In front of the gritty backdrop of Burlington noir, we now delve into mysteries both sinister and strange, full of lies, deceit, and the most dastardly deed of all—murder most foul—now, we follow the ongoing detective adventures of:

**Grant Daverson: in ace detective**

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**"The Clock Strikes Deadly, Part One"**

Two part Halloween special by Leonard Bartenstein

With Valencé—crooked, like the spine of someone with scoliosis. And by attending this party and speaking with a couple of the officers one-on-one, without them being suspicious of us, we might find something out which we might otherwise not.

"Oh," said Barton, understanding now. "I understand, now."

They now stood at the ornate doors of the police chief’s mansion-like house, which loomed over them like a ten-foot-tall man wouldloom over two normal-sized men. They waited for a moment for the door to be answered, when the clouds above began to open up, raining on their heads, just enough to dampen their bells. As they were allowed inside by the butler, Grant shook himself off a little as Rich Barton carefully removed his outer coat and handed it off to the butler.

"The other guests await your arrival in the dining room," said the butler, gesturing the way through the foyer.

"Wait just a moment," Rich Barton angrily whispered to his detective companion. "Are we late? I thought this thing started at seven!"

"Six thirty, seven. It’s all the same..." said Daverson, waving his hand dismissively, as if to say, "whatever, I didn’t care if we showed up on time anyway."

Rich Barton was about to rebut, but Grant opened the door to the dining room, and they entered. Everyone in the dining room, seated around a grand table with napkins in their laps stopped and turned to face our detective pair. The chief of police, being the host, sat at the head of the table. Next to him was his wife, the indomitable Hillary Clinton of the force, Mrs. O’Police, and to her side was Officer Pembleton, who managed to wear a scowl even in an elegant jade green evening gown. To her side were a spattering of local government types: the city Treasurer Bailey Dew, the city planner Charlotte Howe, and two city aldermen, James and Jeanette Jay. There were two seats open after them, followed by the two city aldermen, James and Jeanette Jay. There were two seats open after them, followed by the two city aldermen, James and Jeanette Jay. There were two seats open after them, followed by the two city aldermen, James and Jeanette Jay. There were two seats open after them, followed by the two city aldermen, James and Jeanette Jay. There were two seats open after them, followed by the two city aldermen, James and Jeanette Jay. There were two seats open after them, followed by the two city aldermen, James and Jeanette Jay.
Hello again, my dearest Eds,

I am proud to say that I am among those who read your letters to the people, and am sad that I am among the apparent few who are writing to you. I have greatly missed your weekly presence this year, but understand if you need to dial back the awesomeness just a tad to keep your writers from combusting (and from igniting the rest of this campus). I would, as it were, wax poetic about the glory of your off-white pages, how they recall moonlight in a puddle; how the articles you all craft are so orgasmically alive—so wet, and pulsating with the gyrations of being!—but I realize that you have space confinements, and must cut short such thoughts.

May the odds be ever in your favor and the coursework light on your shoulders.

Duncan

Also—I want you to know that I would greet with joy the opportunity to get naked and fight the power with any and all of your staff. Vive la revolution!

Thanks for the great support, Duncan, and for upholding our disbelief in TMI! It’s enthusiasm like Duncan’s that makes this paper worth all the toil and papercuts. We know more of you are out there crunchin’ on us...write in and tell us why, or, always, just come get naked. Love, Your Dearest Eds.

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 school board is insane. You can’t erase our history. It’s not patriotic. It’s stupid.”

—GriFFIN GuttmorSSon, a junior at Arvada High School in Colorado, joining hundreds of students and faculty in a walk-out last month that closed several Jefferson County schools for days. They are protesting a conservative school board decision to guard classrooms against educational materials that “encourage or condone civil disorder.” Take that, state! That’s what you get for tampering with the truth a thousand too many times.

“IT is the destiny of the people of Haiti to suffer.”

