



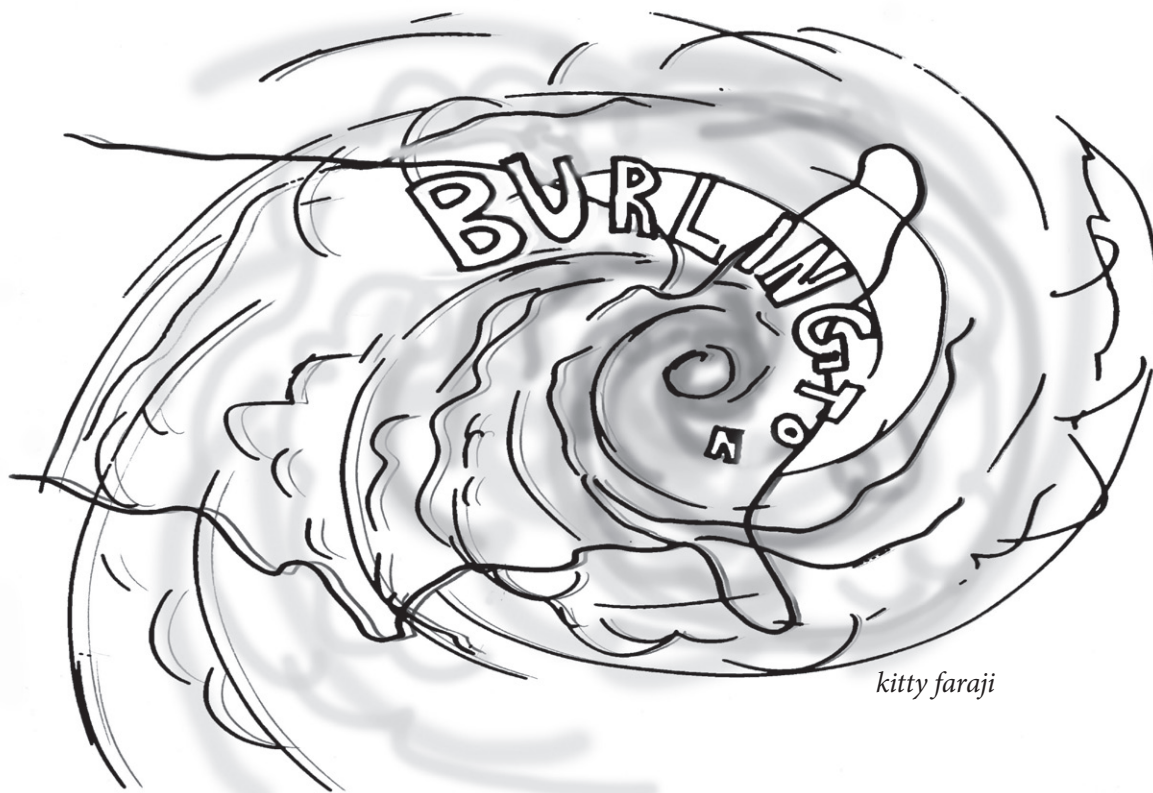
the water tower.

uvm's alternative newsmag

volume 10 - issue 1 - tuesday, september 6, 2011 - uvm, burlington, vt

uvm.edu/~watertwr - thewatertower.tumblr.com

the wrath of irene



kitty faraji

by calebdemers

It all started as a small rumor: A hurricane the size of Texas was on a collision course straight for Burlington. Though parts of Manhattan were evacuated and every battery and flashlight vanished from the shelf in both Rhode Island and Connecticut, everyone knew that the inland city of Burlington, Vermont was destined for a harrowing massacre of epic proportions.

As the Sun receded behind massively dark clouds on the eve of August 27, a terrifying sound echoed all across Burlington. It was a sound that could be heard even within the dorms of the freshman class, where awkward get-to-know-you games were slowly fizzling out: a sound produced by a CatAlert. However, this was only one of many that would be sent during the storm. Students pulled themselves away from their intellectual conversations concerning the coming night's events, or last night's events long past, and casually glanced at their not-so-smart phones. This produced terrifying yells of panic. Screams so horrifying they could have possibly been mistaken for actual joy.

The CatAlert explained the temporary closing of the University of Vermont that would postpone the first day of school until August 30. More importantly, this would indefinitely cancel convocation, an event that every freshman intended to at-

tend. Furthermore, this beautiful ceremony was the last time clingy parents could make sure their lovely little students were fully equipped with unnecessary shelving and thousands of granola bars and ramen noodles as well as the necessary knowledge they had forgotten to impart in previous years.

This simple alert forced students to drop what they were doing and commence in the one act they would probably never be able to attempt again due to this apocalyptic catastrophe: drinking. And so they drank and drank some more and then right around 10:27 p.m. took to the streets to track down some of the final parties in Burlington history.

These parties, however, seemed bitter-sweet. Much of the conversations were focused towards what item these partygoers would clench as they were swept up in one of the many tornadoes that was certain to form over Champlain valley.

An official **water tower consensus report** showed that the majority of Biddies chose their Blackberry, the Shreddies (snowboarder/skier) tied between their shredstick (snowboard/skis) or their favorite piece (waterpipe/bowl/chillum). Finally, the bros voted overwhelmingly to choose the biddy to whom they had most recently been showing their muscles.

read the rest on page 3...

study abroad and the great gender divide

by lauradillon

My main motives for study abroad were intellectual: learn about a new culture; challenge myself and my preconceptions; learn a foreign language. That said, a juicy summer romance would have been nice too. When I imagined what my study abroad experience would be like, I figured there would be some kind of whirlwind romance with a guy in my program. Sadly this dream did not translate into reality. When I arrived at my program in Antananarivo, Madagascar, I discovered that there was not a single male in the entire group.

Don't get me wrong...the all girl group turned out to be wonderful. But two weeks in, when we were getting tired of eating rice for three meals a day and showering with buckets, a casual hookup started looking pretty good.

So where were you guys? Sixteen desperate and lonely American girls would have appreciated a little TLC and you were not there to provide it! Shame on you.

It turns out that our program in Madagascar is not an anomaly; there is a large gender divide when it comes to study abroad. Small, specialized programs like the one I attended, as well as larger study abroad institutions, are dominated by female students. According to stats from the Institute of International Education Open Doors, 65.1 percent of Americans studying abroad were women, and 34.9 percent men. These stats have been the same for over a decade. When I asked other UVM students I knew had studied abroad (all of whom were female) most of them backed up this data. In most cases there were no more than three guys to every ten girls. Pretty good odds for those lucky gents!

So what is holding so many men back? While some blame the gender gap on the structure of study abroad programs, we at **the water tower** have some other theories.

1. American guys have realized that foreign women will never hook up with them. Sorry lads, but American accents do not have the same effect on foreign women as British accents have on American women.

2. There is a lot of paperwork involved in applying for study abroad. Like A LOT
- read the rest on page 4...

how you can help:

While Burlington wasn't damaged too significantly, many people's family, friends, pets, homes and lives were heavily affected. Much of southern VT is completely destroyed, and other places along the East Coast are also severely damaged. Here are some ways you can help:

Volunteer:

--Check out VTResponse at vtresponse.wordpress.com. This organization helps connect people in need of help with volunteers.

Donate money:

--Text FOODNOW to 52000 to donate \$10 to Vermont Foodbank. The Foodbank will convert it into 60 dollars to help feed families in need.

--Give to the Intervale. The local farming co-op lost many crops to Irene. Donate to their farmers at www.intervale.org.

Donate blood:

--The Red Cross is in desperate need of blood donations. And with a location right near campus on Prospect street (and the promise of free cookies), it should be tough to say "no."

get inside me:

i want your text by dansuder

why so serious??? by lindsaygabel

triple take: watch the throne by sarahmoylan+friends

corn chowda! by gretchenloft and megankelley

the best news team in the universe.



inbox

Dear readers,

Welcome to Volume 10. This is it. This the real deal. Volume 10. Shit. After this, we won't have another single-letter Roman numeral for 20 years. Anyway, we'd like to introduce you to the new issue.

If you're new to the paper, you're in luck! It's lightweight! You can burn it for warmth in the winter! The ink doesn't rub off on your hands, and it was printed without any toxic solvents! So besides the fact that we're putting out 15,000 sheets of paper every week, we're pretty environmentally friendly!

If you've seen the paper before, you're ALSO in luck! It's still lightweight! It's still combustible! It's still (kinda) environmentally friendly! You'll notice that it's a different shape than it was last year, and that it has more pages, but no worries – it's better than ever before.

We've got a whole bunch of new ideas to share and new paths to explore. This summer, we put together an improved mission statement (check it out below!) and we've spent the last couple of weeks organizing and preparing the first issue of the year.

