



the water tower.

uvm's alternative newsmag

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throwback hits of water towerers past

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! ■

with *special insight* from our tunes editor, **mikestorage**

"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 *NOW*s. (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).

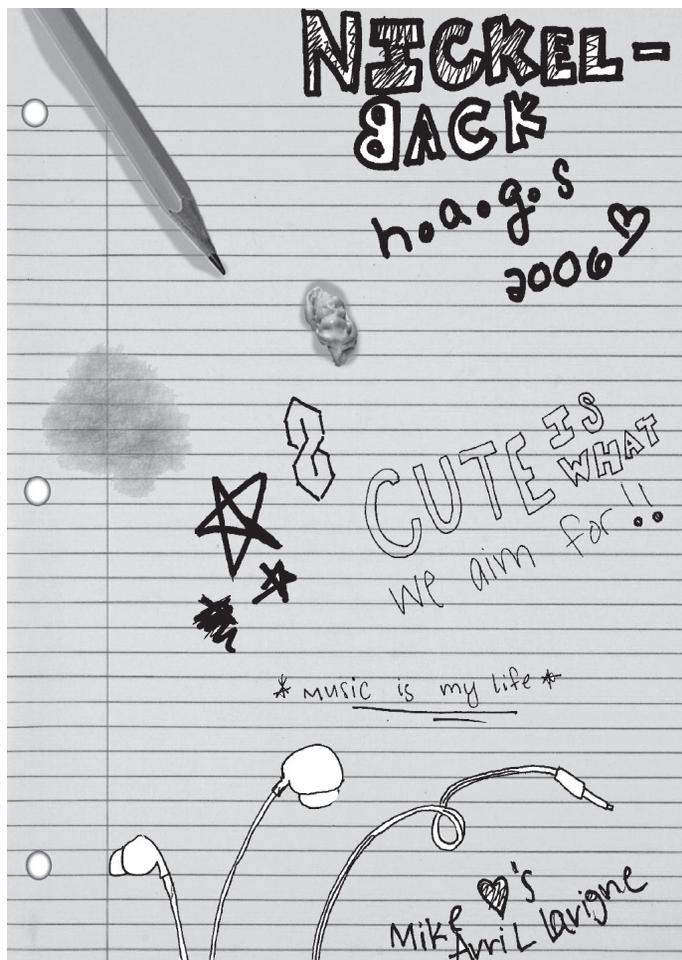
The world was/is so cold.

"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, listening to this song 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. —yinyefko

"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. —lauragreenwood



katja ritche & ben berrick

"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 screamo 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 a preteen. We all want someone provocative and talkative: CIWWAF does "deep" like only pop-punk can. —katjaritche

"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. —katelypine

get
inside
me:

THC in DC
by zacharynabors

under the age, but
over the bars
by keithstone

how to friend a professor
by johnbarfuss

a review of uvm pizza
by alvaswing

the best news team inbox. in the universe.



dear readers,

It isn't quite clear whether the chill in the air is the first blast ushering in the coziest 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 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 shit list with mikestorage

Taking up an entire table at the library—Like seriously, why the heck do you need an entire table? Most of the time *these people* are just sitting on their laptops anyway. There are an infinite number of individual desks in the library. Please use one of them if you are alone. Leave the tables for groups of at least two.

Urinals that go all the way to the floor—Yeah, I'm talking to you, Waterman men's rooms. Why are these apparatuses *sooooo* unnecessarily large? It's not as if I need an entire wall to piss on. My aim is bad, but it's not that bad.

Biking during winter—Winter is officially upon us, and it has become the most perilous season for us bikers. Here's to cold nights and brutal winds on our faces. May we find our inner warmth and persevere through the cold. Remember, don't leave home without hat, gloves, and a minimum of 15 layers.

Buying a season ski pass and going three times or fewer—Let me guess: your mommy and daddy bought it for you? Even if you only go on the weekends, there are *sooooo* many powder days to come. Don't just get a pass because your friends are doing it. Do it because you *live for the slopes!*

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the news in brief with kerrymartin

“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

“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!

“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.

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are always welcome
Weekly meetings
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Or send us an email

Our generation stands at a crossroads. With sincerity and humor, we strive to make you reexamine, investigate, question, learn, and maybe pee your pants along the way. We are the reason people can't wait for Tuesday. We are **the water tower.**

the *real* threat to american health: **antibiotics** on factory farms

by carastapleford

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 on almost all of our farms in the United States.

"to ensure animal growth and survival in *disgusting squalor*, animals are fed small doses of antibiotics on a *daily basis*."

It takes billions of dollars and many years to develop antibiotics, whereas 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 abolish this terrible practice.

Thus far, our government has not passed any federal legislation to create lasting 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, has almost completely ignored the violent insurgency 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 Pineda, planned to speak at the event, and expected it to go smoothly. Ms. de los Ángeles is a connected woman, as

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 wrung their hands. One day later, three days, 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.

