



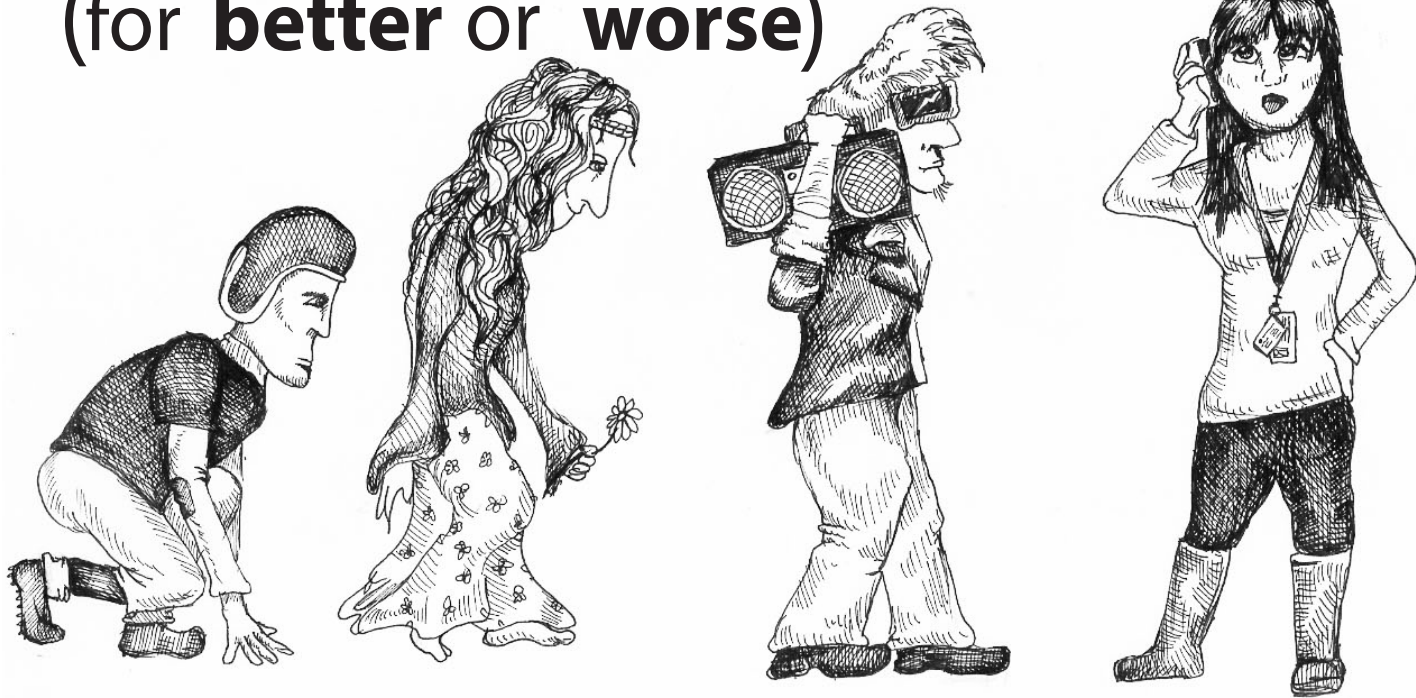
the water tower.

uvm's alternative newsmag

volume 12 - issue 1 - tuesday, september 4, 2012 - uvm, burlington, vt

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

college *ain't* what it *used* to be (for better or worse)



by lauragreenwood

If there's anything I can be sure to gain from my college experience, anecdotes are it. With every drive up to Vermont, every walk around campus, and every story shared about my life around the dinner table, my parents have proven they also had similar related experiences back in their college days. Each story begins with "Well, back when I was at UMass..." They struggle to comprehend that I do not attend UMass and that, well, over the past 40 years college has changed quite a bit. The parties may still be rampant and the classes still a nuisance to wake up for, but college has adapted alongside society. We focus now on safety and utilizing technology, two points that were rarely addressed in our parents' age.

"Well, back when I was at UMass, we used to bring our kegs right into the dorms. Store them in the shower (insert nostalgic chuckle)." "Honey, that's nothing! One time I woke up from a party so hung-over, it wasn't until noon that I noticed I had on an engagement ring. Took quite a while to figure out who the man was!" "We used to hang trash bags from the ceiling and watch them burn. (uhh...?) It was... really cool

to look at and such... you know?" College will always have legendary parties, but over the years the intensity of "the party" has changed. The pigs have always been around

was college.

"You emailed your professor a question?! Why didn't you just find them after class?" "Oh yes, all my classes had black-

boards...Yes of course the kind you write on, isn't that what a Black-board is?" "All the students used to walk through this one courtyard after class, so that we could find our friends. Your fa-

ther and I played Marco-Polo everyday so we could meet there before having dinner. Oh, oh honey! MARCO!" The internet, as we know it, was only just coming into existence in the 1990s. Telephones were land lines, computers were found only in the library, and snail mail was the only mail. Many changes in technology are generational changes found even outside college, but the college experience specifically has changed greatly as a result. Grades were received in the mail, teachers were reached solely through office hours, and everything you knew about your peers was from face-to-face talking, not Facebook stalking. It took hours of searching the library and reading to research for a paper when our parents were in college. We are lucky to

... read the rest on page 6

coming *[out]* to acceptance

by laurafrangipane

I am 22 years old, queer, and you know what? I didn't come out in the "official" hey Dad I'm pretty homo sense until this summer. I like people, as people, regardless of gender or degree of gender fluidity. It took me a while to figure this out in the first place and also what the hell I was going to label myself on the spectrum. I felt bisexual was too limiting, because I don't believe the people I fall in love with are truly male or female 100% of the time or that really, gender has to fall in a binary. Hell, I didn't feel that I acted 100% male or female most of the time. "Queer" felt right, both because of its roots as a slur against my community to be reclaimed (I like saying it with a bit of bitterness), and for its openness. That's my story. And you know what? However my sexuality would have happened, it's totally valid. The same is true for how you have come to your own.

I think there is just as much timing and thought that goes into coming out as asking someone to marry you or as taking a job across the country. This can only happen once. We are all scared shitless, but there is a way to do it "smarter."

Please don't rush. When I first started sharing my identity with friends and at college, I felt a lot of pressure to tell people in my life I was most scared of right away. You'll be ready when you first accept yourself wholly and understand and love this aspect of yourself. If you've been in love, it feels similar to that "need" to tell the other person that you love them for the first time, the idea that if you were to die straight it wouldn't be right. The idea that you want to run around screaming because goddammit you're proud, on some level. I needed a lot of time to process and arrive at this feeling myself.

It has been my experience, though I cannot speak broadly, that we queers are rushed to be "out" while at the same time we claw the other direction, feeling guilty, feeling ashamed. When you discover you are, oh my god, homosexual, it doesn't always feel like the best thing in the world. My community is shamed throughout this country and so endangered in many others as to be given a death sentence to be gay. It doesn't always feel like the best to be abnormal, even though it can, will, and rightly should lead to your happiness. This is reality, for now (although I work to change this culture everyday).

Take care of yourself. Find happy places; find your favorite things in life outside

...read the rest on page 7

the constant allusions and reflections my parents give about their college days can be irksome to my college-age self

the block, but with growing lawsuits and paranoia, parties have changed. Call it the "fight" disappearing or our risky behavior softening, but parties in 2012 are nothing like in the 70s. We walk around a lit campus with emergency poles, reminded constantly to watch out and stay cautious. The idea of my parents having giant fire extinguisher spray fights in their dorm hallways is awesome, but I know that could never go down with the rules in college now. The administrations at colleges have cracked down on maintaining a safe campus. There is no more funny business that is permitted and supported. It is probably for the best that colleges work harder to keep their students safer; however, it's still awe inspiring to reflect on the freedom and wildness that once

get inside me:

syria marked by lack of improvement by kerrymartin

long distance relationships in college by katjaritchie

putting down the pack by nicoletrenton

pop country in coal country by megankelley

the best news team in the universe.

inbox 



Dear readers,

Here we are, Volume 12. That's twelve semesters that we've been around, writing, drawing, trying not to break any obscenity laws. And so far, we've succeeded, more or less.

Making this paper every week takes a lot of work and dedication from our staff, and for that we would like to thank them. But it also takes something else—it takes you.

Without you, the readers, we wouldn't have a reason for doing what we do. We would probably do it anyways, for egotistic purposes, but it would be a little depressing and probably not very good. So thank you. Thank you for providing the blues to our rhythm. Thank you for picking up this paper, because it allows us to do what we love.

As we round out our sixth year, we hope that we continue to make a **water tower** worth reading. Because you deserve it, you sexy, sexy readership.

For many Tuesdays yet to come,
James Aglio and Liz Cantrell
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 shit list with georgeloftus

August 27th- For the first time in five years, classes at UVM started on August 27th. More specifically, it's the first time in five years that class has started before August 29th. It's like reverse leap year. Where'd those days go? I would've loved two extra days to drink, buy books, sleep, gain four pounds in corndogs, whatever: we're in college, we barely beat out high schools in May, give us 'til labor day, fuck. We pay over/under \$40,000 per year, give us two extra days.

Skyrim PS3- Bethesda Softworks has officially announced that DLC/patch support for the PS3 iteration of Skyrim will not be supported due to a lack of compatibility between the game engine and Sony's game system. Imagine buying a bike that you were told could take you across the country. Then imagine the chain breaking after riding it for a mile. Then imagine finding out said chain was made out of volcano diamonds and unicorn hair and would likely never be replaced. That's more or less what it's like.

Lake Monsters- As of this writing the Vermont Lake Monsters are 31-44. UVM doesn't have a baseball team anymore, so this is the closest we get to enjoying America's favorite past time and we don't even have a bragging point. Free hot dog night is always fantastic, but the overall losing season (which ends this week) made it a hard year to love Champ as much as we do. The ease of sneaking in drinks makes it way easier, though.

