We are heading face-first into the worst part of the semester. For some, that entails amping up the game and getting shit done at maximum power. For others, the stress of the semester drives us to curl up in a ball and reminisce about easier, happier, more innocent days. We've taken to the latter route.

Together, we've arranged a (semi) complete discography of our guilty music pleasures that sing to those happy days before puberty became relentless, before adults had any real expectations of us, before "thesis" or "internship" existed in our vocabulary. Grab some headphones and blast these tunes on max volume to deal with your emotional stress. It worked back then, no reason it shouldn't work now. Enjoy, fellow sufferers!

---

**Someday,** Nickelback

Yep, had to bring up the biggest joke in music. But, come on this one is a freaking classssssic. Chad Kroeger's heart-wrenching lyrics define my VH1 Top 20 countdown with that weird video that no one ever really understood. It's pretty hard to believe these bad boys are still making music though.

**The Hell Song,** Sum 41

The first time I ever listened to this song it was on NOW 13. Now, there are 52 NOWs. (God, make it stop.) The guitar riff on this song is damn catchy, the solo is blistering, and the refrain will go down in history as one of the best ever. What else can you ask for in a song?

**Numb,** Linkin Park

Teenage angst at its finest. Okay, fine, teenage angst at its worst. But come on, we all listened to this song, and we all felt it resonated personally with us (or me, or whatever).

The world was/is so cold.

---

**The Reason,** Hoobastank

This harks back to my middle school days where Weezer, Three Days' Grace, and Seether ruled my life. Too cool for obscure indie music, I preferred to listen to the tortured whines of adult men reminiscing about their lost youthful flings and heartbreaks. While I didn't hit my emo phase until high school, I was still listening to this band, and I can almost see myself with my iPod nano and my necklace of rusty chains. What I wouldn't give to erase everyone's memory of that time.

—yinyetko

**Must Have Done Something Right,** Relient K

It's not cliché to still be into alternative Christian rock, right? Indie pop always has a place in my heart; somewhere between the high-pitched man-singing, the boppy drum lines, and the "hard" guitar rocking, I swoon.

—Iauragreenwood

**Shake It,** Metro Station

My parents gave me my first iPod on my twelfth birthday. I only put a few songs on it, the most memorable being this one. I played this song repeatedly during a pool party until one of my friends told me to please stop playing "Shake It." I still can't believe I actually thought people would want to listen to the same song over and over again, no matter how fun it is to dance to.

—cullenhairston

---

**Complicated** & **Skater Boi,** Avril Lavigne

Ah, Avril, what happened to you? What happened to the gorgeous, misguided punk girl who dressed in black and jumped on cars? How I miss your passionate yet heartfelt words about relationships, love, and being a kid. My, how you have changed, but these two songs rocked my world.

**The Quiet Things that No One Ever Knows,** Brand New

This very well be my all-time favorite scream song. Just bob your head and act like you know what they're saying; that's my strategy, anyway.

**Dammit,** Blink 182

Okay, these may be guilty pleasures, but fuck it, I still listen to Blink-182. These guys, along with Green Day, helped to bridge the gap between pop and punk to officially design the music of my childhood. This song is awesome, and it may just be their best. There are a lot of good ones to choose from, though.

**The Curse of Curves,** Cute Is What We Aim For

The crossover between emo and bubblegum; skinny man-boys with flat-ironed bangs, making confusedly rebellious 12-year-olds feel all kinds of ways. I don't know if it's the heavy-handed attempts to be literary (aforementioned man-boys calling themselves "gents"), or perhaps the burning question of what the "curse of curves" could possibly entail for someone that is larger than average. All I know is that this song is awesome, and it may just be their best. There are a lot of good ones to choose from, though.

**Hollaback Girl,** Gwen Stefani

This song did more than just teach me to spell "b-a-n-a-n-a-s" the right way. It brought me into a whole new world of music. It taught me to swear—or just say "shit" without feeling bad—and it taught me to never dance in public again. Seriously, someone thought I was having a seizure in the grocery store.

—katjaartichie

---

**Shake It,** Metro Station

My parents gave me my first iPod on my twelfth birthday. I only put a few songs on it, the most memorable being this one. I played this song repeatedly during a pool party until one of my friends told me to please stop playing "Shake It." I still can't believe I actually thought people would want to listen to the same song over and over again, no matter how fun it is to dance to.

—cullenhairston

---

**The Quiet Things that No One Ever Knows,** Brand New

This very well be my all-time favorite scream song. Just bob your head and act like you know what they're saying; that's my strategy, anyway.

**Dammit,** Blink 182

Okay, these may be guilty pleasures, but fuck it, I still listen to Blink-182. These guys, along with Green Day, helped to bridge the gap between pop and punk to officially design the music of my childhood. This song is awesome, and it may just be their best. There are a lot of good ones to choose from, though.

**The Curse of Curves,** Cute Is What We Aim For

The crossover between emo and bubblegum; skinny man-boys with flat-ironed bangs, making confusedly rebellious 12-year-olds feel all kinds of ways. I don't know if it's the heavy-handed attempts to be literary (aforementioned man-boys calling themselves "gents"), or perhaps the burning question of what the "curse of curves" could possibly entail for someone that is larger than average. All I know is that this song is awesome, and it may just be their best. There are a lot of good ones to choose from, though.

