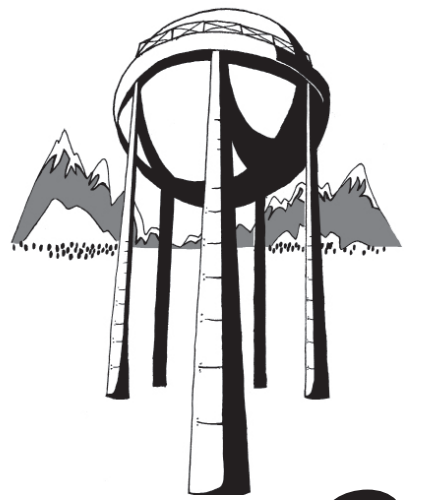


it's beardvember!
page six

the water tower.

uvm's alternative newsmag



volume 6, issue 9 - tuesday, november 3, 2009 - uvm, burlington, vt

greenwashing at uvm?

the green university may have some skeletons in its compost pile



by maxbookman

Do you wanna hear a secret? Those yellow compostable forks and knives on campus hurt the environment.

Wanna hear another one? Our LEED Gold-certified Davis Center has significantly increased UVM's energy and resource intake.

One more? The University has made a legal commitment to do everything it can to sell us thousands of plastic bottles every semester.

Being "Green" is totally in right now, but the problem for many big businesses is that their practices aren't so environmentally friendly. So instead of "going green," they greenwash. Greenwashing happens when businesses from Exxon-Mobile to Apple to UVM place a higher priority on appearing green than actually being green. The result is all the positive associations that come with being green, without actually having to do anything. Greenwashing is easier than dumping garbage into Lake Champlain and has caught on in America like Swine Flu at a Halloween rager.

The funny thing is that UVM is more green than most schools. But for every initiative the university takes to help the environment, it does something completely counterproductive, and calls it green. That's greenwashing.

Here's a breakdown of some of the best greenwash on campus:

Academics

One of the measures of a university's commitment to the environment is in its academic commitment. UVM makes a big deal, especially to prospective students, about its nationally-renowned environmental academic program. And it is great, if you're an environmental major.

The problem is that only one Environmental Science course and only one Environmental Studies course will be open to non-majors next semester, but chances are "environmental" isn't in the name of your major. The latest data shows that no more than 7% of UVM students are Environmental Science or Studies majors. That leaves the remaining 93% of us without access to the nationally-acclaimed environmental education the university publically touts. Greenwash.

"As far as academics, we can do more, if there was some way to make the urgency more alarming [to students]," says Professor Don Ross, coordinator for the UVM's Environmental Science program.

LEED Certification

Oh, how we love our LEED-certified Davis Center, the first student center in the nation to be certified Gold by the premier sustainable building organization. Lest we forget, it's posted everywhere, from its doors, to its walls, to its website. But if you take a closer look at LEED, you'll notice that it's not as rigorous as you may think. It's "not a perfect solution," according to Professor Ross. "It may be done better," he continues, "because there are portions where you can cut corners to be LEED-certified."

Even with LEED certification, what's commonly overlooked is that the Davis Center is still a huge electricity-eating, water-sucking, waste-producing monstrosity on campus that wasn't there before. Being satisfied with the Davis Center's impact on the environment is like being satisfied with a Whopper Jr.'s impact on your arteries just because it isn't the full Whopper.

Compost

Nothing gets Marlee Baron, the soft-spoken, even-tempered Co-President of VSTEP, more fired up than the state of composting on campus. "A lot of the compost we so proudly put into these bins is not actually being composted," she laments. That's because many of us are too lazy or unaware to sort our garbage, but combined with the cheery praise administration officials and admissions tour guides heap on the university composting program, it adds up to greenwash.

UVM's compost gets sent to the Intervale, a nonprofit farm center along the Winooski river, but "there's such a high level of contamination, nobody is sorting it out," Ms. Baron explains. "Once it arrives at the Intervale, they can't do anything with it," so they just throw it out.

And then, of course, are the compostable forks and knives available at university dining locations. The message is simple: "they may look weird, but they're helping the environment!" They're actually not. They still require plenty of energy to produce, they still get thrown in the trash (or in the compost, which gets thrown in the trash at the Intervale), and they surely don't foster an attitude of conservation.

Reusable Bottle-Friendliness

One common stopping point on admissions tours is right in front of the cute little water bottle refill station on the third floor of the DC. There, prospective students learn about how UVM is a big time reusable bottle-friendly campus. The wide-eyed high school juniors and seniors also find out about the nice drink discounts for reusable bottles at places like Henderson's Café. What they don't

divulge is that the school administration is crossing its fingers behind its back, hoping you leave your reusable bottle at home.

UVM has a multi-million dollar contract with Coke in which the university is legally obligated to do everything in its power to get you to buy Coke products (which, by the way, only come in plastic bottles).

Some schools are leading the way against plastic bottles, but UVM is lagging behind. Take Washington University in St. Louis. There, the university has permanently banned the sale of bottled water on campus.

The Real Green

The strange thing is that UVM does do things that truly are for the betterment of the environment, but because they're not as sexy, we never hear about them. Take the campus steam system, for example, which was renovated for increased efficiency during the construction of the Davis Center. There's the Office of Sustainability, unique among many colleges, whose sole objective is to find ways to, as you may have guessed, increase sustainable initiatives on campus. UVM has a Clean Energy Fund which provides much-needed dollars for renewable energy products. And of course, there's the pervasive attitude among administration, faculty, and students alike that values sustainability and the environment.

But right now, greenwashing is about as trendy as big sunglasses, Purell, and "become a Fan on Facebook." Kermit the Frog prophetically knew that it's not easy being green. He was right - it's not easy. But he didn't try to fake it. ■

get
inside
me

news
running against
the wind
by ginamastrogiacomio

reflections
being the bouncer
by georgeloftus

créatif stuffé
sweet bmx shots
by malinataylor

advertise for your
club or organization with
the water tower. we're
cheaper than the other guys.
watertowerads@gmail.com

the best news team in the universe.



inbox

inbox empty!

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 macsmith

Axe-The cat's out of the bag. There's no such thing as "The Axe Effect" according to Zaibhav Bedi, who is suing Axe for failing to find a girlfriend after seven years of using the product. It sounds ridiculous, but this will finally land him a girl. If they settle out of court, that would make Mr. Bedi a millionaire. If he can just figure out how to get seven years' douche scent off of him, he'll be in business.

Max Bookman-For those of you who read last week's point-counter point on Halloween, Mr. Bookman was thoroughly and wholeheartedly against it. Well, fuck you, Max, because Halloween rocked everyone's tits off.

Southwest Airlines-Pamela Root is seeking compensation and an apology from Southwest for being escorted off a flight because her baby was too loud. The plane literally taxied onto the runway, then taxied back to the gate. Although it's kind of messed up that this happened, imagine being a passenger on that flight and for the first time in your life not having to deal with that fucking screaming two year old.

Seattle-Need your lawn trimmed? Don't use that energy-wasting lawn mower. Rent your own goat as part of a new program in Seattle! These goats will literally eat everything, saving money and the environment. The only problem is that they still haven't figured out what you rent to get rid of all the goat shit.

NASA-Meet the newest member of the Mars Rover Family: "Curiosity." You can barely tell it apart from its other siblings, aptly named "Broken," "Lost," and "WTF?"

america! love it or leave it

with mikewhite

*If you don't like it, then why don't you just git out?
If you're not sure, we're here to help.*

love it!

+99.9999999 **Denver Papers Begin Hiring Marijuana Dispensary Reviewers.** Honestly, how many of these articles are going to be completed?

+75 **Arnold Schwarzenegger Writes Letter to Cali Congress Cryptically Spelling out "Fuck You."** Hate his politics, Love this guy.

+25 **Woman Accused of Broadcasting Porn near School** Pubescent Boys discover meaning of life, and future career path.

0 **NASA Launches Another Space Ship.** Yeah, I don't care either.

-25 **Facebook Changes Layout Again.** College students flip the fuck out, start Facebook groups in protest.

-60 **Michael Jackson's This is It Premieres** Crazy Jackson loving weirdos don't think it's "too soon."