NASA- As America mourns the loss of one of her favorite sons, Neil Armstrong, she should mourn something else as well: NASA's ambition. As fantastic an achievement the Curiosity Rover is, why aren't we doing more with the moon? Where's the shopping mall in the craters? Where's the moonrise? It's escape velocity is way less than Earth's and would make infinitely more sense as a launchpad for galactic exploration. Also, it would be freaking awesome if you got into college on the dark side of the moon! ■

the news in brief with kerrymartin

“I applaud President Obama for expressing support for a serious effort to restore the democratic foundations of our country that are under severe attack.”

- **Bernie Sanders**, on the President's call for a constitutional amendment that would overturn the Supreme Court's decision in the landmark case *Citizens United vs. Federal Election Commission* in 2010. The court's 5-4 decision allowed corporations and wealthy donors to form Political Action Committees (PACs) and aid political campaigns. Barack Bernie 2012.

“The window that is open now to resolve this diplomatically will not remain open indefinitely.”

- **The White House** - responding to the International Atomic Energy Agency's report that in the past summer Iran has doubled the fuel-producing capabilities of a nuclear complex built deep inside a mountain near Qum. The controversial country, led by Supreme Leader Ali Khamenei and Nutjob Mahmoud Ahmadinejad, has been approaching nuclear weapon capabilities for years. The Wailing Wall has lasted this long, it's not coming down any time soon.

“The crisis in Syria started with peaceful demonstrations that were met by ruthless force. Now, we face the grim risk of long-term civil war destroying Syria's rich tapestry of communities.”

- **Ban Ki-moon**, Secretary-General of the United Nations, speaking in Tehran, Iran, at the country's largest international conference since the 1979 revolution. Mr. Ban and Egyptian President Mohammed Morsi renounced Syria's violence, causing tension with both the Syrian and Iranian leaders present. Sorry, Ahmadinejad, it takes more than a conference to raise your international rep. Try not backing up oppressive regimes (like your own).

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:
watertowereditor@gmail.com
Advertising:
watertowerads@gmail.com

read the wt.
B/H Library - 1st Floor
Davis Center - 1st Floor Entrance
Davis Center - Main St. Tunnel
L/L - Outside Alice's Café
Old Mill Annex - Main Lobby
Waterman - Main Lobby
Williams - Inside Steps
Online - uvm.edu/~watertwr

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. 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.**

the water tower.
uvm's alternative newsmag
uvm.edu/~watertwr
Editorial Staff

Editors-in-Chief
James Aglio
Liz Cantrell

News Editor
Kerry Martin

Around Town Editor
George Loftus

Reflections Editor
Phoebe Fooks

Fork It Over Editor
Jamie Beckett

Fashion Editor
Sarah Perda

Créatif Stuffé Editor
Josh Hegarty

Tunes Editor
Dylan McCarthy

Humor Editor
Collin Cappelle

Copy Editor
Laura Greenwood

Staff Writers

Laura Frangipane
Cait O'Hara

Art Staff

Art Editors
Kitty Faraji
Malcolm Valaitis

Art Staff
Caney Demars
Katharine Longfellow
Laurn Schrom

Layout Staff
Megan Kelley
Martine Wong

Special Thanks To
UVM Art Department Digital Lab

news ticker: Do you remember the good old days before the ghost town? +++ Seriously, Syria, your shit is cray. Knock it off. +++ Remember the seventies when Clint Eastwood was coherent? ■

crazy confused and deflated: the republican national convention

by bendonovan

Last week, the Republican Party held its convention in Tampa, making official Mitt Romney's nomination for President of the United States. Romney's acceptance speech was pretty much all anybody expected it to be—a thirty-eight-minute snoozefest of platitudes about freedom and families, made only moderately interesting by the possibility that he might be an android. But although the four-day event looked like a Republican convention (boat shoes, balloons, and ninety-dollar haircuts) and sounded like a Republican convention (suburban white fear, accompanied by aggressively shitty music), it didn't feel like a Republican convention.

Nope, something was off. The Republican Party this year just doesn't seem to have the spark—that crazy energy, that

“you can't have it both ways; the president can't be a bleeding-heart, nanny-state socialist and a steely-eyed, 'fuck it, you're on your own' mr. scrooge at the same time”

inducing banalities about the American dream, about how hard work and freedom are good, and handouts are bad. If there is a political party in the United States that disagrees with that, I certainly haven't heard of it.

Their attacks on President Obama just seemed confused. Paul Ryan, in his acceptance speech Wednesday night, criticized Obama for intervening too much in the economy, and then in the next sentence, bemoaned his failure to help reduce unemployment. As chair of the House Budget Committee, Ryan authored a budget last year that would privatize Medicare and slash spending on all sorts of social welfare programs such as food stamps, unemployment assistance, and Pell Grants, and has cited Libertarian philosopher Ayn Rand as his biggest influence.

But in his speech, he chastised President Obama for not doing enough, claiming, “the truest measure of any society is how it treats those who cannot defend or care for themselves.” A GM plant in his hometown of Janesville, Wisconsin closed, he

gather for four days and nights of speeches by old, white politicians from reliably red states doing what they do best—slamming their fists on the podium, screeching about welfare queens and moral degenerates, and warning a rapt audience of the dangers of a Democratic president who would take his marching orders from Das Kapital, force your son to get gay-married, and open our borders to rape-happy Mexicans who have their sights set on your daughter.

Yes, it was absolutely loony, but you knew exactly what you were getting yourself into by watching the damn thing; and as long as you took it for what it was, it was thoroughly entertaining.

It didn't make any goddamn sense. You can't have it both ways; the President can't be a bleeding-heart, nanny-state socialist and a steely-eyed, “fuck it, you're on your own” Mr. Scrooge at the same time. Ryan didn't even seem to be buying it as he was saying it, and his audience was equally unenthused. Romney's speech the following night followed the same trajectory—platitudes, incoherent attempts at populism, and a complete and utter lack of concrete policy proposals.

The whole thing was just sad to watch. There were some halfway exciting moments; Clint Eastwood took the stage and talked to an empty chair, which was supposed to represent President Obama, and made a half-hearted attempt at being funny. Paul Ryan got about twelve people to cheer by announcing that he listens to Led Zeppelin, because that's exciting, I guess. But for the most part everybody just seemed to be going through the motions—faking it in hopes that the whole thing would be over soon and everybody could go the fuck to bed. If the Republicans had their mojo working, it sure wasn't working on anybody as far as I could tell, and I was even sober for part of it.

Maybe it's just the times. This ain't the nineties anymore. After years of fear, recession, debt, and anxiety, optimism is in short supply everywhere you look. It's hard to get excited about much of anything when unemployment is still hovering around 8% and the whole world seems

told the audience, and the President didn't stop it (it turns out the plant in question had closed before Obama took office, but no matter). He raged against cuts to Medicare that were included in the healthcare reform bill passed by the Democrats in 2010 (which he also proposed last year), while also insisting that we need to cut entitlement spending. In the same breath, he managed to criticize the Obama administration for being too socialist, and for being not socialist enough.

Neil Armstrong, commander of Apollo 11 and the first human to set foot on the Moon, died last week. He was 82. Born in Wapakoneta, Ohio on August 5, 1930, Armstrong was a good kid, doing well in school and making the rank of Eagle in the Boy Scouts. He was also fond of flying from an early age—learning to fly planes before he could drive.

He attended Purdue University, where he studied aerospace engineering, on a Navy scholarship, which led to him serving as a pilot during the Korean War. In the late fifties, he became an experimental test pilot at Edwards Air Force Base, which eventually led to him joining the NASA Astronaut Corps. The Apollo 11 landing formed the capstone to his astronomical career, after which he taught engineering.

Armstrong was a private man. He disliked that people gave him credit for the moon landing, which was the culmination of the careers of thousands. Despite this, he has entered American legend as a hero. Rarely, if ever, has any public figure been so universally loved and well regarded as Neil Armstrong, and his colorful career has inspired Americans for decades, and I expect it will continue to for years to come.

When I was a child Armstrong and his companions, the Aldrans, Shepards, and Glenns of this world, fed my imagination for what was possible in life. They, and he especially, had done the impossible, reached the unreachable. They had survived in an environment that was utterly hostile, and achieved the conclusion of thousands of years of human exploration. Though it occurred more than twenty years before I was born, those words, “That's one small step for [a] man, one giant leap for mankind,” (his preferred way to write the quote) felt as forceful to me as if they had just occurred.



calling all ... ARTISTS! WRITERS! GRAPHIC DESIGNERS! BUSINESSERS!

**Join the water tower.
we think it's pretty cool.**

general meeting wednesday sept 5th @ 7 pm
lafayette 107

a giant leap

in memory of an american hero

by jamesaglio

Neil Armstrong, commander of Apollo 11 and the first human to set foot on the Moon, died last week. He was 82. Born in Wapakoneta, Ohio on August 5, 1930, Armstrong was a good kid, doing well in school and making the rank of Eagle in the Boy Scouts. He was also fond of flying from an early age—learning to fly planes before he could drive.

He attended Purdue University, where he studied aerospace engineering, on a Navy scholarship, which led to him serving as a pilot during the Korean War. In the late fifties, he became an experimental test pilot at Edwards Air Force Base, which eventually led to him joining the NASA Astronaut Corps. The Apollo 11 landing formed the capstone to his astronomical career, after which he taught engineering.