Federal police began scouring 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 tangled pit. But these turned out to be vic-

tims 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 grieved. 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,



e cannabis unum:
a haze
on capital
hill



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 bill's 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

"d.c. will be forced to prove to the rest of the country the economic benefits of legalization and that its citizens can handle it responsibly."

the nation's capital into the Old Line State? However, pro-legalization 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 legalization and that its citizens can handle it responsibly. All eyes will be on them. ■



cullen hairston

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 some calls, kill some stories, and turn our heads to the east.

But if Mexico keeps bubbling, we may find ourselves facing south anyway. ■

around town.



the best way to have *underage fun, bar none*

by keithstone

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 of 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 depressing. 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. ■

it's always sunny in happy hour

with mollyo'shea

Season nine of *It's Always Sunny in Philadelphia* is now on Netflix, and the gang is back at it. Just because you can't go to Paddy's Pub doesn't mean you can't get your drink on with Dennis, Mac, Charlie, Frank and Dee. Whether you're all caught up or just getting started, these rules work for any season (and just about every episode) of the show.

Take a drink when:

- Any member of the gang is drinking
- Charlie, Mac, and Dennis come up with a terrible idea
- Frank outsmarts any member of the gang
- Dee is compared to a bird
- Dennis talks about being a ladies' man
- Mac does or says anything homoerotic
- Charlie's illiteracy is brought up
- Mac uses the word "jabroni"
- Charlie talks about rats or spiders
- Someone sniffs glue, gasoline, or any like substance
- Any member of the gang talks about Charlie and Frank's sleeping arrangement
- Anytime they call Dee "Sweet Dee"
- Dee calls someone a "boner"

- Someone says "goddammit!"
- Someone refers to something as "badass"
- Someone says "hey-oh!"
- Frank refers to someone as a "whore"

Finish your drink when:

- Any member of the gang does something overtly racist
- Charlie creates an original song
- Frank pulls out a gun, or any member of the gang pulls out a weapon
- Frank uses a knife to cut his toenails
- They run into the McPoyles
- The gang ruins someone's life ■



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 homey 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.

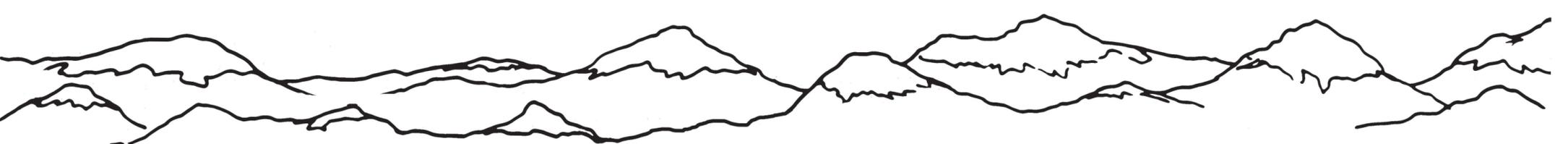
A student in an oversized flannel anxiously waits in line to get popcorn. As the serving spoon is passed onto her, the garbage collector of Brennan's walks by. She immediately turns beet-red and angles her shoulders away from the workers. Does she know that these Brennan's workers see people take the 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. ■



barry guglielmo

reflections.



by katelyn pine



coming out *conservative*



In light of the Republican Party's success in the recent midterm elections, I've decided to let slip a little secret of mine: I'm a conservative.

I know what many of you are probably thinking—why on earth would I come to a school, let alone a state like Vermont? The answer to that is that I simply enjoy skiing and cold-hearted, inhospitable behavior too much to go to school in the South. Plus, I prefer to be within reasonable driving distance of my cat. Politics had nothing to do with my decision to come here.

I discovered I was a conservative sometime in high school. My parents never forced politics on me; in fact, they frequently refused to say whom they voted for in elections when I asked. I found my political ideology all on my own. While at first I thought I was more liberal, I found, slowly, that I disagreed with many of their policies, and after a few online quizzes, declared myself a conservative to a select few.

"it's time to practice what you preach, UVM, because cooperation between parties solves problems, isolation does not."

Political ideology is a spectrum. Just because I align myself with the Republican Party does not mean I support all of its opinions. Like many people my age, I am in favor of legalizing gay marriage. I am in favor of women having the right to choose. Believe it or not, it is possible for a conservative voter to swing to the left a little bit.

On a campus like UVM's, I often feel isolated when it comes to political parties. In my classes, there were nothing but dismayed expressions when the election results were brought up. I know most of my professors try to keep their opinions to themselves and remain neutral, but even so, I could hear the disappointment in their voices when they talked about Mitch McConnell's rise to Senate majority leader.

I'm always hesitant to tell someone where I land on the political spectrum in

fear that they won't even give me the time of day. I keep quiet on a variety of issues in some of my political science classes in order to not become "that" girl, the white girl with plenty of privilege to spare. At a school like UVM, this was the last thing I expected. I knew going in I would differ from the vast majority, but I didn't think this difference would inhibit me like it really does. As a school, we send a message that we are tolerant of all races, sexual orientations, genders, etc. But why does it seem like that tolerance stops when it comes to a political party?

