



the water tower.

uvm's alternative newsmag

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

the *death* of the growing *indifference* of college kids

by georgeloftus

In my four and a half years of attending this school, the one lesson I've learned more times over than anything is this: Burlington would be great if it weren't for (most of) the college kids UVM imported.

Before you go "Hey, I'm in college! Fuck you!", let me finish. Not everyone at this school is an asshole by ignorance. And this isn't New England righteousness speaking out of turn, this is an argument for a behavior that I don't see going away anytime soon. Thesis: college kids suck.

A recurring trend I've noticed in my time here has been the simplest of things to correct, yet the one thing that never fails to disappoint. I'm talking about the death of common courtesy. How bad is it?

I'm shocked when someone washes their glass at whatever party I happen to be at. I'm shocked when someone grocery shopping at the Marché lets me pass them to buy my lone Sunkist. Even worse, I'm shocked when someone says thank you as I hold the door open for them at the library or the Davis Center. That's what pushed me over the edge. That is how bad it's gotten.

I was gone my junior year, but I noticed it in full force when I got back and lived downtown. Essentially a highway for people in the northeast portion of this northeast kingdom town, Loomis and North Union see a lot of foot traffic. Calmly smoking a cigarette, I'd invariably make eye contact with passerbys and I'd offer them a friendly "hello". Girls would roll their eyes. Guys would look to their friends and make an awkward face.



mariel brown-fallon

Ladies, no, I didn't want to fuck you, I wanted to smoke my cigarette, and most likely go back inside and watch cartoons. And guys, even if I were gay, I'm pretty sure I could do better than someone wearing a backwards New Jersey Devils flat

they *couldn't* give two shits how you're doing, but they're **polite enough to acknowledge you** as a human being with whom they happen to be sharing this planet, this country, this voting district and **for the moment**, this campus.

brim and an oversized Ecko hoodie. PS, it's 2012: put that shit in a box and send it to a favella in Brazil where 2001's culture is still relevant.

Note this: if someone walks by you and says either "hello" or a quick "hey, how's it going?", and they don't break

stride? That means they couldn't give two shits how you're doing, but they're polite enough to acknowledge you as a human being with whom they happen to be sharing this planet, this country, this voting district and, for the moment, this campus.

It only gets awkward when you disavow them for something as simple as a salutation.

In the Marketplace, where I frequently scrape together nickels, quarters, and whatever other passable form of US currency I have with me to haggle for a tuna fish sandwich, I notice that not many people say a simple "thank you" to the

people who've been there since 8 in the morning preparing food. It's two syllables. "Thank" and "you". It's not that hard. You're not going to shut up in the fishbowl anyway, and you don't even have to mean it when you say it, but just fucking say it.

Hardly anyone moves out of the way

... read the rest on page 4

activists, slacktivists, the internet, and you

by katjaritchie

If you have a Tumblr, you'll understand the shudder and/or chuckle of disdain when I say "social justice blogger". If you don't have a Tumblr, you probably get a similar feeling when it's National (insert sympathy-generating issue/charity/terminal illness here) Week and everyone is changing their Facebook profile picture to their favorite vegetable to "raise awareness". Whatever the specific social media site, comment wars are launched, emotional statuses and text posts of weakly relevant personal anecdotes abound, and, at least for me, whatever good intention that was intended backfires horribly and all I want to do is be the least politically-correct and socially-sensitive bitch on the face of the earth until everyone's prof pic is just their stupid fucking face again and we're back to normal.

I use the word "slacktivist" to mean someone who yells ardently about social and political issues in social networking spheres, but does little else in the real world to further their cause—or perhaps a person whose real-life actions are overshadowed by their pushy internet presence. I wish I could say that I coined the term myself, but for that gem I credit a post I recently reblogged from a friend of a friend ranting (effectively and humorously) about Breast Cancer Awareness Something on Facebook, which must be only afflicting the Amherst, Massachusetts area as of now because I have yet to receive the same pink heart on my wall. I see evidence of slacktivism especially in the Tumblr-sphere in the form of seriously heated debates around gender politics and feminism, often in reaction to less-than-serious posts that originally had little political intent. They're no more effective than the wall-posts for cancer cures, with the added bonuses of being both more annoying and more volatile in terms of the arguments that ensue.

If you're not familiar with Laci Green, Google her immediately and watch all of her videos, as she is fabulous. To summarize until you have time to do so, she is a 22-year-old graduate of UC Berkeley who teaches peer sex education (via YouTube and otherwise). She goes around to conferences talking about sex-positivity, discusses everything from anatomy to Mormon propaganda in the Twilight franchise to understanding the many facets of the gender spectrum, and is likable and endearing

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sleepovers
by phoebefooks

best album of the summer
by dylanmccarthy

the best news team in the universe.

inbox 



Dear **water tower**,

Hey guys, just wanted to let you know I had a great time playing the *Newsroom* drinking game. Since I'm pretty professional at drinking, I played in my room by myself, with all the lights off, just me and my Xfinity premium package with On-Demand and my bottle o' Jim. Felt pretty tipsy like eight minutes in; the Maggi adorable-cuteness rule is a real killer, since basically every time the camera pans to her she is doing something adorably cute, like typing on a computer in an adorably cute way or making an adorably cute cup of coffee. Don's a dick, I drank a lot on account of his douchery. He's all talkin' about how the oil spill isn't gonna be a big deal and I'm like 'Hey asshole, that did turn out to be a big deal!' Drink. Mackenzie not only has huge girl balls but an uncanny knack for making you think she's done with a conversation only to drop a firestorm of sexy emotion-appealing logic to finish off the debate. Don't recall wanting to hug Charlie, so I don't think I drank on his account except when I was joining him for a stress drink. Basically, I thought you did a great job with this game; I finished my Jim with like twenty minutes left in the show and don't remember whether Will killed his newscast, but I figured he did so I drank one more as soon as I woke up.

-D.D., class of 2012

Hey D.D.,

So, I can't always tell when you're being sarcastic, but I'm having a shitty week, so I'm gonna go ahead and assume that you genuinely enjoyed the drinking game. I know we did. This week we picked *Game of Thrones*, so hopefully we continue doing a good job picking out shows you like.

All the best,
-George (Happy Hour Correspondent)

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**

Ivan Reitman- The director of the original *Ghostbusters* is apparently fed up with the progress he's been unable to make in getting a third film off the ground. So fed up in fact he went on to say he's even considering remaking it. WTF!? That would be like repainting the Sistine Chapel. And adding Hitler mustaches on Adam and God. And painting it with pee.

(the non) NFL Refs- Granted they weren't in for very long, but they were in just long enough for me have a shitty two weeks of fantasy ball. Which is great. Because I'm not stubborn, and I'm actually ok with not winning.

Ted Mosby- Dude, it's been 7 years. SHOW US YOUR GODDAMN WIFE! If there's one more scene where I think I'm going to see her and then I get dry-handjobbed by that yellow umbrella I'll start watching *Don't Trust the B in Apartment 23*. And I really, really, don't want to do that. Although I do love seeing Van Der Beek in something new.

Apple- Forcing us to stop using Google maps because you're bitter at Google is childish. Replacing a really good third party map application with a really broken first party one isn't, it's just annoying.

the news in brief

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Special Thanks To
UVM Art Department Digital Lab

"I do not believe it is wise for our country to reveal all of the precise interrogation methods we may authorize for use against captured terrorists, and I strongly condemn the actions taken by President Obama to do so."

- **Mitt Romney** criticizing Obama's first executive order to shut down the "enhanced interrogation" going on at Guantanamo Bay. The Romney campaign has proposed restarting these tactics, putting about 47% of Americans at risk of waterboarding.

"We are facing a brutal aggression, therefore the Syrian people and the armed forces have no choice except defending their homeland."

- **Omran al-Zoubi**, Syria's information minister, commenting on his country's civil war. Despite suffering many government attacks, the Free Syrian Army has recently caused multiple major explosions and skirmishes in Damascus.

"I guess I've never really been aggressive, although almost everybody else in show business fights and gouges and knees to get where they want to be."

- **Andy Williams**, old-time crooner and TV host who was in show business for 75 years, known for songs like "Moon River" and "It's the Most Wonderful Time of the Year." He passed away on Wednesday, and lusty grandmothers wept across the nation.

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

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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.**

news ticker: A british solider was burned at the stake 255 years ago +++ And then Magua took the light haired child of Munro +++ And then Chingachgook avenged Uncas #lastofthemohicans . ■

dispensaries in vermont

words and art by **barryuglielmo**

On June 2, 2011, an amendment to the medical marijuana Bill 76 allowed Vermont to have up to four dispensaries throughout the state, each with the ability to serve up to 1,000 certified patients. And what better place to put a dispensary than the beautiful waterfront of Lake Champlain?

That's right, folks: a dispensary walking distance from campus. The conditionally approved dispensary is planned to go in at the Wing complex on Steele Street within six months. Shayne Lynn, the proprietor of said dispensary, put in an application to open a dispensary months ago, which has been weaving through the red tape ever since. Shayne is a strong advocate for the medicinal value and potential of the cannabis plant and states, "There are stereotypes out there about cannabis use, and this is an opportunity to change that and show that people really use it for symptom relief - and that it can be a positive."

However, there are strict medical requirements in order to gain access to the

magical plastic card that grants you legal access to the Mary Jane. Marijuana has been found to ease the symptoms of severe diseases such as cancer, HIV/AIDS, and multiple sclerosis. In these cases, THC—the active chemical in the ganja—helps with nausea, lack of appetite, depression, and peripheral nerve pain.