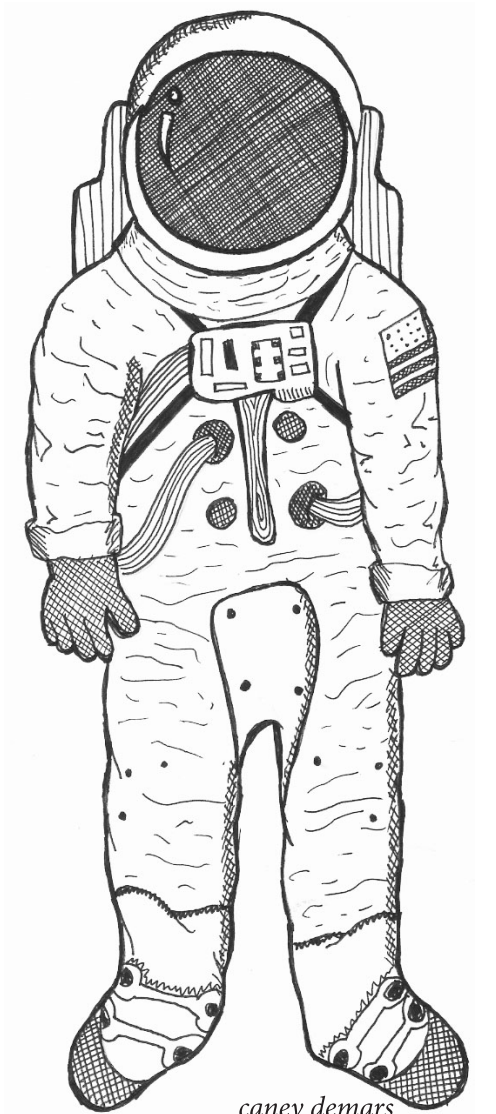
Armstrong was a private man. He disliked that people gave him credit for the moon landing, which was the culmination of the careers of thousands. Despite this, he has entered American legend as a hero. Rarely, if ever, has any public figure been so universally loved and well regarded as Neil Armstrong, and his colorful career has inspired Americans for decades, and I expect it will continue to for years to come.

When I was a child Armstrong and his companions, the Aldrans, Shepards, and Glenns of this world, fed my imagination for what was possible in life. They, and he especially, had done the impossible, reached the unreachable. They had survived in an environment that was utterly hostile, and achieved the conclusion of thousands of years of human exploration. Though it occurred more than twenty years before I was born, those words, “That's one small step for [a] man, one giant leap for mankind,” (his preferred way to write the quote) felt as forceful to me as if they had just occurred.

Neil Armstrong, I think, has fascinated Americans for so long because he embodies what we strive to be. He kept to himself, worked hard, and participated in one of the greatest milestones of human accomplishment. In the future, the American empire may have ended long ago, but the

perpetually on the brink of going bankrupt or blowing up. And maybe it's the candidate who sings Al Green, it's hard to get excited about a private-equity guy who looks like Ward Cleaver and has all the personality of a pile of drywall.

Is this the best they can do? Is this the



caney demars

moon landing may well be the takeaway fact that every schoolchild knows about the Americans. In a way Armstrong was an ideal American and an ideal human. How beautiful mankind is! O brave new world, that has such people in't! Now he has left this Earth once more, and the world is a slightly less interesting place for it. Good-bye, Neil Armstrong. Thank you for teaching me how to dream. ■

best we can do? Is there really no credible opposition in this country, nobody other than Obama who actually has a plan and believes it? Christ, what a depressing thought. This is going to be one long goddamn election season. ■

around town.

people watching post-ups

by georgeloftus

If you're anything like me then you love quietly judging people from afar. The art of people-watching is subtle. You want to stare, but out of courtesy and the fact that the people you're staring at could probably kick your ass, you need to take in as much information as possible in the quickest humanly way. It's one thing to see someone that makes you smirk as you walk past them, but it's patently rude to laugh out loud at someone, that sucks, don't be that person. Given that I've been at UVM since before the dorms had Wi-Fi, and the

The corner of Church and Main

Right in front of Manhattan's Pizza & Pub is one of my favorite places to be on weekend nights. It's situated right next to Lift and Rasputin's, two of Burlington's premier nightclubs. Showing up before 11 privileges you to the fantastic live music available at there, but doesn't yield the best results for the crowd outside. No, between 12:30 and 2:15 shows the best that Burlington's most desperate has to offer. The women's dresses are shorter than a line for a Nazi-party rally in Tel Aviv, and the dudes are so imbued with discount cologne they somehow manage to smell worse than the four seconds it takes to walk by Abercrombie & Fitch in the downtown mall. This corner is permanently stained with immorality and poor decisions; you'd never guess anyone here has parents they could potentially dis-appoint.

Higher Ground before any "specialized" concert

If you're going to see a show in either Ball Room or the Showcase Lounge, chances are whoever's playing in the other is someone you couldn't give two shits about. Going to see Matt & Kim in one room usually means Gwar is in the other. Seeing Queen-wannabes Foxy Shazam last spring had Strangefolk on a reunion tour in the Ballroom and holy fuck... You know those old pathetic people who go apeshit when they hear about a Phish show? Yeah, imagine the exact opposite of that. These people clearly had well-paying jobs, children, medical benefits, the whole shebang, but were getting sloshed in line and talking about dropping acid listening to their albums some years ago. This is where people tend to fail upwards. Even if you're not amazed at the kind of people you see in line for the other show, the amount of drunk teenagers and people with braces that make you feel guilty for liking the same music as them are sure enough to make you reevaluate your life decisions. Until you remember the flask in your coat pocket.

The Library Steps

Different now because of the recently enforced "No Smoking" signs posted to the pillars, the Bailey-Howe steps used to be the last bastion for smokers on campus. The steps weren't littered with butts but they were littered with people appreciating the shit out of them recapping their nights. If most of the quotes from the Ear hail from the Grundle, then the second most probably stemmed from here; this is where people recount their

by lizcantrell

What are you doing this weekend? If you're thinking, "get drunk, swear, and fuck shit up," then you're probably right. But don't stop there, because you could also check out some seriously awesome local art at the annual Art Hop and not pay a dime. Sponsored by the South End Arts & Business Association (which makes the pleasing acronym SEABA), the 20th annual Hop kicks off Friday night at 5 PM. A lot of Burlington's best cultural offerings, like Jazz Fest, occur in the summer, when a lot of students have headed home to bask in their parent's AC and work their high school job, so the Art Hop is a chance to show what the town has to offer in the school year.

Getting to the Hop is easier than dropping Organic Chem at 8:30 AM. Just go down Main St. one block past TD Bank, bang a left, and follow the trail of classy-drunk, art-snob winos and the somewhat obvious undergrads daring to brave a public event a little buzzed. You don't need to drive or take a bus; you just need to be downtown already, waiting for dusk to fall and the parties to



katharine longfellow

Runner Ups: Cherry St. Bus Stop, Patrick Gym Fitness Center, Campus (9:00 AM Saturday Morning)

popping into art hop

get started.

The Hop has much to offer, and you definitely can't hit all the best spots, but a good place to start is with the perennial favorites in The S.P.A.C.E. Gallery at 266 Pine. Also venture over to Speaking Volumes at 377 Pine for used books, vinyl, and (duh) more art. If you're looking to roam, just download the printable Art Hop map at www.seaba.com/art-hop to lead you on your treasure hunt. For Catamounts who are especially interested in dope graphics, Burton will even have some peeps represented at the Hop so you can get your steez on.

All in all, you can see more than 500 artists' works (or free) at all the galleries and stores on the Hop trail. Considering that about 30,000 people (yes, that's three times the size of UVM) attend this shindig, people watching is an added bonus. Remember, where there's local art, there's bound to be an interesting mix of seasoned Hoppers (look for the ever-present "critical gaze" and intellectual frown), burnt out hippies on God knows what substances, kids



go there to stare

only telephone system was a series of soup cans tied together with string, I feel confident in saying that these are the best places to people watch. Or the worst if you're interested in seeing a car wreck of a human being. I don't like talking to strangers when I'm out, so I envy and admire the outgoing people that proudly call Burlington their home, and wonder about their lives as they fade out of ear shot.

Radio Bean

If the Gypsy Weddings and Hoarders TV shows could somehow conceive a child and send it to a school where Wes Anderson and Michel Gondry were the headmasters, that child would drop out just to spend more time at the 'Bean. Made famous by its specialized music nights (Honky Tonk Tuesdays and Soul Night Thursdays are admittedly fantastic), the Bean is also notorious for targeting a very specific demographic; Burlington's finest hipsters. Everyone there looks like they have wet dreams about Sofia Coppola. After much discussion with my favorite cohort, we decided that nobody who goes to the Bean has a job, because it's a full-time job in and of itself looking like you belong there. Every shirt is ironic, and every tattoo is sincere, because it's more embarrassing to admit you went through a phase and fully regret paying \$150 for that calligraphy tattoo. Double Decker bikes line the outside and unsurprisingly, it's fascinating on the walk home if for even a few seconds to see how the other side lives.

Lake Champlain Waterfront

Not just privy to beautiful sunsets and drunken skinny dippers (guilty), the Lake Champlain Waterfront is where I go when I need a kick in the ass. Families often get ice cream from Burlington Bay and walk the path with shit-eating grins on their faces. People go here when their lives are together and genuinely make me feel guilty for having a plan that only consists of "gain less weight this week than last week" and "read most of what you're supposed to for class". Smiling kids with parents who genuinely love them holding hands, happy lovers with nothing to do but enjoy each other's company... It's like a goddamn Katherine Heigl movie without the stress of remembering to call the dude you want Kevin instead of Cyclops (27 Dresses, duhh). Seeing people here makes me want more, and makes me think "The Brady Bunch" wasn't just fiction.

Fridays, their failed quizzes, and their STD tests, when they think people aren't listening. More coffee is consumed by people with dreadlocks and/or capris on these steps than 2/3's of Jamaica. In spite of what brochures say, this is the heart of UVM. Not everyone goes to the Davis Center, it's great for internet and burritos, but every student worth their salt has gone there, or at the very least walked past the front of it in astonishment of the people they swear they saw there three hours earlier. ■

who are required to attend for a class, and people on awkward first dates.

Other perks? The Switchback Brewery at 160 Flynn Ave is open for tastings and tours from 6-9 PM on Friday and noon to 4 PM on Saturday (probs not free of charge but worth it), Magliano Café at 47 Maple St is screening films all day e'rryday, and Lake Champlain Chocolates will be showing' off chocolate sculptures and handing out free treats at 2 PM on Saturday. There's also a few fashion shows, a comedy troupe, and a mini golf setup made entirely of reusable materials.

