Do you wanna hear a secret? Those yellow compostable forks and knives on campus hurt the environment. Wanna hear another one? Our LEED Gold-certified Davis Center has significantly increased UVM’s energy and resource intake.

One more! The University has made a legal commitment to do everything it can to sell us thousands of plastic bottles every semester.

Being “green” is totally in right now, but the problem for many big businesses is that their practices aren’t so environmentally friendly. So instead of “going green,” they greenwash. Greenwashing happens when businesses from Exxon-Mobil to Apple to UVM place a higher priority on appearing green than actually being green. The result is all the positive associations that come with being green, without actually having to do anything.

Greenwashing is easier than dumping garbage into Lake Champlain and has caught on in America like Swine Flu at a Halloween rager.

The funny thing is that UVM is more green than most schools. But for every initiative the university takes to help the environment, it does something completely counterproductive, and calls it green. That’s greenwashing. Here’s a breakdown of some of the best greenwash on campus.

Academics
One of the measures of a university’s commitment to the environment is in its academic commitment. UVM makes a big deal, especially to prospective students, about its nationally-renowned environmental academic program. And it is great, if you’re an environmental major.

The problem is that only one Environmental Science course and only one Environmental Studies course will be open to non-majors next semester, but chances are “environmental” isn’t in the name of your major. The latest data shows that no more than 7% of UVM students are Environmental Science or Studies majors. That leaves the remaining 93% of us without access to the nationally-acclaimed environmental education the university publicly touts. Greenwash.

“As far as academics, we can do more, if there was some way to make the urgency more alarming [to students],” says Professor Don Ross, coordinator for the UVM’s Environmental Science program.

LEED Certification
Oh, how we love our LEED-certified Davis Center, the first student center in the nation to be certified Gold by the premier sustainable building organization. Lest we forget, it’s posted everywhere, from its doors, to its walls, to its website. But if you take a closer look at LEED, you’ll notice that it’s not as rigorously enforced as you may think. It’s “not a perfect solution,” according to Professor Ross. “It may be done better,” he continues, “because there are portions where you can cut corners to be LEED-certified.”

Even with LEED certification, what’s commonly overlooked is that the Davis Center is a huge electricity-eating, water-sucking, waste-producing monstrosity on campus that wasn’t there before. Being satisfied with the Davis Center’s impact on the environment is like being satisfied with a Whopper Jr. It’s impact on our planet is just because it isn’t the full Whopper.

Compost
Nothing gets Marlee Baron, the soft-spoken, even-tempered Co-President of VSTEP, more fired up than the state of composting on campus. “A lot of the compost we so proudly put into these bins is not actually being composted,” she laments. That’s because many of us are too lazy or unaware to sort our garbage, but combined with the cheery praise administration officials and admissions tours heap on the university composting program, it adds up to greenwash.

UVM’s compost gets sent to the Intervale, a nonprofit farm center along the Winooski river, but “there’s such a high level of contamination, nobody is sorting it out,” Ms. Baron explains. “Once it arrives at the Intervale, they can’t do anything with it,” so they just throw it out. And then, of course, are the compostable forks and knives available at university dining locations. The message is simple: “They may look weird, but they’re helping the environment!” They’re actually not. They still require plenty of energy to produce, they still get thrown in the trash (or in the compost, which gets thrown in the trash at the Intervale’s), and they surely don’t foster an attitude of conservation.

Reusable Bottle-Friendliness
One common stopping point on admissions tours is right in front of the cute little water bottle refill station on the third floor of the DC. There, prospective students learn about how UVM is a big time reusable bottle-friendly campus. The wide-eyed high school juniors and seniors also find out about the nice drink discounts for reusable bottles at places like Henderson’s Café. What they don’t divulge is that the school administration is crossing its fingers behind its back, hoping you leave your reusable bottle at home.

UVM has a multi-million dollar contract with Coke in which the university is legally obligated to do everything in its power to get you to buy Coke products (which, by the way, only come in plastic bottles).

Some schools are leading the way against plastic bottles, but UVM is lagging behind. Take Washington University in St. Louis. There, the university has permanently banned the sale of bottled water on campus.

