

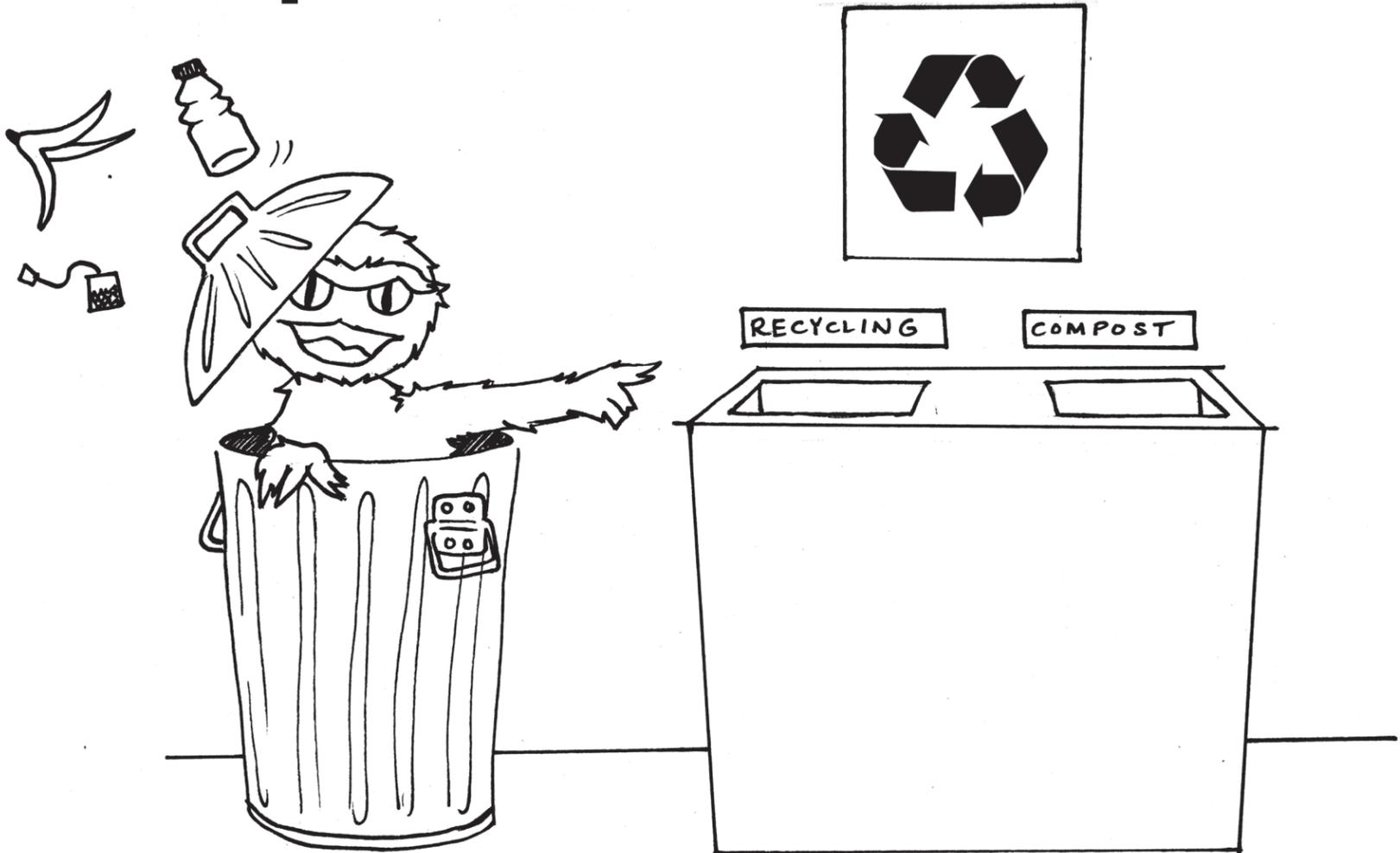
the water tower.

uvm's alternative newsmag



volume 6 - issue 4 - september 29, 2009 - uvm, burlington, vt

compostin' aint easy



kelly macintyre

by ginamastrogiacom

Confession - my behavior has been trashy lately. So downright scandalously trashy, in fact, that it took City Hall to point out the error of my ways.

This Thursday, Burlington's City Hall decided to pose this same tricky question, "When is trash not trash?" when they overturned garbage cans in City Hall Park to see how much of what was in said trash cans was, well, trash. The startling conclusion was that a mere 22 percent of the overwhelming 53.7 pounds that they removed actually belonged in the trash bins in the first place.

What could have possibly found its way in there? (Personally, I'm picturing Oscar the Grouch.) 24 percent (13.2 pounds) belonged in blue recycling bins, and a whopping 46 percent (24.8 pounds) could have been composted.

There's the normal everyday items that often slip our minds like apple cores, tissues, coffee grounds, and tea bags. But there were also a couple surprises, like chicken bones. ...Chicken bones? No meat or dairy items can be composted - only items like fruits, vegetables, coffee grounds, and egg shells.

"The point of the exercise," said Jennifer Green, the co-coordinator of the city's Legacy Project, "was not to shake a finger at City Hall workers, but to understand how they were getting rid of things, get a sense of what you're producing," she said, "so you can change your behavior."

Consider that finger shook, Ms. Green. Composting (upon some further sleuthing on the matter) is the process by which

organic matter is broken down from its fully formed state into soil and nutrients. It's a circle-of-life type of deal. So basically, through composting, we can reduce our waste and then reap further benefits from that because the soil that is created is crazy-nutrient rich for new plant growth.

Every day at UVM, food waste is picked up and transported to the Intervale Compost Facility, a nonprofit organization that's located close to campus. UVM says that on average, the school collects approximately 4.96 tons of food waste per week. This material is then brought to the Intervale, where it is mixed

no one seems to have any clue about what goes on with the University's disposal system, and even if they did have enough, the detriments of a composting program might outweigh the benefits.

with other organic wastes and turned into soil to be used on farmland. From the very beginning stages, while your meals are being prepared, they separate food scraps, and in some cases, students are asked to dump their leftovers into "Food Waste" carts.

In a survey conducted by UVM students in the Fall of 2006, it appears that more students would be interested in campus-wide composting, beyond the

scope of the University's current program. When asked if they were interested in composting in their dorm, 45 percent of non-programmed student responded yes. And surprisingly, when asked if they compost at home, an overwhelming majority of the students responded yes.

That's all fine and good, but does this actually go down on campus? It would seem that many students are unaware of the initiatives. Tyler, a freshman at UVM, and a member of the Environmental School here at UVM, said that he composts at home but does not on campus, "because of the smell."

Holidae Filkins, another freshman,

says that she also composts at home, but has never seen the initiatives available on campus. "Even the students in the 'Green House' aren't any more environmentally friendly than us," she says. "I've never seen the bins around campus." Many of these same students were completely unaware of the composting "programs" available.

Katie, a sophomore, said, "Last year there were separate bins for recycling and composting. I haven't seen those at all this

year."

It seems that the intent is there, but no follow-through. While these practices may be going on behind the scenes, the real impact can only come from the biggest waste makers of all--UVM students. If the University can't properly dispense the information to students, how are they to even know where to go in order to accomplish their goals as far as environmentalism is concerned?

The margin of error has to be pretty great, and at the very least, UVM does acknowledge that there are challenges to composting on campus. Many products are still being determined whether they are "biodegradable" or not, and thus never even make it to the Intervale plant. Also, due to the high volume of catering and other community events hosted by the University, the scheduled "pick up times" for the compost is not enough to meet the waste produced. Thus there are pounds and pounds of unaccounted-for trash and waste. The odor and contamination due to improperly sorted waste not only keeps students from composting in their dorms, but also keeps the University from further promoting such practices.