The point of Art Hop is to, well, hop. So get off the beaten path of Church St and poke your head into a studio to watch a wheel throwing demonstration, browse (admittedly overpriced) paintings, marvel at industrial sculpture, get a henna tattoo, hit up the gyro food trucks, and get your art on. ■

going the distance • of relationships in college • and ice cream

by katjaritchie

About a week before move-in, I still had a pile of books from the previous semester sitting on my bedroom floor that I deeply wanted to rid myself of before I started the packing process. Hoping to somehow unload last year's HCol novels and upper-level French grammar texts on unsuspecting first-years, I joined the UVM Class of 2016 Facebook group as a last-ditch attempt. As I scrolled down the page, I saw the expected slew of mildly funny rookie questions—"How do I do laundry here?" "Are fraternities a big deal at UVM?" "Should I buy all my books from the bookstore new at full price or wait until I actually set foot in a classroom?"—I realized a surprising trend that made me somewhat uneasy. There was a strangely high number of posts by people asking if there was anyone else with a significant other X number of miles away, who were nonetheless trying to make the relationship work. Each post received numerous positive comments from other kids separated from their one-and-onlys who were all oddly chipper about the forthcoming year apart.

My immediate internal response was a mixture of vaguely maternal panic and Vietnam-veteran-esque flashbacks to my own first year. This time last year, I was one of those incoming first-years convinced that the relationship I had with my boyfriend would be the one to beat the odds; that we'd put on our game faces and come out of the temporary separation that much stronger, Facebook-official status intact. The painful reality was that just after Halloween, we were "on a break" and I spent

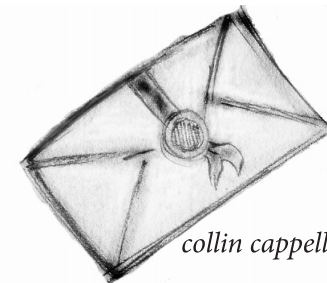
the following few months holed up in my room with my Netflix queue, weeping into my Marche mac-n'-cheese.

That's right—we began a downward spiral around the infamous "break" by Halloween. Think Ross and Rachel, but without actually getting to be Jennifer Aniston or the dude boning Jennifer Aniston. Without the cute Central Perk backdrop it's really just a shitty, vicious cycle. And that was barely two months into the year! Not only that, but it inevitably followed me home for the summer; we still had to actually deal with each other in person when the school year was over. And all in between were teases and glimpses of false hope, like the deceptively idealistic month of blissed-out togetherness that was winter break—which of course only made us crash that much harder when our issues were still waiting back at our respective schools.

However, all that said, there was really no avoiding the whole ordeal. It's nearly impossible to be settled in a strong relationship and not try to overcome an impending challenge together, and we never considered not giving it a shot. But right from the get-go there were serious red flags that neither of us simply knew to recognize, but if we had, we would have spared ourselves a lot of pain.

dear me, it's older you

by caito'hara



collin cappelle

Hey You. It's late August, you're heading to Vermont and you're not quite sure if you're vibrantly excited!...or scared shitless. No, I'm not a mind reader and don't worry, I'm not stalking. This time last year I was you.

There's a lot of things I wish someone had told me back when I was you, Past Self. You're going to arrive hell bent on ensuring that stress doesn't run your life again. Part of you even believes that because you're in a place you actually want to live in and doing things you want to do, you'll be able to completely avoid it! Hate to tell you kid, but that's a load of bullshit. Stress is an unavoidable part of college life. It's challenging to balance classes, social life and responsibilities while also adapting to a new environment and a new lifestyle. You will have moments when you want to sob uncontrollably into your pillow and that's ok. It happens to everyone. Learn how to manage it, and realize that the majority of people around you are in the same boat.

You know how charming it is to have spent your entire educational history up to that point with the same 50-odd kids. And also how hard it can be to spend the majority of your life known as the same kid you were in the 6th grade. That's going to change here. Be prepared to meet as many people in the next 6 months as you have in the last 5 years. And the best part? You don't have to

The first problem that came up for me, before the breaks and the fights, was control. We each knew the other was unhappy and were both deeply worried, but it quickly turned out that I basically had a "helicopter boyfriend". Attentive partners should be looking out for one another, and certainly more so during tough times, but no one should feel suffocated, and in turn, no one should feel compelled to be that informed on their partner's every waking moment,

"...think ross and rachel, but without actually getting to be jennifer aniston or the dude boning jennifer aniston"

because that could be a red flag for... Trust issues. This was the Achilles' heel, the root of all the drama and bullshit.

Are you really worried about your boyfriend going to that party because he'll be out late and getting too drunk, or are you texting him to check up every two minutes in case he's with some other girl? Are you yelling at your girlfriend for not picking up her phone for two hours because you thought something happened to her, or because you thought she might be going behind your back? No matter what he told me, I remained solidly convinced there was some ulterior motive behind my boyfriend's every move, and once he adopted the same suspicious attitude, there was no going back. If you can't trust what the other one says without needing the proof right in front of you, it will be impossible to main-

tain a happy, healthy relationship while at separate schools. And that suspicion can drive you to do things out of spite that isn't even necessarily founded in any reality. Cheesy but true, I was often reminded of a Ben Folds lyric: if you can't trust, you can't be trusted. These warning signs can lead to a whole host of all the textbook relationship no-no's—power struggles, isolation from friends, and maybe even the big ones like verbal and mental abuse or straight up manipulation, if the fighting gets bad enough.

As always in relationships, keep your head and keep a healthy perspective if things get rocky, but this is your year. You've finally left the nest and you've worked so hard to be here, so make the most of it! If ties from home are getting in the way, it may be time to bite the bullet and break it off—maybe just for now, maybe for good. If your relationship was not strong to begin with, a year of fighting won't make it any stronger. Letting go long enough for both of you to get on your feet and come into yourselves independent of each other will. I know how it feels to need to give it a shot, and more power to you, but really—it won't kill you to stop short of all the shit I went through, because no one needs to spend their first year at college crying into their Ben & Jerry's. If you decide to venture into these rough waters anyway, proceed with extreme caution. There are those couples that defy the odds and "go the distance", so to speak, but they are the exceptions that prove the rule. ■

Now keep doing them.

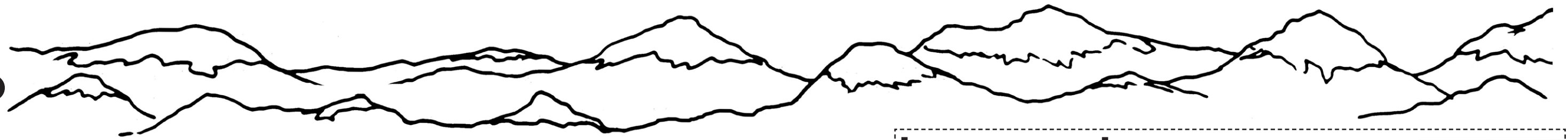
You will be disappointed by this winter. By people you meet and decisions you make. You will be disappointed by what seems to be the exceptionally dismal quality of the food you'll by then have had too many times before. You will be disappointed when it's too hot, too cold, people sucking too hard and chemistry exams sucking even harder. You will occasionally feel as though disappointment is your new constant state of being. It's not. It's a brief period of your life, a small moment of less than the best. Things will improve. That's not to say that everything will be smooth sailing, but it gets easier when you're not dealing with it all by yourself. One horrifyingly awful day does not define your year, let alone your life!

There is in fact, such a thing as too much fun. And the next day you will find out exactly why. Temper things. Be responsible about being irresponsible! You'll find yourself puking far less and annoying far fewer people in the long run. Accept that you have limitations and stick to them, your head will thank you in the morning.

There's a lot more I could tell you. But I won't. The beautiful thing about all this is that it's really not about where you end up. It's about who you find yourself becoming as you go along.

Cheers, You, in a year. ■

reflections.



COLLEGE -continued from pg 1

have the ease of Google and cellphones. My mother still can't quite grasp that students record lectures on iPads and then can retype the whole lecture in less than fifteen minutes. Education has changed greatly as a result of our ability to stay connected. Thirty years from now technology will probably extend past anything we've imagined, thus reinventing learning and universities nationwide.

The constant allusions and reflections my parents give about their college days can be irksome to my college-age self, however it makes me think about what college has become. The further we get from our college years, the less familiar the experience will be to the past. While I wish UVM allowed you the option to stay

in your room before entering the housing lottery or had a giant pen of sheep on the central green, these are all characteristics of a different school in a different time. Now I can be thankful for the milkshake machine at the Redstone Market, the University of Vermont Meme page, and access to **the water tower** online. You may find your parents also constantly use anecdotes to drag you along memory lane. I suggest listening closely to what has stayed the same, but taking special note as to how your four years are radically different. In the future you'll share your own anecdotes, receive your own eye rolls, and will revel in how your college years were the best college years of them all. ■

living senior year to its fullest

by shannonward

Summer 2012 has come and gone, and its end marks a new stage in the life of each and every one of us. For some lucky bastards, the end of this summer signifies the beginning of their freshman year of college: A time to find yourself, to meet some really great new people, and to be constantly intoxicated. For others, it marks the beginning of your sophomore or junior year: A time to try living off campus, to try new, more challenging classes, and to start getting really pretentious about your alcohol.

But then there are the rest of us. The seniors. And the end of this summer marks the beginning of our collective panic attack. Why didn't we ever take that fun class when we had the time? Why do we still not know our way around Burlington? Why did we spend ALL our money on really classy beer?

