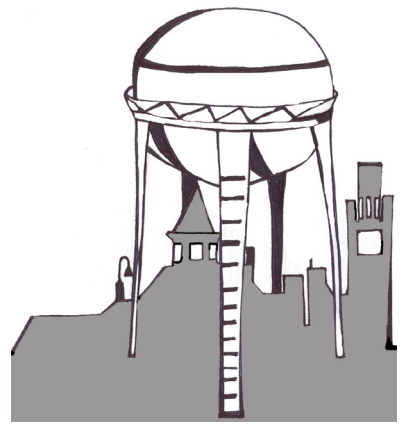


the water tower.

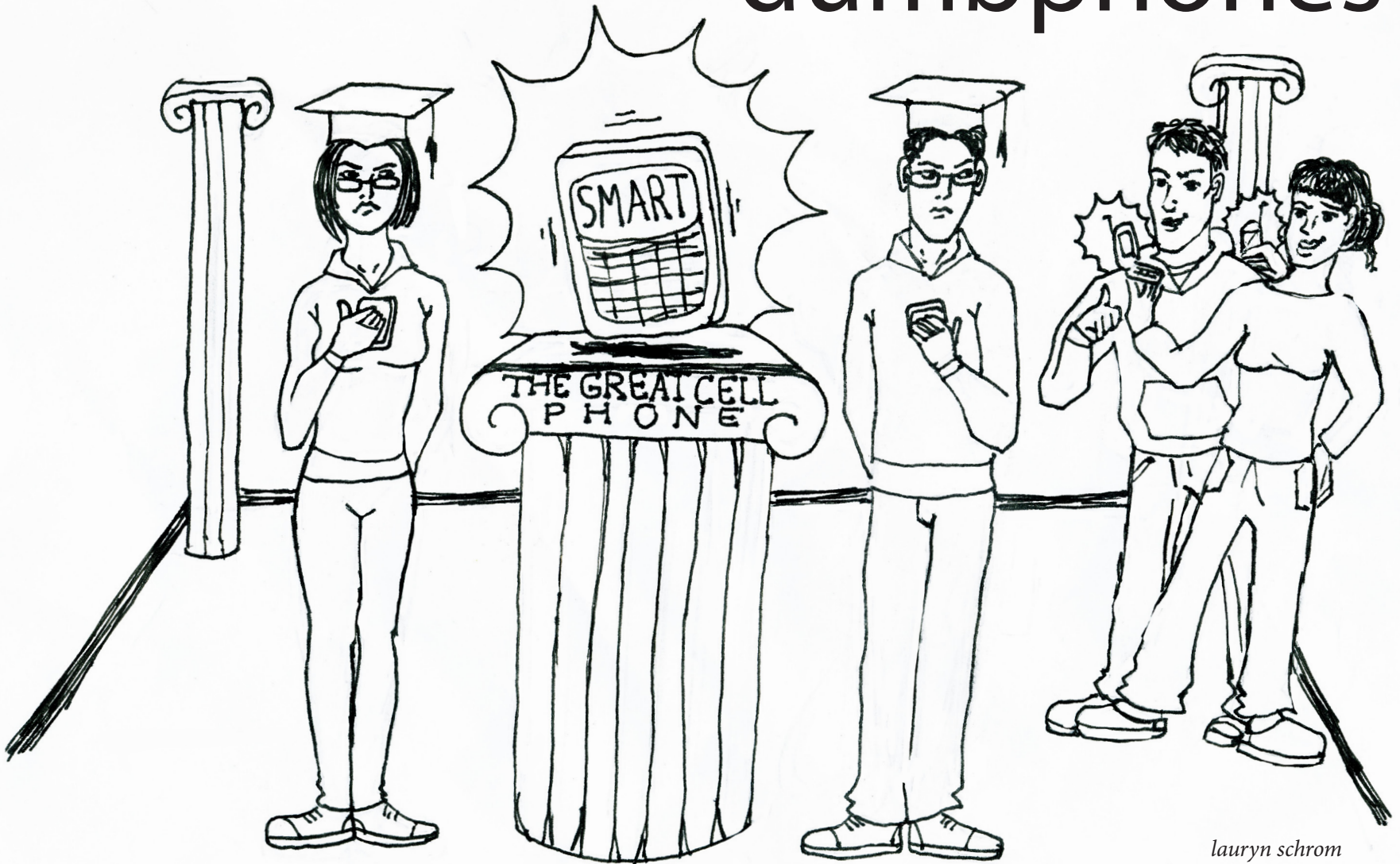
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app overload: the case for a return to "dumbphones"



lauryn schrom

by leamcclellan

The water tower gets a lot of emails. For the most part, we get fan mail and proclamations of love from someone called "I Want You So Bad." But every once in a while we get emails from people that aren't propositioning us for hookups. Like the other day, a guy emailed us and asked if we wanted his company to design a **water tower** iPhone app—free of charge!

I'm sure you can guess my response as I read it: pure, unadulterated fury.

I stared at the computer screen, seething with rage. You see, I'm stuck with a lowly Motorola "dumbphone." It's not that I'm jealous that I don't have a smartphone. I don't even want one. The fact is, I firmly believe that this whole smartphone thing has gone too far. And my Motorola and I will continue to do our part in making sure the smart stops here.

Remember a time when the only thing phones could do was call and text people? Do you remember when they had cords, or when they had those little turny things that you stuck your finger in and spun to the correct number in order to dial? Well, me neither. I wasn't born yet. In fact, I had to use Google to find out that it's called a "rotary phone." But still.

I don't want to romanticize a past that I didn't even live in. The cell phone is undoubtedly a convenient and revolutionary piece of technology. It's just that the proliferation of smartphones is having some undesirable consequences on the way we interact with each other.

For starters, smartphones ruin all friendly arguments where there's a fact in

dispute. Let's say Josie is trying to convince Pedro that Bruce Jenner of *Keeping Up With the Kardashians* is actually a butch lesbian. You go back and forth, back and forth, arguing your respective points.

"He's definitely not a lesbian. Seriously, are you on crack? Honestly, what are you even talking about?" says Pedro.

"I wouldn't be so sure, Pedro. Have you seen the latest episode of *Keeping Up With*

lates roughly to something like: "weird computer program-things that let you do stuff you never thought you would want to do on your phone, yet that make you feel like a huge loser if you don't have them."

The other day, my friend took a picture of me using her iPhone. Then, using some God-forsaken thing called FatBooth, she showed me what I would look like if I weighed 400 pounds. Not a pretty sight,

cess to their favorite alternative newspaper in their pockets?

And I didn't even want to go here, but I think I have to: haven't we all been to a party when someone uses their iPhone to DJ? And then the music stops because they get a text in the middle of "Like a G6"?

Totally obnoxious. ■

I resent the fact that a perfectly good phone is made to feel inferior because it doesn't check movie times or make farting sounds or shampoo the user's hair.

the Kardashians? You will know what I mean," says Josie smugly.