**Hollaback Girl,** Gwen Stefani

This song did more than just teach me to spell "b-a-n-a-n-a-s" the right way. It brought me into a whole new world of music. It taught me to swear—or just say "shit" without feeling bad—and it taught me to never dance in public again. Seriously, someone thought I was having a seizure in the grocery store.

—katjaartichie
Dear readers,

It isn’t quite clear whether the chill in the air is the first blast ushering in the coldest season of the year, or the worst thing that has ever happened to anyone, but here at the water tower, we are uncowed by the frosty temperatures, unfathomable course loads, and impending Thanksgiving food comas. Look for the next issue the first Tuesday after the slow, miserable march to campus at the end of break. Try not to let your family know that you’re taking your leave of them early to rush back and read your favorite publication. It may help to plan a list of excuses. May we recommend mountain fever? Or perhaps a flare-up of your rheumatism, necessitating the cold air and fresh, well-conceived opinion articles. However you return, plan to see us in the stands, waiting for you, with a metaphorical cup of steaming cocoa and a foot massage (not the weird fetish kind or exactly that kind that if that’s what gets you going).

Best Turkey Day to all!
-- the water tower 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 news in brief

“I felt more like a guinea pig than a wounded soldier.”
—A former U.S. Army sergeant who suffered burns and cerebral damage from mustard gas he discovered during the Iraq War. He is one of dozens who, throughout the war, found and suffered injuries from these nerve agents, which the Pentagon systematically denied, since it had helped supply Iraq with those chemical weapons decades earlier. This secrecy left army doctors unprepared to treat mustard gas injuries, whose effects on soldiers are ongoing. These soldiers were also denied med- als and honors. The New York Times report, somewhat like the gas itself, is blistering.

“Received my copy of #41 by #43, George W. Bush. Touching tribute! #HowAreYouSTILL-NotOnTwitter #PresidentialTweeters.”
—Bill Clinton calls out Dubya on Twitter, who quipped back in similar fashion on Instagram. I, a big grumpy pessimist, cherish those few seconds when I see these guys as Presidential tweeters, not imperialists and war criminals. #nafta #abughraib #gitmo #monicapanties

“What central bank is going to accept an ISIS coin? It’s like blood diamonds. No credible financial institution is going to take this.”
—David L. Phillips, a former advisor to the State Department and U.N., laughing at the latest from the Islamic State: that they plan to mint mineral currency. ISIS, which already has set up courts and ministries, issued passports and license plates, changed school curriculums, and hung its flag across its Iraqi and Syrian territory, now plans to create gold, silver, and copper coins. Concurrently, ISIS leader Abu Bakr al-Baghdadi is believed dead from a drone strike, replaced by Rahim bin Goldfinger.

“Without the sheep’s lung it’s not authentic. It’s too sausagey. It lacks the lightness the lungs help create.”
—Scottish journalist Alex Massie laments the inauthenticity of American haggis. This is real: in a survey of American visitors to Scotland, one third believed that haggis was an animal, and a quarter believed they could hunt and catch one. Haggis, great chieftain of the puddin’ race: don’t get caught haggis-less on Burns Night, January 25th!

the water tower

It isn’t quite clear whether the chill in the air is the first blast ushering in the coldest season of the year, or the worst thing that has ever happened to anyone, but here at the water tower, we are uncowed by the frosty temperatures, unfathomable course loads, and impending Thanksgiving food comas. Look for the next issue the first Tuesday after the slow, miserable march to campus at the end of break. Try not to let your family know that you’re taking your leave of them early to rush back and read your favorite publication. It may help to plan a list of excuses. May we recommend mountain fever? Or perhaps a flare-up of your rheumatism, necessitating the cold air and fresh, well-conceived opinion articles. However you return, plan to see us in the stands, waiting for you, with a metaphorical cup of steaming cocoa and a foot massage (not the weird fetish kind or exactly that kind that if that’s what gets you going).

Best Turkey Day to all!
-- the water tower 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 news in brief

“I felt more like a guinea pig than a wounded soldier.”
—A former U.S. Army sergeant who suffered burns and cerebral damage from mustard gas he discovered during the Iraq War. He is one of dozens who, throughout the war, found and suffered injuries from these nerve agents, which the Pentagon systematically denied, since it had helped supply Iraq with those chemical weapons decades earlier. This secrecy left army doctors unprepared to treat mustard gas injuries, whose effects on soldiers are ongoing. These soldiers were also denied medals and honors. The New York Times report, somewhat like the gas itself, is blistering.

“Received my copy of #41 by #43, George W. Bush. Touching tribute! #HowAreYouSTILL-NotOnTwitter #PresidentialTweeters.”
—Bill Clinton calls out Dubya on Twitter, who quipped back in similar fashion on Instagram. I, a big grumpy pessimist, cherish those few seconds when I see these guys as Presidential tweeters, not imperialists and war criminals. #nafta #abughraib #gitmo #monicapanties

“What central bank is going to accept an ISIS coin? It’s like blood diamonds. No credible financial institution is going to take this.”
—David L. Phillips, a former advisor to the State Department and U.N., laughing at the latest from the Islamic State: that they plan to mint mineral currency. ISIS, which already has set up courts and ministries, issued passports and license plates, changed school curriculums, and hung its flag across its Iraqi and Syrian territory, now plans to create gold, silver, and copper coins. Concurrently, ISIS leader Abu Bakr al-Baghdadi is believed dead from a drone strike, replaced by Rahim bin Goldfinger.