These benefits are not only for the severely ill: it is also possible to get a card if you have intractable pain, pain that cannot be traced back to its actual source. This includes back pain and spasms and other chronic aches of the muscles or bones. There are web sites such as marijuanadoc-tors.com that match patients with doctors that specialize in your ailment and are willing to prescribe medicinal cannabis. In other words, it is going to be the next Adderall of pharmaceuticals—an over-prescribed drug, used for non-medical purposes and distributed to others.

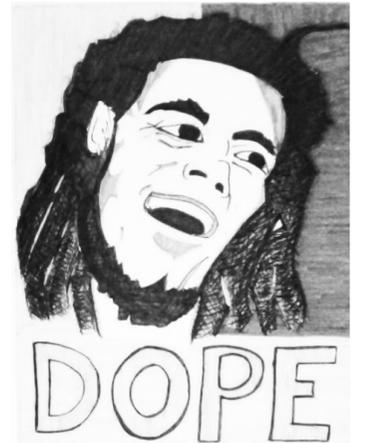
On the political spectrum, Mayor Miro Weinberger is fully supportive of

these dispensaries coming in. "There have been successful dispensaries in many parts of the country," Weinberger says. "We're watching, but we're certainly hoping that's exactly what happens here." Weinberger is also very conscious that this could change a dynamic within the community, and he wants to hear everyone's take on the situation. Thus there will be a question on the presidential ballot asking weather or not Vermonters support adding this new business to our own Burlington.

The process is no piece of cake though. The fact is that marijuana is still federally illicit: the federal government retains the right to raid any farm they so desire. Federal law trumps state law. I strongly advise you research whom you vote for in the upcoming election if medical marijuana is an issue that affects you.

In the end, it seems that the country is becoming more and more tolerant and aware of the herbal and medicinal values of marijuana. Pot legalization is sweeping

the nation: with seventeen states and DC under its belt and Massachusetts on its way, it appears that the 75-year prohibition of marijuana is next to over. ■



the innocence of muslims

by **beckymouklos**

More political unrest in the Middle East you say? What else is new. But this time it was an amateur video made in the United States that sparked the conflict. A recently released anti-Islamist movie, titled *The Innocence of Muslims* or alternately *The Innocence of Bn Laden* (yes, Bn not Bin) portrayed the Prophet Mohammad as a sex-crazed, murderous pedophile and Islam as a lie. It was written and produced by an Egyptian Coptic Christian man living in Southern California named Nakoula Basseley Nakoula, who posed as a Jewish man named Sam Bacile. Fourteen minutes' worth of clips from this film can be found on YouTube. Despite the atrocious acting, total lack of filming skills, and nonexistent plot, this film is a colossal middle finger to the entire religion of Islam. If the video had been made but not distributed, then nobody would have known about it. No harm, no foul. But instead, someone translated it into Arabic and sent it to the Egyptian press. And I'll tell ya, the Egyptians weren't too pleased with it.

There were riots outside the American embassy in Cairo and consulate in Benghazi, Libya that lasted for four days, with at least 1 death, 224 people injured, and 99 security officers hurt. In Benghazi, the mobs set the consulate on fire and killed the American ambassador—as well as three other State Department personnel—with mortars and grenades. These killings, oddly enough, also coincided with the 9/11 anniversary. This may be because the attacks were planned in advance, or because whoever translated the videos did so to correspond with that date. The govern-

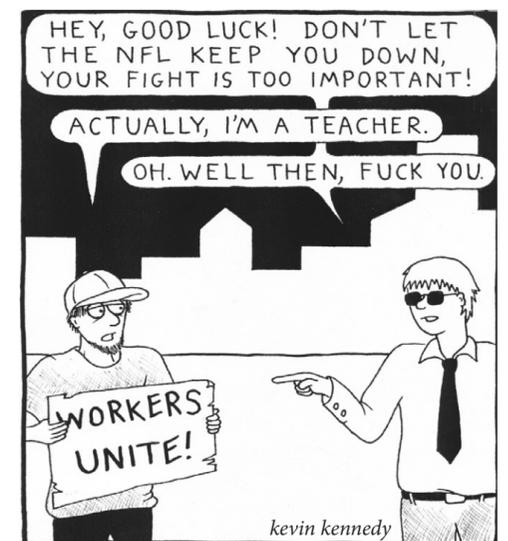
ment responses varied considerably. After a call from President Obama, the Egyptian government scrambled to repair US-Egyptian ties. The Libyan government was even more apologetic than the Egyptian government.

Something that was less publicized was the response by many Muslim families. Footage circulated online of Libyans holding up posters apologizing for the riots and general negative response to a video that wasn't the American government or the American people's fault. They were even saying that they admired the American people and wanted to have friendly relations with America. These were heart-warming photos, one of those phenomena that make you want to believe in humanity again.

Apologetic displays aside, the rest of the ordeal was simply disastrous. While these apologetic demonstrations may be heartening, there were many other subsequent protests in Tunisia, Iran, and Yemen, including more damage to embassies but no other killings.. Although America as a nation is not personally responsible for making that video, we are responsible for the general anti-Islamist sentiment that fosters the environment where this kind of video can be made. It's embarrassing that when foreign countries see America, they see ignorance and discrimination. Although America is one of the more progressive and socially accepting countries in the world, we are still responsible for educating ourselves and moving toward acceptance of different religious beliefs, ethnicities, and cultural phenomena.

History will remember this international relations crisis as one man's mistake that got blown out of proportion, and hopefully Middle Eastern governments can accept this before any more serious damage is done. And just as it is important for others to see beyond the negative American stereotypes, it is necessary for us Americans to look beyond negative Middle Eastern stereotypes and realize that most Muslims are peaceful people trying to live their own lives. The extremist, violent faction of Islam constitutes only a tiny portion of people living in the Middle East, and we would do well to remember that.

Hopefully this video, the anti-American riots, and murder of US diplomats in Libya are the worst of it and our foreign relations with the Middle East will only improve from here. It is also important to note that this video was made by a Coptic Christian Egyptian against Muslim Egyptians; this is a predominantly Egyptian issue, not an American one. When former despot Egyptian President Hosni Mubarak was in office, our relationship to Egypt was strong. Now, we still train and fund their military, so hopefully, even under the newly elected President Mohammed Morsi of the Muslim Brotherhood, our ties with the Middle East can tighten back to the way it was in the



kevin kennedy

around town.



point/counter-point: yes. is burlington a city?

by haleyduffy

The town I'm from has a whopping population of 3,683. When it came time to attend college, I knew I wanted to be in a city. So yes, I came to Burlington, which is in fact a city. Skeptics, listen closely.

Burlington possesses the characteristics that make a city a city. It has a variety of public transportation options, including locally routed buses (the CCTA), and intercity bus services. Megabus stops at UVM's Davis Center round-about and can take you to New York or Boston, just to name a couple major cities. We also have our very own airport: small, no doubt, but it is international. Then we have Lake Champlain's ferry system, which one can take to Port Kent in Plattsburgh, NY.

Burlington is also home to five colleges: UVM, Champlain, St. Mike's, Burlington College, and the Community College of Vermont. Having this many schools draws us young, diverse people into this fantastic city. Okay, perhaps we're completely lacking in diversity, especially in comparison to other cities, but we're certainly not a homogenous culture. Just look at UVM alone: our student population is largely comprised of WASPs, hippies, and hipsters, just to name a few predominant stereotypes, that create distinct cultures.

This place is a tourist's wet dream. In the winter, they frequent Burlington for our close proximity to Stowe, Bolton, and Sugarbush. If they come at the right time in February, they can even check out the ice sculptures in our Winter

Festival. During the summer, travelers can enjoy the lake, bike paths, music festivals, and breweries. Or they can eat up Church Street, as they often do, with our trendy shops, popular retail corporations, and overpriced restaurants. Perhaps some of you remember last week's article on Dobrá Tea, in which we were all shocked to discover it is not a locally run teahouse. It has nine locations total, four of which are in the US. Burlington is fortunate to have one and I'd say it's a big deal.

If that doesn't impress you, let me remind you that we have our own local celebrities. There's Kornbread, whom we've all seen bustling through campus and or into our parties. We also have Birdman. You may not realize it, but you do know who he is if that name isn't ringing a bell. He's one of Burlington's many homeless. He tows an assemblage of shopping carts around to carry his eclectic collection of odds and ends. Then we have our A-listers such as Grace Potter and Chad Urmston, musicians who have roots in Vermont and often come to Burlington for performances.

Have you yet to realize you live in the Big Apple of Vermont? Let me further convince you by listing some of these telling places that reside here: *City Market*. *City Hall*. *Burlington City Arts*. *Queen City Steel*. *City Sports*. Citizens and students of Burlington, consider yourselves bona fide city slickers. ■

a vermonter's perspective by ambermenard

Being from a true small Vermont town with no zip code of its own, I can wholeheartedly say that Burlington is a city, for more reasons than "there are a lot of buildings and a lot of people". For example, you may complain about having to walk the twenty minutes downtown to find a grocery store, but try having to drive a minimum of twenty minutes to find a store of any sort. But who wants to drive through the crowded Burlington streets with the hundreds of cars in rush hour traffic when the most cars I ever have to drive by back home are the fifteen I pass going to the next town over? That to me is rush hour. Biddies are another example of Burlington being a city, as they go out wearing skimpy little skirts, high heels, and see-through shirts. I'm going to say it simply and nicely: I dare them to try that back in my hometown.

