

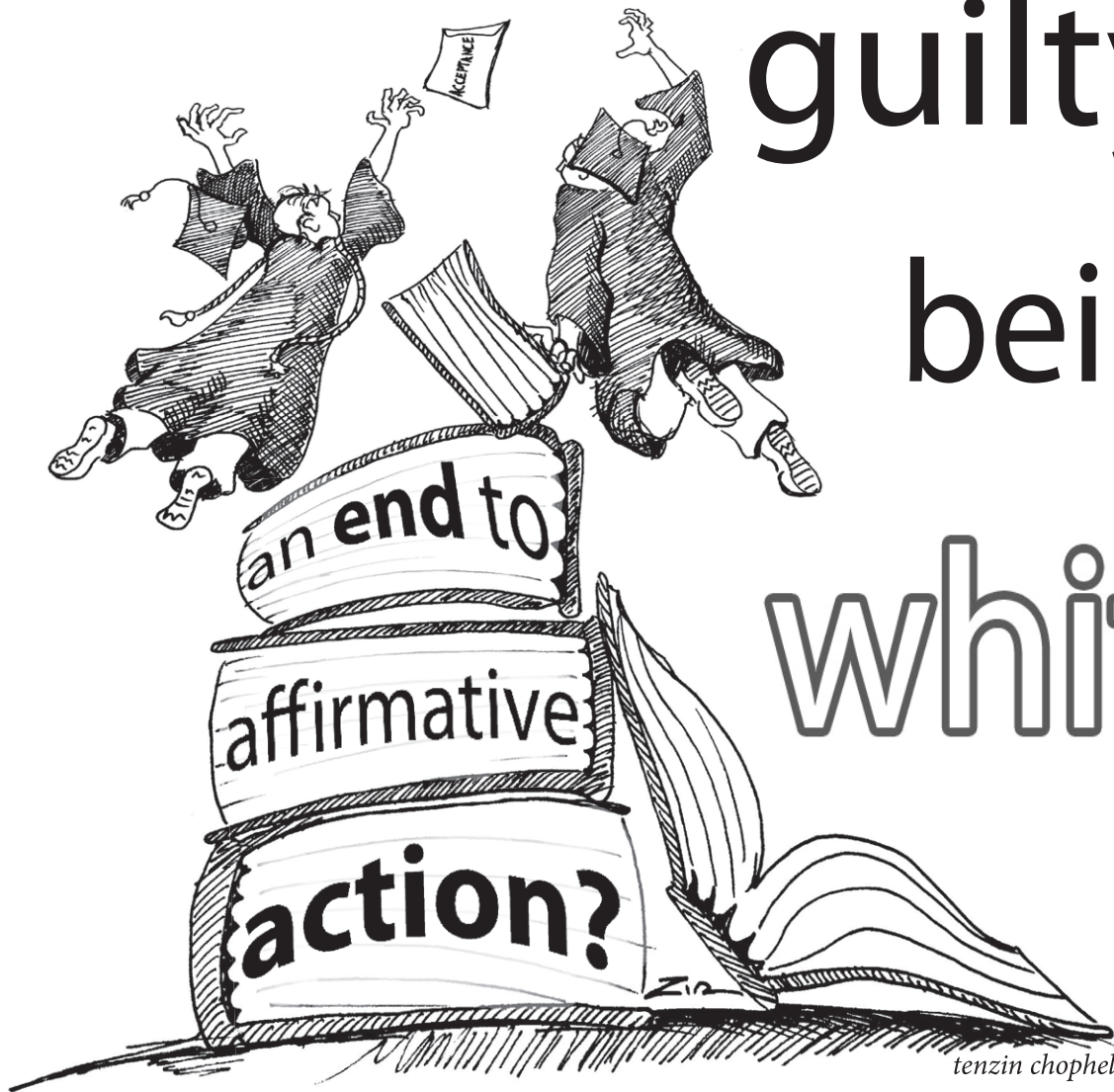


the water tower.

uvm's alternative newsmag

volume 12 - issue 7 - tuesday, october 16, 2012 - uvm, burlington, vt

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



tenzin chopel

guilty of being white:

zooey deschanel, you make me want to vomit.

by laurafrangipane

I rarely find characteristics about someone that drive me this bonkers. I remember when this began though. It began the moment I caught glimpse of you in *(500) Days of Summer*, a romantic comedy that was neither light-hearted nor particularly heartwarming because your character, Summer, breaks Tom Hansen's (Joseph Gordon-Levitt) heart in two and then stomps on it, and stomps and stomps and stomps. Like Tom, I fell in love with your impossibly blue eyes, twee 1950s outfits, bouncy bangs, and voice that sounded like syrup boiling on the stove. And then we saw, Zooey, what you are capable of. Destruction. That not-wanting-a-commitment move? It's the fucking pits, man.

And then, Zooey, I learned more about you. And I cannot say the scales ever tipped in your favor after that brief hour of delusion. You are everywhere now, as America has fallen in love with your "manic pixie dream girl" spirit, a girl who will never grow up and who is just playing grown up. You are defenseless, weak, and appear to need to be helped. The thing that bugs me, Zooey, is that you are a rich actress. You have means and opportunity offered to you, and yet, you seem to never be acting: you play the same character on screen as you do in real life. Where does Zooey end and Jess on *New Girl* begin? I would argue, you are one and the same. You pick up roles that are stale, and nearly always set to indie music; you have no intention to diversify either yourself or your roles. This seems talentless, to merely be yourself on screen, especially when that is something annoying and also encouraging women to be doormats in their relationships.

Crying is not a solution. Teachers don't dress like 20-something Brooklyn blipsters as Jess does. Your constant singing—in character and out of character in your band, *She & Him*—is not endearing. M. Ward deserves better, as your voice is aching, breaking, my heart. It's whiny and contrived and overworked. That commercial for Cotton where you sing "Fabric of Your Life", which played between episodes of *Community* and *30 Rock* for a period, literally makes me want to destroy the servers of Hulu and advertising everywhere.

by lizcantrell

On Wednesday of last week, the Supreme Court heard arguments for *Fisher v. University of Texas Austin*, one of the most contentious cases of this year, maybe even for the Roberts Court. Abigail Noel Fisher, who was denied admission at University of Texas at Austin in 2008, is challenging the university's use of race in its admissions process. Abigail Noel Fisher is white, and if the Supreme Court agrees with her that she was denied admission based on her race, affirmative action in the United States could take a major hit or disappear altogether.

Modern day affirmative action law stems from a 5-4 Supreme Court decision nine years ago called *Grutter v. Bollinger*. The Court held that race could be consid-

ered as factor in the admissions process in order to supplement a university's efforts to create a diverse student body. This case determined that racial quotas were unconstitutional, but a "critical mass" of ra-

if the **supreme court** agrees that she was **denied** admission based on her race, affirmative action could take a major hit or **disappear** altogether.

cial minority students was a valid goal for universities to seek in order to promote diversity, overcoming biases, and create new leaders for the state. The Court also determined that the race-conscious admissions process must be as limited as possible.

UT Austin employs a "Top Ten Program," in which the university automatically accepts the top 10% of all public high school graduates. For remaining Texas students and out of state applicants, the admissions process operates on an individual basis, and race is one of the factors (though it is not supposed to be the deciding one, as stated by the Supreme Court in *Grutter*).

So, who is Fisher, and what is her beef? Well, she is an average twenty-two year old, and recent graduate of Louisiana State University, who just happens to have a job as a financial analyst. Fisher missed the top ten cutoff and was denied admission under the "normal" individual application process.

Fisher and her team of lawyers are

... read the rest on page 3

...read the rest on page 6

get inside me:

famous uvm alums by michaelstorace

oh no, not mono! by staceybrandt

the vibrant intellectual by lizzieschultz

study tunes by jamesaglio

the best news team in the universe.



inbox

Dear **water tower**,

Perhaps this is the wrong venue through which to voice these concerns, and this likely will not go anywhere. However upon looking at the L/L mural survey, I could not choose, because none of the proposed designs should replace the aging mural. Perhaps they will look good for the tours, but they trivialize Vermont life as well as the pastoral origins of our university. Frankly, I would be embarrassed to think that these choices may represent my school, rather than the active voice (that much of our current student bodies excess of privilege may have lost) in world affairs and social justice.

This is not to say that the mural cannot be replaced, it is true that it is aging. But none of what has been proposed belongs on a wall at UVM, and to be honest none of those even belong on the walls of the local public schools. They aren't even that cute. We can do much better, we are planning a mural here not the cover of a daily planner.

verily
~anonymous

Dear anon,
Word. We having nothing to add to this, but the point is well made.