But you know what? This year is going to be insane, guys. For real. I know that we've said that every year, but this year is seriously going to be the shit. Not necessarily because we want it to, but because we need it to. Because after this year, we'll have "responsibilities" and "jobs" and "real lives," meaning no more staying up until 3:47 in the morning just because you got sucked into Wikipedia and found yourself needing to know about different schools of thought regarding dog training, even though you don't have a dog, but, you

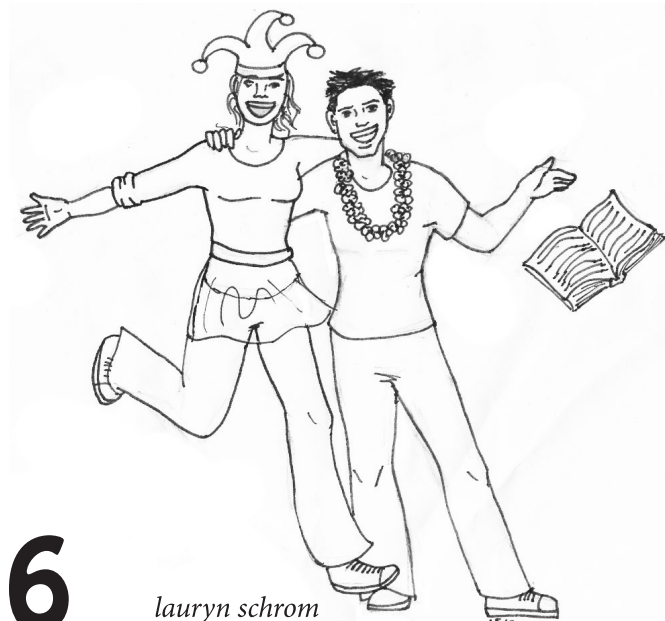
"after this year, we'll have 'responsibilities' and 'jobs' and 'real lives, meaning no more staying up until 3:47 in the morning just because you got sucked into wikipedia"

know, maybe someday.

If you're simply so overwhelmed that you can't even begin to decide how to make the most of this year, there's a very handy list circulating around campus called "101 things to do before you graduate." Among these things are: "Eat free cheese at Cabot," "Actually go to the library," and "Survive the required science lab." The things on this list are great things, they're fantastic things, but I've noticed that there is an essential item missing: "Let yourself be a total and utter fool."

Soon it will be frowned upon to act like total idiots, so I beseech my fellows: BE DUMBASSES! Take advantage of your youth. Because when you're telling your grandkids about your "Ka-razy college dayz" you don't want to bore their ears off with stories about late nights at the library spent eating your weight in bagels and memorizing the decay rates of radioactive atoms. Yes, obviously some nights will have to be spent like that if you actually plan on graduating college with any sort of usable degree, but just make sure that those nights are interspersed with the nights that make good stories. Like the time you almost burned your friends house down when you didn't know how to use their stove, or that time you found yourself on a bus full of drunk naked people, that time you spent six insane hours just trying to find a parking spot downtown, or that time that you snuck up onto the William's fire escape and just looked at the stars. And then there was that time that you did something you were really proud of, whether it was starting your own club, making the dean's list, or finding that group of friends to share it all with.

Don't be stupid. Don't be dangerous. Just be young while you still can. ■



lauryn schrom

putting down the pack, picking up e-cigs

by nicoletrenton

At the beginning of this past summer, my boyfriend Russell and I both decided we wanted to quit smoking cigarettes. I'm ashamed to say it was one of the hardest tasks I have ever set out to accomplish. The longer I went without smoking a cigarette, the more I wanted one; I craved, I caved, and I cheated. I didn't even think I was addicted to cigarettes while I was smoking them, as I rarely had cravings, but as soon as I put down the pack, boy, were they on my mind. They say you always want what you can't have.

I was extremely skeptical the first day Russell came home with a Blu e-cig starter kit, but when he said his cigarette cravings were diminishing I decided to give e-cigs a try. A Blu e-cig starter kit contains: a variety of five flavored nicotine cartridges, two rechargeable batteries, a rechargeable pack, and chargers for the batteries and pack accordingly. An e-cig itself is made up of a cartridge and one of the rechargeable batteries. Dragging on the end of an e-cig activates a small vaporizer inside the battery producing not smoke, but vapor. Inhale, exhale, and repeat until the e-cig flashes a blue light indicating you've smoked enough for now.

Hitting an e-cig does not have nearly the same satisfying smoky feel of a cigarette, however there's something cool and different to them. The vapor feels better on your throat and leaves behind virtually no smell. This means e-cigs can be smoked anywhere, from cars to hotel rooms, without a trace. Now I know what all the stoners are thinking... don't get ahead of yourselves; tampering with e-cig batteries or cartridges



caney demars

"after a few weeks of smoking e-cigs I not only lost my cravings for cigarettes, but I've actually become rather averted to them"

can cause them to explode in your face. A man in Florida tried to put pot inside a Blu cartridge and blew out several of his teeth. Don't try it. e-cig cartridges manufactured with weed in them are sold in Cali and

'Rado where medical marijuana is legal anyway. As if we needed another reason to migrate out west.

After a few weeks of smoking e-cigs I not only lost my cravings for cigarettes, but I've actually become rather averted to them. For the sake of my friends pestering me, I won't say I'll never smoke another cigarette again, but I certainly don't think I'll ever smoke like I used to thanks to e-cigs. Now, on that note, though I have kicked my cigarette habit, I should note that e-cigs still do have nicotine in them—Blu makes e-cig cartridges with four different levels of nicotine (high, medium, low, and none). Starter packs contain cartridges with the highest amount. Right now I'm using the cartridges with the lowest amount of nicotine.

On top of helping you quit cigarettes, you hippies will be glad to hear that e-cigs are a better friend of the environment too, as every recycled cartridge replaces 20 tossed out butts, and vaporizers contain less toxicity than burning smoke, which is better for your lungs as well. While I'm listing off the benefits here I'll also include that e-cigs don't require a lighter and they make you look like time traveler from the future, a look that is really in right now! So, if you're looking to put down the pack like I did and you just can't seem to kick those cravings, head down to Walgreens in Shelburne and pick up a starter kit for Blus or another e-cig brand (there are several options to ponder). Take advantage of modern day technology, preserve the earth, and save your lungs. ■

a Siri sabbatical - studying abroad sans smartphone

by aibanfield

I just bounced back from a life-changing semester in New Zealand. A place where the boys' shorts are questionably short, cars drive on the left side of the road and there are roughly ten sheep for every one person. On the other side of the world, I peaked mountains, drooled over astonishing landscapes, and connected with people on a level I have never done so before. All due to the disconnection from the outside world that New Zealand forced upon me and my friends.

The university flats, where international students lived, had limited monthly Internet usage. Which meant the time spent stalking on Facebook or trolling on YouTube was kept to a minimum, in order to preserve Internet for more precious times (like doing school work or a surprise viewing of Brazilian Part Porn). International students did not have smart phones. For the most part, we all had the same \$20, piece of shit, pay-as-you-go phone. Which was so dumb that it was a hell of a lot easier to just not deal with.

The limited amount of Internet and stupidity of our phones forced everyone to be more in the moment. When my friends and I would sit down for dinner and hang out at night, I would barely see anyone interact with his or her phone. We talked, we laughed, we got

ridiculous, and we inevitably became a lot closer. All without getting any Facebook notifications about it! If there was a disagreement, it wasn't instantly settled by someone whipping out his or her phone and googling the question. We hashed things out like (semi) normal people.

New Zealand's beautifully diverse geography makes it a rather desired location for hiking and enjoying the great outdoors. Taking advantage of this, my friends and I spent most weekends getting weird in nature while living a technology-free life. Before I left for a weekend I would shut down my laptop. Turning off my connection with the social world granted me the freedom to let life take me on a ride to explore the physical world that was right in front of my face.

While travelling to our weekend destination, we used real maps to get to from place to place, not a GPS. We made mix CDs rather than plugging in our iPods. And again, there was very limited usage of phones. For the most part everyone we needed to get in touch with was located inside the car. No one was worried about tweeting the moment or checking up on one of his or her 850 friends on FB. Being disconnected gave our minds time to wonder as we took in the breathtaking

scenery that surrounded us. It enabled us to motivate ourselves to get our asses up the mountain before it got dark. We lived life based on how we felt in that moment rather than vicariously experiencing it through a screen.

Shortly after returning from New Zealand I was given an iPhone and instantly fell in love. I get it. They are awesome. However, my love for my iPhone gives me a greater appreciation for the disconnection we had while abroad. All the screens in our lives (smart phones, the various iProducts) make the world smaller. Everything is at our fingertips and it's distracting from our surroundings. People are constantly focused on what others are doing and what is happening next, rather than enjoying the present moment. Not having that distraction was a blessing. My friends were more concerned with what was going on in my life than what was on the screen that occupied his or her face. If everyone had smart phones and constant Internet access, I wouldn't have grown as close to people or formed the amazing friendships that I did. We were all on an unexpected Siri sabbatical, and it was incredible. An experience that I wouldn't trade for anything (even an entire lifetime with an iPhone)! ■

happy hour week 1

with bendonovan and georgeloftus

If you're reading this you're probably not 21, and you're probably trying not to fall asleep in class. Congrats, you've fooled your professor if you've made it to this sentence. We make no illusions, you're not 21 but you're going to drink regardless, because sometimes people do that in college.

If you're as curmudgeonly as we are, you probably only like drinking with the same five or six people, and if you read this paper, you're probably smart enough to watch the same TV shows we do.

These games are modeled after some of our favorite shows and average about 3 beers/episode. You will get drunk, BUT you will be responsible, because you're in college and nothing is more annoying than having a friend who can't handle their shit. Nothing to do while with your friends? Stop texting that "sure thing" that isn't responding, burn that fucking bridge, and hang out with some people who actually like you. Also, don't be a hero; if you're going to drink this much beer this quickly, make sure you drink water even quicker. With the Mad Men edition, you won't be drinking every second, but you might.

Got a TV show drinking game of your own? Send it in to thewatertowernews@gmail.com -- If it doesn't suck, hey, we might even publish it. After extensive testing, of course. Mark "AROUND TOWN DRINKING GAME" in the subject line.



katharine longfellow

Mad Men

Someone drinks at work

Someone lights a cigarette indoors (smoking also encouraged indoors)

There's casual racism.

There's casual sexism.

Someone engages in any other behavior that is no longer socially acceptable (driving drunk, smoking while pregnant, etc.)

Someone has an affair.