Here's another one: take a second on your next drunken 4am stroll back to campus and look up at the sky. My guess is you can count every single visible star on your own two hands (thank you light pollution); back home you'd have to get all the hands in the entire state of Vermont to count half the stars you can see. Did you hear about the bear on campus? I'm sure you did with all the hubbub that was raised about it. The reactions to that bear are just more proof that Burlington is a city. If a bear were spotted near my hometown, almost all the boys would be complaining that it just had to show up outside of hunting season, and more than likely people would ask, "which bear?". Going on this, the only other wildlife I've seen in my two years in Burlington are squirrels, chipmunks, seagulls, and the crazed frat boys. I can easily argue that animals naturally avoid the city for respectable reasons, so guess what: Burlington is a city. ■

death & courtesy- continued from page 1

way of the cleaning staff as they brush through the "bowl and clean up the wrappers, cans, bottles, and used utensils (fucking gross, by the way) that you just "didn't have the time" to throw away. It's a fucking disgrace. This is America, dammit, and it's shit like this why nobody else likes us.

What can you do? If someone smiles at you while you walk past them take it with a grain of salt. Yes, they might find you attractive, but that doesn't mean they're going to harass you, especially if they have headphones in, they clearly have better shit to do. Smile back. It's not hard.

When someone holds the door open for you, even if you're being herded into the Davis Center, yes, technically, it should be expected that the person in front of you holds it open, but they don't always. Say thank you sincerely when they do, and say it sardonically when they don't.

You may have been going to the gym a lot recently and you might like that new sweater you got at Charlotte Russe, but that doesn't mean whoever said hi wants to see what's underneath it. Fuckin' say hi back.

It sucks. People are cold because people are cold to them. It's a self-perpetuating system where nobody tries to do better because there's a lack of faith in the person next to you. All you can do is put yourself out there and try to be the better person you think the world deserves, and you might convince a few people along the way to follow suit. ■

lauren schrom



no. by ameliagarrison and hollykaplan

Dear Burlington,

I love you dearly, but I can't avoid the problem any longer. I think you know this too, but frankly, my dear you're not a city. Here are some reasons why, hun:

1. The air is fresh and the streets are clean; I mean the pollutants of three million cars' exhaust pipes aren't bombarding my pores. Speaking of which, there are no cars.

2. You have no central transportation. Where are the subways? Railways? You only have unreliable bus drivers, determined to squash every college students' hopes and dreams. Could you be any later? I'm forced to trudge up the mountain of Main Street while you speed past me with no passengers, ignoring my desperate wails in the night.

3. Is the state consensus a bedtime of 7:30? Saturday nights in Burlington consist of watching the diminishing crowds wander in and out of Ben & Jerry's, muttering "I should have got the AmeriCone Dream." In case you're wondering, happy hour at Ben & Jerry's is 7-9pm. Don't push 10pm, they're already mopping the floors.

4. It's not every day that a homeless person shakes your hand and asks to marry you. Now that's a first. I don't know about you, but where I'm from I try to not engage in any conversation with a homeless person. It's mostly due to the fact that I'm raised to believe the crazies are prepared to thank you for spare change while most likely being inebriated and covered in their own urine.

5. And did I mention that the streets are clean? That's right, I can smell the roses for once, not the stench of fermenting bodily fluids mixed with last night's hot dog buns and cigarette butts.

6. But baby, I still love you, because now I can walk down the street unaccompanied by flocks of vermin with fluttering dirty feathers. I can finally live without the fear of pigeons shitting on everything I love and hold dear to my heart.

So, Tupac and Biggie finally made that album in your honor, *Burlington; Streets. But No Hood*. You can get 25% off at Burlington Records if you mention **the water tower**. If you haven't heard it, it's probably because you can't foster a legit hipster community with only one Urban Outfitters.

Love,
LA & NYC bitches

P.S. I know you want our big city balls, but maybe one day when you have a building over 11 stories high, and your widest staircase isn't in a student center, you won't be afraid to ride the subway alone at night. ■

don't tell me where to smoke, please.

by georgeloftus



photo by kaylasprague

Readers, I'm angry and that's not something I'm wont to do unless George Lucas decides we need to see Darth Vader as a child. Or someone scratches my copy of *The Goonies*. But this time I'm angry at UVM, and the smugness they have in treating cigarette smokers.

I'm not arguing that cigarettes are healthy. Obviously they aren't. They're a dried plant that's burned and inhaled, painting the inside of a human's lungs a completely different color. Cigarettes are unhealthy and I really enjoy smoking them.

For those of you not in the know, UVM didn't only renovate the walkways of University Green. Over the summer, they also executed the placement of "No Smoking" signs on every column in the Bailey-Howe Library facade. The last available overhang on UVM campus just banned smoking, so good luck de-stressing on a rainy day with that calc-test an hour in front of you, should smoking be your vice. Seeing those prominent signs reinforces the "No Smoking 20' from Building" signs/stickers placed on University buildings all across campus.

After any quiz, exam, or essay I can walk away from, there's no better relief than grabbing a cigarette out of the battered cardboard box I keep them in, struggling to find the white lighter I keep in the opposite pocket, and trying to light said cigarette in the wind as I walk away. On any given day, that's about the coolest I feel. Except on the days I rob a bank.

Other people don't smoke when they're stressed. Going to a restaurant downtown and getting a meal is a good way to cool your nerves as well. For every \$10 you spend downtown at a restaurant, 11% of that goes towards the state of Vermont, with 9% benefitting the state, and 2% benefitting Burlington (that's \$1.10, and \$0.20, respectively). Others drink. For every \$10 you spend on drinks downtown, \$1 goes to the state while \$0.20 go to the city.

Why is this relevant? Because a pack of Camel Blues (formerly Camel Lights) costs \$7.58 a pack at the downtown Rite Aid. \$2.62 of that is a tax imposed by the state of Vermont. Before that tax, a pack of Camel Blues would cost \$4.96. That's a 52.82% tax rate per pack of cigarettes. That's

€ and be the \$

by lauragreenwood

There are a few simple pleasures in life that are irrefutable. A full tummy after a phat meal. A new pair of jeans that hug your body even the first time you put them on. A night gallivanting the town. The sad reality with all these happenings is that they require money to fulfill. If you're like me, you've adapted to become the most frugal person ever so as to avoid dishing out the dollars. But, I can't deny it; money is nice and I only wish someone would hire me and give me it.

Job searching is Burlington is frustrating to say the least. After a month of whoring myself out to any business willing to even hand me an application, it is easy to just call it quits and admit defeat. Finding the right job can seem upwards of impossible in such a competitive area. And so, fuck it. Instead of bringing yourself to the job, I suggest bringing the job to yourself. Self-employment is ballsy, time consuming, and costly. Creating your own business has high risks that it will not work, but in the off chance it does...legendary.

As an entrepreneur, you can create whatever experience you want. Sure, selling retail at the U Mall comes with a certain sense of comfort through its structure, but it is really how you want to spend your time. Many students selling their own products or services get to work by their own means. The most common route is to start your own babysitting, tutoring, or house cleaning service. Maybe these don't get you optimal happiness, but they give you more freedom than any Mr. McBoss type. For some spare cash and flexible work hours, these jobs are perfect for you. The biggest challenge really is just finding people who want your service. Find your customers by posting ads or simply go out and talk to people in the community and offer up your services. Fuck craigslist for this one. Craigslist is a cesspool of lies and betrayal when it comes to baby sitting or house cleaning jobs.

At this time of your life, maybe you want more than just money from your job. For the brave and the bold, many college students start their own legitimate businesses between classes. This is not easy, but the experience as a professional, independent entrepreneur that you can't get is invaluable. You feel every pitfall and success personally because starting your own business is like raising your own child. Google, Fedex, Facebook, Microsoft, reddit, TIME magazine, Napster, and Dell are among the few legendary businesses that were all started by college kids. That's right, someone your age who had a cool idea to make a little beer money went on to create a multimillion dollar business.

Abi Dunki-Jacobs has taken the plunge here at UVM to start her own business called "Get Baked!" A baking company, based out of her kitchen in Williston. Get Baked! is Abi's first attempt at running a business. Balancing school with her ambition has not been easy. Getting into it, she wasn't really aware of the sacrifices she'd have to make. "If you're going to have a small business, run by yourself, be prepared to have your social life take a small hit", she warned.

Her idea is simple enough, catering to the UVM community and feed them desserts. You don't need to start the next software program or corporation right now. If you've got a plausible idea and the will power to put it in motion, self-employment is possible. They're always saying your first four businesses will fail before you succeed, but who gives a hoot about pessimism. If it doesn't work out, oh well! That's life. There are benefits to starting your own business that reach far beyond the parties you may miss or the money you may lose. Abi put like this, "For most people, their business is in the future; it's still far away. For me it's right now. It's happening". ■

before a 9% state sales tax, and a 2% city tax.

So why am I angry? Because with every pack of cigarettes I buy I commit more money to the state than someone going out to lunch with a friend, buying a pair of pants at the mall, or getting shitfaced at a bar. And now the state is telling me where I can and can't smoke. How ridiculous is it?

There are specially designated benches, next to regular benches, downtown on Church St. where smoking is prohibited. Apparently certain benches have conditions that smoking can agitate. I think I heard one cough the other day while I was waiting for a takeout order to finish. Nobody enforces the plaques on the benches that say "no smoking", because it turns people have better things to do, like catch criminals and fall down stairs, but even the notion that people think it's ok to say where you can and can't smoke is bullshit.