It's chock full of good stuff – a creepy story about a creepy kid, a special guest appearance by former UVM President Dan Mark Foge, and (except

for this) not a single mention of Ke\$ha. The 2011-12 school year is starting off on the right foot.

We, on behalf of all the editors and staff here at **the water tower**, want to welcome you to Volume 10. We're extremely excited to give you our very best, and we hope you enjoy it.

Catch you next Tuesday.

Dan Suder *Megan Kelley*

Dan Suder and Megan Kelley
editors-in-chief

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

thewatertowernews@gmail.com

the water tower.
uvm's alternative newsmag
uvm.edu/~watertwr
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Special Thanks To
UVM Art Department Digital Lab

the news in brief with paulgross

“I don't know why the English are fascinated by tents. The plain fact is the journalists would love it.”

-An anonymous MI6 agent, remarking on a planned meeting between then Prime Minister Tony Blair and Libyan leader Muammar Qaddafi. For reasons that defy explanation, the MI6 apparently was insistent that the meeting take place in Qaddafi's Bedouin tent. The reason this is even remotely significant is that this fact was discovered as part of a leak of Libyan documents that reveal American and British involvement with the Libyans in interrogating terror suspects. That's right, the CIA and MI6 outsourced their interrogation to Muammar Qaddafi. Nice.

This is a new low for President Obama.”

-Kieran Suckling, the executive director of the Center for Biological Diversity, on President Obama's decision to scrap an attempt to impose new regulations designed to limit the amount of ozone (smog) major industrial producers release into our atmosphere. President Obama cited a struggling economy as the reason why these new environmental regulations could not go through. I couldn't agree more with Mr. Suckling. He also has a funny name.

“The purpose of the rally is likely to incite the public to violence.”

-A nonsense claim made by a Ugandan police spokesman as to why the country has banned a group of activists from holding a demonstration praising North Africans for overthrowing brutal dictators. For a country that's experienced more than its fair share of brutal dictatorship, you'd think this would be an extremely worthwhile event. Sadly, the government apparently disagrees.

“I'm obviously crazy anyway, so I drew on that.”

-Keira Knightley, stupidly making light of mental illness and commenting on her latest acting job. In the film “A Dangerous Method,” Knightley portrays a troubled young patient of the psychiatrist Carl Jung. She also said it was “great fun” to portray an insane person. If only it were great fun to be one...

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

contact the wt.
Letters to the Editor/General
thewatertowernews@gmail.com
Editors-in-Chief:
watertowareditor@gmail.com
Advertising:
watertowerads@gmail.com

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Davis Center - 1st Floor Entrance
Davis Center - Main St. Tunnel
L/L - Outside Alice's Café
Old Mill Annex - Main Lobby
Redstone Campus - Simpson Hall
Waterman - Main Lobby

join the wt.
New writers and artists are always welcome
Weekly meetings
Tuesdays at 7:30 pm
Chittenden Bank Room
Davis Center - 4th Floor
Or send us an email

Our generation stands at a crossroads. To the right are the perilous cliffs of punditry and pessimism. To the left is the desolate wasteland of apathy and ignorance. We choose neither. Instead, we brave the trail of truth. 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.**

come on irene

by jamesaglio

So it was a little wet and windy the first weekend of school, but all in all Hurricane Irene was no big deal, right? Wrong. Burlington happened to get a little love tap from Miss Irene, but for the most part was spared from the brunt of the storm. The rest of Vermont and the Eastern Seaboard in general were not so lucky.

Normally hurricanes make landfall somewhere on the coast, flood a city or two, and then march inland where there are generally fewer people. Irene decided that that was too overdone and instead chose to force itself up the coast. This was problematic because there are large, dense areas of population along the East Coast, called cities. And Irene hit all of them.

With fewer than thirty deaths, Irene is no Mitch, and pales in comparison to the

Great Hurricane of 1780, but the damage is still significant. Especially hard hit was southern Vermont, where nearly every stream, brook, creek and river flooded, washing out roads and causing general

and damaging buildings. Much of southern Vermont was similarly affected. Lucas Morgan, Senior Resident Advisor at McAuley Hall, former chair of the Committee on Legislative Action in the Student

“Towns will be cleaned up,

roads rebuilt,

lives resumed.

But what about the next hurricane?”

havoc. Brattleboro and neighboring hamlets were particularly hard hit, with small streams transforming into raging rivers within hours, carrying away property

Government Association said on August 29, “I couldn't go home if I wanted to – Rutland is completely inaccessible.” Similar protests were heard throughout the stu-

dent population.

We've had essentially beautiful weather here in the Queen City since last Sunday, so it is easy to harrumph at Irene as just another thing that caused hysteria among the administrative types. Such thinking is dangerous, however, as it is quite ignorant to the plight of thousands of our southern friends. Beyond that, everything will be fine, for the moment. Towns will be cleaned up, roads rebuilt, lives resumed. But what about the next hurricane? If Irene did one thing, it showed that New England is just not prepared to handle those kinds of floodwaters, which could be even more devastating in the future. With you in that dress my thoughts I confess verge on dirty, ah come on Irene. ■

the shit list

by emilyhoogesteger and julietcritsimilios

Moammar Qaddafi: For continuing to be an asshole, refusing to quit while he's behind, and setting a record for most straight weeks atop the Shit List.

CatAlert: For the two text messages, three phone calls, and six emails that were necessary to tell us “it's windy”.

Jersey Shore: For redefining “train wreck”, reaching new levels of trashiness, killing everyone's brain cells and being the only damn thing on television during hurricane hibernation.

JC Penny: The retailer put out and then quickly rescinded a girls' graphic tee that read “I'm too pretty to do homework.” We assume the boy's tee said something along the lines of “I go to Jupiter to get more stupider.”

All other states besides Vermont: Really?! We're the most environmentally friendly state and climate change fucks us over the most via the hurricane? COME ON Irene.

Kim Kardashian: The “singer” just released a new “music” video to all of her anxiously awaiting “fans” that have been holding out for an HD version of her initial viral hit.

Annie Leibovitz: One of the most famous female photographers in America just shot the Kardashians for a Sears campaign. In her defense, maybe she really liked Kim's new video and, like, had to do it cause they are, like, so totally fabulous.

barely-urban dictionary

by patrickleene



freshy train, noun.

A large group of UVM freshman that thinks it will get into a party.

WRATH -continued from page 1

As these sorry souls slowly stumbled home being pecked with drops of rain and gusts of wind they remembered their best friends, their pets from back home, a long lost love and the leftover wings that waited for them in their respective dwellings.

Sunday morning came with a whoosh. A scared roommate pointed out a branch that had fallen from a tree landing only inches from a rotting picnic table that dated back to the 1980s. Large puddles formed on sidewalks that could only be avoided by walking onto neighbors lawns and many leaves were prematurely torn from branches to litter the streets with loads of debris. The people of Burlington, Vermont were finally facing the horrible hurricane dubbed so sweetly, Irene. In the hours of midmorning many people watched in horror as more leaves were

ripped from trees, and water flowed freely from the sky making the Winooski River grow to a height significantly lower than the flood of the early summer.

As an unseen sun set over the city, CatAlerts popped up like mushrooms after a long rainfall. One described high winds and encouraged students to get food as soon as they could and return to their rooms (which was fine, since all of the magic of Burlington is actually contained within four concrete walls in a dingy shoebox dorm anyway). The students and citizens of Burlington acted as if there was a zombie attack, locking their windows and some even boarding up their homes. With clouds receding and only several small branches crashing to the ground what else could be done?

When the night finally lifted and the day of canceled classes commenced, students and citizens alike were devastated to see cloudless skies and 70-degree weather. Doors slowly cracked open to let in the smell of saturat-

ed ground and fresh air. Students were forced to pull out their blankets and lazily sit on their lawns or the campus greens and experience one of the first rain-days where it did not actually rain. Eventually the sun shown so hard that the roads dried and allowed many of the experienced and not-so-experienced longboarders to freshen up their skills before they attempted the human slalom of UVM campus on the following day.

The harrowing events of Irene proved to be not-so-seriously detrimental to Burlington. This fine city may have been thrashed about but it was far worse in the southern parts of the state. Our support for a speedy recovery goes out to the folks surrounded by water in those towns and cities. The real recognition, however, goes out to our fine and mighty interim president: A. John Bramley, a man that will go down in history as someone who saved lives by giving us one extra day of beautiful summer. ■

reflections.



STUDY ABROAD *-continued from page 1*

of paperwork. Even the most diligent guy could be discouraged by that. Soutlion: alternate between application forms and naked pictures of Jessica Alba or Jake Gyllenhal depending on what floats your boat. (Disclaimer: **the water tower** in no way supports the objectification of women or of Mr. Gyllenahl.)

