



the water tower.

uvm's alternative newsmag

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weed, man.



malcolm valaitis

what the new laws *really* mean

by phoebefooks

By now you've all probably heard enough about the recent election, especially from us. Now that the big day has come and gone, the majority of you hippies have exhaled your sighs of relief, and those who haven't have gritted their teeth, knowing that life will go on. It will. But as another result of the 2012 election, life may go on a little differently for residents of Colorado and Washington. Ah, now you know what I'm talking about. Weed, man.

So whether the message came through watching election night coverage, a Tweet from some news service that caught your eye, simple word of mouth, or via a Facebook status posted by your Internet-novice uncle (the first time the family has heard from him since he moved to Boulder after your grandma threw her cane at him for smoking weed in the church's bathroom at your cousin's wedding), most of us have gotten the memo that weed is now "legal" in two of our country's states. But hold on to your "fuck yeahs", fist bumps, and celebratory grav-bong rips for a hot second. What most of us haven't heard about are the true details behind these new laws, and what they will mean for the future of Mary

Jane's status in the US.

Both the new laws in Colorado and Washington will allow personal use of marijuana for adults aged 21 and older. With Colorado's Amendment 64, adults will be allowed to cultivate up to six plants at a time, possess up to one ounce at a time, and

the reality is that most voters, whether they condone the use of marijuana or not, want it to be regulated. they want police officers to focus their attention on *more serious crimes.*

give, not sell, up to one ounce to another adult. Washington's Measure 502 bears a similar framework but it will not permit people to grow their own cannabis plants until further legislation, aimed to be completed in about a year, is worked out. Even then, Washington adults will need to apply and pay for a license to cultivate plants. The unregulated sale of marijuana and its use in public will still be banned in both states, but what's notable is that the freedoms granted by these laws are not limited to in-state residents, but are granted visitors as well. Road trip anyone?

The actual fates of weed-smokers and growers in these states will be much less hazy after the legislation is certified (or not) on December 6th. This is where the federal government comes in to play, as marijuana is still considered a drug as addictive and dangerous as heroin in the eyes of Uncle Sam.

The Obama administration can choose to either let the states do their own thing or sue to stop the legislation. Even if the federal government decides to certify the new laws next week, Colorado is still half a year away from creating a framework for the controlled sale of marijuana, and Washington has nothing of that nature in its plans. It could be a year before we see pot shops like those in Amsterdam opening up in Rado. According to an article in Time magazine, economists are actually predicting that legalization could cause prices to rise, as strict legal growing restrictions would not allow supply to meet demand.

Giving Colorado and Washington their blessing would be bold move for the Obama administration, but may not be as far-fetched as one would think. Obama has endorsed decriminalization in the past, and the demographic behind those who

... read the rest on page 3

a *risk*-benefit analysis of holding in your bowel movements

by patrickmurphy

A few weeks back I found myself in quite the dilemma. It was around 9:30 am on a Thursday and I had to be across campus for a calculus test in half an hour. My morning routine had been pushed back by about one hour due to staying up till 3:00 am cramming equations and finishing some long overdue MyMathLab assignments. The problem with my morning routine, as I'm sure is true with those of many other people, is that I have crucial tasks to perform in order to set myself up for a productive day. The arguable keystone of my wakeup regimen would have to be my morning bowel movement. Usually taking place before my shower, and minutes after the initial roll out of bed, this action is my morning cup of joe. It helps me wake up and just gives me a moment to contemplate the events of the day to come. However, this fateful Thursday morning was rushed, and due to that I had to gauge the value of each task I would normally perform. By chance, I skipped my crucial poop.

Normally this would be a huge problem—for I just put off one of the most basic of human functions! As it turned out, the pressure and anxiety caused by the need to defecate made me finish my math test earlier than most of the class. As I left the class and hurried towards the bathroom on the second floor of Votey, I went over in my mind each problem and felt incredibly confident about my answers. In about a week's time I would learn that many of my classmates received scores below a ten on this 100-point test, and I got a B+. Now what was it that set me aside from my peers? Was it my study habits? Doubtful, since I crammed all of the material the night before. I give much of the credit to the fecal matter and urine floating around my system at the time.

This strange event made me recall an article I read about a year ago about people holding in their urine and then being tested on compounding interest and problems regarding self-control. The study found that people who are pressed to pee, on average, make better decisions with their money and also with self-control in general. So did this study apply to my situation? I think so. Although the study did not test the accuracy in educational testing of students having to urinate/defecate, I believe that their findings could be extrapolated as such.

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the best news team inbox in the universe.



Dear **readers**,

Alas, the blistering winds of November will soon yield to the even more blistering winds of December. You know what that means. Send us your best Beardvember, Movember, No-Shave November, (or whatever label you choose to describe hair grown in the eleventh month) photos, and we will judge them. We'll publish the sexiest, creepiest, steeziest, Russian-bear-iest photos in our last issue of the semester, and you'll have a chance at the everlasting fame you've been thirsting for. We'll leave you with this thought: "There is always a period when a man with a beard shaves it off. This period does not last. He returns headlong to his beard." - Jean Cocteau.

Onward,
James and Liz

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 georgeloftus

Ireland- Savita Halappanava was rushed to the hospital just a few weeks ago where she was diagnosed with a miscarriage. Her baby still had a heartbeat however, and the Irish doctors refused to terminate the pregnancy while it was still technically "alive" even though there was no means to save it/have a viable birth. Ireland, you're a developed country and it's 2012; pull your head out of your ass. This is not ok.

Black Thursday: More and more stars are trying to get a leg up on their competition by offering black friday sales earlier, even at 8pm on Thanksgiving night. What the hell? It's "Thanksgiving", not "ThanksforshoppingatWalMart...iving". This is ridiculous! Be with your family, people! Do you NEED to get a new tablet at 15% off? No. You don't need a tablet period. Appreciate your fucking family, you plebians.

Marvel NOW- in an effort to realign their comics with their successful movie franchises, Marvel is ending long-running series in favor of new number one issues, coming out sporadically between now and next February. Among the casualties? Ed Brubaker and Steve Epting's landmark 7 year run on Captain America, Matt Fraction and Salvador Larroca's 4 year run on The Invincible Iron Man (a series more like the movie than you'd ever imagine), and Brian Michael Bendis' 8 year run being the architect of everything Avengers, including New Avengers #1, the comic that got me into comics. It's the end of an era, and new creators certainly have their work cut out for them.

Contact- I just watched this movie again because I forgot how much it pissed me off the first time. Really? The alien is her goddamn father? FUCK YOU, JODIE FOSTER!

the news in brief with kerrymartin

"Israelis must realize that we don't accept this aggression...it could only lead to instability in the region and has a major negative impact on stability and security."

-**Egyptian President Mohammed Morsi** denouncing the Israeli government, before helping negotiate the ceasefire between Israel and the Hamas-controlled Gaza Strip. After eight days of fighting, causing six Israeli and 160 Palestinian deaths, the rocket fire have stopped, the issues remain unresolved, and each side waits for someone to break the awkward silence.

"You can imagine for somebody making \$25,000 or \$30,000 or \$35,000 a year, being told you're now going to get free health care, particularly if you don't have it... this is huge."

-**Mitt Romney**, in a post-election conference call, debriefing his unpopularity in demographics like Blacks, Latinos, and the youth. After months of denying his disregard for the poorest 47% of Americans, these people caused Romney's whole world to collapse, driving Mitt to accept his hubris and gouge out his own eyes with his flag pin.

"Morsi today usurped all state powers and appointed himself Egypt's new pharaoh. A major blow to the revolution that could have dire consequences."

-**Mohamed ElBaradei**, an Egyptian law scholar and Nobel Peace Prize laureate, brooding over President Morsi's power grab. Shortly after aiding in the Israel-Palestine ceasefire, Morsi declared himself immune from judicial oversight, demanded the retrial of his autocratic predecessor Hosni Mubarak, and purged the last Mubarak-era justices from his government. Steve Martin updated his "King Tut" dance to include goose-stepping.

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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**.

news ticker: Marine snails under threat in Antarctica.+++ Oklahoma judge sentences 17 year old to attend church for 10 years.+++ French village, Bugarach, preps for Mayan doomsday. ■

wake me when you need me: a **halo 4** review

by **georgeloftus** and **dannissim**

Dan's bit: The Halo franchise is one of the best-selling game franchises of all time. Since its launch in 2001, Halo games have reeled in over \$3 billion for Microsoft. The latest installment, Halo 4, made over \$220 million on launch day and looks to be the hot-seller this coming holiday season. To any non-gamers, Halo is known for two things: compelling storyline and rich multiplayer. At its core, Halo is about humanity's striving for survival and the war that ensues.