—JEAN Claude Duvalier, former Dictator of Haiti, who died on October 4th at age 63. Known as Baby Doc, Duvalier inherited the title president-for-life from his father at 19 and led a US-backed repressive regime until exiled for crimes in 1986. After vowing to never return, shortly after Haiti’s 2010 earthquake he arrived back on the island, facing criminal charges. Never persecuted during his long exile in France, exact details of his brutality were never unearthed and may be lost forever.

“HE said the Google Glass withdrawal was greater than the alcohol withdrawal he was experiencing.”

—Dr. Andrew Doan describing a recent US Navy rehab patient with the first documented addiction to Google Glass. In internet and Glass withdrawal, he acted irritable and argumentative, tormented by nervous ticks, cravings, and memory loss. He even dreamed through the device’s small skinny screen. He has since been released, and as you read, this he is somewhere in the room, filming you.
114th time's a charm
or, how I learned to vote for congress
(plus some obama)
by kerrymartin

Smell that? Smells bad, doesn’t it? Rancid, honestly. But all the worse for being familiar.

It’s midterms season. Not your tests, we’re talking about elections. Merchant of my money is paying for more than a third of your education here, which is probably not the case unless you’ve won two Purple Stuarts and the Spellings Beelzebub. Midterm Elections.

Yeah, those. Didn’t we just vote? Yes, we did. Why are we already voting again? Seriously, Kerry. I don’t know about you, but my Congressmen hasn’t grooped an ad or tweeted a dick-pic in at least two years.

Shut up, This is Democracy. Clear. Good. You’ve got until Tuesday, November 4th to vote. Vermont. Register by October 29th! Call your polling locations to figure out where, when, and how you can vote. Mail-in? Call those guardians of yours, have them mail your ballot to your address, fill it out, mail it to the polling address. You can buy stamps and drop off mail in the mailbox of the basement of Waterman.

But why go out of my way just for midterms, Kerry? I only have so many minutes between now and November; beyond school and work I have too many time-draining pastimes, like bathing and gerbil fighting and turning modern electronics into old clocks and writing about it in online forums. I’m busy, man, why bother?

Because it’s worth it. Want to know why the 113th Congress was so boring (quite literally US history’s least effective), and why the past two years of C-SPAN have caused similar effects to the morning-after pill? First, due to having a divided legislature since 2010—a Republican-controlled Senate and a Democrat-controlled House—anything substantial or exciting passed by the one body was promptly flushed by the other, like a fat dookie featuring the last embers of a thing they worked up the Second, having read too far into his election as thaving politics and a quieter congressional Lynch-mob, Obama spent the last two years seen as the puppet of his be-let’s-be-friends shitsteam, to Republicans, to backwards foreign leaders, to national and global financial institutions.

Admittedly, Obama sometimes got huffy, and that was nice at all, but too late, buddy, you missed your chance, those first two years, those first two sweet years when you controlled the House and Senate; you could be a contender, Barry, the world in your palm on top of your No- bel. But only by term number two did you even begin realizing you couldn’t play softball with these people, because they’re radical and uncreative and proba- bly as racist as their grandfathers. It sucks to get check and balanced, especially when your had your chance, you had your in, you’d kissed the girl then and there, but she saw you hesitate and said goodnight. You really blew it, Barry.

So then why do these midterm mat- ters? What’s at stake?

Confession #1: Democrats cannot win the House. Confession #2: Democrats currently have about an eighty percent chance of losing the Senate. Oh, that’s rough. States with highly contested Senate seats include Colorado, Kansas, Kentucky, Iowa, New Hampshire, Louisiana, North Carolina, and Alaska. If you lose any of these states go vote. Now. Or soon. But actually, soon.