The Real Green
The strange thing is that UVM does do things that truly are for the betterment of the environment, but because they’re not as sexy, we never hear about them. Take the campus steam system, for example, which was renovated for increased efficiency during the construction of the Davis Center. There’s the Office of Sustainability, unique among many colleges, whose sole objective is to find ways to, as you may have guessed, increase sustainable initiatives on campus. UVM has a Clean Energy Fund which provides much-needed dollars for renewable energy products. And of course, there’s the pervasive attitude among administration faculty, and students alike that values sustainability and the environment.

But right now, greenwashing is about as trendy as big sunglasses, Purell, and “become a Fan on Facebook.” Kermit the Frog prophetically knew that it’s not easy being green. He was right – it’s not easy. But he didn’t try to fake it.
the best news team in the universe

the shit list with macsmith

- Afghanistan opposition leader (and frontrunner), Dr. Abdullah Abdullah, saying that he will withdraw his campaign against corrupt and, frankly, shifty incumbent President Hamid Karzai, on the grounds that the second round of the elections is a farce. Max, because as far as we are concerned, Karzai stumped tens of thousands of false ballot counts in round 1, ensuring that he would not be eliminated. As if things needed to get WORSE in Afghanistan...

- Secretary of State, and Obama administration resident bad-ass, Hillary Rodham Clinton, on her current visit to Pakistan, which is aimed at getting the Zardari government to actually discuss how they might go about combating the Taliban, rather than just claiming that they’ll take care of it. If I were the Taliban, I’d run and hide—Clinton is a balls-buster.

- Barack Obama, on Mrs. Ob’s cat costume on Halloween. Lot

the news in brief

“Today is a great day for human rights, and people living with AIDS.”

- CEO of Physicians for Human Rights, Frank Donaghue, on the announcement that the Obama administration will lift the pretty transparently racist and homophobic travel ban that previously prevented people living with HIV/AIDS from entering the country. (As if AIDS patients, upon landing in the United States, suddenly begin fibrillating and donating blood at random). Freedom of movement restored, nice work Obama! Now, if only we had a health care infrastructure to take care of AIDS patients...

“Will not participate in the election.”

- Afghan opposition leader (and frontrunner), Dr. Abdullah Abdullah, saying that he will withdraw his campaign against corrupt and, frankly, shifty incumbent President Hamid Karzai, on the grounds that the second round of the elections is a farce.

“Didn’t come to Pakistan for ‘happy talk’!”

- Secretary of State, and Obama adminstration resident bad-ass, Hillary Rodham Clinton, on her current visit to Pakistan, which is aimed at getting the Zardari government to actually discuss how they might go about combating the Taliban, rather than just claiming that they’ll take care of it. If I were the Taliban, I’d run and hide—Clinton is a balls-buster.

Meet the newest member of the Mars Rover Family: “Curiosity.” You can read the story. Is it for us non-thinkers? We provide witty and sometimes redundant comments on what you don’t have to come up with ourselves. 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 water tower. uvm’s alternative newsmag uvm.edu/~water tower

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Special Thanks To
UVM Art Department Digital Lab

Sometimes reading the water tower makes our readers want to get naked and fight the power. But most of the time, they just forward emails. Send your thoughts on anything in this week’s issue to
thewatertowernews@gmail.com

Alex: The cat’s out of the bag. There’s no such thing as “The Axe Effect” according to Zaibhav Bedi, who is sux Axe for failing to find a girlfriend after seven years of using the product. It sounds ridiculous, but this will finally land him a girl. If they settle out of court, that would make Mr. Bedi a millionaire. He can just figure out how to get seven years’ douches scent off of him, he’ll be in business.

Max Bookman: For those of you who read last week’s point-counter point on Halloween, Mr. Bookman was thoroughly and wholly heartbreakingly against it. Well, fuck you, Max, because Halloween rocked everyone’s titan.

Southwest Airlines—Pamela Root is seeking compensation and an apology from Southwest for being escorted off a flight because her baby was too loud. The plane literally taxied onto the runway, then taxied back to the gate. Although it’s kind of messed up that this happened, imagine being a passenger on that flight and for the first time in your life not having to deal with that fucking screaming two year old.