It's been over five years since we last picked up our controllers as Master Chief, and that's five years too long. I will just come out and say this: Halo 4 delivers in all aspects. There's more story, new characters, and more guns. We pick up the campaign with Master Chief just coming out of cryogenic sleep. Everything is upgraded in Halo 4: better visuals, new heads up display, and the game sounds simply orgasmic. Each falling bullet, each bouncing grenade, and each screaming gamer (oh wait, that's me) makes a unique sound captured masterfully by the team at 343 Industries.

This is the first Halo first person shooter (FPS) to be developed by a studio other than Bungie. I loved what Bungie did in defining the mold of the modern FPS, but I'm confident that the Halo mantle is safe with 343i. What we're seeing today is the back and forth between the Call of Duty franchise and the Halo franchise. Halo 4 has borrowed some of Call of Duty's features with loadouts and perk-like upgrades. I welcome this change and hope that these games will continue to one-up each other, creating better games for the players.

The campaign was short; my roommate and I beat the game on legendary in about seven hours. What we get with Halo 4 is a whole new world (literally). With the Forerunner planet—Requiem—there are both familiar textures and absolutely stunning new landscapes. Along the campaign you go through lush jungles, intricate alien structures, and gorgeous vistas. It feels like the same hold Halo, but this is a completely new experience. The storyline is game-changing—prepare to get mind-fucked about halfway in. The ending has the perfect mixture of drama and uncertainty leaving room for the next two games in the Reclaimer trilogy.

Multiplayer is more of the familiar—a lot more. Prepare to spend hours playing through games of old favorites such Slayer and Capture the Flag, as well as new modes such as Dominion and Flood.

Halo 4 will make its home in your disc

drive for the next few months because of the enormous amount of content 343i has packed into the game. There are a series of Easter eggs in the campaign that provide a back-story to the Forerunners; you have control over character customizations (armor, abilities, upgrades); and there is a new mode called Spartan Ops where each week 343i will release a new episode with five chapters and a cutscene to advance the story. The gameplay isn't very exciting, but the idea of continuous additional content has got me giddy as a schoolboy.

Halo 4 is every bit the game I was hoping for and then some. It's a good thing my first semester grades are high because you can say goodbye to homework for the next few weeks. Sorry for wasting your tuition money, Mom and Dad.

George's bit: Halo 4 shouldn't be as good as it is. Bungie developed and refined this modern, first person shooter over the course of four games. The only game that 343i developed before this one is a remake of the original, and even that wasn't much more than putting a new shade of paint on an old (awesome) shed.

But Halo 4 is that good. Not since Halo 2 has a game so completely enthralled me.

"the storyline is game-changing—prepare to get mind fucked about halfway in."

The story is top-tier. You'd think after six games in the series (Halo 1, 2, 3, 3: ODST, Wars, and Reach) that things could get a little stale, but they don't. This new chapter thankfully shifts the focus off of Master Chief and fully onto his best friend Cortana, my personal favorite character in the Halo saga.

The gunplay has been refined, the sounds rerecorded to perfection, and the level design is second to none. In no other first person shooter have vehicles worked so well, even in games where vehicles are a focus. I understand that Call of Duty: Black Ops II will undoubtedly sell the most copies of any game this year, but that's a shame: Halo 4 deserves more attention and praise than it's getting. The varying enemy types and three sets of weapons require more strategy than any other shooter out there, forcing the player to not just spray and pray, but genuinely think about his approach to every engagement.

Halo 4 takes every element of the series to date, refines it, and pushes it forward with a mastery you'd never expect from a technically unproven developer. With free DLC coming weekly to Xbox LIVE members and unlimited multiplayer as long as you pay your subscription, Halo 4 is the game that keeps on giving.

Verdict: Must Buy. ■

while you were out: a post-thanksgiving world update

by **jamesaglio**

Newsworthy events occur at roughly the same rate, whether or not UVM is in session. Thus, although last week was Thanksgiving and there was no **water tower** published, plenty happened that really ought to be talked about. So here's a little recap of some things that may have gone unnoticed as a result of either excessive amounts of gravy being consumed or the inexplicable media frenzy over the fact that Gangan Style is now the most watched and liked video on Youtube.

EGYPT

Egyptian President Mohammed Mursi has decreed that it is unlawful for any entity, particularly the judiciary, to challenge presidential authority. Mursi and his spokesperson say it is for the good of the Egyptians, but it also poses some pretty interesting obstacles to pretending Egypt is going to have anything resembling a democratic government. The Supreme Judicial Council has called for protests and Egyptians on both sides of the issue have begun to riot, as they are wont to do these days. Either way things end up, this provides a new plot twist to the continuing soap opera that is the Egyptian political revolution.

PAKISTAN

A suicide bomber detonated himself and several nearby children in Dera Ismail Khan. The Taliban has taken credit for the attacks, and claims there are 20 bombers currently dispatched throughout Pakistan. The attack, as with most Taliban attacks against Muslims, was targeted against Shia Muslims, who were in the midst of a religious festival at the time. Contrary to expectations, most of the victims were Sunni Muslims, but the Taliban does not seem too upset about that fact.

GAZA

The Israeli-Palestinian conflict has gone on for so many decades that, despite the fairly awful pretenses that both sides give for the conflict, the fighting is now more habitual than anything else. Hyperbole, obviously, but in the ongoing rhetoric, supporters of both sides tend to claim that one faction is right and the other is wrong, whereas the obvious conclusion that any reasonable person would draw from the evidence is that both groups behave atro-

ciously. Take the most recent episode: Israel assassinates Ahmed Jabari, the head honcho for the Gaza branch of Hamas, and then rockets are traded back and forth over a week long period. Now I watched a very upset representative of the Israeli government nearly cry on television while explaining that Hamas wanted to eradicate the Israelis, but it's difficult to take that at face value when you compare the civilian casualties, at least 90 dead Palestinians versus 4 dead Israelis. Now, reading those previous statements, one might be inclined to believe that I'm anti-Israel or pro-Palestine or whatever. The truth, however, is that the

"following events in gaza is like watching children run two governments. it's too bad these children have rockets."

Palestinians are also not looking to hot. Whether smuggling guns from Africa into Gaza or mounting violence against Israeli military personnel, it's difficult not to understand why Israel feels as threatened as it does. Following events in Gaza is like watching children run two governments. It's too bad these children have rockets.

THAILAND

In the past year it has been fashionable to focus on anti-government protests in Middle Eastern countries. But riots happen elsewhere in the world. Take Thailand, for instance, where a demonstration got disorderly enough that police fired tear gas into the crowd of 10,000 after an attempt was made by the protesters to breach the barriers. The protest, organized by a group called Pitak Siam, is attempting to force out the government of Yingluck Shinawatra. Interestingly, however, in addition to the usual claims of corruption et cetera, Pitak Siam also claims that Yingluck's government does not do enough to combat insults to the monarchy of Thailand. We become so used to the same old song of the people rising up against autocrats that it's a little refreshing to see them rise up in defense of one. ■

WEED -continued from page 1

support drug-law reform is surprisingly diverse. In Washington, 39 percent of republican voters and 45 percent of seniors voted in favor of Measure 502; Amendment 64 received 50 thousand more votes than Obama in Colorado.

The reality is that most voters, whether they condone the use of marijuana or not, want it to be regulated. They want police officers to focus their attention on more serious crimes, and with ounces of quality pot selling for as much as a share in Apple, they want the tax revenue. The reform's opponents claim that the drug's higher accessibility will lead to increased use among minors, who are now smoking more weed than ever before, according to a 2011 New York Times study. However, supporters say

that regulation would, in fact, shy dangerous "laced" strains of marijuana away from the hands of teens. Plus, legally putting pot on the same level as alcohol makes more sense than having the infinitely more deadly of the two closer to the hands of minors. Prohibition didn't work, blah blah—you've heard all the arguments.

To be blunt, Amendment 64 and Measure 502 are by no means a pipe dream for advocates of marijuana legalization, but they are certainly a step in the right direction. The decision to certify will be made next Thursday, December 6 and will show us how seriously, or not seriously, the federal government is listening to the changing opinions of the American electorate. ■

Special Thanks To
UVM Art Department Digital Lab

around town.



alternatives to city market: get your grub

by rebeccalaurion

I think it's safe to say the average UVM student has a massive hippie boner for anything to do with organic or all natural, local products. So it's no surprise that City Market downtown is as popular as it is, given that the Co-op practically screams eco friendly. However, at the risk of being shot in my sleep, I have to say that I find City Market a bit overrated. Not only are the products overpriced (I've heard the Co-op be fondly referred to as 'City Mark-Up, as well as 'Shitty Market'), but also in my experience comparable quality can be found elsewhere.