There is no war between the smokers and non smokers: non smokers won the day they banned smoking indoors and grandpa was made out of smoke for that TV commercial. So leave us the fuck alone, UVM. We're going to keep smoking there, because only 1/4 of the entire student population genuinely believes that smoking isn't allowed there. Of the 75% of us that know better, we're going to do it. We've paid for our vice. Well and beyond what we should have.

So please stop telling us where to smoke. Please stop giving us looks. Please stop rolling your eyes. You inhale more pollutants waiting to cross the street at L/L than in the half a second it takes to walk past a smoker, so please stop crying about secondhand smoke. The moment you start paying 52.82% in taxes on something, I'll support you, because that's a silly thing to do.

Taking away cigarette but recepticles doesn't discourage smokers, it encourages littering. Kind of the same way a cop having a gun discourages crime and encourages donut jokes.

Plus, after paying four years of out of state tuition, yes, I think I'll smoke under the library. You work for us, UVM, not the other way around. Please be smug to another group of people. I think someone is throwing out a plastic bottle this very second actually.... ■

happy hour week 5 with bendonovan and georgeloftus

HOLY SHIT. Someone actually sent in a drinking game this week! Special thanks to **Christa Pratkano** for sending in rules for Game of Thrones.

We played this on saturday. Ben isn't answering his phone now at 2:44 on sunday, and I'm still drunk doing the write up. Yes. It works. Exceedingly well. We watched 6 episodes and I don't remember what happened after the second. Thank you, Christa, we hated our livers anyway.

Got a tv show drinking game of your own? Send it in to thewatertownnews@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. We're serious. We don't want to write this every week. We have shit to do. ■

Drunk of Thrones by christapratko

- 1-Someone says "Winter is Coming"
- 2-They drink, you drink
- 3-Death
- 4.Someone says "My Lady/Lord/Your Grace"
- 5.Someone says "Bastard"
- 6.General Nakedness
7. Someone says "Khaleesi"
8. Jon Snow looks concerned
9. Someone says "More Wine" -Finish your glass
10. Incest-finish your glass

reflections.

the evolution of the sleepover

by phoebefooks

An overnight stay at another's home—that, my friends, is how the Merriam-Webster English dictionary defines a sleepover. But we all know that such a word has as many varying implications as do phrases such as “we hooked up” or “I’ll be there soon.” Instances of spending the night at someone else’s house differ in many ways, from what you bring to what you do, when you go to sleep to when you wake up, or whether or not you even sleep at all.

I had my first sleepover in second grade. My friend got out her older sister’s makeup, from which I extracted and applied a bright red lipstick. Once it was poorly drawn on my lips, my friend told me it was permanent and wouldn’t ever come off so I started crying and her mom, with a Camel Light dangling from her gritted teeth, had to help me remove the waxy junk. I haven’t worn lipstick ever since.

Everyone had some sort of traumatic experience during one of their earliest, elementary school sleepovers, and whether it involved lipstick, urine, or separation anxiety, such an event was a key characteristic of elementary school slumber parties. These times were also marked by organized activities—scavenger hunts, board games, trampoline jumping—that involved direct contact with parents. Fuck, there are entire chapters in those “How to Be a Parent” books dedicated to planning kids’ sleepovers. The paragraphs that soccer moms should be highlighting, however, are the ones about making your kids’ guests a dank-ass breakfast complete with strawberry cream cheese Toasters Strudels and scrambled eggs. Post-sleepover noms are critical to the success of the sleepover and in the chance of a future one occurring at that same house.

The crucial change in middle school sleepovers was the lack of parental participation. In fact, rather than sending out 12 hand-made invitations fashioned according to *American Girl* magazine standards, sleepovers at this age generally resulted from hours and hours of begging your parents to let Becky stay the night. Your parents could never exactly figure out what caused you and your friends to scream throughout the entire night and literally

bounce off the walls. Even 12-year-olds know it’s best to not let your parents read the ingredients and warning labels on the side of Amp energy drink cans.

To expend these caffeine/taurine/sugar rushes, you and your friends would stay up all night playing Dance Dance Revolution (or some other more masculine video game if you were a dude) and then sneakily watching R-rated movies after the ‘rents went to sleep. When you finally laid down in your sleeping bags to catch some Zs, a special time would occur in which you all suddenly felt the urge to spill your guts about all the cute boys you wanted to kiss and exchange all embarrassing stories about said boy. Whether this gut-spilling was due to the massive amounts of sugar you consumed or due to the legendary syncing of hormones when girls are all in

“everyone had some sort of traumatic experience during one of their earliest, elementary school sleepovers, and whether it involved lipstick, urine, or separation anxiety”

the same room together, it inevitably happened at every sleepover, following the phrase “nothing leaves this room.”

As we graduated from 8th grade and entered the vast abyss of high school, sleepovers became a little different—primarily in the sense that members of the opposite sex often attended these affairs, only to be picked up by their parents at 10pm. The gender bridge had to be gapped, as playing Spin the Bottle or Truth or Dare wasn’t nearly as fun in a sexually homogenous room. The gender mixing also required us awkward 14-year-olds to gather a brief understanding of popular rap music (see: “One, Two Step” by Ciara) to which we could “dance” and also stock our wardrobes with socially-appropriate Abercrombie graphic-tees and denim skirts. Thank God, as we grew into our pubescent selves we eventually shed those awkward middle-school-to-high-school-transition shells

and switched to coping with our teenage angst by all taking one sip of a beer that someone brought to a sleepover circa 10th grade. Thus, a turning point in the evolution of the sleepover: from innocence to (not really) rebellion.

What began as a group of six or so kids sharing someone’s parents’ Rolling Rocks, or the future stoner of the group bringing a weed stem that no one is really sure what to do with because the senior that sold it to him on the back of the bus gave no instructions, soon progressed into the high school conception of a “party”. We soon grew to realize that sleepovers were a lot more fun when someone’s parents were gone and the opposite sex could crash for the night as well. Overnight bags no longer contained your matching Little Mermaid pajamas and travel Uno cards, but rather a smuggled bottle of wine, sweatpants that you may or may not find the time to change into, and the ever-crucial makeup-remover to wash away the next morning’s mascara streaks.

These later high school sleepover/party hybrids prepared us for much of the college party experience. However, in college, actually staying the entire night at a party has a completely different implication. (Wink.) Somehow despite all of our sleepover experience and preparation, we sometimes miss the boat and end up crashing in another’s bed, hopefully with that person, but with neither clothes to change into the next day nor a toothbrush or makeup-remover. Where are mom’s homemade scrambled eggs when you really need them?

In the end, the nature of our sleepovers comes full circle. As we grow into civil adults, we’ll probably put much more preparation into our trips to the houses of other adult friends. We’ll pack everything we need from allergy medicine to phone chargers, and we’ll retire at the hours of normal human beings. While we’re young, however, we must be flighty, spontaneous, and embrace our unpreparedness with every ounce of its liberating glory. Never turn down the beauty of a good friend’s bed to crash in when you know you just can’t make it home—that is the magic of a sleepover. ■

the strut of (getting your) nut

by kittyfaraji

So, we’ve all been there. You’re out and about, doin’ your thang, drinkin’ your drank, when you realize that cutie from your lit class isn’t so bad-looking. You start talking, more drinks, flirting, flirting, flirting, and at this point you are searching for a reason, any reason to justify what you’re about to do to each other. “OMG you like Sean Paul too?! Let’s get naked.”

Fast-forward to the next morning. You have to decide if you want to A) endure that awkward AM post-hookup encounter, or B) walk that long, lonely walk. If you chose B, good for you. You now have the chance to strut your stuff, instead of acting like a shameful little trollop. Haters gon’ hate, and playas gon’ play. And you, you foxy thang you, are a playa. No longer will this be called the walk of shame. I hereby deem this to be

the “strut of (getting your) nut”.

First of all, you should be proud of yourself. Let’s just take a moment to applaud you on getting some! Next time you sneak out of that door at 7 AM, give yourself a pat on the back. The worst thing you can do after doin’ it is be ashamed. So walk out of the front door and into that harsh, unforgiving sunlight, hold your head up high, and shout at the top of your lungs, “I just got laid, world! Be hell a jella!”

Second, this is a great time to stop and get your grub on. Breakfast is the most important meal of the day. So replenish your fluids, order a bacon, egg, and cheese, and debrief yourself on the events of last night. Were you on your game? What did you do right, where did you go wrong, and is there room for improvement?

Lastly, if you are audacious enough,

and just don’t give no fucks, you can at the very least take this opportunity to show off your killer outfit one last time. Whenever I ace a test, I Heidi Klum the shit out of my walk home. The same applies to the situation you just nailed (teehee). If you own it, then everyone else will have no choice but to admire you for it. If you can find a brush to comb out them tangles, and wipe the smeared lipstick off your face, neck, legs (what? How did that get there?!), wherever, you will still look pretty killer. Pretend that sidewalk is a runway, and STRUT YO STUFF, because when you’re workin’ that “Tyra stomp”, it basically tells everyone that you just had sex, and it felt *sooo good*.