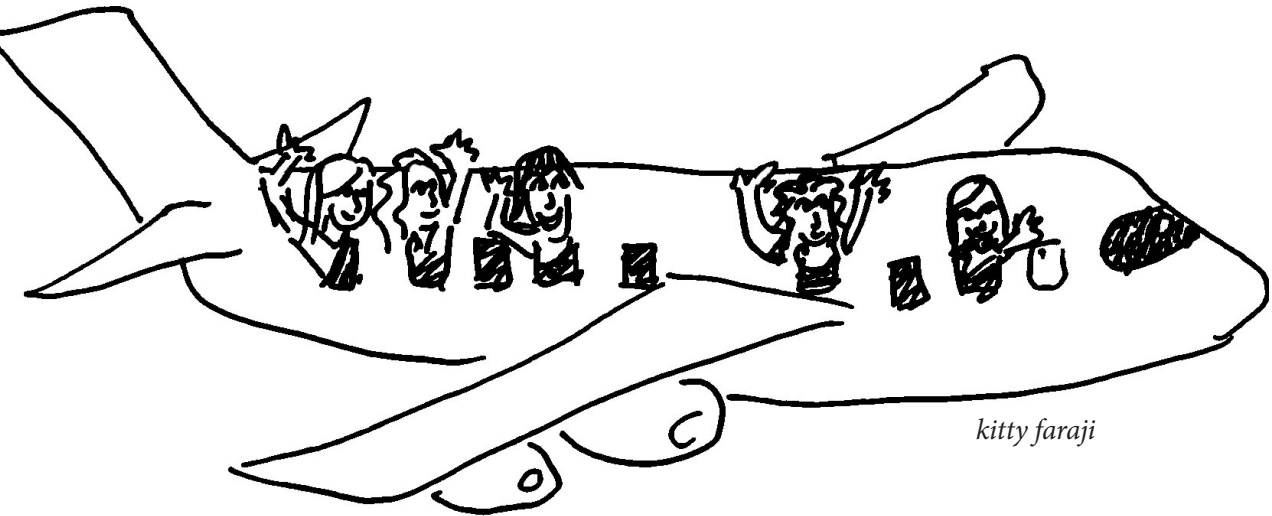
3. It is hard for American college guys to pull of the European fashion trends. Some just aren't ready for the capris pants, scarves, and man-purses that run rampant on the continent.

4. They don't want to spend the money because they are saving up for a really awesome playstation, motorcycle, quality hooker etc.

5. Too scared... OH SNAP!

With the exception of point 1, which is actually very accurate, I generally give guys more credit than that. Maybe they just need a little motivation. So here are some reasons that guys should get on the study abroad trend.

1. Knowing a foreign language is hot. Preferably one of the Romance languages unless you have a darker side in which case Russian or German is your best bet.



2. If you go to Europe you will probably pick up a nasty smoking habit. While this will be a waste of your money and eventually give you cancer, it is also kind of hot. (Disclaimer: **the water tower** in no way supports smoking. For help quitting please visit vt.quitnet.com/)

3. If you have ever had a secret desire to wear a scarf, now is your chance. Even if you're not in Europe you will still

have the opportunity to explore exotic fashion choices. I mean, who doesn't want to wrap up in a nice Lamba?

4. You can always lie and say that you did hook up with a hot foreign woman.

5. Intellectual and Personal Growth! ■

i want your text (how **technology** has us all in a **stranglehold**)

by dansuder

I'm beginning to think, especially as school starts back up, that it may be impossible to live "off the grid." I don't mean living in the woods with nothing but a hatchet and some yarn or anything like that. I'm talking about the grid in the ever-connected cell-phone-and-Facebook sense of the word. I hear a lot of people griping about technology - how the internet kills our attention span, makes us dumber, and is killing our generation and bringing America down with us.

This summer, though, I had a prime opportunity to quit for a while. I had no job, no set obligations, and lots of sunny weather. I had the option to turn off my laptop and my cell phone, to go swimming and hiking, to read some books. So, for like 25 minutes, I gave it a shot. It went like this:

10:14 AM: I feel a vibration in my pants pocket. But my phone is off. What is happening??!

10:15 AM: I trace my finger across my palm, launching non-existent Angry Birds at non-existent weird green pigs. (And getting 3 non-existent stars!)

10:??: I look at shadows in an attempt to figure out what time it is. My Boy Scout career fails me miserably.

10:38: When I cave in and open my laptop to figure out the time, I come to the conclusion that my reliance on technology is embarrassingly thorough.

4 And as I write this with the school year approaching, I can't even give it another go, can I? What if someone needs to talk to me about the

newspaper? What if someone needs to get in touch about my job? What if my friend



Monica tries to Skype before she leaves for her West Coast college for the year? What if Monica stays in Cali forever and I didn't even say goodbye because my Macbook was off?!

And then there are the notifications. Dear god. And the FRIEND REQUESTS! Without Facebook, how will I know how many friends I have? Or even who they are? Plus the Events! My friends wouldn't bother inviting me to things in person,

I'd just be staring at walls while everyone else plans trips to Montreal that always fall



through, and where's the fun in that? Here's the thing that's hard to admit: realistically, the world will not end because I turned my phone off or logged out of Facebook.

If someone needs to get in touch with me, they can call. Yeah, my phone still has to be on, but it's not the instant gratification orgy of uselessness that is text messaging. I won't miss such enlightening conver-

sations as:

Mom: wherehr u? [sic]
Me: home
Mom: ok

and really, those are most of my text convos anyway.

What about Monica? You know what, she can call me, too. And if we have a relationship such that we'll be bent out of shape if we never see each other again, she will make the effort.

As for the friend requests and notifications and events... who cares? I know exactly how (un)popular I am, and I don't need to add people to my friend list or my Circle or my Followers or my Subscrib-o-matic or whatever to know who my friends are. I don't actually need to share "hilarious" Harry Potter image macros with my friends of friends to feel cool and hip, and I don't actually care about how much my cousin in Arkansas loves Michele Bachmann.

So, here's what I'm gonna do. I'm checking Facebook right now, and not checking it again for five days. See how it goes. I'm going to text less - I don't really get reception at my house anyway. I'm going to write a letter to someone every day. I'm going to read SO MANY books. And I'm going to pretend like I don't

miss it all. And on Saturday, I'll add you to my friends list and my "Randos" circle on Google+, and get back to really living. ■

Disclaimer: After writing this story, Dan emerged from a woodland cave five days later with scrapes, bruises, a scraggly beard, 24 notifications and 1 friend request. He had this advice: "Life without Facebook and cell phones is hard and boring, and should be attempted at your own risk."

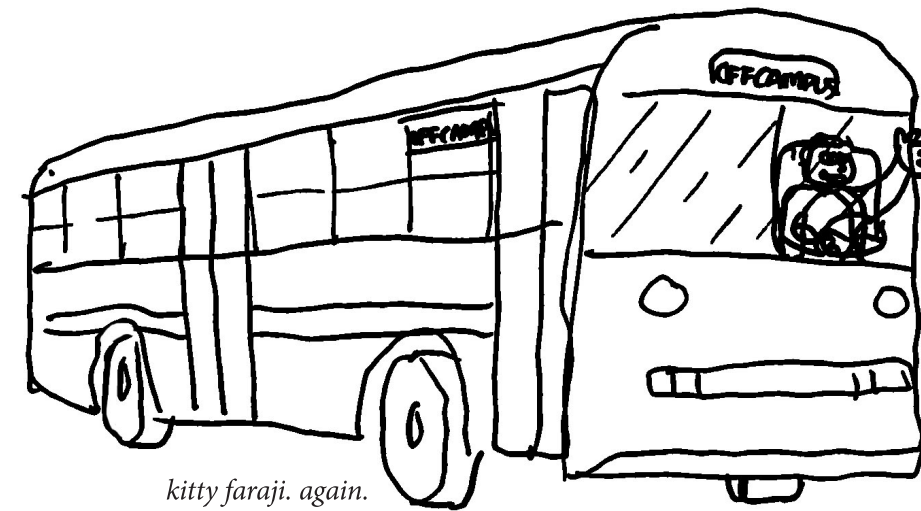
writers! artists! come one, come all!
the water tower's fall 2011 general meeting
wednesday september 7th at 7:45 pm
lafayette 108
all are welcome

if i were the new president

by juliectritsimilios

As we bid D-Fogez a fond farewell at the start of the 2011-2012 school year, **the water tower** has some keen ideas for the first few tasks to be taken on by the new Interim President.

note: the following should be read in your finest English accent.