-100 **Still No Health Care Reform.** In the words of Forrest Gump: "That's all I have to say about that"

leave it!

the water tower. uvm's alternative newsmag uvm.edu/~watertwr

Editorial Staff

Editors-in-Chief
Max Bookman
Lea McLellan

News Editor
Paul Gross

Reflections Editor
Molly Kelly-Yahner

Créatif Stuffé Editor
Alex Townsend

Humor Editor
Mac Smith

Managing Editor
Alex Pinto

Copy Editors
Amy Goodnough
Jen Kaulius

Online Editor
Anthony Sweet

Staff Writers

Jelena Aleksich
Emily Arnow
Juliet Critsimilios
Emily Hoogesteger
Henry Kellogg
Gina Mastrogiacomio
Colby Nixon
Olivia Nguyen
Bridget Treco

Art Staff

Art Editor
Kelly MacIntyre

Staff Artists
Mike Cappuccio
Aaron Lopez-Barrantes
Victoria Reed
Danielle Vogl

Layout Team
Matt Carralero
Megan Kelley
Emily Schwartz

Publicity Staff

Megan Lamos
Carly Schwer

Special Thanks To

UVM Art Department Digital Lab

sportsblink with michaelcieslak

It appears that the World Series is going to be worth more than Joe Buck's round-about sentences; there is actually going to be some good baseball. The **Phillies** National-league'd it up Halloween night, letting the **Yankees** explode all over them and their fans by hitting home runs as if they were back in new Yankee Stadium.

The **Bruins** are still lost; they are twelve games into the year and still don't have a pair of back-to-back wins. However, the real shame in the NHL are the **Maple Leafs** of Toronto. Toronto is essentially the center of the hockey universe and its NHL team resembles a pack of monkeys trying to hump a football. They have one win in twelve games; they just suck, it's embarrassing. Maybe Phil Kessel will help them when he gets back from being injured, but it will take a lot more than one good scorer to save this team.

As college football starts to move into the home stretch, **Bama, Florida, and Texas** are pretty much knotted at the top of the polls. If anything happens to one of those three teams, it is going to be Alabama; they still have to play LSU and they travel to Auburn to wrap up their year.

UVM hockey lost to Maine on Friday, 4-1. Again, it was special teams that did it; UVM took ten penalties and gave up power play goals and countered with a weak 0-5 on opportunities with a man up. We will welcome them home Friday when they host **UMass-Lowell** and then **Providence** on Sunday.

the news in brief

with paulgross

"I will not participate in the election."

-Afghan opposition leader (and frontrunner), **Dr. Abdullah Abdullah**, saying that he will withdraw his campaign against corrupt and, frankly, shitty incumbent President Hamid Karzai, on the grounds that the second round of the election is likely to be as corrupt as the first (Karzai stuffed tens of thousands of false ballots in round 1, ensuring that he would not be eliminated). As if things needed to get WORSE in Afghanistan...

"You want to vote for unity so that you become a second-class citizen in your own country, that is your choice."

-Southern Sudan political leader, **Salva Kiir**, encouraging ethnic Africans in the oil rich south of Sudan to vote for independence from the majority ethnic Arab north. The status quo has the south of Sudan as a semi-autonomous region, with Arab government sponsored militias occasionally slaughtering Southern citizens. The upcoming referendum vote will give the South a chance to break away, which might be the first real step to ending the humanitarian crisis there.

"I didn't come to Pakistan for 'happy talk!'"

-Secretary of State, and Obama administration resident bad-ass, **Hillary Rodham Clinton**, on her current visit to Pakistan, which is aimed at getting the Zardari government to actually discuss how they might go about combating the Taliban, rather than just claiming that they'll take care of it. If I were the Taliban, I'd run and hide—Clinton is a ball-buster.

"My wife is a very nice-looking cat-woman."

-**Barack Obama**, on Mrs. O's cat costume on Halloween. Lol.

"Today is a great day for human rights, and for people living with AIDS."

-CEO of Physicians for Human Rights, **Frank Donaghue**, on the announcement that the Obama administration will lift the pretty transparently racist and homophobic travel ban that previously prevented people living with HIV/AIDS from entering the country. (As if AIDS patients, upon landing in the United States, suddenly begin fornicating and donating blood at random). Freedom of movement restored, nice work Obamz! Now, if only we had a health care infrastructure to take care of AIDS patients...

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

contact the wt.

Letters to the editor/
General email
thewatertowernews@gmail.com

Editors-in-Chief:
watertowereditor@gmail.com

Advertising:
watertowerads@gmail.com

read the wt.

B/H Library - 1st Floor
Davis Center - 1st Floor Entrance
Davis Center - Main St. Tunnel
L/L - Outside Alice's Café
Old Mill Annex - Main Lobby
Redstone Campus - Simpson Hall
Waterman - Main Lobby
Online - uvm.edu/~watertwr

join the wt.

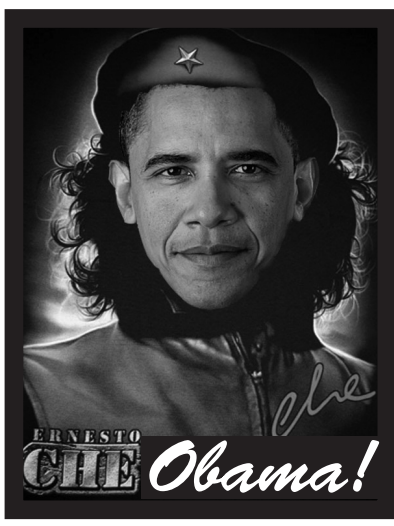
New writers and artists
are always welcome
Weekly meetings
Tuesdays at 7:00pm
SGA and Student Orgs. Office
Davis Center - 3rd Floor
Or send us an email

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.**

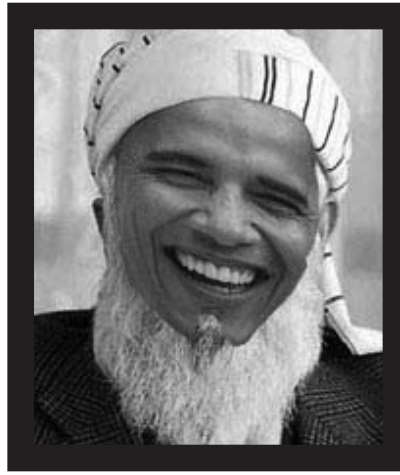
what scary obama archetype will fox news scare you into believing this week?



obama the socialist joker?



obama the militant marxist?



obama the islamic fundamentalist?



obama the liberal hippie?

photoshopping by emily schwartz

running against the wind the battle over vt's wind energy

by ginamastrogiacom

“Ho there, foul monster!” is not the first thing you’d think to shout at a windmill. But these days, we might as well be good old Don Quixote

fencing those windmills. That’s how much we are struggling against alternative energy sources - namely wind energy.

At the ECHO Lake Aquarium and Science Center, a presentation to discuss the wind and energy debate entitled “Windmills: Viewed Through the Lens of Art, Science, and Animal Impact” was recently held. The project was by a partnership between the aquarium and the University. Patrick Marold was on hand to represent the art half. He recently installed approximately 1,000 windmills that will generate light in Technology Park in South Burlington. His part of the presentation appealed to what most of us are really concerned with - aesthetics. Because when it comes down to it, the overall energetic well-being of our community isn’t what matters, it’s how pretty it looks.

But it is a legitimate concern. When

potential,” as the presentation’s description proclaims. This potential is indeed nearly invisible, as wind power has zero impact on the environment. Perhaps that is why it’s the fastest growing energy source. But there are concerns too, namely in the way of animal fatalities, a subject that was brought to light at the meeting. Although this may have skewed some people’s views, what the presentation has done is make people look at wind power in a different light - literally. With things like the light installation, ideas like energy and wind power can now be viewed as works of art. This view could persuade people to expand and grow the industry. About 30 states have wind farms that are currently capable of producing enough power to be sold, according to the trade group American Wind Energy Association. One of those states is Vermont,

“the question remains - why can’t we have both aesthetically pleasing and energy efficient windmills?”

you first consider the green mountains for which this fair state was given its name, the first image that springs to mind is not a giant rotational energy source atop some sort of glorified stick projecting from the mountainside.

This is not the first time that Vermont has resisted something that might be beneficial for it in the end. Call it the Five Year Old Going to the Doctor State. (That didn’t quite fit on the sweat-shirts, so for the time being we’ll stick with Viridis Montis.) In the mid-1930’s, Vermonters originally rejected plans to build a parkway across the top of those famous mountains that would create jobs and draw in tourists. In the 1960’s, they took their mountain love a step further and banned billboards all together, and eventually they passed a landmark development review law in order to preserve ridge lines as the ski industry grew and resorts began to expand.

So the question remains - why can’t we have both aesthetically pleasing and energy efficient windmills? Marold created a PowerPoint presentation that showed night images of the beautiful and soft light that would be produced by the windpower. Most of the Burlington community, despite their free-flowing skirts and flowers in their hair, are most concerned with the preservation of the landscape. You would think that these same people who seem so free-thinking would be more willing to forge ahead with a project such as this. It allows people to “visualize the resource’s invisible top stories ticker/wt halloween party blown up, you prob. owe us \$5/main st. crossings still effed up, everyone almost killed/junior too stoned to remember to get stowe pass

where 11 turbines have been operating on Searsburg Wind Farm alone since 1997. The owner of that wind farm has aspirations to add 20 to 30 more. Some people, however, remain unconvinced and distracted by their ever-loving ski pass.