I'm not ashamed to say what I believe in. I think a smaller, national government and more emphasis on state government, as well as more emphasis on things like free enterprise are exactly what this country needs.

Not all Republicans are created equal. We're not all sexist, racist, white pigs (though I'm not denying this isn't the case for all of us). It's time to open your eyes and practice what you preach, UVM, because cooperation between parties solves problems, isolation does not. Maybe one day we can all coexist peacefully on this overwhelmingly liberal campus, but at this rate, it's going to be a long time before that can happen. ■

honey boo boo's paternal possibilities

by alvaswing



Well everyone, this is what it comes down to. Recently, it was released to the media world that the identity of Honey Boo-Boo's true father was unknown. But, with hard fast research and advances in paternity testing, the mystery of "Who Da Boo-Boo Daddy" has been narrowed down to just a few candidates. While it would be easy to point the finger at her TV father "Sugar Bear" we at the research station believe there is much more to the story. This has been debatably the hottest topic in the news all year so, without further adieu, lets review who Honey Boo Boo's biological father might be.

Contender Number One is the RACCOON that's often seen outside the Boo-Boos house. TV viewers might guess that the raccoon is merely looking in the trash for his next meal, but I believe there's more to the story. I think that the raccoon is actually trying to get back in touch with his "daughter", evidenced by the very real possibility that Honey Boo-Boo is part feral animal.

Contender Number Two is the entire early two thousands rap group, THREE 6 MAFIA. The Mafia, as they like to be called, was on quiBIG te the heater around the approximate date of BOO-BOOs inception. Three 6 was reported to be playing shows in rural Georgia around this

time and, with the amount of cough syrup Three 6 was drinking, it is likely they are unaware that they could have fathered America's newest, youngest, and most dangerously-diabetic superstar. It's likely The Mafia has hundreds of love children all over the south, Boo-Boo was just the first one to make it to the spot light. I'm honestly surprised these dots have not been connected before now.

Contender Number Three is the old OAK TREE in Boo-Boos backyard. The tree has been with the family since the beginning. I asked myself over and over while doing this research, "who knows Boo-Boo best", and I honestly think that this tree has the best idea of what is going on in the family.

The tree has been watching over Boo-Boo, watching her grow and learn her entire life. The tree gives her shade when it's sunny and protects her from the rain when it's pouring. This tree could have easily had a one night stand with Boo Boo's mother during one of those crazy Georgia nights.

This is a mystery we are truly closer to solving after diving deep into some old Georgian congressional notes and new papers from the 2000's. Hopefully I've shed some light on this scintillating topic. I will continue to do research until I find hard evidence as to who Boo-Boo's father is. ■

FriendFinder.com/PROFESSORS



by johnbarfuss

It was amidst the weekly meeting of the water tower staff when a colleague of mine voiced her ongoing struggle of trying to befriend a professor. It is an all too familiar challenge of a college student, however, Despite the seemingly unachievable nature of this task, it is not necessarily out of reach.

Now I don't mean becoming absolute homies with each professor and partaking in thirsty Thursdays only to simultaneously struggle to wake up the following morning in time for the class that they're teaching. I simply mean that interacting with your professor on a semi-regular basis is not out of the question. A cordial chat after class or perhaps even a chummy cup of coffee to indulge in a conversation on topics they've already lost interest in after they taught it to you the day before.

The misconception for many students is that professors are these cynical-beings who would rather spend hours updating their blackboard than to tell a student in person. In fact, I've found it to be quite the contrary—professors are eager to witness a student's passion for a class. There's a reason they spend countless office hours in absolute isolation week after week contemplating whether or not this is all worth tenure.

I prefer to imagine that professors are fascinated in the collegiate mind; they feed off of what can only be chalked up to a sort of sustained ignorance. That is the intellectual freedom we take for granted, that for many has been gradually chiseled away by the harsh realities of employment. We serve as a reminder of what tremendous optimism youth is capable of retaining until the moment graduation and a series of student loans decimate it in a magnificent fashion.

However, this relationship is all but one-sided. There is purpose to befriend a professor past improving your grade with some "extra credit" behind closed office doors. The mind of an experienced professor, in some capacities, is equivalent to that of the restricted section of a library. They offer immense reserves of knowledge that extends beyond the classroom. The types of wisdom that can make you realize that

there is existence beyond these four fleeting years of ski shots and KKD's.

Professors operate within a different realm of life experience, the sort where drinking the elixir of life doesn't refer to funneling Labatt ice. No professor is going to find it charming when you regale him or her with a tale of blacking out at 9:30 on halloweekend to eventually wake up in the dorm of that girl from sociology that you'll now make sport of avoiding eye contact with the remainder of college.

These are the types of interests that professors have outgrown. You wouldn't be enthralled by a middle schooler's story of overdosing on mountain dew and pulling an all nighter at their friend's house watching horror movies, talking about girls.

Suffice to say, this is the fundamental difference between professor and student. This is not to say professors aren't interested in what you have to say. It's simply necessary to realize that the dynamic of professor and student is just that, a mutual opportunity to experience alternate perspectives with a hint of professionalism.

