



the water tower.

uvm's alternative newsmag

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this is your *brain on drugs*: the **best** of breaking bad

by katjaritchie

Disclaimer: this article is 100% spoiler-free, so if you haven't yet seen the monumental finale, fear not! (Unless you've been living under a fucking rock and haven't watched through Season 3, which is your own fault). Everyone's favorite meth-empire drama is full of action and suspense, but there are some hidden funnies here and there that may have gotten lost along the way. So, while we're all drying our tears from the finale, here are my top ten one-liners, head-scratchers and running gags of the whole series.

1) "Wipe down this!"

This is in the very first episode, when Walt gets his diagnosis and quits his sad car wash job. His asshole boss asks him to "wipe down" something car-related, but Walt is having none of it. Viewers are then immediately turned on to the unconventional premise of *Breaking Bad* by watching an unfortunately mustachioed Bryan Cranston retaliate with this scathing quip, while grabbing his old-man crotch through his khakis. *Burn.*

2) Marie loves purple

Homegirl fucking *loves purple*. She wears it somewhere on her person in every scene, and best believe Casa Schrader is decked out in shades of violet. In Season 3, when Hank comes home from the hospital and is bedridden after his brush with the terrifying cartel *hermanos*, we see that even Hank and Marie's bedroom is a lavender fucking wonderland. Flowers, pillows, duvet, you name it. But the kicker is how it's studiously avoided by the characters. There's no remark of "Wow, Aunt Marie, the living room sure is purple!" from Flynn one morning over pancakes. We're just left to wonder whether we're tripping balls every time Marie is in the shot, and we never mention the giant purple elephant in the room, either.

3) "Jesus Christ, Marie, they're minerals."

Nuff said. This line all but became Hank's trademark in Season 3. They're not "rocks," they're minerals, dammit, and we never did forget it.

4) Walter wanted a bad ass disguise...so he bought a fucking porkpie hat

But actually. Men in hats other than a

casual beanie or baseball cap (or maybe a Stetson in New Mexico's case) pretty much went out the window sometime around the Kennedy administration, right? Obviously, it became his signature with the popularity of the show, but really, Walt: a black, felted fedora/bowler bastard child doesn't exactly scream "incognito."

5) The soccer-mom SUV

Walt goes through a slew of new whips in the last couple seasons, and dammit if Jesse's red Toyota Tercel doesn't hang in there. However, for the majority of the series, our favorite meth-making duo tools around in a mint-green 2004 Pontiac Aztek (the bulky "crossover" shape favored by suburban moms looking to extend gas mileage and hang onto all that nice trunk space!). Also, can we talk about whatever the fuck Skyler drives? An archaic, wood-paneled red Jeep? It's quietly replaced with something else normal and also red by the finale (spoiler!), though I never quite understood how Walt got the sage-colored Pontiac while Skyler got shafted with the faux-wood siding.

6) Marie's haircut, season 1

The early seasons were an awkward time. By the third season, Marie rocks a windswept cut with face-framing Brunette layers, but her first appearance is not so chic. There are brassy highlights that I'm sure she was told were "caramel." There is the awkward

really, Walt: a black, felted **fedora-bowler bastard child** doesn't exactly scream '*incognito*.'

not-quite-bob, not-yet-shag length. There are bangs. For the love of god, the woman has the squarest jaw of all time and there are blunt bangs. Oh, sweetheart, we know Marie's got her angst, but let a sista tell you, an emotion-fueled trip to the salon is



mariel brown-fallon

never, ever the answer.

7) Skyler's "rebellion" = smoking

When your terminally ill husband starts going behind your back and you discover him to be a local drug kingpin, your teenage son has cerebral palsy, and you've got a "surprise" infant daughter in your forties while money's already tight, what is there to do besides go all working-class *Desperate Housewives*? Let the men handle the important conversations, Skyler. Strike up an affair with your boss, put Holly down for a nap and light another Marlboro in your silk bathrobe like a giant goddamn drama queen. What's the worst that can happen, you'll get lung cancer—oh. Shit.

... read the rest on page 6

gluten for punishment eating with *allergies*

by lynnkeating

I strap on my sea-foam-green, latex medical gloves, preparing for this refrigerator biopsy. Rummaging through the cold, square box, I try to envision what I've been dreaming of all day long. What my body desires sits in the deepest burrows of the Redstone dining hall. So I operate through this box, shoving and rearranging the containers, digging deeper and deeper, trying to reach for... snickerdoodle cookies?

Since when did we have to be so sterile to choose our food?

These snickerdoodle cookies are more than just your typical cookies. They are gluten-free. Yes, I have celiac disease, diagnosed by a doctor. I am not trying to be trendy, I promise. But when I was told there was a gluten-free section at the University of Vermont, I searched endlessly. Unable to find this food-cult section, I finally found my way around the Redstone dining hall, having to cross boundaries, leaving my fellow peers to enter the world of the unknown, behind-the-scenes kitchen.

This secretive feeding hole at the University of Vermont provides a variety of foods for all of the restrictions that people have. From vegan muffins to peanut-free spreads, they do a good job of satisfying the majority of UVM's dietary needs...I mean we do live in Vermont, everyone has some type of peculiar eating preference, right?

As shown by campaigns like "Eat Local," "Eat More Kale" and even VT's original "Ben and Jerry's," Vermonters clearly love their homegrown, natural foods. They are proud of where they get their food, which is why people here are extremely picky with what they put in their bodies. The Burlington Farmer's Market is a place where farmers and craftsmen can sell their food weekly. City Market even has created a bicycle that makes a smoothie with your leg-power. Vermonters care how their food is prepared. This may help explain why we have to wear gloves in the dining hall.

"My Zone" was created to keep these allergens from spreading, separating these specific food-groups in the deep back corners and crannies of your local dining hall.

... read the rest on page 8

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me:

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popularity
by leonardbartenstein

flannels are boring
by katelypine

a true review
by andrewjuneau

the best news team inbox in the universe.



the shit list

with jamiebeckett

Parents Weekend: Hoards of parents flocked to Burlington last weekend just in time to see all the pretty leaves turn in and make this quaint little city glow. Church Street was a zoo and it was impossible to eat anywhere without waiting an absurd amount of time. The local economy was so stimulated some poor suckers thought it was snowing.

Drunk bike riding: Why does my hip feel broken? Probably because I thought it was a great idea to bike while very much intoxicated. I might have gotten to the party faster if I knew where I was going, but instead I found myself lost on Shelburne Road, no idea how that happened. The combination of bumpy roads, bright lights and compromised balance leads to road rash and ripped pants. Also did you know you can get a DUI when biking under the influence? The more you know.

Hiding hickeys: If the first thing out of your parents mouth was "Who gave you that love bite?" then you were doing something right. How else do you convince your parents that you have been productive since going to college? For those of us who would rather pretend that Thirsty Thursday didn't happen, you're in luck! Scarf weather is here. That plus a bit of cover-up and none will be the wiser. Unless that "friend" who happens to be coming out to dinner with your parents decides to make poorly masked comments. But hey! What are friends for? ■

Dear Watertower,

Help. I hesitate to confess the truth behind my call for your assistance, but with a month passed and responses from neither The Cynic nor the UVM SGA, I come to you for sex advice. I don't know what happened, when, or how, but the last time I got laid the United States was still being nobly lead by George W. Bush. Now, I don't want to blame my dry streak entirely on the Obama administration, but overlooking the correlation becomes more difficult with each passing day. I crossed my fingers upon hearing that the federal government had shut down, in hopes that this event would somehow land me a sweet honey. It didn't.

Sincerely,
Help

Dear Help,

Fear not, we have used our superpower as writers to compile for you a montage of sex-themed haikus. If these don't inspire you to go out there and get some, we're not quite sure what will. Check 'em out on page 11.

Best of luck,
Eds

*Sometimes reading the water tower makes our readers want to get naked and fight the power. But most of the time, they just send emails.
Send your thoughts on anything in this week's issue to*

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“These are Syrians who have come from cities in Syria like Damascus and Dara’a to escape from the Syrian conflict ... They have not had a warm welcome in France and so would prefer to go to Britain.”

- **Maël Galisson**, the coordinator of the Migrant Services Platform, reacts to situation developing in the French port of Calais. Syrian refugees have settled there since last Wednesday. On Friday, when French officials tried to remove them from the port, two refugees went on the roof and threatened to jump if they were not allowed to go to Britain.

“We hope we have solved the problem regarding the jellyfish, but we are not sure because they can come back.”

-**Anders Osterberg**, a spokesperson for the Oskarshamn Kraftgrupp AB, reflects on the solution the Swedish nuclear plant implemented in removing jellyfish that had clogged the intake cooling pipes. The plant was shut down, but by last Tuesday they believed they had solved the problem. The jellyfish have taken activism to a whole other level.