(Confession #3: Vermonters, go reelect... read the rest on page 11)

f*ck geopolitical upheaval, let’s talk about
by colbyurton

Amidst all of the doom and gloom proffered by mainstream media nowadays, I offer a brighter story this week: the next iteration of the Pokémon game series comes out November on the 3DS as well as 2DS handheld systems. Once again, the Nintendo juggernaut comes in two flavors (Alpha Sapphire and Omega Ruby) that fol- low in the footsteps of quintessential re- major, games like FireRed or SoulSilver. With a generation of games spanning three generations Ruby and Sapphire, the developer Game Freak brings a fresh of a needed franchise. As players battle their way through eight Gym Leaders, the Elite Four, and thwarting either Team Magma or Team Aqua, players can also find and furnish their very own Super-Secret Base.

Also, the Area Nav device lets the play- er search all the Pokémon available in an angewordene number if you remember the original 151), capture at least 10 Legendary Pokémon (including clas- sics like Mewtwo, Zappos, Lugia, and Ho- Oh), or show off their prized Pokémon in the exceptionaly lame but oddly addicting beauty contests. Whatever your Poké-style, these new games will quench your thirst when they come out on November 21.

Pokémon Omega Ruby

Pokémon Alpha Sapphire

Kim Jong-un feeling kim jong-ill?
by zacknabors

On October 7th, an official of the Democratic People’s Republic of Korea admitted for the first time in the slightly out-of-touch nation’s history that the state has, for years, been using a system of forced labor camps to brutally punish its citizens.

If the first step is admitting you have a problem, North Korea is on its road to recovery – and it certainly seems like this startling announcement is only the be- ginning of a series of changes coming to the so-called “Hermit Kingdom.” Kim Jong-un, the glutinous despot of the Democratic People’s Republic of Korea hasn’t been seen in over a month, leading to speculation that a regime change may be in order. It’s no secret that the current Supreme Leader hasn’t been nearly as in- fluential or fear invoking as his predeces- sor, father Kim Jong-il, who died in December of 2011, or his grandfather Kim Il-Sung, the founder of the oppressive quasi-monarchical socialist state, who was remembered as “eternal President of the Repub- lic” posthumously in 1994 – making North Korea a sort of twisted nécrocracy operat- ing under the rule of a dead man. Reports suggest a palace coup could be in progress: the capital city of Pyongyang (which the Dear Leader has abandoned) has been on complete lockdown since September 27th, and several high-ranking North Korean of-ficials surprised South Koreans with a visit to meet with South Korean high-ups, the first of such meetings in years. A defector of the North Korean propaganda machine claimed that Kim Jong-un is now a mere “figurehead”, having been deposed and replaced by an oligarchy of North Korean political elites known as the Organization and Guidance Department.

However, the most startling revelation concerning the Hermit Kingdom has been the “supreme leader ... may have finally met his match: swiss cheese”

This brief schism was thought to be an at- tempted military coup, but the Kim regime later denied the shootout when Kim Jong-il reappeared in the nation’s capital. Should the Kim dynasty finally come to an end, the future of the country could very well be up in the air – but many remain unoptimistic. Kim’s practices of purging top ranking mil- itary officials – including his own uncles – may have finally done him in. Of course, as with all news from our favorite Orwellian dictatorship, the news of possible coup at- tempts must be taken with a grain of salt. The North Korean regime is certainly prac- ticed at hushing up news of dissent, and the news that finally reaches the Western world may be laced with propaganda. The real question is how the world – and especially the lives of North Korea’s citizens – will change in response to the end of the Kim regime, should it finally occur. Could we see a true people’s revolution of the citi- zens of the so-called Democratic People’s Republic of Korea? Or perhaps a tyrannical military oligarchy that would finally be free of a bumbling, inexperienced figurehead? But maybe, hopefully, the world will finally see a Korean peninsula united under a single flag, free of bloodshed, despotism, squabbling and tension – a true republic of the people enscorched in liberty.
How my life has become... by samdennis

It’s been approximately a month since my girlfriend, who pretty much only likes me because I’m French, chose red wine and cheese over me. She sent me the study abroad program she is doing spends four months in Montpellier- not the one in Vermont, but the one 3,675 miles away in the south of France. Forgetting about the harsh reality that some couples have to endure, such as lovers being drafted to war for years without any means of communication, four months felt like the end of the world, and I may or may not have cried myself to sleep several times. But hey, I thought, it’s the 21st century and keeping in touch will be easy. I briefly felt nostalgic over the era of love letters I missed out on, then rushed to download Skype and Viber on all my devices. Little did I know, I was about to discover the strange, strange world of relying on technology which comes with long distance relationships.