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

Science- Apparently people who are much smarter than I am (nuclear physicists) believe that we're living in a computer program, exactly like the Matrix. To test this, they're going to create a mini universe, and apparently that'll be enough proof. Since when are nuclear physicists so dumb? Wasn't Grand Theft Auto a universe created? Harry Potter? And also, if we were being manipulated into believing we're real, do you really think they'd let us find out? If our "masters" wanted to fuck with us, they'd have told us and made us deal a long time ago.

Science Part 2- According to new reports in Nature, DNA has a half life of 521 years. Meaning even if a mosquito were to go buffet on t-rexs, pterodactyls, stegosauruses, and every other dinosaur, and then were frozen in amber, there's no way Jurassic Park could ever happen with cloning technology as we understand it today. Plan your 85th birthday party accordingly.

The Bodyguard: How the fuck was *The Bodyguard* the second highest grossing film of 1992? I get *Aladdin* winning, and I get *Home Alone 2*, but how the fuck is *The Bodyguard* number 2? Seriously, *The Last of the Mohicans* is an infinitely better film. What Michael Mann did with direction coupled with Dante Spinotti on director of photography, this movie is a beautiful film. Daniel Day Lewis blows it away as Hawkeye, Wes Studi is the greatest villain since the Devil, and Dougie Maclean's composition for "The Gael" make this the ultimate smorgasbord of cinema.

the water tower.

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UVM Art Department Digital Lab

the news in brief with kerrymartin

"The three riders would inject quickly and then put the syringes in a bag or Coke can and Dr. del Moral would get the syringe out of the camper as quickly as possible."

- An investigative report against cyclist **Lance Armstrong** who allegedly used illegal blood-doping drugs (and forced his team to do the same) to win his incredible seven Tours de France. It's true: testicular cancer left this guy with no balls.

"I would much rather go to a baseball game or have a beer with Ahmadinejad than spend time with Obama."

- White Middle-American **Dale Swiderski** in an Onion article that (jokingly) claimed 77% of rural Caucasian voters would vote for Iranian President Mahmoud Ahmadinejad over Barack Obama. State-backed Iranian news agency Fars reprinted the article as fact, and halfway intelligent people snickered worldwide.

"It was abundantly clear: we were not going to get resources until the aftermath of an incident...how thin does the ice have to get before someone falls through?"

- **Eric A. Nordstrom**, who worked at the Libyan consulate the day of Ambassador Stevens' murder, protests the State Department's reluctance to deploy additional security forces. They should consider plastering our embassies with Hillary's stern face to chase away the evildoers.

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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join the wt.
New writers and artists
are always welcome
Weekly meetings
Tuesdays at 7:30 pm
Williams Family 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: Turkey bans Syrian aircraft, because Syria can't even avoid fighting with other nations during a civil war +++ Rio drug busts: what are they going to do, burn the whole damn city? ■

california says you can't pray away the gay (and predictably, conservatives file lawsuits saying you can)

by **laurafrangipane**

On September 29, California Governor Jerry Brown signed a bill banning gay conversion therapy by mental health providers to children and teenagers statewide. Reparative, "ex-gay" or conversion therapy, as it's been called, aims to reverse homosexual, bisexual, or otherwise "deviant" orientation back to a heteronormative state. Brown had until September 30th to veto the bill, which had passed in the Senate and House, and was lobbied heavily by citizens and petitions to give his support to the bill. The bill was co-sponsored by several LGBTQ organizations based nationally and statewide in California.

The bill specifically bans non-scientific "therapies" because they lack scientific basis and cause depression and suicide in gay youth. Mental health providers who choose to provide these therapies, under the ban, will be subject to disciplinary action and could lose their licenses or right to practice. The law affirms that homosexuality and queer behavior is not a disease and cannot be cured. The bill requires adults to sign informed release forms if they choose to receive gay conversion therapy, which under the law is only banned for children.

Many churches and religious organizations recommend parents to send children to "ex-gay" therapy, which has been reported to contain torture (tying children to ice blocks, burning them, beatings, etc.) and misrepresentation or lying (messages like "the government kills all the gays", "being gay is a disease"). Children, wanting their parents' approval and love, often go through the therapy and try to "pray away the gay" or believe strongly they have come out straight afterwards. Many contemplate suicide or have taken their own lives because of the disconnect between actual sexual orientation and living life so deeply in the closet. The therapy assumes that homosexuality is a mental disorder at best, and religious heresy at worst, which is unacceptable and condemned in the scientific community.

lutely essential and I applaud the legislative effort that has gone into it. It will save lives and prevent abuse from day one. Conversion therapy is homophobic, bigoted, and quite frankly, unacceptable in a country that allows LGBTQ people so many other freedoms. Had I been born into a family or community that believed that conversion therapy was essential to change my queer identity, because it was wrong, evil, or otherwise, I could have ended up being physically abused or worse. Children need to be protected from violence and abuse, which is what the law aims to do, besides from affirming LGBTQ identities. ■

Predictably, two lawsuits have already been passed attempting to overturn the law. One, filed by a Christian organization, the Sacramento Pacific Legal Institute, is on the basis of civil rights, the first amendment and equal protection, and the other, filed by a conservative-minded group, Liberty Counsel, representing The National Association of Research and Therapy of Homosexuality, states, that the conversion therapy does not attempt to "change" anyone, but merely offer options and pressure to do so. These groups believe the law banning conversion therapy prevents parents from providing adequate care for their children, and freedom of choice, fearing a nanny state. These groups are misguided, ignorant, and ignoring the blood on their hands. Conversion therapy is causing mental damage, abuse and stands at odds with the direction the rest of the country is moving on the rights and freedoms of all to choose and act their own sexual orientation. More importantly, there is no medical evidence that these therapies work- one's sexual orientation cannot be changed.

Meanwhile, other states are drafting similar legislation to enact bans. California's law goes into effect January 1, 2013. This legislation is absolutely essential and I applaud the legislative effort that has gone into it. It will save lives and prevent abuse from day one. Conversion therapy is homophobic, bigoted, and quite frankly, unacceptable in a country that allows LGBTQ people so many other freedoms. Had I been born into a family or community that believed that conversion therapy was essential to change my queer identity, because it was wrong, evil, or otherwise, I could have ended up being physically abused or worse. Children need to be protected from violence and abuse, which is what the law aims to do, besides from affirming LGBTQ identities. ■

"these groups are misguided, ignorant, and ignoring the blood on their hands."



political cartoon by kevin kennedy

AFFIRMATIVE ACTION-

continued from page 1

contending that the university's race-conscious policy goes above and beyond what the Grutter decision requires. They claim that because the Top Ten program creates a diverse student body (which the university admits), race shouldn't be considered as a factor in the rest of the admissions process. However, it's not really about whether Fisher "lost her spot" to a minority student. The central question is whether the University of Texas' goal of achieving a "critical mass" of minority students is limited enough to pass what the Supreme Court said in Grutter without creating a "quota".

The controversial nature of this case is self-evident. Proponents of affirmative action are calling Fisher out as a privileged white girl who's just pissed she didn't get into her top choice. Maybe that's true, maybe it's not. Those on her side are saying that "discrimination is discrimination", and that admissions should be 100% merit based. Fisher said, in one of her only interviews since this whole Texas showdown began, "I don't think that we even need to have a race box on the application."

There are a couple of quirks in this case, one of which is whether Fisher has standing to bring it at all. According to UT, Fisher wouldn't have been admitted to the university's freshmen class anyway, regardless of her race, because the quality of her academic record was not high enough. Plus, in the time it took for this case to reach the Supreme Court, Fisher

already graduated from LSU, so many are saying that the case is moot.

Another wrinkle in the case is that Justice Elena Kagan recused herself. She was Solicitor General when the Department of Justice filed an amicus curiae brief (meaning "friend of the court", but way fancier and pretentious sounding) in the Fisher case. So that means the decision will be made by eight justices, and people are tweaking out that it could be a 4-4 split if perennial swing voter Justice Anthony Kennedy sides with the university.