“How do you look at them and... deny them access... The Park Service should be ashamed of themselves”

-Texas **Congressman Randy Neugebauer** in a confrontation with a park ranger at the World War II Memorial in D.C. The congressman was upset that the parks service had closed down the memorial (all national parks have been closed due to the shutdown) even though he was part of the conservative group that disrupted an agreement on the national budget.

“During its two and a half years in operation, Silk Road has been used by several thousand drug dealers and other unlawful vendors to distribute hundreds of kilograms of illegal drugs and other illicit goods and services to well over a hundred thousand buyers.”

-A statement taken from the indictment of **Ross William Ulbricht** known online as Dread Pirate Roberts. Beyond the drug and money laundering charges for operating the drug site, Silk Road, Ulbricht has been charged for ordering hits on two men. The bust of Silk Road has not only affected Ulbricht and his users, but the Bitcoin, the wildly popular online currency, as well. ■

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

call me *maybe?* the rebirth of US-Iran relations

by davidanderson

Iranian president Hassan Rouhani has attempted to reach out to the Western world with a September 28th phone call to American president Barack Obama. Rouhani's actions ended a 30-year stretch without direct lines of communication, marking a historical step forward in U.S.-Iran relations. Rouhani, not content with just a single historic event, also composed Iran's first non-subtweet towards the United States.

The details of the phone call are not fully released, but the majority of the conversation was focused on the nuclear issue. Over the 15 minute conversation, Rouhani made it clear that Iran is not pursuing a nuclear bomb believing that it would inflict the most damage on his own country. Rouhani claimed that he wants to reach a final agreement on Iran's nuclear issue in three to six months. Mr. Obama seemed optimistic towards the call, saying he believes "we can reach a comprehensive solution."

Hassan Rouhani took office in August and is described as a moderate. He has been viewed hopefully as a "willing partner" by the U.S. government for his relative transparency and his desire for dialogue between the two nations. Already, Rouhani has been working on equality issues including equal pay for women. In essence, Rouhani is showing up with regards to Westernized policies.

Rouhani's popularity among the people of Iran is split, his supporters come out in large numbers, but there have been a few instances of protests against his policies. The Iranian parliament supports Rouhani majorly though, with 230 of 290 members

having supported his policies.

On the other end of the phone call, like a jealous significant other, Israel has been hostile in its response to Rouhani's apparent diplomacy. Israel Prime Minister Benjamin Netanyahu described Rouhani's conversation as "sweet talk" and that the U.S.

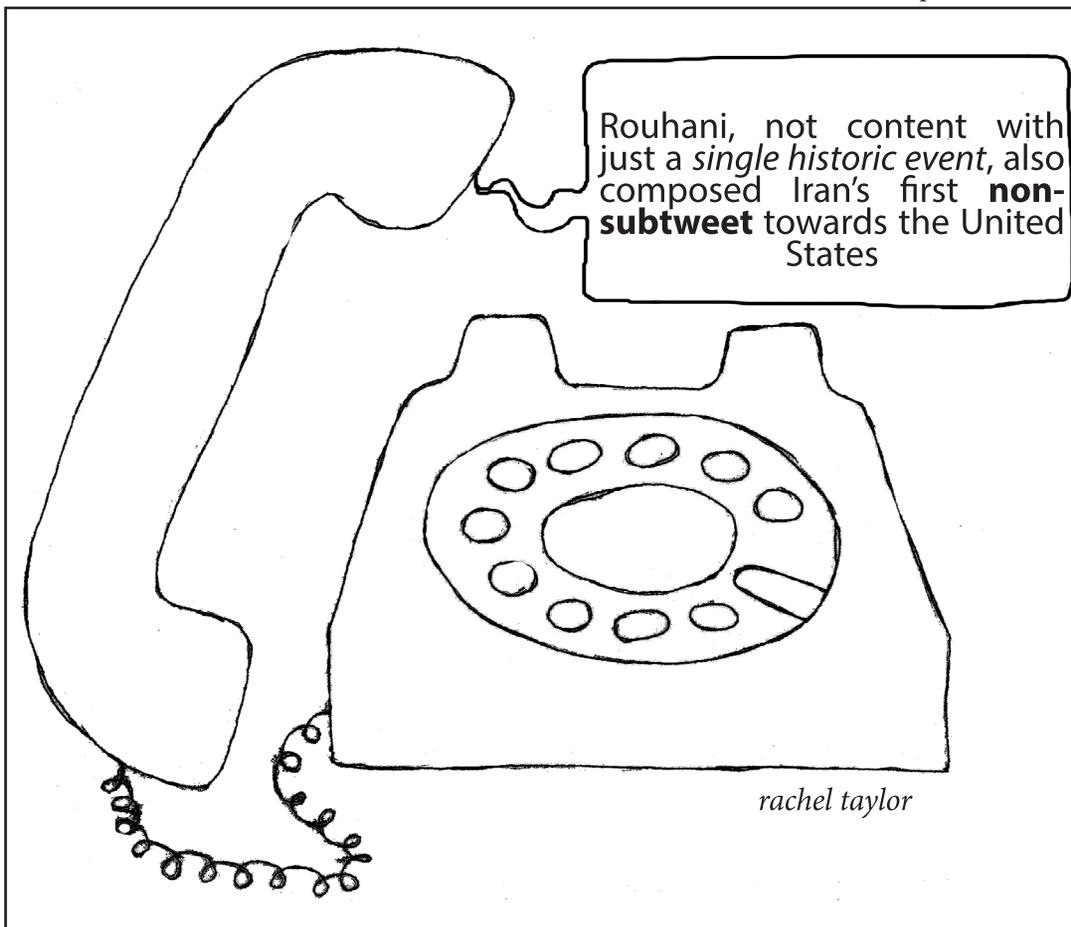
should not trust his suave almost Fonzie-esque moves. Israel argues that the regime change should not erase years of violence and dangerous rhetoric and their suspicion is warranted.

Iran has always been a threat to Israel, and with the countries' nuclear capabilities

there could easily be a devastating conflict. Regardless of Israel's protest, President Rouhani seems to be determined to legitimize his country's nuclear program; in addition to the phone call, he is scheduled for negotiations in Geneva on October 28th with P5+1, a group composed of the five permanent members of the UN Security Council (plus Germany) determined to strike a deal on nuclear power.

In my own opinion, Israel's hostility is counterproductive. Although Iran's attitude has been hostile and dangerous for many years, they appear to be making strides in a positive direction. It is not constructive to cripple a country with sanctions especially if they are open to negotiations. Rouhani has already cut back on nuclear stockpiles and is obviously willing to do more.

Furthermore, Iran's nuclear program does not appear to be much of a threat at the moment. They have never enriched uranium past 27 percent purity, 90 percent is the minimum needed for production of a weapon. That said it is still worth noting that Iran had claimed in the past that they were not attempting enrichment past 20 percent. There needs to be some cautiousness on the United States' side when dealing with Iran, but frankly relations are not going to get any better if there are not attempts to improve them. Israel, Iran and the U.S. are entering a very tense and important period. If Israel cooperates and Iran is being honest then great strides would be made towards stabilizing the region. ■



domo arigato Abe Shinzo

by coleburton

At the end of September, the Prime Minister of Japan, Abe Shinzō (pronounced ah-bay) addressed the UN General Assembly about an issue that he believes is central in turning around the long-lasting stagnation of the Japanese economy. In order to get a strong tailwind in the sails of the Nippon financial section that's been in the doldrums since the 90s, Abe wants to work on shattering the glass ceiling which almost all women face in the rather traditionally inclined nation, thanks to Confucian influences. All of this political initiative would be in the name of facilitating the proper economic use of half the Japanese citizenry, instead of restricting them to being stay-at-home moms.

Since most of you probably hold no conception of the struggles Japanese women face on a daily basis in both professional and political sectors, here are a few striking statistics to enlighten you. Women amount to about a single percent of village and town mayoral positions and 6.2% of top level management posts. Japan ranks below splendid nations like North Korea and Turkmenistan in percentage of women in their respective parliamentary or legislative bodies according to recent

election stats. (Oh and let's just face it, who doesn't have shitting on Turkmenistan on their bucket list, Archer anyone?)

To clarify, I will look into the recent past to discover why a country of civilized technonauts, gamers, and reliable car manufacturers would adhere to such an unbalanced system (and it's not that girls are uneducated rubes: they actually make up half of Japan's higher-level graduates). The following bit of historical elaboration will hopefully give some insight into why Japanese society has institutionalized the practice of barring women from authority positions.