The first time I realized how much technology could mess with my perception of reality was when we were skyping one night before going to sleep. We were both lying in bed, my head was on a pillow, and the computer next to me on the other pillow. All of a sudden I felt like she was right there in front of me. I instinctively wanted to reach out and feel her cheek. It looked so real. Like a mirage in the desert before realizing it is a mere illusion (not that I’ve ever walked for days without water in a scorching desert). Ever I were in that situation, I would have a loyal camel. My senses were tricked until my reason swooped in and left me feeling utterly fooled and deceived. Technology has an unsettling effect of bringing people closer virtually, while reaffirming their physical distance. It can simultaneously provoke happiness and heart ache.

The Apple earphones with integrated speakers are another technological advancement that has become crucial in our relationship. These super sensitive earphones not only allow me to talk to her when I’m on the go, but make her voice very clear and sound like she’s right next to me. However, in all my life I’ve never turned this many heads. At first I was flattered, but quite soon I caught myself on the verge of pretending to be on the phone. To make matters worse, I continually hear people whispering things like “oh my god, she has the best voice.” I never thought I would have to talk dirty in public areas on campus. So, do not hurry your pace if you overhear me telling the crows in front of Jeffords how beautiful they are, if you catch me whispering to the popcorn at Brennan’s how she looks like a princess, or if you say something about tomorrow…My throat closed up with all of these questions lingering in my court. Not knowing which one to answer first, I uncomfortably tried to split my eyes from talking to the adults and then the kids.

Getting some breathing space, I stood alone outside of the aggressive heated jungle. Not to brag, but being a renowned babysitter since the age of 11, I have succeeded so far in the field of babies and parents. So why was I so bad at this? Why did I feel so uncomfortable? Is this what future job conferences will be like? Am I a failure?

As I contemplated my future and greater life questions, I skimmed across the room, recognizing that families I previously talked to are now talking with another potential babysitter. “That cheater, that player family,” I mouthed to myself silently as my heart sank a little inside. I thought I impressed them! How could they be class or pretending to work out at the gym, which usually results in me having to talk dirty in public areas on campus. So, do not hurry your pace if you overhear me telling the crows in front of Jeffords how beautiful they are, if you catch me whispering to the popcorn at Brennan’s how much I miss them.

Over the course of this month, my life has evolved into Skype’s “Her”...minus Scarlet Johansson’s smoking hot voice. I take her everywhere I go because I want to share everything with her. We Skype on the phone when I walk around campus, and she hears all of my daily interactions from thanking the bus driver, to placing an order at Alice’s, because then it is like she’s experiencing it with me. She’ll make jokes while I’m talking to someone or comment on what I’m doing, and sometimes, she strangely sounds like my consciousness.

Sure, some might say that technology detracts from human interactions and that there is less charm to today’s technological age, but it’s immediacy can be even more romantic than letters. It keeps friends, families, and lovers connected. Technology can be scary in how accurately it can transfer reality across time and space; yet, even more is how each of those precious transferred seconds with the person who makes you smile can still incite feelings so real and organic. I would embarrass myself in public any day for such a wonderful lady. So next time you think to yourself “who’s that crazy girl talking to herself”, remember, I’m not insane. I’m just on the phone with the girl I love.
I am not a happy grocery shopper. I get into the store and immediately feel my anxiety start to rise. I freak out because there's a 99% chance I forgot my list, which means that the entire time I'm in there I will be in a complete panic and somehow manage to spend 50 dollars on several packs of cookies and miscellaneous treats and a hair product that I definitely didn't need. I recently noticed, however, a few people in the grocery store who are way more unhappy than I am. Here they are:

The confused dad.  
This is the guy who is wondering aimlessly around the vegetable section, probably wearing biking pants, who looks like he is questioning his entire life. He stares blankly at two different boxes of organic lettuces, wondering if he should go with the spring mix or the straight baby spinach, debating silently which will make his spouse hate him less.