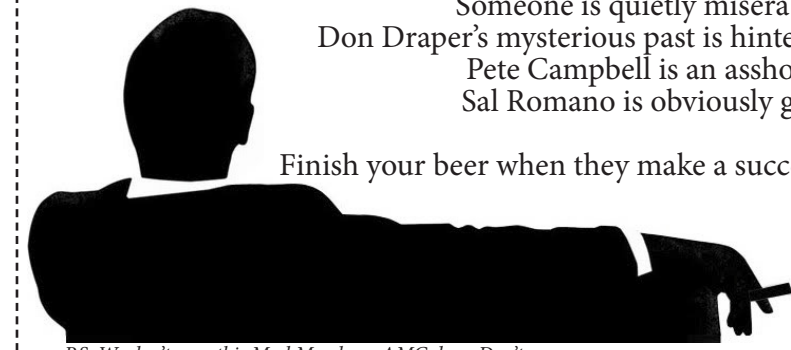
Someone is quietly miserable.

Don Draper's mysterious past is hinted at/explored.

Pete Campbell is an asshole.

Sal Romano is obviously gay.

Finish your beer when they make a successful ad pitch. ■



P.S. We don't own this Mad Men logo. AMC does. Don't sue us.

COMING OUT -continued from pg 1

of your beautiful same-sex or gender-bending love. You're going to need to find solace in these things, and to remember how beautiful the world is. Find just that one best friend who will listen to you bitch or just hold you when you need to be held. Go online and find other people who get you. There are tons of blogs sharing individual stories, discussion groups, and beautiful short nonfiction if you're not ready to go to an LGBTQ advocacy or support group at first (personal rec: anything Dan Savage ever does). It's also super helpful to educate yourself on how you are going to define yourself, and how others define themselves.

Find your community. We're here! That's not to say abandon your straight friends, but simply coming to one or two pride events, or a Free 2 Be meeting, even if all you do is sit there and freak out, can feel awesome. There's a whole bunch of us who get what it means to be an "other". You don't, and never will have to, disclose yourself as questioning, or what you identify, at any of these events.

When you feel like you're ready to tell someone, remember that everyone is different and each reaction will be different, and may be surprising. Your super liberal, seemingly gay-friendly parents might not be so gay-friendly when it is their son/daughter/other who is coming out. On the other hand, your super conservative parents might surprise you.

Go into it with the idea: "I can live without these people if necessary." Don't go into it with this sense that you need or deserve love, money, or other forms of support.

Be willing to provide information—honest information—and advocate for your community. You may now be the token gay friend! Congrats! Be prepared to be asked fun questions like "Do you guys always scissor?" But also, I think it would be super awesome if you educated yourself, paid attention to our community, and educated your loved ones about what affects their now gay best friend so that they'll care enough to be awesome allies.

If it all falls apart, reach out for help. It doesn't always get better first. Be strong enough to call a support line, go to the counseling center here at UVM, or whoever is left that you trust. There are shelters and financial resources all over Burlington that you can take advantage of: Spectrum Youth Services, and Outright Vermont are just two that come to mind.

Coming out isn't the solution, my friend. Coming to acceptance is. Welcome to the start of, for me, a very long journey that has left me in a great place going forward. And PS: allies? Thank you for being there every step of this long road. Thank you for holding your best friend's hand and marching in Pride with them. ■

fork it over.



ecotainers

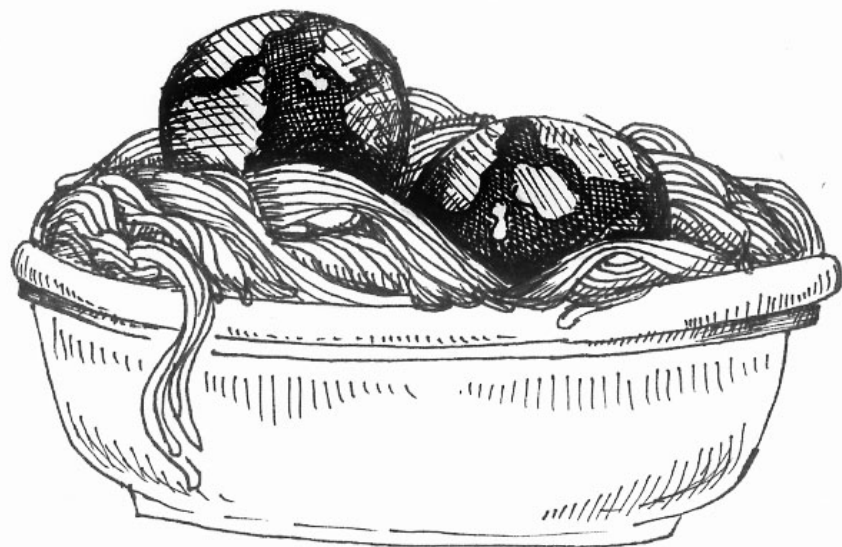
by jamiebeckett

For all students new and old, if your meal plan is of the points variety, then you should definitely take note of one of UVM's nifty programs. And even if you don't have points, if you've noticed the paucity of on-campus composting facilities and are thus stricken with an internal battle of where to dispose your biodegradable food containers, have no fear.

For seven and a half points, you can buy your very own Eco-Ware. When you buy one, you get a numbered tag, which can then be given to your friendly sodexo food server, who rewards you with a handy dandy portable reusable plastic container. Feel free to take your food anywhere, the library, campus greens, by yourself in the bathroom because you have no friends, Eco-Ware doesn't judge. Be sure to bring the container back to any food place on campus, at which point a new tag will be handed to you and the university washes your used one. Thanks, Mom.

Not only does this reduce waste, but the university pays YOU for it. Each time you use your Eco-Ware, the university deducts fifteen cents from your current purchase. This not only rewards your sustainable choice, but always goes a long way in negating the bull shit taxes they place on students to account for all the stolen food while also enabling you to steal more food. Do you know how easy it is to hide a small item amongst the rest

of the food in the container without paying for it? This means more Marché smoothies for you, and not having to forgo a late night munchies run to scrimp and save. ■



katharine longfellow

fashion five-oh.



the ten commandments of back-to-school fashion

by sarahperda

1 Thou shalt have no repetitive outfits

1 Outfit repeating within the first couple of weeks of school is just unnecessary. Back to school should be celebrated with new clothes every day of the week, not by wearing the same ratty sweatshirt you've been marinating in since middle school.

2 Thou shalt not fear wearing white after Labor Day

2 In the olden days, only the wealthy had the monetary means to exchange their entire wardrobe from light colors in summer to dark colors in winter; donning white after Labor Day indicated your lack of social status. This century, however, the fashion gods are overriding this legendary faux pas and declaring white acceptable for all to wear in the fall.

3 Thou shalt not take the word "red" in vain

3 Just as shades of orange were the colors of summer, shades of red are the colors of fall. These generic names are too blasé though, so they'll often be referred to as "ruby," "wine," "crimson" etc. This fall, make the transition from corals to rouges and feel free to dub your sweater a hue of Cabernet Sauvignon.

4 Remember on the Sabbath nights to keep it classy

4 Back to school = back to the party scene. Remember to don clothing that covers what is meant to be covered and weather-appropriate shoes that allow you to stay standing (see commandment #5 for further details).

5 Honor thy sandals and thy boots during the appropriate months

5 Sandals are acceptable through the end of September; boots aren't acceptable until you don't sweat profusely while walking to class.

8



katharine longfellow

6 Thou shalt not kill for fashion's sake

6 My PSA of the week: leather and fur are making comebacks this fall, but killing puppies and cows to attain a fur trimmed leather skirt is just cruel. Unless you're trying to trigger a protest outside of the library, go faux—it's just as cute, twice as cheap and a potential lifesaver.

7 Thou shalt not commit pattern adultery

7 Plaid and polka dots were never, ever meant to have relations. On a relevant side note, however, listen up Burlingtonians: plaid (on its own) is big this season. Lumberjack chic is actually acceptable outside of Vermont for the first time in world history, so rock those crimson flannels in the name of fashion.

8 Thou shalt not steal thy roommate's clothing without permission

8 Because when karma leads you to spill coffee all over that stolen shirt, things will get very uncomfortable very quickly...

9 Thou shalt not bear false witness against thine own style

9 Regardless of what styles are trending countrywide or just on campus, remember that style is completely unique to you. There's no better time than a new school year to establish your own sense of fashion, so wear what you like and don't let the UVM bubble change that—the last thing we want is our campus resembling a cookie-cutter Lilly Pulitzer ad or like the skies opened up and rained drug rugs.

10 Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's bling

10 The perfect complement to the remainder of summer's sunshine is no longer a bikini or swim trunks, but any metallic clothing you can get your hands on. This fall, tastefully worn bling is not tacky but trendy, so let's all make campus shine before the snow comes and we go into hibernation for the remainder of the year. ■

advertisement

GRACE POTTER & THE NOCTURNALS AND HIGHER GROUND PRESENT

GRAND POINT NORTH

GRACE POTTER & THE NOCTURNALS

THE AVETT BROTHERS • DR. DOG • CAROLINA CHOCOLATE DROPS
GALACTIC • SAM ROBERTS BAND • NICKI BLUHM & THE GRAMBLERS • RICH ROBINSON
HELOISE & THE SAVOIR FAIRE • WAYLON SPEED • GREGORY DOUGLASS • BOW THAYER • RYAN POWER • BRENDA • TOOTH ACHÉ

SEPTEMBER 14 & 15 • WATERFRONT PARK • BURLINGTON, VT

Buy tickets online at highergroundmusic.com, toll free 888-512-SHOW, Higher Ground Box Office

Logos: GREEN MOUNTAIN COFFEE, GRAND POINT LOCAL, THE POINT Independent Radio, Lona Trail, DEALER.COM, VPR, VERMONT, WOODCHUCK RECORDS