Professors will always respond to an individual's insatiable desire to learn, but it is this very desire that they themselves possess. We as students just so happen to be their area of study for the time being.

In the end, gaining an audience with a professor is simple—e.... just ask. As long as you haven't proven to be an absolute terror in the classroom, they'll be inclined to accept the invite.

So if you've met the qualifications this far, you'll be happy to know you just might have the exciting beginnings of a new professional acquaintance. And who knows, come graduation you just might have the pleasure of sharing a shot of Old Crow together as peers.

When it comes to professors, the rules of engagement are simple, whether it is philosophy or fluid dynamics, mandarin or sociology. Be eager, be passionate, and above all else, be submissive. ■

Name: John Barfuss
Age: 19
Year: Sophomore
Major: Civil Engineering
Likes: Tenure, office hours, racquetball.
Dislikes: Budget cuts, cheating, snow Days, people's knees.

vibrators:



the human salvation



by emmaoel

"To the men on campus, please stop jacking off in the showers. It clogs the drains."

There I was, witnessing my first ever college flyer on a real live university campus. I was shocked. I was excited. I was wondering exactly how much sexual frustration existed at this unnamed institution (it was William and Mary) to produce enough cum to clog a shower drain. The potential nerdship of Williamsburg collegiates contemplated and noted, my teenage mind wondered, "why do boys touch themselves so much?"

Because they CAN, that's why. And, I argue, society should encourage girls to do the same.

Female "me-time", as it turns out, is an integral part of my feminist agenda. So, allow me to introduce you to a bit of femme theory which claims you can buzz and cum your way into smashing the patriarchal order:

A purity myth has been quieting the fact that women are sex-loving, orgasm-chasing humans for a while now. It has placed women in strategically manufactured schoolgirl fetishes, which reveal just enough skin to make us the object of desire, while locking the buttons on our imagined plaid skirts shut, preventing us from ripping the thing off and getting some.

The patriarchy shames women out of our sex drives until we learn that we don't have the right to our own sexual satisfaction, whether it be through another person (slut) or ourselves (girls don't do that). Don't even get sexism started on lesbianism ("that's not real sex; it just exists for straight men to fetishize") or sex between non-binary people ("what?"). All in all, the female orgasm is painted as an elusive and rare phenomenon that is nonessential, really.

Enter feminism, and along with it, sex positivity, because sexuality is a glorious human right. Want to start smashing the patriarchy with orgasms right now? I got you covered with an excellent place to start: an introduction to sex toys.

To the catamounts in possession of a vagina, take this introduction to sextoys and go forth into revolutionary (solo) sex. Because, contrary to what the patriarchy may tell you, a schlong is not a mandated condition to sexual satisfaction. Additionally, learning how to make yourself cum will allow you to reclaim partner sex as a tool for your own orgasm, rather than, at least in many hetero circumstances, a period of thrusting followed by someone collapsing on top of you, leaving you wondering what bliss feels like. Your partner, however, is not to blame. Maleness is not to blame. If you don't know how to get yourself there, how the hell should your sex buddy?

"if you don't know how to get yourself there, how the hell should your sex buddy?"

So, whether or not sex toys interest you at all, because believe-you-me your hand has all kinds of game, here are some options. If you do not have a majestic bajingo, and/or if your orgasms don't involve female bits, I still have you covered. There are inclusive and kick ass sexsites at the end of the article because equality means toe curling for all.

Welcome to sex for the revolution, we hope you have a euphoric time.

The Bunny:

Thanks to the bunny, you can buzz and tickle your way into sudden calculus epiphany with the aid of pink silicon. Clit stimulation via bunny ears and some serious G-spot attention make the bunny a serious contender.

The Remote-Control Egg:

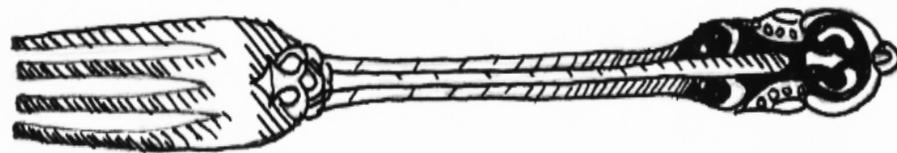
You could technically vibe with it, undetected, in your business lecture. Kalkin hasn't seen that much excitement ever, friend. It's small, it's egg-shaped, and you can put it inside you. The only work your hand has to do is click the "on" switch on the "holy shit" button.

The Dildo:

Maybe that which imitates life better suits your fancy? You can buy them in various flesh tones, sizes, bends, and textures. And then, once it's yours, you can do whatever you want with it.