Finally, Pedro says something like, "Well let's just settle this right here and now!" He whips out his BlackBerry Torch and shuts Josie down within seconds.

Tell me that isn't annoying.

The elimination of fact-based arguments is really only the beginning. The pressure to purchase a smartphone is rising and it's pressure of the worst kind. That's correct: peer pressure. Dumbphones will always do the basic things you need a phone to do, mainly call and text. They just don't Tweet, or have Angry Birds, or turn into flashlights when you lose your keys. So what is the incentive to drop an extra \$20 a month on a data plan? Apps. Apps, apps, apps. This term, I surmise, is short for applications. Application trans-

but I suppose it was entertaining. Later, she had me talk to a small cat with something called Talking Tom. After I stopped talking, the cat repeated what I said but in the voice of a deranged munchkin. If the Smartphone Powers that Be thought this was how they would get me, they were very close. But not close enough.

I refuse to give in to the peer pressure. I long for the day when someone could suggest Bruce Jenner is a butch lesbian and the doubting friend would have to wait to get home to determine the authenticity of such a statement. I resent the fact that a perfectly good phone is made to feel inferior because it doesn't check movie times or make farting sounds or shampoo the user's hair. And what kind of world do we live in when only certain, iPhone-owning **water tower** fans can have immediate ac-

Despite the obviously disgruntled opinions of leamcclellan, **the water tower** is not a bunch of Luddites. In fact, you can now

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inbox

Dear **water tower**,

So last week I picked up my usual copy of **the water tower** in between classes. I love the paper and I was ready for this week's Halloween edition. I was flipping through and I got to the horrorscopes and O how excited I was to read it. My birthday is October 20th which means I would be a Libra. Now I want one of you folks at **the water tower** to look through this past week's horrorscopes and see if you can find Libra there. Well, let me save you the trip and just tell you now; **THERE IS NO LIBRA HORRORSCOPE!** I am furious and I am not gonna let this slide. I don't think I can ever read your paper ever again I am so angry. So, let me make you a deal; if you want me to keep picking up my weekly copy of **the water tower** you better redeem yourselves by putting in a Libra horrorscope in next week's **water tower**. You will be doing me and 1/12 of the population you missed a favor. If you decide to ignore this I WILL get President Daniel Mark Fogel and he won't be happy.

Watch yo'selves,
Impassioned Reader

Ed: We take the futures of our readers very seriously. Please look to page 4 for a proper libra horrorscope.

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 emilyhoogesteger

Coconut Removal. Mumbai officials preparing for President Barack Obama's visit on Friday took extra precautions to remove all the coconuts from trees around the Gandhi Museum, where Obama will be visiting. Rogue coconuts are, apparently, a top security concern.

Microwaving Cats. Colin Sherlock, a 44-year-old British man, was jailed this week for putting a cat in a microwave and turning it on for eight seconds. He then proceeded to put the cat in a tumble dryer, a freezer, and a tub of water. First off, that's horrendous. And second, the guy probably should find a better role model than Dennis the Menace.

Qantas. The Australian airline has had two engine failures in two days on passenger planes. Three strikes and you're out (and in a burning airplane).

Presidential Campaign Speculation. This is the electoral equivalent of selling Christmas decorations in June. It's 2010 – the election is two years away. Enough is enough.

Norway. Norway has come out on top of the United Nations' Quality of Life Index for the eighth straight year. Not that they've actually done anything wrong – but we reserve the right to be bitter.

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join the wt.
New writers and artists are always welcome
Weekly meetings
Tuesdays at 7:30 pm
Williams Family Room
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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**.

why mladic matters

by bendonovan

By all discernible logic, Ratko Mladic should be in prison right now. Indicted by the International Criminal Tribunal for the former Yugoslavia for crimes during the Bosnian War resulting in the deaths of thousands of civilians, allegedly in poor health, and with a 10 million Euro reward offered for his arrest, the former Serbian military officer doesn't sound too hard to catch.

You'd be surprised, though, how easy it is to hide when nobody wants to find you.

Several weeks ago, the *New York Times* reported that Mr. Mladic is believed to be protected by former members of the Serbian military, and has previously received assistance from people within the government. Although he has officially been a fugitive since 1995, he continued to draw a pension from the Serbian government until 2005. Although police within the country claim to have no idea where he is, numerous sources place him in a neighborhood on the outskirts of Belgrade, the Serbian capital, just miles away from the people ostensibly searching high and low for him. Until recently, he was seen openly attending soccer games and funerals and

visiting his daughter's grave.

And in an astounding show of apathy, the European Union, which for years claimed Mr. Mladic's arrest as a condition of Serbia's entry into the EU, is showing signs of reconsidering, and it looks increasingly likely that Serbia will be allowed to join in the next several years. Only the Netherlands continues to take the position that

massacre, the largest mass killing in Europe since World War II. Over the course of ten days in July 1995, Mladic's troops surrounded the Muslim enclave of Srebrenica, which had previously been declared a de-militarized "safe zone" by NATO peacekeepers, and proceeded to execute over 8,000 Muslim men and boys and forcibly relocate 25,000-30,000 sur-

than the rule, Europe cannot afford—the world cannot afford—to back away from its commitment to justice. As emerging world powers with far fewer scruples than the West—China, Iran, a resurgent Russia—grow in prominence, somebody must take a stand.

There may be little the international community can do to apprehend Mladic, but the least it can do is refuse to legitimize a nation which refuses to atone for its most glaring sins. After World War II, Germany and Japan were expected to make amends for their crimes, and to punish those responsible for them, before they were accepted back into the fold of civilization. International sanctions against South Africa were not removed until apartheid was lifted. If Serbia is allowed to join the EU, it will not just be a victory for murderers and despots everywhere, a message to the entire world that their actions do not have consequences and that crimes against humanity are forgivable. The winners will be the cruel and the vicious. The losers will be everyone else. ■

"In a world where **democracy** and human rights are the **exception**, rather than the rule, Europe cannot afford to back away from its **commitment to justice**."

Serbia should not be considered for membership until Mladic is brought to justice.

Let's not mince words. Ratko Mladic is a sadist and a mass murderer. In 1992, Serbian troops under Mladic's command blockaded the Bosnian capital of Sarajevo and began shelling civilian targets, beginning a two-and-a-half-year siege that claimed the lives of more than 10,000 civilians.

He was also in charge of the Bosnian Serb army responsible for the Srebrenica

killings, many of whom were raped. It was genocide, plain and simple.

Ratko Mladic cannot be allowed to escape justice; not in the twenty-first century. Not in a developed nation that lies just a few hundred miles from the court in which he is being indicted. And absolutely not in a country which intends to join the EU, which traditionally has taken a very strong and proactive stance on human rights. In a world where democracy and human rights are the exception, rather

vote for no more than ONE:

sanity
 fear

by jonathanfranqui

Stephen Colbert of *The Colbert Report* and Jon Stewart of *The Daily Show* entertained a hearty and large crowd at their "sanity" rally. Part pep talk, part comedy show, the two satirical comedians did what they do best: poked fun at politicians, the fear mongering media, and the depressing doomdays, all of whom seem determined to strand us in a sea of fear and insecurity.