What this societal glass ceiling really comes down to is that it has been barely over 100 years since Western liberal political concepts of freedom, equality, and inalienable rights even came into the country's lexicon. A poignant example of this came up the other day in one of my classes when I learned about how the early Jap-

nese liberal thinkers of the late 19th century actually had to merge characters in the native tongue to explain alien ideas like freedom. These liberal ideas were foreign concepts to a country that had just lunged out of an early modern, pseudo-feudal, yet commercialized state that labeled women as homemakers, tasked with raising good-

natured intelligent children.

Compounding upon this late entry into the modern Westernized age, and in light of the extreme leaps taken by political leaders in Japan during and after the Meiji Restoration, the leading regime was still headed by members of the old ruling samurai class. As a result, the new and subsequent governments retained a deeply traditional character which prevented the rapid disappearance of delineated gender roles. I believe that this nature of Japanese governments, even after World War II and the subsequent military occupation (which still goes on to this day by us proud and

"and it's not that girls are uneducated rubes: they actually make up half of Japan's higher-level graduates."

democratic Americans) is key to understanding the obstacles that women face.

I know it sounds as if I am ceding to the traditionalist—believe me I don't want to be perceived as condoning the informal sexism in what is probably my favorite country in the world—but, simply look at this issue logically. America has had over 200 years to break its glass ceiling and, although we have made progress, the process is obviously not even close to reaching any kind of equality between the sexes. Japan has had half that time to 'advance' and even fewer centuries of exposure to many deep seated ideals of democracy, liberty, and equality found rooted within individualistic philosophies. To put it shortly, I want to applaud Abe for actually speaking out against this injustice in a global forum, though it will surely garner attacks from members of his own party. Even if his term ends with little to no improvement in the aforementioned statistics and issues of female equality, hopefully his words will spawn a momentous advance for feminist causes in this unique and quirky East Asian archipelago. ■

around town.



paradise lost

how redstone has become the new campus dump

by annahill

My first year at UVM I was lucky enough to be housed in Hamilton on Redstone Campus. I soon learned that this was the place to be, and that I was in fact blessed to be living on such a desirable part of campus. Nearly everything about Redstone itself inspired me. The spacious, almost hotel-like dorm rooms and clean, bright bathrooms were a comfort to live in. The Redstone Market had all the tasty stoner munchies I could have asked for, and stuffing my face at Simpson wasn't too bad either. The weekend life was bumping, with packs of drunken students running rampant and wild. Being outside was a blessing that offered so many incredible activities, from kicking a ball to casual hookahing to an impromptu snowball fight. The green was lush and crisp, and it called to me on both pleasant and cold days. I could have lain in that grass for hours upon hours. Redstone Campus, was in short, too good to be true.

But there's a price to pay when you live in such a populated part of the school: people everywhere, always wanting to socialize and be outdoors. And what do people produce constantly, incessantly, without a single harrowing thought? That would be garbage.

This year I find myself much less impressed with Redstone Campus. The rooms are still lovely, and the Market is still fine—but there's something that is sucking the groove out of the Green. Disgustingly, Redstone has turned into a garbage dump for the aftermath of the weekend's drunken frivolities. Literally every day, more and more shit is dumped onto the Green without a passing thought. Beer cans, gum wrappers, cigarette butts, broken bottles, remnants from last night's dinner of pizza and Jell-o shots—how is it okay that any of this is on the ground?

Every weekend results in the same slew of post-party

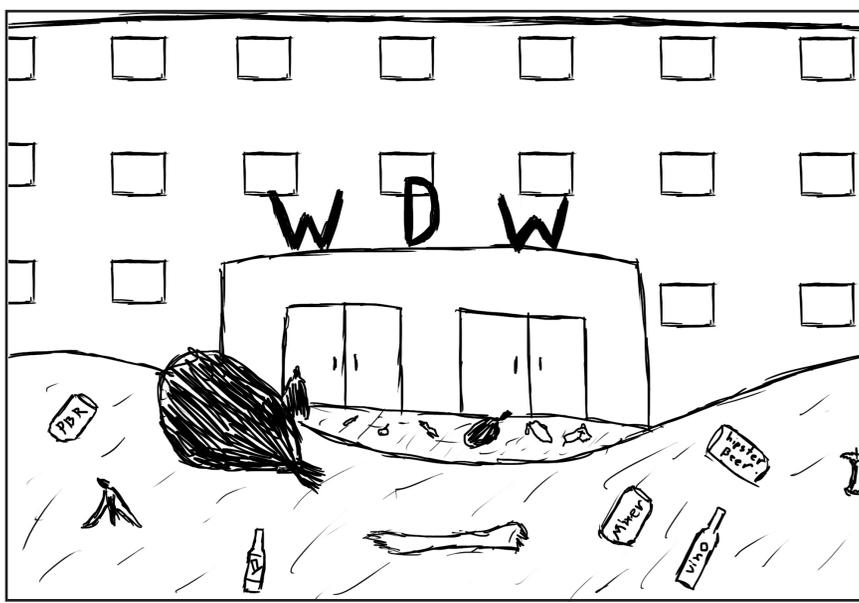
trash littered aimlessly about the Green, always noticed but never dealt with. Drunk kids will be drunk kids, I guess, but seriously people? This is your own school you're shitting on—it's not some random basement beer pong tournament. It really is too bad to see how some students don't

produce copious amounts of garbage? Everywhere I turn whilst on the Green, I see litter. We need a public trash bin in front of every dorm. Why not a recycling bin too, since UVM's all about that? And how about a few more cigarette butt stands, since clearly a huge portion of the student body smokes?

I absolutely fail to see how UVM has not addressed this serious issue of public littering. The absence of trashcans on campus truly encourages students to litter. Nearly every time I walk around campus with trash on me, I have the twisted urge to toss it on the ground. Although I never act on this impulse, it sure is tempting at times. If trashcans and recycling bins were more readily available on campus, I would probably never have these blasphemous thoughts.

This seriously trashy issue brings to the surface the underlying question I seem to be facing: why is Redstone Campus turning into such a dump? Maybe people are stubbornly fighting back against banning bottled water. It could be kids are just particularly hammered and environmentally irresponsible this semester. Or maybe it's the overwhelming numbers of freshman on Redstone this year... But regardless of the true cause, we can stop this outrageous problem. By putting public trashcans, recycling bins, and more cigarette butt stands on campus, we can encourage students to follow in UVM's environmental footsteps and throw away their garbage

for the betterment of our campus. The litter on Redstone Campus and around UVM's property in general should be taken care of, by not only the students that care, but by the school that supposedly advocates for all environmental efforts. So come on UVM: buy a few bins and bolt 'em down, cause these beer cans and cig butts aren't going anywhere for now. ■



christopher schneider

care at all about the impact litter has on their own school.

That being said, I cannot solely blame the drinkers of Redstone. The University itself has a very large role to play in this issue. I believe the growing amount of trash strewn about Redstone could be reduced tremendously if there were some public trashcans! I mean seriously, do these guys think teenagers and twenty-somethings don't

happy hour: extreme couponing

by phoebefooks

TLC has produced a gem with *Extreme Couponing*. Each episode introduces two "extreme couponers" and follows them on a journey to the grocery store to collect their "biggest haul yet." Extreme couponers are a breed of their own: admirable, local legends, yet typically overweight and pathetic at the same time, as their diets consist mainly of instant noodles and sugary drinks. (Because fresh produce never goes on sale.)

My roommates and I (though I have to give them most of the credit) have created this fantastic drinking game, and we bid readers of the **watertower** to join the fun! I will warn you though, this game has been known to leave its participants curled up in a balls on the floor, abs cramping from laughter with tears and tequila streaming down their rosy cheeks. So have fun, kids, and keep it safe.

at home (first half of episode):

Drink every time the word coupon is pronounced like "kyew-pon."

Drink for every appearance of the couponer's clear plastic binder used for organizing coupons.

Drink if the couponer enslaves their children to clip coupons or preform other coupon labor.

Drink if the couponer collects coupons from either dumpster diving, stealing from neighbors, or by using multiple computers in their home to download extra coupons using various IP addresses.

Drink if there is a tragic backstory presented that lead the couponer to their life of extreme couponing.

at the store (latter half of episode):

Drink each time the couponer's spouse is given a command by the couponer.

Drink if they use a "rain check" on an item that should be on sale but the store has run out of it.