Godspeed, and welcome to the sexiest part of social justice. Try not to ruin any showers. ■

fork it over.



coffee, keurig, and *capitalism*

by jessebaum

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, 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 an 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. ■

uvm's lack of pizza *pizzazz*

grades for on-campus pies

by alvaswing

I've always loved pizza, but about a year ago, while I was at a party, one of my buddies challenged me to convert my Instagram into a strictly pizza-based medium. Since then there has been no looking back. I love pizza more than just about anything in this world. I was raised to appreciate a good New York slice by my parents, who lived an extensive part of their lives in the city. When I eat pizza, I pretty much look for a very thin slice with a mostly crispy bottom and an even ratio of cheese sauce and toppings. The crust must have some softness left on the inside, but also a strong, crisp texture on the outside. I grade as fairly as I can although it's impossible to say mood isn't a factor when eating a new pizza. Without any more words on my part, here are my ratings of a few different pizzas found on the UVM campus.

The first slice I jumped into was the infamous Grundle a.k.a Harris-Millis dining hall's flatbread. The pizza was constructed extremely thin and pretty overcooked. This flatbread was adorned with some pretty wack vegetables, but I had never seen it before so I had to jump in. There were red and green peppers, jalapenos, zucchini, and sun dried tomatoes. I had lower expectations going into first bite of this slice but it still managed to disappoint. This was one of the first slices in years I haven't finished. It'll take some serious convincing to get me to drop back into another one of these slices. However, I'll probably eat this slice the next time I see it because I convinced myself there's no way it can taste worse and I'm an addict. **Score: 1.34 out of 10.**

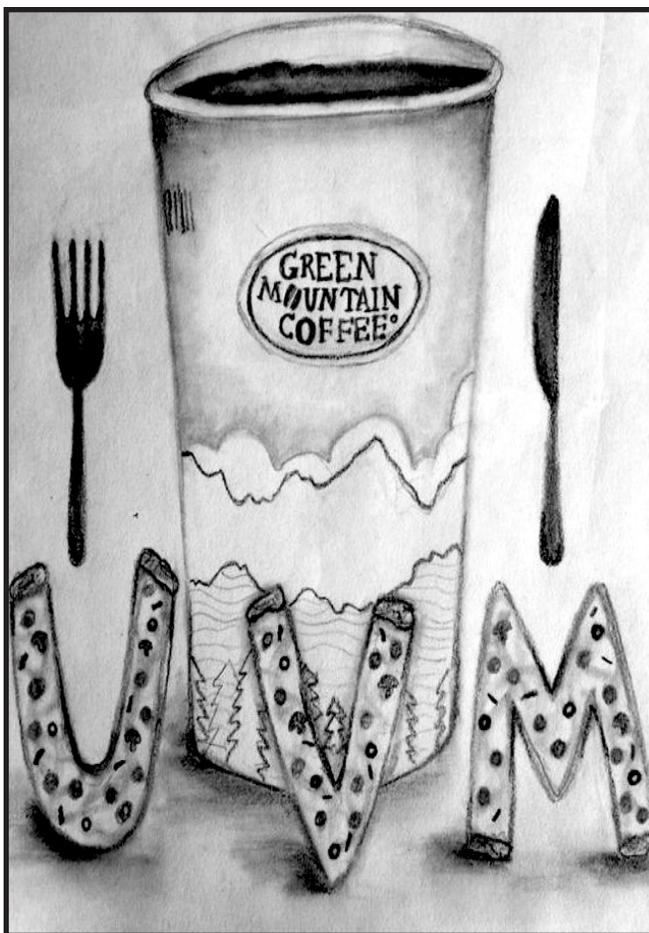
The next slice was Cook Commons' buffalo chicken. I'd say buffalo chicken is a bit of a fan favorite and people definitely over-hype it. Nonetheless, it's definitely a nice change up from the usual cheese bullshit we get in Cook. I managed to cop one thin slice fresh out the industrial oven that Sodexo probably tosses their frozen propaganda pizza in. This drastically changes the quality of Cook pizza. If they sit on those wooden slabs for too long they baste in whatever grease was there

before, that's why I never grab a sloppy slice that looks like it's on the verge of disintegration. **Score: 4.67 out of 10.**

Slice number three was that standard pepperoni slice at Simpson that always looks at you and in a quite voice and whispers, "I'm mediocre, but I'm slightly less mediocre than most the food around you." That's the reason I probably eat three or four slices of this pepperoni a week. It has a crispier bottom because somehow the Simpson Sodexo workers are more capable than anywhere else on campus. As far as ingredients go, they don't have any real advantage over a slice from any of the other unlimited dining spots on campus. **Simpson pepperoni scores a lukewarm 4.21 out of 10.**

The Marché pepperoni pizza is a dark horse for one of the better slices on campus. Coupled with a tight deal of a drink and a slice for fewer than four bucks, this is definitely one of the better bangs for your buck. If you know what's up, you'll ask one of the workers behind the counter to make your pizza well done. The bottom will actually get a nice crispy texture you'd expect from a legitimate pizza restaurant if you utilize this trick. I'd say what really hinders all the pizza on campus are just the ingredients. You can't take a bite of any pizzas and not taste the chalky, grainy consistency and sauce that lacks any actual tomato flavor. **Marché pizza scores a 5.39 out of 10.**

Unfortunately, Sodexo has a chokehold on the pizza world. Unless you feel like waiting a significant period of time for a delivery pizza to come, then you're out of luck. ■



paige cherrington

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

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
Felixes 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.