By remembering these suggestions, you can turn others’ judgment of your walk of shame into jealousy at your strut of getting your nut. ■

cheap beer\$

by georgeloftus

Everybody’s been there: wanting to drink but not sure what. You’ve either subjected an upper-classman/relative, or been in front of the cooler yourself with a fake or a valid ID trying to nail it down. “A thirty,” you decide, “I shall feast.” But which cheap beer shall I imbibe today? They vary in price, in taste, in packaging, and most importantly, your cheap-ass beer of choice denotes a lot about you as a person. I’m gonna let you in on a little secret though: if you’re trying to decide which thirty tastes best, you’re already set up to fail. They wouldn’t be selling thirty beers in a bundle at a dis-

counted price if they didn’t already taste like shit.

That’s not to say there aren’t varying degrees of shit though, because there most certainly are. Personally, I think you should save \$10 and buy a semi-decent bottle of scotch, but that’s because I’m biased, and drinking it right now (when I wrote this, and mostly likely while you’re reading this too). My friend’s dad once equated scotch with a hand-job, but I think that analogy better applies to cheap beer: “It can be a really good hand-job, but it’s still just a hand-job.”

PBR

My personal favorite of all cheap-ass thirties, PBR is a collegiate staple, helping people vomit without ipecac since the dawn of higher learning. Its patriotic can denotes a stature that just screams, “America, FUCK YEAH!” with every half-sip you take. It’s a solid choice to be sure, and available even cheaper in the form of 40’s. It’s surprisingly light, crisp when cold, and pretty damn cheap.

Coors Light

I don’t know why, but this beer tastes racist. Just move on.

Labatt Blue

This is almost luxury compared to most other beers available thirty at a time. The rich, heavy taste almost makes it feel like an IPA, but it is most assuredly a pilsner. Also, it’s imported—hence the slightly above average cost and the slightly above average taste that comes with it. This is a treat. If all other beers on this list were a blended scotch then this would be a double-malt. That’s not a thing, which essentially makes this a unicorn of cheap-ass beers. It is hopper than most beers though, so I guess you can pretend it’s better than other cheap beers. Plus, it lets you be a douche and say “it’s imported”.

Bud

Commonly referred to as “bud-heavy” (fuck, I hate that, don’t call it that), or in my fishing port hometown, “bud-diesel” (don’t call it that either, asshole), makes you feel every single one of these inside you as you drink, but on the plus side they can even make the fourteenth of October feel like the Fourth of July. This is a great drink to pick up if there are random dudes coming over to your house and you for some reason care what they think. No one is going to be confused as to why you have it, and they’re all going to drink it because they’re probably 18 anyway.

Rolling Rock

The most mediocre of mediocre beers, you will taste every ounce of water that went into this 12 ounce can of...stuff. I wanted to call it nectar, but that would have been a lie. One of these a month won’t kill you, but you should definitely think twice if someone owes you some drinks and constantly buys you Rolling Rock to pay you back: it means they don’t like you. There’s a reason this beer is dirt cheap at bars.

Bud Light

When I’m feeling self-conscious about my weight because of all the beer I drank the weekend before, I like to go with a softer, lighter option, especially while I watch *Sex and the City* and paint my nails. No, but seriously, for some reason this beer has been pegged as a chick-drink which I think is completely unfounded. It tastes just as aggressive as its “heavy” counterpart.

Natty Light

Fuck. This. Beer. Even the smell of it makes me vomit. I don’t know the recipe of this beer but if I had to guess I’d say it’s 55% water, 20% the disappointment of your parents, and 25% hepatitis, with trace amounts of barley and hops. This beer is awful, but for some reason, they keep making it, which obviously means people are still buying it. Drink this slowly. You’ll be more hydrated than drunk, but if you drink it too quickly the calamity of volatile chemicals in your stomach may cause you and the universe around you to explode. And not in a nice way. ■



katharine longfellow

virgins, virgins everywhere!

by sagebierman

In my high school gym class, the topic of conversation among my friends and me was always boys. We talked about the boys we were dating, the boys we wanted to be dating, the boys we would not be caught dead dating, boys boys boys. Not surprisingly, sex often came up in these conversations. We were all virgins, but I was the only one who actually wanted to be. My friends talked obsessively about “losing it” before we went to college. There was a deadline, like their virginity was a time bomb, something to be disposed of as quickly and conveniently as possible.

I did not feel the same way. Going to college a virgin was the least of my concerns as August and the first day of school rolled around. I wanted to wait for someone I really cared about, and if people didn’t respect that, I figured it wasn’t my problem.

So I rolled up to UVM a doe-eyed, scared-shitless, virginal freshman, and discovered that contrary to what my high school friends thought, a lot of people I met at college were virgins as well, both guys and girls. And two years later, many of them still are.

What’s up with that? I look at my friends who are virgins and they are all beautiful, smart, fantastic people. There had to be something going on. I couldn’t believe that I was some kind of virgin magnet, that all my friends were drawn to me by an irresistible virgin musk.

My suspicions weren’t confirmed until I took a class called The Sociology

of Sexualities, in which we had to read a book called *Hooking Up* by Kathleen Bogle. I learned many things from this book, but one of the chapters that caught my attention most was about virginity in college.

In the chapter, Bogle talks about how virginity is not a rarity in college. A national study on college women that was conducted in 2001 found a 39 percent virginity rate. The study also found that the virginity rate remained high even as time passed, with 31 percent among college

“the ambiguous term ‘hooking up’ is in part responsible for this misperception, because it generates confusion over what exactly other students are doing sexually.”

women in their senior year. National data collected on both college men and women indicates that the virginity rate is approximately 25 percent. That is not an insignificant number; it means that a quarter of all college students are virgins. Regardless of the exact statistic, there are undeniably a lot more virgins on campus than most students believe.

The misconception that leads people to think that the college virgin is an endangered species is the idea that “everybody’s doing it.” Students are prone to overestimate the number of hookup encounters that involve literal sexual inter-

course. While a big percentage of college students are indeed hooking up, only a small number of them have a hookup that actually ends in sex. The ambiguous term “hooking up” is in part responsible for this misconception, because it generates confusion over what exactly other students are doing sexually. I’ve heard “hooking up” used to describe anything from kissing to actual sex. This ambiguity is part of what gives the phrase “hooking up” its appeal, because it allows students to share with others that they did something sexual without saying specifically what they did. It’s this confusion that makes virgins on campus think that they are one in a million, when in fact virgins make up a good portion of the student population.

I found this information to be really empowering. There’s nothing wrong or embarrassing about being a virgin in college, because it allows students to share with others that they did something sexual without saying specifically what they did. It’s this confusion that makes virgins on campus think that they are one in a million, when in fact virgins make up a good portion of the student population.

In fact the virgins out there should embrace it. We are the 39 percent and we are proud of it, as we should be. It’s not for any of us to judge our fellow peers’ life choices, but on the chance you’ve chosen to remain a virgin—good on you, mate! It just means that you haven’t found the right person yet, and everybody knows you can’t hurry love. Or maybe you’re waiting until you’re married for religious reasons, and that’s cool too. So wear your virgin status proudly, kick back, relax, and wait for the right person to come into your life. You’re in good company. ■

gender, sex versus gender, feminism, sex positivity, body image and self-love—all those and more are great, worthy, and important topics. I would certainly never use the term “tranny”, and sure, I can accept with a bit of a stretch how “spirit animal” could be misconstrued. But the overzealous social justice sector of internet activity doesn’t even really merit calling themselves as such with those reactions. How can we promote tolerance, increased self-awareness, and greater sensitivity in language when even other people who try and work for the same cause aren’t spared death threats (death threats!) when they slip up? Furthermore, with all that ruckus never leaving the confines of a specific group on a social networking site, how can any of these issues be shared in a productive way?

SLACKTIVISM - cont. from page 1

as all hell doing it. And about two months back, a very small and very indignant pocket of the Internet was in an absolute fucking uproar over her.

In a video made in 2009, Laci let slip the word “tranny”. After it was pointed out, she removed the video in question and apologized to her followers, stating in a reply to the eagle-eyed Tumblr follower who pointed it out that they were “totally right”, she was “18 and ignorant”, and that she would never use the term now, due to its growing recognition as a slur against the trans community and her own education on the subject. She recognized the potential hypocrisy of being a self-proclaimed figure of social change, while having videos on her channel containing offensive language, and she corrected it quickly and graciously. She appeared to have no memory of the incident at all, saying “If I knew that was in a video it would have been long, long ago removed.” Sounds reasonable and all was well, right?

Not quite. According to Tumblr user “strawberrelli”, that’s apparently a “half-assed” apology. As a result, Laci actually began receiving death threats and anonymous pictures of her own house until the pressure actually forced her to move. She ended up withdrawing her internet presence entirely for over a month until things died down enough for her to feel comfortable returning. For using a word that has since become more recognized as a slur,

she had slurs thrown at her in the form of “transphobic cunt”. And I’m with the bloggers as far as the fact that “tranny” is certainly offensive and not to be thrown around, and the video should have been removed, but shit, death threats?

Laci Green, and other internet personalities of the like, work to educate people in a casual and relatable way about gender and sex topics, but it’s no surprise that she has become disdainful of the extreme end of the “social justice” Tumblr population. For people who claim to be so sensitive to each and every possible offense to a social group or set of individuals, it seems really hypocritical and equally offensive to respond so violently when something potentially harmful is said, especially in this specific case.

Maybe the social justice Tumblr-ers have good intentions, but being so abrasive and extreme on the censorship of language—even if done with the intention of curbing offensive speech—is counterproductive. The other day I came across a rant arguing that saying “spirit animal” colloquially is now inflammatory language, in the sense that it belittles Native American culture (which I apparently should have thought of before using the term in reference to Tina Fey as an explanation of my passionate love for 30 Rock).