Then there's the boon of funding the whole ordeal. The University currently pays \$90 for every ton of solid waste they dispose of.

continued as compost on pg 3

get
inside
me

news
the american
news website
by emilyhoogesteger

reflections
hi my name is
freshman
by bekafoley

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advertise for your
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inbox

Hello,

Could you refrain from preaching about the dangers of obesity in future issues? If I wanted to read that, I'd read the *Cynic*. I like it when **the water tower** doesn't take itself so seriously. The article on Brennan's was interesting and confirmed what I always thought about that place: It sucks.

Thanks and keep up the good work!

- Brad Barratt

*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

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the shit list

with macsmith

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The G20 Convention Big groundbreaking steps were made this past convention concerning our effects on climate change, leaving environmentalists thrilled. They sat down, agreed on a very general basis that there might be some sort of climate change going on, made a vague statement on their intentions to look into this phenomenon, and that was pretty much it. Soo good!!

Cleveland Not the city, the show. It sucks. The city is okay.

John Boehner Swine Flu's latest victim is Kimberly Young of Oxford, Ohio. Young died because she didn't have health insurance. Young's representative in Congress is House Minority Leader John Boehner. John Boehner has been an adamant opponent of healthcare reform. He pronounces his last name Bay-ner, but on paper it clearly looks like it should be pronounced "boner." Lol.

Roman Planski has finally been arrested on warrant out since the '70's for having sex with a thirteen-year-old girl—something that he acknowledged. Polanski fled the States to avoid his arrest, and even skipped the Oscars when he won Best Director for *The Pianist*. Can you believe that? They gave an Oscar to a pedophile.

Zombie Babies A Canadian baby born sixteen weeks prematurely was declared dead on the spot, only to wake up in time for his funeral wake. He then started making weird noises like that baby dinosaur from *Jurassic Park*, bit off everyone's faces and ran screaming into the Canadian wilderness. Call M. Night Shyamalen. I just wrote his next movie.

the news in brief

with paulgross

"I thought I'd be starting."

-Michael Vick. What a douche.

"Everything must be put on the table"

-French President **Nicholas Sarkozy**, joining the rest of the international community in a collective (and irrational) freak-out over the discovery that Iran has been operating a secret nuclear power plant, underground. Though I gotta say, if you were Iran, and Israel was threatening to destroy your nuclear facilities for no real reason, where would you build a power plant?

"Friday's Muslim prayer initiative is part of a well-defined strategy to Islamize American society and replace the Bible with the Koran..."

-**Rev. Canon Julian Dobbs**, on the gathering of 50,000 American Muslims in our nation's capital last Friday. The Muslim gathering will include a public prayer section and its stated agenda is to show "the wonderful diversity" of Muslims living in America and to dispel stereotypes about Islamic religious practices. And this Christian has a problem with that.

"We made it very clear: Beware!"

-**Rep. Chris Van Hollen** (D-MD), chairman of the Democratic Congressional Campaign Committee, restating a message made to Democratic activists urging them not to become complacent with the Democrats' overwhelming majority, lest the Republicans make huge victories in the upcoming midterm elections. This statement comes in light of a recent 20% decrease in campaign donations to Democratic candidates, which is believed to be a combined result of the lagging economy, complacency with the majority, and alienation of wealthy donors because of harsh rhetoric on big business.

"We have survived a few days eating biscuits, a very irregular diet."

-Brazilian diplomat **Francisco Rezende Catunda** who has been holed up with deposed Honduran President Manuel Zelaya in the Brazilian embassy in the Honduran capital of Tegucigalpa. Zelaya was overthrown in a military coup a couple months ago and recently made a surprise return to Honduras, where everyone wants to kill him, to play perpetual hide and seek in an embassy.

the water tower is UVM's alternative newsmag and is a weekly student publication at the University of Vermont

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Join Us

New writers and artists are always welcome
Weekly meetings
Tuesdays at 7:00pm
SGA and Student Orgs. Office
Davis Center - 3rd Floor
Or send us an email

Our generation stands at a crossroads. As we walk through a world ever connected to a thunderstorm of news and reflection, we risk losing the ability to think for ourselves. **the water tower** is for us non-thinkers. We provide witty and sometimes outlandish opinions so that you don't have to come up with them yourselves. We can't promise that you will agree with everything that we say, but you will respect the tenacity we have to say it. Every once in a while we will generate something that is truly thought provoking. We are the reason people can't wait for Tuesday. We are **the water tower.**

the american news website it is a tax

by emilyhoogesteger

(depending on what your definition of "it is a tax" is)

by macsmith

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- EXCLUSIVE: 3 month anniversary of beginning of end of Michael Jackson's funeral
- Another article on Joe Wilson
- EDITORIAL: Are awards shows overrated?
- EDITORIAL: Is fire hot? Is water wet?

On TV tonight:

- Biggest Loser: Pets
- Law and Order: Anarchy and Chaos
- North Wichita, P.D.
- "A Ham Sandwich and Swine Flu": A Heartfelt Interview

What do you think?
Tweet/'Book/Txt us
and join the conversation

anotherloser: u guys r stupid.obamma iz obviously raycest
anotheranotherloser: NO HES NOT!!

Our Experts Discuss the Issues:

- Jay Leno's Primetime Debut
- Lame Leno Looks Lazy, Loses Love
- The Hairstyle Jay Leno Needs to Succeed
- Jhjkdasjsad Fsdds Vjshd (you guys will read anything these days)

Hey! You found the news! And Waldo!
Afghan election fraud?; Earthquake in Bhutan; Floods in Southeast US

compost

continued from page 1

Adversely, only \$25 is required to be paid to the compost facility, so it would seem that the University is saving money through its endeavor. That adds up to about \$11,000 in savings on landfill tipping fees. However, the cost to collect the compost is \$12,000. At the very least, UVM is breaking even with a venture that is not even properly advertised.

While the benefits of composting are undeniable--waste reduction, creation of soil, support of local farms, and the feeling of a job well done--no one seems to have any clue as to what's actually

available to them. The main problem is that students have little to no information about what goes on with the University's disposal system, as it is not publicly advertised and even if they did have enough, the detriments of a composting program, cost, smell, and possible contamination of dorms might outweigh the benefits.

In the end, it's a draw. While the environmentally correct thing to do would seem to be the composting, it just doesn't seem pertinent for students, nor a large enough concern for the school to advertise, for there to be any sizeable environmental impact made. If you'd rather not just talk trash about our waste system,

you can visit the Dining Services website for their statement about composting as well as recycling on campus. In the meantime, we'll be living smell-free with the small guilt associated with improperly sorted trash.

So when is trash not trash? When it's composted. But if it's never composted, then it can always keep the less appealing and more appropriate title--waste. ■

Send us your thoughts on this article or anything in this week's issue, and we'll print them

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signs of failure in afghanistan?

by bsage

The mission is on the verge of failure. This is the claim of General Stanley McChrystal, who assumed military command of the U.S. forces in Afghanistan back in May. McChrystal, who is expected to request that tens of thousands more troops be sent to the region, has just completed his most recent report on the situation in the country, and it is rather grim. *The Washington Post* quoted him as writing: "Failure to gain the initiative and reverse insurgent momentum in the near-term [next 12 months]... risks an outcome where defeating the insurgency is no longer possible."

The report, which was highly confidential and was never supposed to be disclosed to the news media, paints a much bleaker picture of the situation in Af-

ghanistan than most people anticipated, and it is rather ironic that the only way the American public is able to find out about the true nature of our foreign wars is through leaks of highly secret information. That the report got out shows great incompetence and corruption by the government, but this is certainly not the first time that a member of the American military has abused his power and has hindered U.S. strategy as a result.