I totally understand the desire for environmentally responsible products with natural ingredients, believe me. But seriously, it's hella costly to live a totally green lifestyle, and City Market isn't helping. If you're looking for cheaper but still local and natural food, go to the Farmer's Market on the weekends. You're buying directly from the farmers, how can you not love that? Plus, there's more variety and

"it's hella costly to live a totally green lifestyle, and city market isn't helping"

some cool and unusual products that you can't find anywhere else. Don't believe me? Get your ass up on Saturday morning and try some maple syrup infused lemonade. I'm

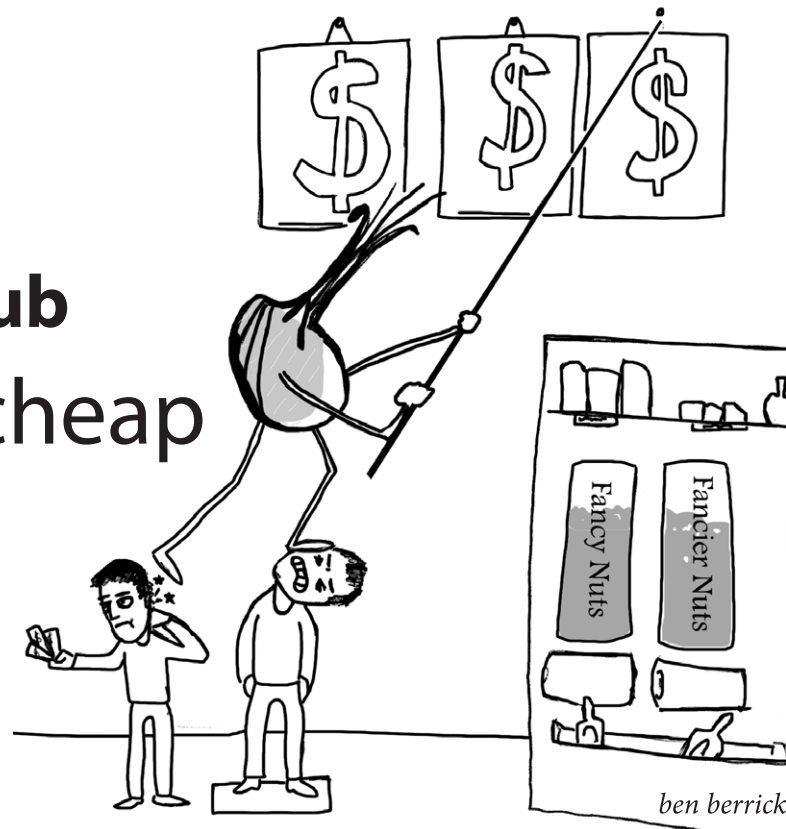
not kidding, it's amazing. And don't give me that "oh, but I'm tired," bullshit. They're open til early afternoon, and even have an indoor market during the winter. Just check out their website for the location.

But it's not just food. City Market offers all natural beauty products as well. I think it's great that unnecessary artificial materials don't have to be a part of your hygiene regimen, especially when it comes to cosmetics, lotions and soaps. But I have to be honest: I draw the line at deodorant and toothpaste. Newsflash: fluoride free toothpastes do nothing for your teeth, ask any dentist who didn't get their degree online. And all-natural deodorants do not work. They fade really fast, and you'll just end up a sweaty, smelly mess despite your efforts. Unless you have magical glands or something, in which case clearly this article isn't for you. But if you're a normal human being, walk the few extra feet to Rite Aid and save yourself a few extra bucks by picking up some Crest or Old Spice. You'll smell much better, and your wallet will thank you.

But if it's really irking you that you can't be as eco-friendly as you'd like with your shopping, try other ways, if your conscience so desperately needs to be soothed. Take shorter showers (but for god's sake make sure you're clean), turn the lights off when you really don't need them, and keep on composting and recycling. And don't forget to hug a tree once in awhile. They need love too.

Look, if you can afford to get your groceries at City

on the cheap



ben berrick

Market every week, go for it, I'm not going to stop you. But on a college student's budget, it simply isn't realistic. I'd love to be more eco-friendly, but it's just not possible, and unfortunately I have to go with the brand names at Hannaford just so I don't have to ration out grains of rice everyday. Every once in a while it's a great treat to grab a samosa or some tofu meals I can pop in a microwave, but for the most part I try to avoid City Market as much as possible, for the sake of my bank account if nothing else, even if it pains me to not be able to stock up on bulk granola week after week. I'm not saying the Co-op is evil or should be destroyed, far from it. I appreciate what they're trying to do; I just wish they were more affordable.

But until that happens, I'll just wake up early on Saturdays for chocolate croissants, and maple flavored everything. But I'll leave the cricket booth to the rest of you. ■

beardvember is almost over!

You might have seen some of these fierce facial formations (below) around campus in the last month. the water tower salutes you all, and reminds you to send in your beard photos for the annual Beardvember competition! Hit us up at thewattowernews@gmail.com, and the winners will be published in our last issue on Tuesday December 4.



caney demars

Stylin' Beards by benberrick



- 1: The Freshman
- 2: The Father Christmas
- 3: The Howie Mandel
- 4: The Lincoln
- 5: The Adrien Brody/The Snoop
- 6: Her Majesty's Mutton Chops
- 7: Grand Old 'Chops (G.O.C)
- 8: The Sam Elliot
- 9: The Creep (aka The John Waters)
- 10: The Fu Manchu
- 11: The Neckwarmer
- 12: Forked Fury
- 13: The Davy Jones
- 14: The Greek Fisherman
- 15: Uncle Touchy
- 16: Dapper Dangler
- 17: The Shitty Idea
- 18: Indecisive Lumberjack

move over, skinny pancake mr. crêpe is in town

by staceybrandt

Last Sunday afternoon, after waking up late with headaches and pits to fill in our stomachs, I strolled down Church Street in the company of two cohorts. I was experiencing what I would refer to as a "stubborn pallet". Wrestling with the existential question of Breakfast or Lunch as the sun sank deceptively low for 1pm (Really? Are we that close to the Arctic Circle?), I wisely suggested Brunch. One of my dining companions recalled a new crepe place (crêperie for you Français arrogants) at the end of Church Street, so we shuffled in that direction as fast as our hunger bodies could manage.

"Mr. Crêpe" is not only the namesake of the new crepe/espresso cafe, he is also the delightfully dandy crepe character smiling down from a humble sign out in front of the shop. The name Mr. Crêpe told me two things about my dining experience: first, that it will be relatively classy because crepe is spelled with the oh-so-French accent circumflex, and secondly being half-American (hence Mr. not Monsieur), my food will be less ridiculously priced. I was spot on.

Walking into the place, its striking cleanliness—all stainless steel and hard wood—made its "new kid" status incredibly apparent. Skeptical of how Mr. Crêpe (if that is his real name) would match up against his clear competitor and comparative old-timer, The Skinny Pancake, we grabbed some menus and seated ourselves. Scanning the choices, it felt as if a fat guy was slapping me in the face with a giant crepe over and over—and I enjoyed every second of it. Our eyes feasted on the plethora of crepes from

the sweetest variety laced with Belgian dark chocolate and strawberries to the savory "Super Crepes" packed with sausage, peppers, caramelized onions, and pepper jack cheese (cue uncontrollable salivation). And for you more sophisticated, crêpe connoisseurs there is a special "Gourmet" section boasting fillings of apple slices, grapes, and warm brie. Pair that with a glass from the beer and wine menu, and you can successfully pretend like you, a college student who unapologetically fiends off ramen, have some class and decency.

"it felt like a fat guy was slapping me in the face with a giant crepe over and over—and i enjoyed every second of it."

As if the extensive variety of preconceived crepe creations were not enough, I decided to create my own. Starting with the standard spinach, tomato, basil crepe, I bulked mine up with a crispy, omelet-style egg and sharp cheddar cheese. One friend went the gourmet route with chicken, pesto, spinach, and Swiss. My other, weight-conscience

companion decided on the homemade granola parfait with plain yogurt and fresh strawberries. When the food arrived I was pleasantly surprised that unlike the sparsely filled crepes served at the Skinny Pancakes (I guess they want their customers skinny as well), these crepes were much less weight conscious.

Significantly larger and thicker than a slice of a pizza, the nicely browned and mildly crispy cake folded around a generous portion of ingredients. The eggs inside my crepe were cooked perfectly and worked well with the sharpness of the cheese melted into sweet tomato chunks and fragrant basil. The contents were balanced nicely by a bed of spinach leaves. My partner's creation was loaded with tender chicken and a good smothering of garlicky pesto spread. Lastly, the homemade granola was crunchy and sweet with honey and coconut, but difficult to find under an overwhelming pillow of yogurt.