- Raise tuition another 20,000 dollars so we can be the most expensive public school in the universe.
- Allow meal plans to cover Pam's Deli (for all you "first years" those are the best breakfast sandwiches on campus) and Henry Street Deli (the best breakfast sandwiches off campus)
- More. Parking.
- Build a mountain on campus to shred on. A covered, heated-yet-snowy, free-cider-donut-giving-out, equipped-with-an-awesome-park-and-fresh-powder-daily, mountain.
- Reinstate the boy's baseball team and the women's softball team.
- Have no classes start before 11:00am.
- Have all the cool alumni come back and convince us we'll actually do something great with our lives. Professional athletes, government officials, screenwriters, CEOs, musicians and actors, all had to live in the dorms once.
- Bring back George and the drunk bus! And give him a disco ball!
- Plant more trees.
- Use fewer books to save the trees we plant. Blackboard exists for a reason.
- Mandate that 5 classes a semester be outside (for the 5 days a year there's actually no snow on the ground).
- Wet campus wet campus wet campus wet campus.
- Give **the water tower** a whole lotta money! And a keg! And a party! A party with a keg! Heck, with 12 kegs!

HIGHER GROUND

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SEPTEMBER

THU, 9/8: DEAD SESSIONS
FRI, 9/9: ///BONES & BIODIESEL
TUE, 9/13: WARREN HAYNES BAND
WED, 9/14: GIANT PANDA GUERRILLA DUB SQUAD
THU, 9/15: JORMA KAUKONEN
THU, 9/15: UMPHREY'S MCGEE
SUN, 9/18: GREENSKY BLUEGRASS
MON, 9/19: THE SWORD
TUE, 9/20: GENTICORUM
WED, 9/21: INFECTED MUSHROOM
WED, 9/21: PAPER DIAMOND
THU, 9/22: ANA SIA
THU, 9/22: MASON JENNINGS
FRI, 9/23: MUTEMATH
SAT, 9/24: SAM ROBERTS BAND
SUN, 9/25: MARC BROUSSARD
MON, 9/26: DAS RACIST
SUN, 9/25: DARK DARK DARK/A HAWK & A HACKSAW
WED, 9/28: BURLAP TO CASHMERE
THU, 9/29: THE GOURDS
THU, 9/29: TOUBAB KREWE
FRI, 9/30: CONSPIRATOR

OCTOBER

SUN, 10/2: ZEDS DEAD
MON, 10/3: POGO / THAT 1 GUY
WED, 10/5: CROOKED STILL
THU, 10/6: DOPAPOD
FRI, 10/7: FIRST FRIDAY
SAT, 10/8: TREVOR HALL
TUE, 10/11: JACKIE GREEN
WED, 10/12: EOTO
THU, 10/13: JACOB FRED JAZZ ODYSSEY
FRI, 10/14: STEVEN KELLOGG / JOH MCLAUGHLIN
FRI, 10/14: RICH ROBINSON
SAT, 10/15: GREGORY DOUGLASS
SAT, 10/15: COMEDY: MICHAEL IAN BLACK
SUN, 10/15: THE SPIN DOCTORS
TUE, 10/18: TEDESCHI TRUCKS BAND (FLYNN THEATRE)
TUE, 10/18: METHOD MAN, CURREN\$Y, BIG KRIT
WED, 10/19: MURS
WED, 10/19: STS9
THU, 10/20: CIRCA SURVIVE
FRI, 10/21: SAINTS OF VALORY
FRI, 10/21: JOHN BROWN'S BODY
SAT, 10/22: LOTUS
SAT, 10/22: MC CHRIS
MON, 10/24: NORTH MISSISSIPPI ALLSTARS
TUE, 10/25: RACHAEL YAMAGATA
THU, 10/27: YONDER MOUNTAIN STRING BAND
SAT, 10/28&29: SOULIVE & LETTUCE
SUN, 10/30: TRIBAL SEEDS
MON, 10/31: TAKING BACK SUNDAY

NOVEMBER

TUE, 11/1: BRANDI CARLILE
FRI, 11/4&5: STATE RADIO
SAT, 11/5: CHAMBERLIN
SUN, 11/6: MAT KEARNEY
TUE, 11/8: BLUE SCHOLARS
FRI, 11/11: THE MACHINE
SAT, 11/12: BAREFOOT TRUTH (EARLY ACOUSTIC, LATE ELECTRIC)
SAT, 11/12: TRAMPLED BY TURTLES
FRI, 11/18: BADFISH: A TRIBUTE TO SUBLIME
SAT, 11/19: THE FELICE BROTHERS
SUN, 11/20: PHANTOGRAM

DECEMBER

THU, 12/1: CITY AND COLOUR

TIX ALSO AT HG BOX (M-F 11a-6p), 888-512-7469 or at Growing Vermont. All shows all ages unless noted.

reflections.



first year tweets

by gregfrancesc

UVMSL: (Friday 12:10AM) Hey first-years! Looking for something to do? Check out @UVMBored, @UVMWoW, and our favorite - #SocialJusticeSaturday! Hope you folks have a fantastic weekend!

Ajones2015: (Friday, 10:03PM) LIVIN' IT UPPPP MY 1ST WEEKEND @UVM. #college

Luvnotwar: (Friday, 11:25PM) Gettin high in my new dorm w my new bob Marley tapestry. #UVM



yes, kitty drew this

UVMResLife: (Friday 11:30PM) Remember, First Years all UVM Residence Halls are alcohol and substance free. Have a safe evening!

Tar-a-not-ta-ra2011: (Saturday 12:15AM) ne uvmsers no of ne partys rite now? #bored

Ajones2015: (Saturday 12:19AM) soooooooooooooooooo drunkkkkk #college

Luvnotwar: (Friday 11:31PM) Bong gone, weed gone. Thanks UVM RAs. #screwed

Tar-a-not-ta-ra2011: (Saturday 1:00AM) Found a party. Going out w my entire floor!!! 2nites gonna b gr8! ;* #HARRIS2HI

Ajones2015: (Saturday 4:30PM) just left the "drunk tank" makin the walk of shame bak to my dorm so I can get ready to go out againnnn tonighttttt!!!!!! #college

Luvnotwar: (Saturday 4:20PM) Getting high in the amphitheater! Join me if you want to smoke! #UVM

UVMSL: (Saturday 5:00PM) Hey First Years, check out tonight's #WOW social justice film at 9 in the Davis Center for your chance to win \$2 off your next textbook at the @CatamountStore!

Tar-a-not-ta-ra2011: (Saturday 5:05PM) Just woke up on redstone... looks like I had a rly good night!

Ajones2015: (Saturday 7:48PM) soooooooooooooooooo drunkkkkk #collegefuckyeah

the dirt on dining

by georgeloftus

The other day, my sister-in-law passed along an article from www.hercampus.com ranking the top ten college dining halls in the country. The top campuses to eat on are as follows:

1. Bowdoin College (Brunswick, ME)
2. Virginia Tech (Blacksburg, VA)
3. Cornell University (Ithaca, NY)
4. UCLA (Los Angeles, CA)
5. St. Olaf College (Northfield, MN)
6. Bryn Mawr College (Bryn Mawr, PA)
7. Middlebury College (Middlebury, VT)
8. James Madison U (Harrisonburg, VA)
9. Colby College (Waterville, ME)
10. Northeastern U (Boston, MA)

Notice something? A glaring, three lettered school that's resting as a big fat omission? I'm not shocked that UCLA is considered to have a better dining hall experience than our very own UVM, and let's be honest, who the fuck cares about schools in Virginia. What bothers me is that Bowdoin, Ithaca, Cornell, Middlebury, Colby, and Northeastern are all within 5 hours driving distance of precious little Burlington; that's what upsets me the most. It's like there was a party that all these colleges got invited to on a Saturday night, and UVM is sitting at home alone playing playstation in an apartment that only has one chair in it. Hasn't the journalistic elite from hercampus ever been to Cook? Or the Marché? I'm pretty sure this is biased reporting: putting whole slices of bacon on a one-siz-eats-all pizza and then blowing \$15 on it was one of my favorite ways to spend money when I was living on campus.

This list got me thinking. UVM is literally surrounded by colleges that rank as the top destinations for students to eat in the entire country, and yet, there's no mention of our

alma mater at all. Waterville, ME is an hour and a half away from my hometown and the fact that their dining hall experience can only be described as infinitely better than our own boils my blood, and here's why: Waterville, ME is a shithole. The only good thing about that town is leaving it.

Burlington is a gorgeous town with a mostly-good student community. The kind of students who deserve a dining hall experience that matches their academic integrity or their scholastic virtue.

I'm sorry, I'm really drunk, scholastic virtue? No, students should have a dining hall experience that matches their astronomical tuition costs.

Last week's issue of the *Cynic* revealed that former president Daniel M. Fogel will be receiving a compensation total of around \$410,000, at roughly \$27,000/month intervals. It's great that a UVM administration member that wasn't always positively received by the student body can make more than \$400,000 just for leaving, but Cook Commons still serves the same hamburgers that always gave me diarrhea by the time I made the long trek back to Chittenden. I mean, fuck, if Fogel's getting paid that much to leave, you'd think at the very least every dining hall would at least have corndogs everyday. At least the Marché has crack and cheese at an almost affordable price. And the Grundle? As my dear friend Jamie says, "The name speaks for itself."