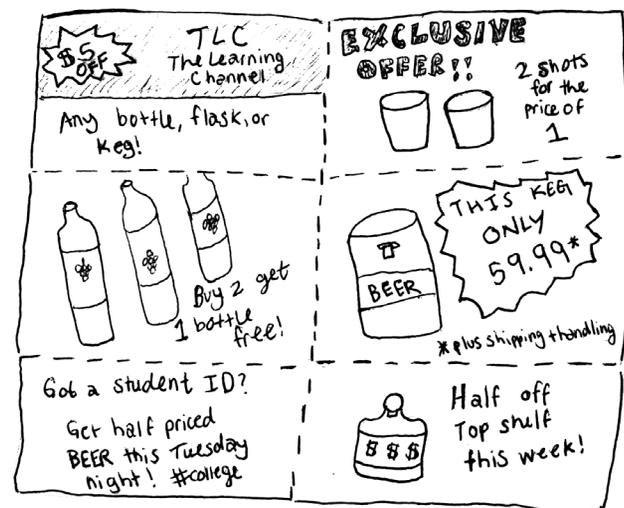
Drink if anxiety is induced at the register. (Signs include intense changes in music, exasperated sighs or screams, and telling the children to go wait outside or in the car.)

Drink if the manager must be called over to the register due to an issue with the computer system.

If the sale must be divided into multiple transactions, drink for every transaction.

Finally, at the end of the journey, if the extreme couponer has done so well and collected so many overages that the store ends up owing them money, finish your drinks.

Also, drink twice as many times for each rule if the extreme couponer is male. ■



frances lasday



yo, stop hating on the *homeless people* who hang in the library

by marilynora

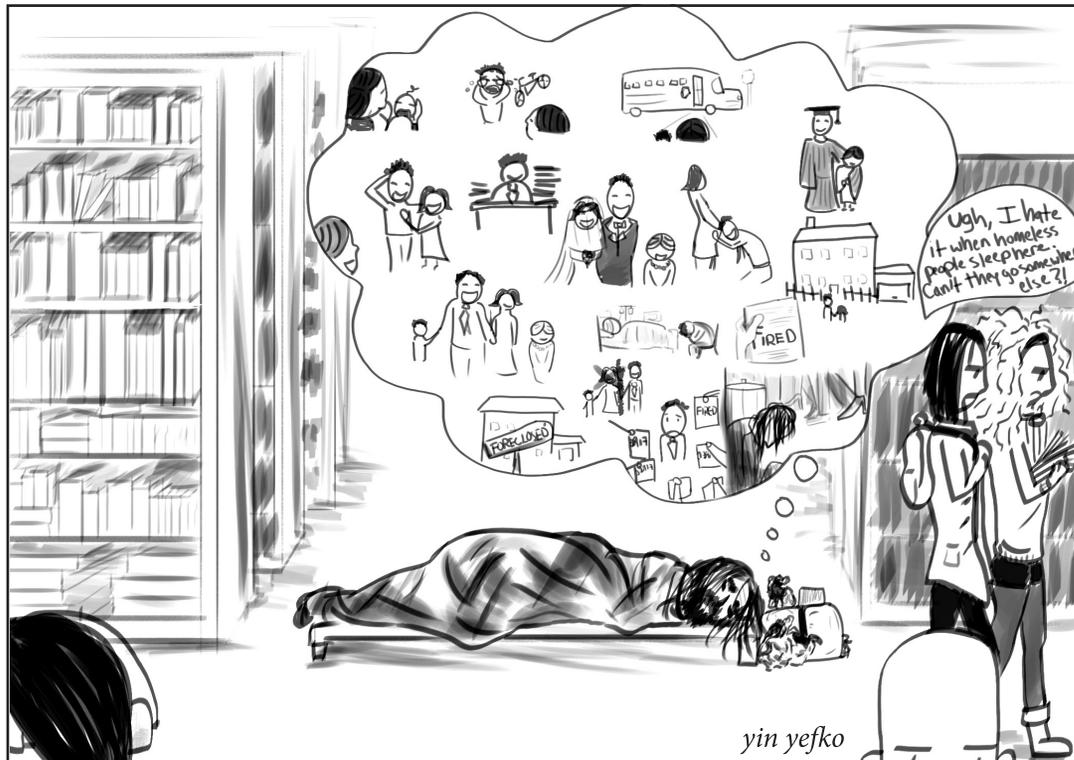
A couple of days ago, I found myself searching for a comfy chair on the third floor of the Bailey-Howe. Oddly enough, it was bumpin' with groups of students. An anomaly, because as we all know the third floor is reserved for all of us who hate human contact (why y'all clustering together up there now?) I finally spotted the most perfectly isolated corner chair and headed straight for it. Unfortunately Scraggly Beard beat me to it.

Scraggly Beard, for those who don't know, is just one of the many regular homeless people who wander around the UVM campus. Over the years you get to know their faces pretty well. There's Poncho Villa, the rotund one with the funny mustache and cap; there's Herbert from Family Guy, the very, very, old one that gives off the most creepiest of vibes, and then there's Scraggly Beard. Many homeless can be found in the Bailey-Howe or the Davis Center, where they're usually napping or on the free standing computers. Watching Scraggles nestle into the chair, I gave up on my

chair-searching-quest and drove to my friend Ashlee's place to realistically not study and mostly complain.

So me Hot Pockets and hot chocolate later I found myself whining away on Ashlee's kitchen floor about how irate I was at Scraggles for stealing my perfect spot. My friends commiserated with me and added their two-cents on the subject.

"They're always on the open computers. The other day I was late for class because I had to sit down and log on to print out my paper, ugh."



ran away because "NOBODY UNDERSTANDS ME." I just up and bolted. I found my way back home after two days because living outside was hard and I am so soft.

My mum's point was that anyone can end up homeless. Unfortunately, a good majority of homeless people are those who struggle with mental illness or addiction; but honestly a UVM diploma isn't going to guarantee any of us a job, house, car, etc. Bearing that in mind, it's important to shut up once in a while and recognize the privileges we are afforded here at UVM.

"But they're not doing anything important, they're playing games, checking emails, and just instant messaging in a chatroom. I have a huge psych paper due in ten minutes!"

SHUT UP.

A library is a community location. Yes the Bailey-Howe is located on UVM, but if someone needs a warm place to

"I think the couch smelled because one of them napped there all day."And so forth.

At the time, I didn't realize what arrogant jackasses we sounded like. In fact, I all together forgot about the conversation until I noticed UVM Confession's post #5653 on Facebook: another student griping about the homeless. Clearly the homeless and our attitude towards them is an issue that we should address. As usual, whenever I have an issue I want to hash out I turn to the one person I know who always has the best advice: Oprah (Just kidding, mum!).

The first thing my mum said was, "When I see a homeless person, I see you."

Baffled, I spouted out my latest granola-speak:

"I know I don't wash my hair a lot, but that's because of the chemicals and natural oils. Shampoo kills your hair, it's better for the earth and my hair!"

That's not what she meant though, but she would like to see me wash my hair more often.

She reminded me of the time that I ran away from home. I was fourteen years old, listening to My Chemical Romance on repeat, with stupid multi-colored dyed hair, and I

"if someone needs a warm place to hang out, and to feel like a regular person 'just checkin' out my email ya know' then who are we to deny them that?"

hang out, and to feel like a regular person "just checkin' out my email ya know" then who are we to deny them that? So you pay thousands of dollars in tuition, so you should be able to use the computers first? No. No you don't. Perhaps wake up earlier, I don't know, but don't blame others for your poorly executed time management skills. Let a man instant message in peace!

I mean, I'm not the altruistic person I wish I could be. At red lights if there's a homeless person beside me with a sign, I slink down and avoid all eye contact. I don't want to give my money away to a stranger. I'm selfish, I want to keep all of it, and spend it on useless things. like Chiptotle and Starbucks. I don't know what they'll do with that money, so I just slink deeper. I do know that one thing I can do though, is not complain about the homeless on the UVM campus. I probably shouldn't give them nicknames based on appearances alone, but I've got internal nicknames for everyone (Freshman Lloyd just walked by me, major bowl cut and the goofiest smile), so I'll work on that, and together we can all work on being more accommodating and empathic. ■

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reflections.

you're gonna be...

pope-u-lar!

by leonardbartenstein

There are plenty of religious young people out there, but let's face it: a large proportion of people around our age are atheist or agnostic. Nonetheless, it seems that the newest Roman Catholic pope, Pope Francis, is gaining popularity and more among young adults.

Pope Francis, from the beginning, was never a conventional pope. On his first day as pope, he decided not to stay in the Papal Palace, as would be expected (because it's basically the Catholic White House), but in the same hotel suite he had already been staying in, as a sign of humility. He also made the bold move of selecting the name Francis, after Saint Francis of Assisi, which had never been used before by a pope. He did this to not only follow Saint Francis's values of humility and compassion, but also to say to the world, "I'm not like most popes. I'm a cool pope."

Pope Francis started out his popedom in an unconventional way, but that's not the only cool part about him. He's the first pope from the Americas, and the first pope from the southern hemisphere (he was born in Buenos Aires, Argentina). Because he comes from such a different background than the other popes, he carries a little bit of a different style. While other popes may have focused on faith, great works, or interpretations of the Bible, Pope Francis finds himself concentrating more on humility. He embarked on this theme with his declination of the Papal Palace, and took it even further when he addressed the crowd at World Youth day last March.