Don’t get me wrong here, really: I am all for self-awareness and sensitivity in speech, being educated about non-binary

fashion five-oh.



sickly in style:

how to **look** your best when you **feel** your worst

by sarahperda

As I sit here in the dungeons of Kalkin on this fine Tuesday morning, I am overcome with a single emotion: pure, unadulterated hatred. Why, you ask? Because I am suffering from a nice Web-MD-self-diagnosed cocktail of West Nile Virus, SARS, walking pneumonia, and Avian Influenza. Cold and flu season has struck campus early this year, folks, and I am one of its first unsuspecting victims.

The worst part about being sick is the utter lack of motivation to get out of bed, let alone get dressed and done up to then drag your ass uptown for an 8:30 class. Being sick is universally thought of as the perfect excuse to look like shit, but here's a little secret: the only thing worse than being surrounded by sick people is being surrounded by ugly sick people. So, my little minions, let us take this opportunity to give hobo-chic the ax and learn to fake it till you make it; as fashionably as possible.

The key to overcoming sickness is sleep, but do not mistake this for meaning your sleepwear is acceptable to wear to class. Men are lucky in that 9 times out of 10 no one gives a shit what they look like as long as they are clothed. I, however, do give a shit and have but one humble request: I don't care how sick you are, please stop wearing your fucking sweatpants to class. They are shapeless, ugly, probably dirty, and thus should stay tucked away in your room for the rest of your existence. In terms of the women, it is glaringly obvious, generally speaking, who put effort into her appearance and who did not. That being said, we do have our fair share of cheats, should we so wish to utilize them; being comfortable does not have to mean

looking sloppy. Say it with me, ladies: jeggings.

Jeggings are the greatest thing to happen to us since Mean Girls, and are intended for those days when actual pants simply aren't an option. You'll still look like you got dressed even though the pants have enough stretch in 'em to withstand a nice Jazzercise spurt, so no one will have any inkling of just how lazy you were feeling. Can't bring yourself to shove your sickly little body into jeggings? Take every man's Flashdance fantasy for a spin by working the classic leggings plus oversized sweater combo. Pair your garb of choice with the right accessories and shoes, and you'll look downright sophisticated if people can ignore the bags under your eyes and the mucus dribbling down your face!

Now, the most important weapon in your arsenal when you're sick: makeup (don't count yourselves out, boys, a little Bare Minerals never killed anyone). As if the inevitable seasonal pastiness isn't enough, the immunodeficient kind really just adds insult to injury. Rather than endure those supposedly empathetic "ew, you look repulsive, LOL JK but really..." glances all day, use your bronzer and blush for the greater good. Fake that healthy glow the best you can between your 9,000 trips to the restroom to blow your nose, but be wary of how much you use (aim for a shade somewhere between Voldemort and Pauly D). Another helpful hint: gold eye shadow and eyeliner makes your eyes look wider, so if you're still fighting off the side effects of the previous night's gallon o' NyQuil, you can still look like you're semi-awake.



julianna roen

So there you have it, ladies (and brave gents who made it this far through my tirade); the quick and dirty guide to giving cold and flu season the perfectly manicured middle finger. Slug down some OJ, stock up on chicken soup and strut your stuff this semester. ■

trash.



i want you so bad

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

Hey soc boy it's been some time
It was last year I created a rhyme
Too bad you were abroad
But now you're back in b-town After all
I'm a huge creep with a huge crush
And everytime I see you I still get that blush
Since I'm a nursing student my classes are boring
First semester of last year was exciting with your snoring
I'll cut the bullshit my names Marguerite
Come talk to me so I can stop being a creep
Hashtag YOLO
When: Last year first semester
Where: Soc
I saw: A handsome fellow
I am: A surprisingly ballsy female

Your lisp is so fine.
I think your devine.
I watch you play tennis.
Can you give me lessons?
When you play with your band.
Your words bury me in the sand.
Metaphorically.
We met swimmingly.
Play me Radiohead.
In bed.
Let's study chem together.
In bed.
They call you Gabe,
I think it's because your such a babe.
When: mon, wed, fri
Where: chemistry in angell
I saw: my true love
I am: his future lover

An ode to a sexy geography T.A.
When you hand me work in class,
I think DAMN! That's one sweet ass.
Sitting, swiveling in my seat,
My heart just skipped a beat.
Collecting all those sheets,
I can only picture you between them...
Now I'm not one to sit and stare,
But with you I just don't care!
Oakley. Such a hot name,
I'm not here to play no game.
So I'm just waiting for 'the nod',
To explore the contours of your bod.
With my axial tilt,
And your length of light,
There will be no reason,
We'll get cold this season.
Like hot air rising in a convection,
Lol... Erection.
When: Geog40, every TR 4-5:15
Where: Rowell 103
I saw: a T.A. making me nerd-gasam
I am: desperately available

Seriously, I just want someone besides my 28 year old (male) neighbor to watch Last of the Mohicans with me...
When: ever
Where: my place, or yours, I have the DVD.
I saw: ANY. ONE.
I am: georgeloftus

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

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

Monday at 1:20pm outside of L/L
Kornbread: *yelling racial slurs*
Girl walking into Alice's: What the FUCK Kornbread, go home!

SGA offices 12:13pm on a Wednesday
Guy eating a burrito: It's hard to balance being intelligent and nice.

U Heights South mail room
Girl: 30 bucks from Grandma...straight to the weed fund

Outside Coolidge
Intoxicated girl: Are you PYSCHO?! You can't just do that!
Equally intoxicated friend: Oh yes I can, you've gotta go when you gotta go.

Isham Street, mid morning
Bro to his Homies: ...so then she started sucking my dick, and I thought, 'Well, it's too late to turn back now..'

Wednesday afternoon in the Marche
Marche Employee: Attention! This is a bag of Cheetos! But do not be alarmed, the situation is under control.

A hallway on Redstone
Guy 1: See you guys in a bit...
Guy 2: Where do you think you're going?
Guy 1: The Grundle. Why?
Guy 2: Dude, you're not wearing any pants.
Guy 1: Oh yeah, that's right...

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fork it over.



"i can't believe it's not nutella" ... easy homemade nutella!

by nikitaarias

So it's finally hit you to look at the crumpled syllabus at the bottom of your bookbag. Yup, you guessed it, that paper or exams due date is a hell of a lot sooner than you thought. BREATHE, DON'T STRESS and instead of reaching over the counter for that Nutella jar for your all-nighter, WHIP up this rich homemade Nutella spread! As you miserably sit in the third floor of Bailey Howe, snack right with this rich hazelnut-chocolate awesomeness. This healthier recipe has less saturated fat and "better" calories than the original AND you wont be able to taste the difference. Indulge and refrigerate it in a mason jar for up to 2 weeks! ■

ingredients instructions

- 1 cup of hazelnuts
- 12 ounces of your favorite chocolate (I like milk chocolate)
- 2 tablespoons of olive oil
- 3 tablespoons of confectioners' sugar
- 1 tablespoon of unsweetened cocoa powder
- 3/4 teaspoon salt (just a pinch)

1. Preheat your oven to 350°F
2. Spread the hazelnuts in a single layer on a baking sheet for 10 minutes until the nuts are browned. Then try to remove most of the hazelnuts' flaky brown skin.
3. Melt the chocolate in a bowl in the microwave. Then stir the chocolate until smooth and cool.
4. In a food processor, grind the hazelnuts until it looks like a paste. Then add the oil, sugar, cocoa powder, and salt and continue processing until it's nice and smooth. Add the melted chocolate and continue processing and blend until smooth again.
5. Your Nutella will become thicker when refrigerated so scrape it into a mason jar and put it in the refrigerator for a couple for an hour to get the full homemade Nutella experience!

tunes.



[... **best album** of the summer]

Frank Ocean, *Channel Orange*

by dylanmccarthy

Frank Ocean has always been destined for greatness. Even though Tyler, the Creator was the one who garnered the Odd Future Wolf Gang Kill Them All, with hit single "Yonkers" and album *Goblin*, after the release of *Channel Orange* it's clear that Ocean is the finest member of the collective. Not only is *Channel Orange* a masterpiece by any hip-hop or R&B standard, but so is the "Odd Wolf Out" of the OFWGKTA hip-hop collective. While the rest of OFWGKTA were dicking around at the skate park or cooking up beats for fun, Ocean was talking to Coldplay about opening for them—the mainstream was calling. Make no mistake, Ocean isn't ditching the Wolf Gang; his verses and hooks were among the best on 2011's *The Odd Future Tape Vol. 2* and he fits right in on the "brodeo" video for "Oldie." Ocean would just prefer to be selling out stadiums instead of making a mess of a fish market on OFWGKTA's show "Loiter Squad."

Ocean's debut album, *Nostalgia, Ultra*, boasted some great tracks like "Novacane" and "Swim Good", but was overall a bit too formulaic to be able to stand out among the thousands of R&B acts. *Channel Orange* is everything *Nostalgia, Ultra* should have been. Ocean is all over the place, going from falsetto to 16-bit synthesizer club jams, from brooding piano ballads to minute-long filler tracks that don't even sound like filler, all without the slightest flinch. *Channel Orange's* greatest strength is the sheer variety from track to track while still feeling like a smooth-ass R&B album, and with a 19-song track list, that's a whole lot of variety.