Upon casually clearing our dishes in the compost bin, I wished I had indulged in an espresso or croissant. The place was quite empty throughout our visit, but I predict the lines to be out the door once word gets out. If you want to eat French, but the portions are too wimpy for your American-sized appetite and the price is too hefty for your college-sized wallet, I would head over to Mr. Crêpe. You will find fairly priced food, big portions, and a clean atmosphere. In short, Mr. Crêpe's got it going on; The Skinny Pancake needs to step up its game. ■

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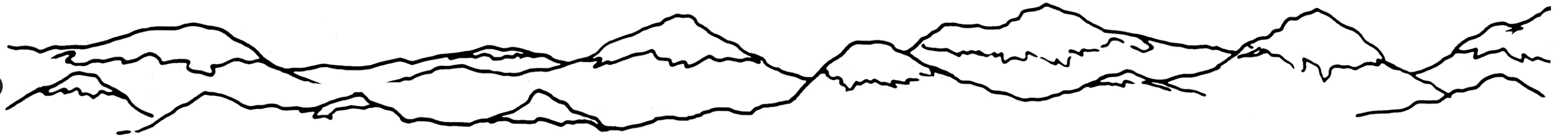
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reflections.



007

ben berrick

let the *skyfall*...

what's the future for bond?

by michaelstorage

The latest installment in the James Bond saga (Can we call a twenty-three film series a saga?) marks the second flick in a row to depart from Ian Fleming's original espionage series. *Skyfall*, however, succeeds where *Quantum of Solace* failed.

On a Saturday night, I cashed in on a free movie ticket and made my way to the very first row where my friends and I craned our necks to watch Sam Mendes' take on Bond. The Academy Award winning director of *American Beauty* did not disappoint. Combined with Daniel Craig's stylish yet refined style, *Skyfall* does a variety of new things for the Bond series. It introduces a young Q, exposes the aloof M16, brings into question the fate of M as the organization's historically unquestioned leader, and it explores the nature of evil in a way that no Bond movie has done before. One of its main strengths is the casting of Javier Bardem of *No Country for Old Men* as the villain, Raoul Silva. Here *Skyfall* takes a leaf out of *The Dark Knight's* book, in crafting a villain of substance, instead of just another forgettable supervillain. And did I mention

Adele sings the theme song...

Skyfall, however, does not remain without fault. I agree with critics that a series departing from Fleming's novels and devoid of significant cohesion cannot last. Bond movies tend to exist independently in and of themselves. Although this has been entertaining in the past, it will not

"it appears that the bond series has reached a damned-if-you-do, damned-if-you-don't situation that will inevitably end the franchise."

succeed in the future. Bond has also failed when attempting to continue plot across multiple movies, as shown by *Quantum of Solace*. It appears that the Bond series has reached a damned-if-you-do, damned-if-you-don't situation that will inevitably end the franchise.

Skyfall aside, Bond movies contain inherent problems. The most glaring of these is that they are formulaic. Viewers know

almost exactly the end result, and can rely upon a number of scenarios. For one, Bond will pull off dangerous stunts and always live. Unfortunately these scenarios are relatively unrealistic. *Skyfall* does not present an exception to the rule, and Bond undergoes several, including in the opening scene, in which he definitely should have died.

Secondly, Bond villains are characterized by fatalistic inaction. Bond will always be caught, and villains will always have the opportunity to kill him, but won't. Bond will escape and ultimately kill the villain. *Skyfall* is not as formulaic as what I have just described, however, Bond is captured at one point and once again should have died.

Altogether, *Skyfall* presents a fantastic installment in a doomed series. It does not top that of *Casino Royale*, but proves superior to many Bond movies of the past. If you like Daniel Craig in the Bond movies, I would also recommend the movie *Layer Cake*. Takeaway: if you like Bond movies, go see the newest, because it may present the franchise's final success. ■

if you wanna pass it with minimal pain. As far as urination goes, keeping your urine in for too long can cause a urinary tract infection.

So do the benefits outweigh the risks? I honestly have no fucking idea. When you got to go, you got to go. Holding in my poop/pee for that entire test was so nerve-wracking, even though I possibly made better decisions from it (seeing as I studied the same way for the next test and got a lower score). Psychologists do believe in the benefits of urine withholding so it's up to you. Go ahead and try to hold your pee in for your next test and see if your decision-making skills are noticeably altered. ■

and farting when you have to fart, so the validity of my suggestions are about as backed up as I am after eating a carnitas
"perhaps my human impulses were stunted by my urgent need to pee and i made more insightful decisions on my test"

Chipotle burrito with extra guac. Prolonged retention of fecal matter results in increased fluid absorption, which can lead to constipation. Gotta keep your shit moist

POOP -continued from page 1

Usually our impulse to make a decision on a test could be second-guessed or doubted, but when having to pee, the study found that we take just a little bit longer to evaluate our opportunities and make more intelligent long-term decisions. Perhaps my human impulses were stunted by my urgent need to pee and I made more insightful decisions on my test knowing that in the long run, it would be beneficial for me? It's entirely possible, and there's no study to date refuting my speculations, so I'm gonna go with it.

6 Holding in your excretions comes with risks as well. Gastroenterologists usually recommend pooping when you have to poop

the virtues of wine : parents love it, you should too

by kerrymartin

I remember the first time I ever drank Franzia. I was a junior in high school, nosing through rooms at my friend's house party, twisted and directionless, when I stumbled across a pair of my giggling companions. No sooner could I inquire where they had just swapped fluids when the girl extended to me a half-empty Solo cup, its industrial red plastic clashing with the crimson liquid inside. I sipped it and laughed.

"What is this shit, Manishevitz?"
"It's Franzia, shithead. The box is downstairs."

This shocked me for a number of reasons. Not only had I just gotten reprimanded for my inability to distinguish between two different sneakily alcoholic high fructose grape syrups, but I was also jarred by her use of "box" as a unit of measure for wine. I scoffed and left the couple alone, feeling classier. Did I get laid that night? Not important.

But I can't remember the first time I ever drank wine. In a way, I've soaked in it my entire life. To this day, my mom gives me enough grief about the nine months she carried me in her womb that I have no doubt there were days when Embryonic Kerry kicked Mom's uterus hard enough to make her go home and pour herself a healthy glass of Chardonnay. And once she popped me out, two weeks later than expected, then it was time to blow off some steam. But Baby Kerry cried enough that it was in all our best interest for her to turn her breast milk into a Merlot Float.

"Kerry, stop."
"I'm only being real, Mom."

Seriously, though, my parents are proud winos. Perhaps it's their Midwestern heritage: fine wine was a much-needed reminder that there are brighter places on Earth than the American Midwest. Wine's longevity has always made it a feat of globalization, because unlike perishable potables, a bottle of the good stuff can make it around the world and back and actually get tastier. That's why two lovers in Chicago can share a glass of Zinfandel and dream of sunnier places where they might honeymoon, instead of the familiar, rainy place they call home.

"Yes, sir, this right here is our local red, made with grapes from Detroit and aged right down the road at the Robert Taylor Homes."

"Oh yes, mmm, that's really quite nice. It's dry, earthy, almost sweaty, with that coarse, diesel aftertaste that hangs on the back of your pallet. Magnificent!"

Pinpointing where a wine is from can be as simple or as complicated as identifying where a man or woman is from. Sometimes it's easy: after driving up and down rolling hills under the nourishing sun, forgetting yourself as you fall into the panoramic portrait of a vineyard, you might find yourself at a quaint wine tasting, sampling whites and reds at temperature and setting in which they ought to be served, breathing the fragrances of the grapes the wines came from and the oaken casks they grew up in. When you look further than your local liquor store, it becomes easy to draw a connection between the wine and the land. Even when you drive away

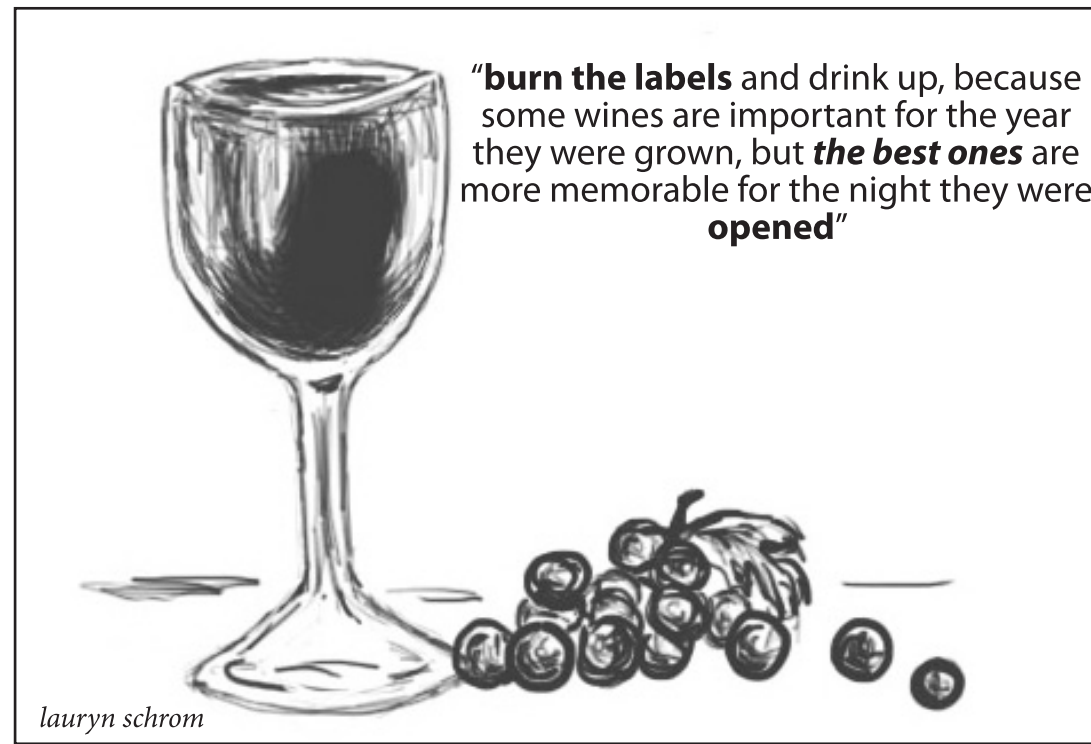
or mastery (or pedantry); it can be light-hearted and social, a casual chat between men, women, and a bottle. A sweet Riesling to wash down a picnic of bread, cheese, and peaches in a mountainside meadow with fragrant wildflowers, mating dragonflies, and a view to match your date. Or a jug of rich Rioja passed around a group of young stowaways, taking deep swigs and sharing long stories as they ride atop a boxcar that spews steam and chugs along under the infinite stars. Burn the labels and drink up, because some wines are important for the year they were grown, but the best ones are more memorable for the night they were opened, and the company that got to enjoy them.