Pope Francis stated, "The Gospel of this Sunday reminds us of the absurdity of basing their happiness on 'having.' The rich man says to himself, 'My

soul, you have many good things stored up . . . rest, eat, drink, be merry!' But God says to him, 'You fool, this very night your life will be demanded of you; and the things you have prepared, to whom will they belong?' (Luke 12. 19-20). Dear

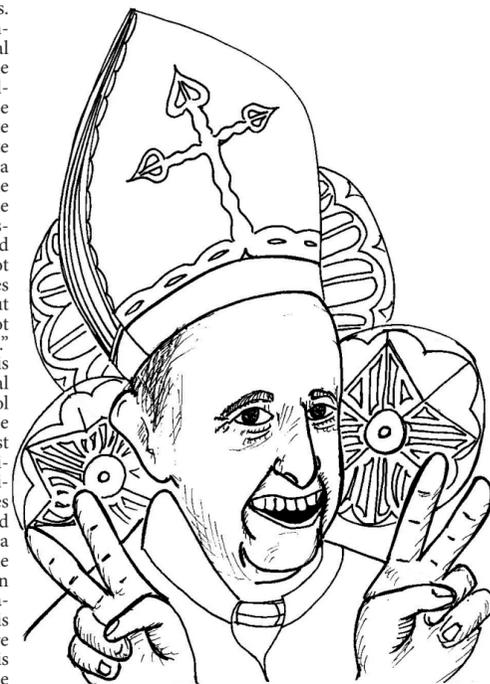
aren't what will make you happy, that's something else. That's something you already learn from every Christmas movie ever, anyway—think about it: *The Flintstones Christmas Carol*, *How the Grinch Stole Christmas*, *Fred Claus*... the list goes on!

Of course, what's really getting the pope in the good favor of the young people out there is his support of gay clergymen. When asked about what should be done about gay priests, Pope Francis replied, "If someone is gay and he searches for the Lord and has good will, who am I to judge?" This runs with the Catholic beliefs that there is nothing wrong with gay love, as pointed out on americancatholic.org. "The Administrative Committee said the church clearly teaches the dignity of homosexual persons and condemns 'all forms of unjust discrimination, harassment or abuse.'" This runs contrary to the previous Pope Benedict XVI who signed a document in 2005 saying that men with deep homosexual tendencies should not become priests. So people like Pope Francis better because he's more accepting than his predecessors.

Pope Francis is ready for change in the Vatican. Just recently, he called a group of cardinals together to change some of the policies of the Vatican, to shift the focus of the Church from the Vatican to the young, the elderly, and the poor. With his huge changes to the Church, his socially conscious ideas, and the success of this year's World Youth Day, this pope may not be a conventional pope, but he is a pope that many young people find themselves looking up to. He might not be handing out free communion wine to college students for their parties on weekends, but I don't know, he seems like a pretty cool dude to me. ■

brothers and sisters, true wealth is the love of God, shared with the brothers."

Isn't this something that many people these days can get behind? Material goods



how big are your balls?

prospective fathers are sizing down the competition

by nickpatyck

You can stop the measuring contests and all the silly games in which you were obviously engaged. According to recent research conducted at Emory University, guys with less firepower in the testicular department tend to become better fathers than those with more. These less-endowed Daddies are more likely to change, feed, bathe, and in general take better care of their babies.

Specifically, the study in Proceedings of the National Academy of Science examined the relationship between testicle size and the level of parental involvement in seventy men with children. When these men were presented with pictures of their children, those with the "smaller stuff" showed stronger responses in the reward area of the brain than those with larger natural parts. The difference in the MRI scans was about three-fold—pretty big!

But does this make any sense? Shouldn't you be more into protecting what your boys gave you if you've got a bigger gang? While that might seem to make sense, ultimately, the smaller arsenal seems to lead to loyalty. As is often the case, we can compare our sexuality to the habits and tendencies of various animals. Within the primate kingdom, promiscuity and testicular size share a strong, positive correlation. Bigger testes, more partners. More partners means less time devoted to each one, and less attention given to mommy and the kids.

Not to say that human males and primates are exactly the same, but the theory of evolution has suggested some commonality here. Yet comments beneath

the article on the BBC website offer a common trend: readers seem to think commitment to parenting has mostly to do with the individual and his sense of morality, rather than his natural endowment (or lack thereof).

I have to side with the majority on this one. While the study makes sense and the results are suggestive of certain trends, there is no excuse for avoiding the re-

"these less-endowed Daddies are more likely to change, feed, bathe, and in general take better care of their babies"

sponsibilities of parenthood. Regardless of what your hormones may be telling you to do, if the fabric of a family is on the line, loyalty should be a top priority.

Obviously, being present and active in the upbringing of your kids is incredibly important. An article on Askmen.com suggests that Dad should demonstrate the importance of work, show his kids how to treat others with respect, and give plenty of attention to their emotional lives as well. Fairly obvious, right? A Dad should be strongly present, attentive, caring, and responsible. He should also lead by example, practicing what he preaches.

Anyone who can have children is father material. But bringing them up is another ball

game, and a true commitment. So what happens when someone is a father, but neglects the role of being an active dad? Paternita.info, a website focused on addressing the growing problem of paternal absence in western countries, offers powerful statistics on the affects of paternal abandonment. Apparently, 63% of youth suicides are from fatherless homes, while 85% of youths sitting in prisons are as well. Additionally, a whopping 71% of all high school dropouts come from fatherless homes. Clearly, Dad's presence is a big deal.

So, regardless of how big your balls are, how much testosterone you have, or anything else about you, when you've got kids, it's time to SACK UP and be a DAD. "Anyone can be a father. But it takes a real man to be a Dad" (Anonymous). ■



julianna roen

semi-responsible, drunk, online purchases

(an incomplete personal memoir)

by phoebefooks

I have a bad habit of spontaneously deciding to buy things online after consuming more than a few drinks. I do it because, well, because this is the 21st century and we have internet and credit cards and if I decide I want to have something all I need to do is click a few buttons and within 5-10 business days it will be waiting for me on my doorstep. Dope. Here lie three of my most ridiculous purchases:

1. A Self-Designed S Club 7 T-Shirt

Ain't no party like an S Club Party. You don't have to tell me that twice, but go ahead and play it on repeat for a little while. As a late 90's, but mostly 2000's kid, S Club was my favorite band throughout childhood. My CD copy of 7 actually lived inside my Sony Walkman, only to be occasionally replaced by Avril Lavigne's *Let Go*. One night after a few Magic Hats, I was bumpin' S Club and came to the devastating realization that I did not own any S Club swag. I immediately scanned Amazon and Ebay searching for a t-shirt but this band hasn't been relevant for a good ten years, so I was out of luck. Naturally I went to Zazzle and attempted to design my own shirt using a jpeg from Google Images.

Results: 1) Zazzle emailed me the next day saying the image was not mine, a copyright infringement, and the order could not be processed. 2) Never had a dream come true.

3. A Confirmation Payment on a Study Abroad Trip to Ecuador

It was a Thursday, nearing the culmination of a very stressful week of midterms in the heart of October, and my dorm friends and I had spent the evening delving deep into a box of Sunset Blush. We made the never incorrect decision to hit up the late night Marche, and during the moment when everyone dispersed to grab jackets and CatCards, I opened my laptop for an innocent email check. I don't even remember what else was in my inbox at the time (I'd be surprised if I did) other than what stood out as saliently as the eyesore that is Redstone Lofts: the email reminding me that I still hadn't confirmed my spot in Geography 190: The Politics of Landuse in Ecuador. I opened the email. I'd been considering doing the trip for a few weeks now, and was iffy on the cost, but deep down inside I knew that where there was a will, there would be a way. Oh, there is a will, I thought to myself, and went ahead and purchased that spot, shortly followed by mozzarella sticks and other late night Marche shit I should not have been consuming. Ah, the memories of my underclassmen years.

Results: 1) Ecuador wound up presenting me with one of the most stunning natural landscapes I've ever witnessed. 2) I got to try guinea pig meat. 3) I now own an Alpaca fur version of every type of clothing. ■



ben berrick

fashion five-oh.

the *flannel* faux-pas



by katelypine

When the leaves start to change color, the temperature begins to drop, and everything suddenly develops a pumpkin flavor, it can only mean one thing: fall. A favorite time of year for many, the changing of the seasons also sparks a transition in the fashion world. It's now officially acceptable to pack away your colored shorts and break out your neutral, oversized sweaters. But while fall comes with plenty of fashion upsides, there are naturally a few downsides to the cooler weather; most notably, the abrupt appearance of flannel. Yes, you heard me right: flannel.