At the start of the Rally to Restore Sanity and/or Fear, Stewart proclaimed, "We live now in hard times, not end times." This statement set the tone for the rest of the "show," which presented political issues in an entertaining yet informative manner. Stewart, who takes a more liberal view on his show, played the role of sanity, making note of the "extensive effort it takes to hate" and declaring "we can have animus and not be enemies." Colbert made his appearance on the stage out of a bunker and dressed as a Chilean miner, embodying fear through his distrust of Muslims. During the rally Stewart convinced Colbert that his hatred is hard to justify and easy to dispute, eventually "convincing" him that he was wrong.

The duo pulled in a crowd of over 200,000 people, outdoing the Glenn Beck rally a few months earlier. The majority of the crowd was made up of white college students and older white couples in their forties. Stewart who made note of this demographic quipped: "It's a perfect demographic sampling of the American people, as you know, if you have too many white people at a rally, your cause is racist. If you have too many people of color, then you must be asking for something – special rights, like eating at restaurants or piggy back rides."

While Stewart and Colbert both strayed away from their personal political views in light of the impending midterm elections, the sanctity of the rally was marred by liberal activists attempting to sway the vote. Rally at-

"We can have animus and not be enemies."
- jon stewart

tendees were also armed with signs telling righties not to "stomp on my head" in reference to the Republican rally in Kentucky at which angry conservatives trampled a liberal activist in attendance. Government agencies promoting voting among youths were also rampant at the rally. These distractions demeaned the concentration of the rally as the attendees were still being influenced through the agendas of the government groups present.

In reality, while Stewart and Colbert do a hell of a job informing the American public with their political genius, they should have strayed away from their usual satirical comedy for a while to truly get a point across. While the comedy is necessary to convey the point, sometimes it only serves to obscure the truth. Many of the attendees saw the rally as being more of show, with a simple message of "Vote Sanity". While it seems that the message has been relayed successfully, it begs to offer the question of how long it will stick. Both of their shows serve to undermine politicians' insanity with a connotation of being an independent thinker who looks through news stories to find the true facts. Their rally could have strayed away from their usual skits to address the issue of fear and sanity in a more serious manner. ■



The reason California's prop 19 didn't pass.

patrick leene

yemen steps it up

by jamesaglio

The Republic of Yemen has recently stepped up its counterterrorism efforts, especially in regard to al-Qaeda, which has historically held some influence in the area. The Arabian nation, which desires to be seen as a staunch adversary to terrorist activities, officially charged US-born Anwar al-Awlaki with incitement to kill foreign citizens for his suspected connections to the shooting at Fort Hood and the attempted airline bombing last year. Al-Awlaki was charged in absentia, but is being pursued by Yemeni authorities. In the meantime, he is reported to be active in planning new terrorism plots against the United States. Al-Awlaki's indictment was only one of many actions the Yemeni government has taken in the past week against terrorists. Many extremists wanted in Saudi Arabia and throughout the Middle East are thought to be hiding in Yemen, which is relatively out of the way and less developed compared to the usual hotspots for terrorist activity. The government of Yemen has committed to finding these individuals and making them stand for their actions.

Though Yemen has recently been more proactive in their counterterrorism views, their actions may have been expedited by escalating violence in Yemen thought to be the work of terrorist organizations. An oil line was recently bombed in the Shabwa Province, ancestral homeland of Al-Awlaki. Oil is essentially the foundation for the entire Yemeni economy, and any attacks against the infrastructure are treated as attacks against the nation as a whole. Additionally, British and UAE authorities found packages containing explosives in Frankfurt, Germany, which were sent from Yemen and addressed to Chicago-an synagogues. As a result, the German government has grounded all incoming flights from Yemen, which the Yemeni government sees as an unfair embargo on their entire country for the foolish actions of individuals. In order to repair their recently tarnished image, Yemen launched its new antiterrorist campaign.

This early on, it is difficult to ascertain just what form the Yemeni effort will take, but so far it has included massive crackdowns on known terrorist-friendly locales, of which there are many. The reason for this is that when terrorists are found in nearby Saudi Arabia, bits of them get cut off, culminating with the head. This is a very effective method, and as a result, Saudi Arabia does not have very many problems with terrorist activities. This does not necessarily discourage would-be terrorists, they simply leave the country. Some go north to the war zones of Iraq or Palestine, while some go south to Yemen. Yemen is especially popular because it is still controlled largely by tribal politics, which makes it difficult for the central government to keep track of terrorist cells and individual movements. However, the government is more powerful right now than it has historically been, and is taking advantage of this to attempt to rout out the terrorists.

The Yemeni efforts could have a wide range of success, but really anything is better than nothing. What would be most helpful is if, instead of just deterring the terrorists using Saudi methods, which would only result in the extremists moving to a different area of the world, the Yemeni government takes steps to educate its people on exactly why such groups are detrimental to society as a whole. If they manage to do this successfully, they will be able to create a land that is truly peaceful, and not forced into nonviolence. ■



reflections.



no ca\$ha

by robintucker

Wake up in the mornin' feelin' like a Vermonter, Grab my long board, I'm out the door, I'm gonna hit that one path I take erry day Before I leave, brush my teeth with that travel-sized toothpaste I've had since freshman year 'Cause when I leave for the day, I ain't trekkin' back 'til I'm done.

I'm talkin' bout boogers frozen in my nose, nose Fingers too cold to text on my phone, phone, Puttin' on ALL my clothes, clothes... Playin' my favorite ipod songs (RIP CDs) Takin' a couple shots even though it's not a party, Just tryin' to get a little bit warmer...

Tick tock, on the clock Teacher, blow my brain up Tonight, I'mma study 'Til I see the sunlight Tick tock, on the clock, But the homework don't stop, no, Oh oh oh oh, oh oh oh oh

Got lots 'a cares in the world, but I got no cash Nope, no money in my pocket, can't even buy that hash And now my friends are lining up, outside the DC And they're lookin' in my wallet but it's really empty

Tick tock, on the clock Alice's coffee wakes me up Tonight I'mma study Order wings at midnight Tick tock, on the clock But the midterms don't stop no, Oh oh oh oh, oh oh oh oh

I study hard Then I break down My phone it sounds Time for class

I study hard But it don't show My grade is low Psych kicked my ass

And the cold don't stop 'til I walk in...

Tick tock, on the clock Wasted Wednesday's so near Tonight I'mma fight Procrastination is here Tick tock, on the clock But the weeks don't stop no, Oh oh oh oh, oh oh oh oh

your guide to uvm's DOOMSDAY-proof buildings



by gregfrancesc

In the likely event that humanity implodes on itself within the near future - either by fighting an endless war, depleting resources crucial to our survival, or overuse of the word "anger" to describe our disposition towards our governments - you'll need to prepare yourself to ensure that your future offspring will populate the Earth someday. See those giant brick buildings littered around UVM? Some look like office buildings, some look like prisons, and some look like they should be demolished. Because we're headed for a disaster of Noah's Arc proportions, though, it's important to look at these buildings not for what they are, but what they can be. To do this, you'll need this Guide to UVM's Doomsday-Proof Buildings.