"Do you remember our senior prom, when you and I escaped the dance and shared that bottle of wine in the middle of our empty football stadium, cuddling on that blanket and trying to guess what facial expressions the moon was making?"
"Ye a h , but do you remember what else we did on that blanket?"
Now we're in college, and apart from this Franzia stuff I mentioned,

wine is relatively absent from our lives. The steady stream of Rolling Rock, Admiral Nelson's, and Natty Lite blend the nights together, and we've learned to rely on our friends to keep each moment distinct and precious. When I go home, my family greets me with good food and better wine to wash it down, but I let the moments slip by, knowing I'll get my fair share of family dinners before I expire. But living in a big house with all your friends, whether it's closer to Pearl Street Bev or the Grundle, is a joy and a privilege that often goes underappreciated. Your grandparents didn't get you that corkscrew for graduation so you could stick it up your ass. We're all here, now. It's time to celebrate.

"Kerry, who would even think to stick their corkscrew up their ass?"
"That's not important right now, the night is young, and those bottles aren't empty yet." ■

But drinking wine doesn't demand dedica-



"burn the labels and drink up, because some wines are important for the year they were grown, but the best ones are more memorable for the night they were opened"

we aren't *children* anymore: a response to sagebierman's, "adults? i think not"

by rebeccalaurion

It's no secret that college students aren't the most mature beings on the planet. I get proof of this every time I leave my room on the weekends or just whenever the sun goes down on any day of the week. It's this weird sort of vampirism where students are zombies during the day and turn into obnoxious drunken idiots at night. In related news, I'm becoming a hermit.

But taking that into consideration, it's a bit much to claim that we aren't adults. I actually know a good amount of students who would certainly fit the general idea of what an adult should be. Honestly sometimes I'm concerned that my roommate is actually thirty years old, because that girl has her shit together—it's hella intimidating. But she's not the only one. Plenty of us are holding down jobs with regular hours every week (and for awhile I was one of these people, until my GPA decided to jump off a roof). For the most part, however, school is our full-time job. And I doubt you could find someone on campus that would think it's an easy gig.

On top of maintaining a GPA that will hopefully prevent homelessness and trying not to get food poisoning from the Grundle, tons of us are currently or planning to move off campus. And in case you didn't know, that's a huge deal. It entails entering a financial contract where if you don't pay the rent or you punch a hole in the wall, that shit's going to follow you around anytime you try to get a home in the future. This also means learning to budget (not just for weed and booze), making and providing your own food and paying for things like electricity and heating, which we've never had to worry about before. Mum and Dad may be help-

ing to pay, but if you fuck it up, it's your fault. No matter whether you're living on or off campus, Mum and Dad simply aren't there to hold your hand anymore.

And when it comes to relationships, I'll definitely agree that college students don't take them very seriously a lot of the time. But I know plenty of couples that have been together for years, even before college began. Sure, there is a prevalence of casual fondling, given that we live in a culture that promotes hooking up, but there are plenty of mature, committed relationships to balance them out.

According to a recent study by The American College Health Association National College Health Assessment, about 52 percent of the participants were

in a relationship, and about half the participants had reported having 'hooked up' in the past month. If this survey is to be believed (and I'm definitely going to because it totally backs me up), then it seems there are just as many, if not more, students on college campuses who aren't just bumpin' uglies at every opportunity.

So yeah, I get it. We can be immature, whiny little bitches sometimes, but how many adults do you know who act responsibly and professionally one hundred percent of the time? Besides dentists, those poor sods. But to claim that we're glorified teenagers living in a bubble is to undermine the maturity we have reached. I don't know anyone who feels like they haven't changed at all in terms of maturity and responsibility since high school. We're in a state of transition, yes. But we're far closer to the adult end of the spectrum than the teenager, and not just because our lives more often than not would earn an R rating. ■

"how many adults do you know who act responsibly and professionally one hundred percent of the time? besides dentists"

advertisement

One night two boys were camping they had two grilled cheeses they were about to eat it and the grilled cheeses came to life and the two boys were never seen again one day they rised and curse the world for ever!!!! the end ... or is it?



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fashion five-oh.



winter fashion face off: style battles of the holiday season

by lizcantrell

When the weather outside is frightful, your outfit better be delightful. Seriously, when it's colder than a mother-in-law's love outside, you better put some thought into your wardrobe, because you don't want to join in the holiday festivities looking your worst (plus, there's always an opportunity for part deux with a high school hookup. Eek.) You know you gotta look good, but the question is how, because there are many perennial debates when it comes to foul-weather wear, and you've got to take a stance. Here's a breakdown of the basic choices:

Mittens vs. Gloves

Fuck mittens. Who wears mittens? Those kids in A Christmas Story wear mittens, but one of them was stupid enough to stick his tongue to a pole in December in Indiana. Don't be that kid. Wear gloves. While mittens do have the advantage of keeping your fingers close together for warmth, who wants their dry, scaly fingers rubbing up against each other? Plus, you can't grab anything while wearing mittens, so there goes any chance of getting your paws on a coffee mug, a snowball, or your hookup's hand. Gloves solve both of these problems, separating your dead-skin winter claws and giving you dexterity to get shit done.

Puffy Coats vs. Peacoats

While peacoats are flattering and timeless, they generally don't have the warmth of the tight bubble-wrap puffy coat. Save your peacoat for non-snowy days when the temperature creeps above freezing (haha, above freezing. Nice joke, Vermont) and invest in a longer coat with adequate wind and snow protection. You can jazz it up with a cinched waist, or opt for one with a built in belt, if you're looking for an ounce of sex appeal, but this is one of those fashion choices you just have to swallow, and look forward to spring when you can flaunt your bod once more.

Uggs vs. Legitimate Boots

No brainer. Uggs, with their deceptively enticing name, are... ugly. And not warm. And they don't repel any form of water descending from the sky. Uggs are about as useful as video stores in the wake of Netflix or an abacus, post-Mesopotamia. Sack up, and put the 7th grade fashion to rest: you need some real boots. You can get creative with some with fur doodads and other cutesy shit, but remember that quality, warmth, and comfort are key, so stay away from anything moccasin-esque. Your super stylish knit boots won't cut it when you're sloshing through the snowpocalypse sidewalk between the Davis Center and Bailey Howe.

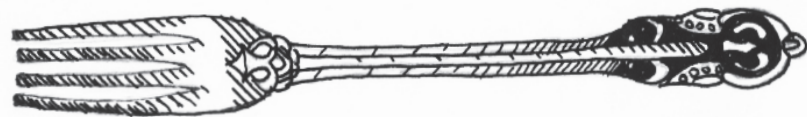
North Face v. Patagonia

As a non-skier/snowboarder, I can't offer any advice in terms of shredding preference, but I can say that both brands are obviously quality. These peeps know what they're talking about (Patagonia's one of the coldest places in South America, for shit's sake). Honestly, this one's a personal call, like Duracell vs. Energizer, or William vs. Harry. Pick a brand and stick to it, you probably won't be disappointed.

Ugly Holiday Sweater vs. "Vanilla" Sweater

Yes holiday sweaters are kitschy, but that's the point. Where's your sense of adventure?! Be-dazzled reindeers, felt snowmen, appliquéd Santas, "Seasons' Greetings" stitched on the front: bring it on. Don't get me wrong, I'm all for traditional Fair Isle and a nice herringbone motif (very Aspen-chic), but it's like what Kristen Cavallari said, in reference to sex with Brody Jenner, "it was very... vanilla, if you will." Do YOU want to be Vanilla Brody? No. Get your freak on and appreciate the gaudiness of a classically ugly sweater. ■

fork it over.



a wish to bone:

the awesome power of the furcula

by jamiebeckett

As a good American I can safely assume that you not only voted but that you ate a grand thanksgiving feast like the rest of us last Thursday. Your plates were piled high with stuffing and mashed potatoes, sweet potatoes and green beans; plus you probably had a dank ass turkey too.