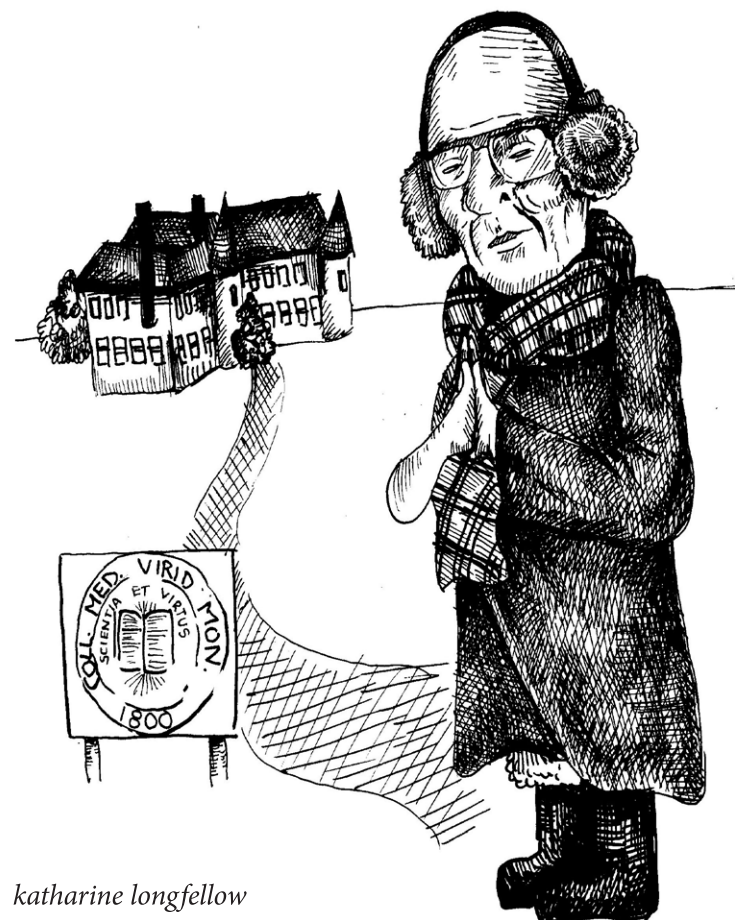
All in all, there are a couple of ways this could turn out. The Court could agree that Fisher didn't suffer any injuries and has no standing, thus making no decision on the case itself. It could verify the university's policy and uphold affirmative action. It also could split the difference and say, "sure, you can have a diverse student body vis-à-vis something like the Top Ten program, but you can't have individual race-conscious decisions". Or, it could overturn Grutter and rule affirmative action unconstitutional.

What this means for college admissions is up in the air, and we won't know the Court's decision for months. Until then, poli sci wonks will be pulling out their hair trying to figure out if affirmative action is "doomed". Cue the political drums of war, because both sides of the boxing ring of American politics will undoubtedly have strong words over this. ■

dalai lama pays his respects

So the Dalai Lama came to town this weekend. By "came to town", we mean "went to Middlebury College". Oddly enough, it was his third visit there. Guess he really likes leaf peep-

ing. He spoke about "Cultivating Hope, Wisdom, and Compassion," something we can all use a lil more of. Here's to His Holiness. -Eds



katharine longfellow

around town.



notable uvm alums

by michaelstorace

This past weekend was alumni weekend, and the University of Vermont readily welcomed home its graduates with a colorful tent in front of the Bailey-Howe library and with the 5th anniversary of the Dudley H. Davis Center. Parents and graduates flooded the campus, filling the DC, the library, the dorms, and my private space. Let us take a moment to recognize our prestigious university's notable alum as they fall into three distinct categories.

It appears that the most universally recognizable alumni both by UVM students, and the public at large, are dropouts. Ben Affleck is a famous actor who stars in some of my favorite movies such as *He's Just Not that Into You*

and *Gigli*. By far his best movie is *Good Will Hunting* where he lays bricks and talks in a Massachusetts accent. Ben only attended UVM for a semester, however, before he transferred to Occidental College in Los Angeles.

Trey Anastasio, the frontman of the groovy jam band Phish, is another famous dropout. It was at UVM that Phish saw its inception. Here Trey met Jon Fisherman, the percussionist, Mike Gordon, the bassist, and Jeff Holdsworth, a founding guitarist of the band. The group hosted a radio program, Ambient Alarm Clock, and performed some of their first performances on Redstone Green. Trey Anastasio, however, did not graduate from UVM, but instead transferred to Goddard College in Plainfield, Vermont.

Another famous non-graduate is Cyra Zarghami, one of the founding members and current president of Nickelodeon network, which houses the most popular children's

television show in the history of the planet: *Spongebob Squarepants*. If you did not watch this show as a child, then God have mercy on your soul. Zarghami left UVM in '85 and immediately started at Nick. UVM gave her an honorary degree in 2000, and she spoke at graduation last year, bringing with her Tom Kenny and Bill Fagerbakke, the voices of *Spongebob Squarepants* and *Patrick Star*.

The next category of notable UVM alumni are those that you have probably never heard about. The most outstanding of these is Eric Lipton, class of '01, who is currently an investigative reporter for *The New York Times*. He won the Pulitzer Prize while working for *The Hartford Courant* for a series of pieces on the Hubble Space Telescope and the flaws of the United State's space program. He was then promoted to *The Washington Post* and later *The New York Times*. It was here that he was catapulted to fame for his eight month work on Rudy Giuliani and his handling of the 2001 terrorist attacks at Ground Zero. He then co-authored *City in the Sky: the Rise and Fall of the World Trade Center*. While at UVM he worked for *The Cynic* (boo), and he advocates students to both "distinguish themselves" and to "choose the hardest classes possible."

Another unknown graduate of UVM is John Hilton '68, who is the CEO of Bessemer Trust, an investment company that manages about \$43 billion. Despite his current success, Hilton confesses that UVM "offered him no help career-wise" but instead "taught him how to live." Maybe this is just me, but wouldn't students "learn how to live" no matter what college they attended? The last member of this category is Michael Stackpole, *The New York Times* bestselling fantasy and science fiction author. He graduated from UVM in '79 with a bachelors degree in history and started his career in video game design. He then went on to write the *BattleTech* series, a couple *Star Wars* series (because we needed more of those), and a few other fantasy series. This nerdy author lets his inner politics shine in dedicating most of his novels to figures such as John McCain and Al Gore.

The last category of UVM alumni are hockey players. Leading the banner of famous hockey players that have graduated from our currently suffering hockey program include Martin St. Louis, Tim Thomas, and John LeClair. Tim Thomas is a character that all Boston Bruins fans cherish. He graduated from UVM in '97, won the Vezina Trophy in 2009 and 2011 as the NHL's best goaltender, and led the team to a Stanley Cup Victory in the latter year. John LeClair played 16 seasons in the NHL playing the majority of those seasons with the Philadelphia Flyers where he was a member of the infamous Legion of Doom line with Eric Lindros and Mikael Renberg. LeClair is a native Vermonter from St. Albans, graduated from UVM in '91, and won the Stanley Cup in 1993.

Martin St. Louis is currently a right winger for the Tampa Bay Lightning. He graduated from UVM in '97 and holds records with the hockey program in highest overall points, highest overall assists, and third overall goals. He played on the same team as Tim Thomas as they both graduated the same year. He was a three time NCAA all-american and three time Hobey Baker Award finalist (which is awarded to the NCAA player of the year). He went on to the NHL and had a career season in 2004 winning the Stanley Cup, the Hart Trophy for most valuable player to his team, the Lester Pearson award as league MVP, and the Art Ross Trophy for leading goal scorer.

Not too shabby for University of the Green Mount, eh? ■

"hilton confesses that uvm 'offered him no help career-wise' but instead 'taught him how to live.'"



julianna roen

happy hour week 7: sherlock

with bendonovan and georgeloftus

Dear Readers, This show is freaking awesome. Every episode is around an hour and a half (sometimes longer), but the writing is top notch, the acting is superb, and the pacing is flawless.

The only warning though is that it's sort of a smart show. So if you need recaps to remember that Jim is married to Pam on *The Office*, or that Rob Lowe is perfect looking on *The West Wing*, maybe this isn't the show for you. Except you're in college and I really hope you can comprehend the simplicity of a fucking tv show. If one more person asks me "what happens" after something painfully obvious happens I will beat the fuck out of you so hard you'd think your car/child just got stolen at steel-toed boot-point.

This show works exceedingly well, so it might a good one to play with water. As always be safe, be smart, and don't vomit. You're a teenager-twentysomething in college, not Amsterdam. Keep your shit in check.

Love, George

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.

Sherlock (BBC)

- Whenever clues are made blatantly obvious (this includes extreme closeups during Sherlock's inspections).
- Whenever Watson/Sherlock's sexuality is questioned.
- Every time you realize Moriarty is either behind the scenes/just an Irish version of the Joker. But more pale.
- Whenever Sherlock speaks for more than 10 seconds uninterrupted
- Whenever Watson fucks something up with a girl (then-current girlfriend, unsuccessfully hits on a girl, etc.)
- Whenever Sherlock is such a twat you want to remind him why the British lost the Revolutionary War (whether he's being pretentious or excessively British).
- Whenever text appears on the screen for the convenience of the viewer.
- Whenever the cops give Sherlock a hard time in spite of his astounding track record.
- Whenever someone gets lost in one of Sherlock's explanation.
- Every time you wish Mrs. Hudson was a relative you could visit in real life.
- Whenever Sherlock does something so awesome you don't care he's a twat, you just want him to be your big spoon.