Fun fact: Dining hall food often contains diarrheatics to flush food out of your system before you can be affected by food poisoning, causing you to feel unsettled, or shit your brains out. This is not to be confused with food poisoning. ■

by lindsaygabel

Occasionally, **the water tower** can be a tad absurd. And if you happen to be among our many readers from years past, you probably know that this is a gross understatement. We do in fact dedicate a significant portion of the paper to nonsense, tomfoolery, sarcasm, and sharp-witted humor. In the absence of such things, in both this newsmag and life in general, (a) Tuesdays would be very dull, and (b) being a college student struggling to stay afloat in a sea of midterms, papers, and assignments, there is a good chance that you would end up in spirited philosophical conversation with your toaster - that is, go insane. We here at **the water tower** operate under the principle that true happiness can be achieved through a balance of work, play, humor, and pure absurdity, and thus we take it in stride to report, alongside articles on the current political climate and controversial issues, things like the Top Five Holidays That Don't Exist (Yet). [In case you are wondering, they are Champ Appreciation Day, the Annu-

al Vermont Cheesefest, Obscure and Exotic Foods Day, the Long Weekend for Zombie Apocalypse Preparation, and Canada: America's Hat Day.] For example, if I were to tell you right now that I am actually an almond, you might have reason to believe that I am a complete and total nut - pun definitely intended. And that's really okay, because it's shenanigans like that that make **the water tower** - and daily life - depending on your sense of humor, just a bit more amusing.

misquotation of the week



"Let me be frank. You wear that parka better than any ice cream sandwich I've ever seen."

- Adam Levine

Dear pound sign,

We're sorry Twitter stole you from us and made you its dirty whore. We're still thankful you're technically called an octothorpe.

Love,
Tic-tac-toe enthusiasts

why so serious???



kitty faraji

If there is anything that I wish someone had told me back at the beginning of freshman year, it is that it's okay to be silly. By no means does that require that you must suddenly become the class clown or "that guy/girl" that everyone invites to parties just to guarantee a good measure of giddy senselessness and general indiscretion. It simply means that in trying to fit in, build friendships, and navigate the strange and perhaps intimidating new realm of college academics, there is no need for the apprehensive rigidity that is all too common

when we find ourselves out of our comfort zones.

If there is anything at all that you take away from this article, which is inadvertently bordering on being a cheesy life advice column, let it be that fitting in doesn't have to be about going with the flow and following the social standards set by others. Be unique, keep an open mind, try new things, make mistakes, be silly, and, most importantly, be yourself - yes, it's hugely cliché, but in all honesty it is probably the best advice out there. So learn, study, and make the most of the incredibly diverse and engaging academic environment UVM has to offer, but also allow for your college experience to include an adequate amount of ridiculousness: eat frosting out of the jar, do the Naked Bike Ride, order five pounds of wings at four in the morning. You're in college after all - silliness is pretty much the norm. In short, don't always take yourself seriously, because we sure as hell don't. ■

do you have what it takes to be a top cat?

by robintucker

Maybe you can sing and beatbox, but are you prepared for everything else that comes with being a member of this testosterone filled cappella group? Are you cut out for a life of fame? Do you work well under adoration and praise? Do you mind wearing sunglasses at night just so you can eat your bbq slice at Mr. Mike's in peace? Are you ready to be a Top Cat?

Take the quiz and find out...

1. So it's the start of a new school year and the summer is becoming nothing but memories, what summer accomplishments are you most proud of?

- a) Learning to jet ski and maintaining a consistent skin color from the back of your legs to your shoulders (i.e. tan buttocks).
- b) Making bank at your full time summer job, picking out classes for next semester (being a nerd...).
- c) Setting up a fish tank including shrimp and fake treasure chests, and completing Red Dead Redemption (aka, Top Cats Tom and Leo's productive summer in Burly).

2. If you had made it to the final sixteen on the hit TV show "The Voice," (So basically, if you were Top Cat Devon Barley) how would you have spent the weeks following your semi-successful debut?

- a) Maximizing your hook up count before your newfound fame wore off.
- b) Making new goals for your singing career and focusing on the positive aspects... (you can stop there—not even listening).
- c) Crying at the computer as you watch those few precious episodes over and over with your parents (who wouldn't?)

3. What is the first quote on your Facebook info page?

- a) "Everything we do, we do it big!" (translation: We really only know how to talk about partying).
- b) "(Some quote from some book that you had to read in school and supposedly loved)." (translation: I want everyone to know that I'm smart).
- c) "Nothing like shotgunning a beer before you jack off in the shower." (no translation necessary).

4. If you were a Top Cat, how would

you prepare yourself before a show?

- a) Give yourself a pep talk in the bathroom mirror, ("You're a stud, everyone wants a piece of this...")
- b) Review the song list and the lyrics, practice your starting notes, blah, blah, blah (you're responsible and boring).
- c) Back to basics: Drink some water. Take a shit. Ready.

5. Which of the following would you be more than on board with doing?

- a) Being background vocals at times, and repeating words like 'ricotta' and 'banana' over and over (even though we all know it sounds like you're saying 'vagina').
- b) Going from dorm to dorm knocking on doors and serenading whatever lucky souls happens to be on the other side.
- c) Exclusively wearing tuxes and odd shoes, or, like Top Cat Russ, no shoes at all.
- d) All of the above (PICK THIS ONE).

If you answered mostly a's, well you sound like a douche. If you stuck with the b's, let's face it, you're a little boring, but this and douchery are possibly excusable if you have a really, really, ridiculously good voice. If you chose all c's (and one d), you sound pretty freaking fantastic and there is no reason why you should not be drinking some water and doing your business before your very own Top Cat audition this week. Bring a song to sing, the filthiest joke you can think of, and any other awesomeness you may possess. ■

The **Top Cats** may claim to be on top, but there are three other cappella groups at UVM! The all-female **Caf's Meow**, and the mixed-gender groups the **Hit Paws** and **Zest** are all excited for new members, too!

Auditions for all of the groups will be **Tuesday and Wednesday, September 6 and 7 at 7 pm in Christie-Wright-Patterson on Redstone campus.**

Good luck!

tunes.



the triple take: thoughts on watch the throne

Here at the water tower, we're proud to tell you that we illegally downloaded Kanye West and Jay-Z's latest effort, Watch the Throne. After all, the album was an iTunes exclusive one week before it hit brick-and-mortar stores—and we can't support that kind of corporate favoritism, can we? Still, we were as curious as every-

one else to hear what the first ever full-length collaboration between Kanye and Jay-Z would sound like. So, we Mediafire-d that shit as soon as we could, yo! After several listens, here's a few different opinions on the album. Special thanks to our guest reviewer this week, former UVM president Daniel Mark Fogel!



Dan Suder, WT co-editor-in-chief (also, part-time rapper and Chevrolet owner)

Simply put, this is Jay's best album in a long time and a pretty good effort from Kanye. That said, there are problems. The message is inconsistent and I don't really identify with the duo. Jay compares himself to three Michaels – "Jackson, Tyson, Jordan – Game 6" – but he leaves out the Michaels I'm most like: Bublé, Cera, and Mikey from Recess. Kanye brags about his "other other Benz" and not his "one-and-only '93 Chevy," which is featured prominently in all of my own raps. Then, on the very next song, he drops some Richard Cory shit and starts revealing how difficult his life has been and how he hopes his future children don't have such troubles. UGH.

But I don't care about the message. I care that Jay and 'Ye are having a good time, spitting over some killer beats (including the RZA's best track in a while), and that I'm not constantly wishing I were listening to *Reasonable Doubt* instead. ■

Daniel Mark Fogel, UVM President July 2002-July 2011

Upon listening to this collaboration, I am inclined to proclaim Kanye West and Jay-Z as two of the finest wordsmiths of the modern era. This is perhaps best exemplified by Mr. West in track three, "Niggas in Paris", when Kanye brilliantly shortens the phrase "that shit is crazy" into a more simplified, poetic "that shit cray". What a fine craftsman of the American lexicon we have here!

I look forward to listening to and discovering more vernacular intricacies from *Watch the Throne* during my current hiatus from employment at the University of Vermont. That shit cray! ■



art by kittens faraji

Sarah Moylan, WT Tunes editor

I gotta be honest here—I'm normally an indie-rock kind of girl, and reviewing mainstream hip-hop couldn't put me any further out of my comfort zone. But any album that samples both Otis Redding and Bon Iver (!) can't be all bad, right?