The mom who had to bring her kids to the grocery store.  
This is the lady who looks like she wants to rip her own hair out because she is trying to wrangle at least two children. She is inevitably going to give in to her 7 year old who is repeatedly putting gushers in the cart, just to stop the tantrum that is occurring.

The kid whose mom brought them to the grocery store.  
This is the spawn of the person described above. This kid hates being in there for more than five minutes, and was definitely duped into it after she picked them up from school insisting she had to,”run a few errands”. This is the kid who is pouting and whining at their mom if they peruse the produce section for more than thirty seconds.

The person who is dieting and has to check every label.  
This is the person who is looking at how many calories are in each tablespoon of unsalted, sugar free, peanut butter. That must be tough considering I don't know how anyone can resist any of the chocolate spreads on the shelf located right next to the peanut butter. You need to find your inner Tom Haverford and treat yo' self.

The cashier.  
Arguably the least happy of them all. The cashier definitely wants to slam their head against the wall if they have to argue with one more customer about their expired coupon. That feeling only increases when they have a line of over ten people and some lady insists she has exact change somewhere in her purse.

There's something about being alone that makes my relationships with others seem significant. Spending time alone means that when I choose to be with other people, I do so because I truly appreciate being around them, not because I needed someone to hang out with and they happened to be available. Without my time alone, I would have trouble remembering to cherish the truly wonderful individuals who have strolled into my life.

I know I am never truly alone, because my best friend knows me from my least redeeming moments. There was the time I fell off my bike drunk and told my parents it was indoor soccer. Or the time I cried in my car on my birthday instead of going out. In a lot of ways, my best friend is the one consistent thing in my life and I know she will always be there, even from miles away. That being said, I am the only truly consistent thing in my life, so it is essential to learn to advocate for myself. My best friend has her own life, her own dreams, and although I am part of her them, she doesn't base her every decision on what would make me happy. No one will. The sooner I realize that for myself, the better off I will be. Putting my happiness in someone else’s hands is about as good of an idea as drinking after a breakup. Either situation ends in tears and someone having to drive me home. So, if you see me eating in a restaurant alone, know that I’m in good company and I am just trying to learn to love myself sooner rather than later, because I figure I might as well take myself on a few dates before I spend the rest of my life with myself. That’s one hell of a commitment, after all.
Halloween Spooks and Kooks

The Horror-ble Movies of Netflix

by lauragreenwood

Halloween Night—continued from pg 1

between everyone because we are all out looking for jack-o-lanterns and eating like crazy. If you are going to be a Jack-o-lantern, be sure to buy one of those boxloads of lights for your pumpkin. It will be a hit at any party!

You're ready to seize every opportunity, so even if your costume isn't the wildest or the most creative, you're sure to notice.

The world is taking notice of your individuality, and you're going to need to keep that in mind at least as long as this fits in your daily routine. You're fantastic, and you're appreciated.

Nerdy: You're generally flaky and don't even pretend like you don't love goth. You're tired of the same old boring party games, so give a gothic twist to your costume this year, and choose to do it with confidence. You're not afraid to put yourself out there, and you're ready to take the bottle of Jack away from your friend who's starting to get ugly-crying.

Cancer: You're generally a go-getter, but you might be feeling a little burned out. You're ready to step out of your comfort zone and try something new. You're tired of the same old boring party games, so give a gothic twist to your costume this year, and choose to do it with confidence. You're not afraid to put yourself out there, and you're ready to take the bottle of Jack away from your friend who's starting to get ugly-crying.