“Every day I read about windmills in Clarendon, Ira, and West Rutland area,” writes Earl Ayer of North Clarendon. “This sounds like, and is, a ridiculous idea. Why build roads and destroy many acres of pristine, private land, let alone the scenic view for all to see? Power for who? It’s the ski resorts who will benefit the most in cheap power. Let the ski areas have the windmills. They have already devalued their property, as well they already have cleared areas for roads, and they are much higher in altitude.”

Wow. Someone decided to be a cat for Halloween this year. But he’s not alone. The Rutland Herald received dozens of posts just like Ayer’s, ranging from heated arguments against the ideas of windmills to having Vermont go entirely energy free. A bit of a stretch. I need to check my Google Reader feed each morning, and I need electricity to do that. You understand, Vermont Hippie people.

For those looking to be visually entranced by the debatable subject or to simply learn more, Patrick Marold’s presentation, “The Windmill Project” will be featured at the ECHO Aquarium and Science Center through November 1, as a part of the “Human=Landscape” exhibition. ■

closing gitmo ...eventually

by katedonnelly

January 22, 2009 was only the second day of the Obama administration, but it was also a day of bold action. President Obama made a clean break from the Bush era by signing an order to close the Guantanamo Bay, Cuba detention facility by January 2010. Obama stated the order would “restore the standards of due process and the core constitutional values that have made this country great even in the midst of war, even in dealing with terrorism.” The order also put an end to all forms of torture to extract information from suspected terrorists. That essentially ended the previous administration’s CIA program of enhanced “interrogation techniques.”

Seven months have gone by since Obama has signed the order and Gitmo is still up and running. Defense Secretary Robert Gates, who had pushed for January 2010, admits that closing Gitmo will happen . . . eventually. Closing the military prison is a tricky process, but our golden boy and his administration seem to be dragging their feet on this matter. Where is the hope and change we have been waiting for? It is not enough to just not be Bush. Obama needs to get this done at the very least. Gitmo is an embarrassing abomination that should have never been opened in the first place. Obama has a majority in the House and the Senate, and a favorable approval rating. Closing Gitmo should be done on time! Bush had eight whole years to completely fuck this country up. Obama has at least four to try and mend it, and this year is almost over. We need bold, swift action now. If closing Gitmo can’t be done on time then when can we ever expect to get out of Afghanistan and Iraq?

Closing Gitmo was a very controversial decision. It was also a small victory for bleeding heart liberals and logical people. The controversy mostly comes from the few but the very loud conservative republicans. It’s hard to know wheth-

er they are so paranoid about the safety of America or whether they just want to fuck with Obama’s plans every chance they get. Right wingers claim that closing Gitmo is a threat to the lives of Americans. Michigan GOP Rep. Peter Hoekstra, a member of the House Intelligence Committee, said, “We cannot risk going back to the politically correct national security policies that left us vulnerable in the lead-up to 9/11. Without a clear plan for the detention and interrogation of captured terrorists and combatants, we are unnecessarily risking the safety of our nation.” If you listen carefully you can hear Rush Limbaugh cumming in the background. Well there is a lot to be said for being politically correct; it is our first line of defense from those who may want to attack us. Being politically correct is peaceful and much less complicated than a secretive military prison.

There was also concern as to where the terrorist suspects would be transferred after Gitmo. Many republican politicians spoke out saying that their state would not harbor terrorists. Despite that fact that all the suspects would be held in maximum security prisons. This is an insult to our prison facilities and the tax-paying Americans who fund them. Our prisons have American people-eaters in them. Surely they can handle suspected terror suspects. Republicans should not undermine our prisons! It’s un-American.

The delay of closing Gitmo is disappointing. It’s been made even more complicated by many various political and legal reasons. Hopefully Obama will be able to check off Gitmo on his tremendous to-do list soon. Obama should not get wrapped up in the politics of his decisions and just make them. That’s what Bush did. Obama needs a little bit of his swagger. He needs to show that he is in charge now. ■

you say you want a revolution?

by meganclark

Two Saturdays ago, people in 181 countries all rallied to call for stronger policies to solve the climate crisis. Despite the rain, about 200 people participated in the International Day of Climate Action on UVM campus. Outside the Davis Center, we all got on the ground to form a giant “350 Vermont”. The image was captured by photographers on the balcony of the DC and sent to 350.org to be a part of the collection of photos from around the world. After that, churches around Burlington rang their bells 350 times as our group marched around the city, passing information to curious civilians.

So, some readers may be wondering: “What’s the deal with 350?” Well, 350 ppm (parts per million) is the upper limit for carbon dioxide for the Earth’s atmosphere to maintain a livable planet. Right now, we are at about 380 ppm. . .not good. The more carbon dioxide in the atmosphere, the more heat will be trapped close to Earth. The results could become catastrophic. But enough bad news; the good news is that this December, world leaders will meet in Copenhagen to discuss the climate crisis and how to deal with it. That’s why there was a day of action: to show that people around the world are ready to take the health of the planet more seriously. Humanity and nature are interrelated: without a healthy Earth, we cannot exist. ■



reflec

clubbin

with cassiejenis

the multicultural club

I was weeding through a generous stack of ALANA emails one day when I happened to open one that actually caught my attention. It was about a new student group starting up that Wednesday focusing on bi- and multiracial discussion. Holy haberdashery Batman! I was so excited I asked Superman to fly around the earth and speed up time for me, but he was too busy being allergic to green rocks or whatever.

That first night, I hurried all 5 foot 2 inches of my white French-Canadian Chinese self over to Harris-Millis 124. There, I found not only both streusel and Capri Sun, but also two women, Jackie and Bev, who were, if possible, more excited than I was. Jackie, a grad student who did her undergrad at a school with a thriving multicultural organization, had teamed up with Bev, the ALANA director, to form the new group. They also had more than enough snacks to feed an army of mixies.

Now, after over a month has gone by, the group is called Mixed Cats Converse and has formed a somewhat motley crew of people who are eager to explore their crazy heritages. Everyone has a story and an opinion, the variety of which surprises me. There is conflict over whether or not being mixed is a good thing. On one side of the spectrum are people like Jackie and me, who are extreme enough to have tattoos declaring our mixed heritage. On the other side are people still struggling to come to terms with it. One boy, who is black and white and lives in rural Vermont, talks about how hard it was growing up mixed. Several girls express dismay over not being able to bear "pure" children.

A full group meeting goes into language, especially the use of nicknames like oreo, banana, mongrel, and high yellow. The question is raised of when these are ok and not ok to be used (mostly not). Everyone who was here last year says the diversity on campus has visibly increased, and we are all excited about it. We even talk about whether people thought about attending all-black colleges. One girl says, "I thought about it, but I didn't think I would fit in."

The group is becoming a safe haven to talk about everything from getting group tee-shirts, eating fusion cuisine, to experiencing the annoyance of filling in those little bubbles on tests - ever had to check the "other" bubble? We have! The meeting time has moved to 8pm on Sunday, but the location and the level of enthusiasm have stayed the same. If you've ever been the "other," you should come on down! ■

being the bouncer

what it's like to be on the other side of the

velvet rope

by georgeloftus

You can't stay young forever, and eventually you're going to celebrate your 21st birthday in the first bar that really caught your eye. For whatever reason, you're going to try your hardest to make sure you won't remember that night, because that's what people do. When you're not 21, the countdown drives you crazy, so you try to cheat it with a piece of plastic that doesn't have your real name, birthday, or address. For shame.

At the end of the night, the bartenders sit, smoke, count their tips, and do

The real shitheads were people between twenty and twenty-five. They were the ones who made me hate my job. I'd ask for their IDs and I'd hear back "Are you fucking serious!?" Yes, I'm fucking serious; you look like you got your braces taken off yesterday. "But I come here all the time!" I see 250 faces a night, I don't remember you. She was twenty and seven months, which means she was twenty.

I've had to get gloves so I can pick up a pair of panties covered in pee and I

"People get mad that their fake IDs don't work. That's like getting mad at your teacher for catching you cheat."

register work. Bouncers go around and collect every kind of empty, every fallen lime wedge, and all the napkins not used as coasters. We mop the mud off the dance floor and find your lost jackets and jewelry. We don't count jack shit, yet we're usually the most hated person on the block. It's cool being nineteen and genuinely despised.

I hate it when people get mad that their fake IDs don't work. That's like getting mad at your teacher for catching you cheat on a quiz. It's my job, just like spitting in my sandwich at Subway is yours.