The origins of flannel date back hundreds of years. Flannel itself was a fabric made of heavy wool, developed to protect the laborers from the harsh weather of northern England. It became popular in America in the 20th century, adopting a lightweight, cotton base and a plaid pattern that is now associated with the shirts. The shirts hit an even more mainstream image with the grunge phase of the 1990s. While flannels have always been a staple closet item in New England, it has never been fashionable...ever.

Believe it or not, there are people at UVM who do not partake in the wearing of flannel shirts, myself being one of them. Granted, we may be a small percentage, but we're still here. The frequent display of flannel is not a foreign concept to me, as they are still popular winter items in my home state of New Hampshire. However, I have never seen the appeal of the plaid-patterned garment. My reasons? Why should I wear a flannel and look like I just rolled out of bed when I can wear a regular, non-patterned oxford shirt and simultaneously make it appear as though I've spent more time getting ready that morning?



francis lasday

I'll admit, some people can pull off the look (I'm looking at you, kid in my math lecture). But for the most part, guys, you just look ugly. Every time I see a guy wearing jeans and a flannel, I immediately envision him as a lumberjack with a big, blue ox by his side. Let's face it; the "Paul Bunyan" appearance just doesn't look good on the majority of you. Ladies, the flannel apparel isn't cutting it for you either. It's time to retire that go-to, flannel-leggings-Birkenstocks safety net and adopt a more refined style, even on your "lazy" days. Flannel is functioning as the fallback of every UVM student, when it shouldn't be in our closets at all (or at least, not in copious amounts).

The biggest thing that bothers me about flannel is not the ugly look, but rather the fact that it is so common. It's not original to wear your flannel, because chances are at least a hundred other kids are wearing the exact same thing. Your plaid is no longer a statement like it was in the 90's: it's now simply a commonplace pattern. If we're all striving to be unique, how can we when half of the student body looks as if the same person dressed them?

So, maybe you like to wear flannel? By all means, go ahead, and continue to uphold the stereotype that everyone at this school is a flannel-wearing hippie. I won't hold you back from doing that. I know there's no way I can possibly win this debate, and that most of you will continue to bear the fashion faux pas despite my efforts. Some people even tell me that in a couple years, I'll be a part of the flannel-wearing masses just like the rest of you. If that becomes the case, someone please remind me of this article so I can snap out of it and resume my current style of dress. Lord knows what else could have gone wrong during that time.

fork it over.



GLUTEN MADNESS -continued from page 1

The UVM dining web page describes "My Zone" as a "safe environment" that is "complete with a dedicated toaster, microwave and refrigerator, providing separate utensils and cutting boards and gloves"... oh no, not the gloves! These nitrile gloves have dispersed from the medical practitioners' offices into our dining halls.

"I feel like a doctor whenever I put my plate together in the dining hall," says gluten-allergic freshman, Makenzie Gallup. "It's a weird concept, but I understand why they are cautious with who and what touches their foods when preparing it." Gallup has never had to wear gloves while preparing her food and even goes out to dinner with family and friends, never suffering from a reaction...yet...

These disposable gloves have become as disposable as your favorite allergy-free snack. Before touching anything, you must put on the gloves. As soon as you're finished toasting your special, gluten-free "Original Bagel" you instantly throw out these removable latex gloves. This excessive disposal irks me. People have these "Original Bagels" almost every day, using two gloves per meal three times a day. That's 42 gloves a week!

I not only feel ridiculous wearing these hand contraptions, but also throwing them in the trash after wearing them for approximately .25 seconds makes me want to re-evaluate my life.

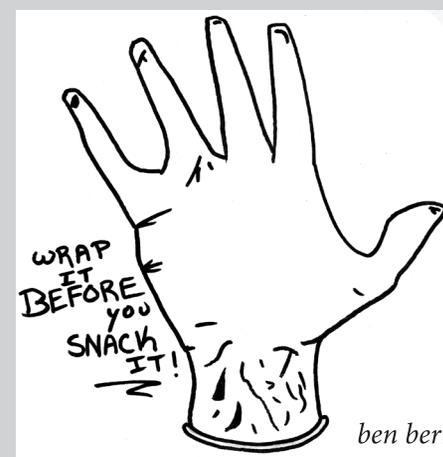
But when you think of those who are allergic to certain food groups, you don't necessarily envision them wearing doctor gloves whenever they eat. When was the last time you've seen people walking around with these mint-green gloves just because they can't ingest peanut butter? Gallup explains that even with her various allergies, she has never before had to strap on the sterile doctor gloves to receive food, ever. So does this make UVM dining halls overly cautious, or overly trendy when it comes to food allergies?

Vermont as a state is very open to dietary preferences. City Market held an information session September 24th called "Living Against The Grain: Gluten-Free Diet" to truly define what it means to be gluten-free, and how to live the lifestyle without this grain. It was interesting as a celiac to hear what they had to say, but it also provided some perspective for the average, curious, diet-conscious eater.

This now -sterile process of choosing your food in the UVM dining halls may be tedious, but Gallup admits, "It's a safer way to get food; the last thing you want is an aller-

gic reaction." OK, maybe I'll keep wearing the goddamn gloves for you serious allergy kids.

So the next time you see someone running around the dining hall with doctor gloves (most likely me), don't fret. She's not your pediatrician; she just wants a snickerdoodle cookie.



ben berrick

trash.



i want you so bad

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

You've gotta know those frosty blue eyes
Have got me nothing short of mesmerized
The way you walk with such style and grace
And to boot, the most beautiful face
Rapier wit, adorable drawl,
And gorgeous like the colors of fall
Tasteful, like a cup of hot cider,
A sexy water tower writer
I really hope you'll give me a chance,
For you, I'd even learn how to dance
Just a smile would be worth walking miles,
A little bit of conversation
Would make writing this poem worthwhile
All done arguing about Groupthink,
How 'bout we go out and have a drink
You're trendier than a passing fad,
Just so you know, I want you so bad?
When: Tuesdays and Thursdays
Where: Class
I saw: A fine lady
I am: On your left

I hope that you are doted on all day,
Your boyfriend never ceasing in his aid,
And show'ring you with gifts in every way,
Until your total happiness is made.
I hope he tells you everyday that you
Are the most beautiful woman that he
Has ever seen because it is quite true
That I would say so if someone asked me.
I hope he tells you just how smart you are,
Not once, but every single time you speak,
Because your intellect will bring you far,
The thought of which makes most of us quite meek.
My greatest hope is that I'll be with you,
But, absent that, my other hopes will do.
When: Well nigh these past two years
Where: Too many places
I saw: The Summer of My Life
I am: An Anonymous Admirer

You seem so shy and quiet,
not the partying type like most here.
At the same time, you are very friendly.
I like when you talk to me,
but I wish we saw each other more so we could talk more.
It is a little lonely here.
You also have beautiful brown eyes.
We need to see each other more; Facebook is inadequate. I
don't know how to approach you
without giving a wrong impression.
When: Monday mornings (usually)
Where: Lord Basement
I saw: A handsome, gentlemanly math grad student
I am: In a loving relationship, but need a friend

I keep checking out movies I don't intend to watch,
I'm pretty transparent so every interaction, I've botched.
I try to be charming but probably don't pass,
"Can I get 'Les Mis' and....'Bambi'?" I ask.
I take them upstairs; my roommates rush to see:
"Wow, well done! Could you be more sexy?"

I've had redeeming moments; our rapport has grown
You ate my apple crisp (or was it your room gnome?).
My Tupperware still has a faint yogurt smell,
Which is totally fine, because Chobani is swell.
And we've baked together; you've really got game-
Not many first-timers attempt meringue.

I'm sure it's a long shot since this poem is lame.
But do tell me if you've felt at all the same.
One of these days I'll stop by to see,
'The Breakfast Club' this time or 'Marley & Me'?
When: Too rarely
Where: The desk
I saw: Meringue Man
I am: Apparently a cineophile

I see you everywhere,
with your flaming red hair,
you always makes me smile,
but your silence drives me wild!
why don't you ever say "hi"
whenever you pass me by?
now as this comes to the very end,
I just ask, will you be my friend?

When: Frequently
Where: Oh, here, there, and everywhere
I saw: A silent ginger man
I am: A not-so-silent girl

I spotted you in the Cyber Cafe,
From you my eyes did not stray.
Damn that Carhartt flannel was bangin,
Girl on you my mind has been hanging.
You are so fine,
And that bod I want to intertwine.
You asked me a question about nutrition,
But all I could think about was turning your ignition.
From the moment our eyes met,
I only thought about making you sweat.
You put other girls to shame,
when the love of my life you became.
When: All day ery day
Where: Oustide Lafayette MWF
I saw: A slammin blonde with rock hard quads
I am: A killer whale

you missed my
chalkboard expression
so here's my
confession:
I met you this fall
and wanted to call
but you left before
I could try.
since then i've been
waiting and
contemplating
and i'm not this
kind of guy. so be
at billings this friday
at noon
and you'll see why.
When: Not enough
Where: Around
I saw: A girl
I am: A guy

ear

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

Outside Angel

Girl to Grunge Guy: Hey did you change your hair color?
Grunge Guy: No, I washed it though.