“Without the sheep’s lung it’s not authentic. It’s too sausagey. It lacks the lightness the lungs help create.”
—Scottish journalist Alex Massie laments the inauthenticity of American haggis. This is real: in a survey of American visitors to Scotland, one third believed that haggis was an animal, and a quarter believed they could hunt and catch one. Haggis, great chieftain of the puddin’ race: don’t get caught haggis-less on Burns Night, January 25th!

the water tower

It isn’t quite clear whether the chill in the air is the first blast ushering in the coldest season of the year, or the worst thing that has ever happened to anyone, but here at the water tower, we are uncowed by the frosty temperatures, unfathomable course loads, and impending Thanksgiving food comas. Look for the next issue the first Tuesday after the slow, miserable march to campus at the end of break. Try not to let your family know that you’re taking your leave of them early to rush back and read your favorite publication. It may help to plan a list of excuses. May we recommend mountain fever? Or perhaps a flare-up of your rheumatism, necessitating the cold air and fresh, well-conceived opinion articles. However you return, plan to see us in the stands, waiting for you, with a metaphorical cup of steaming cocoa and a foot massage (not the weird fetish kind or exactly that kind that if that’s what gets you going).

Best Turkey Day to all!
-- the water tower 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 news in brief

“I felt more like a guinea pig than a wounded soldier.”
—A former U.S. Army sergeant who suffered burns and cerebral damage from mustard gas he discovered during the Iraq War. He is one of dozens who, throughout the war, found and suffered injuries from these nerve agents, which the Pentagon systematically denied, since it had helped supply Iraq with those chemical weapons decades earlier. This secrecy left army doctors unprepared to treat mustard gas injuries, whose effects on soldiers are ongoing. These soldiers were also denied medals and honors. The New York Times report, somewhat like the gas itself, is blistering.

“Received my copy of #41 by #43, George W. Bush. Touching tribute! #HowAreYouSTILL-NotOnTwitter #PresidentialTweeters.”
—Bill Clinton calls out Dubya on Twitter, who quipped back in similar fashion on Instagram. I, a big grumpy pessimist, cherish those few seconds when I see these guys as Presidential tweeters, not imperialists and war criminals. #nafta #abughraib #gitmo #monicapanties

“What central bank is going to accept an ISIS coin? It’s like blood diamonds. No credible financial institution is going to take this.”
—David L. Phillips, a former advisor to the State Department and U.N., laughing at the latest from the Islamic State: that they plan to mint mineral currency. ISIS, which already has set up courts and ministries, issued passports and license plates, changed school curriculums, and hung its flag across its Iraqi and Syrian territory, now plans to create gold, silver, and copper coins. Concurrently, ISIS leader Abu Bakr al-Baghdadi is believed dead from a drone strike, replaced by Rahim bin Goldfinger.

“Without the sheep’s lung it’s not authentic. It’s too sausagey. It lacks the lightness the lungs help create.”
—Scottish journalist Alex Massie laments the inauthenticity of American haggis. This is real: in a survey of American visitors to Scotland, one third believed that haggis was an animal, and a quarter believed they could hunt and catch one. Haggis, great chieftain of the puddin’ race: don’t get caught haggis-less on Burns Night, January 25th!

the water tower
**The Real Threat to American Health: Antibiotics on Factory Farms**

by carastapelford

Americans eat a lot of meat. An excessively large amount of meat. In 2013, the United States consumed 25.5 billion pounds of beef. The only way to meet the demand for this kind of consumption is raising animals on factory farms, which can hardly be considered farms at all. Factory farms are highly industrialized institutions that mass-produce over 99% of America’s farmed animal products. The result of raising so many animals in such a small space? Horrible, overcrowded, disease-ridden conditions.

To ensure animal growth and survival in such disgusting squalor, animals are fed small doses of antibiotics on a daily basis. When animals receive antibiotics this frequently, they develop antibiotic-resistant bacterial responses to these drugs. This means that when humans are exposed to this antibiotic-resistant bacteria, we can contract it, with devastating effects.

When people develop illnesses from bacteria immune to most antibiotics, we can no longer use traditional methods and go-to medications to fight these illnesses. These bacteria can and do easily spread from the farm to the plate, and there is a dangerously high possibility that one of these bacteria strains could then spread by human-to-human contact and grow into an epidemic.

Vegetarianism is an alternative that many people have turned to as a healthier option, but it doesn’t fix the root of the problem. A vegetarian lifestyle is unrealistic to apply to all of society, doesn’t address the use of antibiotics on factory farms, and although vegetarians don’t consume meat, they’re still at risk of contracting antibiotic-resistant diseases: Manure from animals with antibiotic-resistant bacteria is often used for edible crops and can contaminate them. It’s a vicious cycle that exists in almost all of our farms in the United States.