Most people who bounce (I hate calling it that) do it because they have to. I'm proof. I promise I didn't want to work from 9:30-3:00 A.M. every night, but the only spot hiring was the CVC, a slightly sketchy bar noteworthy for only being slightly sketchy. I made \$10 an hour repeating "ID please?" 300 times a night. It's embarrassing asking someone who's been drinking since you were using training wheels for their ID, but whatever.

The people who went there did so because they had a very specific set of expectations. If they wanted to go home with someone, they probably would, even if it meant lowering their standards... especially if it meant lowering their standards. People who went in with a chip on their shoulders usually took it off and started beating someone with it. And there I was, in the middle of it all.

People over thirty were usually nice. They'd either be the aforementioned sarcastic douches, or be flattered and say "Hell yes you can see my ID!" The subtle difference between sweet and indifferent almost made it fun standing up for four hours.

didn't complain once. I thought it was ridiculous, but the best part of piss-soaked panties is they don't yell at you.

Usually the reluctant girl who throws the biggest fit at the door is the girl who clogs the toilet or throws up in the corner of the balcony. The bouncer will take care of that, though. I singed nose hair from inhaling bleach I used it so much. Unfortunately, it's the best way to clean piss off tile, puke off floor, and, I'm not even joking, shit off wall.

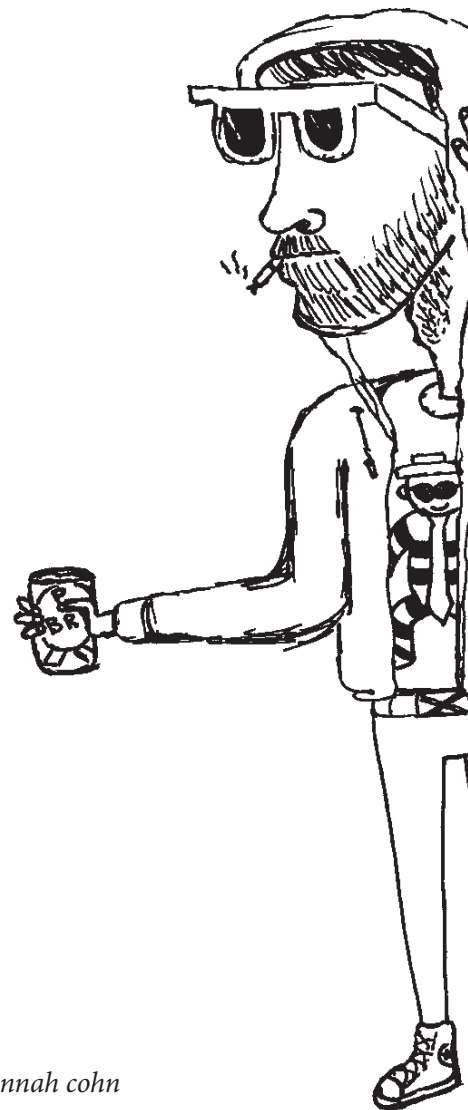
The reluctant guys were assholes, too. They'd come in wanting to punch you and find a reason to punch someone else. Once a guy helped up a girl who fell and her boyfriend came up and bashed him in the face. I knew him; he was kicked out of army boot camp. I'm from Maine and I play tennis. I don't fight. Yes, he was fucking terrifying, and yes it felt awesome stopping him but I didn't have a choice; if I let it go on, my ass would be considered "worthless" by my boss, and I'd be fired.

I know people are excited to drink in a bar, and they should be, it's a rite of passage. But when the doorman asks for your ID, whether you're 21 or 31, smile, hand it over, and say thanks when he gives it back. While you're downing Washington Apples, they're standing still. You're tongue deep with someone on the dance floor and they're trying to get a bottle of water from behind the bar. You sit there, watching a fight, and he's trying to figure out the best way to stop it. You've probably been asleep for an hour by the time he gets home. So, on your way out, realize his job probably sucks more than yours and at least give that poor bastard a high five or something like you mean it. ■

hipster h

by gregfrancese

BREAKING NEWS - In the past I've had nice ridiculous facial hair, tight jeans, and annoying trying to steal my hipster virginity. Last weekend, however, a group of them nearby that I couldn't miss. Two copies of what was supposed to be a hipster basement playing over the band lineup turned a night filled with the look on an officer's face, I could tell there was a call around ten and when we arrived, we were quiet.



hannah cohn

horrifying instances in the department's history of being important," said officer Jimmy McNulty. Further answers, so I did the unthinkable: I walked into the

Charm City Art Space was hosting its weekly block party of what the owner, Rita Wheelock, referred to as "a party for many." The crowd, as expected, could be smelling of Parliament cigarettes mixed with Pabst. Reportedly all went well, with one of them even getting

But with the final band, called Deaf Sound Jam, that couldn't even be replicated if American Apparel's Michael Vick posing with a poodle. After the band finished, "the vibe changed to a very hostile one; something or something about the end of the world coming; trying hard to disguise the disgust stemming from the outcast screaming into his microphone at random. I reported that a few hipsters, unable to tolerate the atmosphere of the basement. Some even left behind a full can of this type of criticism, continued into the next song. A hipster wearing goggles and tattered purple Chuck Taylors, punched and described as having a t-shirt that read, "Perot '96" moment, "dudes started runnin' for the stairs 'n shit" by Anakin Skywalker. Sensing a riot, Ms. Wheelock, lines of cocaine over a copy of Vice. Unable to call finishing their act, she called the police.

Once the police arrived, the crowd was evacuated. I had the opportunity to interview a few concertgoers about their experience. Attention, I approached my first hipster to ask her "Six dollars was the cost of a ticket, right? I could have been more worthwhile like neon shoelaces or something." "Parents give me money every week that I can just use. I mean, do I look like I'm made of money?" As she said, I made my way over to a guy clutching a pack of Olay. In balmy conditions, he was wearing a t-shirt with tight jeans so tight you could easily see what he was trying to stay down there when you didn't want to?" I asked him if he really care what the music sounded like. I'm an artist with things. Maybe I'd like it and get my friends to understand the clear understanding of the hysteria that occurred. I asked him and asked him if this kind of thing happened often. He said, "We hate hipsters, but because our name sounds like something, we never seem to have a problem getting publicity. It's also good publicity, too. We primarily use these things for also kind of like torturing hipsters." I wondered to myself, an answer, I looked no further than the passed out girl who splashed over her incoherent face by a guy wearing

top 5 things to read in the waterman bathroom for real!

5. (Uplifting) "Think for yourself (question authority) and love all."
4. (Weird) "Let the frogs be free!"
3. (Creepy) "Steal your face right off your head."
2. (Funny) "When apples are ripe and ready for plucking, girls are 18 and ready for..." "I don't know, a nice conversation maybe?"
1. (Owned!) "Words without work is not enough." ("Is" crossed out and replaced with "are") "Hopefully your work makes up for your poor grammar." "Actually the grammar is correct. 'Words w/out work' is a clause that functions as a singular subj, therefore taking 'is' as a verb." "Haha! Grammar Nazi got Nuremberg'd!"

surfing the stars

with lizcantrell

Scorpio Oct 23-Nov 22
Sagittarius Nov 23- Dec 21

Scorpios and Sagittarians share the month of November, so if you consider yourself a deadly arachnid or enjoy archery, listen up!

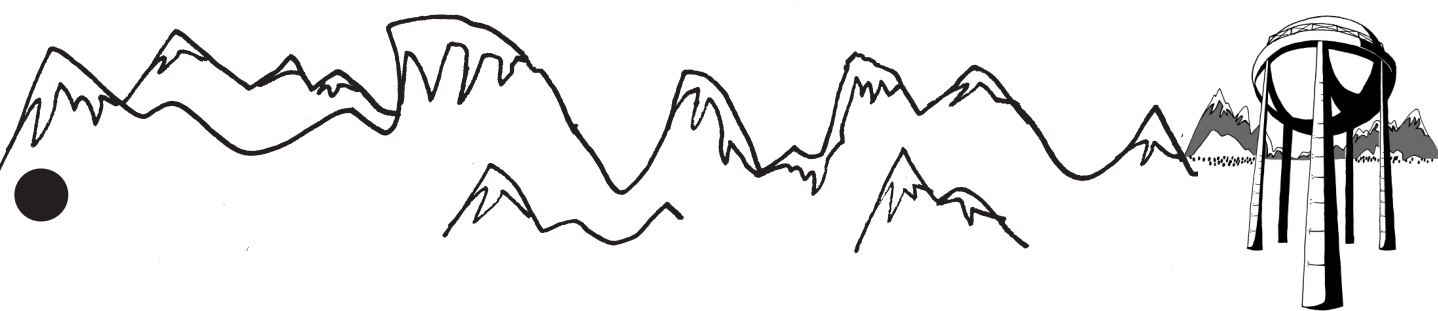
This month, the celestial heavens send waves of good fortune to the Sagittarians but they completely bypass the Scorpios; maybe that's why they're so bitter and venomous. When Jupiter aspects Venus near the 22nd, you will receive an indication of your current financial status. Look for this sign in an unlikely place, such as your empty piggy bank or your overflowing pile of credit statements.