HIGHER GROUND

SEPTEMBER

Tues 9/4: Datsik
Fri 9/7: First Friday
Sat 9/8: Amy Helm
Sun 9/9: Dean's List
Mon 9/10: Alberta Cross
Tue 9/11: The Wombats
Wed 9/12: AER
Thu 9/13: Jukebox the Ghost
Fri 9/14: Dar Williams
Fri 9/14: Made In Iron
Fri 9/14: Benny Yurco/Floating Action/Natalie Prass at Nectars - 21+ w/ID
Sat 9/15: Jam for Sam II
Sat 9/15: Dale Earnhardt Jr. Jr. (DJ Set)
Sat 9/15: Galactic
Tue 9/18: The Sheepdogs
Tue 9/18: VibeSquaD + Opiuo
Thu 9/20: ZOSO: The Ultimate Led Zeppelin Experience
Fri 9/21: ZZ Ward + Zach Heckendorf
Sat 9/22: VT Drag Idol
Sat 9/22: Farm Fresh: The Pride Party
Sun 9/23: Milk Carton Kids
Sun 9/23: Beats Antique
Mon 9/24: The Word Alive
Tue 9/25: Coheed & Cambria
Tue 9/25: Perpetual Groove
Thu 9/27: Big Business
Thu 9/27: Switchfoot
Fri 9/28: Melvins Lite
Fri 9/28: Papadosio + Dopapod
Sat 9/29: Donna the Buffalo
Sat 9/29: Brother Ali
Sun 9/30: Trevor Hall
Sun 9/30: Mutemath

OCTOBER

Tue 10/2: Margaret Cho
Tue 10/2: Ben Harper at Flynn Theatre
Wed 10/3: Matt & Kim
Wed 10/3: Great Lake Swimmers
Thu 10/4: DJ Shadow
Fri 10/5: First Friday 18+ w/ID
Sat 10/6: Wolfgang Gartner
Sun 10/7: Ben Taylor
Fri 10/12: Badfish: A Tribute to Sublime
Sat 10/13: Assembly of Dust
Tue 10/16: Jon Spencer Blues Explosion
Wed 10/17: Slightly Stoopid
Thu 10/18: Conspirator
Fri 10/19: Marco Benevento
Fri 10/19: The Infamous Stringdusters
Sun 10/21: Flobots
Wed 10/24: Yonder Mountain String Band
Thu 10/25: Yonder Mountain String Band
Fri 10/26: Soulive
Sat 10/27: Soulive
Sat 10/27: Toxic: A Halloween Ball 18+ w/ID
Wed 10/31: Sound of Urchin
Wed 10/31: Paper Diamond

PRIMUS

30

SATURDAY
OCT. 13
7 P.M.
MEMORIAL AUDITORIUM
250 MAIN ST
BURLINGTON, VT 05401

TICKETS: FLYNNIX.ORG, 802.86.FLYNN, OR FLYNN THEATRE BOX OFFICE.

TICKETS ON SALE NOW!

IN UBER SCHMANCY SURROUND!!!

HENRY ROLLINS

CAPITALISM

FRI. OCTOBER 26 • 8PM

VERMONT COLLEGE OF FINE ARTS - ALUMNI HALL 36 COLLEGE ST. MONTPELIER, VT

TICKETS: WWW.HIGHERGROUNDMUSIC.COM, 888.512.SHOW, OR AT THE HG BOX OFFICE.
TICKETS ALSO AVAILABLE AT VCFA BOOKSTORE, 36 COLLEGE ST, MONTPELIER (M-F, 9-4PM)

ON SALE NOW!

More info at www.highergroundmusic.com
We're also available on Facebook & Twitter

tunes.



top 5 albums of the summer

by dylanmccarthy

Ah, it feels good to say welcome back! Dylan McCarthy, new **wf** tunes editor here, wishing everyone a happy, happy fall semester. Whether you spent the summer surfing in Maui, couch surfing in Burlington, or making the reluctant trek back to your home state, we can all stand united beneath our Catamount once again.

Thanks to a multitude of alt rock classics, up and coming R&B vocalists, and tripped out electronic acts releasing albums, summer 2012 was the most eventful summer for music this decade. I kept my ears open throughout in search of the summer's very best, and after listening through the many new releases I've narrowed it down to the top 5 albums of summer... so to start the year off here's a weekly list I hope you enjoy as much as I did!

Week 1:

Album #5: Purity Ring, *Shrines*

Purity Ring's debut album, *Shrines* is easily the best dub/post dubstep album of 2012 thus far. Purity Ring signed with the notorious 4AD label after accumulating a lot of buzz in 2011, with two well-received singles, and their bizarre live shows with psuedodrumlanterns.

Purity Ring is made up of vocalist Megan James and percussionist/DJ extraordinaire Corin Roddick. James' angelic vocals are mixed, twisted and warped by hypnotic, dark trance sections and beats filthy enough to impress even the most devout Liquid Stranger fan. Even at their darkest moments every track is danceable or K-raveable... After their gigantic set at Sasquatch this summer, all Purity Ring needs is a set at Bisco or Bonnaroo 2013 to obtain the fan base they deserve.

The lyrics on *Shrines* range from *Kid A* surrealism ("Yesterday I woke up sucking a lemon"), to very specific, downright

creepy lines such as, "Get a little closer let it fold/ Cut open my sternum and pull/My little ribs around you." Each track has an air of restraint about it—like a drop could happen at any moment. The only song that really breaks this restraint is "Cartographer." Just before the 4-minute mark the song kicks into pure banger mode, the album at its most danceable.

While there are a few innocent and refreshing songs like "Amenamy" and "Obedear" breaking up the darkness, no other track cuts loose like "Cartographer." Considering the similarities between the darker tracks and the skills of the musicians it was almost assuredly their intention, but hearing how great they sound unrestrained makes you yearn for a faster-paced track in between all the trance-y, creepy goodness. Whatever the case, this is a great album. Keep these guys on your radar. Check back next week for #4. ■

top 5 most aggravating songs

by dylanmccarthy

Summer work brings many things along with it: survival money, that one co-worker you're pretty sure is a serial killer, a training printout you never read, and in most places A LOT of mainstream radio listening time. Working in a kitchen, music could be a truly unifying source, or a 3-minute sphere of awkwardness. Aging line cooks; Bulgarian dishwashers and skinny prep-cooks all rock out to the guitar solo in "Freebird," but the whole staff undergoes an awkward silence when Ke\$ha's "Don't Stop" starts up. In the span of one summer, I went from never listening to mainstream radio, to hearing it from 4 'til 11PM, 5 nights a week, all summer. Bombarded by the strange fusion of dubstep, pop, country, and rock across a handful of radio stations, certain tracks began to stand out from the rest, and others made those three minutes seem like, well, an eternity. While not all of these tracks were released between May and August, they were as prominent this summer as the most recent Katy Perry single.

Week 1:

Song #5: Gym Class Heroes, "The Fighter"

After Fall Out Boy's break up and Panic! At the Disco's break up and miserable excuse for a reunion, times got rough for the lesser known acts of the Fueled by Ramen record label. While bands like Powerspace and A Rocket to the Moon quickly faded into obscurity, other acts like Gym Class Heroes, Paramore, and Cobra Starship found, in one way or another, a secure tether to the mainstream audience.

Gym Class Heroes garnered a reputable cult following with their 2005 effort *The Papercut Chronicles*, and had their first brush with mainstream success with the re-release of "Cupids Chokehold" in '06. It was all downhill from there. They have spawned progressively generic and worse singles like "Clothes Off!" and lead singer Travie McCoy's "Billionaire" (featuring Bruno Mars) up until their most recent "The Fighter," showcasing the pop/rap group at their very worst.

On "The Fighter," Gym Class Heroes have turned away from the humorous yet clever lyrical style that marked their early years. Instead they have opted for the most generic of "You didn't think I'd make it, LOOK AT ME NOW!" themed lyrics that populate the hip/hop genre. That's all before the chorus, and once OneRepublic lead singer Ryan Tedder starts cooing, one can tell it's all for the money. GCH used to invite fellow label members onto their tracks, and appear on theirs as a sign of comradery and brotherhood (Fall Out Boy's "What a Catch Donnie" for example), but on "The Fighter" they've picked someone who sells records. But hey, with 13 weeks on the Billboard hot 100 charts it can at least be said that they know what they're doing. ■

the case for country

(why pop country music is the most eargasmic genre ever)

by megankelley

It seems that around this part of the States (damn Yankees), many folks have a very strong hatred for country music. Ask someone what they listen to and they may be wishy-washy... "Oh, you know, a little of this and a little of that... but not country!" This widespread dislike of country music never bothered me, as I was not the genre's biggest fan either. It was just a fact of life: in urban Vermont, we thrive on cold weather, regularly take shots of maple syrup, and don't much enjoy listening to country music. But this summer I spent a solid chunk of time in West-by-God-Virginia, and my opinion of country music began to change. So here I am, writing to convince you that country music is worth another try.

Let me begin by saying that I'm not talking about "real" country music. None of that classic Johnny Cash or Hank Williams. Where I was living, we generally only got one radio station. On Sunday nights it turned into a religious sermon, and at seemingly random times it simply turned off, but the rest of the time it played good ole' pop country.

What is pop country, you ask? Pop country is a great blend of southern twang and bumpin beats. You've got your Zac Brown Band, your Eli Young Band, your Jason Aldean, your Di-

erks Bentley, your Luke Bryan, your Billy Currington... the list goes on. What makes pop country so addicting is the combination of catchy tunes and can't-fail lyrics.

Each song, of course, is a story. Take for example the great hit "Ticks" by Brad Paisley. This is a tune about a young fella who fancies a girl. He admires her drinking

"pop country is a great blend of southern twang and bumpin beats"

beer, comments on her tramp stamp, and propositions her by suggesting a walk. This set-up is followed by the chorus, "I'd like to walk you/Through a field of wild flowers/And I'd like to check you for ticks." What better way to get down and dirty (preferably in a truck in a corn field) than to use the tick check as a pick-up line?

Another great song, which is actually the one that hooked me on country music in the first place, is "Some-thin' 'Bout a Truck" by Kip Moore. This is a tune about a young fella who fancies a girl. Well, he fancies a lot of

things, it seems: ice cold drinks, dropped tailgates behind cornfields, late-night skinny dipping, etc. As the song rolls on, our dear friend Kip puts all his favorite things together (very "Sound of Music" of him, there), into "There's some-thin' 'bout a truck in a field/And a girl in a red sundress with an ice cold beer to her lips/Beggin' for another kiss" ... and on and on. I definitely had no trouble getting into the repetitive groove of this song while driving the winding mountain roads of West Virginia (the best Virginia). Now if only I had a nice big truck to drive around in ... which I would, if you've been paying attention, drive to a cornfield. Where I would then have sex in the truck bed. Duh.