Scorpio: You're generally a hot mess of contradictions, and this Halloween will be the dark side of the Scorpion. You've had enough of all the bullshit, so this year you'll be dressing up as a gothic bride. You're tired of the same old boring party games, so give a gothic twist to your costume this year, and choose to do it with confidence. You're not afraid to put yourself out there, and you're ready to take the bottle of Jack away from your friend who's starting to get ugly-crying.

Go with your gut on a costume idea; it's definitely what NOT to wear.
A few days ago, as I was browsing one of the many ski websites I visit on a daily basis, a strange article caught my eye. It said JP Auclair, the famous freestyle skier, had gone missing.

Later that day, reports came in that he and his ski partner, Andreas Fransson, had been caught in an avalanche in Chile. My body went into shock; the hair on the back of my neck stands up even as I write this. While sitting in my room I thought it must've be a mistake. After another hour or two of research my fears were confirmed: JP had passed away.

JP Auclair was born in Ste. Foy, Quebec on August 22, 1977. He helped design the original twin tipped ski with Solomon Ski company, calling it the "1080". This was a revolution in the ski world because before JP, freestyle skiers would heat up the tails of their skis and just bend them up manually, essentially destroying the engineering that constructed the ski. After his creation of the 1080, JP helped to found the legendary ski brand Armada along with fellow skier Tanner Hall.

JP was a loving husband to his wife Ingrid, also a legendary freeskier, and a father to his son Leo. JP appeared in more than twenty major ski movies, and he even at the age of 37, was still one of the most prominent skiers in the world.

My brother Eli and I went on to reminisce about the countless hours we have spent watching JP's roles in classic movies such "Poor Boys Productions 1242" and "Ski Porn". We watched his segments so many times that the tape on the VCR wore too thin to play. JP was the reason my brother and I started to look at the mountain differently. He inspired us, along with so many other skiers, to push the boundaries of what we knew. Above all, JP gave his heart to the ski world. He loved to ski and share it with the rest of us. I encourage any of you who are not familiar with him to search him on YouTube or Vimeo. He has countless clips that will keep everyone, even the most intermediate skiers, entertained.

The Prohibition Pig has been newly appointed to the famous Vermont Brewers Association, and has subsequently found a spot on the Brewery Passport. For this reason, I immediately ordered one of the three ProPig's on draft: a delicious double IPA. With a full body of hops, the Bantam Double IPA made the wait for a table pass quite quickly. Once I finally got a seat, I was faced with another difficult decision: what to eat? The Prohibition Pig features warm, delicious comfort food. From burgers, to pulled pork, to craft mac & cheese, I really couldn't go wrong. I personally delved into a delicious chicken potpie, with melted gravy and a soft warm crust. It absolutely hit the spot after a chilly fall day of hiking.

The Prohibition Pig is a fabulous spot. With great beer and delicious food, this brewpub has something for everyone. Stop by and grab a few drinks, or stay for a meal; either way I guarantee you will enjoy the atmosphere.

If you ever venture down to Waterbury, Vermont and are a fan of delicious food and drinks, than you need to take a stop by the Prohibition Pig. This brewpub features one of the most extensive and elaborate beer selections in the entire state of Vermont, not to mention an assortment of concoctions that are brewed in house.

As I walked into the bustling restaurant on a brisk evening in late September, I was faced with the dire news that I would have to wait a solid hour and half for a table. So, naturally, I made my way to the bar to scan the extensive list of draft beers. The sheer volume and geographical diversity of that list continues to astound me. Beers ranged in location from Germany, Italy, Quebec, Allagash in Maine, and, of course, a wide range of Vermont breweries. Most prominent of these Vermont brews was Lawson's Finest Liquids Sip of Sunshine. This American Double IPA is considered by some to be the best beer in the entire state, and its presence on the draft selection helped to certify the Pro Pig's elite beer selection.

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Rating: 5/5 Price: $$$$

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ALTERNATIVE SPRING BREAK

A student run organization that sends 15 groups of student-lead trips across the country for a week-long volunteer trip to serve and experience different communities.