Finish your drink: when a case is solved! Yes, this includes minor cases too, such as the man who dies by the river in Series 2 Episode 1. No, that's not a spoiler, it's a detective show, dumbass, of course he solves it. ■

101 things to do at uvm before you graduate... and why most of them are dumb:

a personal progress report (part 2)

by georgeloftus

The deeper I get into this list made by class council, the more sad I get. So many of these "must do" things are just not important, or worse, irrelevant to time spent here in Burlington. Some of them are just Vermont hubris, and others you'd do regardless of some school sponsored scavenger hunt. "Drink out of a mason jar at Brennan's"? A) You don't have a choice and B) who cares!?

- 26. Get Multiple free cones on free cone day: only reason my breasts were bigger than my ex's last year. We're in college; we're poor. We'd do this even if it weren't a list. **Verdict**: too obvious.
- 27. Go to the Mardi Gras parade: One of the best days to day drink in Burlington, hands down. Except for any part of the week that ends in "day". Why wouldn't you go to a parade less than a mile away where you can drink publicly? **Verdict**: even more obvious.
- 28. Drink out of a mason jar at Brennan's: A necessary evil, but sometimes my flask runs out before my film screenings and I don't like going to those dry. **Verdict**: I don't like reinforcing dumb VT behavior (drinking out of mason jars, dreadlocks, etc.), but sometimes a dude needs a Switch-back.
- 29. Jump off Red Rocks: Heights are stupid, but this place is gorgeous. **Verdict**: necessary.
- 30. Have a snowball fight: there was a fight three years ago that involved literally everyone on Athletic campus. I'm not joking. It looked like the Battle of Minas Tirith. It was awesome. One of the coolest things that I've ever seen. **Verdict**: Vermont doesn't own snowball fights. But if they're between campuses, unleash hell.
- 31. Do Community Service: Vermont Children's Magazine. I won't say how it went. **Verdict**: doing community service makes me feel a lot better about stealing pens from the Davis Center.
- 32. Take a trip to Montreal: Dude... you NEED to go to Montreal. It's like Europe, there are almost no rules there. You want every woman there to be the mother of your children and you want to congratulate every guy on how good looking they are. **Verdict**: you should've done it well before this article.
- 33. Ride the late night bus: Sometimes I get on outside my apartment at Pearl St. Beverage and ride it to the Mobil just to get to bars sooner... **Verdict**: too obvious.
- 34. Have a crepe at the Skinny Pancake: You know, I've actually never been to Skinny Pancake. Cue hate mail now. CONVINCING me it's worth going to. **Verdict**: A) free advertising B) I'd rather get a country fried steak at iHop C) did you get the joke yet?
- 35. Plan your second semester schedule around being able to hit the mountains five days a week: No, but I usually do plan it around being able to go to the bars five nights a week... does that count? **Verdict**: important to include.
- 36. Give Blood: Every chance I can. I feel a lot less guilty about illegally parking at the Red Cross if I do that... **Verdict**: everyone who can should be giving blood.
- 37. Have a grilled cheese from Feel Good: Good food, good cause. Although seeing the ingredients does sort of make you feel like you're getting ripped off. **Verdict**: at least once. Worthy.
- 38. Go to Karaoke night at Brennan's: In the most polite of ways I have better things to do, like read books about stamp collecting or fellate a used q-tip. **Verdict**: only after you get a gold star on a book report.
- 39. Invest in a reusable water bottle: Yes, but I don't pour water into often. **Verdict**: dumb, but harmless.
- 40. Go abroad: Check. You should do it too. Best year of my life. **Verdict**: necessary, but expensive.
- 41. Play an intramural sport: I don't really enjoy things that like "moving", so... If there was intramural gameboy or snakes and ladders I'd probably be on board. **Verdict**: I really hope you're doing more than studying/drinking/smoking while you're here.
- 42. Attend a Class Council Event: I don't even know what that is. **Verdict**: self-advertising.
- 43. Go to a Professor's Office Hours: Only reason I've passed 40% of my classes; the pity of my professors. **Verdict**: unavoidable. Unless you're Rain Man.
- 44. Have lunch at the Waterman Manor: is that in the basement of Waterman? Doesn't matter, it's probably expensive and average. **Verdict**: unnecessary.
- 45. Learn How to Sign Up At the Gym: What the fuck does this even mean? Like on the treadmill whiteboard? I thought everyone had access. **Verdict**: YES. GO TO THE GYM. IT'S FREE.
- 46. Go to a Jam session at Slade: If I wanted to be surrounded by people on hallucinogens who keep their urine in mason jars because it's better for the environment... I'd think about going to a jam session at Slade. **Verdict**: I haven't yet, and I'm still breathing.
- 47. Visit the UVM farm: Yeah, I love going to things that smell like e. coli and decomposition. **Verdict**: some people like horses?
- 48. Ride the City Bus: I don't get why they pretend this is important/hard to do. **Verdict**: dumber than #28.
- 49. Play frisbee on Redstone Green: If you're asking if I've smoked pot at UVM and skipped a class, then yes, I have played frisbee on Redstone Green. **Verdict**: ok.
- 50. Learn a foreign language: Yes, no thanks to UVM though. **Verdict**: everyone should do it anyway.

how to survive at higher ground!

by caito'hara

Some will tell you the best way to do this would be to just not go. But I'm of the mentality that we only live once, and fuck it, let's do it. I love going to shows and Higher Ground, for all its tiny size, moderately shitty location, and deafening acoustics, is still an awesome place to see one. With that being said, proper prior planning prevents a piss poor experience. There are things to consider both before and during the show.

First and foremost comes footwear. In theory, you'll be on your feet for most of the night and thinking about your footwear prior to walking in the door can lead to a much more pleasant time. If you're going to a dubstep/electronic/house show, sneakers will generally be ok. They're great for dancing your ass off, but will offer more toe protection than say ballet flats or flip-flops. (Note: Just say no to flip-flops for all shows. They're easily ripped off and you have no idea what's been on that floor...) Are punk, rock, or metal more your style? Well good luck finding a show! I kid, I kid. But consider breaking out your old school Doc's and enjoy hucking yourself around the pit without breaking your toes. Chuck's are also acceptable, but offer very little resistance when that one asshole trying to destroy people comes down on you. Overall, consider what you'll be doing for most of the night and plan accordingly.

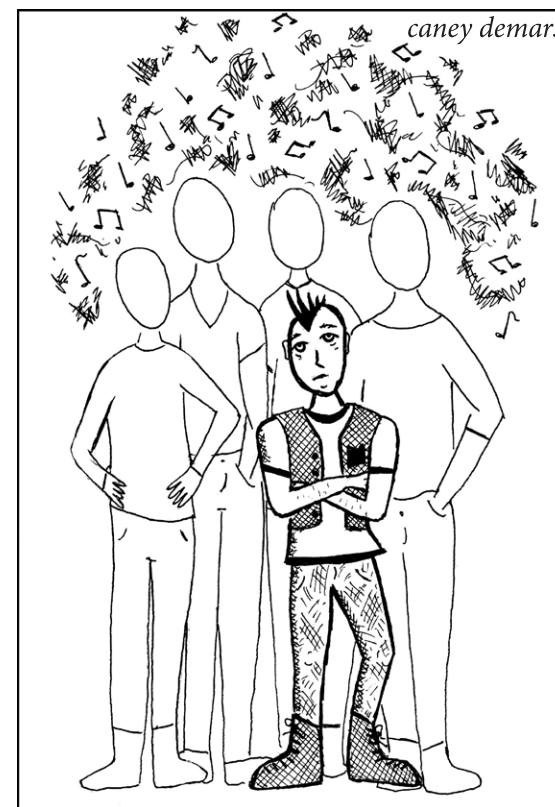
So you're getting pumped and getting a little twisted, all in good fun right? Oh hell yea! But, especially for us under-agers, consider security. I'm all for going to a sweet show intoxicated on something, but Higher Ground reserves the right to turn you away, throw you out, and even call the cops (there's generally a couple there anyway) if you appear to drunk and under 21 or are just way to messed up. I've seen people dragged out, both just by security and in cuffs. If you can handle your shit, you're pretty safe. And it would take more digits than I have to count all the kids I've seen dipping, snorting, and popping de-ity only knows what. My point is you don't want to get kicked out or worse yet completely denied entrance to a show you've paid damn good money for. Have your fun; just be aware of your limits. And remember; keep your eyes open.