It takes billions of dollars and many years to develop antibiotics that can halt the growth of resistant bacteria. Where resistant bacteria can mutate and change within minutes. And when we’ve made factory farms a training camp for resilient bacteria, how can medicine ever win? The only way to fix this problem is to stop the overuse of antibiotics on factory farms. Changes in the medical field aren’t the issue. Agriculture is where the problem lies, and agriculture practices need to be fixed. The harmful effects of industrial overuse of antibiotics have been known since the 1970s, yet nothing has been done in our government to address this terrible practice.

Thus far, our government has not passed any federal legislation to create last- ing and needed changes to correct this evil, but there are many things that we can do as consumers! Buying and eating local and organic food is our best option. There are also organizations and movements devoted to fighting for this cause, but we need all the help we can get. Make smart choices, use your voice, and fight back against antibiotics on factory farms.

**Mexico’s Student Massacre, the Narco-State, and the Media**

by kerrymartin

You should have heard by now, but if you haven’t, it’s not your fault.

On September 26th, 43 students at a teaching college in Mexico’s southern Guerrero state boarded a bus to the state capital Iguala, where they planned to join a remembrance demonstration for the 1968 Tlatelolco Massacre of student protesters in Mexico City. The gathering was to be nonviolent yet critical towards the Mexican government and President Enrique Peña Nieto.

Many Mexicans feel their government has failed to invest in the country’s youth and, in an attempt to shift national and global focus towards their economy, they have almost completely ignored the violent insur- gency of drug cartels that has grown worse and worse over the past decade. These 43 students, from a university well known for Marxism and social protest, were ready to be heard.

The city of Iguala’s First Lady, María de los Ángeles is a connected woman, as are many Mexican public officials are, and not just through her mayoral husband. He was good for getting the police involved, but her brother, a senior member of the Guerreros Unidos gang, would do the heavy lifting.

Unaware of what was in store, the bus of students sped on.

Their journey would be cut short. Arriving in Iguala, they were immediately confronted by police. A few students were beaten, and all 43 were arrested and driven out of town, where they were handed over to the Guerreros Unidos.

At home, mothers mourn their hands. One day later, three days, and a week, and still no word from their children. And it took about that long for the national government to step in and begin an investigation.

Foral police began scrounging the region for any trace of 43 young adults who had essentially disappeared. Meanwhile, the mayor and his wife fled.

Officials soon discovered a mass grave; bones and body parts of over 20 people in a tanged pit. But these turned out to be victims of some other massacre. They kept looking.

Friends and family of the 43 missing marched in Mexico City, demanding answers, which even the President’s personal condolences and promises to each family could not fulfill. All griefed. Some rioted, lighting a fire at the National Palace.

Officials eventually found not a grave, but a dump. The students had been incinerated; it was difficult to determine whether dead or alive. The scorched ash was only identifiable by the few remaining teeth strewn about.

Over the decades, many Mexicans have grown thick skin for this breed of heinous crime and are rarely shocked to find the government has a hand in it. They call it the narco-state for a reason. But they also admit that this recent massacre has struck a nerve in the country, perhaps because the victims were education students, perhaps due to the scale of the killing or the blatant gang-government ties. People are hurt, and their anger isn’t subsiding any time soon.

So why is it not your fault if you’re just now learning about this? Because the American mass media (which is to say, American government and corporate interests) doesn’t care about Mexicans until they show up at our borders.

Our media has systematically excluded Mexican and Latin American affairs because they are something the U.S. could be involved in but chooses to ignore. Better to talk about Syria, Somalia, Ukraine, these unstable states that we’re working to secure; they’re far away, but we promise we have the situation under control.

Parts of Mexico bear all the signs of a failed state and could become a journalistic firestorm. But America’s stake in Mexican violence—and its lack of effort to quell it—give the government every reason place a pot-friendly district as a neighbor.

By zacharynabors

On Tuesday, November 4th, voters in the District of Columbia opted to legalize the recreational use of marijuana, along with Oregon, Alaska, and the U.S. territory of Guam. Initiative 71, the bill that would allow the possession of up to two ounces of marijuana and six plants in a private residence, passed with 65% of the vote, with almost 21,000 D.C. residents supporting the measure.

However, supporters of the new legislature should hold their excitement. The battle has not yet been won. What with the Republican domination that took place this past Election Day, there have been concerns about the bills future.

Because D.C. is technically a district and not a state (for now...but that’s another issue), Congress must approve measures such as these for the nation’s capital. Representative Andy Harris (R-MD) vowed to fight the passage of the bill in Congress, and the newly-Republican Congress may nix the bill, which probably won’t be submitted to the legislature until the next session of Congress.

Many Congresswomen and men feel caught between a rock and a hard place: they don’t want to go on record as supporting marijuana but also want to respect the popular vote, which supported the legalization of cannabis by a large margin. In Maryland, a state that both borders the nation’s capital and prohibits recreational marijuana use, legislators feel anxious about having a pot-friendly district as a neighbor. What would happen, for instance, if police stopped someone at the border carrying legally-purchased marijuana from the nation’s capital into the Old Line State? However, prolegalization supporters in Maryland feel that a D.C. where pot is legal will demonstrate the positive effects of legalization in an area that is more close to home, and thus harder to ignore, than Colorado or Alaska.