To avoid dwelling on your unfortunate financial crisis (which we all seem to be doing lately), simply throw your cares away and head out for a night on the town. The moon shines bright near the 15th, since it's nighttime, and the stars believe this is a good time to let loose. You meet a prospective mate, Orion's belt comes loose, and well, let's just say Venus swoops in for the kill. But if you wake up on some Cancer's couch, don't get crabby with the stars.

otions.

ysteria

mares about zombie bloggers with tucker caps running towards me trying er, word got out that there was a gath- o cars had recently arrived at the scene rty, but an apparent misunderstand- a music into a night of mayhem. From more to the story here. "We received a cklly confronted with one of the most



the existential water tower.

The white dry erase board sign in the Library says that I am on the first floor. Yet I am wherever my mind carries me. I am an eagle flying over a canyon, with the noon day sun shimmering off my feathers. The sign in the Library is incorrect and should be removed.

top 5 ways to annoy someone on the 3rd floor of the library

1. Answer your phone and say, "Oh hey what's up? Nothing. I'm in the library and I'm sooooo bored. Yeah it's pretty quiet, you should come on up! Oh my God no way! Wow that's soooo funny!" and proceed to laugh as the person next to you sharpens their pencil and prepares to attack.
2. Sneeze, cough, wheeze, gargle, sniffle, oink, or perform any other flu season reflex.
3. Use a mechanical pencil with a squeaky eraser and loudly blow the eraser dust off your paper and into the person nearest you.
4. Slurp your coffee and rustle your newspaper as you savor each drop.
5. As you sit down, unzip your backpack slowly, loudly, and repeatedly.

read
the
water
tower
every
week
in print
or online.

MEMBERS, GET YOUR

FREE

SKI & SNOWBOARD CLUB SHIRT!

At the
PRE-SEASON PICK-UP.

WEDNESDAY NOVEMBER 4TH

LIVAK ROOM

4TH FLOOR

DAVIS CENTER

7 TO 10

IT'S TO DIE FOR!

of drunken teens screaming about noth- er questions to the officers were denied e crime scene.

basement show featuring four bands a "diverse range of good music appeal- elled blocks away due to the tantaliz- ist Blue Ribbon. The first three bands etting applause from the audience. a, came an insulting change in mood arel advertisements were to feature d started, according to one eyewitness, g I expected from like Armageddon, Blog pictures show facial expressions n a longhaired, baggy-jeans-wearing n intervals. After the first song it was e "loud noise of senseless banging," left PBR. The band, apparently immune to g until a girl, wearing a pair of safety ed the guy next to her. The victim was and a handlebar mustache. At that hit," according to one witness who goes ck tried to tame the hipsters with some m them, or stop Deaf Sound Jam from

ted from the building. I had the op- he night's events. Sensing her need for why she was so offended by the act. have spent that money on something ng, you know? People think because my go out and spend it on, like, anything. e continued to unload her frustration, Camels. Apparently apathetic to the he McDonald's Hamburglar on it and ng to hide. "What made you want to d. He replied, "I don't know, I didn't ist, so you know, I like to experiment o like it. That'd be deck." Still lacking a I approached one of the band members n to them. I was surprised at what he nds like it could be ironic or some- ooked for these kinds of shows. I guess e shows for practice and, I dunno, I o myself, was it really torture? To find t hipster on the sidewalk getting PBR ng an old yellow and red ski vest.■

emotions are like poop

by moniquesetz

everyone poops, everyone farts: we all know this. For those of you who are in denial, it's time to wake up and smell that fresh steamin' pile of shit. Poop is a funny subject, something we definitely don't talk about in a large public setting. Poop happens, though! We all do it; it's totally inevitable (and if you aren't pooping, I'd suggest you go to the ER right now).

Taking a look at emotions, they're all unique to each individual. Just like poop! Nobody's poop or emotions are ever truly replicated in their exact form (though, there may exist similarities, they are never the same twice).

There exist some fundamental poops, just like emotions. I discovered this the other day while trying to make light of a crappy situation. In fact, emotions are just like poop! Oh my god! Poop! Of all things!

For starters there's a pretty obvious one: diarrhea.

There are some moments when we choose to eat something that doesn't really want to stay in our gut. We have an emotion much like that: verbal diarrhea. We have all at one point had the case of wordy runs, spewing our words out with an immense force. It leaves us shamed, and a bit burned (much like our butt hole after one of these diarrhea experiences).

The next one is a poop that consists mostly of gas; exasperated tones and sighs, but simply nothing comes out. Emotionally speaking, we've all done this where we are so incredibly flustered that when we try to articulate ourselves, nothing but hot air comes out. This is probably one of the most frustrating emotions and poops: you want shit to come out, but it can't.

Another unfortunate poop is the rabbit dropping. Nobody really enjoys those because

they are totally unfinished and unsatisfactory. In regards to you, emotionally speaking, there are moments when you want to get out what you're trying to say but it all comes out in clumps of nonsensical words. In the end, you are likely to be totally unsatisfied.

These poops occur most frequently at night, when you wake up suddenly from your deep coma and realize the imperative need to release your bowels. You stumble out of bed, running into your dresser and stubbing your toe on the mess of books near the door.

"After a magnificent poop, you feel amazing and **accomplished**, much like if you were the individual who performed a great speech."

Plopping yourself down, you drowsily enjoy this moment of ahhh, and eventually come to realize that this is not going to be one of those simple, run of the mill, easy-do-it-and-go poops. This poop is torturous, waking you from your pleasant, dazed, sleepy delirium.

Truly, it is the epitome of unsatisfactory, unpleasant, and unproductive: a fair representation of a sputtering, struggling-for-words situation. Also, these poops more than likely will possess you to feel angered, frustrated, and flabbergasted. What a double whammy.

On a happier note, the last poop (and emotion) is one we know all too well: The Great, Epic Poop. It is probably the most enjoyable of all the poops; you can feel it brewing, sitting in the pit of your stomach; you know this is going to be a great poop. So you sit down on the porcelain throne and TA-DAH! The orchestra takes its cue and lights surround

you in a very Jesus-like manner: you are the king or queen of this throne. A successful execution of emotions has a reaction that mimics this great poop. A beautiful example is one that consists of you, the individual, saying it all; having no inhibitions, no Sally-Sold-Sea-Shells-By-The-Sea-Shore moments of twisted toungery.

Of course, it all happens in one fell swoop with a woosh of relief flying through you as if you were Harry Potter on a broomstick. After a magnificent poop,

you, the pooper, feel amazing and accomplished, much like if you were the individual who performed a great speech. The poop and release of emotions was totally and utterly wonderful; a sort of hallelujah experience, comparable to an orgasm.

Sadly, we can't orgasm all the time so poop and emotions must substitute for the time being. I hear a resounding ahhhh; clearly a sigh of relief either from a successful poop or well demonstrated depiction of emotions. Go on my little dumplings, go forward and finish your poop, your words. Leave no sentence hanging.■

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

I messed up royally this weekend and I'm pretty sure you saw. I'm afraid to talk to you for fear of what you'll say, or how things will be different. Even though this shit happened, everything that I told you towards the end of last year is still so true, maybe even more so.

When: Friday night.
Where: Your house.
I saw: My favorite Sig Ep boy.
I am: A girl who wishes she saw you more.

Every time I walk into band
I see you setting up your trombone
in your silly bucket hat
and when you were the ring master
I was scared but you touched my arm.
It was beautiful and it changed me.
like...a caterpillar turning into a butterfly.
Be my best friend.
Now.

When: so often that it wrenches my heart
Where: Redstone
I saw: A trombonist
I am: A girl overcome with longing

The first time we met was in front of Harris Millis; I asked you if you had a lighter. We talked about our mutual love for body modification and you smoked me up. I saw you again on your way to Petco the other day. I think you're wicked cute. We should hang out.

When: at night
Where: Harris Millis/Petco
I saw: a man
I am: a woman

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

On the first floor of the library:

Girl: Yes, Mom, I'm sorry I called you a cunt.

Davis Center Marketplace:

Guy: You know how there are those girls who are just too pretty that you wouldn't want to cum on their face?

By the Marketplace:

Girl 1: You know what's a turn-off? A guy who doesn't take the time to recycle or compost. I mean, gross.

Girl 2: If he doesn't have the time to recycle, I don't have time for him.