As far a school goes,
I'd rather not be here though,
I'll miss all my friends.

Vacation is less than one week away
So let me just say, "Hip-hip, hooray!"
And drive home.

When: Daydreams
Where: Classes
I saw: A world of wonder
I am: A homesick joe-schmoe

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 probable helps
That I think 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're best friends.
We hang out 24/7.
We've acknowledged our mutual feelings.
Our friends tell us to get together.
But you're hesitant.
I'm bad with words,
Which is why this poem is so bad.
But please realize
I want you like mad.

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

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

The Grundle

Knowledgeable female: Boys are stupid. There are a lot of cute boys.

The sweltering depths of Waterman

Girl 1: Have you seen this picture of Kim Kardashian? It's all over the internet for some reason.

Girl 2: (looks) Why? So she's got a big oily butt... who cares?

Simpson Dining Hall

Male to his friends: I'd go gay for cornbread, I'm telling you...

Do you like to **write**?
Draw?
Talk about the **crazy shit** that happens to you?
Maybe **write about** all that crazy shit?

the water tower

wants you!

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

tunes.



gorillaz

back in action: a top ten in retrospect

by mikestorace

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.

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.

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."

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* take the cake. Bobby Womack kills it on this track. R.I.P to this soul legend who passed away this year at age 70.

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.



6. El Mañana

The song immediately following "Feel Good Inc." on the *Demon Days* tracklist, also follows it on this Top 10 list. I really dig the beat in this song. It just free flows, while pervading the song in despair. The song is definitely one of sadness and depression.

4. On Melancholy Hill

Plastic Beach is probably the best full album that the Gorillaz have released. Every song plays a specific roll 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.

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."

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 Funkee 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 stuffing.



breakup limericks

For she was my first high school thing
She wanted much more than a fling
So soon I 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 I blow.

I was certain she was the one
We never failed to have fun
But as I now rue
Her love was not true
Turns out that she was lesbian.

We were great til 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
I was unemployed and seventeen
Lacking wits of a wizard
I couldn't pay for the Blizzard
So she did, and hasn't yet 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!



ben berrick

the cipher

feat. kerrymartin

Are you still listening, UVemcees??? Hip-hop hamstrings feeling limber? 'Cuz it wouldn't be another week at the water tower without some wicked spittins! Still feels lonely up here on center stage...waiting for others to snatch the mic. 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 hits
Cuz I'm worthless, job market doesn't serve kids
Without degrees that cost an arm and leg and cervix.
I take the GRE, 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., when will we really be free?
The machine is broken, here's how you steal it's 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

grant daverson: ace detective

by leonardbartenstein

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: 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 dead city treasurer? We leave off after Mrs. O'Police refuted the accusation of sleeping with the dead man...

"Your revulsion tells me that you detested the rumor that you may have been sleeping with him," said James Jay. "Hated it so much that you might want to get him out of the picture?"

"No!" shouted Mrs. O'Police. "I would never!"

"I think a ballistics report is in order," said Pemberton, reaching into her handbag for a protractor to measure the angle of the blood splatter on the wall behind the former city treasurer's body.

"You'd like to do that report, wouldn't you?" asked Jeanette, a new sort of vigor in her voice. "So that you can show that it didn't come from you, and cover your tracks. You're going to make it look like one of us did it, and you're going to be able to get away scot-free to your higher-up lizard council who live among us as others—"

"That's enough Jeanette," said James, placing a gentle hand over her mouth and ceasing her speaking.

"This is all well and good," said Daverson, "and I would love to sit through whatever though up accusation you might have for me, claiming that I'm the killer, but I think it's about time I shed some light on how I, while you were bickering, deduced who was really the killer."

"What are you going on about?" asked Chief O'Police.

"I know," said Daverson, speaking slowly for emphasis what he was saying, "who did it."

"Enlighten us, then," said Mrs. O'Police.

"That's simple," said Daverson. "And I will first reveal who the murderer is, so that they can be assured not to escape, and then I will tell you how and why they did it."

"We know how they did it," said Charlotte Howe. "The gun—we've got that. But who killed him?"

"I'm getting to that," said Daverson. He straightened his messy attire as if that did anything. "The person who killed the city treasurer, Bailey Dew, who was murdered—the murderer's name is, the person who killed Treasurer Dew," he paused for effect, the anticipation hanging in the air like a freshly ironed pair of trousers, "Jazzy Hall."

The lightning crashed outside, as if to punctuate his words.

"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, dumbfounded, before he grabbed the shoulder of the woman as she was trying to run from the room. Diana came from behind and slapped on the cuffs. She then shoved the woman down into the chair.

Jazzy turned to Daverson, a scowl on her face. "How did you know?" she asked. "And that's not a confession."