For supporters of legalization at the federal level, the battle is far from over, but perhaps legalizing cannabis in the nation’s capital, an area that arguably gets more media recognition than anywhere else in the country, could prove that legalization is a positive and logical step that could benefit the country financially, regardless of the acerbic debates over health issues. Should Congress favor the passage of Initiative 71, D.C. will be forced to prove to the rest of the country the economic benefits of legal- ization and that its citizens can handle it responsibly. All eyes will be on them.
I couldn’t tell you the number of times I’ve heard something along the lines of “the party scene’s been beat recently; I can’t wait till we can just rage at the bars!” on any given weekend at UVM.

Many of my fellow under 21-year-olds at this university place the bars on a pedestal high above house parties because they just assume these places have an “it” factor. They’re just not entirely sure what “it” is. The way these people glorify “the bars,” it’s as if they are clubs where hip-hop music videos could be filmed, complete with supermodels, light shows, and a massive dance floor. Obviously, this is an exaggeration. However, it is true that many of us underage drinkers do have a strong sense of false hope in the potential of the bars.

In my opinion, the reason that many underage drinkers at UVM hold this notion of optimism is that they simply can’t accept the fact that maybe house parties are just as good as a time as they’ll have when going out on the town in Burlington. In other words, many of us ask ourselves after a disappointing night of searching for parties, “There has to be something more...right?”

The grass isn’t always greener on the other side, unless, of course, “greener” implies spending at least two to three times as much money on alcohol on any given night. The bars run your pockets dry faster than the goddamn dry cleaners.

Personally, I don’t understand how a fairly large proportion of legal drinkers exclusively drink at the bars on Friday and Saturday nights. Splitting the cost of an 18-dollar thirty from Price Chopper with my roommate takes a big enough toll on my wallet. You could get four, maybe five drinks at Red Square for the same price. What, does every beer come with a fucking baby golden retriever? (Alright, now that would just be awesome. But dangerous.) Anyway, you get the idea.

On top of the fact that drinks cost an arm and a leg at pretty much any bar you go to, the social setting within these establishments is comparable to that of most house parties. There’s a dance floor infested with sexually-frustrated horndogs, a select group of people significantly more sober than everyone else, and someone still has to bear the responsibility of initiating awkward small talk if he/she has any shot at getting lucky. And no, there’s no escaping the sight of that guy walking away from the dance floor while trying to conceal his erection in such a way that he won’t have to overtly stick his hand down his pants.

I personally witnessed all of this at What Ales You last weekend. I don’t have a fake ID, but I successfully pulled off the fabled “pass-back” move with one of my 21-year-old friends with whom I share comparable facial features. It was the first time I had ever actually spent a whole night at the bars, and it was also the first time I spent over $50 on booze in one night. I should probably mention the fact that over half of that money was spent buying drinks for some flirty girl who ended up telling me she had a boyfriend after about an hour. It was like an ill-fated hookup, but even more depressingly, I wanted the night to be special, but it just didn’t work out like I thought it would.

The reality is that the bars aren’t necessarily “better” than house parties. They’re simply a new environment for college kids to get drunk in. There’s a reason that many 21-year-olds count on going to the bars merely as a backup if plans for going to a party fall through. If anything, partying at the same bar night after night is more monotonous than the hunt for parties underage drinkers embark on every Friday and Saturday night. You can get a drink with your buddies no matter what setting you’re in, and trust me: cracking open warm Busch’s from a thirty will always be better than buying $8 appletinis.
no free lunch popcorn: guilt and shame at brennan's

by lynnkeating

On a Sunday evening at 5:37pm, a college boy struts into Brennan's to the song “Back in Black” by AC/DC, ignoring the cashiers and cutting through the order line. This seemingly mischievous character makes a beeline to the trusty popcorn machine. His eyes cautiously scan the room, looking for someone to stop him in his tracks as he opens the precious chest of limitless popcorn, and then begins to fill his small paper bag to the brim. He quietly lays the scooper back in its place, as if no one was there, and blasts out of the restaurant without paying a single dime.

The popcorn machine in Brennan’s is notorious for being one of the well-known UVM “freebies” on campus. But this free factor is unsettling for some, creating somewhat of a social stigma surrounding the machine. I set out undercover and observed these bizarre interactions of people in Brennan’s who snatched some popcorn. I should say now that no one successfully retrieved the popcorn in a natural manner. You can’t do it and I don’t care how comfortable you think you are with yourself.

Here are some of my observations:

10:57 a.m.
Brennan’s has yet to even have their background restaurant tunes on and, lo and behold, I saw an old man in a suit with elbow pads munching on popcorn in a homely couch. Isn’t it too early for this? Brennan’s has yet to take an official order, but the popcorn machine is already receiving some love. Is this his breakfast? Not to pigeonhole this man, but because of his older years you’d think he would have consumed a proper breakfast, as opposed to the college kids, who almost always ditch this meal. He looked uncomfortable, almost guilty, his shoulders crunched and locked up to his ears and his legs curled up on his seat. I was shocked that someone would be eating popcorn for breakfast at all, let alone be eating it even before the actual opening time of Brennan’s.