As you can see, pop country songs have themes. Corn, beer, sex in trucks. They're catchy, they're fun, they're twangy, and they're seriously addicting. I urge you all to give pop country a try, beginning with some of the hits I've mentioned here. And as an added bonus, once you've wrapped your mind around one pop country song, you're set! They're literally all the same. And that's part of what makes them so great. So if you're feeling in need of a healthy dose of heteronormativity or misogyny, tune in! At this point, I barely remember the days before I listened to country. In the words of Toby Keith, "That was fourteen hundred and fifty two beers ago." ■

créatif stuffé.



please replace my typewriter ribbon

by laurafrangipane

Watching the cracks of the sidewalk shimmer and sway
"Bless up, bless up, bless up"
muttered by the lost men.
They dance in their sequin head coverings,
and walk without shoes on,
burning August dirt into their souls.

Sarah, a shimmering earthworm as well
A lost culture before we met you,
examined you, and
discovered you were worth knowing.

Me, a dancing train of pompous lost ideals
and southern mentalities and the whoosh
of the frog hollow steel trains.
Ignore the sound of mean eyed dogs
licking their haunches and the trash.

Summer came and went
and went and came
and we watched,

the sunflowers come up and die.
They lie on Andrew's lawn
and they look like
they ought to stink to high heaven.

I stayed in this town
because I was in love with you
whatever that fucking means.
In this age of noncommittal side glances:
the squelch of two soft girls together.

There is a voice in the hall,
and you
will be numb when you finally do it

Dreaming, deranged, sloshing the streets
rain boots will crack and squeak, cry maybe.

There will be a night that should feel like clarity,
as it is the true sense of the word sober

But you cannot sleep without alcohol
and overall find the sensation annoying. ■

advertisement

Wash Spot Laundromat

OPEN 24 HOURS 7 DAYS/WK

207 Riverside Ave, Burlington

Next to Newton's Carwash 1/2 mile from UVM

Will match any value put on Wash Card
OVER \$20.00 and up to a \$50 Match
with student I.D. See website for details.

- High Extraction Washers = Less Dry time

8 Load Washers	\$10.39
5 Load Washers	\$6.19
3 Load Washers	\$3.54
2 Load Washers	\$2.14
- Wash-Dry-Fold Service
- FREE Wi-Fi (bring your laptops)
- Accepts Credit and Debit Cards
- Clean and Air-Conditioned

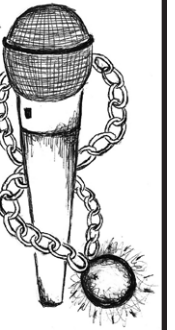
thewashspot.com

Email. clean@thewashspot.com

802.862.6100

the cipher

with kerrymartin



Welcome back UVemcees! I hope your hip-hop hamstrings got some rest this summer, because it's time to bring your rhyme-slingin' back to the **water tower**. When you work hard and play hard all week long, nothing puts your mind at ease better than lyric therapy. This week, we shred **Syllabus Week**.

Back in class, refreshed, after a long gone summer I've returned with a lack of a tan, a lady stunner Someone's phone beeps like the Roadrunner, what a blunder

This professor is pissed, this class was gonna be funner Instead of learning facts about Plato and Socrates We endure another asshole's cell phone policies I'd like to sink my teeth into intriguing hypotheses But this teacher's grading system goes on for odysseys I'm gettin' aggro; if the reading's on Blackboard I'll use your head as a ball to score points off the back-board

I roll up to class in my unmarked black Ford Got a trunk full of bricks cuz your TA's a crackwhore But I'll come back for more, this class better get better Before I let my grade slip to an unfortunate letter by procrasturbating poet **Kerry Martin**

Next week, we ice **Hot Weather**. The week after, we swing at **Baseball**. Send your raps for either week to thewatertow-ernews@gmail.com with the subject "My flow is too grimy, Ganges River" or something to that effect. Best rapper of the semester wins a \$25 gift card to Boloco! ■

to the dust returned

by joshhegarty

Words are writ in fire,
writ in blood,
carved in stone,
tattooed down into the flesh.
Seared into our minds.
They mark us
and we belong to them
as much as they belong to us.

"For the love of God, Montresor!"

Words.
Words.
Words do not die.
They scream
and lift
and break
and love
and comfort
and kill.
But they do not die.

Because death's
cold, clammy hands can
only catch the game that run.
That rage.
That fight.
As all would do
if they truly understood
what it means to be alive.

But words do not fight.
They sit like the mountains,
that shrink or grow
as the soil cracks and flows.
Waiting.
Waiting.
Waiting to be found.
But they do not seek.

Undying,
the pen who bore them
leaves behind a legacy
of ink on page.
Of dreams made real.
Of newborn prayer.

"Yes, for the love of God."

The mind,
pregnant with poetics,
leaves a mark on the world.
And this mark proves something.
Not that you lived
or that you loved
or that you mattered,
because all love that live
and all that live matter.

But it proves
there is such thing
as forever.
Because words do not die
like I will.
Like you did.

And even when the pages are burnt,
and the poems forgot,
the messages spoilt,
and the ink lost to cosmic dust,
the words will carry on.
Ringing in silence,
waiting to be found.

"In pace requiescat!"

Words.
Words.
Words.. ■

trash.



i want you so bad

We've been in three classes together, and I still don't know your name. But judging by how much I've studied you, I should switch my minor to bodacious booties. I'd like to acquire your digits, so we could have some drinks at the lakefront and feed seagulls to Champ. I live in Converse, but it's not as creepy as it sounds. If you play your cards right and you could be the next ghoul wailing in the attic.

When: the time's right

Where: dinner on me

I saw: a reason not to drop Astronomy

I am: a big hairy German in a flannel

Hey best friend. You've held my hand, warmly and Platonically, ever since we got here two years ago. I remember the drunk, freshman year night we kissed, and I remember the day after when we agreed not to complicate our friendship. But you get my sense of humor and I get yours, and I like laughing into your strawberry hair as we hug while sharing a cigarette outside. If you still don't want to complicate our friendship, that's okay, but when we're old, single, and look like raisins, let's buy a house in the South of France and raise pigs.

When: whenever you're around

Where: the Grundle

I saw: a hot babe who I remembered was my friend

I am: a lovesick History major

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

I'd be the shame of my friends,
The laughingstock of my enemies,
The disgrace of my parents
And the eyebrow-raiser of my professors
If they knew that I,
A confident, assertive, sometimes-sexy senior lady
Had a middle-school crush on a freshman.
Hell, I'm ashamed of myself
But I've been seduced by your synthesis of swagger and innocence
I want to show you that you act like a freshman but I like it
Plus, you're intelligent.
So hopefully I'll take a seat by you soon,
Because I'm too old to have butterflies in my stomach.
When: 11:45 MWF
Where: that D1 class that I neglected to take the past three years
I saw: a boy with a beard
I am: a babe with a bod

the ear

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

Redstone green

Guy: Will you marry me?

Girl: There is a 25% chance.

Guy: I can work with that.

Wright stairwell, Saturday afternoon

Guy 1: Hey man... sorry. I just didn't want to hang out with your parents anymore...

Guy 2: Yeah, I didn't either.

Outside Fleming lecture hall

Inquisitive Freshman: So do you know where Williams is?

Unhelpful Freshman: Umm, that's in Mass, I think.

Confused Freshman: Oh, I thought it was on campus...

Harris/Millis Ampitheater

Guy 1: (after taking a hit from a hooka) Is smoking bad for you?

Cyber Cafe

Scholarly Young Maiden: YOLO is biased against cats and Buddhists.

Davis Center

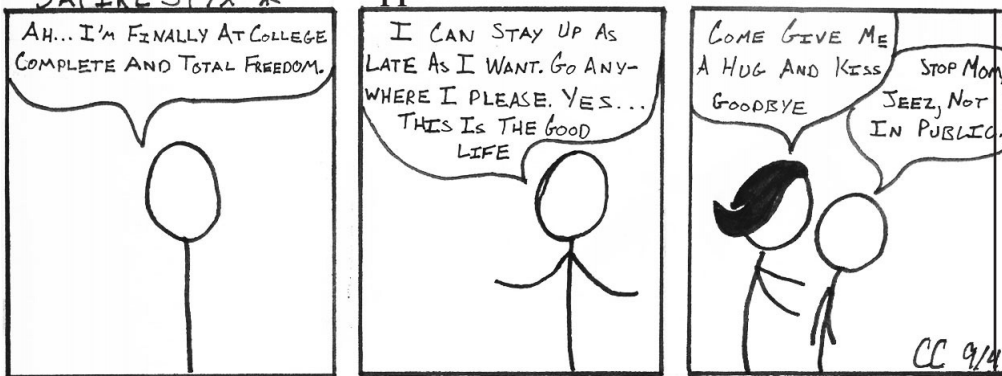
Guy: My morning so far has been great. I mean, I woke up getting a beej.

cat litter.



collincappelle

SATIRE STYX & collincappelle



cartoonists wanted:

Want to create a comic or some other form of graphic humor and have it published? Here are three easy steps to get you on your way. Step 1: Go to a water tower meeting. Step 2: Give someone at the meeting your comic (preferably an editor). Step 3: Rinse and repeat. WT meets Tuesdays at 7:30 in the 4th floor of the Davis center. Do it.

Coming to a campus near you:

BEE INVASION



Special Offer!
Limited Time Only

bring this coupon to any participating news stand to receive a free copy of

the water tower.*

*Offer expires December 21, 2012 along with the rest of humanity and earth. May not be used in conjunction with any other offer. All participants are subject to body and cavity searches in accordance with by-law 17a.1.2-33 of the Water Tower Rule book and Article 4 subsection B-14 of the U.S. constitution. Resisters will be thwarted and thrown in jail. See back for details.