was supposed to meet? Where? When?

Later that week: This was pointless! I'd been looking everywhere for new words and when I finally found one (on the ceiling of a dark room) it didn't make any sense! Word number three was you's. You's. Did my secret messenger just decide she wanted to go for a Fonzie flair? "Hey, I think you's too plain, ya deserve better, y'know? Meet me for a milkshake or something." This was just stupid now.

Two days later: I saw it. It had to be the end of the message. It was two words right next to each other outside the theater. Well, one of them was a word; the other was a date with a question mark. So the second sentence was "Meet me here, 9/28?" The here was underlined, like it meant that exact place. I knew where I was supposed to go now.

9/28: I went to the theater. No one was there, but I hung around anyway. The message never said what time I was supposed to be there, or if it did I never found that part. I hoped I could still get a prize or secret agent scholarship or Happy Days box set or whatever, even though I never found all of the words.

Hours later people were staring at me and I felt like an idiot. I was just thinking that I should really just go home when I saw something. It was a guy in a tux holding a heart-shaped balloon. He was looking all around really nervously. He sat down on the same bench as me and waited. We sat together in silence for almost an hour before someone else came.

It was a girl, the same girl who pushed passed me when I found the word in the hall. For a moment my hopes rose, but when she walked up to the bench I was on, she didn't even look at me. Instead she was looking at Mr. Tux and she didn't look happy.

"I was worried you wouldn't come," he said, "I thought I might have made things too hard."

She shook her head and pointed to the wall with the last two words on it. "I didn't see everything, but those

a shooting star flies too quick

the quiet twinkling glows—
Brightly in her eyes,
somehow he truly knows,
Fallen down are bleary guises.

the bright star shines,
Shooting words laced with love—
across open paper lined
With his vows untold above.

"Love me" she whispers soft,
"Hold me" he grumbles low
his mask is doffed
her heart is show.

the star shoots across the sky
His lips fold upon her mouth—
Halting "I Do" with a sigh
and thus the star retreats south.

And their embrace is broken.

by jpdubuque

brunch

Saturday morning, hung-over
brunch.

I eat, I drink, I sit, I munch.
With omelets of wonder and
waffles of joy,
I wait in line, egg maker is coy.
Grapefruit halves and sausage
links,
Hash brown whore, scrambled egg
minx.

Steaming hot coffee and french
toast, so sweet.

I hope I can find an empty seat.
My headache subsides with every
bite.

Oh shit, I hooked up with him last
night!

by ariellemuller

oskar mcgrew and the fraternity of blasphemy episode 3 weird science and wizardry in winooski

by henrykellog

When Strange Evil threatens the UVM campus to the point of all weirdness, Oskar McGrew strives to save UVM from certain peril...

Upon discovering that this demonic hand was composed of Boron, I realized that I needed an expert opinion. Even amongst the UVM religion department there was no one who had done extensive work in demonology. I needed a more conservative university, one with Catholic roots that still believed in angels and demons like in times of old. I needed to go to St. Mikes. The trek was long and hard and I shivered in the night. "Blasted third rate Soviet snow boots, always giving me blisters," I kvetched as I looked at the once-mighty mills that put Winooski on the map; they are silent now, but I guess that's the way of things. I reached my destination: the offices of Gustav Von Wernheimer. I looked at his office door, covered in hieroglyphs with strange decorations dangling from hooks on the door. I reached for a gnarled fist made out of bronze which served as a door knocker; it looked surprisingly like the fist I had severed off of the demon at the top of Ira Allen.

"Kam iinn." a strange voice from beyond the door beckoned. I opened the door to a small office to see an even smaller man in a big leather chair. A fire roared behind his back. "OOSKKKKKAR McGreewww, we meet again," his little voice warbled. "I remember when you were six years old, running around at family parties in your Batman costume. When are you going to grow up and stop these superhero shenanigans, Oskar?" he

ones were hard to miss. Why are you doing this?"

He looked surprised. "I thought you knew! I..." I saw him look at the indifferent, even annoyed look on the girl's face and then I saw him close himself off from the world. "I just thought you'd enjoy a game. You know I love pranks."

They talked for a few minutes and then the girl left, as ignorant as when she arrived. I looked at the guy in the

mused in his singsong accent.

"I will stop when evil is Vanquished and when Justice prevails," I proclaimed, standing on my tiptoes to look taller.

"Well, well, have a seat." Dr. Von Wernheimer motioned to a couch by the fire. I hung up my sombrero on a hat rack by the door and took a seat on the sofa. "So what is it this time, trolls under the Winooski Bridge? Zombies? Werewolves?" he joked.

"A demon," I murmured, deadly serious. "Horns and hooves and wings and all. I have its hand right here," I said as I pulled out the withered remains of what once was a talon on the demon I had met on top of Ira Allen. It's largely composed of Boron, that's all I know," I said as I slouched back into the leather of the sofa.