11:08 a.m.
A student, clearly living off-campus, with a heavily-stickered Nalgene and a bicycle helmet in hand, tiptoes behind the wall that blocks the cashiers from the popcorn machine. He looks furtively around to ascertain if anyone is staring at him (little did he know about me). He fully opens the small paper bag, allowing himself optimum space to compact the largest amount of popcorn all at once, and slowly opens the doors to the machine, still looking around. Dude, what you are looking for? I want to yell at him and reassure him that the popcorn was free and he will not get in trouble. This proves that no matter how many years you’ve been attending UVM and having the popcorn, you will feel as if you are “stealing” it. Twenty minutes later he refills two more bags, possibly for lunch and dinner.

5:28 p.m.
A student in an oversized flannel anxiously waits in line to get popcorn. As the serving spoon is passed onto her, the garbage collector of Brennan’s walks by. She immediately turns beet-red and angles her shoulders away from the workers. Does she know that these Brennan’s workers see people take the popcorn every single day? She fills her bag quickly, avoiding all possible eye contact, apparently feeling so embarrassed and rushed that she didn’t even close the doors to the popcorn box. Workers have seen practically every kid on campus take this popcorn, lady; you’re not the only one who does this. Her pointlessly uncomfortable behavior matched many of the other popcorn addicts, who were overly self-conscious as they availed themselves of this free treat.

Seeing this all before my eyes gave me reassurance that I am not alone when it comes to feeling unnatural when taking this popcorn. I usually just avoid it at all costs to prevent such scenarios from occurring. But why do we all feel this way? Who is telling us that this is not acceptable? It seems that everyone, however externally different they may be, inwardly shares a strong moral compass that makes them feel peculiar for taking this free popcorn. It may be because we just aren’t used to getting things for free, without someone sneakily throwing in other obligations or payments. I guarantee you that the popcorn machine here is anything but a scam—no hidden fees or payments, just popcorn. Feel free to confront your superego and take some next time you find yourself in the Davis Center.
I was amazed the weekly meeting of the water tower staff. New students are often confused about the functioning of the water system and how to try to defend a professor. It is all too familiar challenges for beginning students in a classroom with a sense of achievement for this task, it is not necessarily out of reach. A cordial chat after class or perhaps even a chummy with your professor on a semi-regular basis is not out of the achievable nature of this task, it is not necessarily anwend of hours upping the thing off and getting some. In other words, the sort where drinking the elixir of life doesn’t refer to meandering Lurid etc. No professors is going to find it charming for you to come up to a professor in the hall and say, “Hey, I think I just found out that you lost your job on hallowed ground to eventually make up in the dome of that proofing that you just had to make contact with the remainder of college. A certain type of interests that professors have outgrown. You wouldn’t be embarrassed by a middle schooler’s story of overeating on mountain dew and pulling an all nighter at their friend’s house watching horror movies, talking about what you would do when the whole world was gone in 2050. In fact, you would do the same thing to your students. I prefer to imagine that professors are fascinated in the practice, whether it is philosophy or fluid dynamics, mandarin major. Of course, that kind of relationship is all but one sided. There I was, witnessing my first ever college flyer on a real live university campus. I was shocked. I was excited. I was wondering why booo-boos mate is calling for all the men on campus. To the men on campus, please stop jacking off in the showers. It clogs the drains. Be eager, be passionate, and above all else, be in strategized manufacturing schoolgirl fetishes, which reveal loving, orgasm-chasing humans for a while now. It has placed wom-
Say the words ‘Green Mountain Coffee’ and—if you’re as hooked on coffee as I am—you’ll probably groan. This is because the coffee served on campus, which generally sits in large plastic vats, is served under the guise of a myriad of flavors, most of them varying degrees of awful. However, it may come as a shock that not only is GMC barely deserving of the moniker coffee, it is also politically reprehensible.

As you have probably surmised, Green Mountain Coffee is not grown in Vermont; however, Green Mountain did start as a “local” company, as a cafe that roasted its own coffee. Currently, Green Mountain Coffee is actually known as Keurig Green Mountain, as they also own Keurig and their K-cups (if you have ever thought, “Man, I want coffee right now but I don’t think that I will produce enough plastic waste,” then K-cups are the product for you). Coca-Cola actually owns about 16 percent of the company, making them a majority shareholder with significant clout over Keurig Green Mountain’s political agenda.

Situations like this are common—a corporation either buys a smaller brand outright (Celestial Seasonings, once owned by hippies collecting wild herbs in Colorado, is now owned by Kraft Foods) or becomes a majority shareholder (MacDonald’s was once a majority shareholder of Chipotle, although they sold their stock a few years back). Typically, in these types of scenarios, the average consumer has no idea that the same product they used to buy now is part of Nestle, Kellogg, General Mills, PepsiCo, Unilever or Coke’s respective conglomerate empires.

The reason this corporate shadow puppet bullshit matters right now is because Green Mountain has teamed with other enemies of peace, love and brotherhood (Monsanto and Starbucks) to sue the state of Vermont over the pending legislation that would force foods with genetically modified ingredients to be labeled. Outside of the US, legislation for GMO labeling is commonplace, but right now there are no states with GMO labeling laws. The opposition to the bill comes from a group called the Grocery Manufacturers Association, which Monsanto, Starbucks and close to three hundred other large food-related corporations belong to.