PARTICIPANT APPLICATIONS DUE OCT 24TH BY MIDNIGHT

uvmasb.tumblr.com
Flying Lotus and the Descent into Madness

From its “Intro” of assorted noises and sinister undertones to its haunting conclusion, “The Protest,” You’re Dead! pervades your mind. It takes over your thoughts and makes sure that the only thing you can think about is the sinister future that awaits you. You’re Dead! is complicated. Is it an electronic album, a hip-hop album, or a jazz album? The not-so-simple answer is: it’s all three…and more!

Steven Ellison, or the artist more formally know as Flying Lotus, is the king of sub-genres. Wikipedia has classified his past music as trip hop, experimental, nu jazz, electronic jazz, and jazz-fusion. Every album that he has produced and recorded thus far has taken on a unique sound, all while falling under the larger classification of electronic music. Flying Lotus’ fifth album You’re Dead! continues this trend by working towards a newer, more fluid jazz sound.

When I first listened to You’re Dead!, I was welcomed with a cacophony of noise. The first four songs on the album are short and fluid. They combine chaotic clamation with smooth electronic jazz, and are really just one song split into four tracks. It is this combination that alludes to the larger and more ominous theme of death. The scRAWling of noises puts me in a state of turbidity that foreshadows the darkness to come. The cacophony contrasts with the smooth jazz sounds that indicate levity and point to the lack of control we have over death. Check out the second track, “Tesla,” which features the composing genius of Herbie Hancock, the legendary jazz pianist who played with Miles Davis.

The jazz influences of You’re Dead! are purposeful and impossible to overlook. Many of the tracks feature quickly paced drumbeats that bring back memories of Buddy Rich and Gene Krupa. They make the listener’s heart pick up in pace until it races in anxiety towards some ominous thing, perhaps death. The album also features electric and bass guitar rhythms that indicate its jazz influences. Essentially, You’re Dead! is a jazz electronic album. It flows together between genres almost as seamlessly as it flows between tracks.

You’re Dead! also features some notable collaborations. I already mentioned Herbie Hancock, but the album also features the likes of Snoop Dog and Kendrick Lamar. The bass guru Thundercat, who played with Flying Lotus at Higher Ground on Saturday, also helped produce many of the tracks. He is the one responsible for the furious bass beats that populate the album. Last but not least, Steven Ellison’s rap alter ego, Captain Murphy, also appears on a few tracks. If you have not heard of him before, check out Captain Murphy’s mix tape Duality.

Let me take a moment to say that the newest FlyLo album is not a uniform performance. It is a quick album that clocks in at only 33 minutes and it is one that shifts and transforms rapidly. It starts out as a frantic chaos of disharmonic noises, but quickly turns into a hip-hop album with tracks featuring Snoop and Kendrick. However, it quickly lulls the listener with some slower, more enticing tracks. “Turtles,” “Coronus the Terminator,” and “Siren Song” are the calm of death. We are greeted softly until we are abruptly awoken by “Ready err Not” and “Moment of Hesitation.” It is here that we face the consequences of our actions in Hell. Now let me ask you “Can you feel the walls closing in…/ welcome to the descent… into madness.” Flying Lotus makes it clear from this point forward that there is no redemption beyond this point.

Although Flying Lotus has many significant albums among his body of work, You’re Dead! certainly makes the case for its place among the best. It is the fastest paced and features abrupt transitions. It is a heap of broken images that contradictially appears smooth. It is a great album to focus on for active listening or to listen to in the background. Altogether, You’re Dead! is a very solid cohesive unit that should be listened all at once.

It is this combination that alludes to the larger and more ominous theme of death.

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Tunes.

by mike storace

pleasures from the past: music edition

There’s nothing better than pressing shuffle on iTunes and hearing that song you were obsessed with back when Heels were still hip. Here at the water tower, we were feeling a bit nostalgic and thought we’d share with you some of those songs that you just can’t deny you enjoyed.