Aww the succulent bird, whose breast is juicy and legs ever so tender, is the rightful center piece of one of America's greatest holidays. The leftovers are gone now, but hope

is not lost. Some people are in such a rush to go out and buy useless shit on Black Friday that they forget the most important part of the bird: the furcula.

The furcula, also known as a wishbone, is the forked bone that birds possess between their shoulders. This bone is necessary for flight, particularly in the recovery stroke, as it helps hold the bird together from the rigors of flight. Not that our turkeys can fly, or



"the bone must be removed from the carcus and dried, preferably while a shaman chants, but that's not required."

do much of anything really, since their lives were probably spent locked up in a pen like a lot of our poultry. It's cool though, because Obama pardoned one bird and Disney is going to take care of it during its happy and full life.

Back to the point: if you saved your wishbone after Thanksgiving you have done yourself a great favor. Since the first Thanksgiving turkeys have been blessed with magical powers. Why else do you think Benjamin Franklin suggested the bird as our nation icon? The power of the turkey lies within the wishbone. The wishbone from a turkey who

was sacrificed to sustain Americans on Thanksgiving has the power to grant one wish. In order for this to happen, the bone must be removed from the carcus and dried, preferably while a shaman chants, but that's not required. Then after a few days have been allotted and the bone is, well, bone dry, two people must face off.

Each holds an end of the forked bone and concentrates on their one wish. Each person then pulls, snapping the bone, and the person with the top part intact wish shall be granted (sorta). Those whose desires and dreams are most pure often win.

Please note that wishbones have their own limitations similar to genies. That is to say that you can't wish for anyone to love or make love to you. You can, however, wish for copious amounts of alcohol and poor decisions, so I'm sure your intentions are pure. Personally, I would rather wish for something much more practical, like proof of sasquatches' existence, or an underwater narwal adventure. The truth is that wishbones are magical and probably the coolest, if not the least understood, part of Thanksgiving. Next year during turkey time, arm yourself with a nice lean wishbone, and let the games begin. ■

trash.



i want you so bad

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

Hey Sports Psych girl,
were you talking to me?
I've got the hair, red shoes, and do tris;
I don't know who else it could be.

Right now I do not have any idea who you are.
You should reveal yourself, or this talk won't go far.
I'll admit some lines were a bit provocative, but it certainly made for a sexy narrative.
All that talk about your pectoralis and gluteus has me thinking about a meeting between the two of us
I'm not coming to Trinity; that place does suck.
But come to the Stone, and there we can... chill ;)

When: last week
Where: in nutrition
I saw: your poem
I am: curious who you are

They may say your words are Explicit
Crude
Illegal
Sexual harassment
But I can't help but be serenaded
When I see you on the street
I pause my ipod in secrecy
Just to be entertained by your raps
I only wish I knew for sure that you are definitely not dangerous
Because I want to be your friend
And maybe someday get married
When: i'm lucky
Where: the streets
I saw: A hot loaf of Kornbread
I am: a sweet girl who loves bad boys

We've got a desire.
You're the man who lights our fire.
Tall, thin, and fly in a suit,
Our burning passion is hard to refute.
You may think we've just flirted,
But it's the truth of the matter asserted.
For 702, we've laid the foundation.
Now it's time to start fornication.
Excited utterance is right,
We'll have you screaming all night.
It's our recorded recollection:
With you, we prefer not to use protection.
We hope our attraction,
Drives your subsequent action.
We want our kids to call you dad,
Because we want you so bad.
Lezbihonest,
With us, you can hug every cat.
When: The rest of our lives
Where: The Well
I saw: Big Pimpin'
I am: Strong

When I first arrived I was unable to put on a smile
I counted down the days til I returned home; meanwhile
I slowly grew well acquainted with you
and you enlightened me to get over that issue
we were friends from the start
and I can't believe it'll soon be time to part
I'll move on to something new,
while you stay here and drink all your brew
I'm scared to try with you
for the reason of two:
you're my friend
and I don't want to see that end
and with little time and being unsure with what goes
through your mind
I really don't want to be declined
we hook up here and there
but I don't want to be just another affair
I really can't tell you this in person
so I'll be waiting for you to take some action

I saw: a dear friend
I am: a fish in the sea

you're an a RA
and I think your super BA
you may be quiet
but you make my heart riot
I've hooked up with boys on your floor
but I swear I'm not a whore
plenty of girls want your dick
but I'm the one you should pick
You live in Jeanne Mance
I think we should get to know each other without any pants.
When: Around the Manor
Where: Front desk
I saw: a sexy man
I am: available

I say kill your darlings to keep the writing on track,
Bravado, buxom and brown,
I can't scrap any of that.
No need to reevaluate, you got it goin' on,
I hear you spewing and singing lines,
But all I'm thinking about is the thong...
On your foot, caught between second and hallux,
My mind races in all courses,
Attributed to the effervescent parallax.
Did that rhyme? Nah, though I focus on the sound.
The meaning is in the intent, the inflection,
All sense of misdirection.
Did I mention the curly locks? The quality that attracts me best,
I can't explain, don't refrain, what's on the surface must remain
In order for me to see beneath,
Like those thongs on your feet,
So let's kick it in the back of the stage,
And dance away, frolicking behind those actors sub-par
Nic Cage.
When: NO NOT THE BEES AHHHH
Where: MY EYES MY EYES AHHHH
I saw: a Tussling Thespian
I am: the Tarzan of Twang

You called me a good girl
You said I'm naive
But you shouldnt be shouldnt be so quick to perceive
My thoughts about you are a little frightening
Dirty, kinky, yet so delighting
I fantasize about our little fling
No clothing involved but maybe a sex swing
I want to touch your hot and sweaty body
Seductively whisper, make you feel godly
And i know you've contemplated kissing me sober
Do it. Its been since October.
Ill leave this poem saying it wasn't the only one
Ive have write two since nothings been done
And since the first, yes we've hooked up
But i want another chance to really show you what sup
Where: Anatomy, Brennans, The Gym, Your House
I saw: Sassmaster
I am: Missy

the ear

overheard a conversation in b-town?
was it hilarious? dumb? inspirational?
tell the ear and we'll print it.
uvm.edu/~wafertwr/ear.html

Da fishbowl

Student: Well, I think you're on cocaine.

WDW front desk

Aspring mathematician: there is a 97% chance that I had sex 7 days in a row

Old Mill

Man: A hurricane went through Sesame Street...

Concerned Women: Oh no...

Man: ...on the latest episode.

Concerned Women: Wait...where is Sesame Street?

Class

Professor: ... the overlap between sex and death.

Student (quietly): my favorite overlap.

Fishbowl

Latino Guy: I don't know why rich people get media rooms and unnecessary things like that, I would rather have rooms for bondage play and stuff.

White Guy: What the hell?

Latino Guy: Don't judge me.

Atrium Chairs, Davis Center

Guy: My burrito intake has gone up 300% since coming to college.

UVM Redstone Lofts

Girl 1 to Girl 2: It's so weird coming here and not drinking!

Lafayette T/Th Religion 20

Professor: "navel...it's the scholarly term for belly button"

Outside Morrill Hall

Girl: Do you think I could get your Anthro notes before class?

Guy: Sure, no problem.

Girl: This is why we are such good friends!

Guy: I'm pretty sure I proved that by not sleeping with your roommate.

Learning Co-Op

Girl 1: I'll give you a hint, you have to press the on button

Guy 1: I know but Steve Jobs likes to hide it

Wednesday morning, near the Davis Center tunnel

Guy 1: I need a fancy shirt for tomorrow.

Guy 2: Dude, you're going to Chili's.

Guy 1: Yeah, but I haven't seen my uncle in a while. I don't wanna look like a slob.

Guy 2: I'm telling you, just wear sweatpants, man.

Homestretch before Thanksgiving break

Girl 1: I literally can't fucking wait for break. As soon as I get home, I'm just gonna get high and watch Pride and Prejudice.

Girl 2: And play with the baby! The little baby's eyes will be so adorable!

Lafayette, 3rd floor

Professor: Is your question about butt meat?

Davis Center, third floor in front of the bookstore

Boy 1: There's this restaurant in China...

Boy 2: You have SEX with the dog and then EAT it? In CHINA?!