Bailey/Howe Basement

Sporty Girl: When I dress nicely, I look like a normal person, but when I dress like this I look like a sporty lesbian.

Saint Paul Street

Excited Young Lady: I have girlfriends again! You understand my uterus!

Leaving Perkins

Young Lass: I wanted to drive home this weekend, but I'm afraid because I haven't driven a car in a month...

Votey Lab

Gentleman: This Saturday I drank a whole fifth by myself, and then I drank five or six beers.
Lady: I think I would be in the ER if I drank that much beer.

Outside Chitty

A Concerned Woman: Yea, I can't really eat ice cream, because it all goes to my hips.
An Unconcerned Man: Oh, well, I shouldn't eat ice cream because it all goes to my DICK.

Marsh Life Sciences

Guy 1: Yeah I have this orientation thing tonight.
Guy 2: That sucks dude.
Guy 1: I know. I barely have time to go home and get high before it.

The Marche

Bro to Friend: So, you two were going hard at fallfest?
Friend: You bet.
Bro: Like, how hard?
Friend: Dude, I had a boner that could cut glass.

Cyber Cafe

Classy Young Lady: Like, I just don't know what to do with it...
Equally Classy Friend: Throw a condom on it and call it a day!

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

tunes.



a *true* review

by andrewjuneau

It's all some people listen to, yet other people can't stand its recent rise in popularity. Based on the lineup for UVM's Fallfest, which include two artists of the genre, I'll assume that a fair amount of people here are into EDM. I'll admit it; just like all the other types of music I listen to, I really do enjoy EDM (electronic dance music, for you lay readers out there). Nevertheless, when I went looking back through my library, an overwhelming majority of my most played EDM tracks were songs that sampled some older style of music, à la Pretty Lights and GRiZ method (think: every one of his songs with some righteous singer belting out the song's namesake).

For this reason, I was very excited to purchase Swedish-born DJ Avicii's first studio album, *True*. Despite this being his freshman album, Avicii had already risen to quite a high status in the ranks on EDM artists, staying within the top ten in *DJ Magazine's* "Top 100 DJs" for the past two years. On his new album, Avicii worked heavily with guitarist and songwriter Nile Rodgers, who, if you don't know, has worked with artists such as Duran Duran, Madonna, the B-52's, David Bowie, and, more recently, Daft Punk. It seems like whatever this guy gets his hands on turns to gold. After hearing the preliminary version of the single "Wake Me Up," Rodgers said "Tim [Avicii's name at birth], that's like the most amazing thing I've heard in a long time." Unless this guy who worked with Daft Punk on their massively popular, electronic ass-kicking 2013 album *Random Access Memories* has an amazingly tiny grasp of time, I'd say the song is probably a pretty solid piece of work. In the same Billboard interview, Avicii stated, "When they get over the fact that it's country [...] I trust in the music because I thought it was the best work I've done so far." Honestly, I couldn't agree more. Before buying *True*, I was planning on plugging in my earbuds and getting some work done. Forty seconds in and I dropped all of my papers, kicked my backpack,

and danced my ass off. Avicii has pumped out quite a few hits since he started making music in 2007, but the tracks on *True* just outdo them all.

"Wake Me Up" starts with the strumming of a guitar and an uncredited ultra-

songs. The last song on the album, "Heart Upon My Sleeve" begins with some heady guitar playing and, as drums are added, switches over to full on rock opera that, in the ending of the song, even includes some of those beloved wubs so very characteristic of dubstep.

When Avicii debuted several of his songs at Ultra Music Festival in Miami before their release, he was met with a ridiculous amount of criticism. And if you know anything about EDM, or even music fans in general, you know that they will lose their shit if something is awry. As with much of pop culture nowadays, if something is even a little bit off, people will flock to Twitter to tweet their opinions and feelings away. I suppose I'm no better; I sent a collection of my favorite videos and 140 character rants to my brother, along with a link to the album. I also am writing this article, which is a glorified rant in itself. I just don't think that Avicii deserved to have some random Miami guys with less than six hundred

followers on Twitter say that his career is now ruined because of one set or have his set listed among the worst things ever seen (the rest of the list was "Star Wars Episode I and the Joseph Kony documentary"). Admittedly, yes, this summer sneak peak was much weaker than the songs on the album turned out to be, but he shouldn't have been compared to "Mumford and Sons meets dance music." Wait... that one was pretty accurate. Damn, I wish I had come up with that. Even if you don't like Mumford & Sons, you must admit - they have some pretty catchy tunes (if they didn't, they wouldn't be on the radio so frequently). Just give the album a listen to and see if it makes you get up and wiggle. After all, it is electronic dance music. ■

soulful singer (Aloe Blacc, the guy who sings "I Need a Dollar," check him out) and continues to quickly make me get up, take my clothes off, and dance in an embarrassing fashion. For some, it might just induce a head bob, but come on! Get into it, man! The dancing doesn't stop there, though. As the album moves into "You Make Me," the second track on the album that just pleads to be jumped around to. "You Make Me" even gives the listener a break during the last quarter of the song so that they may simmer down in time for "Hey Brother." The third track brings back the folky strings and soul vocals of the previous songs. "Addicted to You," "Dear Boy," and "Liar Liar" feature some soothing Lana Del Rey-esque vocals and are followed up by three more solid "folktronica"



winnny kwong

recently in tunes

with dylanmccarthy

I've been away for a bit my loves, but it is damn good to be back. My favorite month's finally come around and for now we're enjoying some nice weather, some of those fine fall colors, and, of course, cider being back in season (although lets be honest, if you're drinking Woodchucks you're drinking 'em year round). It's been an interesting and often weird past few weeks for the world of music, and here's some of the highlights.

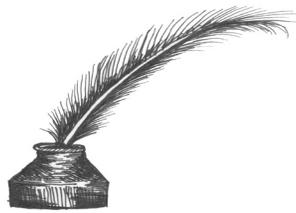
Weezer's *Pinkerton* turns 17. Nowadays Weezer's a dirty word in world of alternative rock. Let's be honest though, at this point its well deserved. Hell, I even loved most of *Make Believe*, but after *The Red Album* and the other cache of garbage records most people would rather see Rivers Cuomo hang up his guitar or just plain hang himself. *Pinkerton* is an undeniable masterpiece, coming hot off the heels of *The Blue Album* Weezer made an emotional, and personal piece of work that's catchy while demented. I'm just happy to see that it can go out and buy M-rated video games now.

***Grand Theft Auto V* assembles one of the most memorable video game soundtracks ever.** The game is a masterpiece in every sense of the word, and while its all too easy to lose yourself in the engrossing story, the soundtrack is what we'll remember years from now. From Elton John to Dr. Dre to Aphex Twin, *GTA V* has over 24 hours of recorded music and has radio personalities satirizing every genre of music with scathing accuracy.

Sinead O'Connor Pens an Open Letter to Miley Cyrus with the hopes of changing her ways. Nobody cares. Miley Cyrus cited O'Connor as one of her influences in a recent interview, which already makes no sense whatsoever. In what's most likely an attempt from O'Connor, who was last relevant before most of us were born, to garner media attention we find the aging singer lecturing Miley to not let herself "be prostituted." Does anyone care about this? 'Has Been Singer Tells Slutty Pop Starlet to Not Be So Slutty' has about as much meaning to it as the claim 'purple jelly beans only leap through Wednesday.' The only person whose advice could help that awful awful starlet is Nicolas Cage.