Seattle: Need your lawn trimmed? Don’t rent that energy-wasting lawn mower. Rent your own goat as part of a new program in Seattle! These goats will literally eat everything in your yard and the environment. The only problem is that they still haven’t figured out what you rent to get rid of all the goat shit.

NASA: Meet the newest member of the Mars Rover Family: “Curiosity.” You can barely tell it apart from its other siblings, aptly named “Broken,” “Lost,” and “WTF.”

It appears that the World Series is going to be worth more than Joe Buck’s round-about sentences; there is going to be some good baseball. The Phillies National-leagued it up Halloween night, letting the Yankees explode all over them and their fans by hitting home runs as if they were back in new Yankee Stadium.

The Bruins are still lost; they are twelve games into the year and still don’t have a pair of back-to-back wins. However, the real shame in the NHL are the Maple Leafs of Toronto. Toronto is essentially the center of the hockey universe and its NHL team resembles a pack of monkeys trying to hump a football. They have one win in twelve games, they just suck, it will be a lovely night. Maybe Phil Kesel will help them when he gets back from being injured, but it will take a lot more than one good scorer to save this team.

As college football starts to move into the home stretch, ‘Bama, Florida, and Texas are pretty much knocked at the top of the polls. If anything happens to one of those three teams, it is going to be Alabama; they still have to play LSU and they travel to Auburn to wrap up their year.

UVM hockey lost to Maine on Friday, 4-1. Again, it was special teams that did it; UVM took ten penalties and gave up power play goals and countered with a weak 0-5 on opportunities with a man up. We will welcome them home Friday when they host UMass-Lowell and then Providence on Sunday.

Sportsblinks

the water tower

Popular Items

- Paul Gross
- Molly Kelly-Yahn
- Mac Smith
- Emily Schwartz
- Olivia Nguyen
- Briidget Treco
- Kelly Machatyne
- Mike Cappuccio
- Aaron Lopez-Barrantes
- Victoria Reed
- Danielle Giacca
- Matt Carralero
- Meghan Kelley
- Emily Schwartz
- Megan Lianus
- Carly Trouer

Get the weekly news as a PDF. Contact the wt. Correspondence: watertowernews@gmail.com

Our generation stands at a crossroads. We are thought provoking. We are the reason people can’t wait for Tuesday. We are the water tower.
fencing those windmills. That's how much we are bargaining away alternative energy sources - namely wind energy.

At the ECHO Lake Aquarium and Science Center, a presentation to discuss the wind and energy debate entitled "Windmills: Vermont's Open Space, Energy, Science, and Animal Impact" was recently held. The project was by a partnership between The Lake Association, The Nature Conservancy, and The Vermont Institute for Project Development.

Patrick Marold was on hand to represent the art half. He recently installed approximately 1,000 windmills that will generate light in Technology Park in South Burlington. His part of the presentation appealed to what most of us are really concerned with - aesthetics. Because when it comes down to it, the overall energetic well-being of our community isn't that matters, it how pretty it looks. But it is a legitimate concern. When you first consider the green mountains for such a project, that is what was given its name, the first image that springs to mind is not a giant rotational energy source atop some sort of glorified stick project from the mountainside. It is a day in Vermont, where the ski industry grew and resorts began to expand. The question remains - why can't we have both aesthetically pleasing and energy efficient windmills?

where 11 turbines have been operating on Searsburg Wind Farm alone since 1997. The owner of that wind farm has aspirations to add 20 to 30 more. Some people, however, remain unconvinced and distrusted by their every-loving ski pass. Some have become 'anti-wind' in Clarendon, Ira, and West Rutland area. "This sounds like, and is, a ridiculous notion. Why build roads and destroy many acres of pristine, private land, let alone scenic view for all to see? Power for who? It's the ski resorts who will benefit the most in cheap power. Let the ski areas have the windmills. They have already devalued their property, as well as the ski resorts have cleared areas for roads, and they are much higher in altitude."