"Boron, you say?" Gustav raised an eyebrow. "That means that it was not a demon summoned, but a demon made. Made with chemicals and strange and blasphemous science. More than this I cannot tell you, you must go to wherever you sense strange and unseemly business and seek out what or who could have made this abomination."

I stood and went to the door. As I donned my sombrero, I realized I knew just the place where this business was going down. I muttered under my breath, "Triple Omega." ■

tux and then up at his balloon.

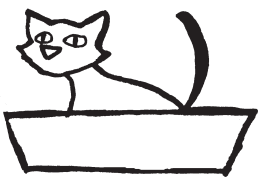
"The second word was 'love', wasn't it? 'I love you's too plain, you deserve better'?"

He stared at me, bewildered. I pat his back. "C'mon man, let's go for a walk. I think we've both had a rough day." ■



digital photograph by Gina Mastrogiacomio

cat litter.



cat litter:
created by mac smith
artwork by kelly
macintyre

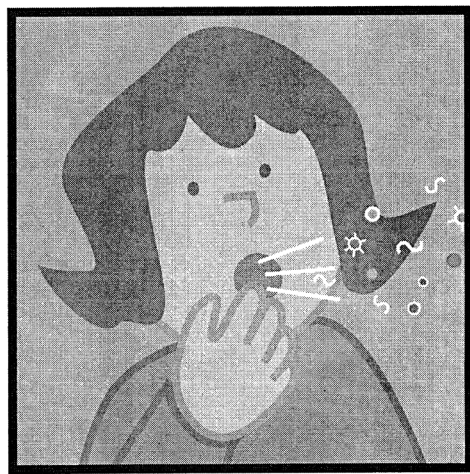
do your part

You've been watching it on the news all summer. You've read the horror stories and have seen the consequences of the H1N1 "Swine Flu." But now it's coming to find us on our campuses and is totally catching us with our pants down. What is there to do? We can't trust these "doctors" with their "vaccines." The best thing we can do is arm ourselves with knowledge. Where does the most useful knowledge come from? You got it: zombie movies. If zombie movies should teach us anything, it's definitely how to not act like a raging dickhead, perpetuating the spread of some horrifyingly and spectacularly deadly virus. Remember that guy in the beginning of 28 Days Later who let the monkey out? Dickhead.

The following is a friendly reminder of special precautions to take to curb the spread of this pandemic. Studies have shown that those who practice these safety measures are significantly less likely to contract or spread Swine Flu.

Be safe and remember: You don't want to be the person who kills everyone at UVM because you're really, really stupid.

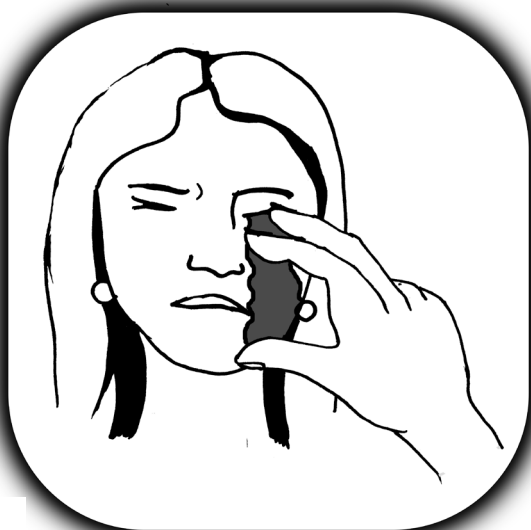
-WT



Cover your cough.



Avoid vomiting all over people, especially in eyeballs.



Refrain from eye-gouging of any kind.



Don't eat people. If you must eat, please order from Dominos. They're open until 3 A.M.



tunes.

a modern urban norman rockwell

by mickcappuccio

Just as we do all other forms of art, we aim to label and classify the music we listen to in order to more easily distinguish it. Rapper Brother Ali is working to break down any preconceived notions you could possibly carry about hip-hop. As a white, Muslim, albino (no skin/hair pigment, red eyes, extreme sensitivity to light) rapper hailing from Minnesota, Ali has had the chips stacked against him for all of his life. Make any assumptions you feel like making, but his style blends classic hip-hop like that of Rakim and KRS-One, along with the emotion of blues and soul and ties it with heartfelt and powerful lyrics cleverly woven together.

Ali grew up knowing nothing but prejudice and cruel words by his peers, and so he strove to find a new way to prove himself and fit in. Finding acceptance and comfort in the black community, he began pushing hard as a kid to master his lyrical skills to gain the prestige and respect he knew he deserved. All the years he was forced to prove himself have created an intimidating wordsmith in Ali when he steps on stage, but off the stage you'd have a hard time finding a more down-to-earth, humble individual.