Bailey-Howe Library girls' bathroom:

Girl 1: Ugh, I hate having my period.

Girl 2: Oh my god, me too! It sucks.

Girl 1: I hate getting it right before the weekend. The worst is when you are so drunk that you accidentally stick your tampon up your ass hole.

On the drunk bus:

Girl: You want to know why my phone broke? Because it was in my boobs and my boobs were sweating.

Inside the Marché:

Girl 1: He has a boyfriend.

Girl 2: So? They like threesomes.

Girl 1: Yeah, but--

Girl 2: Are you afraid of a threesome?

Girl 1: No...

Girl 2: Then tap that!

the water tower beardvember competition



Boys will become men. Faces will become itchy. Girlfriends will become grossed out. But come November 30th, five little-known UVM students will be made infamous, as champions of the third annual water tower beardvember competition. Gentlemen, put down your razors!

Simply stop shaving for a month, and at the end of November, send a picture (before and after shots for bonus points) to thewatertownews@gmail.com for a chance to get your hairy face in **the water tower** under one of the following categories:

The Wookie Award So much hair, even Chewy would puke a little in his mouth.

The Scraggles McGee Award Patchier coverage than the wireless network at Bailey Howe.

The Captain Redbeard Award Get back at everyone who called you firecrotch freshman year

The Curious Growth Award New this year, for those who don't need a razor to have naturally sculpted facial hair

eats. outer space can get lonely

with colbynixon

Have you ever been to Outer Space? This question might seem a little absurd because you're probably not an astronaut, a cosmonaut, or Han Solo. It might make a little more sense if you knew about the Outer Space Café. Never heard of it? That's because it's not downtown with Urban Outfitters, Bolocco, and Banana Republic. Though it may be a bit out of the way, down in the South End, it's worth hauling your ass down there for a sandwich made somewhere else other than the Marche or KKD. I would

highly recommend going with people so you don't feel like Steven Glansberg.

Entering the Outer Space Café is like entering a friend's dining room, if your friend had a huge dining room decorated like an art gallery. Or if your friend is a grainy, tree-nugging, Volvo-driving, Birkenstock-wearing,

Obama-supporting liberal. There is an overwhelming amount of art everywhere, which makes sense, as the café is located in the Flynndog art space. The entire café has a very open air feel to it, much like a train station, which in fact was the building's original use. The café is self-service styled, and the counter is tucked away to the side, with only one employee on the day I stopped by for a late lunch. He was personable, but I felt like an outsider in a place so used to the hippie façade put on by the "real Burlingtonites," and other artsy types who frequent the place. I ordered the "Beam Me Up Scotty!" sandwich, a combination of avocados, lettuce, tomato and bacon on sour dough bread. While I waited for my sandwich, I scanned the café trying to find a beverage menu, but it

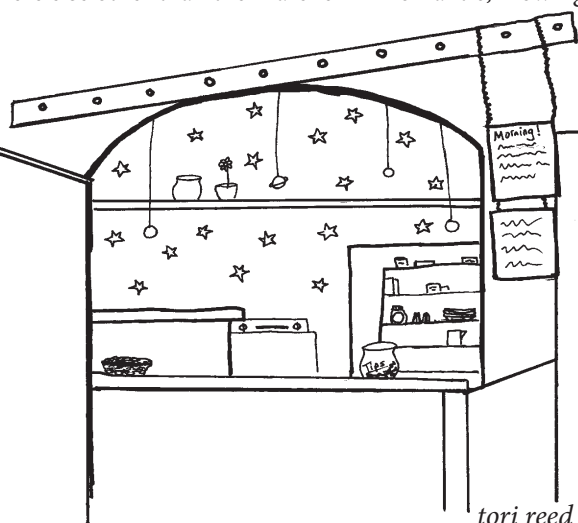
wasn't until I backed away from the counter that I was able to see the beverage cooler stashed away in a corner like an ill-behaved child.

Once my sandwich was prepared, I grabbed it and sat down at one of the tables by myself, though I did briefly consider approaching the older guy across the room. Though sipping a café au lait alone at a Parisien café might be romantic, mowing down on a sandwich named

after a Star Trek quote by yourself at a table for four really makes you reassess. I felt like the fucking Unabomber or Emily Dickinson had she ever left her house. Though for that reason, the café is also a nice, laid-back spot for pensive reflection.

The sandwich did not disappoint; it had been grilled and was very crispy, though I found it to be lacking in the avocado department. The sandwich also could have done with some cheese. After

finishing my sandwich, I ordered a chocolate chip cookie, which was a fairly solid choice. It was a bit cakey, though it had just the right amount of chocolate chips. At this point I was getting full, though next time I believe I will order one of the breakfast sandwiches that they serve all day along with many other breakfast items. I went to pay my bill and the total was \$9.00 for my sandwich (\$6.25), a cookie (\$0.50) and a drink, which although not terribly expensive, was a bit much, I felt, for a sandwich with no sides. Overall though, I was happy with my experience. 3 out of 5 **wt's**. ■



tori reed

DEADLINE EXTENDED! SEND YOUR PICS!

Well, children, All Hallows Eve is over. Now that the night is chronicled on Facebook, send in a pic of you in your costume to

the wt. halloween costume contest!

deadline: Nov. 6th
send to: thewatertownews@gmail.com

and the categories are...

- why is this turning me on?
- i found this outfit in the gutter...
- but hey, i look good
- the kid that went all-out
- i'll dress up if you do

VANTAGE POINT

UVM's Literary and Visual Arts journal

is now accepting submissions
for the Fall 2009 edition

Please send your
poetry, fiction, essay, paintings, photographs
as attachments to

vantagep@uvm.edu



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.

cops and robbers part 4

by joshhegarty

Officer Jim Sale's alleged affair turned out to be a cover for his meetings with a snitch. His cover was blown, his snitch killed, and he was taken hostage by mobster Joe's men.

The blindfold was pulled down. Joe was looking down his gun at Jim. They were in a dark room with a single dim light overhead, Jim handcuffed by his arms and legs to a chair.

"Well, well, here you are," said Joe. "Your life is in my hands. You've been a busy man. You almost had me. Really, if Harvey could have made it to the stand, I'd be done for. But, well, since he's passed on, all the information you got from him is essentially useless. Hearsay from a dead man is incredibly easy to have thrown out. I'm sorry Jim, but you lose."

"So what do you want from me? Why don't you just kill me?" asked Jim, trying to sound brave.

"Jim, no need to be so negative. I don't want to kill you. You kill a cop and it doesn't matter how much pull you have, the public demands answers. So cheer up, I don't plan on killing you, at least not today. I want to make you an offer," answered Joe.

"Kill me. I won't work for you. I'd rather die an honest man than live as a crook. Kill me," was all Jim had to say.

Joe replied, "That's what I thought you'd say, but before I pull this trigger, I want you to hear something."

A man approached Jim from behind and said, "I'm putting him on now," as he put a phone to Jim's ear.

"Daddy?" yelled the voice over the phone.

"Jack! Where are you? Are you okay?" asked Jim, panicked.

"I'm at home with Mommy and your friend Steve from work. Where are you, Daddy? I think Mommy's worried," replied Jack. He sounded happy.

"You tell Mommy everything's fine. You tell her I'm gonna be okay. Can you do that for me?" asked Jim. He sounded like he would cry.

"Hey Mommy, Daddy's fine!" yelled Jack and suddenly the phone was gone.

"Now Jim, are you sure you want me to kill you?" asked Joe.

"You son of a bitch. If my son's hurt, I will put a bullet in your goddamn brain," Jim answered.

"I asked you a question, Jim. Are you sure you would rather die?" asked Joe again.

There was a painful silence. Jim lowered his head, as if ashamed. When he looked up, there he was holding back tears.

"No. You win, Joe. I'll play ball," Jim choked out.

"Good," Joe smiled, "You'll be getting specific orders and payments through Steve starting Monday. The envelopes will be sealed, so you'll know if Steve's shortchanging you. I'm glad we could make this work."

Suddenly the cuffs binding Jim to his chair were gone

drunk bus

by ariellemuller

Drunk bus, oh how I miss thee.

On weekend nights, the place to be.

Dancing, laughing, techno, strobe lights,

Provides some warmth on oh-so cold nights.

Where's our stop? House of Ski.

Let's get off! I have to pee.

Push my way to the front of the line.

Please don't leave my friends behind.

Windows closed, I'm suffocating,

Did I just see him masturbating?

Missed our stop, but don't freak out!

Just saw those two making out.

Met some dude, says he's from Mass.

If I recall, his name's Lance Bass.

That girl just booted on the floor,

I'm disgusted, what a whore.

Goodbye drunk bus, I miss you dearly

On nights I don't remember clearly.