The Rutland Herald reported dozens of posts just like Ayer's, ranging from heated arguments against the idea of windmills to accepting them without much objection. "This is an insult to our prison facilities and the tax-paying Americans who fund them. Their prisons have American people-eaters in them. Surely they can handle suspected terrorist suspects. Republicans should not undermine our prisons! It's un-American."

Two Saturdays ago, people in 181 countries all rallied to call for stronger policies to get out of Afghanistan and Iraq. Two Sundays ago, people in 181 countries all rallied to call for stronger policies to get out of Afghanistan and Iraq. The order also put an end to the CIA's prison interrogation techniques. "The order also put an end to the CIA's prison interrogation techniques."

The Five Year Old Going to the Doctor - you probably own one $5, main st. crossings still effed up, everyone almost killed/junior too stoned to remember to get stowe pass.
I was weeding through a generous stack of ALANA emails one day when I happen-
ously came across an email that really caught my attention. It was about a new student
organization starting up that Wednesday focusing on bi- and transgender discussions.

Holy hyperashery Batman! I was so excited I asked Sarah to fly above the earth and
speed up time for me, but he was too busy being allergic to green rocks or whatever.

That first night, I hurried all 5 foot 2 inches of my white French-Canadian
Chinese self over to Harris-Mills 124. There, I found not only both stressed and Capri Sun, but also two women. Jackie and Bev, who were, if possible, more excited
I was. Jackie, a grad student who did her undergrad at a school with a thriving
multicultural organization, had teamed up with Bev, the ALANA director, to form the
new group. They also had more than enough snacks to feed an army of mixies.

Meet Mixed Cats Converse, which is a mixed tea, and somewhat mostley crew
of people who are eager to explore their crazy heritages. Everyone has a story and
unique experience to share. You could talk about the other side of the velvet rope.

I was over being able to display my opinion, the variety of which surprises
be even myself. Several girls express dismay
of being black and white and lives in rural Ver-
mont, talks about how hard it was growing up
with black and white in her family, and a boy
who's been mixed all his life. I love it when people get mad that
their fake IDs don't work. That's like get-
ing mad at your teacher for catching you
on a quiz. It's just like spitting in my
ninth and genuinely despised.

The question is raised of when these are
over. Over not being able to bear "pure" children. It's a full blown meeting goes into
language, especially the use of nicknames like oore, baboon, angore, and high yellow.
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over. Over not being able to bear "pure" children.

A full blown meeting goes into lan-
guage, especially the use of nicknames like oore, baboon, angore, and high yellow.
The question is raised of when these are
over. Over not being able to bear "pure" children.

It's no secret that this is a very difficult topic.

As Jackie put it, "The crowd was made up of mixies where the other side are people still struggling
with "are") "Hopefully your work makes
ally the grammar is correct. 'Words w/

digressions. I was over being able to display my opinion, the variety of which surprises
be even myself. Several girls express dismay
of being black and white and lives in rural Ver-
mont, talks about how hard it was growing up
with black and white in her family, and a boy
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The question is raised of when these are
over. Over not being able to bear "pure" children.
the existential water tower.

The white dry erase board sign in the Library says that I am on the first floor. Yet I am wherever my minivan carries me. I am an eagle flying over the canyon, with the noon day sun shimmering off my feathers. The sign in the Library is incorrect and should be removed.

5. As you sit down, unzip your backpack slowly, loudly, and repetitively.
6. Use your coffee and rustle your newspaper as you savor each drop.
7. Use a mechanical pencil with a squeaky eraser and loudly blow the eraser dust off your paper and onto the person nearest you.
8. Sneeze, cough, wheeze, gargle, snuffle, oink, or perform any other flu season reflex.
9. Answer your phone and say, “Oh hey what’s up?” Nothing. I’m in the library and I’m soooooo bored. Yeah, it’s pretty quiet, you should come on up! Oh my God, who am I? Wow that’s so funny” and proceed to laugh as the person next to you sharpens their pencil and prepares to attack.

everyone poops, everyone fart... So you know this. For those of you who are in denial, it’s time to wake up and smell that fresh steamy pile of shit. Poop is a funny subject, something we definitely don’t talk about in a large public setting. Poop happens, though! We all do it; it’s totally inevitable (and if you aren’t pooping, I’d suggest you go to the ER right now).