The answer, in short, is no. Okay, so it lacks in cohesiveness—I'm still not sure how "Welcome to the Jungle", a song about persevering through difficult times, can be on the same album as "Illest Motherfucker Alive", a song about a superlatively ill motherfucker. But for the most part, *Watch the Throne* is catchy, upbeat, and worth playing on repeat.

Props to Kanye and Jay-Z for bringing in some pretty sweet, if unconventional, collaborators. I still can't decide what's funniest: that Bon Iver is on a Kanye album, that Bon Iver is featured on a song called "That's My Bitch", or that "That's My Bitch" is actually pretty good. ■



decompositions: the return of circle takes the square

by joshhegarty

When I was 13, Circle Takes The Square released their debut full length, *As The Roots Undo* on Robotic Empire/Hyperrealist Records. It was a storm of melodies as sweet as any Saetia song that could within seconds drop into Coalesce-like brooding heaviness, or break into a not quite sludgy, but not quite droning, mix of space and stoner rock. On top of everything else are the dialogue-like vocals, alternating between both male and female, sung and screamed, with both Drew (guitar) and Kathy (bass) doing the screaming and singing.

Every song is its own delicate mix of genres that comes together perfectly. What would in less skilled hands be a total chaotic mess is instead a wonderful burst of raw emotion that feels completely natural. All this while making sure to employ enough pure technique and time changes to impress any fan of technical music from

Rush heads to Death heads. After dedicated touring and positive word of mouth, their record spread to me just in time to become enamored with it before I got a chance to see them play at the Wakefield Methodist in April 2005. Over the

offering rewards of test pressings of vinyl, limited T-shirts, and super limited artwork (designed by their guitarist/vocalist Drew Speziale, who handles most of their album art needs and also illustrated Sage Francis's *Human The Death Dance*). In a turn that

"if you're a fan of passionate, well written, beautiful music, I recommend you head over to their bandcamp right now"

next few years, they toured and wrote and I managed to see them two more times, but no new music was ever released. Then they fell off the grid completely, spending three years seemingly inactive. But this spring, they made big news. On Kickstarter, they launched a campaign to help fund the recording of a new album, *Decompositions Vol. 1*. They were asking for \$2500 and

surprised them probably more than any of their fans, their \$2500 goal was obliterated, if I remember correctly, within a day. By the end of the allotted time, \$12,025 were pledged, mostly within the first week, and every limited reward was completely sold out. I'm more than willing to admit that I paid \$250 and got one of 10 limited art prints.

The new album is slated for release this November, with no firm date attached, but to tide us over, they've released a 20 minute sample of the first four songs on the album, being referred to as *Rites of Initiation* and it does not disappoint. If you are a fan of screamo, post-hardcore, stoner rock, or grindcore or the bands Saetia, Transistor Transistor, Kylea, pageninety-nine, or ghosting (a little known, no longer around Burlington band) or just a fan of passionate, well written, beautiful music, I recommend you head over to their bandcamp right now, where they have both *As The Roots Undo* and *Rites of Initiation* streaming. You won't be disappointed.

Side note for anyone who has seen them in the past few years- the epic 15 minute song "Ritual of Names" is not expected to be on this album, but rather the next one, because they're planning big things down in Georgia. ■

trash. i want you so bad



i know what you missed this summer

by sarahmoylan

Did you miss out on the Burlington tunes scene while you were home for the summer? Or were you around town but just too stoned to remember? Rest easy, champ- the WT's got you covered. Here's a recap of the Queen City's musical happenings during the lazy days of summa' 2011.

THE END OF AN ERA MAY 28

All good things must come to an end, eventually, and underground music venues are no exception. The Wedge, an uber-cool college-guys'-basement-turned-performance-space on Pomeroy Street, held its last show at the end of May. From hosting nationally touring acts like Fergus and Geronimo and Prince Rama to local faves like Son of Salami and Lawrence Welks and Our Bear to Cross, The Wedge will be remembered as a haven for great music and memories.

ALL 'DAT JAZZ JUNE 5-16

Burlington's annual Discover Jazz Festival hit town in early June, headlined by the likes of keyboardist Herbie Hancock (more often referred to as "that guy who randomly won a Best Album Grammy") and Bela Fleck and the Original Flecktones. While Hancock and Fleck rocked their respective shows, they also commanded redonkulously high ticket prices. Thus, frugally-minded Burlingtonians were left grooving to the free acts on Church Street as part of "Jazz on the Marketplace." Let's hear it for the Grand Isle School Munchkins!

HOMETOWN HEROES JULY 8

In a delightful orgy of local talent, Vermonters James Kochalka, Ryan Power, and Son of Salami rocked out on July 8th at the Burlington

City Arts Center. The night's title, "James Kochalka and a Bunch of Awesome," was fitting. Watching Kochalka belt his crazy, karaoke-style pop tunes in a room filled with massive paper sculptures? Awesome. Watching Son of Salami croon his snarky "My Penis is a Fortune Teller" with just the help of a pre-recorded cassette tape? Even awesomer.

behind '90s indie legends Neutral Milk Hotel, decided to come out of seclusion and play his first show in over ten years... at the First Unitarian Universalist Church in Burlington, VT. Since when does stuff this awesome happen in Burlington? Tickets, which went on sale in June, sold out in just over two hours. And it was all for good reason: Mangum killed it. With just his age-ripened voice, a guitar, and an iffy

A music festival curated by Grace Potter herself, Grand Point North was filled with two days of music from nationally known acts, like Fitz and the Tantrums, and local bands, like Parmaga and Barbacoa. Potter and the Nocturnals, the main attraction, delivered worthy sets both nights, but the better of the two was the Sunday night show, which featured an appearance from surprise guest Kenny Chesney. The Burlington Free Press reports that Chesney declared the Nocturnals to be the "best band in America, the world". Well, if Kenny Chesney says it, it must be true, right?

A DAY(TROTTER) TO REMEMBER AUGUST 28

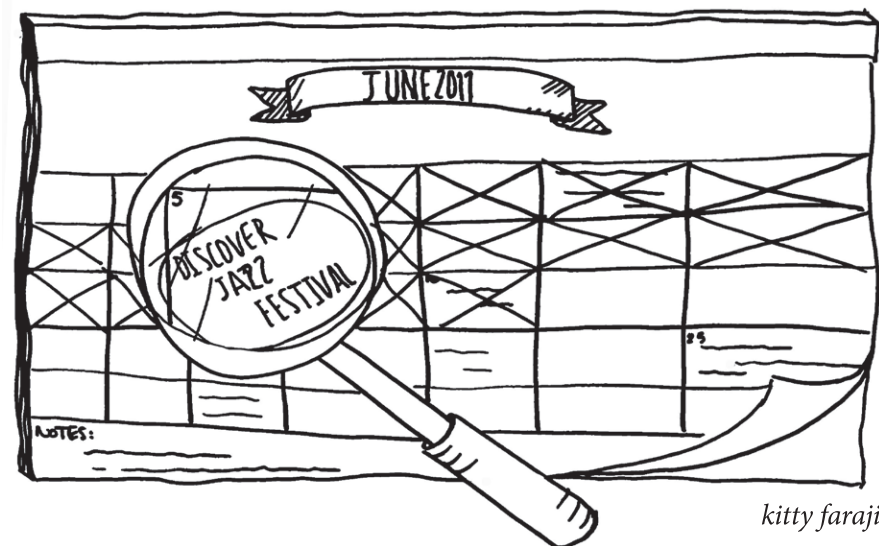
The summer's second since-when-does-stuff-this-awesome-happen-in-Burlington (SWDSTAHIB) moment happened when Daytrotter, a nationally revered music blog site, revealed it was bringing its Barnstormer tour (featuring White Rabbits, Guards, We Are Augustines, and Deer Tick) to good ol' Charlotte, VT on the evening of August 28.

Then, a more generic (SWDSTAHIB) moment happened when a hurricane (!) hit Vermont on the evening of August 28. Amazingly, the Barnstormer show went on as planned and packed a huge crowd into Charlotte's Old Lantern Barn. The headliner, alt-country rock powerhouse Deer Tick, chugged beers and rocked out with no inhibitions, much to the happiness of their joyous, if primarily flannel-clad, audience. But the moment of the night belonged to We Are Augustines guitarist Billy McCarthy, who thanked the audience for coming out despite the storm. "This," he said, motioning toward the view outside the window, "is real...rock n' roll weather!" ■

PA system, Mangum delivered fourteen songs of acoustic ambrosia. He's probably the only guy who can get a few hundred college-aged indie addicts to sing "I loooooove you, Jesus Christ!" (a line from NMH's "King of Carrot Flowers Part 2") in a church.

AMAZING GRACE AUGUST 14

Grace Potter's two-day "Grand Point North" music festival went off without a hitch at Burlington's Waterfront Park.