The report is clearly one written by a desperate man, and it speaks to how much the situation has deteriorated since the fall of the Taliban government in December of 2001. 2009 has been the deadliest year for American troops since the war began, and it seems that the insurgent bands led by former Taliban leaders such as Mullah Omar are having great success creating chaos throughout the country. Besides killing American troops and Afghan civilians, their attacks have created a climate of insecurity and fear among the Afghan population and have led them to question the effectiveness and even the motives of American troops.

Insurgents have been so successful that in the recent Afghan elections, only about half of eligible citizens turned out amid insurgent threats of violence against voters. The people of Afghanistan obviously had limited confidence in the U.S. army's ability to protect them, despite America's ongoing goal to "make the world safe for democracy." "We have operated in a manner that distances us--physically and psychologically--from the people we seek to protect," this again coming from McChrystal's report. It is both funny and sad that McChrystal is aware of this issue

"The U.S. has already experienced this in Vietnam and Mogadishu and Iraq, but some things take a long time to learn."

yet has not taken measures to fix it, for it is vitally important. A deep understanding of the subtle political and cultural nuances of the Afghan people will allow the U.S. military to gain greater support from the Afghan population and slow the increase in insurgents currently plaguing the American effort. However, if the Afghan people feel that the American soldiers do not truly understand who they are and what they want, then they are more likely to simply view the U.S. military as a band of outside invaders and join the Taliban insurgents in an attempt to expel them from the country. The U.S. has already experienced this detrimental phenomenon in Vietnam and Mogadishu and Iraq, but I suppose some things take a long time to learn.

So where does the U.S. go from here? To begin with, the military must recommit itself to defending the lives of Afghan citizens and to understanding their beliefs about the war as well as their true desires for post-war Afghanistan. Their confidence in the American army has always been limited and it seems to be decreas-

ing. If the Afghan people continue to feel that the U.S. soldiers do not understand them and cannot protect them, then it is quite likely that there will be an irreversible and unmanageable increase in the number of hostile insurgents, and the American cause will be lost. As far as McChrystal's request for more troops, though it is painful to say so, I feel it should be granted. The U.S. has three options in Afghanistan: pull out of the country now, maintain the strategy currently in place, or increase troops in an attempt to gain greater control. The first option,

while of course saving many American lives, dooms Afghanistan to fall under the tyrannical regime of the Taliban once again. After eight years, countless dollars and thousands of deaths, essentially nothing will have changed in the

country. The second option is probably even worse, for it likely means that the Taliban will gain control of the country slowly rather than quickly, as more money is spent, more American and international soldiers as well as Afghan civilians lose their lives, and still virtually nothing will have improved since the beginning of the decade. That leaves option three, which is the only one capable of reversing the progress of the insurgents and creating a safe environment for the Afghan people to practice democratic government, build and train an army which can maintain security in the country after U.S. withdrawal, and to simply go about their everyday lives. While a troop increase will mean more American deaths, a deeply disheartening prospect, I believe it is the only way that all that has been sacrificed so far will not become nothing more than a tragic waste. The increase must produce results quickly however, for if it does not then it must be sadly concluded that nothing can be done in Afghanistan, and to keep our men there to die would simply be murder. ■

Two Sundays ago, Barack Obama became the first president to pull off appearing on five Sunday network shows in what they call the "full Ginsberg."

Why do they call it that? It's really not important. This is part of Obama's plan to get his pitch for health care back on track by going directly to the press. He can't rely on network news to cover the health-care debate on its own because, well, celebrities can't help but die every week in this country. He tried to address a joint session of Congress but some assholes (Joe Wilson) like to steal the spotlight. He seriously can't catch a break.

So Obama said, "Fuck it, I'll do it live," and forced his way into your face all Sunday. If you weren't still passed out from the night before, you would have noticed that his biggest proposal, the one he kept hammering in over and over and over, was the fact that this plan was NOT going to raise taxes.

One problem: He didn't write the bill. A few days later, Democrat Max Baucus proposed the health insurance bill. This is the anticipated bill that will, in the eyes of some, create decent, affordable healthcare and in the eyes of others turn us into a Russian/Chinese hybrid country where we eat our noodles out of bowls of Vodka. Wherever you stand on this debate, and let it be known that I don't care where you stand, one portion of the bill will undoubtedly lose Obama a bunch of sleep as it makes its way through Congress: the tax increase.

"Does he sign the bill and break his campaign promise of no taxes for the middle class, or does he veto the bill, wasting the last six months of our lives?"

Now let's dissect this thing here. It's not actually a straight up tax. It's a very sneaky excise tax that will fine families that can afford healthcare up to \$1900 (down from \$3800 in his initial proposal). If you haven't spotted the inherent bullshit in this bill I'll lay it out for you: Besides the fact that Obama promised no taxes, the government can't make you buy something. Sure, it's illegal to own a car without car insurance, but you made that decision to get the car. A decision you didn't make is whether or not you want to be born. These things just sort of happen.

Let's fast forward into the future. This bill miraculously makes it through Congress and ends up on Obama's desk to sign. Does he sign the bill and break not only his healthcare promises but also his entire campaign promise of no taxes for the middle class, or does he veto the bill, wasting the last six months of our lives?

Baucus really put the President in a pickle. This bill, without any kind of public option, fails to keep private insurance companies competitive, and taxes middle class people who don't have the bullshit insurance they want changed in the first place.

So is it in Obama's best political interest to be the first president to reform healthcare, or to keep his integrity to the people who elected him? In an *a priori* excuse for the mediocrity of his own bill, Baucus declared that it's just "designed to get the 60 votes it needs to pass." Well I'm glad we finally know where your intentions are, Mr. Senator.

don't write for the wt news section

don't come to meetings on tuesdays at 7 in the student orgs. office (3rd floor, d.c.)

we'll beat you up if you do

jk. but seriously.



by bekafoley

One of the easiest ways to spoil a normal conversation with an upperclassman is to admit that you're a freshman. We just finished having the luxury of being seniors in high school and were able to flaunt that fact in the face of all the youngin's below us. However, now we have to re-live freshman

of course you have to hide the picture because you snagged someone else's card from one of the gym cubbies and are planning on getting some free Maui Mango smoothies...kudos.

Furthermore, going from class to class you first years have inevitably come to realize how much you'll be walking here,

My "Class of 2013" free t-shirt is now more hidden than my social security card.

year of high school again where we're preemptively judged based on that fact.

I'm sure that after experiencing a couple weeks on campus so far, you freshmen have already made some efforts to conceal your first-year qualities. Personally, my "Class of 2013" free t-shirt is now more hidden than my social security card. I plan to never wear that thing again unless I get swine flu (sorry, I mean "H1N1") and have to be quarantined in my dorm room for an extended period of

considering it's essentially the size of a small town rather than a college campus. I unwillingly admit to acquiring "shin splints" in both shins my first week as a result of the endless trekking. Now having endured the never-ending walk to Trinity Campus and having conquered the hill of Main Street numerous times, clearly hiking mountains with the Outdoor Club will be a piece of cake.

You all have the long boarders to thank for making navigating through campus



greg jacobs

time.

When UVM told us this summer that forty percent of freshmen would be living in forced triples, it was certainly news that we had not wanted to hear. Coming home after school to an empty room and having oodles of time to ourselves was certainly going to be a thing of the past. And perhaps an uncomfortable change, especially after hearing personally from a family friend that in the sixties (when UVM was in its uber groovy days) our cozy Harris/Millis was dubbed the name "Scare us, Kill us" – quite an inviting nickname when you haven't moved in yet.

In reality, Groovy UV became our home just four weeks ago, and we have certainly got lots to learn. It was probably a recent discovery for you first years while eating at the Harris/Millis dining hall to realize that it's actually called the Grundle, and that Belgian waffles are a bit too heavy for breakfast every day.