Taking a look at emotions, they’re all unique to each individual. Just like poop! Nobody’s poop or emotions are ever truly replicated in their exact form (though, there may exist similarities, they are never the same twice).

There exist some fundamental poopos, just like emotions. I discovered this the other day while trying to make light of a crappy situation. In fact, emotions are just like poop! Oh my god! Poop! Of all things! For starters there’s a pretty obvious one: diarrhea.

There are some moments when we choose to eat something that doesn’t really want to stay in our gut. We have an emotion much like that: verbal diarrhea. We have all at one point had the case of the wanderers, spewing out words out with an immense force. It leaves us shamed, and a bit burned (much like our butt hole after one of these diarrhea experiences).

The next one is a poop that consists mostly of gas, easerated tons and sighs, but simply nothing comes out. Emotionally speaking, we’ve all done this where the mind, maybe a bit flustered that when we try to articulate ourselves, nothing but hot air comes out. This is probably one of the most frustrating emotions and poops: you want shit to come out, but it can’t.

Another unfortunate poop is the rabbit dropping. Nobody really enjoys those because they are totally unfinished and unsatisfactory. In regards to you, emotionally speaking, there are moments when you want to get out what you’re trying to say but it all comes out as clumps of nonsensical words. In the end, you are likely to totally be unsatisfied.

These poops occur most frequently at night, when you wake up suddenly from your deep coma and realize the imperative need to release your bowels. You stumble out of bed, running into your dresser and stubbing your toe on the mes of books near the door.

After a magnificent poop, you feel amazing and accomplished, much like if you were the individual who performed a great speech.
I messed up royally this weekend and I'm pretty sure you saw. I'm afraid to talk to you for fear of what you'll say, or how things will be different. Even though this shit happened, everything that I told you towards the end of last year is still true, maybe even more so.

**When:** Friday night

**Where:** Your house

I saw: My favorite Sig Ep boy.

I am: A girl who wishes she saw you more.

Every time I walk into band I see you setting up your trombone in your silly bucket hat and when you were the drum major I was scared but you touched my arm.

It was beautiful and it changed me. I like...a caterpillar turning into a butterfly.

Be my best friend.

Now:

**When:** so often that it wrecks my heart

**Where:** Home

I saw: A trombonist

I am: A girl overcome with longing

The first time we met was in front of Harris Mills; I asked you if you had a lighter. We talked about our mutual love for body modification and you smoked me up. I saw you again on your way to Petco the other day. I think you're wicked cute. We should have lunch.

**When:** at night

**Where:** Harris Mills/Petco

I saw: a man

I am: a woman

overheard a conversation in b-town? could it hilarious? dumb? inspirational?

tell the ear and we'll print it

uvvm.edu/~water/twr/ear.html

On the first floor of the library:

**Guy:** You know how there are those girls who are just too pretty that you wouldn't want to cum on their face?

**By the Marketplace:**

**Girl 1:** You know what's a turn-off? A guy who doesn't take the time to recycle or compost. I mean, gross.

**Girl 2:** If he doesn't have the time to recycle, I don't have time for him.

Bailey-Howe Library girls' bathroom:

**Girl 1:** Ugh, I hate having my period.

**Girl 2:** Oh my god! I'm full.

**Girl 3:** I hate getting it right before the weekend.

**Girl 4:** The worst is when you are so drunk that you accidentally stick your tampon up your ass hole.

On the drunk bus:

**Girl 1:** You want to know why my phone broke? Because it was in my boobs and my boobs were sweating.

**Girl 2:** Why didn't you check it?

**Girl 1:** I'm sure someone would have.

Inside the Marche:

**Girl 1:** He has a boyfriend.

**Girl 2:** So? They like threesome.

**Girl 3:** Yeah, but...

**Girl 2:** Are you afraid of a threesome?

**Girl 1:** No...

**Girl 2:** Then tap that!

---

**Eats. Outer space can get lonely**

with coblynixon

Have you ever been to Outer Space? This question might seem a little absurd because you’re probably not an astronaut, a cosmonaut, or Han Solo. It might make little more sense if you knew about the Outer Space café. Never heard of it? That’s because it’s not downtown with Urban Outfitters, Boloco, and Banana Republic.