A MANIFESTIVUS FOR THE REST OF US JULY 22-23

Okay, okay. Nobody from the WT actually attended the Manifestivus, a two-day festival of music and art in central Vermont. But who could pass up including the subtitle "A Manifestivus for the Rest of Us?"

JESUS CHRIST, ROCK STAR AUGUST 8

Jeff Mangum, the reclusive musical genius

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

You were lost, didn't quite know your way,
Blonde boy, do you know how much you made my day?
Or night.
You dropped your joint a couple times
Our breif hand-hug made me write these rhymes,
Sorry I didn't have a light.
Your fascination with my chest
Can't let me put these feelings to rest
Hand-hug again? We might.
When: a Saturday night
Where: near Prospect St.
I saw: a gold-haired stoner
I am: a girl who got more than just a bro-hug

I need you like the desert needs the rain.
Seeing you nearly everyday only exacerbates my heart's pain.
A day without you makes me feel like I didn't eat my Wheaties,
Especially because everyone wants to be your Sweetie.
When everyone seduces you and gets all "up in your grill."
It makes it hard for me to sit back and chill.
When will you learn just how deep my love is for you!
It surpasses that even of Robert Wadlow's shoe.
I can only dream that one day you will serenade me to sleep;
Trust me, I would not make a peep :)
When: Not enough.
Where: In my loving embrace...
I saw: A smokin' saxophone player
I am: Wishing from a practice room

hey guys! because we had so much overflow **lusting** last year, we have a new system for IWYSBs: each week, all the submissions that didn't fit in the paper will be posted on the **blog**. that way, we don't fall behind, your love gets out their sooner, and **everyone** stays happy! check out the blog at **thewatertower.tumblr.com** (hint: **like** us on facebook and the blog posts will **automatically** show up on your feed)

the ear

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

On Redstone Green
Freshman boy: Apparently it's common to pee on furniture. And a lot of people get raped in Harris-Millis, even guys.

Outside the Theater:
Girl to friend: Oh my gosh, you are *such* a bad slut!

Outside the Davis Center:
Girl 1: These boys, these boys, are much too much.
Girl 2: That's a bear!

On Redstone Green
Guy 1: Nah man, I think they're beautiful.
Guy 2: Really? They're just a gaping hole that bleeds once a month.

Lafayette 207
Kid 1: Yeah, apples ... can taste like grapes.
Kid 2: That just blew my mind.
Kid 3: Pass the joint, dude.

North Union St.
Drunk girl: It was a very *accidental* threesome...

fork it over. crazy ass cooking



by megankelley and gretchenloft

There comes a time in our lives when we can no longer rely solely on mom's cooking for our daily sustenance. High school is over, and long gone are the days when a complaint of "but I don't like beans" resulted in a custom-made meal tailored to our picky taste buds. Fortunately, the move away from home is usually accompanied by a campus meal plan. While those points or blocks may not always present the most appealing options, they at least keep us fed for a couple of years. But what about when that meal plan ends? When we move off campus and have to - GASP - feed ourselves? Or even when we simply get so sick of dining hall food that the thought of eating one more University Marché chicken tender induces nausea?

Well, when that happens we are forced to face the kitchen. Alone. Often, this can leave us in a state of alternating terror and starvation (PBJ dinners, anyone?). Fortunately, **the water tower** is here to help. Armed with a ladle, a spatula, and plenty of cooking knowledge (or in some cases lack thereof), we are here to guide you through the trials and tribulations of some basic cooking lessons.

Food of the week: Corn!

Hard rains in the spring caused a later growing season in Vermont this year, which means corn can still be bought fresh locally. For the best ears, visit the farmer's market (Saturdays behind Burlington City Hall 8:30am-2pm) or City Market. Heck, even the Price Chopper in ol' South Burlington is selling heady local stuff from Essex. For the adventurous souls on drives through the countryside, farms usually have a pickin' of their crops for sale right outside their fields, so keep your eyes and 'ears' peeled ... or should we say shucked!

Once you have secured your corn, it's time to chow

down. Keep it simple with a boil, but get that smoky flavor by breaking out your grill. If you're growing tired of your naked corn, no fear! The possibilities can get pretty amazing. For instance, here's a recipe for an easy and sweet chowder.

CORN CHOWDA!

- 4 MEDIUM POTATOES, CHOPPED
- ½ MEDIUM ONION, CHOPPED
- 2 CUPS WATER
- 5-6 EARS CORN SLIGHTLY BOILED, SHAVED
- 2 TEASPOONS SALT
- PEPPER TO TASTE
- 2 CUPS HALF-AND-HALF OR LIGHT CREAM, SCALDED
- ½ CUP DICED BACON
- CHIVES TO TASTE

ON THE STOVE, COMBINE THE FIRST THREE INGREDIENTS. BRING TO A BOIL, LOWER HEAT, COVER, AND SIMMER FOR 10-15 MINUTES. ADD EVERYTHING ELSE, HEAT FOR ANOTHER 5-10 MINUTES, STIRRING OCCASIONALLY. ENJOY!

fashion five-oh.

f*** u,
g'q

with colbynixon

Gentleman's Quarterly, an American institution since 1957, is revered and respected as a valid publication from which to draw information and advice. *Gentleman's Quarterly* also makes some questionable claims. You need look no further than their "40 Worst Dressed Cities" list. Included in this list are such locales as Martha's Vineyard (14), San Diego (27), Brooklyn (11), and Boston (1). The greatest concern to me is number 28, Burlington, VT. Even more bothersome is the fact that every other metropolis has a lengthy description on why their fashion sucks. Burlington's caption simply says, "Cool hat, stoner." This explanation does not suffice. I agree with GQ's evaluation to a point, but without sufficient evidence on this matter, I am left wondering how this ranking was formulated. There is valid reasoning for either side of the argument:

Why GQ is right → Burlington is a haven for the flannel clad, the gentleman hunter (think Carhartt), and the overall wearing farmer woman. Let's be honest, none of these options are what one might consider high fashion. You'd think that the vibrant, innovative student population might bring some class to this outpost in western Vermont, but no such luck. Instead, the situation involves a sea of sweatpants and pinnies (get it brah). As it turns out, we don't exactly help the situation.

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www.downtownthreads.net

Why GQ is wrong → Burlington isn't Milan, it isn't Paris, but why should it be? If you want my honest opinion, runway shows, and fashion catalogues are about as exciting to me as Ron Howard's 2004 film, *The Alamo* (not to be confused with John Wayne's 1960 film adaptation, which may or may not be spectacular, but having never seen it, I refuse to pass judgment). Ultimately, style is about what fits you, what works for you, and what you feel comfortable in. Everyone has different perceptions of style. I have a friend who loves wearing denim vests. I would rather wear cut-off jorts with the pockets hanging out than a denim vest. But she feels comfortable in the vest, and can pull it off quite well, actually. What the people at GQ don't understand is that it's about personal style and quirkiness, something that UVM has always done and will hopefully continue to do.

My advice to everyone out there is to go to Goodwill, throw on some sweatpants now and again, Crocs are always a great decision, but never wear a button down with athletic shorts, or I will mock you relentlessly. ■

créatif stuffé.



the ground is LAVA

by joshhegarty

When David was younger, he used to play The Ground Is Lava, but he had always known that the ground couldn't actually be lava. However, somewhere along the way, he became less sure. There were days when he would look at the ground and begin to scream, fearing that his shoes and the furniture would ignite at any second. He would sit in the corner of his bed in a fetal position until the lava dissipated. Sometimes it took hours.

On some sunny days, he would open the blinds on the windows. However, he would never unlock the windows because he was sure that if he did so, they would open in the night and let in thieves and raccoons and other bandits. When they closed, the glass would shatter and the fragments would grind themselves to a dust, which would hide itself in his air and carpet, cutting his skin as they cut through his lungs.

He could only bring himself to bathe when his scent became so disgusting that he couldn't handle it. He was positive that if he were to take a bath, the water would freeze so slowly and subtly that he would be stuck until he froze to death. If he showered, he thought he would slip on soap, causing him to crack his head open on the plaster floor. When he did on occasion clean himself, he did so by sitting in the bathtub and pouring a bucket of water over his head repeatedly. He still feared that this water would find a way to kill him; although he feared this end less than he feared that his scent would attract rats and roaches, eager to eat him alive.