Being cynical, I'm assuming that most of you will go to shows somewhat intoxicated. One thing that you really need to be careful of is hydration. Passing out wouldn't just ruin your night, but probably your friends' as well. Now we're all courteous people, and the simplest solution presents as just buying a bottle of water. And then you find out they

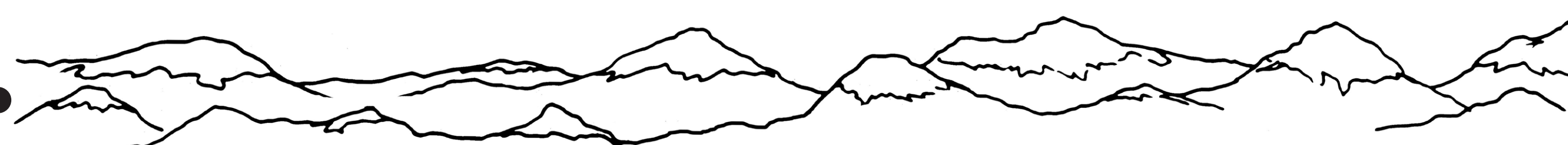
charge your first-born son for it. Thankfully, Higher Ground has a water fountain and they try to keep cups stocked next to it. Use it, abuse it. Making sure that you drink enough water will ensure that you can stay on your feet longer, and will do wonders in reducing the intensity of the next morning's hangover.

I am a small person. The majority of people at any show I've been to have had both height and weight on me. As such, I've had to learn how not to get my ass kicked. For punk shows, that generally means staying out of the pits (though more power to you if you can rock it!). You wouldn't think dubstep would be nearly as dangerous, but let me tell you, it so definitely is. I have found that people are way more messed up at any electronic music show I've been to than any others. And as such, they tend to have fewer regards for those around them. Watch for elbows! If you get nothing out of this beyond one point, let it be this one. Elbows are easily the most dangerous body part encountered while busting a move. They're sharp and they tend to get thrown around with little care. Try your damndest not to catch one to the face and don't be afraid to speak up if it seems like you're going to get hurt. You paid just as much as they did to be there, and I can't guarantee people won't be assholes about it. But it's much better than trying to explain that black eye the next morning. Elbows are the worst, but as a general rule, watch out for anyone 6+ inches taller than you are. They tend to not notice those beneath them....

I'm sure you all have your own opinions on this and if you have your own methods and they work then use them! This is just meant as a "Hey, here's some things I've noticed about how to have a better show experience." Above all else, have a blast and rage hard. Enjoy the show and good luck with survival! ■



reflections.



ZOOEY DESCHANEL

continued from page 1

Your childhood sounds amazing, and you don't even appreciate it. You traveled a lot, but you claimed you hated it and the food sucked and whaaa you just wanted to live in LA and go to your prep school. You went to school with Jake Gyllenhaal and Kate Hudson. WOE IS YOU, ZOOEY. Your stupid body can't digest eggs, dairy, or gluten and I don't even feel bad for you.

You and Ben Gibbard were married for TWO years and you go and file for divorce... citing "irreconcilable differences"? You don't do that to the genius of The Postal Service and Death Cab and soundtrack to my high school breakups. You ARE Summer, aren't you!?

Hellogiggles, your side project website, is basically just a Hipster Cosmo full of airheaded articles encouraging women to be oppressed by the patriarchy and contemplate the deep dark meaningful art of nail design. What?! That's your side project? Why aren't you doing charity work or making PSAs or saving animals or something?!

You can't even spell your own name right, Zooney. I feel sorry for you. You're named after a dude in a J.D. Salinger novel and people like me say your name the way it's written just out of spite. It's clear I can never respect you. ■

iphone 5 brings an update for the peasants

by patrickmurphy

Unless you're my mom, who is over the age of 50 and has plugged her iPhone into a computer all of three times, you have some inkling that there is a new iPhone on the market and with that, a new operating system. iOS 6 was released September 19th and with it came a plethora of new features, yet also flaws. However, each iPhone reacts differently to these potential problems, since every iPhone is different. iOS 6 was tailored to the new iPhone 5, but anyone with at least a 3GS, or even an iPad, can utilize the new operating system. In my opinion, the new update is worth getting even with the flaws. If you have yet to fully utilize the new system, or have yet to even download it, read this article as a sort of "Possible Side Effects label."

In general, my iPhone has been acting strange since downloading iOS 6, however

some of the new features are quite nice. The slide-to-unlock button works less, iTunes lost the ability to remember what song I was listening to after I paused it, and while trying to move the new Passbook app my phone crashed twice. These are probably the most obnoxious problems linked to the new update since everything else is running smoothly. Some of the best new features are the panorama photo assistant (only for the iPhone 4S unfortunately), the update on Find Friends, guided access, new ignore call features, and, everyone's favorite, the new bundle of emoji, but things to be afraid of are the Facebook integration and the new Maps update.

Let's start with the bad and move on to the good. Facebook is on its decline and seems to be grabbing at straws to reel people back into it. Its become such a chore to check your Facebook since there are 5,000 different functions it does now. Bigger isn't always better Facebook: most of us miss the days of your humble beginnings. Upon updating to iOS 6 you are given the option to integrate Facebook into your phone; DO NOT DO THIS. I made the mistake clicking yes not knowing the consequences. My calendar is now plagued with useless events like "Bring Barstool Foam Tour to Burlington!!!" I don't even remember accepting that event but it apparently lasts an entire calendar year. Your contacts will also be altered, in a creepy way. Usually people just have a name and a phone number, but Facebook will go in and fill in the rest of their contact card with all of their emails, birthday, and home address. The silver lining is that this part of the update is that its 100% optional.

Problems with changes in Maps are fairly minor in comparison to Facebook, but these modifications cannot be avoided. Maps added turn by turn directions and a fly over feature. However, the layout sucks, as it is designed to assist someone as they are driving so it's more voice-oriented than visually-oriented. I've also heard multiple accounts of people getting lost or being taken on wild-goose chases since updating Maps, so be warned of this one.

Do not be completely discouraged though! Never discount the beauty of being able to send corn emoji to other iPhone users. It's something we've all been waiting for. The emoji collection has exploded with new vegetables, animals, emotions, and a whole lot more of that "!?!#" category. One thing I did find upsetting, however, was the continued lack of black people. C'mon Apple: you have an entire Mexican family, practically every other race, and even emotions for cats but you cant add some black people to the emoji line? Rude.



The Find Friends update really only applies to people like me that already went to the trouble of downloading and setting up an app that tracks the movement and locations of your friends with iPhones, but its new features are incredible. I can now get updates when people arrive or leave from various locations! It takes consensual friend stalking to a whole new level. Find Friends is definitely worth downloading if you don't already have it, just be prepared

"upon updating to ios 6 you are given the option to integrate facebook into your phone; do not do this."

for that awkward "Hey, so can you give me your Apple ID so I can track your movements at any time?" conversation.

Here are the final features that redeem this update The panorama assistant is fairly self-explanatory. I apologize if you don't have the 4S, because the Vermont scenery at this time of year is prime panorama quality. And finally, there's the new call ignoring feature—you can send preset text messages immediately upon ignoring a call informing the caller that you are busy and will call them back. Then there's guided access which is basically a temporary parental lock you can put on your friends when they use your phone. Once activated, the app that you're on can't be left without a password, and you can even restrict portions of the screen from use! Definitely something to look forward to.

Ah iPhones, forever changing and ever so complex, you're like the girlfriend I never had. You're the best thing I'll get until then though, so keep up the constant maintenance and care. ■

what hollywood failures have taught me about love

by rebeccaaurion

A few weeks ago, the announcement came out about Will Arnett and Amy Poehler ending their marriage. Not only did this break my heart, but also I'm sure thousands of others suffered the same disappointment and confusion that I did. Most of the shock, for me at least, was due to the fact that Arnett and Poehler seemed so damn perfect for each other. It just goes to show, however, that even the most seemingly ideal Hollywood couples are susceptible to the same relationship problems as the rest of us. So in light of all these recent breakups (Arnett and Poehler, Katy Perry and Russell Brand, Robsten and TomKat, to name a few), here are some lessons that clearly celebrities, and the rest of us, could stand to be reminded of.

Note: In most of these rules, Brangelina will have to be excused. Given that Angelina Jolie was obviously made by scientists and is no way an actual human being, her relationship with Brad Pitt defies all logic: they met on a film set, he cheated on Jen Aniston with her, they adopted dozens of im-

poverished children, and they're both mega stars, yet they're still together. But they're the exception, not the rule. So don't start adopting Ethiopian orphans with your sweetheart thinking it will save your relationship.