Though it may be a bit out of the way, down in the South End, it’s worth hauling your ass down there for a sandwich made somewhere else other than the Marche or KKD. I would highly recommend it.

Inside the Outer Space Café I like entering friends dining room, if your friend is a huge dining room decorated like an art gallery. Or your friend is a grumpy, try-squiggling, Volvo-driving, Birkenstock-wearing, Obama-supporting liberal. There is an overwhelming amount of art everywhere, which makes sense, as the site is located in the Flying dog art space. The entire café was a very open air feel to it, much like a train station, which is in fact the building’s original use. The café is self-service styled, and the counter is tucked away to the side, with only one employee on the day I stopped by for late lunch. He was personable, but I felt like an outsider. I place so used to the hippie façade put by the “real hipsters” and other after types who frequent the place. I ordered the “Beam Me Up Scotty!” sandwich, a combination of avocados, lettuce, tomato and bacon on our dough bread. While I waited for my sandwich, I scanned the café trying to find a beverage menu, but it wasn’t until I backed away from the counter that I was able to see the beverage cooler stashed away in a corner like an ill-behaved child.

Once my sandwich was prepared, I grabbed it and sat down at one of the tables by myself, though I briefly considered approaching the older guy across the room. Though sipping a café au lait alone at a Parisien café might be romantic, mowing down on a sandwich named after a Star Trek quote away in a corner like an ill-behaved child.

**-Tori Reed**

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**Flash. I want you so bad.**

someone on campus catch your eye? could it get a name?

submit your love anonymously.

uvvm.edu/~water/twr/iwysb.html

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**The water tower beardyvember competition**

Boys will become men. Facets will become tichy. Gentlemen, put down your razors!

Simply stop shaving for a month, and at the end of November, send in a picture (before and after shots for bonus points) to thewatertowernews@gmail.com for a chance to get your furry face in the water tower under one of the following categories.

The Wookie Award: So much hair, even Chewey would tuck a little in his mouth.

The Scraggles McGee Award: Patchier coverage than the wireless network at Bailey Howe.

The Captain Redhead Award: Get back at everyone who called you firecrotch freshman year.

The Curious Growth Award: New this year, for those who don't need a razor to have naturally sculpted facial hair.

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**Deadline extended! Send your pics!**

Well, children, All Hallows Eve is over. Now that the night is chronicled on Facebook, send in a pic of you in your costume to thewatertowernews@gmail.com and we’ll print it.

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**Vantage point**

UVM’s Literary and Visual Arts Journal

is now accepting submissions for the Fall 2009 edition

Please send your poetry, fiction, essay, paintings, photographs, as attachments to vantagep.uvm.edu

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I remember thinking I could be a pirate. Now I work out of my head. Who? That's not important. Ever seen go to someone's head. Whatever. At least she's in a dead man is incredibly easy to have thrown out. I'm sorry Jim, but you lose.

"So what do you want from me? Why don't you just kill me?" asked Jim, trying to sound brave.

"Jim, no need to be so negative. I don't want to kill you. You kill a cop and it doesn't matter how much pull you have, the public demands answers. So shut up, I don't plan on killing you, at least not today. I want to make you an offer," answered Joe.

"Kill only calls it for you. I'd rather die an honest man."

It's Tuesday. Again. It's Tuesday again and I'm still not here, in this town, in this building, in this vest and in this state of mind so that the prospect of possibility becomes less and less... possible. When the hell did that happen? When did it become scary for me to be an astronaut, or ridiculous to be a spy? When did the world, no, scratch that, why did the world snap its fingers and make something that you can't even dream about? I guess anything really is possible... Fuck, that's beautiful.

"That's the girl who broke my heart. And apparently she's marrying a guy who isn't me."

"She's marrying a guy who isn't me."

"She's marrying a guy who isn't me..."