"Well, it helps to start with the fact that you were in the perfect spot to shoot Treasurer Dew. He was directly across from you, wasn't he?" Daverson gestured over to where the body was still slumped into his mashed potatoes. "But he wasn't your intended target, was he?"

"I'd be slow clapping were i able," she said. "but since i'm not, just understand that there's sarcasm implied."

"You tell me, you seem to know quite a bit," said Jazzy, spitting out the words like a beaten boxer might spit out teeth.

"You actually intended to shoot Alderman Jay, didn't you?" asked Daverson. "You just missed, in the dark."

"Me?" asked the alderman, a hand going to his chest, as if to ask "me?" in disbelief.

"Yes, you," said Daverson. "Her hand was probably jostled when the chief over here tried to cop a feel in the dark."

"Why would she want to kill me?" asked the James Jay.

"Well, I'm getting to that," said Daverson. "First, though, how did she get into this party in the first place? Besides the chief's libido, I mean. I'll have you note, with the exception of Mr. Barton and myself, she was the last to be invited. And yet, she's here—and there's no way that Mrs. O'Police would let in any floozy dame. And how did you get to this party?" Daverson asked, looking now to Jazzy.

"She promised me free headshots with an agent she knew," said Mrs. O'Police. She made eye contact with

Daverson, but then looked away, ashamed. "She said she could get me a role in a local commercial. I thought if I were a big-shot like that, I could impress my husband again, and not have him flouncing around."

"You think that lowly of me?" asked Chief O'Police.

"You've given me no reason not to," replied his wife.

"So that explains that," said Daverson. "But I doubt that she would have been even able to get you those headshots, Mrs. O'Police." He looked to Jazzy now. "Because her name is not Jazzy Hall at all, but Carmen Valencé, sister and business partner of Rachael Valencé!"

A gasp went through the room. Carmen's hands fluttered behind her back in the chair, but they did nothing more, because they were handcuffed. "I'd be slow clapping were I able," she said. "But since I'm not, just understand that there's sarcasm implied. Excellent work. You've found me out. But why, sir detective, did I do it? And what made you find me out?"

"It's easy," said Daverson. "Alderman Jay wanted to cancel the lottery drawing for a longer time for the public access community announcements, thus pushing you off of the air. This wouldn't do, however, because you and your sister were using the lottery announcements to relay a series of codes to your underlings, to know when and where to pick up and deliver the drugs they were to deal."

"And how did you find out it was me?"

"The blemish you tried to hide with your hair, on the back of your neck." Daverson gave a grin. "The tattoo of a Chinese character at the base of your hairline, the one you think to mean 'ambition,' I saw it when you overdid your hysterics. And I know that the symbol you have doesn't really mean 'ambition,' but '痴,' or 'silly,' which is what you are, if you think you could get away with this."

"I would have gotten away with it, too, were it not for you and your meddling detective skills," said Carmen through her gritted teeth.

"Well," said Jeanette, clapping her hands together. "Now that this is all settled, what was that I heard about dessert?"

Thus concludes "The Clock Strikes Deadly." Check out next week's **water tower** for more adventures of Grant Daverson: Ace Detective.



cat litter.



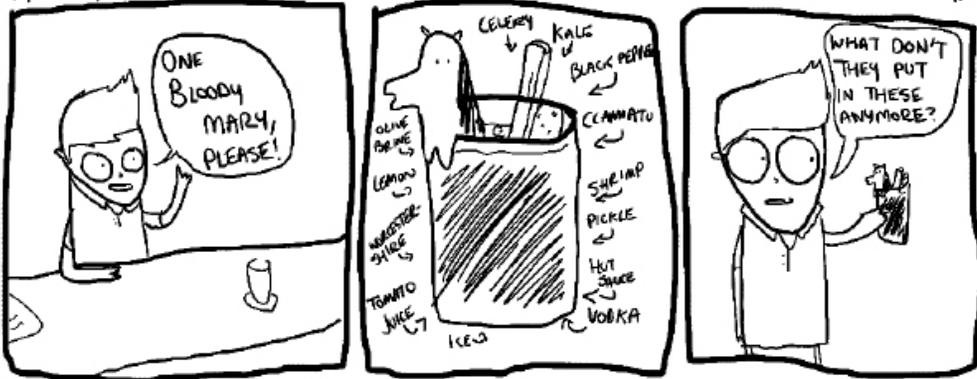
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A tiny horse.