Of course, even if a couple, celebrity or not, follows these rules, some breakups are inevitable. If two people are wrong for each other, the relationship won't work out, no matter how much effort both parties put in. It's really as simple as that. But that doesn't give anyone the excuse to half-ass a relationship, not by any means. Basically what I'm trying to say here is use a little common sense, people. I'm not guaranteeing a perfect relationship by following these 'rules', not at all. Think of them more as friendly reminders if you'd like. And every relationship, celebrity status or not, is different, and no matter how 'perfect' a couple may seem, you never really know what could happen.

But in all honesty, if Ellen and Portia break up, the apocalypse is nigh. Have your shelter materials at the ready.

1. **Stop. Fucking. Cheating.** Seriously, people, this should be common sense. But it still happens all the damn time (K-Stew, I'm looking at you. Honestly girl, what the hell were you thinking? In broad daylight, with your married director? You shouldn't be losing jobs over it, but seriously, use your fucking head). Unless you're in an open relationship where having other partners is 100 percent agreed on by BOTH parties within the relationship, if you feel the urge to touch someone else's naughty bits to the point of distraction, just break up already! Seriously, cheating causes more pain in the long run. Just end things with your partner before you potentially pass on god-knows-what to them. And if it's just a momentary urge and you don't actually want to be with that other person? Get the hell over it. Don't have a child with your maid, Arnold.

2. **If one or both partners is batshit crazy, that relationship is doomed.**

I don't care if Tom Cruise was the bee's knees in Top Gun, he's a nut-job now-jumping around on Oprah's couch, getting on Brooke Shields' case for using prescriptions for depression and just generally walking around with a crazed expression on his face. And don't even get me started on the scientology alien theories. Katie Holmes was the sweet young thing from Dawson's Creek before she got with Cruise, and now she just seems like any other exhausted housewife, poor girl.

4. **Take the relationship seriously/Don't rush into a marriage.**

No one will ever convince me that Kim Kardashian's 'marriage' to Kris Humphries was not a sham. Seriously, that had to be a joke, right? Why is it that people like Kardashian can have a marriage lasting mere days (or in the case of Britney Spears, mere hours), while same-sex couples can't get married in all fifty states yet? Come on, America. I'm calling bullshit.

3. **Opposites may attract, but don't always stick.**

Look at Katy Perry and Russell Brand to see what I mean here. She's dancing on stages with candy canes and gingerbread men, and he's writing memoirs of how many women he's slept with. Perhaps it was the oddness of the pairing that drew these two together, but it certainly didn't last. The fact that Brand didn't appear to have met a bar of soap he liked probably didn't help, either. Think about couples like Tim Burton and Helena Bonham Carter. They both prescribe to the same brand of weirdness, and it totally works for them. They've been together for over a decade, and have one of the most solid relationships in Hollywood. So hey, good news! If you think you're too odd to find someone, you're probably wrong!

5. **It's not a competition.**

I mean this in several ways. First off, in the case of celebrities, we've seen many examples of relationships failing when one person's fame or success eclipses the other (Jennie Garth and Peter Facinelli). But there also seems to be this unspoken competition between celebrity couples over who's the most affectionate, the longest-lasting, or has the cutest kids. And everyday couples act like this too. There seems to be this compulsive need to brag about how damn happy you and your partner are. But honestly, it needs to calm down. Putting that kind of pressure on a relationship isn't healthy, and it certainly won't make you happy. ■

mono not me! words of a mononucleosis victim

by staceybrandt

Recently, I was diagnosed with mononucleosis—mono, for short. Before acquirng this virus, I believed it could only be contracted by a certain population of slutty high school girls who trade saliva as if they're brokers at the New York Spit Exchange. I now have quite a different perception of the mono victim demographic as my personal sluttiness can be represented by the number of particular items which I do not possess including: black liquid eyeliner, a cheetah print iPhone case, a cheetah print birth-control case, and/or light-up shot glasses from Cancun. In fact, I believe I contracted mono, not during promiscuous activity, but while passing around the ceremonial wine glass at a convivial Shabbat dinner. Damn it, God! I was just trying to be a good Jew! I digress.

When I gathered my floor-mates to tell them of my unfortunate situation their reactions varied significantly. Sympathetic exclamations of "Aw, you poor baby!" gave way to dramatic preventative measures. Many pulled up their shirts to just below their eyes. (Because apparently I'm known for spontaneously hocking loogies into people's mouths—I was unaware). One girl actually turned and sprinted back into her room before I could explain anything at all.

Additionally, my closer friends began filing frantically through their memories for every diet coke, cereal spoonful, cigarette, and secret we might have shared (not to mention the tequila induced girl-on-girl hookups) which would place my spit in their basic vicinity. I was convinced that I would eventually be summoned to an interrogation and asked to recall my oral whereabouts: "Where was your mouth, precisely, on the night of Friday, September the 20th? ...Answer the question or you will be quarantined!" I assured my floor-mates that I would start wearing a hand sanitizer necklace as well as labeling my drinks, "Infected with Virus."



barry guglielmo

Aside from telling me to rest for about three weeks, the doctor did not give much advice on the mono recovery process. Fortunately for me, a friend living on my floor has declared herself Resident Mononucleosis Expert. You see, each of her three sisters had mono to varying degrees and all three survived. So, upon inquiring the reason I am not permitted to play soccer, or any other contact sport for a month, she explained it's because my "spleen will, like, explode or something." Though she could not elaborate on this sort of internal combustion, it seemed quite unpleasant to me.

"i believed it could only be contracted by a certain population of slutty high school girls who trade saliva as if they're brokers at the new york spit exchange."

I followed up by inquiring the length of time which one is contagious with mono. Basically, when could I start hooking-up again? She said she didn't know, but suggested that I could simply not tell the person initiating the hook-up. This seemed immoral to me considering my decision to become Monotheistic. This of course means that despite experiencing the injustice of mono, I continue to believe there is a God and will not seek vengeance on my fellow man by knowingly passing on the virus. I have accepted my fate. Of course, it will be quite difficult to keep my monolicious lips away from the hottie eyeing me from across the human biology lecture. I've already come up with a pick-up line: "Hey, you see the virus the professor just drew on the board? I'm hosting one just like it!"

Having been asked repeatedly what symptoms I experienced which caused me to realize my illness, I will now accordingly inform everybody of the signs to look out for. You might have mono if: (1) you are sweating like a menopausal woman despite the fact that you are younger than 50, or not a woman. (2) You feel as though you have completed a triathlon after walking from the library to the Davis Center. (3) You have made the recent discovery of neck glands after those in your own neck swelled to three times their normal size. (4) There is a tiny man with a dagger stabbing the inside of your throat every time you swallow. If you are experiencing these symptoms, I would recommend taking a quick trip to the Health Center to get things checked out. As you know, reckless saliva sharing is part of college life, so viruses and other illnesses spread incredibly quickly. Be safe and stay healthy because being sick sucks! ■

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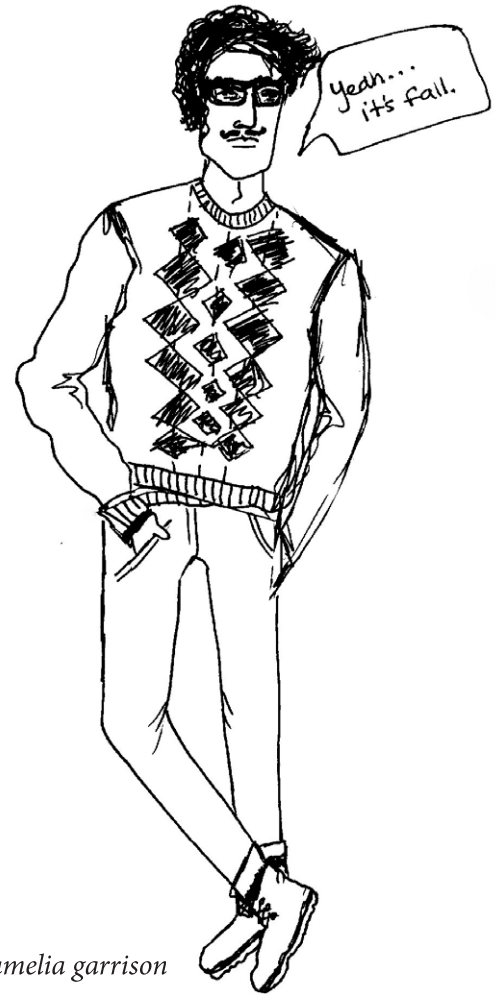
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fashion five-oh.



amelia garrison

the vibrant intellectual: the nerdiness of fall fashion

by lizzieschratz

It's that time of year again. Time to trade in our wedges for boots and put our bikinis in storage till next year. Yes, friends, fall has fallen upon us already, so don't be caught off guard sporting last year's fashions. This year's fall fashion is one for the books, literally. It is heavily inspired by well, nerds. Big sweaters with vivid prints, oxfords, blazers, watches—they come together to form the perfect recipe for a fashionable fall nerd.