Walking by the Marche

New York Giants fan: The thing with history, dude, is that it is conceptually straight forward

The Lofts

Very concerned guy 1 to guy 2: I have a grey arm hair!

remember to check out the overflow on the blog!
thewatertower.tumblr.com

tunes.



good kid, m.A.A.d. city:

a welcome voice in hip/hop

by michaelstorace

The Hip/Hop genre needed a game changer, and Kendrick Lamar establishes himself as that defining force with his third and best album, *good kid, m.A.A.d. city*. Hip/Hop is a genre that is presently characterized by mediocrity, and it is overshadowed by names such as 2 Chainz, Flo Rida, Pitbull, and Nicky Minaj (don't even get me started on the white rappers). Kendrick Lamar, however, has proven himself as a skilled rapper with the ability to rise above his peers.

With *good kid*, Lamar shows a legitimate growth from his first two albums with a third cd that proves to be a singular cohesive unit, not just a series of singles. Lamar explores a religious theme as he paints a picture of his childhood growing up in Compton, California, the notoriously ghetto city made famous by N.W.A. Dr. Dre, founding member of the rap supergroup, features

"Lamar shows legitimate growth from his first two albums with a third cd that proves to be a cohesive unit, not just a series of singles."

on the album to return to the commentary on the city of southern California. The religious theme comes forward throughout the album, as Lamar says "I am a sinner and I'm probably gonna sin again," and "Lord God I come to you a sinner...and thank you Jesus for saving us with your precious blood."

The album also features clips of prayers, and Lamar uses the concept of religion as the salvation for those growing up in Compton. There is much to escape from, and Lamar posits alcoholism as the main threat to the people of his neighborhood. He uses the songs "Drank" and "Sing about Me, I'm Dying of Thirst" to explore the concept of alcoholism.

The album is interspersed throughout with voice clips of Kendrick's mother, father and childhood friends, and these clips instantly bring to mind Notorious B.I.G.'s *Ready to Die*. The two rappers have very divergent styles, however, and Kendrick Lamar mixes club beats with often times quick biting lyrics. Another apparent similarity of the album is to that of the great Kanye West. The song "Backseat Freestyle" calls for "money and power" and parallels the content and style of "Power" on *My Beautiful Dark Twisted Fantasy*. The comparisons do not stop there, however, and *good kid, m.A.A.d. city* features the twelve minute song "Sing About Me, I'm Dying of Thirst," that is exploratory in nature, much like "Runaway" off of *Twisted Fantasy*.

If you are a fan of hip-hop and rap, you should listen to this album. With this "city", Lamar establishes himself as one of the leading artists in the genre along with Kanye (despite the atrocious *Good Music Cruel Summer*), Frank Ocean and The Roots. ■

rob schneider standing over the dead body of another rob schneider:

dan deacon's show at higher ground

by phoebefooks

If you ever get the opportunity to see Dan Deacon perform live, I'm telling you right now to cancel whatever could possibly be in your way and go to that fucking concert. Seriously, I would consider rescheduling my own wedding for that man. Fortunately though, I had no plans on tying the knot last Sunday and this was when the Dan Deacon ensemble graced Higher Ground with their presence. The Ensemble, along with two excellent opening bands and hilarious comedian Alan Resnick (he preformed a comedy bit with his own personally created avatar), rocked the mismatched socks, condom beanies, and oversized frames off of every hipster that showed up at the Showcase Lounge—the most intimate and my personal favorite of the Higher Ground Venues.

Even before I attended this show I had heard that Dan Deacon was known for putting on a memorable performance, consisting of much more than standing on a stage and playing music for a crowd of awkwardly swaying twenty-some-things. But wait, isn't that what hipster concerts are? Not this one. Dan Deacon is an electronic artist, neither the kind that gets overly praised by Pitchfork, nor the kind that causes the Burlington police to show up at frat houses, but the kind of artist that makes people go nuts dancing.

After the opening acts cleared the stage, the Dan Deacon crew began to set up, the exodus of smokers ensued, unmarked hands lined up at the bar, and chatter filled the venue. Higher Ground was playing background music that eventually gave way to a classic, Queen's "Bohemian Rhapsody". As the song progressed, the lights slowly dimmed, the volume grew, and more and more of the crowd began singing along. Mama, ooooh... Any way the wind blows...

At the end of the song, the lights once again illuminated, revealing Dan and his ensemble on stage and ready to melt our faces. Before they began he offered a little ditty about being held up at the Canadian border earlier that day—a topic almost always guaranteed to elicit laughter. Then, Dan had everyone hold up their left hand and kneel down the ground as he preambled his performance with some spiel about Rob Schneider standing over the dead body of another Rob Schneider... yeah. They then began to play, and even during the first song, people were jumping and getting funky.

After the second, Dan commanded that we step it up a notch. He asked us to form a giant circle in the middle of the room, and called out two audience members to be

the first participants in a "dance contest" to take place in the circle. They were to dance for about twenty seconds then grab someone else to replace them. This evolved from just two people in the circle to a whole mob of Bernie-ing, shimmying, skanking, jumping, and in general people moving however their bodies however the fuck they want. Hippie crap, you may scoff, but I'm telling you it was so goddamn fun.

A few songs later, Dan divided the dance floor in half. He instructed one side to mimic the dance moves of his brother and the other half to follow the lead of his friend. The effect was really cool, not only in mimicking the person we were supposed to follow, but also watching the other

side of the room doing something completely different. After this, Dan had us form a tunnel by joining hands in London bridge fashion. The tunnel grew and eventually wrapped around the outside of the building and back in the side door as people ran through and joined hands on the end. Dan was sure to thank Higher Ground for actually letting us do this, as many venues unsurprisingly laugh at the very suggestion.

Shirt drenched with sweat, feet beginning to ache, and head spinning, I danced my heart out well through the end. During one of the last songs

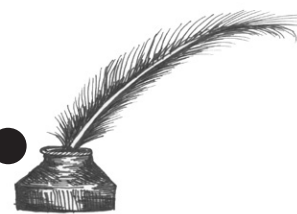
Dan had us utilize the smartphone app they created (admittedly the least-hipster thing they could have done, said so by Dan himself), which synced up with the music as it played. Users held up their phones, the screens changing colors concurrently colors as Dan rocked. The band hung out afterwards, taking pictures, singing records, and chatting with fans, as clips from *Seinfeld* played on the projector behind the empty stage; I always respect bands that refrain from the pretentiousness of disappearing after a show.

So in case I haven't yet convinced you to attend any Dan Deacon concert within your reach, I'll top my argument off with some numbers. The ticket was fifteen dollars, much lower than what I typically see people offering for Higher Ground shows via Facebook groups, and the number of people in the audience was optimal, perhaps around eighty—it was intimate but not awkward. Unfortunately by the time this article will be published, Dan Deacon's tour future locations are all far south of the Mason-Dixon line, however that doesn't mean he won't possibly be popping up on line-ups for musical festivals next summer. Keep your eyes peeled, your ears jammin', and should you actually end up at a show, your feet ready to move. ■



julianna roen

créatif stuffé.



sometime in early november

by dylanmccarthy

The young man stared at the door to the boy's restroom like he was reading a tombstone. He leaned backwards and looked down the long white hallway; no one was around. He gently opened the door, and slid into the restroom, silent as the squeaking linoleum allowed.

On his way to the stall the young man caught a glimpse of himself in the mirror—couldn't resist. Pale, frail, greasy hair, needy looking. He walked into one of the two stalls and locked the door. The young man took a seat and began to take in the stall's graffiti. "Erin Loughner gives toothy blowjobs," "Richie Snowden deserved it," a large, almost too well done, drawing of a penis. The young man pulled out a worn, pencil written loose-leaf flyer with the words "THE HALLWAY HERO" scribbled in bold at the top. He gave the stall wall a series of rhythmic taps.

"Fishy Fishy Cross My Ocean" said the other stall. "Ah! Who's there?"

"Relax man, didn't you ever play that game as a kid?" "Is it like Marco Polo?"

"Not exactly." "Red Rover?"

"Now you're getting it." A brief silence followed, and then the voice started again, sounding annoyed. "So surely it was no coincidence, and you intended to make that specific rhythm?"

"Yes." "Then why have you requested an audience with me?"

"Wow, so it's really you then," the young man looked down at the flyer "you're the hallway hero?"

"What?"