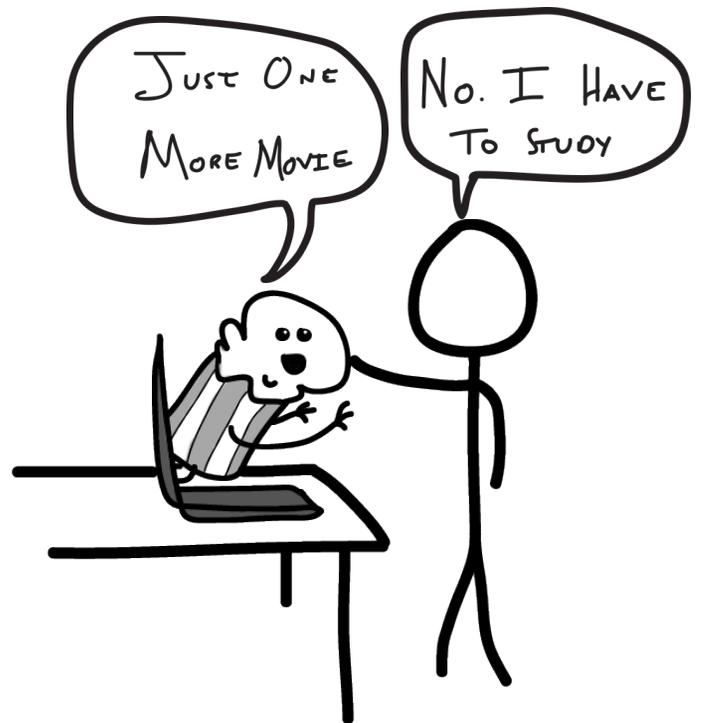
#17

A tiny horse.

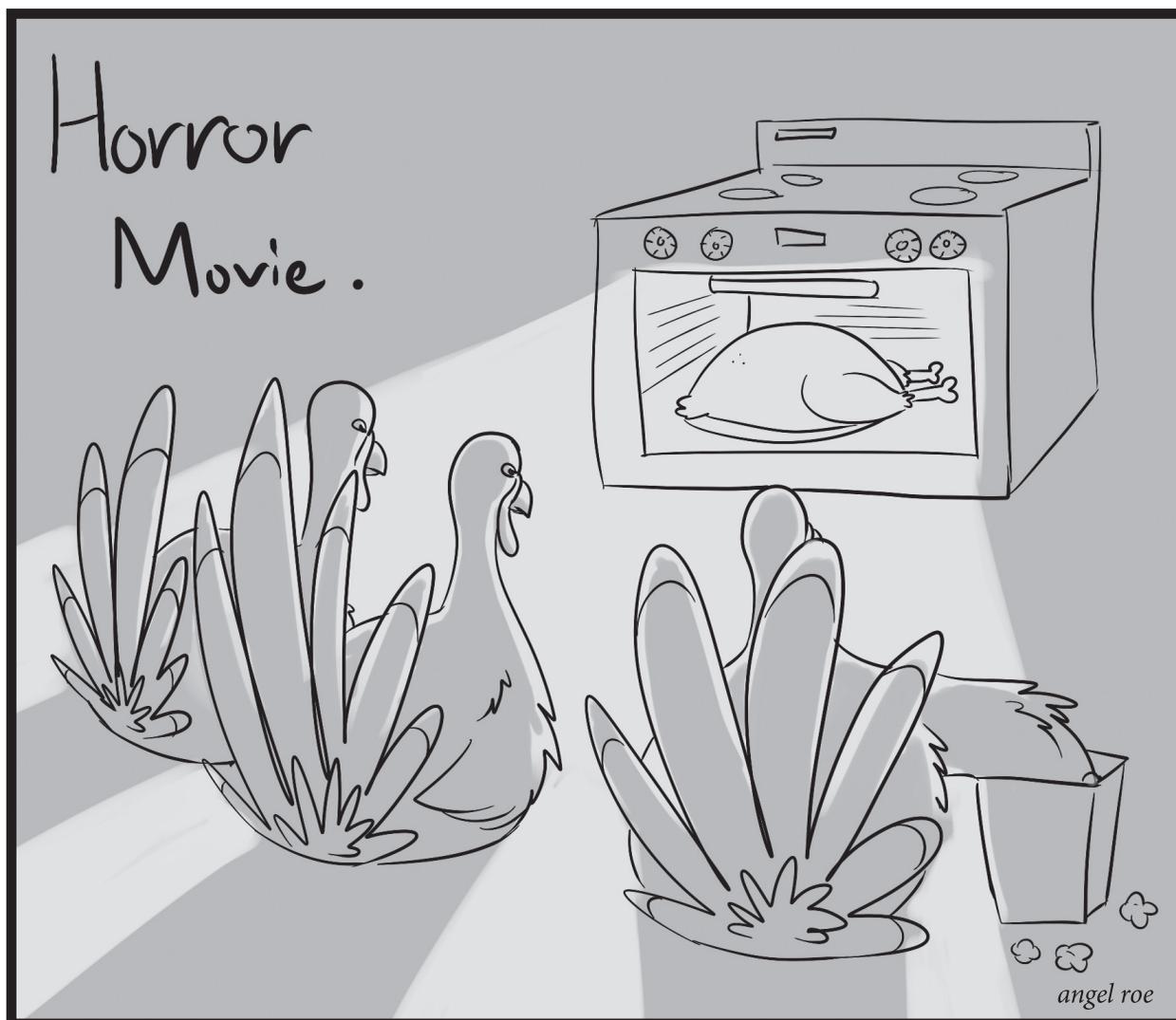


#18

leonardbartenstein



Popcorn Time will be the reason I fail my finals



angel roe

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