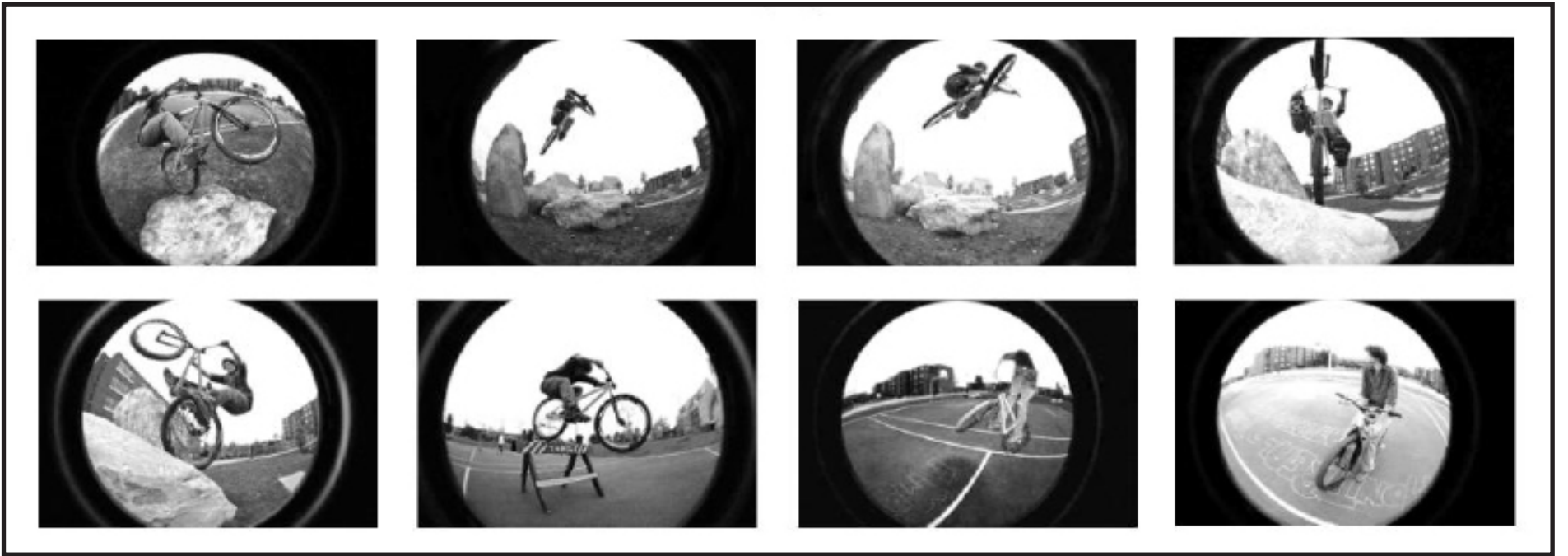
and he was on his feet.

"So am I free to leave?" he asked. "I want to see my son."

He looked pale, as if a loved one had just died.

"Yeah, you can go," answered Joe, "But please, try not to look so glum. This is the beginning of something beautiful."

As Jim walked out, he muttered under his breath, "Yeah, and the end of everything I've ever worked for."



photograph by malina taylor
featuring tom davidson

what i wanted to be

by georgeloftus

It's Tues--

"Hello?"

Shit. How long has she been standing there?

"Oh my, excuse me, ma'am, did you need something?"

"Yes, I asked three times if you could refill my popcorn and you just stood there, staring."

"I'm sorry, ma'am, I didn't mean to keep you, here you go."

"Do you have comment cards, son?"

"Yes... yes, we do, ma'am."

God, I hate my job. I can't even have inner monologue anymore without being interrupted by some stuck-up grandma. I know she's excited that movies have sound now, but she doesn't have to be a bitch about it.

Anyway, where was I?

It's Tuesday. Again. It's Tuesday again and I'm still here, in this town, in this building, in this vest and in this state of mind so that the prospect of possibility becomes less and less... possible. When the hell did that happen? When did it become crazy for me to be an astronaut, or ridiculous to be a spy? When did the world, no, scratch that, why did the world snap its fingers and make dreams something that you can't even dream about? I tell someone now that I want to be a spy, they laugh, and think I'm retarded. When did certain things stop being possible?

Oh, good, she was able to give my manager her complaint personally. Score.

"Buckman! Here! Now!"

He only calls me by my last name when he's pissed. He only cares enough to yell when people are watching. He's Derek, Derek Young, my "manager." We went to high school together and then we went to college together. He started working here one day before I did. He makes twenty-five cents an hour more than I do. I think this might be the smallest amount of power I've ever seen go to someone's head. Whatever. At least she's out of my head. Who? That's not important.

I remember thinking I could be a pirate. Now I work

in a movie theater. Irony tastes bitter.

"Yeah, Derek?"

"This is your third negative comment in just as many weeks."

"This time was different, Derek."

"Care to explain? This woman said that you were staring at her breasts."

That bitch! I was staring that the pinball machine, and she walked in front of it! No one has stared at her rack since 1986, and even then I can promise it was an accident. Eughh! They sag so much I bet she keeps them in her front pockets just when it gets cold between her booth and the breakfast buffet line.

"Derek, I swear, I wasn't looking at her rack. I was staring at the pinball machine, spaced out, and then she came up. I promise."

"The first time I had the flu and you refused to cover for me. The second time some guy spat in my face, and I called him on it, so come on. I get it, the lady thought I was stoned, I'm sorry, I was just spacing out."

"I don't want to hear it, Buckman. You're off concessions, go to the ticket booth. Keep making me choose between the patrons and you and I don't think you'll like where you're left. You're on thin ice, punk."

I'm three weeks older than he is, and he just called me a punk. Here comes a montage: Two teenage boys come in and ask for tickets to the new Pixar flick. Ten bucks says they heard Isla Fischer goes topless in her new movie and are going to sneak in. A grandmother, her daughter, and her granddaughter come in. They see *Sisterhood of the Traveling Pants Fourteen*, or whatever they're on now. Shocker. Two tickets go to the new Gerard Butler movie, ten friends see the new Seth Rogen, two more for the Pixar, and seven for the aforementioned Fischer-booby-picture. I sell twenty-six tickets and then I lose my breath.

"Hello, Scott?"

"Hey... Brittany."

"Scott, this is Jeff, my fiancé."

"Wow, fiancé? Con-congratulations, guys."

"Yeah, I know! Hey, can we get two for the new Seth Rogen movie?"

"Of course, Brittany. \$14.50."

"Thanks, Scott."

That's the girl who broke my heart. And apparently now she's marrying a guy who isn't me.

She's marrying a guy who isn't me?

I guess anything really is possible... Fuck, that's pathetic. I can't believe she won the break up. Let me fill you in. That was Brittany. You know that girl you grow up with, who knows everything about you and would've made the best co-pilot on anything, ever? That was her. We were best friends, and then we realized we were a boy and a girl and just how much fun kissing is. When we were younger, though, I was going to be Batman and she was going to be Wonder Woman. We kept that joke and went with it until we were about 20. And then she blew some guy who wasn't me and has been with him ever since. Wonder Woman? More like Wonder... Bitch.

I head back to concessions and tell myself I'm not going to think about why this night is terrible. I'm just not going to. Sometimes I swear that this building is where time comes to die, but I can't think that for very long because people can never get enough Milk Duds.

"Ummmm, better make that two, yeah, two boxes of Milk Duds, please."

"Whatever you like, sir, anything to drink?"

"Ahhhhhhh... Hmmm... Diet Coke?"

"Is Diet Pepsi ok?"

Don't. Just don't even think about it. Don't think about her and certainly don't think about here. Don't think how every day your life becomes more and more predictable. You're here. You're stuck here. Get over it. She cheated on you. Forget about her.

"Just a regular Coke, then."

"No, sir, we don't have Coke products."

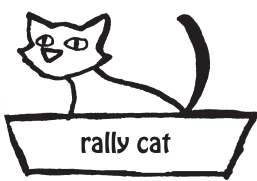
"Oh, well, alright, just the Milk Duds, then."

"That'll be \$4.50, please."

"Keep the change!"

I can't tell if that guy was annoying or not, but I don't really have time to think about it. I never do. Not here.

cat litter.