Channel Orange steers clear of the "missin' my boo"-centric lyrics that marrs many current R&B albums. The lyrical themes on *Channel Orange* are about as

grandiose as those on *The Wall*. Ocean's lyrics deal with problems of drug addiction, modern decadence, sexual ambiguity and confusion, the meaning of life, and the split between desire and spirituality, while still getting in the must-have themes of sex and unrequited love.

Ocean puts his best foot forward by starting out with lead single "Thinkin Bout You", arguably the most generic track on the album, and it's still fucking beautiful. The chorus showcases Ocean's fantastic falsetto, one that truly rivals Usher and R. Kelly at their finest. Ocean moans, "Or do you not think so far ahead? (ahead)/ Cause I been thinkin' bout foreverrrr ooooooh." I think I'm in love. Ocean's extremely unconventional choruses, like "Sweet Life", "You've had a landscaper and a housekeeper since you were born/ The starshine always kept you warm/ So why see the world, when you got the beach?/ Don't know why see the world, when you got the beach", might isolate R&B traditionalists, but in the grand scheme it works like a charm.

Tracks like "Super Rich Kids", "Pyramids", and "Pink Matter" are microcosms of *Channel Orange* as a whole, smoothly switching from one wildly different concept to another with perfect skill. At first "Super Rich Kids" harkens back to that one ridiculous summer party at the extremely rich kid's house that everyone sort of knew. Ocean playfully rhymes "Too many bottles of this wine we can't pronounce/ Too many bowls of that green, no lucky charms/ Maids come around too much/ Parents ain't around enough", but swings to considerations of suicide: "We end our day up on the roof/ I say I'll jump, but never do"—all without breaking the feeling of the song. Not to mention it's a fine verse from Wolf Gang member Earl Sweatshirt.

The 10-minute-long centerpiece "Pyramids" sways from trancey verses regarding an ancient Egyptian kidnapper to an all-out club banger about an exotic stripper. But my favorite track, "Pink Matter", is easily the most complex and powerful track on *Channel Orange*. Ocean ponders the nature of personal identity at its start: "What do you think my brain is made for?/ Is it just a container for the mind?," then seamlessly questions "what is your woman?/ Is she just a container for the child?/ That soft pink matter." And this is all posed against a characteristically smooth as fuck verse from the one and only Andre 3000. There isn't enough room on this page for me to explain all of *Channel Orange's* inner workings, so you'll have to explore on your own. Whatever you do, don't miss out on the best album of the summer! ■

top 5 of summer 2012...

[... **most aggravating song** of the summer]

Carly Rae Jepsen, "Call Me Maybe"

Hello, fellow Catamounts! When I started this list at the end of summer, there was no doubt in my mind that this song would top it. However, in the weeks that have passed I've been approached by many friends and acquaintances saying things like "So, there's no way you're putting 'Call Me Maybe' on your list, right? It's so good!" and "Dude, so how high up is 'Call Me Maybe' going to be? That song sucks ass." With so much disparity about this strange little song, it's only fair that we offer a defense as well as a critique. It's up to you, the reader, to make the final call.

Against "Call Me Maybe":
by dylanmccarthy

Come on, don't be shocked, this song is so obviously the most aggravating song of the summer that it hardly begs a discussion. This song embodies why everyone is rapidly saying "Fuck the radio" and plugging their iPhone jacks into their rides. This song makes #5-#2 seem like Queen. This song is just...*aghh*, infuriating! Apparently, Jepsen wrote "Call Me Maybe" because of her frustration with the inconvenience of love at first sight, which explains the fucking CONSTANT "Hey, I just met you/ And this is crazy!/" But here's my number/ So call me maybe!" Yeah, we get it Jepsen, cute guys at the club can be difficult to approach, but give it a rest. Go the gym, read a self-help book, do something to improve your self-esteem so you can shut up about how nervous and awkward you are.

This song wouldn't have even made it to American airwaves if it wasn't for spawns of Satan Justin Bieber and Selena Gomez simultaneously tweeting in praise of it. And

"she's now opening for justin bieber's current tour! wow, the OPENING act for justin bieber! she's the new john lennon!"

would you look at that, she's now opening for Justin Bieber's current tour! Wow, the OPENING act for Justin Bieber! She's the new John Lennon! Sarcasm aside, what's the point of this song? It's one of 8 trillion synthesizer-laden bubblegum pop tracks circulating the airwaves, and it does absolutely NOTHING that hasn't already been beaten to death by other, better pop acts. The chorus isn't even the most aggravating part, just wait until the bridge: "Before you came into my life, I missed you so bad!/ I missed you so bad/ I missed you so, so bad!" Christ, and I thought The Doors were bad at English ("If they say I never loved you/ You know they are a liar"). Saying you missed someone before you met them isn't clever, it's just horrid writing! But hey, like all other "flavor of the week" artists, Jepsen will fade into obscurity, interviews on MySpace, direct-to-DVD Disney movies... good riddance.

For "Call Me Maybe":
by joshhegarty

"Call Me Maybe" is just made out of fun. Pure and simple. I'm not here to defend it as a great piece of art because you just can't do that. The lyrics lack poetry and you can't disagree with Dylan, the bridge makes no sense. You cannot miss someone you have not met, unless time travel is involved, and even then, you probably can't. The music is not innovative. There is no evidence that anyone involved in writing it is a competent musician. Carly Rae Jepsen sings well enough, but her voice is nothing to shake the foundations of pop music and with the amount of synth in the song, there's no doubt that any problems with her voice were hammered out with computer software.

But none of that really matters, because when we're talking about the merits of garbage, you don't talk about the merits of art. "Call Me Maybe" is a bad song, no way around that. But it is a *great* bad song. It has everything you need to just throw it on and mindlessly enjoy yourself. The lyrics are stupid-cute. The tune is catchy as hell. It's the song to listen to if you just want to dance like an idiot, which is really the best thing to do. If there's a person out there that doesn't smile when this song comes on, I'm not sure I want to know what kind of stuff

"because when we're talking about the merits of garbage, you don't talk about the merits of art. 'call me maybe' is a bad song, no way around that. but it is a great bad song."

makes them smile.

So, yeah, it's garbage, but there's always gonna be garbage music. You don't listen to the radio for music that will make you weep. You scan through shit until you find the least shitty thing out there. And I'd take "Call Me Maybe" over Flo Rida (his name is fucking Florida!), Katy Perry and Justin Bieber any day of the week. ■

créatif stuffé. the cipher

going home

by bethziehl

She was realistic about life, save for one aspect. Only that one did she permit herself to fantasize about. It wasn't often and it wasn't for long, but it always happened on a hilltop not far from her home.

Walking that place was a cleansing experience. No matter how much changed in her life, the hill remained there for her. In a way, it was like going home. A comforting sensation, this, since "home" had proven difficult to assign to a particular location. As for the hill, however, she had been there in all seasons and emotions, and it never failed to offer something new to marvel at. Not once did she tire of the same walk; to her, it wasn't the same at all. The trail wound through a grove of crabapple trees, past a wide-open meadow, into a forest, and finally up a field to the top of the big hill. It was possible to see Boston from the peak on a clear day, but it wasn't the view she hiked for. It was there she went to dream.

She was there in November's chill, crisp air and grey sky hovering low to the ground, only a few days before Thanksgiving. She had returned from a rocky start of college only to find an empty house left by parents, who had moved to the Netherlands. Lonely was the only word on her lips as she detoured up the open field, stepping on uneven terrain made by the dead stalks of hayed grasses, already beginning to freeze. The grasses were stiff and jagged, but she laid down on them and immersed herself in her feelings. She looked up into the vast sky and breathed out her bottled-up sorrow, wishing it were that simple to expel. On her way up the big hill, she plucked the varieties of dead grasses and clustered them into an unconventional bouquet.

In the winter she found the landscape blanketed in white. This time her family was home and she trudged along with them through the snow, wrapped up in her immense teal scarf. She paused once behind them on the trail to look around so as not to miss anything. The tree branches, heavy with snow, hung low over the boot-pressed path and they cast patterned shadows through the forest. She bent down and gathered the snow in her gloves, crunched it together, and then flung it at her unsuspecting brother. The family proceeded to run up and down the trail, diving and ducking to avoid each other's snowballs. She jumped onto her brother's back and he ran forward with her until he

dumped her into a snowbank, laughing. The light was growing dim as they finally hiked up the big hill and layers of light glowed between the trees. Yellow to orange to pink.

At the arrival of spring, she was with her mother and they set out on the bog trail down from the hill. The skunk cabbage was in full force and various green grasses were splayed over the planked path. To her distaste, multiple garter snakes had chosen the wooden path as a prime location to sun themselves. Thankfully, they slithered away at her approach, yielding the trail to the tread of her feet. Mother and daughter climbed the hill past the purple clover flowers and the Queen Anne's lace to the top where they sat and picnicked.

Summer began with a note of sadness when it struck her that she was truly alone for the season in her family's home, cooking dinner for one. Facing the suffocation of loneliness; a girl independent but not whole in isolation. She knew where she had to go. Home. She walked past the apple trees, now lined with purple flowers hosting friendly black and orange visitors that fluttered about. She bent down to touch the ferns that concealed the forest floor. And she ran up the big hill, spreading her arms out to graze the tall sun-dried grasses that edged the mowed trail.