"I guess anything really is possible..."
it just seems derivative of a style that is no longer relevant. This song would have resonated, but today it seems like a grind-a-thon: Verse, Chorus, Verse, Gui tar Solo, Chorus, End. In 1994 perhaps things were different. From there it's your standard grunge song; Duvall does his best at sounding pretty much like Layne Staley as he harmonizes Cantrell. The song as a whole, however, does not fare as well. The main guitar riff sounds better when it's free, and the vocals work better with guitarist and other singer Jerry Cantrell. We're college kids, and most likely that means we're broke kids. Look- ing at the ever-rising prices of tuition, books, housing, and Marché smoothies, chances are we're going to be broke for another few years at least. And for most of us who are already up to our elbows in loans, we're going to be broke until...we die, probably. This sad financial state means that we must divert much of our would-be recreational income to more practical stuff, which seriously cuts into our monthly iTunes budgets.

So, does that mean that the music on our iPods shall remain the same until we finish paying off our educational expenses—that our libraries are condemned to a state of eternal high school favorites? Of course not! Ever since the dawn of the internet—download age, computer-savvy youth have been illegally downloading music en masse. Just type "torrent" into Google and count the wealth of search results. From Ariel Pink’s Haunted Graffiti to Claude Debussy to Yoko Ono to Zox, you can find almost any artist or composer available for download.

Here’s the problem: when you download music illegally, artists lose out, no matter how much you love their music. This leaves you with three options. You can either continue to illegally download your favorite tunes (and let a little part of your soul die every time), you can suck it up and pay for music (and cut into the beer budget!), or you could try something new—get free music, legally.

Here are some good websites to get you started:

- www.ultimate-guitar.com: A guitar player who was in a hand-full of nineties hardcore bands, and a girl singer, making bedroom music with computer drums in Brooklyn. Yawwwwn—it seems like that kind of duo set up is almost a prototype in hip circles these days.

- www.ultimate-guitar.com: This is an attempt to monopolize everything hip. Urban Outfitters has introduced a free, seasonal, downloadable mix that highlights indie-rock’s best up-and-coming artists. “LSTN #7” was recently released, but all six are still available for download. Each mix contains about 25 free songs, so that’s a total of 175 free songs available—not bad.

- www.archive.org/details/etree: From the Yo nerd Mountain String Band to the Apples in Stereo, this archive contains thousands of live recordings that are legally available for free download. There’s no guarantee that your favorite band will be on here, but the site is loaded with tons of awesome recordings from great bands. And if all else fails, you’ll just have to listen to the radio.

Good Song: LCD Soundsystem- “Bye Bye Bayou”

- Cover songs can be hit or miss. What makes them work is when an artist can take a song and make it completely their own. The Wallflowers did it wrong with their cover of the David Bowie classic, “Heroes,” whereas Devo did it right with their cover of the Rolling Stones classic, “(I Can’t Get No) Satisfaction.” LCD Soundsystem has thankfully taken the Devo route with their cover of the 1981 Alan Vega song “Bye Bye Bayou.” James Murphy and company have succeeded in turning Vega’s schizophrenic original into an ostensibly disco song of epic proportions. Murphy’s smooth and hypnotic voice sings over the synths that build around a single beat, which carries the song until its conclusion seven minutes later. The single beat manages to never get old, however, and the band’s first new release since the stellar “Sound of Silver” in 2007 succeeds in every way.

- Bad Song: Alice in Chains- “Check My Brain”

- Grunge was effectively finished in 1994 with the tragic death of Kurt Cobain. Alice in Chains were effectively finished in 2002 after the tragic death of lead singer Layne Staley. Despite all these factors, however, Alice in Chains have managed to reunite and release a new album, off which “Check My Brain” is one of the songs. New singer William DuVall does his best at sounding pretty much like Layne Staley as he harmonizes with guitarist and other singer Jerry Cantrell. The song as a whole, however, does not fare as well. The main guitar riff is annoying, plain and simple. It whips up and down, reminiscent of the car alarm outside your room at three in the morning. From there it’s your standard grunge grind—a chon, Verse, Chorus, Verse, Gui tar Solo, Chorus, End. In 1994 perhaps this song would have resonated, but today it just seems derivative of a style that is no longer relevant.