1. **Cook Physical Sciences** - is it surprising that this hulking collection of concrete and brick with some glass shoved into its cracks could survive an impending disaster? Besides the obvious structural benefits to a building that looks like a

fortified prison, the fact that Cook contains a large supply of chemicals could be helpful in burning the flesh of any zombie Tea Partier threatening to take away your birthright citizenship. If you decide to place yourself on the top floor of the building you'll surely be able to effectively tire out your enemy before they reach you.

2. **Bailey Howe Library** - if there was something that would suck about a post-doomsday world, it would be that there's nothing to do during all your newfound free time. Fortunately, a library built out of brick and concrete could really keep you entertained through even the most devastating circumstances. Another benefit to a library with 1.7 million books is that you can fuel thousands of fires to heat your bum in the event of a nuclear winter.

3. **Converse Hall** - Everyone knows Converse looks like a castle, but what everyone doesn't know is that there used to be a moat that went around the building. Legend has it that if you dug around where

the moat used to be you'd most certainly be able to uncover it.

4. **Living and Learning and Harris Millis** - Though L/L represents a utopian community filled with dozens of different groups living harmoniously in one building, it also represents a building that can withstand the negative effects of "commonsense" change brought forth by a Palin Presidency. Harris Millis, on the other hand, owes its vitality to the fact that it is riot proof and can withstand over \$40,000 worth of destruction waged by 600 drunken freshmen.

5. **The Davis Center** - like its other LEED-certified counterpart buildings, the Davis Center will only last as long as the time it takes before the building composts itself. The only real purpose the Davis Center serves, therefore, is to ensure that the recipes for Cherry Garcia and Phish Food survive a humanitarian crisis. ■

the november challenge (how to deal when heat is so damn expensive)

by emilyarnow

As I sit in my living room with 2 pairs of smart wool socks on and a down comforter wrapped around my body, I wonder if it is really colder inside my apartment than out. If icicles form to my hair when I get out of the shower and my roommates can see their breath even when they're cooking over a hot stove then the answer is yes, I live in an igloo. But this wasn't always the case. Just a month ago I was complaining that it was too hot to wear my new fall sweaters and gushing about what a nice cool space I had to come home to after walking back from class covered in sweat. Heat was expensive but a necessary evil, one that I convinced myself to believe we didn't need until there was snow on the ground. Weighing the pros and cons of this debacle (basically heat will keep us from freezing but also costs a lot of money), my roommates and I made an agreement, no heat until November. Thus the "November challenge" began.

For students living off campus, the first real test of independence is paying the bills, something you had probably taken for granted all those years living at home or in the dorms. Water, cable, electric and heat don't come fo' free. Heating an old house or apartment in Burlington can be extremely expensive, especially if the windows or walls are not appropriately insulated. Remember when your mom used to scream at you for wanting to just let some air in during the middle of January? "YOU'RE LITERALLY THROWING MONEY OUT THE WINDOW!"

Well mama knew what was up and probably could teach us all a thing or two about saving money with utilities. But is it worth it to suffer in the cold for a few extra bucks? Or is coming home to a warm house and not having to dress up like the Michelin man to sleep necessary to survive? When is it OK to turn up the heat?

"I'm all about trying the November challenge." Dave, a junior says, "Heat is so damn expensive and it's not gonna get that cold until January anyways. Blankets are the way to go, plus you can always use body heat from a significant other as an excuse to warm up." While some value money and sex over frostbite, others don't stick to such strict guidelines. "My philosophy is that, if you have the thermostat." While being comfortable in your own home is necessary, there is something to be said for making it through the freezing last days of October, one degree away from catching pneumonia. It's cold, it's tough, and it's pretty miserable; they don't call it the November challenge for nothing. At least, with those couple extra bucks you save, you could run right out and buy yourself a nice Snuggie and some more smart wool socks, because your purple feet and frostbitten nose deserve it. ■

"Weighing the pros and cons of this debacle, my roommates and I made an agreement: no heat until November. Thus the 'November challenge' began."

what does your bedroom say about you?

by ginastrogiacom

Just like the way you dress can say a lot about you as a person, your room can speak volumes to your character. The fact that you can't see the floor when you walk in says a lot about you - the least of which being you don't own a vacuum cleaner. So here's what some common things in your room might say about you:

Dying Plant of Any Kind - You're a failure at maintaining a relationship; you can't even take care of that spider plant you got for free in September! If you can't provide something like water and sunlight (hello, it's coming in the window - it's free!) how are you going to snag a significant other?

Coffee Maker - You're impatient. The coffee needs to be in your room on demand the moment you get out of bed. How could you possibly be bothered to leave your house without it?

Pictures of High School - You're living in a state of denial reminiscing about the glory days. Remember when that homecoming dress looked awesome on you? College PBR can really do a number on those 11th grade washboard abs. And that really cute picture of you and... what's her name...okay yeah, you don't talk to any of the people in that picture anymore. Moving on.

Tapestry - You're a conformist. After spending more than two seconds on the UVM campus, you realized that there was no way your room could even remotely be considered awesome if you didn't have a giant tapestry on your wall. It's most likely got some kind of trippy pattern or picture on it. Party on.

Beer Pong/Fear and Loathing in Las Vegas/Naked Girl/Scarface Posters - You're supporting the local economy. Clearly you bought out the entire Davis Center poster sale collection.

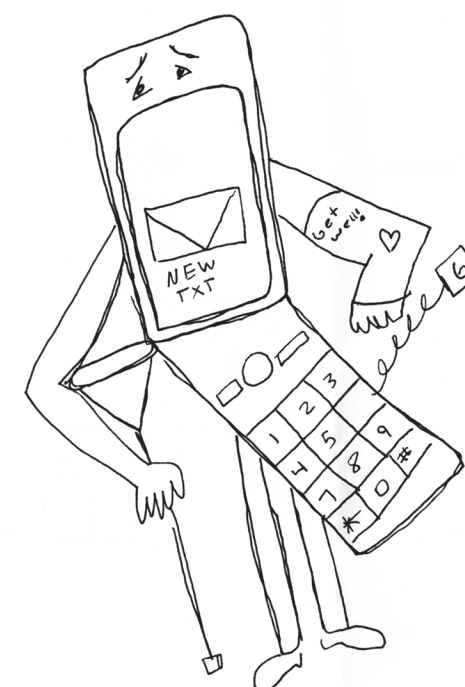
Cleaning Supplies - You like to please. Why else would you have these out and viewable if for no other reason than to please your mother? Now you might just want to put one or two of them to good use to keep up that facade that you "regularly clean your room."