Perhaps you will soon be able to swipe your card at the entrance of Harris/Millis without failing eighty times and causing a scene. Forget classes and silly schoolwork, the complexity of the ID card is hard enough to figure out. On the bus, your picture faces the driver. At the gym, your picture faces away. At the dining halls, your picture faces the cashier...unless

even less stressful. They zoom past you at 20 mph downhill with perfect ease. The thought of picking up a time-saving hobby such as this may cross your mind, but to those who haven't tried it before, be warned that it's not as easy as it looks. There is a whole stylizing process you first must go through. Get some phat Ray Ban sunglasses and a pair of some thrifty, beat-up Vans. A couple of extra bruises and scrapes would make you look legit. Perhaps some Skull Candy head phones to top it off.

As the year goes on, we can only hope our moderately irritating freshmen qualities diminish, and soon enough, it will be time for the grade below us to take the beating. It's inevitable that walking slowly and looking confused with a campus map unfolded in front your face will no longer be a common activity. Though it's undeniable that we may still follow you informed upperclassmen to lead us to where there next college party is.

The other day, I spoke briefly with a junior who asked what year I was, and as soon as I muttered that I was a freshman, he said "You're lucky because you are just beginning an awesome four years of your life, and all of us upperclassmen who are finishing it up are truly envious". Clearly, it's no use feeling ashamed of being a freshman, all those above us are just jealous of our fresh start and clean slate for our unavoidable embarrassing, hilarious, yet unforgettable moments. ■

reflec

point, counter-p

batman vs. s

by julietcritsimilios

batman is awesome. Lets review.

Batman's outfit and gadgets consist of a completely black badass body suit, cape, Bat mobile (aka an awesome expensive tricked out car), Bat cave (aka a secret lair with a butler, Alfred Pennyworth, and high-tech computers), and gadgets that let him scale buildings and fly atop Gotham city. He also, in case you didn't know, has a Bat boat, a Bat plane, and a Bat sub.

Batman responds to a Bat signal, which the city of Gotham shines in the night sky in order to get his attention and help.

An entire city depends on this man to stomp out crime, fix their bedlam, and take down their bad guys. Batman goes after said bad guys who pose crime to the immediate (and global) neighborhood while striving for justice. After seeing his parents murdered in front of him as a child, Batman promised himself that he would fight crime to avenge his parents' deaths. What a good son.

While bettering his community Batman does so without any superpowers, which makes him more relatable and realistic than most superheroes. Batman relies on what you and I rely on: his own strength, reasoning, and intuition. Batman is said to be "one of the world's greatest detectives," and trains his body and mind to be ready for any crime-fighting situation. His toned body lets him physically surpass his enemies and his scientific skills help him outsmart them. Quick wit and a brolic body. What's not to love?

When he's not using his powers for complete good, Batman's true identity is Bruce Wayne. Mr. Wayne is Gotham City's signature billionaire playboy who owns Wayne enterprises, an upscale company that grants great profit to the city. Wayne donates his company's earnings to good causes, making both his real identity and superhero identity one of moral hierarchy and selflessness. Bruce Wayne also has a way with all the ladies, yet is still a true man's man.

Speaking of being a man's man, Batman of course has a loyal sidekick Robin. Batman is so legit that he actually has someone to help him fight crime. Along with Robin, Batman's butler Alfred Pennyworth is his close pal that always grounds him in his moral convictions and helps him stay on his path of righteousness. If you are the company you keep, Batman shows us that true friends help better you as a person and as a superhero. Batman also shows us his human side when he asks these friends for advice, guidance, and loyalty.

Along with being the best Superhero, Batman gives the comic world the best enemy of all time- the Joker. While he is sick, deranged, and downright creepy, the Joker is the most widely known comic villain. Joker's continual presence in the comic only furthers our love for his arch nemesis as we see that Batman always fights for what is true, right, and just in the world. Even Batman's enemies are awesome. How can anyone compete? All hail the Dark Knight. ■

who convinced you?

tell thewatertowernews@gmail.com

and we will publish the results in next week's issue.

confessions o

by caseycartwright

Welcome to Greek Life at UVM!

Where girls are ladies, rush is recruitment, and saying the word pledge will get your chapter kicked off campus. Whatever happened to the good old days of hazing, keg parties, and pranks? Well unfortunately for members of the Greek community, those days are long gone.

The University of Vermont is known for quite a few things. Greek Life, however, is not one of them. Here at UVM we are less than 5% Greek. The question is, why? Aren't fraternities supposed to be the guys on campus who have the most fun, get the most girls, and throw the most raging keg parties? Well, maybe five years ago. Today, a keg will get you kicked out of school along with a long list of other violations. Most members of the Greek Community join to enhance their social lives, but that social life is slowly being stripped away by members of IFC and Panhel trying to reconstruct the Greek image.

Instead of embracing the stereotypes that we have had since our grandparents were in college, certain Greek advisors have dedicated their entire lives to making sorority girls fine examples of young women instead of drunk sluts who like to party. This is a lovely notion but,

at the end of the day, a drunk slut is go whether she is in the Greek Community. The Greek system at UVM needs to realize that if they are not enhancing their potential, they are only taking away its potential. Recruitment shirts read, "Our laughs l

"The Greek system at UVM n that by taking the fun out of are not enhancing its prog only taking away its po

memories countless, our sisterhood er letters with flowers surrounding it. W Greek Community really trying to sen loving sisterhood will last forever and future endeavors? Who would fall for and so will hundreds of girls this seme

If the members of Greek Life ever w dent in the UVM community, they ne rying so much about the proper thing of potential new members (formally k



tions.

oint spiderman

by maxbookman

A respectable debate over the alleged superiority of a superhero must address a few integral categories that make any masked avenger worth his (or her) salt: Alter ego, home city, romantic interest, and of course, super powers.

So let's cut right to the chase. Spiderman owns the competition in any one of these categories. When Spiderman isn't out bashing heads, slinging webs, or modified base jumping from the Empire State Building, he is living his life as Peter Parker. When he busted onto the scene in 1962, Peter Parker broke ground as the first teenage superhero who wasn't

someone else's lame sidekick. Parker is special because he is someone we can actually relate to. Years before the recent fad in superhero movies to delve deep into the human elements of the characters, Peter Parker was already a human we could all relate to, not some simple, shallow caricature tacked on as an afterthought. He deals with things we'd expect heroes to deal with, like making money while going to school. He's not a stud, not incredibly popular with women, and not super rich. By most standards, he's a nerd. With that said, Peter Parker is the only nerd we know of who can kick (and punch, and smash, and web-blast) some serious ass.

Parker's setting also tallies up some awesomeness points. His home city is not some random fictitious metropolis. Spider Man lives in New York City, which makes him a true-blue New Yorker, born and raised in Queens.

Being a New Yorker, he knows that getting around on the streets with everyone else is out of the question. That might pass in some lesser cities, but anyone who has commuted in New York knows that during rush hour traffic, nothing—nothing—gets anywhere in under two hours. That's why Spidey web-slings. Web-slinging, the successive swinging from building to building that serves as Spidey's primary mode of transportation, is undoubtedly badass.

Another integral part of any awesome superhero is a love interest. And Mary Jane is a babe. With her voluptuous red hair (of course Spidey's girl would have red hair), suggestively badass name, and out-of-your-league persona, Mary Jane is the perfect

companion for Spider Man. Granted, in the movies, Kirsten Dunst's Mary Jane manages to do nothing except cause annoying distractions for Spidey by getting herself precariously perched at some dangerously high altitude on some sort of platform with waning structural integrity, all while screaming at the top of her lungs. But in the comic books, there's thankfully none of that bullshit.