She paused just before cresting the hill, where dwelled the one exception to her realism. It was there she dreamt of meeting a man. For all the times she had wandered there alone, she hoped that he would be there alone, sitting on the stone sunken into the clover. And maybe, just maybe she'd sit down beside him and they would chat about their lives, no restrictions, no justifications, no apologies. Just real, honest talk about who they are. And there she would find the soul she'd been searching for.

She didn't pause long, only enough to take a breath, and pushed forward to embrace whatever lay beyond. Sometimes there were other people, a family perhaps, or someone with their dog. Sometimes it could be all hers. The place didn't ask anything of her, didn't tell her that she couldn't feel one way or another. It just let her be. And sometimes there would be a new trail cut across the field, waiting to be set foot upon. Here, there were endless possibilities. ■

with kerrymartin

Stretch out those hip-hop hamstrings, UVemcees, 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 grill fast food.



I pull to the drive through, I sweat and I panic
The food that I'll consume is more than half inorganic.
These stores are gigantic, titanic, satanic,
Severely underpaying ex-cons and Hispanics.
People cross the Atlantic just to find better beef
But a six euro Big Mac still sells, good grief!
You won't get no relief across the Great Barrier Reef
They either fry our shitty food or our Commander in Chief.
They unethically pump my hot meal with chemicals
I'm skeptical, these chicken nuggets look like cow testicles.
That Dollar Menu looks cheap until you see your bill medical
But you are the customer, your health is expendable.
Nonsensical, obesity once was reserved for the rich
But when you feed your poor garbage, you'll witness a switch.
by phatass phlow-buster kerrymartin

Next week, we picket Columbus Day. The week after, we circumcise Mitt Romney. Send your raps for either week to thewatertownnews@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! ■

killing her softly

by sierramakaris

You need to let this go,

advises my aching girl:
offering me prescience by proxy,
preaching to a choir of one.

It's she who needs to forget,
and I wish I had more to give
in place of all she needs
desperately to excise.

No caliber of feebly organized
"girl time"
will ford this chasm
between the me
she wants
to believe in

and the me she can't
forget she found
gaspin' in the bath, blue and almost
bluer –
the me she can't
forget is still hiding
from extinction,
somewhere beneath my skin.

On that day we still inhabit
she butted heads
with my desire to leave this
world and her still in it,
and the collision broke
her bloody.

I watch her eyes recoil,
unbearably
large and bruised with love,
when I speak two beats too loud
or gesticulate
a dash too volatile,

as though at any breath
I might
descend into violence,
as though it wasn't
really me I tried
to smother that day,

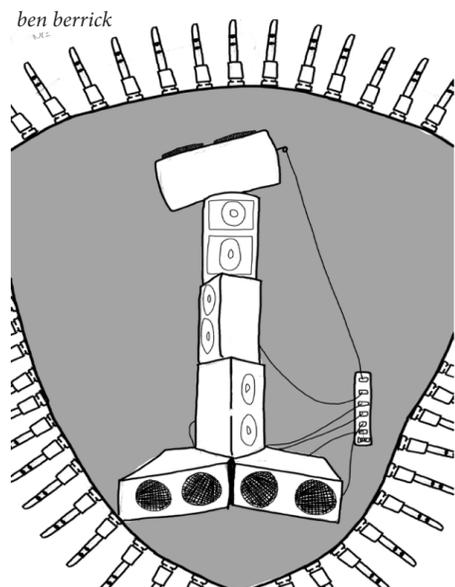
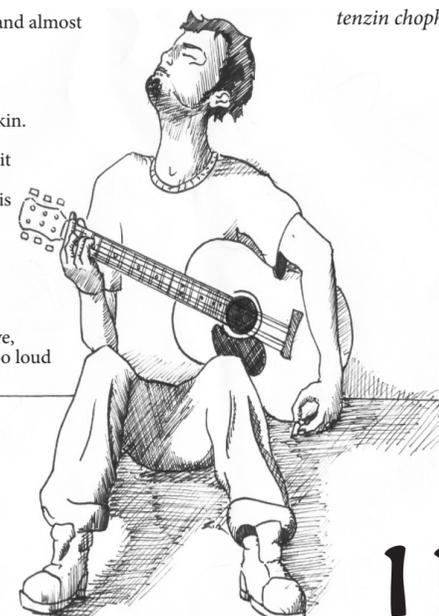
and I might come back
and finish off the job.

safe poem

by katjaritchie

Sometimes when
I make the same mistake over and
Over
I let it unfurl and scream its red, dull
Ringing
And I think, now I've done it
As I sit down in the middle of
Everything
And I take it like a blanket to
Wrap myself up, head
To toe
And it's kind of nice to have something so
Familiar, if nothing else
And I reach my hand out to touch it but
Not so close that I burn
Myself, too.

tenzin chopel



advertisement

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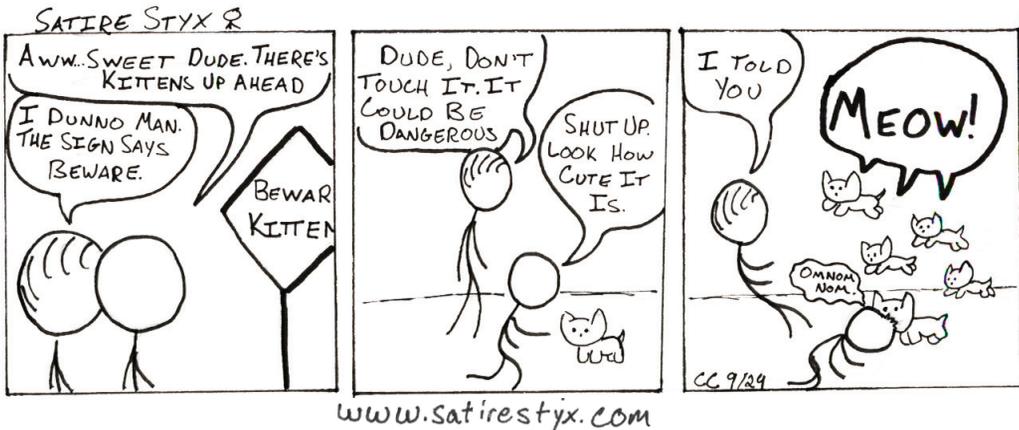
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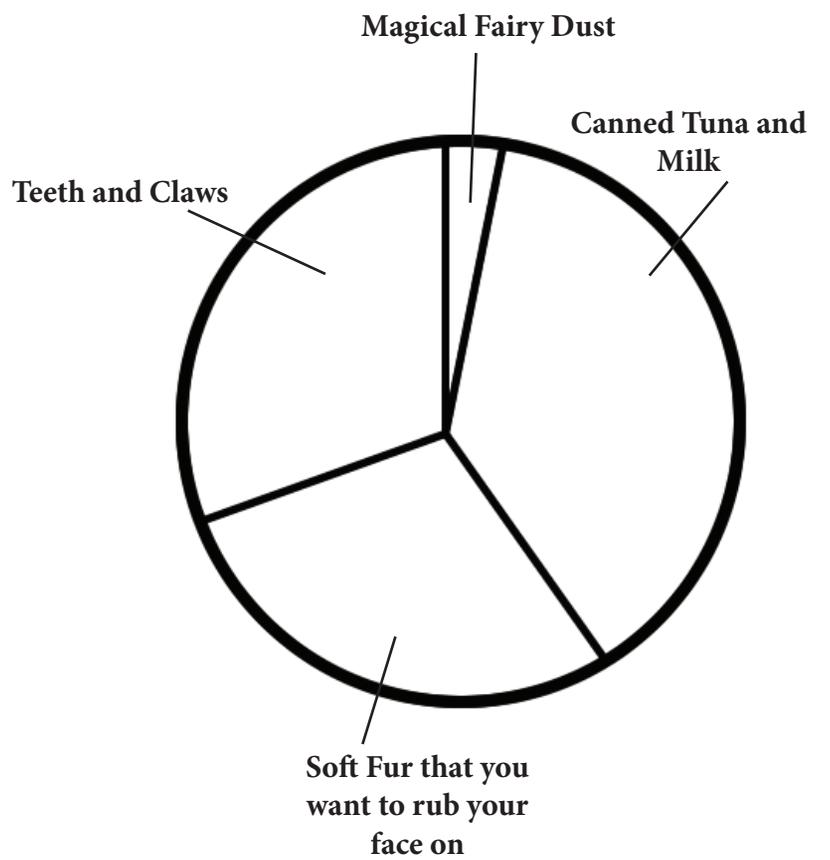
cat litter.



Here at **the water tower**, we know we can be raunchy sometimes. Therefore, with the knowledge that your parents are coming up this weekend, we have decided to dedicate the back page to something wholesome and family friendly. So this week's cat litter is all about the warm, furry, awesome goodness that is the **pussy**.

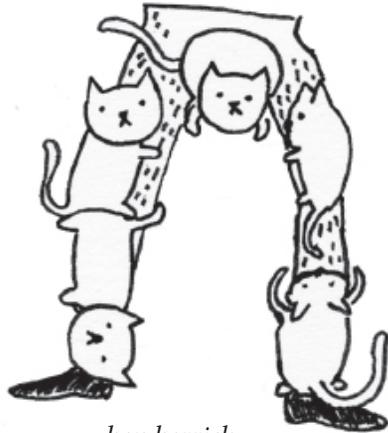


what a **pussy** is made out of



pussy pants

Gotta wear them commando style!



ben berrick

types of pussies

long hair



fierce



short hair



large and in charge



hairless



other



cute