We've all got one or more of these things in our humble college abodes, and it definitely couldn't do anyone harm to take note. Is there room for improvement? For sure. I know after this, I'm definitely on my way to throw out my dead plant from the activities fair, and uh, put away my Fear and Loathing poster. But I'm not vacuuming. There's got to be a line drawn somewhere. ■

it's a hard knock life... for your cell phone

by lizcantrell

It's safe to say most people have a relationship with their cell phones. It's a lifeline to friends, info, and news, and helps combat awkwardness by making it look like you have someone to talk to/somewhere to be. However, many of us don't always appreciate the things phones do for us. We put them through hell most days: texting at rapid speed, dropping them, or putting them through the wash. And still, they are there for us when we need them, like a good friend, a dog, or a strong drink. Except when you don't have service. Then it becomes the subject of a two-minute rant about how much Verizon/AT&T/T-Mobile (people still have T-mobile?) sucks. But seriously, let us pay homage to the day-to-day lives of our trusty digital companions.



8:30 AM: sounds off with obnoxious pre-programmed song to wake you up. Receives angry slap as you turn it off.

9:13 AM: your first sent text of the day.

9:23 AM: your first received text of the day. Let the games begin.

9:35 AM: goes in your pocket for class. This lasts all of three minutes before you've busted it out again, surfing the web (if it's "smart") or figuring out what's happening later tonight.

10:25 AM: because you are clumsy/still drunk/a cold-

5:10 PM: you snap a funny pic to send to a friend.

7:37 PM: After dinner you decide to delete a bunch of texts. For the phone, it's like cleaning its room and or getting a haircut. Now it's lookin' fresh to death.

9:49 PM: receives incoming call from worried/nosy/over-protective parents. Lasts about 5 minutes before you say you've got homework. Once they're off the line, back to texting, or maybe tweeting if you're into that whole "my every move/thought is critical to society's functioning and everyone must know/care about me" thing.

12:32 AM: technically a new day, but your phone's day is just ending as you power down for the night. Only to do it all over again in 8 hours. Sweet dreams. ■

edit_undo

It seems that in the *Horrorscope* article of our spooky Halloween issue, we forgot to include a horoscope for Libra. In response to a heated letter from an impassioned reader, our resident medium would like to add the following:

Hey Libras, sorry I missed the boat last week. I regret that my error left you to embark on your Halloween without any help from the celestial heavens. Here's what you missed:

Libra September 23- October 23: All Hollow's Eve promises to be a night of ghastly epic proportions. As the fiesty Libra you are, you resolve to have a hellishly good time, freezing temperatures be damned! You get your ghoul on with a sexy pop culture icon or historical figure (the stars suggest you look out for Alexander Hamilton. He was the foxiest of the Federalists, and even has a facebook page). But don't fear: this steamy interlude is only the beginning...

urban dictionary uvm additions

by lindsaygabel

Urban Dictionary: your reliable source for (a) when you're too embarrassed to inquire in person about the meaning of new slang because you feel that you should already know, (b) introducing, researching, and/or publicizing new jargon in popular culture, (c) when Facebook and StumbleUpon fail to satisfy your procrastination needs. UVM's very own Grundle has already made its debut in this infinitely helpful dictionary made for the people, by the people, to make fun of the people. Hopefully someday soon the following Groovy UV terms will also find their places within the sarcastic and snide text of this online unconventional Webster's:

Snanxiety
Splice of "snow" and "anxiety"; a condition characterized by intense longing for and anticipation of forms of solid precipitation, inability to concentrate, and loss of interest in and dissociation from all activities bearing no distinct relation to winter (esp. those considered academic); predominantly afflicting skiers, snowboarders, children, and over 93% of the UVM population. Common symptoms include excessive sleep during 60+°F weather and spontaneous, frenzied loading of ski/snowboard paraphernalia into vehicles at the sight of November snowflakes. See related slangst.
"Hey man, were you watching the weather channel last night? There's a 2% chance of freezing rain on Tuesday! I'm so stoked!"
"Dude, I think you're suffering from snanxiety."

CatsRide
Acronym for "Crowding According To Seasons (Ride I Don't Enjoy)"; excellent mode of transportation around the University of Vermont campus from September to November and April to May. December to February, on the other hand, presents a 50-50 chance that (a) the bus will be on time, and (b) you will be physically able to contort your body enough in order for the automatic doors to close. March is iffy.
"Dude, that kid's face is legit up against the emergency exit window - we are so not getting on this bus."
"Aw man, I hate CatsRide in the winter. And I miss George."
"I know man. I know."

The Flying Diaper
A hyperbolic paraboloid located on Redstone Campus built by students of a 1968 engineering class; perhaps the most versatile structure on campus, boasting an impressive list of historical functions: wedding chapel, memorial site, sweet freestyle ski jump, college playground, inspiring masterpiece of mathematical perfection, source of voyeuristic amusement via a live cable feed, and trippy piece of concrete.
"Want to go chill/get married/ski/contradance on top of the Flying Diaper?" ■

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

your love of Patrick (Dempsey), potatoes, and pink often makes me think you are the kind of wife I've always wanted in my life and now you're finally 21, so Pumpkin, let's have some fun!
HAPPY BIRTHDAY maybe i'll get you a bunny
When: erry single day!
Where: weston st.
I saw: a smilin' brunette
I am: pantsless in your bed

I don't know you but some days it feels like I do with how frequently i see you around campus. i'm sure i'll see you at the library soon or maybe even at the gym...I'm too shy to make any real moves so I figured id just say hi via watertower.
When: almost every day
Where: baily howe
I saw: brown haired boy
I am: fierce

Although I have a boyfriend (and this isn't what it seems) I need someone to spoon me and also borrow their jeans since we chased chickens, i knew we were meant to be i don't know how else to tell you so KK, please be my B-I-G
When: on the reg
Where: pimpin' all over the world
I saw: a beautiful Pennsylvanian
I am: infatuated

your name is tyler but you sign your emails fish since the tune-up, my bike rides like the wind! you seem chill and you're pretty cute, not gonna lie i hope to see you flying by!
(except i'll probs be the one flying)
When: tuesday
Where: campus atletico
I saw: blonde hair
I am: now nervous

dear, sexy boy on my floor you live in the corner and i want to see you more your roommate's name begins with a Q i want to do unbelievable things to you you're a sophomore and i'm not it doesn't matter because you're irresistibly hot you know that i exist, and i can't help but persist i want to pre-game with you soon but maybe instead we can spoon
When: most days
Where: milli 2
I saw: a sexy man of desire
I am: cute as can be

You are the most beautiful woman I have ever seen. Your short red hair is so sexy it's obscene. Oh, new world, I admire you eating so delicately from afar. maybe when we grow up we can go to the bar. more about you i want to learn. you make my heart Bern.
I REALLY want you so bad.
When: all the time
Where: bradley street, music building, and new world
I saw: a red headed goddess
I am: someone who can make your fantasies come true

You come around every once in a while Usually with a nice big smile A foreign flame Yet so tame Let's drink some vodka And go running by the watah Don't be shy We'll fly off into the sky Hope you catch my rime Cus you're truly a dime
When: now and again
Where: church street & bike path
I saw: a sexy babushka
I am: prollly not going to make it past mile 5

I saw you take a crash on your bike before Prom In that cute dress and sweater you had it going on Your glasses are sexy Your style a delight I've seen you around and you're doing right. So let's get together and make it night.
When: Bike Prom and Bubble Party
Where: School St
I saw: The Beer of my dreams
I am: Your Prom Date

attention readers!