Let's not forget the pork and beans of what makes Spider Man the best: his super powers. Peter Parker can trace his super powers back to a class trip to a science lab (gone awry, when he was bitten by a radioactive spider. As a result, he developed superhuman strength, the ability to scale walls, and the capacity to sense danger seconds before it happens (creating the 13 year-old favorite, "my Spidey sense is tingling!"). And there's the webs. In the comics, Parker actually develops a contraption that synthetically produces his web shooters, but in the movies they sort of just shoot from somewhere inside his wrists. Both are way cool.

Clearly there are those out there in the Marvel and DC universes who have stronger, more elaborate, powers than Spidey. But no one comes close to the combination of alter ego, home city, hot girlfriend, and simple yet awesome powers that Spider Man packs. Power alone isn't what makes Spider Man awesome. In fact, it's the restraint of power that serves as his guiding principle. In the immortal words of Parker's late Uncle Ben, "with great power comes great responsibility." ■

of an ex-sorority girl

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and be more concerned with making them your actual friends. I must say that I did meet some of my best friends by joining a sorority, but they did not become my friends through playing icebreaker games with M&Ms or having family movie nights. Don't get me wrong, I would never condone hazing by any means, but a little family beer pong night never hurt anyone either.

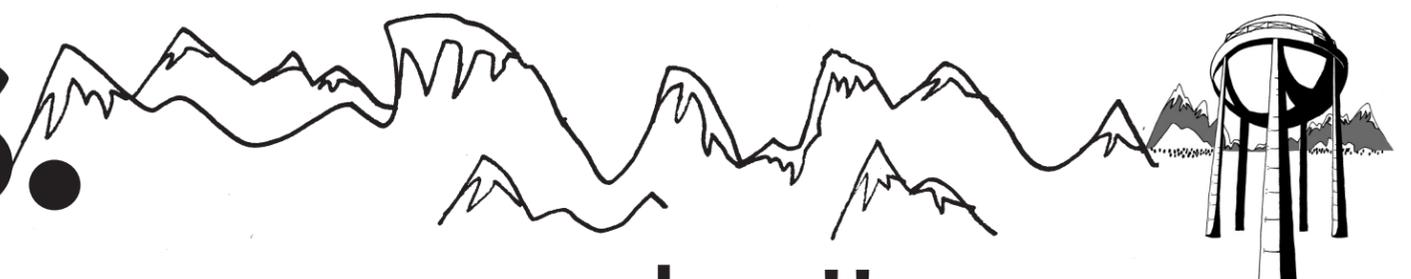
I took the liberty of interviewing a sorority girl who graduated in 2008. I was afraid to tell her that I was no longer a member of this organization but, when I did, I was received with a shriek of excitement and praise for making that decision. Everything that she loved about Greek Life when she joined, as a freshman, no longer exists. Activities that used to thrive within the community are now viewed as a chore. Greek Games used to begin with Kegs and Eggs; now sororities and fraternities spend their mornings screaming at people for being late and fighting over who forgot the bagels.

For every great thing that Greek Life does, like raising money for the Ronald McDonald house, literacy, women helping battered women, and St. Judes, they should be rewarded and respected enough to have control over their activities. Instead, sororities and fraternities alike

are scrutinized and being almost willed to fail. Infractions are placed on anyone who says "freshman" instead of "first year" or puts balloons in the Davis Center during recruitment. How are we supposed to take these people seriously? Only when we stop focusing on the little and meaningless things will Greek Life truly prosper as a community.

A former sorority girl has said to me that the Greek system is incredibly bureaucratic. It is just a bunch of people who like to stand around and hear themselves talk. Greek Life's main problem on this campus is that they need to stop being so uptight and remember that, although there is much more to life than partying, it cannot be removed completely.

If Greek Life continues down this road, sororities should rip the letters off their houses, get a keg, and tell our lovely Greek advisor to shove it. Then instead of sororities trying to get each other shut down or frat boys fighting each other at parties, we could all just get along. Only when there are drastic changes made within the Greek Community will they be able to become an asset to the UVM student body instead of being seen as illegitimate. ■



glee!!

a show for the underdog in all of us

by bridgettrecro

September 21st marked the end of summer—and the comfort of fall has begun to sweep in. We've all settled into classes and snuggled up in our new places of residence, and when it comes down to cuddling with our new roommates in front of the television when we have some free time—the one show you're going to want to be watching is *Glee*. The title says it all! It will joyously fill you with the wonders of song and dance, comedy, and just enough melodrama. If you've officially sworn off the whole musical theatre bit, fine—but if you're interested, give

The one kid in a wheelchair is constantly physically and emotionally bullied, the flamboyantly gay boy is thrown into a dumpster every day, and the lead singer of the group, Rachel Berry, gets a slushie thrown in her face repeatedly. Funny, but also frustrating.

But the rest is pure magic. With comedic timing like I've never seen in a Fox show, great acting by superb actors (like the underused Jane Lynch)—this show will definitely be a hit for years to come. While characters break into song every once in a while, there are choreo-

"The title says it all! It will joyously fill you with the wonders of song and dance, comedy, and just enough melodrama."

this show a chance. It may surprise you.

Glee is Fox's new comedy—and if the prospect of Fox starting a new comedy show leaves you feeling wary, don't worry, I felt the same way. Ever since the cancellation of our beloved *Arrested Development*, Fox hasn't come up with much in the past few years—oh, except that thing called *American Idol* (I rest my case). *Glee* is kind of like the idea of Disney's *High School Musical* except with sex and a little drug use, cripple jokes, supposedly "celibate" cheerleaders, black humor and, well, not everyone looks like Zac Efron. There is one hot guy, though, if that's what you're looking for (Cory Monteith), and the star, Matthew Morrison, ain't too bad looking either (check up on it).

The premise is quite simple: high school Spanish teacher Will Schuester decides to take over the school's Glee club—of which he was the star during his high school days. He decides to recruit football player Finn, whom he overhears singing REO Speedwagon's "Can't Fight This Feeling" in the locker room showers. Along with a band of so-called (but exceedingly talented) "misfits," Finn begins to come out of his shell and make friends with the underdogs. It's not until a sexed-up performance of Salt-N-Pepa's "Push It" at a school assembly when the whole school begins to realize the talent (and sex appeal?) the misfits have.

The only argument against the show's writing could be the stereotypes. The emphasis on the kids being "outcasts" and at the "bottom of the food chain" in the high school world gets a little old. This reinforcement of high school stereotypes is rather outdated, and was totally covered in *High School Musical* (let's not revisit).

graphed numbers as well that surprise you. Check out their rendition of "Don't Stop Believin'" and "Rehab." There's a great version of Rihanna's "Take A Bow" by the lead vocalist (Rachel) as well as a fierce cover of "Bust Your Windows" when Mercedes (the next Aretha) realizes her crush may not like her "that way." He's flamboyantly gay, and her friends decide to have a "gaytervention" to tell her the truth ("Mercedes, he wore a corset today"). On last week's episode, the entire football team reluctantly learns the "Single Ladies" dance in order to psych themselves for the big game. They perform the dance during their last timeout of the game, and blow the other team away, enough to win the game. Unrealistic, maybe, but who doesn't love football players breakin' it down to Beyoncé?

Besides the melodramatic stereotypes, some of the cheesiness of the show will warm your heart—and trust me, their Journey cover will absolutely break it. *Entertainment Weekly* praises, "Has there ever been a TV show more aptly named than *Glee*? It both embodies and inspires exactly that quality." Stories about coming out to parents, pregnancy scares, and unrequited love are typical, but *Glee* makes them its own. Like I said, it may not be for everyone—if you're into Fox shows like *Prison Break* or *24*, this show may not be for you. But if you like comedy, melodrama and acapella covers of Kanye West songs, you will definitely love *Glee*—the crown jewel of fall television, and a landmark in Fox's comedy programming. ■

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i want you so bad

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

We used to hang out a lot in the beginning of this year and in the past couple weeks you haven't been around. Did I do something wrong that made you mad? We had a great weekend, then poof, like the ending of a beautiful summer chilled by autumn winds, you have moved on. Where are you, my Italian riviera?