Brother Ali stepped onto the scene on the Rhymesayer's Entertainment label with *Shadows On The Sun* in '03. The intro track, "Room With A View," paints a portrait of the hardship of living in the slums of the city with the words, "Try very hard to picture this shit/Walk through where I live at/ Where parents are embarrassed to tell you they raise their kids at." This premiere album shows off his lyrical skill, which balances between uplifting words and a ferocious delivery. On the track "Bitchslap!" Ali shows drive and ambition to prove himself as he attempts to put himself in the history books as one of the greatest MCs. But he brings it down to a much more personal, and positive level on the



song "Forest Whitaker" where he explains that he's well aware he's an overweight albino, but contends that you must always remind yourself you're beautiful with the words: "To everyone out there whose a little different/ I say damn a magazine, these are God's fingerprints."

Shadows On The Sun blindsided the underground hip-hop community and gained critical acclaim, but hard times fell on Ali. He found himself struggling with a divorce, homelessness, and a fight to gain custody of his son. Fighting to survive, as he has most of his life, Brother Ali came out on top, and returned to the scene with *The Undisputed Truth* in '07. The album shows his continued hardships and battles in life, with his trademark positive perspective. His lyrics remain impressive, but the album displays greater skills in the way of making his verses and hooks meld perfectly with the beats that his producer/DJ Ant feeds him. *The Undisputed Truth* is an album that is strong from start to finish and challenges each listener to not just tap a foot or nod the head. "Walking Away" tells Ali's side of his divorce, and while the track is brutally honest, it's also surprisingly respectful towards his ex, stating before the track begins, "I didn't make this track to hurt you. God knows you've been hurt enough... Just trying to create some real shit." The subjects range from his struggle being albino, to his son Faheem, to criticizing our country's love of war.

His latest EP released this year, *The Truth*, continues Ali's progress in lyrics and beats, but now he's showing that he can make every track and every story come together in what feels like a heartfelt sermon to his audience. Brother Ali's next full length album, *Us*, is set to release on Sept. 22nd and he is scheduled to perform at Higher Ground on Nov. 9th as part of his Fresh Air Tour. If you find yourself sick of the same old rap and hip-hop songs cheating with Auto-Tune, or talking only about money, women and drugs, do yourself a favor and check out an artist who is all too refreshing and cannot be easily defined. ■

shuffle.

by juiletcritsimilios

Football, Basketball, and Hockey seasons are all starting, while the World Series is almost here. Who are you rooting for?

- 1. Winning** Santana *One day I was one of life's losers/even my friends were my accusers/and in my head/I lost before I'd begun*
- 2. Mud Football** Jack Johnson ft G Love *Rain is pouring/touchdown scoring/keep on rolling/never boring/Sunday morning it's time to go*
- 3. Football** Iggy Pop *I'm a football baby/Rollin' round the field/I've been passed and fumbled/till I don't know what to feel*
- 4. Blue Line** Delgado Brothers *Riding on the blue line so I don't have to drive/at night it comes alive/come ride some time the train can jump and jive*
- 5. Basketball** Fabolous ft. Bow Wow *Yea now basketball is my favorite sport/I love the way they dribble up and down the court/ I like slam dunk/take me to the hoop*
- 6. Where Would We Be Without Yankees** Hank Williams *Don't say I said it but the world is really run from New York/ where would we be without Yankees/well we wouldn't be the USA*
- 7. Hockey** Jane Siberry *You skate as fast as you can till you hit the snowbank/and you use your rubber boots for goal posts/ don't let those Sunday afternoons/get away*
- 8. Baseball** Michael Franks *How can I keep control of my nerves/the way you wind up when you throw me those curves*
- 9. I'm Not a Scoreboard** Gene Defcon *People always ask me what's the score/I'm not a scoreboard/I'm not the sports page/I'm not on ESPN*
- 10. Play The Game** Queen *Open up your mind and let me step inside/rest your weary head and let your heart decide/it's so easy when you know the rules*



your weekly WRUV music review

by meghanoretsky & brianreid

Christians & Lions - Bird's Milk EP (Floating Garbage Continent)
Boston based DIY indie, dream-folk. Great group vocal harmonies and melodies. Plus, they kindly make all of their music available for free online.
For fans of: Woods, Blitzen Trapper

Why? - Eskimo Snow (Anticon)
Art-pop, recorded during the session of their previous album *Alopecia*. However, this release does not include the hip-hop elements as heard on their previous album. This has a dark feel, with very unique vocals/lyrics.

The Antlers - Hospice (Frenchkiss)
An ambient, emotional, lo-fi, concept album. It is not an uplifting story, but really well delivered.
For fans of: Arcade Fire, Jeff Buckley

Yo La Tengo - Popular Songs (Matador)
A new sound with every album! Kinda creepy SUPER big '60's vibe throughout, fun organs and synth!, catchy tunes with deadpan low key vocals, super great. NJ Rules.
For fans of: Velvet Underground, Stereolab