"Yeah, I thought these flyers were all just jokes, but—"

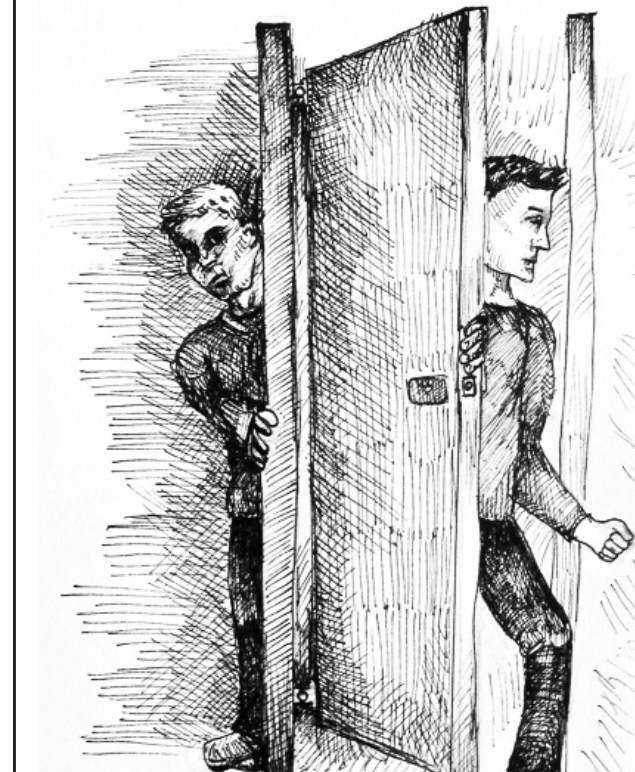
"Slide that paper my way." The young man did as he was told.

In the other stall the lanky, snarky, but kind-hearted senior, Nate Nancy, pondered why he wrote these in pencil. But he smiled wide when he saw his handwriting, the bold words, "The Hallway Hero" at the top of the page. He slid the sheet of paper into the other stall, careful to let his hand be visible.

"So you'll really help anyone?"

"So long as they're free of malicious motive."

"Eh?"



katharine longfellow

"My job is to prevent teen suicide within the school, but there are a lot of ways to realize that."

"I guess. Say, what's your real name?"

"No can do, amigo."

"Why not? I'd at least like to know the name of the person I'm about to open up to."

"You've got it wrong, anonymity is the crux of my position. Me and everyone else who came before me swore to keep their identity anonymous so kids will feel totally unbiased towards us. It's hard to trust people these days, but I'm a wall of trust. If I told you my name, that would crumble. Now, do you want my help or not? If I'm not back soon that substitute will write me up."

Nate could hear the young man trembling. He thought, "Who the hell sent him my way?"

"Well," started the young man "it was the first Tuesday of the school year. Sweet Tapioca Tuesday. I convinced one of the workers to give me extra. But when I finished paying someone shot his foot out in front of me, and I went down. The only thing that stopped my head from cracking open was my pudding. But there was so much of it and I couldn't wipe it all off before I stood up. The whole cafeteria started chanting 'Bukkake Boy' over and over. I've never cried so hard in my entire life."

"Jeez, that is awful. But what do you want me to do? You're still alive, don't seem to want to stop. This doesn't fit my job description, surely whoever sent you my way told you that."

"No, the person who sent me your way told me you're karma itself. The one that makes the bad pay and lets the good go free. They told me you'd kick that guy's ass, or at least embarrass him."

In the other stall Nate smiled and blushed while shaking his head. He certainly didn't think that was the case, but he did have quite the ego.

"Say, kid, you ever hear about what happened at our high school's very first graduation ceremony?"

The young man thought for a moment "Yeah! Wasn't there a mass suicide?"

"The entire graduating class killed themselves. 200 lives gone in an instant, and ever since that year, there's been one of us. One senior each year makes sure nothing like that could ever happen. And aside from a few incidents we've done a damn good job. All of that is thanks to not accepting revenge quests. I'm sorry."

"Well, thanks for seeing me, looks like Asher Fisher will get off scot free."

The name Asher Fisher was not easily forgotten. They were in the same grade, and back in freshman year, Nate and his friends would get a great laugh at Asher's expense. But now Asher was one of the most popular kids in school. Nate thought about a few weeks ago, when Asher hooked up with his ex-girlfriend, hadn't even been broken up for 24 hours and Asher saw it fit to move in. Nate clenched his fists so hard he cut skin on his hand.

"That little fucker thinks he can get away with treating everyone like he's beneath him. You know what? I'll help you out kid. He'll get one hell of a lesson."

And with that Nate sprinted out of the bathroom. The young man remained where he was, twiddling his thumbs.

Five minutes later someone opened the stall door where the young man was sitting, "Did he come?" the intruder asked.

"Yes he did, Asher."

Asher Fisher smiled and cracked his neck. "Did he say he'd help you?"

"He did."

"You've done well, my friend. You've set my plan into motion. I've had enough of this self-righteous Hallway Hero bullshit. I know it's Nate Nancy, and soon, the whole school will know." ■

the cipher



Stretch out those hip-hop hamstrings, UVmcees, because it's time to bring your rhyme-slingin' back to the water tower. When you work hard and play hard all week long, nothing puts your mind at ease better than lyric therapy. This week, we get freaky with Pornography

You know, college isn't what it looked like in the movies, I had American Pie dreams, but the UV ain't that groovy. The Naked Bike Ride's the only time I see boobies. But I can't bring 'em back to bang in my soothing Jacuzzi. So every night I get home and take off my tuxedo I log onto the web to let out my libido. That's my credo, I drain my fluids like a mosquito, Pornstar from Puerto Rico, that's my love-life placebo. These videos come in all shapes and all sizes, But usually there's a hot chick who loves surprises. My schlong rises, as the chick's hung "doctor" advises. That she strip down and fuck (we all make compromises). Oh god, it's everywhere! That was so anticlimactic. Perhaps I should socialize more and rethink my tactic. by lonely lyricist kerrymartin

Next week, we shred The Ski Season, and that's the last issue of the semester! Send your raps for either week to thewatertowernews@gmail.com with the subject "My flow is too grimy, Ganges River" or something to that effect. Best rapper of the semester wins a \$25 gift card to Boloco! ■

restless

by joshhegarty

My dreams feel guilty. I can't remember what happens in them, although I think last night I was accused of eating meat. But my eyes sting. And my throat aches. And I know I done wrong. I know I did. Even when I didn't. I didn't.

Constant exhaustion. The sky is gorgeous at 2:45, ante meridian, white light shining through my window. But when I say "Goodnight moon," I expect rest to come or at least I used to. Sleep shows up eventually. But he don't bring rest in now. And the dreams I dream make me wake up unprepared, and repentant, for sins I know not what. I know not what.

I couldn't write a better poem if I wanted to. And I want to. I couldn't make myself feel better if I tried. And I don't know how to try. I couldn't make my dreams enjoyable if I deserved them. And I don't deserve them. There's so much I don't know. But one thing I know is this, I have no plan. I'm making mistakes and don't know how to stop. No, I don't know how to stop.

cat litter.



collincappelle



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Be a hero and save the town as firefighter, private investigator, doctor, or ghost hunter.

CLEAN UP TOWN AS A GHOST HUNTER!
Choose your Sim's career path and see them rise to the top or cause mischief.



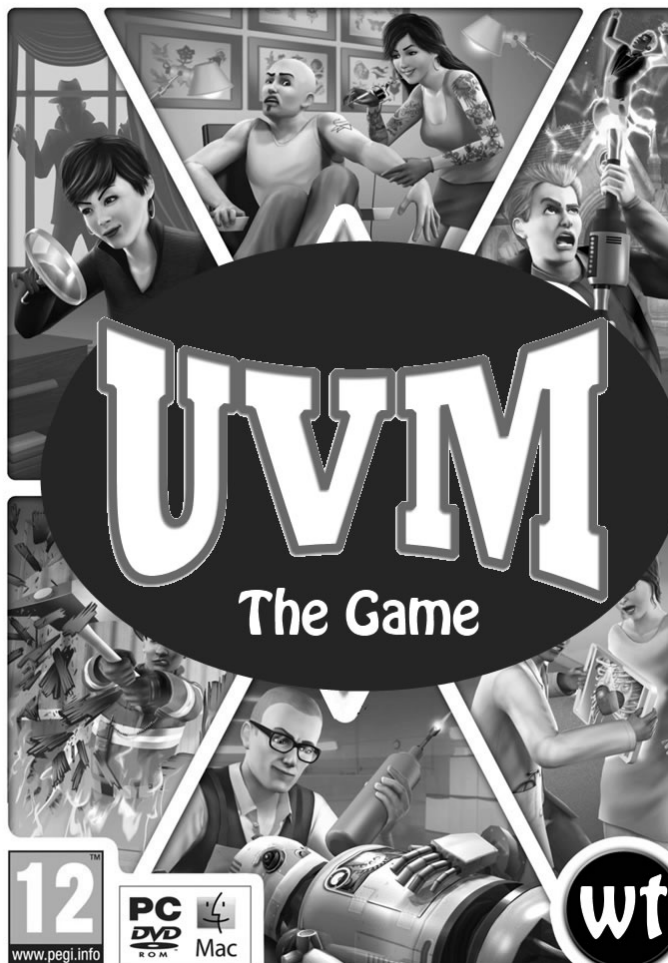
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\$40k and rising, so buy now



first place



second place



third place



Balls were thrown, dreams were sunk, and history was made... **water tower** water pong was a success! Thanks for coming out to support us so that we can keep being the best news team in the universe. We owe it all to you, fine readers. Check out the pong masters!

photos by kitty faraji