This year's trend is truly one of a "Vibrant Intellectual," a girl embodying beauty and brains with her perfectly planned wardrobe. For example, the horrid collared shirts you made fun of while looking at your parents' yearbooks are a staple element of the Vibrant Intellectual's wardrobe. Pair it with a chunky necklace and some boots, and you've got a look that even Miss Havisham would trade her bridal gown for.

Sweaters are a must have. Besides providing warmth, they allow for an easy burst of character; choose a pull-over that says way more than "I was freezing this morning." Need a suggestion? Popular styles in sweaters this fall include animal print, graphic designs and floral designs. Couple one of these printed sweaters with a pair of tan pants, and you will be dutifully fulfilling your fashion requirement for this fall.

Though it may seem daunting, this trend is way easier to master than the Burlington bus schedule. The trick: color placement. When you're donning a navy blue sweater, throw on a bright, turquoise necklace. Although these are in the same color family, the contrasting shades compli-

ment each other, providing a nice pop of color to your ensemble.

All great intellectuals must maintain solid footing within his or her beliefs. Copernicus, for example, firmly planted his feet and declared that the planets revolved around the sun. Similarly, the Vibrant Intellectual will be planting her boots, but she will be doing so in the name of fashion. Practical, stylish boots are a necessity. Big this season are beige or brown leather boots with a slight heel—the boots are durable enough to handle the Vermont mud, while the slight heel gives them a more polished look. Pair them with jeans and a blazer, and these truly become the hypotenuse of the Vibrant Intellectual's fashion right triangle.

Every intellectual knows that there is nothing more crucial than time. Don't get left behind this fall: invest in a fashion forward watch. No, I am not referring to the rocket-ship sized, Go-Go-Gadget watch that Minkus sported on "Boy Meets World." Instead, go for a chic wristwatch that pulls your outfit together while it keeps you on track. The latest watch craze is "WeWood Watches." They are 100% eco-friendly, and for every watch purchased, WeWood plants a tree in that purchaser's honor. Fashionable and environmentally friendly? These watches scream, "Vermont!"

It doesn't take a mathematician to solve this fashion equation. Hopefully, with these tips, fall will be a breeze. Sport a blazer or a sweater, hit the books and unleash that Vibrant Intellectual within. ■

fork it over.



seeds that feed

by jamiebeckett

It's time for your lobotomy, Jack! Jack O'lantern of course. It's pumpkin carving time and I want to see some awesome, crazy carvings. While you may have missed out on the hay rides and corn mazes that defined some of our childhoods, that does not mean you should deprive yourself of the awesome experience of pumpkin carving. Jack O'lanterns have so many uses! From rotting in your room to being the perfect thing for your drunken ass to smash, pumpkins have it all. When else do you get to work with knives and gut something (fishermen, hunters and murderers aside). Pulling out all that pumpkin goop is a messy process that should definitely be done in a friend's room (not my job). After a few hours of controlled cutting defined by precise movements, your pumpkin should look something like mine, a baby who got dropped once or twice. Now that you've made an orange masterpiece, it's time to do something about all those seeds. You see saving your pumpkin seeds and making a nice snack out of them is probably the only practical thing that comes out of the millions of pumpkins cut up for pleasure every year, so don't waste 'em! Here is a recipe to make your taste buds sing and your asshole scream (make sure to thoroughly chew before swallowing).

ingredients

1 egg white
1/4 cup natural cane sugar
1/2 teaspoon cayenne pepper
scant 1/2 teaspoon fine grained sea salt
1 cup fresh pumpkin seeds

instructions

Preheat oven to 375. In a medium-sized bowl whisk together the egg white, sugar, cayenne and salt. Add the pumpkin seeds and toss well. Drain off any excess egg white (using a strainer) and place seeds in a single layer across a baking sheet. Bake for about 12 minutes or until seeds are golden. Sprinkle with a bit more sugar and cayenne pepper when they come out of the oven. Taste and season with more salt if needed.

trash. ear



i want you so bad

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

Your face shows concentration
But I want to see flirtation
Your figure-eight gyration
Has me searching for salvation
You've got me losing the beat
I find I'm stepping on your feet
Not your fault you look so sweet
Dancing with you is such a treat
Square glasses and blond hair
During practice I try not to stare
Even though your smile is rare
It catches my breath and then I need air
If you happen to catch my glance
Don't hesitate to ask me to dance
I'll practice a lot for just the chance
To enthrall you in a fine romance
When: SASS practice
Where: Dance studio
I saw: A fine looking man
I am: A newcomer swooning (eek!)

Blonde hair, pale skin, and cheeks of Autumn hue
Few and far between are girls like you
We've known each other for a year, a little more
You literally were the girl next door
Seeing you makes me feel fresh, like morning dew
Brennan's always tastes better when it's with you
Your smile brightens the day, like the sun at high noon
You may think that's crazy, you may think I'm a loon
But you asked, so I wrote, with this pen in hand
I'm tired of the friend zone, so I prose my last stand
Let's go out sometime.
I am: Slop E. C.

I didn't want for it to have to come to this
But I think I need to be blunt
I gave you blowjobs five days in a row
I deserve to be taken to brunch
If I'm not the kind of girl you'd like to brunch
Then stop giving me eskimo kisses in bed
It's misleading
We can still continue to have sex though, instead
When: true romance doesn't operate on a schedule
Where: bed, desk, chair, floor, unlocked classrooms, my dreams
I saw: a rosy cheeked boy wonder
I am: naked in your bed on a fairly regular basis

Dude I've wanted you since St Patty's Day freshman year,
And I'll blame it on my fears—
My fears of talking to you sober.
But it's just something I'll have to get over.
We've drunkenly made out a couple times,
Which is why I'm making these rhymes.
The last time was at a party with lingerie
But I was too drunk to act risqué.
You were my rugby friend's roommate when we were freshmen,
...and his name may or may not be Hagan.
I undoubtedly think relationships suck,
So really I just want to...hug.
But actually,
I want you SO bad.
When: not enough
Where: hopefully a bed
I saw: a boy with a silly last name
I am: awesome

What a difference a simple movement of the lips can make.
For weeks I've been cuckolded by terror, suspicion, supersition.
Your inquisitive glare across the dining hall chilled my bones to the core. Sparks danced in your eyes, crude panic put me in a paranoid terror. I saw the same eyes of the witch-tormentor from a past I thought that college on the other side of the continent could eradicate. A resurgence of the bitter memories from within my wretched and lonely soul kept me restless, suspicious, and blue.
Black magic woman, I am not afraid of you.
Why? Because I saw you smile.
That smile, short as it was, kicked my senses back into reasonability. The witch tormenter is gone, and before me a beautiful woman sat eating, possibly annoyed by my constant awkward gawk. Elsewhere afterwards, you tried to smile at me. And that brings waves of joyful relief to my soul. And as UVM (and college in general) are begginings of new life, it's time to start fresh.
But the memories of the witch tormenter persist. Let's be friends, and together, we will chase away the darkness. Let the solid bonds of friendship part the clouds, and we can gaze into clear and beautiful moonlight, without suspicion or ambiguity.
Together.
When: Usually mealtimes
Where: Usually Simpson dining hall, but various other points across the campus
I saw: An increasingly-beautiful woman
I am: The guy who normally eats alone

The street in front of Waterman
Guy: *waves at car to go*
Girl in car: *waves at guy to cross street*
Guy: Ok. I try to be the nice black guy on campus...

Outside Harris Mills
Girl 1: We can have a strip club in our room! We'd make so much money!
Girl 2: I'll be your bouncer!

Outside Living and Learning
Girl One: No matter how much you love dick, they're ugly.
Girl Two: I love them, I love what they do for me, but they are ugly.

Outside the Bailey-Howe
Guy talking to Girl: By the fact that you still suck all your parents' money out of them, you are a parasite.

Brennan's Pub
Girl talking to one of her friends at dinner: Aww...you got flowers unexpectedly from your boyfriend? That's so cute!
Guy friend: Consider it a down payment for sex...

Fishbowl in DC
Bro to Bro: My sex life is so desert dry right now that I'd turn myself into a camel just to get a hump or two.

Late night Marche, Friday
Girl: Last night when I was drunk I signed up to study abroad in Ecuador!

E-high, L and L
Girl 1: I CAN'T DRAW UNDER PRESSURE!!!!