When: that time
Where: that place
I saw: a little woman
I am: a man

Sweet Caroline. I met you at a house party this past Friday. We had the same taste in music. You loved Phish, and the Beatles. I gave you a beer and we shared a cigarette, and that was the last I saw of you. I thought you were beautiful and I wanted to get to know you more. Oh and apparently you're a freshman...

When: last Friday
Where: East Ave.
I saw: a woman
I am: a man

You were at STAR
And then we sat next to you in chemistry
Your name starts with A.N. but you wouldn't tell us the rest of it.
You wouldn't show us your portfolio either
We like art too!

When: Monday 10:12 am
Where: Angell w/ Ruggles
I saw: a woman
I am: a man and a woman

Your brightly colored shirt caught my attention
I remember you don't like wearing logos
I like your creative stories
Want to write some together?

When: Tuesdays and Thursdays
Where: lafayette
I saw: a man
I am: a woman

We pass each other almost everyday and we both smile at each other. I don't know your name but you have very short, red-dyed hair and beautiful eyes. Whenever I go to see my friends at UHN, I want to invite you across the hall so I can get to know you better. IWYSB!

When: almost everyday
Where: UHeights North 1, level 1
I saw: a girl
I am: a girl

I think you are a senator because I always see you at the SGA office, but you might just work there. You have black curly hair and are really nice! I wantcha so bad.

When: every now and then
Where: SGA Office
I saw: a man
I am: a woman

You are a beautiful bio major with a flair for fashion. I heard it was your birthday this weekend. I wish I could have given you the world...but alas...I could only offer my meager apple crisp. You are hot.

When: every. single. day
Where: S. Winooski Ave.
I saw: a REAL woman
I am: a woman

the ear

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

On the fourth floor of Williams:

Some chick: Wait, when did incest become immoral?

At Royall TyTy:

Someone: There's nothing worse than the taste of latex and lubricant.

In the Cyber Café:

Employee (commenting on a girl complaining about some bullshit): Call 1-800-your mother, maybe she will want to hear it.

Outside of UHeights South:

Freshman Girl 1: That dorm has a spiral staircase!
Freshman Girl 2: What the fuck!?

Outside of a classroom in Williams:

Guy 1: Last night we went over to my buddy's house.
Guy 2: Word.
Guy 1: We look in the fridge and there's a 30 so we want to start drinking, but he doesn't have any cups. So we each take a yogurt, eat it, and then start drinking out of the yogurt cups.
Guy 2: Sweet, yogurt shots!

h.t.h.d.t.e.h.t.s

(how the hell does this even happen to someone?)

has anything ever happened to you
that made you wonder
how the hell does this even happen to someone?
let it all out. it's good for you.
uvm.edu/~waterfwr/hthdtehts.html

I was putting in a tampon and I dislocated my knee. Yes, I was sober. HTHDTEHTS

I was talking to this really cool girl at some party on Thursday night. She was so down to earth and friendly, and not like all the other hot girls you meet at UVM. We had been chatting for about an hour when she introduced me to her girlfriend. Figures. HTHDTEHTS

I was leaving a party last weekend and I realized that I had forgotten my sweatshirt downstairs on the couch. When I went down to get it, some girl was straddling and making out with a guy...on my sweatshirt. It wasn't just normal making out...this was rated NC-17. But it was freezing out so I actually had to ask them to get up. They didn't even stop, they just kind of flopped over and continued to dry hump. HTHDTEHTS

My roommate eats all this really stinky tofu and i hate it. HTHDTEHTS

Confession: I am obsessed with DotA by Basshunter. I think I've listened to it like 13 times today, and I haven't eaten lunch yet. HTHDTEHTS

My new roommate knocked my toothbrush into the toilet and didn't tell me until I had already brushed my teeth with it three times. HTHDTEHTS

I went to a party, got really drunk, and ended up puking off the balcony onto their lawn furniture at the end of the night. As if this wasn't embarrassing enough, I had lost my phone in the couch cushion and I had to go back the next morning and ask if I could look for it. HTHDTEHTS

This is my last year at UVM. I've gotten laid once. At Orientation. HTHDTEHTS

fashion five-oh

the party foul

gym shorts + button down = good to go

with colbynixon

The Athletic Shorts-

Worn in combination with a t-shirt, these work for the gym, or even the Grundle. Worn in combination with a button-down, you're shooting for a look that says, "I could be going downtown or hitting the courts right now." It's the perfect look for when you're walking up Pearl at two in the morning and one of your buddies calls you, and says, "Yo lets ball, right now." Plus, with the elastic waist, it's far more convenient than fumbling around with a belt when you need to take a pit-stop.

The Neon Skater Shoe-

Part prep, part jock, part hipster, you now can get into any party with your wide array of tastes. It's like you're a renaissance man, you've got it all. If you're lucky, this footwear will draw everyone's attention to your feet, thus bypassing the mullet of outfit combinations.



The Button-Down-

A good start, button-down shirts are always classy. This guy clearly came out with every intention to look good. This would be a better look had the shirt been ironed. Seriously, look at it, the shirt has more wrinkles than Alan Greenspan. It would have probably been a good call to wear a white, grey, or even no undershirt, rather than throwing this American Eagle special over your teal UVMSSC t-shirt.

vanessa denino

créatif stuffé.

Feeling a little *créatif*? *Wishing Vantage Point* was published more than once a semester? Well now you can submit your creative writing, short stories, poems, drawings, black and white photos, and any other *créatif* things to the water tower's new section, *créatif stuffé*. Send your submissions to thewatertownnews@gmail.com by Tuesdays at 4:00.

four pairs of ugs on a wednesday afternoon campus bus

by stephencoteus

Obvi she hooked up with him.
She was with him like literally for like three n a half minutes.
Well she was like really fucked up.
Yea ohmygod I saw her like fall into a TV like slow motion no-o-o-o-o like one'a those.
No way! What a stupid drunk bitch!
Some girl said she was out on the porch with him like attacking his mouth.
Ohmygod she probably had her tongue like down his throat.
I bet she slobbered all over his mustache ew ew gross mental image!
And she denies it still like c'mon we're not stupid just accept that you're a slut honey.
Like why does she like always lie?
Seriously like she can do whatever she wants no one fucking cares just don't lie about it.