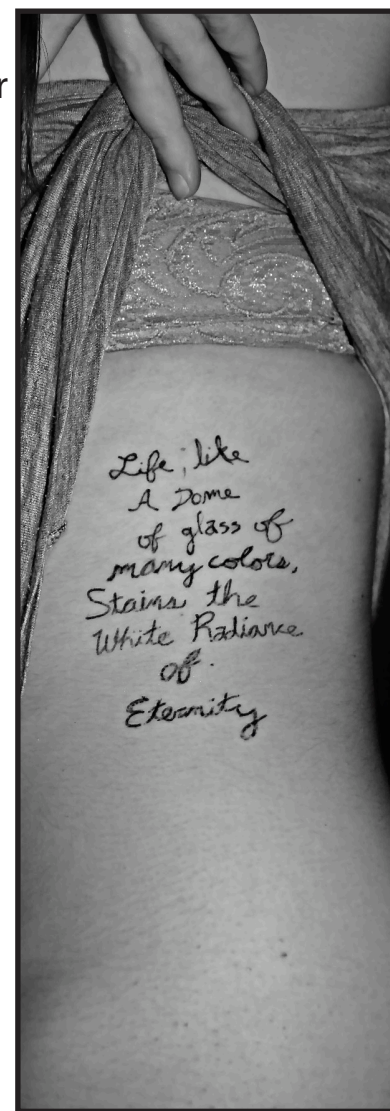
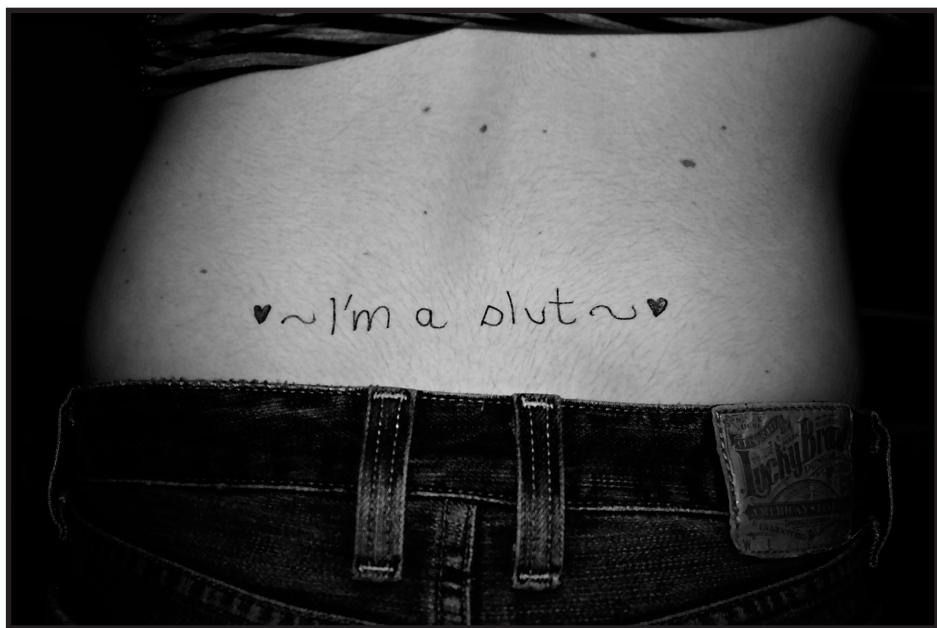


cat litter:
by mac smith, greg francese, mike white, henry kellogg, juliet critsimilios, and ben civiletti
photography by kelly macintyre



Ever wonder what kind of message your tattoo sends?

(maybe next time you'll think twice before you permanently brand your skin with something ridiculously generic.)



tunes.

good song, bad song

by jeremyklein

Good Song: LCD Soundsystem- "Bye Bye Bayou"

Cover songs can be hit or miss. What makes them work is when an artist can take a song and make it completely their own. The Wallflowers did it wrong with their cover of the David Bowie classic, "Heroes," whereas Devo did it right with their cover of the Rolling Stones classic, "(I Can't Get No) Satisfaction". LCD Soundsystem has thankfully taken the Devo route with their cover of the 1981 Alan Vega song "Bye Bye Bayou." James Murphy and company have succeeded in turning Vega's schizophrenic original into an ostensibly disco song of epic proportions. Murphy's smooth and hypnotic voice sings over the synths that build around a single beat, which carries the song until its conclusion seven minutes later. The single beat manages to never get old, however, and the band's first new release since the stellar "Sound of Silver" in 2007 succeeds in every way.

Bad Song: Alice in Chains- "Check My Brain"

Grunge was effectively finished in 1994 with the tragic death of Kurt Cobain. Alice in Chains were effectively finished in 2002 after the tragic death of lead singer Layne Staley. Despite all these factors, however, Alice in Chains have managed to reunite and release a new album, off which "Check My Brain" is one of the songs. New singer William Duvall does his best at sounding pretty much like Layne Staley as he harmonizes with guitarist and other singer Jerry Cantrell. The song as a whole, however, does not fare as well. The main guitar riff is annoying, plain and simple. It whirs up and down, reminiscent of the car alarm outside your room at three in the morning. From there it's your standard grunge grind-a-thon: Verse, Chorus, Verse, Guitar Solo, Chorus, End. In 1994 perhaps this song would have resonated, but today it just seems derivative of a style that is no longer relevant. ■



shuffle.

with julietcritsimilios
daylight savings.

Daylight Savings time messed your clocks up and gave you extra time to party on Saturday night. At least we didn't lose an hour.

Time Pink Floyd *You are young and life is long/and there is time to kill today*

About an Hour Ago O.A.R. *There was a man on the road about an hour ago/and he was lookin for a ride to New Mexico*

Better In Time Leona Lewis *And even though I really love you/I'm gonna smile cause I deserve to*

Daylight Savings Julia Weldon *I got no assumptions/I don't know how you feel/it gets so dark/so early these days*

Time to Pretend MGMT *This is our decision to live fast and die young/we've got the vision now lets have some fun*

One More Time Daft Punk *One more time we're gonna celebrate/oh yea alright/don't stop the dancin'*

Rock Around the Clock Bill Haley and his Comets *Put your glad rags on and join me, hon/we'll have some fun when the clock strikes one*

Time is on My Side The Rolling Stones *Go ahead and light up the town/remember I'll always be around*

music sounds better when it's free (and legal, too!)

by sarahmoylan

We're college kids, and most likely that means we're broke kids. Looking at the ever-rising prices of tuition, books, housing, and Marché smoothies, chances are we're going to be broke for another few years at least. And for most of us who are already up to our elbows in loans, we're going to be broke until... we die, probably. This sad financial state means that we must divert much of our would-be recreational income to more practical stuff, which seriously cuts into our monthly iTunes budgets.

So, does that mean that the music on our iPods shall remain the same until we finish paying off our educational expenses—that our libraries are condemned to a state of eternal high school favorites?

Of course not!

Ever since the dawn of the internet-download age, computer-savvy youth has been illegally downloading music en masse. Just type 'torrent' into Google and count the wealth of search results. From Ariel Pink's Haunted Graffiti to Claude Debussy to Yoko Ono to Zox, you can find almost any artist or composer available for download.

Here's the problem: when you download music illegally, artists lose out, no matter how much you love their music. This leaves you with three options. You can either continue to illegally download your favorite tunes (and let a little part of your soul die every time), you can suck it up and pay for music (and cut into the beer budget?), or you could try something new: get free music, legally.

Here are some good websites to get you started:

www.betterpropaganda.com: Self-described as a "interactive, multimedia music magazine showcasing artists from more than 600 independent and major labels, Better Propaganda is a music nerd's goldmine. Featuring thousands of free and legal downloads from thousands of indie artists, Better Propaganda also has a substantial archive of detailed album reviews, artist interviews, and band biographies.

ltn.urbanoutfitters.com: In an attempt to monopolize everything hip, Urban Outfitters has introduced a free, seasonal, downloadable mix that highlights indie-rock's best up-and-coming artists. "LSTN #7" was recently released, but all six are still available for download. Each mix contains about 25 free songs, so that's a total of 175 free songs available—not bad.

www.archive.org/details/etree: From the Yonder Mountain String Band to the Apples in Stereo, this archive contains thousands of live recordings that are legally available for free download. There's no guarantee that your favorite band will be on here, but the site is loaded with tons of awesome recordings from great bands.

And if all else fails, you'll just have to listen to the radio. ■

dance band of the week: sleigh bells

by alexpinto

A guitar player who was in a handful of nineties hardcore bands, and a girl singer, making bedroom music with computer drums in Brooklyn. Yawwwwwn—it seems like that kind of duo set up is almost a prototype in hip circles these days.

But listen and be changed.

At the moment there are only five Myspace tracks in Sleigh Bells' entire available repertoire, but all of them are distinct in sound, and all strike that rarely-found balance between go-nuts-dancing tunes and legit listenable music. Far from being too artsy to keep it simple with the beats, they are not afraid to indulge in something immediately booty-shaking (listen to "Beach Girls"), but they keep things interesting with what's happening on top with catchy melodies, loud guitar, and varying vocal tones.

The recordings are pretty low budget but that doesn't take away the fact it's just really fun music. A post on their Myspace says the songs will all be re-recorded and put into an LP sometime soon—will you be ready? ■