IWYSBs will be read on WRUV 90.1 during Mr. Green Genes Presents: The Night Society with Mr. Green Genes Wednesdays 6-8pm

Met you one day, Workin' at the CSA, Then you disappeared for a while, But i waited it out, because I like your style. But Alas finally I saw you one day! I yelled your name from atop a roof you headed on up and I knew it was proof. The most beautiful sunset of the year, all of us smiling from ear to ear. bare-footed and beautiful you seem really fun, so come on boy let's go play in the sun.
When: a few weeks ago
Where: around
I saw: a blond boy who caught my eye
I am: a curly haired goddess

Girl on austin three saw your water tower message to me I have been flexing in my room every night i have even flashed a light but give me a sign that you are still mine
When: erry day
Where: across the amphitheater
I saw: studious young lady
I am: curious of you

Love is...finding a bunch of white rocks and one black one Love is...okay, alright, big blue moon Love is...bagels in bed on a Sunday morning Love is...embracing the art of stalking on facebook Love is...a peppermint patty right before the big test Love is...dancing all around me Love is...kicking it in lap 9 Love is...a diva
When: Seven days a week if I'm lucky
Where: gym, lib, greene st, north union...oh no, have I said too much?
I saw: the fiercest girl in school
I am: envious

You sit next to me in German and you're super cute You're taking 3 different languages so you're really smart, to boot. You really like to dance and you're actually quite good You're also kind of funny, when you act like you're from the hood. You recently got out of a relationship but I don't really care Come cry on my shoulder, I promise to always be there.
When: every tuesday and thursday
Where: waterman
I saw: my soulmate
I am: wanting to see more than just the side of your face

I met you last year, way up on the 6th floor We quickly became close because you lived right next door. You are incredibly pretty, with your long blonde hair I know you don't realize it but you make all the boys stare. You're recently single because your ex is a douche I really want to cut him, all it would take is a single swoosh. You're really good at sailing and you love Taylor Swift I promise to listen to her with you and instantly your spirits will lift.
When: every day
Where: la-la land
I saw: a hot blonde (and sometimes green)
I am: a devil-child

hmmm. so I want you. But I can't tell you that because we're friends...but can we take it to the next level? Pleaseeeee. I know you want to!
When: Whenever
Where: RedStone
I saw: Sexy Bait
I am: A Vixen

Even with two columns of poetry, The water tower snubbed my words last week. So here's another poem made for thee, To win the heart of the girl that I seek.
We haven't spoken much-- three or four times, We share a film class with Dave Jenemann, So I wrote a poem for you that rhymes. (Hopefully they won't shun my words again.) You played Mad Men, and MASH and Simpsons, too. For our class on every Wednesday night. It's difficult to keep my eyes off you, Because I always want you in my sight.
When: Wednesday nights
Where: Film class
I saw: a cute girl
I am: a shy guy (but not the Mario kind)

Vintage Clothes

Accessories, Sunglasses, Leather and everything you wear



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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

In the Davis Center
Girl: Who are my hookup options?
Boy: Well... Brian, but he would hook up with a stick if it had a mouth and a vagina

On Church St.
Guy 1: Yo, there are cuts all over my butt.
Guy 2: Dude, I can smell the weather.

Downtown at night
Guy to girl (quoting super troopers): i'm freakin' out, man!
Random guy walking behind: you ARE freakin' out....man.

In the Marche
Girl: I have a question... what is lasagna?

On a sketchy porch late/drunck Saturday night
Oh my god, look at those fucking majestic polar bears outside!

Suspended track in Gutterston
Girl: I can't believe they make me pay for a gym class, I'm an RA.

Redstone green, Friday night
Girl: It's only 11:15? The night is still a fetus, people!

Friday night Halloween weekend, hipster place on Bradley
Ballerina 1: Did someone spill beer on you?
Ballerina 2: No, it's my armpit sweat.

Buckham, first floor
Guy 1 to guy 2: you've never done it without one?! it feels so much better!

Walking down Pearl
Boy: That bitch isn't picking up her phone!
Girl: Jackie is so not clutch.

Bailey-Howe
Bro 1: Dude, you want some of this mac & cheese?
Bro 2: No, I don't like that stuff.
Bro 1: What? Are you high? I mean... not high?

Harris-Millis
Girl: God knows how long since I've slept in my own bed.

Heard from the amphitheater around 3 A.M.
Guy yelling from 4th floor window: Hey man, you c-c-can't p-pee there!
Guy pissing in bushes: Bro, you gotta announce it!

In the Grundle
Girl (reading the water tower): oh my god...i hooked up with the editor in chief last night...

Dirty Nine Hickok
Bro 1: Yo did you hear Joe Biden was on campus today?
Bro 2: Who's Joe Biden?
Bro 1: The vice president...
Bro 2: Oh whoops

Grundle omelet line
Girl 1: ugh, what should i minor in?
Girl 2: anal...

Basement of the frisbee house
Bro: you're so gorgeous and im so hard

First floor Bailey-Howe library
Disgruntled girl: I'm so much higher on the food chain than them that I would never let their penis near my vagina

Outside Williams, Monday
Girl 1: So, does your arm hurt?
Girl with broken arm: Well, basically, I had to choose between drinking over halloween and my pain meds... obviously I chose drinking. Yeah, I'd say it hurts.

Library 1st floor
Biddy: I HATE PRONOUNS!

fashion five-oh.



wat(er) your threads

with olivianguyen



*Sad but true: UNM isn't exactly known for its superior fashion sense. That's why when fashion-forward ladies and gents choose to rebel against Fannel and push the campus fashion boundaries, the ut likes to give them a little nod of approval.
We're not the fashion police (Though we're tempted to fine people still wearing Uggs this winter.) We're just here to give UNM campus fashion some much-needed TLC.*

Spotted: On the streets of Burlington.

Why we like it: I was walking to class Wednesday morning and the first thing that caught my eye was her hair. Look at all that volume! How many 20 year olds do you know can prepare an up-do like this for a Wednesday morning before class? This girl's vibe has 60's style written all over it. It's pretty bold to be caught in a dress and a fur trim coat on a 40 degree morning. And on top of that, to be dressed in a different iconic era that brings the groovy UV back.

why everyone loves yoga pants

with colbynixon

In the fashion world, there are many haters: there are Ugg haters, Croc haters, Silly Bandz haters, and of course, sweatpants haters. I have however, after much intensive research, recently discovered an article of clothing everyone loves- yoga pants! Seriously, have you ever heard someone say, "I fucking hate yoga pants?" That's like saying, "You know what I hate? Nutella." (My apologies if you have a hazelnut allergy.) No, everyone loves them, both girls and guys (my guess is maybe it's not for the same reasons, though). They're even so popular, I shit you not, there is literally a website called girlsinyogapants.com- I think it's the third hit if you search "yoga pants" on the Google machine. Here are the reasons why everyone loves yoga pants.