untitled

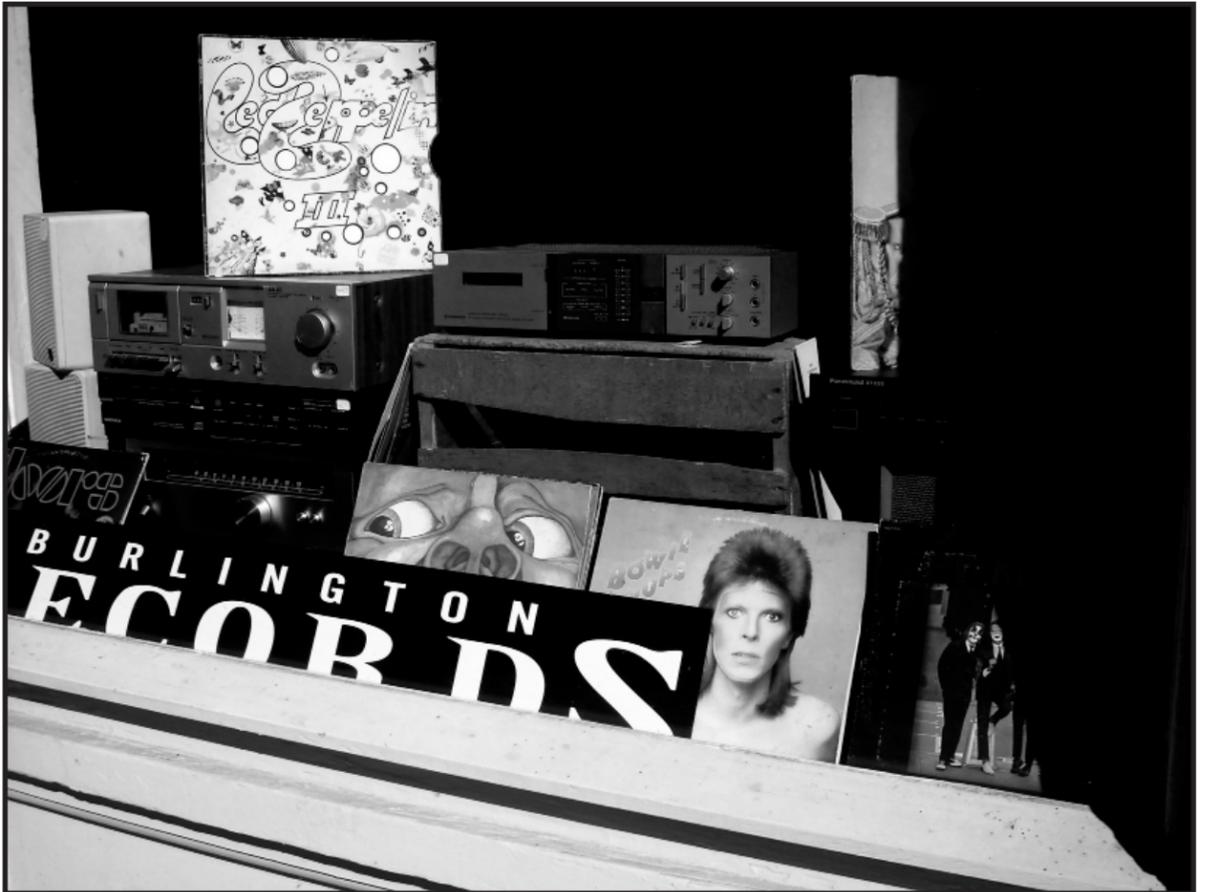
by alexandriakerrigan

i move through you quietly, unnoticed
until, finally,
you acknowledge my existence.
our relationship, intense and everlasting,
is strangely beautiful and secretive.
i am.
dependent on your breath and your choice
as you graciously bring me to life.
i am all that you consume.
you are my creator.
inside of you i move, secure and grateful
for the time i have been granted
i can sense it will not be long
and so each moment is held in the highest esteem
until, finally, i am expelled
cold and alone,
drowning.
flushed away in spectacular swirls of lovely brown
i will carry your name with me
my creator
i am yours, always.
love, poop.

ingsoc

by joshhegarty

Are we doomed?
We must be doomed
The newscasts say we're doomed
The papers say we're doomed
We must be doomed
We must be doomed
The newscasts say we're doomed
They're watching through our windows
They're taping in our bedrooms
They listen to our phone calls
They hear our every breath
Fascist wolves are at our door
We're eager to let them in
They will take our money
They will take our self worth
They will kill our children
They will kill us all
The cold war isn't over
The cold war's never over
Selfishness is the greatest gift we can give ourselves
So give us your tired, your poor,
And we will turn them away
Because this is not a melting pot
Nor a land of opportunity
This is America
The greatest country in the world
And as the tyrants bear down on us
This is the perfect time to panic
Because coherent thought is useless in the face of evil
And that's what this is
Evil from below
Far from patriotism
Far from God
Far from anything worthy of thought
This is the Red, White and Blue
And we've got enough Red
Thank you very much
We're doomed
The newscasts say we're doomed
The papers say we're doomed
We must be doomed
The newscasts wouldn't lie
This is the perfect time to panic



throw me a smoke

by ahmadsahli

Throw me a smoke.
You know what? Just get over here.
I've been thinking... Remember those days? When we moved seamlessly through life, often asking ourselves if it could possibly be any better? If the passersby, the colossal statue we shared with them and the same one we fought over, were true to reality? Was it merely an attempt of evading a series of conventional bores? Or did we really come across love in its most infant form? And just about...here! I usually trip over one of two magnets in my head. Crossing field lines I jerk irregularly in a bind set by gravity. Rest assured that this is only a metaphor describing the deformation of my train of thought; call it a train wreck. For some reason I can-

not describe it otherwise. The allegories we subscribe to as dreamers... do they restrain us from arriving at the ultimate epiphany? Train wreck. Ha. Was it merely an attempt of evading a series of conventional bores? I hope not, I've given into that particular allegory long ago.

Train wreck.
Have we based this value on nothing? Train wreck.
The allegories we subscribe to as dreamers... do they restrain us from arriving at the ultimate epiphany? The generosity of your existence is unbreakable. Lay out in front of me only what you can provide and only what I desire.
A walkway. A pendulum of skin and bones, fueled by anticipation. Another metaphor, sorry. Train wreck. ■

digital photograph by Gina Mastrogiacommo

oskar mcgrew and the fraternity of blasphemy episode 4 fiends and philistines at a frat party

by henrykellogg

When strange evil threatens the UVM campus to the point of all weirdness, Oskar McGrew strives to save UVM from certain peril...

Right now I seek to get to the bottom of strange demons made of boron that could threaten the very existence of UVM as we know it.

Nowhere else is the full depth of the absurdity of the human experience so fully realized than at a frat party. A mass of humanity packed into a small space, with music loud enough to prevent conversation; they form introspective nightmares. The agendas of the day, the week, and the lifetime bubble and froth over. Alcohol is added to the mix. The drunken meets the sexual which meets the bizarre. A throbbing urge fills the crowded house: an urge to prove the nagging suspicion in the pit of their collective guts, that all their charades are meaningless. Kurtz in the Jungle could never have conceived of the horror of where I was headed.

I stood before my closet. I donned my Mariachi pants and sombrero. If I were to infiltrate a party at the Triple Omega fraternity in an attempt to find out if they were indeed behind the demon that had been created I had to dress right. A wardrobe of bathrobes confronted me. Which one should I wear? Blue lined with Kevlar? Too cumbersome and although some frat parties go sour I was unlikely to get shot. Red terry cloth? I always wear that one. Leopard print? Yes. Definitely. With leopard print bathrobe and a sombrero on, people would not expect my true identity, but they would know that I was there to party. As I biked down, I knew an interesting night was in store.

I locked my bike to a tree two houses away from Triple Omega then walked into the front yard to assess the situation. Going to a frat party stag always presents an interesting situation. The door was worked by three large men smoking cigarettes They were not wearing shirts but rather showing off that they were able to spend their time in two separate milieus, the gym and the beach. It

was clear that only by finesse was I going to pass these watchdogs. There were no other would-be guests present outside. I attempted one of the oldest tricks in the book to get into a party that I was neither invited to or wanted at.

"Yo, bro," I spoke in their dialect. "My friend Joey is down there totally smashed, he needs me to take him home. I just gotta go in there and fetch him real quick." I spoke a little too quickly as I was walking towards the door and as my sentence finished my hand was on the door handle. "I'll be right out," I said as I let myself in.

"Yeah, you betta be" was the last thing I heard as the door closed behind me and the thud of the music engulfed me like a warm, sweaty glove.

"Apple Bottom Jeans Boots with the FuuuRRRRR." There I was. In the inner sanctum of the ultimate horror. Lights flashed. Bro-licious girls danced in their brogasmically revealing attire. Bros broed with their brotorical looks of over confidence and self-congratulatory bro-ness. Anyway, it was a brofest. I found the way downstairs, past where the party was happening and entered what appeared to be a laboratory. Mountains of glass viles boiled red liquid. A strange bath contraption with leather straps in the corner drew my attention. What sorts of vile, bizarre, inhuman things could be done in such a place I thought.