Several years ago, he had the oven removed. He had to open up his doors to let the thieves and murderers inside and they pulled the metal death box from the wall. They hauled it out and he was glad until they asked him when they were needed for the replacement. He'd only let them into his home because he figured

it was better to allow murderers to know where you live than to have a demon in your kitchen. When he learned that they intended to simply give him a stronger demon, he screamed and cried until they left. They ran away and called the police, but when the officer arrived, David refused to come to the door. He stayed as still as could be, because the ground had become lava again. By the time the ground had returned to normal, the officer had left and

specting for inhuman features. Suspecting he saw a tail on Ted, he began to yell. Then he slammed the door and ran to the kitchen. He ran back to the front door with a knife to scare away the intruders, but they were already close to the sidewalk when he opened it again. Ted looked back and saw David brandishing the knife, then told his wife to run home and call the police; he would follow behind and attempt to fight the man off if he followed. David did not follow. He simply slammed the door again.

When the police arrived, he was cleaning himself with his water bucket, naked in the bathtub. They knocked for several minutes and then charged inside. The

first man into the home waved a warrant in one hand, the second a gun. They came to him in the bathroom, where he cradled himself. One man pointed his gun in David's general direction, while the other told him to stand and read off the words on the warrant. After finishing, he saw David's clothes on the ground and told him again to stand while he tossed the clothes to the naked man.

David stood and began to dress as the first officer walked towards him with handcuffs drawn. When he laid a hand on David's arm, David began to scream and flail. The officer pressed David against the wall and handcuffed him. The two officers then walked David out of his home to the cruiser parked outside. As he crossed the doorway, he began to scream again that he couldn't leave. He would die out there. The only things worse than his home were the things it protected him from. The officers did not relent. They placed him in the cruiser and brought him to the police station. When David was placed in a cell for holding, he climbed up onto the bench and cradled himself, convinced that the ground was lava. ■

“there were days when he would look at the ground and begin to scream, fearing that his shoes and the furniture would ignite at any second”

David smiled at the thought of having a demon free home. His smile quickly faded when he realized that the murderers had sent a scout to find him. He spent the next week certain that he would wake to find them in his bedroom ready to kill.

When a month had passed, David had forgotten all about the murderers until a man knocked on his door, a representative of a cable provider, or so he said. David saw through the disguise and told him that he had to leave his home or the doors would come to life and crush both of their heads into a pile of mush. The man decided that the sale was not worth the effort and left, but when he filed a comment with his boss, his boss notified the police that there was a potentially dangerous man in that home threatening strangers.

When new neighbors moved into the house down the road, they came over to introduce themselves. Had the real estate agent done sufficient research on the neighborhood, she would have attempted to alert them about David. But she didn't. And so the newlyweds, Ted and Sarah McCormick, knocked on his door in an attempt to get to know their neighbor. David opened the door and stared at them, in-

bukowski and the spider

by henrykellogg

The spider did not want to die and I did not want to kill it

Yet as it crawled over my bag my sleeve I wanted it gone

“leave me in peace” I want to read poetry alone in the park
Feel the pain of a man now dead but living somewhere in the ether between the page and my brain

But the spider would not leave me when I looked back to it again and again

I felt something

It meant me no harm or malice maybe it meant nothing at all but



kitty faraji

It looked like death and I didn't feel like dying just yet

Small and green bigger than a pin head smaller than a penny
I was probably sitting under her tree, invading her space with nostalgic quiet sad beautiful poetry which engrossed my soul

Then for some reasonless reason I realized the spider had to die
And it went to way of Bukowski under my soft thumb

I know the spider will meet Bukowski
Somewhere in the ether between the page and the universe
and if they should decide to write poetry together

I know it will be nostalgic

lights

by julianvandertak

Thump, thump, thump: the bass drum kicks. 1, 2, 3, 4 flows the count, the while lead guitarist pumps out licks. Up, down, left, right sways the crowd as sound waves hit their heads like bricks.

Masters of Sound, Sultans of Noise, watch as the stage lights make men from boys. Strapped with steel, built with poise, my wooden horse reveals my joys as faces melt, and sweat drops pour from faces blushed to hit the floor.

This is what I live for. This is what I live for.

god hunting

by joshhegarty

I want to find the ghosts that whisper on the wind.

I want to find the hallways where they roam.

I want to find a doorway leading to the other side.

I want to find the place the dead call home.

I want to find Old One-Eyed hanging from the World Tree.

I want to find Zeus on his Olympian throne.

I want to find the angels making war with Hell.

I want to find proof that we are not alone. I want to find the answer written in a

book, in language that no one has ever known.

I want to feel the knowledge, monsooning in my head,

and feel divinity sleeping in my bones. I want to hear the melody humming from the shore,

to see the patterns where the sand is thrown.

I want to hear the secret words coming from the ground,

to understand the murmurs and the groans.

I want to find the breadcrumbs leading towards peril.

The witches scare me less as I have grown. I want to feel the sensation I felt as a child.

I want to feel the miracle of hope.

cat litter.



WEEK OF WELCOME FULL SCHEDULE

by gregjacobs

Monday 8/29	Tuesday 8/30	Wednesday 8/31	Thursday 9/1	Friday 9/2
<p>ALL EVENTS CANCELLED</p>	<p>8:30-11:00 AM: Coffee IV drips in the Davis Center; stop in to get your caffeine fix for the day and meet with the new nursing majors.</p> <p>12:00-3:00 PM: Mud wrestling on the CBW green. Bring your own mud.</p> <p>7:00-9:00 PM: Vuvuzela concert in Simpson dining. Come enjoy the unique ambience while you dine on unique dishes from all over Vermont.</p>	<p>8:30-11:00 AM: Coffee IV drips in the Davis Center; stop in to get your caffeine fix for the day and meet with the new nursing majors.</p> <p>4:00-6:00 PM: Magic: The Gathering free condoms and card trading event on Redstone green.</p> <p>8:00-10:00 PM: "How to Tame Your Own Ferret", hosted by SGA and that guy on Church Street. Billings lecture hall.</p>	<p>8:30-11:00 AM: Coffee IV drips in the Davis Center; stop in to get your caffeine fix for the day and meet with the new nursing majors</p> <p>1:00-2:00 PM: Centennial Woods. Learn how to create your own covert grow operation with Skunky McKush.</p> <p>8:30-11:00PM: Karaoke in Billings. Come loosen those vocal cords to the tune of "A Whole New World", "Semi-Charmed Life", or "Baby Got Back".</p>	<p>10:00 AM-12:00 PM: Underwear tie-dye in front of the Davis Center. Bring your own whities.</p> <p>1:52-1:53PM: UVM Bookstore's annual Normal Retail Price sales event.</p> <p>9:00 PM-1:00 AM: Board games, video games, and unlimited free snacks in every residence hall. Way better than going downtown, we promise.</p>

the people you've met: a breakdown

a helpful little chart for those of you who don't already know the scoop

by calebdemers

So you've already been here for a week or so. Hopefully you've noticed that there is a shit-ton of people to meet and make friends with. If not, look harder. Anyway, you have had floor meetings, orientations, meet and greets, random knocks on your door, drunken phone number exchanges, impromptu Frisbee games, maybe even intimate Cook Dining Hall dinners.

The following graph is here to help you understand a little bit about how many of these great people you meet will actually affect your life. College may be one of the most important stages of your life because it's here where you will learn that there are people that you cannot be friends with. This graph classifies the people you have met in the first week into categories pertaining to the length and depth of your relationship:

3%- The "Friends"

This is the group of people whom you will quickly learn are far smarter than you but luckily have taken a liking to you. Therefore, they will become your friends especially around midterms and finals. But remember: do not try to mix these friends with your party friends because both sides could be easily offended that you would associate with the other.

4%- The Kids that Obviously Never Should Have Gone to UVM

Though life may seem to be more and more pessimistic as it goes on, this group will actually become people you not only don't develop a friendly relationship with, but you in fact learn to despise. Eventually they will force you to physically inflict pain upon them or just question their parental upbringing. Fortunately this will allow you to have a renewed faith in your parents' childrearing because they didn't create devils like these ones.

6%- The Wino Friendos

This is the group of people that share very little in common with you except maybe a similar weekend agenda, also known as a similar drinking tolerance. These are the kids you will greet with a loud yell in the street at 2:30am on Friday nights, the people that you will allow to sip from your plastic handle in a dingy basement. The people that you see the next day sitting at a library desk and wonder to yourself: "Why is that person from my dream sitting there", until you realize you were just in a rather strong substance-induced haze when you met them.

0.9999%- The Homies

Finally, the group of people you will eventually call your own. They're kids you have spent months and months picking out of the crowd. These people will establish you as a meaningful part of their gang. This group will allow you to feel like you stand out among the 12,000 other kids just like you.

0.0001%- The Future Roommate
Your future roommate.

88%- The Even-Though-We-Both-Share-Similar-Music-Taste (i.e. Bob Marley, Dubstep)-We-Will-Never-Last-ers

This group of people you literally met within the first week and unfortunately, though some of them are very pretty, you are going nowhere with them. It may feel like you guys really connect because you both like the color green or you both have a Bob Marley poster on your wall, but it is just not going to last.