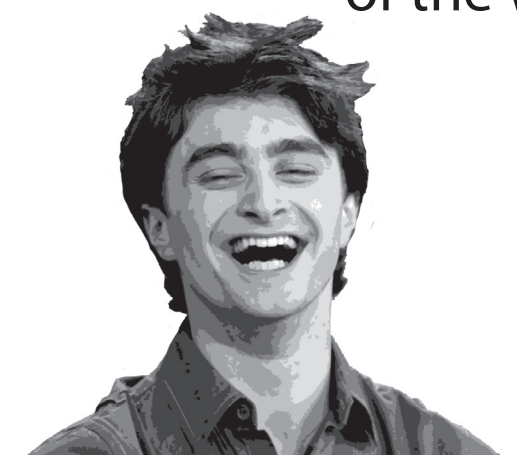
1 Comfort- you're meant to do ridiculous stretching in these, so of course they have to be comfortable. I mean you're not about to do the Cow Face Pose in your Lucky Brand jeans.

2 Appearance- yoga pants aren't just for the studio anymore. Seriously, ask any dude out there what he thinks of yoga pants, and he'll be like, "what're yoga pants?" and when you point them out, he'll be like, "I love that shit." Go no further than girlsinyogapants.com and you'll know exactly what I'm talking about. Honestly, if only we could get every girl out there who thinks it's ok to wear sweatpants or span-dex to wear yoga pants, the world would be a happier place.

3 Price- it's easy to get relatively cheap yoga pants. Twenty bucks and change for a pair of pants isn't that bad, especially if you can use them for working out and everyday activities.

4 Use- yoga pants can be used in any number of settings. Going to class? Yoga pants. Working out? Yoga pants. Hanging out with friends? Yoga pants. Going to yoga? Yoga pants. Making cookies? Yoga pants. Long plane ride? Yoga pants. First date? Of course you don't wear yoga pants, are you bat-shit insane?

misquotation of the week



"Oh me? Of course I crazy glue my fingertips before I go out at night!"
-Daniel Radcliffe

beardvember.

(is here.)

(details to come.)

(get growing.)

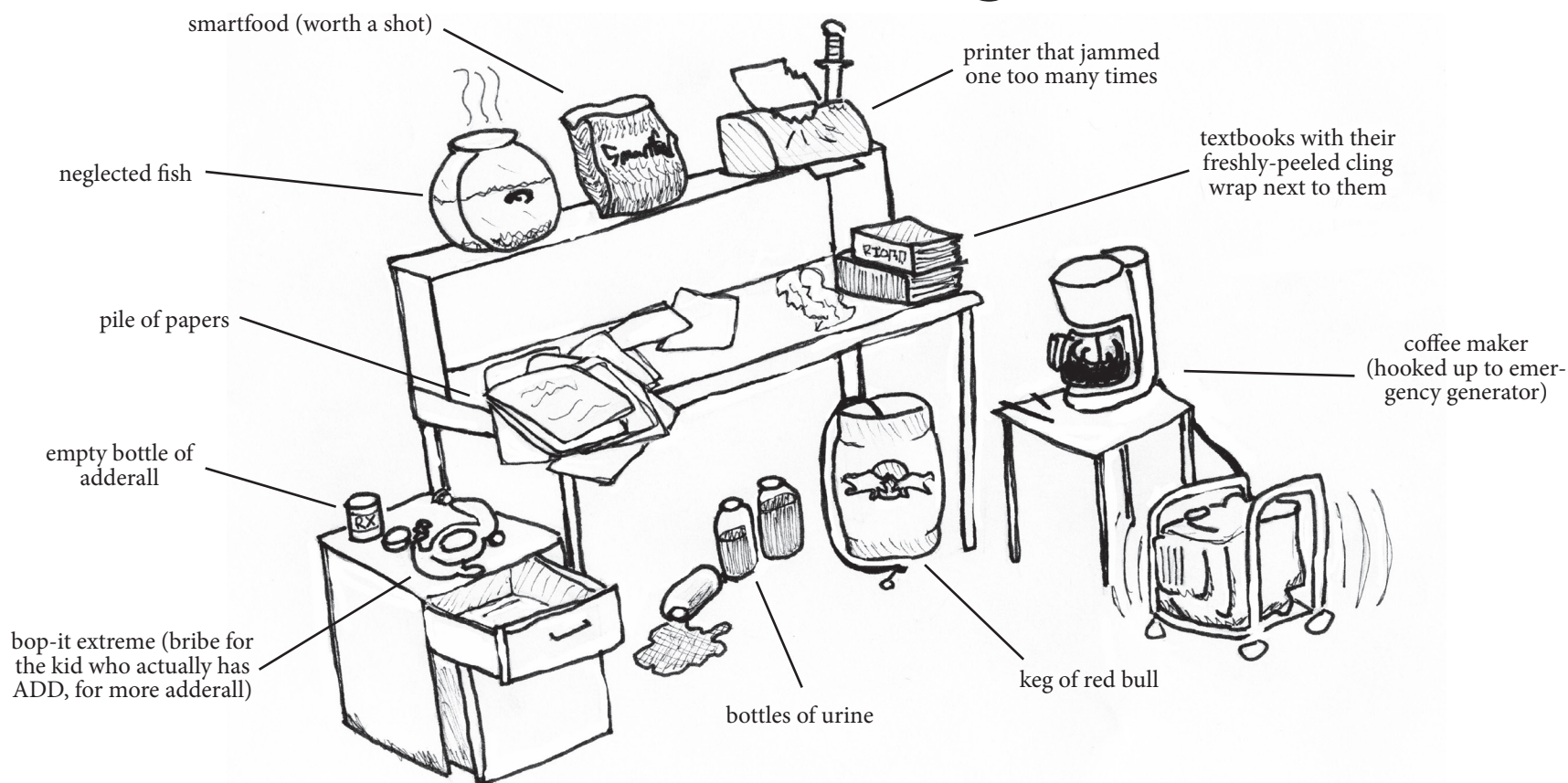
beardvember is an annual celebration of facial hair in the month of november. the water tower hosts a contest. winners will be declared for a number of categories. send in pictures of your wonderful whiskers at the end of the month. it will. be. awesome.

cat litter.



cat litter:
by drew diemar
artwork by malcolm valaitis

unmissable characteristics of a dorm during midterms



tunes.



taylor, i'mma let you finish... tswift speaks up on new concept LP

by bridgettreco

I'm a 22-year-old senior in college. And I fucking love Taylor Swift. Here's the crisis—am I allowed to be obsessed with a pseudo-country singer whose music is designed to hit a target audience of ages 10-17? Is it dorky to have preordered her newest release, *Speak Now*, which came complete with a personalized letter from Taylor (which contains the phrase "I love you more than ever") and a Livestrong-inspired rubber bracelet (offensive? awkward?) which proclaims the album's title? Is it weird that I wear this bracelet every day, not even taking it off to shower?