For the briefest of overviews, GM seeds are sold by a handful of biotech companies, the largest and best-known of which is Monsanto. Though the seeds are developed to ostensibly produce higher crop yields and resist pesticides, so that they can be doused with strong insecticides without any punishment. Meanwhile, the prices are able to drive many farmers within and outside of the US into debt, and the seeds themselves often fail to deliver the desired effects.

The proliferation of GMOs has caused fear, controversy over the controversy, and further fear and anger. People may express unease over inserting foreign bits of genetic material into plant cells, while others will say that humans have manipulated plant and animal DNA for years, and that the GM plants have been shown to pose no danger to human health. For many, such as Vandana Shiva, who recently visited UVM, the problems are not with the cells, but with the corporatization of food that GMOs are an integral part of.

And maybe, just maybe the fact that some of these GMO plants are bred to work with petrochemicals is a ethical no-no. I mean, maybe some of us like bees, and would like to live in a world where human breast milk is uncontaminated by traces of pesticides. Maybe those who oppose the corporatization of food find it outrageous that, on average, it takes ten or more calories of petroleum to produce one calorie of food. Maybe.

So please, pay Bev in the Cyber Cafe a visit and purchase some of her much better Speeder and Earl’s brew. I would recommend the hazelnut flavor, but use Speeder’s blend, the triple-caffeine flavor, with caution.
i want you so bad

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

You were wearing a scarf at the E.P.
You didn't remember me
Oh ok. No, it's fine... really. Don't worry about it.

In a few weeks time, we had found our rhyme
In Vauban finding vegan friends and foes
That girl named Marketa who goes and goes.

Neighborhood cats and crepes
Felizes all over the place.
Wir wandern im der Schwarzwald
That indecipherable techno song ... what's it called?

We are back in the mountains that are green
And I don't wanna make a scene...
But now you remember my face
My best friend; I just want to give you an embrace

When: Last year and a few minutes ago
Where: nice places
I saw: A friendly tall boy
I am: A happy friend

Out of sheer frustration,
Or maybe it was procrastination,
I moved my furniture.

I've been down and fatigued
And totally not intrigued
With all my class materials.

My mind strays ahead
Where I'm laying in my bed
With my dog, in my house.

I can't wait to eat
All the stuffing and meat
Thanksgiving has to offer.

We're best friends.
We hang out 24/7.
Our friends tell us to get together.
But you're hesitant.
I'm bad with words,
Which is why this poem is bad.
But please realize
I want you like mad.

When: All
Where: Day
I saw: Every
I am: Day

To my millionaire:
Is this the second time around?
Where we give each other signals,
But none of them can be found?

Your funny and kind,
I'd like for you to be mine
But school can really get you on that grind...

They say history tends to repeat itself
And all the signs say this is true,
But it seems like you've just put me on the dusty, top shelf.

We're with each other a hell of a lot
It probably helps
That you're kind of hot.

So puff your chest a little bit more
Touch my shoulder when you laugh,
I won't be a bore.

Accidental footies under the table is always kinda cute
But seriously keep flirting
Your point isn't mute.

They say drunk thoughts are sober truths
Well let me just say you've been talking
The truth is transparent, and I ain't a sleuth.

Give me sign the next time we meet
Talk about Thanksgiving or international travel
And if you like beets.

If you're reading this hopefully you know it's you
I've dropped enough hints...
What more could I do?

When: Repeated interaction
Where: On campus, in my mind
I saw: The hope of a clear, definitive signal
I am: Wishing for something a little more than friends

We meet on
Tuesdays @ 7:30 pm
in the Jost Foundation Room, Davis Center
Bring your shit ... we want to hear about it.

remember to check out the overflow
on the blog!
thewatertower.tumblr.com
Good news music lovers, everyone’s favorite electronic avatar band, the Gorillaz, will be releasing a new album within the next year! Damon Albarn, the mastermind musical genius behind the group announced that he has plenty of material to release a new album under his Gorillaz project. Albarn, as you may recall, has released many albums with the Brit-pop legends Blur, as well as his own solo albums. Good thing he has carved out enough time to make more electronic music that we all love from Gorillaz. Noodle, 2D, Murdoc Niccals, and Russel Hobbs are back. In honor of this great virtual band, let’s count down the top 10 Gorillaz songs. Really, there are too many to pick from, though.

8. Stylo
This is a great groovy track that features a collaboration with Mos Def and Bobby Womack. The collaborations on Plastic Beach are incredible. Even though most of the Gorillaz’ work features collaborations, Plastic Beach takes the cake. Bobby Womack kills it on this track. R.I.P to this soul legend who passed away this year at age 70.

9. Kids with Guns
This spot was really up for grabs, as a number of songs could have slipped into it. However, I chose to give it to “Kids with Guns,” because of the way the song changes course. It begins with a twanging bass, changes to a twanging guitar, and then drops with a haunting chorus of “turning us into monsters.”

10. Amarillo
The only song on the list off of The Fall, “Amarillo”, like most of the songs on the album is very heavily electronic. Damon Albarn recorded The Fall on his iPad while touring for Plastic Beach, which helps to explain the lack of depth in most of its songs.