Then, all of a sudden, the three guys who had been guarding the door were standing beside me. "Eh, you said you was looking for Joey, 'cause he has to much to drink, but I know Joey and he don't drink," the middle thug threatened.

I reached into my utility belt and threw a smoke grenade. The tin can hit the foot of the center thug but did not explode. "Blasted third-rate Soviet smokebomb!" I cursed. It became clear I was going to have to fight my way out of this the old-fashioned way. ■

cat litter. what your cigarette says about you

Marlboro Reds. Marb Reds are really tough cigarettes. Smoking one is very similar to swallowing a lawnmower. This is why people love them, especially girls who want you to know how much of a badass bitch they are. Any girl smoking a marb red at a party is sending out a message that she doesn't want any dude who won't be able to put up with her snarky cynicism, sarcastic jokes, and overall disinterested disposition. However, being able to tackle all of that might earn a lucky bachelor one (and I mean only one) night of really awesome angry sex.

Parliaments. Smoked by the preppiest of the preppers. These brahs, easily identified by wearing J. Crew shorts and polos with popped collars, spend their weekends playin' ruit and seshin Ls to the face—no matter what frat they're in. Parliaments generally taste like real cigarettes if you leave them rotting in the sun for a few weeks, but that doesn't seem to bother an entire population that gets its rocks off drinking natty ice. The other perk about Parliaments, with their extended filters, is that they easily facilitate another expensive habit characteristic of these smokers. Anyone for a quick bump?

Rollies. Rolled cigarettes, or "rollies," are for all you hipsters who "can't afford" regular cigarettes. For much less money you will get a bag of tobacco and rolling paper that will last you twice as long as a pack of cigarettes. Budget-wise, this opens your options considerably from dollar PBRs to that ironic volleyball league you really want to join. It's cool. Your mom doesn't know your rent isn't actually that high. The act of rolling a cigarette is also very appealing to hipsters, especially ones who like to show off arm tattoos, crazy rings from American Apparel, and just generally how dirty their fingernails are.

American Spirits. These kids are granola crunchin', earth lovin', enviro-hippies who smoke American Spirits. They claim that these cigarettes are better for the earth, when in reality they are still "cancer sticks" that if put out and left on the ground will not magically dissipate into the soil. These kids rock the image of not caring about their appearance or what other people think of them, but in fact these outfits are carefully picked out: Her skirt, although hand made, probably cost \$50. Her hair, giving the idea that she is a free spirit and "just flowin' down this river that is life, man", is washed daily in Aveda brand shampoo and conditioner. His Birks, although a classic hippie choice, ran him anywhere from \$70 to \$150. These kids will proudly flaunt their choice of American Spirits, because they just wanna be one with the earth, maaaaan.



cat litter:
by leah boccaccio,
jen anderson and
mac smith
edited by mac smith
artwork by:
kelly macintyre

tunes.

an interview with laura viers

by henrykellogg

by alexpinto

If you're from England, feel free to call this old news, but for most UVMers the drum 'n' bass/hip-hop/jungle production team Two Fingers will sound as fresh as the first morning toke.

Their full-length dropped months ago (also called "Two Fingers") and there are some great tracks—real original stuff, not just stolen beats remixed with other stolen beats. Think the heavy, industrial chaos of British electronica coming to visit Montreal (actually where it came together) and butting heads with the minimalist power of American hip-hop. Dope, right? And perhaps most impressive of all, the rappings of guest MC's Sway, Ms. Jade, and Ce'Cile sit comfortably on top of the dense music, not sounding pasted on awkwardly as an afterthought (something that happens to lyrics too often in hip-hop-influenced dance music). The track "Doing My Job" features the sultry words of the Philly native Ms. Jade, and is unbearably hot—think a female-voiced "Wait," with a very similar bass-drop beat but without the creepy Ying Yang Twins.

But check out the LP at your leisure, because the only thing your crowded basement will need is the 25-minute Two Fingers mix available on the Paper Bag Records website (paperbagrecords.com/downloads/twofingers25minmix). It's just a promotional thing but it has a bunch of bootleg stuff that's not on the LP, and some fun recognizable top40 rap remix stuff that everyone loves. GET IT. ■

After opening for the Decembrists at the Flynn, I had the privilege to interview Indie music cult favorite Laura Veirs who has with her band, the Hall of Flames, been touring with the Decembrists promoting her new album July Flame, which will be released in January.

WT: How long are you going to be on the road with the Decembrists?

LV: Three and a half weeks.

WT: Why do you do it, what makes you want to be a musician?

LV: Well, the short answer is infinite growth.

WT: How long have you been playing music for?

LV: Well, since I was 19 and I'm 35 now, so however long that is.

WT: I know you're From Portland, Oregon, so what do you think of the East Coast?

LV: It's much more reserved and uptight here. (laughs) But the West Coast has drawbacks, too. It's a lot more hipsterish out there.

WT: Where is the best place to listen to your music?

LV: In the belly of a ship at sea.



your weekly WRUV music review

joesussman & brianreid

The Raveonettes - In And Out of Control (Vice)

The fourth released by the Danish rock duo. Music infused with lo-fi distorted guitars and cutesy noise pop melodies.

For Fans Of: The Pains of Being Pure At Heart

Ramona Falls - Intuit (Barsuk)

The first solo release by Menomena lead singer Brent Knopf. Rock tunes filled with layers by over 35 guests including Mirah, The Hello Sequence, and Loch Lomond.

For Fans Of: Menomena

These United States - Everything Touches Everything (United Interests)

Alternative, folk, country rock. This is their third release in the past two years. They have a fun bar band sound.

For Fans Of: Wilco

Vivian Girls - Everything Goes Wrong (In The Red)

Sophomore album from three Brooklyn garage girls on In The Red. Cleaner, darker, and more ambitious than their debut.

shuffle. autumn playlist

with julietcritsimilios

September 22nd marked the Fall Equinox--it's officially the prettiest time in Burlington. Have fun while you can because -10 degree weather is just around the corner.

1. Autumn Leaves Diana Krall *Since you went away the days grow long/and soon I'll hear old winter's song/but I miss you most of all my darling/when autumn leaves start to fall*

2. September Earth Wind and Fire *Ba de ya/say do you remember/ba de ya/dancing in September/ba de ya/never was a cloudy day*

3. Autumn Sweater Yo La Tengo *We could slip away wouldn't that be better/me with nothing to say/and you in your autumn sweater*

4. Harvest Moon Neil Young *But now it's getting late/and the moon is climbin high/I want to celebrate/see it shinin' in your eye*

5. Dead Leaves and the Dirty Ground The White Stripes *Well any man with a microphone/can tell you what he loves the most/and you know why you love at all*

6. Autumn Fallin' Jaymay *I believe it was you/who I wanted to be talking to/and I believe we were friends/and I believe we will be again*

7. When The Leaves Come Falling Down Van Morrison *And as I'm looking at the color of the leaves in your hand/as we're listening to Chet Baker on the beach in the sand*

8. Autumn in New York Billie Holiday *Dreamers with empty hands/they sigh for exotic lands/its autumn in New York/its good to live again*

9. Wake Me Up When September Ends Green Day *Ring out the bells again/falling from the stars/drenched in my pain again/becoming who we are*

music writers wanted

Are you the one always hogging the laptop at all your friend's parties?
Does your library rival Bailey Howe?
Do you like to write about da music?

Contact us at thewatertowernews@gmail.com.

We're looking for writers who know their stuff and aren't too elitist to keep their favorite bands to themselves.