Well, maybe it's just me. But I truly believe that I walk the halls of Lafayette amidst a sea of other Swift-obsessed girls (and boys) who secretly harbor their affection behind their Vermont-hipster guises. Maybe you hate anything remotely resembling country music—I'll give you that. But it's hard to hate on Taylor, especially after the Kanye debacle of last year and her sweep of the Grammys last February. Since she splashed onto the scene, Taylor has matured in front of our eyes: while her teenage girl's diary themes have stayed the same, her experiences have broadened—now 20 years old, the singer has already dated the aging clown John Mayer. That alone must have involved a lot of maturing.

And now, from those experiences, comes her response—as Swift often says, they truly are pages right out of her diary. *Speak Now* is a concept album, complete with a "Prologue" in the liner notes, which explains Swift's fascination with the age-old wedding phrase, "Speak now or forever hold your peace" (placed in the context of the title track, "Speak Now"). She vows to finally speak up about all the people who have hurt and helped her in her life, and ends her speech with, "P.S.—to all the boys who have inspired this album—you should have known."

The overlaid first single, "Mine," is one of the weakest on the album. Although it's catchy, the sense of unrequited love is definitely not there. As we've learned, Swift—as the girl who's longing for the boy who's longing for that other girl—works best when she's romantically unfulfilled. Then comes "Sparks Fly," a song diehard Swift fans urged her to re-master, after years of holding onto a poorly recorded live version.

The strongest parts of the album are the

tracks that drive back to Taylor's country roots. Now, I know I'm not speaking to a lot of country fans here, but I know there are some of you out there. "Back to December" echoes Lady Antebellum's sound, and purportedly was inspired by Swift's breakup with the "other Taylor" (Lautner) last December. "Mean" is similarly "country-fied", reminiscent to her earlier country hits like "Tim McGraw" and "Picture to Burn." It is a "you-go-girl" response to the mean girls who used to alienate Swift in middle school and early high school. "Someday I'll be living in a big old city / And all you're ever gonna be is mean," she sings. How can you not love this girl?

"Dear John,"—and don't dismiss this as a misguided anthem to that horrible Channing Tatum movie—is a scathing review of her "relationship" with John Mayer. Hey, maybe all this slander will help to end his music career! Swift really doesn't hold back here: "Maybe it's you and your sick need / To give love and take it away / And you'll add my name to your long list of traitors who don't understand." But she doesn't put all the blame on him, acknowledging the "I-told-you-so" attitude held by her friends and fans—"I'll look back and regret how I ignored when they said / Run as fast as you can."

The most culturally relevant tune on the album is the Kanye-inspired "Innocent" that Swift performed at the VMAs in September. It's finally clear that Swift truly does forgive that (Obama-coined) jackass for ruining her moment—and why wouldn't she? Swift believes in clemency: "Who you are is not where you've been / You're still an innocent." This touching track on the tail end of the album illuminates Swift's heart-of-gold demeanor.

Maybe it is dorky to love Taylor Swift at the age of college graduation. Maybe it's lame to hang up pictures of her on your wall or shamelessly scream the words to "You Belong with Me" when it comes on the radio. But Taylor has always preached the importance of embracing the dork inside all of us. After all, she wasn't cool in high school. It's time we appreciate those often condemned for their mass-appeal and see them for who they really are: good role models, talented musicians, and inspirations for the geek inside all of us—the geek that will, as Taylor tells us, eventually get the boy (or girl) of their dreams. All they have to do is speak now! ■



with emilylozeau

Mice Parade - *What it Means to be Left-Handed* (Fat Cat Records)

I remember the Mice Parade of old—simply one man (Adam Pierce) and a lot of tribal inclinations. And that's what the first song gives you. From what region of the world I know not, and beautiful nonetheless, what I am interested in is the Mice Parade circa their self-titled release, with songs like "Sneaky Red" and "Water-slides" that were a striking combo of Joanna Newsom-esque female vocals mixed with Pierce's nonchalant interjections and backings. That's what we get "In Between Lines" and also with the crisp drums and sweet-syrup singing, until "Pond"—another instrumental that brings the album into a louder direction with a very quiet track. From here, things are a bit more distorted, but never a great deal, and it settles nicely into their strange realm of unclassifiable music making. "Mallo Cup" is almost a 90s rock song, and "Remember the Magic Carpet" breaks everything up again with a minute of ambient noise. Each song is something a little different that still makes sense in the larger Mice Parade picture. (Read: music to hoola-hoop to in a daisy field at sunset.)

Play: "In Between Times," "Couches and Carpets," "Recover," "Old Hat," "Even"
If You Like: Joanna Newsom

Neil Young - *Le Noise* (Reprise)

No matter how old Neil gets, his voice is as high pitched and innocent as ever on "Everybody Knows This is Nowhere" way back in '69. Like he says, "I still try to sing about Love and War." The result? Well, as long as he's done singing about his beloved auto, *cough* like in "Fork in the Road," I am all for it. Only eight songs short, the only additional "ahem" moment is "Hitchhiker"—a silly chronological account of drug trials that make your eyes roll too much to take seriously. The electric guitar, reverb-tinged single "Walk With Me" is not exactly a harbinger for the rest of the album, which quickly settles back to its folksy roots, although the echo of said

guitar is present nearly at every turn. How about those new age effects, eh? No Crazy Horse here, just sonic acoustic and electric guitar, and more introverted, powerful lyrics, and at least wins the title of best Neil Young album in the past ten years.

Play: "Walk with Me," "Sign of Love," "Someone's Gonna Rescue You," "Love and War"

Carnivores - *If I'm Ancient* (Double Phantom Records)

In quick succession, we have another garage pop gem symphony of noise from Carnivores—a bit less jarring than *All Night Dead USA*, but no less affecting. This band has been around for five years, and just in their last two albums have they caught my full attention. Beach surf, dirt from under your couch, lollipop girl melodies in behind fluorescent double duty male melodies, quick doo wop—and is that the Pixies' ghosts on "Parent's Attic"? The first eight songs are like extra tracks from their previous album, while from nine on takes it in a different, more distant, bluesy direction that may be foreshadowing their future. There's anger, there's sticky tambourines, half eaten humans, creeps, people at parties, ghosts, and sock hops. Sink your teeth into this carnivore before it consumes you (or maybe welcome it?).

Play: "Summer Shades," "Planet Dream," "Sleeping in a Burning House," "Salts to Mines"

If You Like: The Black Lips, Dum Dum Girls ■

SEEKING: UVM'S BEST BAND (/ARTIST/WHATEVER)

A reminder that our contest is open to pretty much anyone affiliated with UVM, and submissions will be taken throughout Fall semester. Submit online by sending your stuff to thewatertownnews@gmail.com, or dropping a hard copy at our desk in the SGA. Fame and fortune are guaranteed for the winner!!!