“Move, Bitch” by Ludacris

To this day, Luda could feasibly claim more than a third of my identity as his own making. I had just turned eleven and received my first iTunes Gift Card and was forced by a friend to download “Rollout (My Business),” the genius of which, in a moment of lucidity, was revealed to me on first listening. That became my gateway to hip-hop, but before exploring further than Luda or that than the same album (Word of Mouf), I discovered his masterpiece: “Move, Bitch.” Unlike “Rollout,” “Move, Bitch” is more abrasive and mood-dependent, even more so because its unapologetic violence is accompanied and even improved by blunt irony. See also the music video for “Get Back.”

“Pon de Replay” by Rihanna

This is a CLASSIC. Before Bad Gal Riri, we had jailbait newbie Rihanna, rocking faded flare jeans and oversized skater sneakers like no other. Who cares what the hell “pon de replay” even means; my blue iPod Mini’s dying momentst were likely spent blasting this song into my barely pubescent ears while my mom drove me to get new hoops at Claire’s or something.

“Let Me Love You” by Mario

I do deserve good things! I wanna see how love is supposed to be! Still blushing everytime Mario throws himself at me because I’m “that type of woman” who deserves it all forever and always.

“DearJune” by nickisaur

This electronic bubbly pop song by the skinniest, emotion looking kid to come out of suburbia includes deep, emotional lyrics such as “You radiate like sunshine; And my teddy bear at night time.” Powerful.

“The Bad Touch” by Bloodhound Gang

Hot damn. The first time I listened to this song I felt like I actually lost my virginity. Who knew there were so many different ways to talk about sex? My personal favorite is “just turn me on I’m Mister Coffee with an aprotic drip.” It’s fitting that the name of the album containing this song is Hooray for Boobies.

“Temperature” by Sean Paul

The combination of both Sean Paul’s voice and the theme of the song being impossible to understand is what really does it for me. Sean, I don’t know what words you are trying to say or what you mean by them, but I do believe in my heart or hearts that you have the right temperature to shelter me from the storm. P.S. You can be the Papa, I can be the mom.

“Wannabe” by the Spice Girls

It doesn’t matter if I didn’t know what this song was really alluding to until I was sixteen. “Wannabe” embodies everything perfect about a pop song. Nothing screams “I’m a stupid young adult” when you can only relate to lines like, “friendship never ends.”
And why, Kerry? You still haven't really told me, you've just made some weak, extended metaphor about elected officials and pooping. Okay fine, here's why: a Republican-controlled legislature would inhibit any last "fuck-you-guys," race-to-the-finish moves Obama might make; it wouldn't be a cramp in his last mile, it'd be an aneurism. More, it would bypass the president with the same counterproductive, medieval political vitriol it's been spouting to bored ears since the Kenyan got elected in the first place.

Historically, the last two years of an eight-year presidential term are rarely fruitful, but when a president loses all control of an already-frustrated legislature, that legislature can then tarnish the president's entire tenure.

Also, I've pumped you with the federal stuff, but don't forget state and county elections: if you have any personal beef with your current Governor, Senators, House Reps, School Board Members, ballot referendums, state marijuana laws, County Coroner—do some research, you probably do—then you'll want to fill out that freedom-form as soon as possible.

But forgetting local politics (which are honestly the best politics), on November 4th we can send off this fierce message: Mr. President, we feel a fiery ambivalent something towards you, and god dammit, we're gonna keep it that way, and maybe even crack a smile.
Freshmen Fifteen:
Drink your weight in PBR.

Friends 4ever (0/50):
Be Facebook friends with 50 people you've only met once.

Pro(crasti)gamer:
Play video games instead of doing homework... for the third day in a row.

Worth the Wait?:
Spend $50 at one bar in a night.

Corporate Shill:
Get off your lazy hippie ass and become a working student.

Completionist:
Get your diploma.

Lyric of the (Bi)Week:
“Masturbates, then feels guilty. Scrubs his hands 'til they relent. Smile expresses strong resentment. Shakes until morning next.”

-Gemini, Jawbreaker