***Breaking Bad* is the best thing that can happen to your music career.** The constantly gritty and often hilarious drama recently finished its run with one of the best-received final seasons in TV history. *BB* is known for its out there soundtrack, but songs popping up in the final episodes have skyrocketed in popularity for their brief appearance in the show. The *Limelinters'* "Take My True Love by the Hand" appearance caused band members to pop up in countless Youtube uploads of the song praising *BB* for bringing their song into public eye. Badfinger's "Baby Blue" was aired for maybe a minute and a half in the finale and it skyrocketed into the top ten most downloaded MP3's on Amazon, and had its Spotify play percentage rise by OVER 9000!!!!!! percent. ■

créatif stuffé.



knowing

by wesdunn

There's a zipline in the backyard
Leading to a large porch, cluttered with tables
Moss, hors d'oeuvres, dog fur, burrs
The wood is old, perpetually damp
This place is lush – the garden quietly prospers
This place is hushed.
I walk reverently through rooms
that smell like old books, wet bricks,
sweet rolls, pianos.
Swinging hammocks, breeze like first kisses
I can reach the foot pedals; I am older.
If I could exhale the steam of fresh bagels,
I could compel these keys to sing
of stained glass and cranberry jam,
of chairs that rock me to reverie under their gaze;
They know so much.
They know staying. They know grandfather clocks,
calendars, how many days are in them
tablecloths, how to set them.
They know every book on the shelves
those who wrote them, why they did.
They know sophic laughter on the halcyon porch,
beer and wine in hand
while I startle squirrels and the sun into hiding.
Fingers tingling, sliding down the wire
moving like a subway car
underneath the ash canopies.
My fingers glide on the railing,
down the packed dirt path, past the porch,
to the station, where the train confronts us
with bold promises of the city,
of libraries.
Paper canopies and chandeliers,
Ceilings like sky, rooms like curtains,
billowing from a deep, potent, unseen bellows,
beating like my pulse under the covers
at six in the morning, not yet awake
but listening,
trying to see the voice behind these echoes. ■

mad lib madness

Trying something new this week, folks! Check out the Mad Lib below and let us know what you think! (Or even write your own...)

by annahill

Hi Mom and Dad! Wow, is college _____ (adjective). I've only been at UVM for _____ (time-span) and I've already done so much. As you know, I'm taking _____ (number) classes, all of which I _____ (verb-emotion). My favorite class is _____ (class). My professor, Mrs. _____ (last name) is the _____ (superlative)! Every class, she rants on and on about her _____ (animal) to us all, but it never gets old. After our first exam she even gave us all individual _____ (plural noun)—it was sweet. And, it doesn't hurt that she's pretty _____ (adjective). I wish my least favorite professor, Mr. _____ (different last name), were something like her. He teaches _____ (different class) and it's so boring! Seeing his _____ (body part) every morning nearly ruins my day. My homework load is reasonable, but studying for exams is _____ (adjective). I feel like _____ (verb-ing) every time I take out one of my _____ (noun). Kids here _____ (adverb) study, but they know how to party too. The weekends are always _____ (adjective); everyone is outside and enjoying the _____ (adjective) weather. When the weather is nice, kids always hang out on the green to _____ (verb) and _____ (verb). Fridays and Saturdays I like to go to _____ (location) and see my new friends. Making friends is really _____ (adjective), but I have _____ (number) now! My roommate, _____ (name) and I are _____ (adjective) pals. We love to _____ (activity) together, and every day we're able to _____ (verb). Our room is super _____ (adjective)—we have the _____ (noun) set up on the floor. I get along _____ (adverb) with most of the floor, as everyone seems pretty _____ (adjective). On Sunday nights a bunch of us always go out and get _____ (food). The food on campus is pretty _____ (adjective), so I like to eat out _____ (adverb). My dining hall's burgers remind me of _____ (noun), and their scrambled eggs are so _____ (adjective). But besides the _____ (adjective) food, life has been _____ (adjective) thus far! I absolutely _____ (verb) UVM, and know it's _____ (adverb) the school for me. Everything about Vermont is _____ (adjective), from the scenery to the _____ (noun) to the _____ (noun). I feel like I'll _____ (adverb) want to leave here! I hope life at home is _____ (adjective)—I _____ (verb) you two!
Love, _____ (first name)
PS. Send packages filled with _____ (food)—my favorite!

haikus of the week *let's talk about sex, baby*

You were on my mind
a passion, a dream, a need
and now, I have you.

Creaking of beds mean
Someone's doing the dirty
Right above my head.

Blooming, dark red splotch
Why'd you have to bite so hard?
Guess it's scarves all week

Press me down, pull my
Hair, tell me you want me, make
Me call out loudly.

Let's go so hard that
I can't walk right tomorrow.
That's the way we do.

Plan A pulled out late.
Plan B, purchased, it's on to
Plan C—you never.

Do me tenderly;
Screw me like I'm yours alone;
I want you right now.

Hand over my mouth,
Fuck me like you mean it and
For god's sake, don't stop.

Sunlight in my eyes
Waking up in sweaty sheets
Where's my underwear

Clothes off, hearts racing,
I want you so deep inside
that you make me cum.

Erotic, it seems
Is really all I can think
When I think of you.

Reciprocation
You got off, now where's my turn?
It's a two-way street

Wake up by your side
Sweat and shame all around me
But still, no regrets.

Boys like to kiss girls
Other boys like to kiss boys
I prefer my dog.

The cheap prostitute
He paid forty dollars, was
More than my dinner.

cat litter.



collincappelle

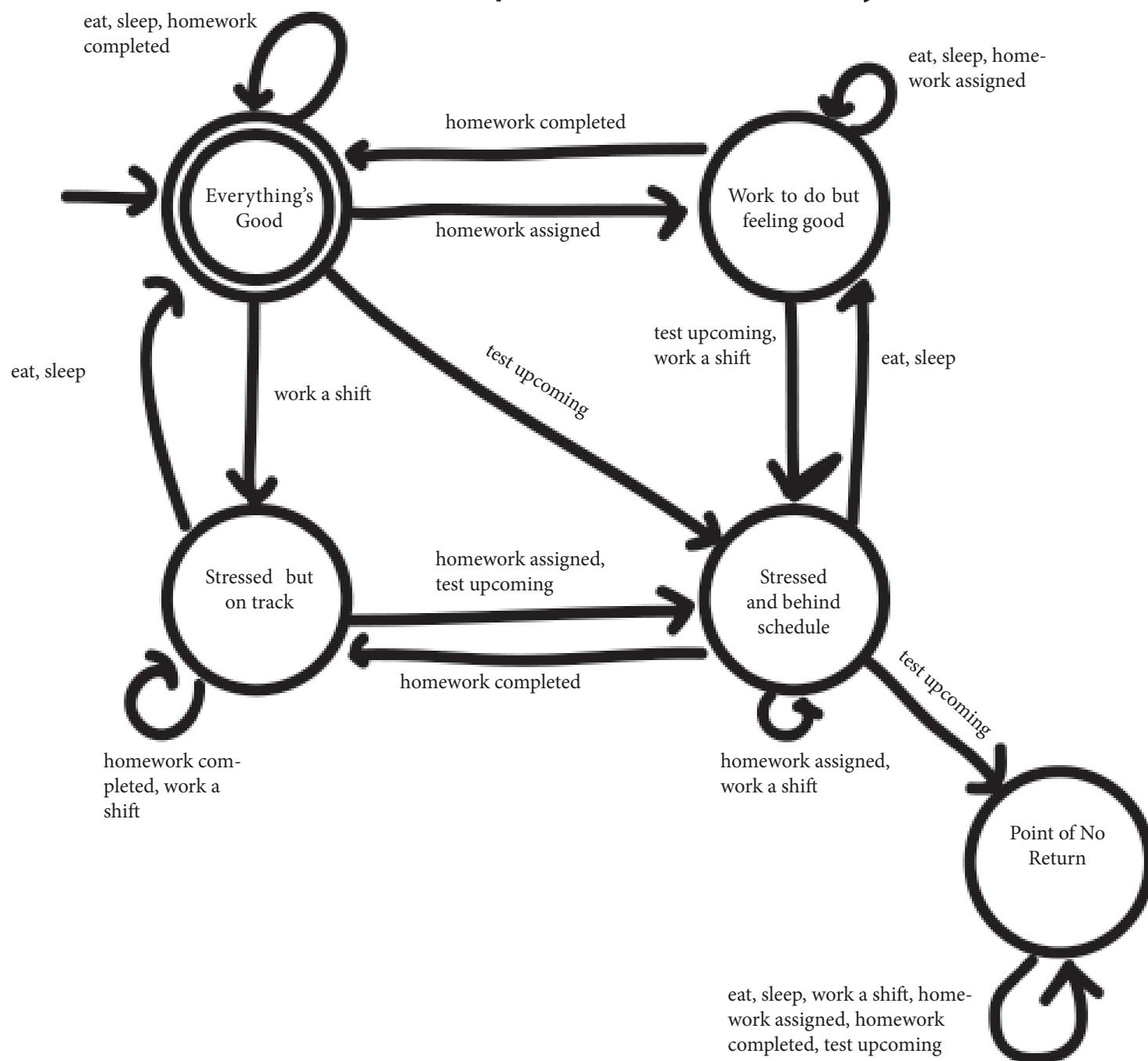


Tip o' the Week

Chance the Rapper's Montreal show is no longer sold out. Seriously, you should get on this.



the state transition diagram of the deterministic finite automata representation of my life



This week's back page has been brought to you by bowl cat:



bowl cat refuses to leave the bowl