7. Feel Good Inc.
This track off Demon Days is certainly the Gorillaz’ most popular, and the one that gets stuck in my head in so many different ways. Whether it is the haunting bass solo, the odd background whispering, the maniacal laughing of De La Soul, or the acoustic breakdown, this song features an oddly successful combination.

5. 19–2000
The funky beat on this song makes it impossible to forget once it gets into your head. This beat has become a quintessential Gorillaz beat that definitely paved the way for much of Demon Days and Plastic Beach.

3. Dirty Harry
Bootie Brown, from the hip-hop group Pharcyde, raps the impressive bit that forms the majority of this groovy song. This song contains many themes of war.

2. Tomorrow Comes Today
This song is just phenomenal. It is slow, yet melodic, yet haunting. It has a lot of influences from Blur, but also marks the advent of his new project, the Gorillaz. This song tells the warning tale of the digital age, and I, much like Albarn, “don’t think I’ll be here too long.”

4. On Melancholy Hill
Plastic Beach is probably the best full album that the Gorillaz have released. Every song plays a specific role in Albarn’s critique of contemporary society, and “On Melancholy Hill” is my favorite stand out song. It takes on more of a poppy feel than most of the other tracks, and feels rhythmically happy. However, if you listen to the lyrics, and the title, you will realize that it is quite, well, melancholy.

1. Clint Eastwood
Although many Gorillaz songs blend electronic and hip-hop, “Clint Eastwood” does it best and it did it first. The verses in this song are rapped by Del the Funky Homosapien who makes references to the song’s namesake and to a variety of drug innuendos.

Honorable Mentions:
“Stop the Dams”
“Rock the House”
“Dare”
“Slow Country”
creative stuffin'.

breakup limericks

For she was my first high school thing
She wanted much more than a fling
So I soon got bored
And she got ignored
And now there is no promise ring.

My heart it was once again thrown
Into a pile of hearts that you own,
But I no longer cry
Over this stupid guy,
Whose dick never once did blow.

We were great till I left for abroad,
I promised her, 'I ain't no fraud,'
I'll be in Buenos Aires
But not in mujeres,
Please emotionally hold true to my rod.

Our first date was at Dairy Queen
It was unemployed and seventeen
Lacking wits of a wizard
I can't pay for the Blizzard
So she did, and hasn't vet fled the scene.

As a man, I've really been such a prick
'I'm young, and I must use my dick!'
Using women like drugs,
Having sex without hugs,
All while I was in love with one chick!

grant daverson: ace detective

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 disgustingly deed of all—murder most foul—now, we follow the ongoing detective adventures of: Grant Daverson: Ace Detective in “The Clock Strikes Deadly, Part Three” (two part Halloween special). Last time, in Grant Daverson: Ace Detective: A dinner party, the lights go out and—a bang! The city treasurer lies dead—but who lies about the murderer's name is, the person who killed Treasurer Dew, who was murdered—

As if to ask “me?” in disbelief.

“Restrain her!” exclaimed Diana, as she rushed around the table, pulling some handcuffs out of her handbag. The chief of police stood for a moment, dumbstruck, as he watched the body slumped into his mashed potatoes.

You tell me, you seem to know quite a bit, “ said Daverson.

“Now that this is all settled, what was that I heard about the water tower without some wicked spittins? Still feels lonely up here on center stage, waiting for others to send me your raps, on my topics or on any topic! Even on no topic! Just go off! But until that happens, I'm still here, and this week, we reject Grad School.

I woke up this morning in a puddle of my own piss. Muddlin’ my own wits, flesh but I feel boneless. What the fuck world is this? Must be soulless Tryin’ to be what I can be but cash is what bestows bliss. I know my brain has grown fit, fuck it, I ain’t worth shit. Diploma built on blunt facts, so roll it up and burn it Cuz I’m worthless, job market doesn’t serve kids Without degrees that cost an arm and leg and cervix. I take the GKE, it takes a pee on me. Like porn from Germany, but at least their school’s free! M.A., M.F.A. M.E., M.D., J.D., Ph.D., will we really be free? The machine is broken, here’s how you steal it: tokens: One, find work that pays you to keep school-soakin’; Two, take twenty years off, I ain’t jokin’; Three, fuck ambition, hit the beach, and stay tokin’. Don’t let the system make you feel less than your worth, Cuz there are infinite things that you can do on this earth, 

by unemployed wonder-grad Kerry Martin

Next issue, we light up Half-Assing Religious Holidays. Please write raps and contribute, however long or short they are! Send your lines to thewatertowernews@gmail.com with your favorite rapper in the subject line. Submissions are due by Tuesday, September 16th. The best student rapper of the semester gets a fabulous prize!

Don’t let the system make you feel less than your worth, Cuz there are infinite things that you can do on this earth.
**Lyric of the (Bi)Week:**

“And you will break my back for all the burdens I lay upon it
But I will never blame you for those bees inside this bonnet
And my lungs will grow cancers and my back it will grow achy
I will buy us an acre of some land in the city
We could live there together or I’ll live alone less happy
But I’ll live
Unfortunately”

-Love in the Time of Human Papillomavirus, Andrew Jackson Jihad