10/12/12 in the Davis Center Marketplace
Bro 1: Dude, I'm totally taking a selfie right now! *snaps picture with iPhone*
Bro 2: You would do the duck face.

Oktoberfest
Water Tower Staffer to Bier Girl: Don't worry, we're objectifying your costume, not you.

Davis Center Tunnel, on the way to class
Perplexed bro: How can you go your whole life and never see a penis!?

L & L Main Desk after their shifts were over
Marche employee to another Marche employee: No man should be 24 and a virgin.

Tuesday afternoon, Bailey-Howe 1st floor
Girl to Friend: I'm so uninterested in this topic that I just can't focus. I feel like I'm on drugs.

Heard at Ben and Jerry's
Bro: The more BJ's a get the less likely I am to get a BJ.

L/L Fire Place Lounge
Girl on cell phone in a serious tone: Redstone is like, the most populated place in Vermont.

L/L on a Schoolnight
Guy (bad English accent): What if... your legs... didn't know they were legs?

Bailey/Howe 1st floor, comfy chairs
Biddie 1 to Biddies 2 & 3: Last night someone told me I was sexually frustrated...because I was chewing ice.

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heres to the smart ones the brainy girls whose deep thoughts and shy manner leave me uncomfortable in my pants and more than a little inspired a potent mix
When: every now and again
Where: UVM
I saw: or rather i've met some pretty impressive girls
I am: tired of pedestrian conversation

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

tunes.



the *lull* and the **boom**: music to study to

by jamesaglio

I, like many of you, do homework, often and at great length. There reaches a point in the evening where I am exhausted, cold, and usually the only other person awake and it all just begins to get to me. Quiet can be unnerving, so much so that I think Dune got it wrong; silence is the mind killer, fear has nothing to do with it. In order that I might prevent myself from hallucinating and/or passing out before I finish my work, I enjoy listening to music. Pandora works great for this because I don't have to actively choose the music and it can just stay in a similar genre for hours on end. Not just any music is buona, however, and I've found that there are many types that will not work for a variety of reasons.

First of all, unknown lyrics are right out. They simply will not do. I don't need lyrics to enjoy a song and I don't need to necessarily know the lyrics to a song for some obsessive compulsive reason, but if lyrics are present and I

don't know them, I automatically listen more actively to the song, which is great for artistic appreciation, but terrible for my productivity. So songs that I haven't heard enough times to have just internalized the lyrics are a no go.

So there are two ways around this. The first is to listen to songs I already know, and the second is to listen to music without lyrics. I do both, but I've noticed that the styles I've settled on in both categories stand greatly in opposition to each other.

*"dune got it wrong;
silence is the mind
killer"*

The instrumental music has to be classical, obviously, because if it were jazz I would dance far too much and I am morally opposed to weird po-mo crap. For a while I tried movie scores, but those are specifically designed to augment things like chase scenes, which does not necessarily gel well with translating Greek (and when it does, it would probably be best to listen to something more calming). So classical music is the best fit, and quite enjoyable anyways.

good song, bad song

by lauragreenwood

We all go through stages in our lives when our preference for music surprises even ourselves. Usually when people ask me what I listen to, I respond with something along the lines of acoustic or folk or smooth jams. But scrolling my iTunes, there's stuff on there even I can't explain why I like. Waka Flocka Flame is not just the antithesis of folk music; it's the loud alcoholic great uncle-in-law that everyone just pretends they aren't actually related to when they send out invitations to the annual family reunion. Anyone who's listened to WFF knows that his tracks are completely hit and miss. Sometimes as I'm shredding the gnar, WFF just makes me want to fuck shit up. Other times, my ears bleed when it comes on shuffle. And thus, in **wäfer tower** tradition, I give you my Good Song/Bad Song review on the rapper whose name isn't English, whose beats are in your face, and whose raps ride the rollercoaster of tolerability. Here is Waka Flocka Flame.

BAD SONG: *Karma*

Can you say overload? Waka Flocka is always throwing lots of noise at you during their tracks but this is really too much. In "Karma", there's a gun constantly cocking, some dude shouting "POP", scaling beats, their infamous electronic crescendo, wingmen rappers, church bells (?), etc. It essentially grabs all elements found in classic WFF and smooshes them together into a mess. It's overwhelming and annoying, especially when you're not in the right mindset for that hard WFF sound. Waka Flocka is best at being in your face but "Karma" is just way too much. What I've gathered, the song is about how he's got a gun and a lawyer so watch out. He gives a "shout to the fuck **** who tried to rob me at a Wal-Mart/ Run up on his car it'll be like a Mario Go Kart", so I guess no perpetrator against WFF is safe from his wrath. He certainly may love the "ka-ka" sound from his AK, but I really can't stand the sound of this song. Stick to a simpler beat Flocka and let the hard rhymes sit front and center. That's all I got to say to my Bricksquad member.

GOOD SONG: *Grove St. Party*

When WFF is good, it is all about how they combine their beats with their raps. "Grove St. Party" burns hot like a flocka flame, delivering classic WFF high energy and chaotic rap collaborations. It's loud and it gets you amped. He mentions upwards of every drug slang term rappers use to keep up their cred (and confuse all us non-thug, club-hopping folk). Sure he rhymes "it" with "it" and "mothafucka" with "mothafucka", but it's Waka Flocka Flame! What more do you expect? This song is off the album, *Flockaveli*, arguably the album that put WFF on the map. Loud and proud, WFF announces his rap status ("Broke two years ago, now I'm worth a million") and makes it as clear as possible that he is the party now. (He's got a 100 on his neck? I mean come on, how much more baller can you get?!) Good Waka Flocka Flame gets you amped and feeling frankly like "It's a party". ■



katharine longfellow

Of course, classical music is far too great a category in and of itself, and requires further refining. The area I settled on is the late nineteenth/early twentieth century, specifically the music of Richard Strauss (never the other Strauss), Elgar, Grieg (nothing, nothing at all, is as glorious as busting out a paper to Peer Gynt Op. 23), Dvorak, and Tchaikovsky. The musical style and flow of the late Romantic works perfectly with the never-ending grind of school-work, and it provides just enough playfulness to keep me away from the jaws of despair.

The one stipulation that has become a necessary feature of my classical aural experience is that the volume has to be turned down to almost nothing. For the thing about good classical music is that its notes work in exactly the same way as popular music's lyrics. They draw you in, if you let them, and dance their pretty patterns on your brain. This is my favorite thing about them, but it is also distracting. So only by making the sound miniscule, so that merely the faintest entrancing tones manage to make their sweet, sweet love with my eardrums, am I able to function properly.

So what of the other path? The songs with lyrics I do know, and love? I tried varied styles with this at first as well, but like the instrumental music I found that a great many of my most beloved genres are simply too damn danceable. I'd love it if I could rock out to the Specials or the Clash while writing papers, or translate Plautus while listening to the Talking Heads, but I just can't, they're just too groovy. So I finally settled on classic rock, mostly from the 60's and early 70's. Specifically I typed "The Rolling Stones" into Pandora and did nothing else. I never add new artists, I never like or dislike songs, I just let it roll.

The station plays a more or less even mix of the Stones, Led Zeppelin, the Who, and the Beatles, with frequent occurrences of similarly classic, but slightly less massive, bands (the Kinks, the Animals, et cetera). It could be argued that these bands are no less danceable than any other, but I've found that due to their massive imprint on my life and on modern pop culture in general, I am able to listen to them for extended periods of time without feeling the need to get my groove thing on.

So presumably, then, the same volume rules apply to classic rock as classical music? You would think this to be the case, but you would be wrong. Whereas the classical music needs to be kept low and distant from me, a promise of future listening that could only occur after my damnable work was finished, the classic rock needs to a massive wall of sound. I max out my speakers and let my soul be enveloped by the crushingly heavy 60's blues rock womb. I know every song, as I'm sure most of you would, but I don't just hear them in my ears as my brain anticipates the next note and lyric, I feel them in my entire body. The music permeates my being, supercharging me enough that I can will myself to work for any length of time.

Both of my methods work equally well for me, in their own weird way. I can't say they will work for you, but something will. I suppose that's the moral of this story, that it is important to experiment and find out exactly what you're looking for. You could just suck it up and do your work in silence, but why would you? ■

créatif stuffé.

escape

by bethziehl

I make my typical walk to class in Waterman, passing by the Royall Tyler Theater and the bus stop. Always, I've looked at the parked bus with envy, thinking how easy it could be to get away from all this crap and just go on an adventure. Only today, I pause in front of the bus and give it a once over. "Fuck it," I said. "Fuck it all," and proceed to get on the bus. I pay for my ticket and take my seat, looking out across campus at the losers going to class.

My head bumps against the cold window as the bus speeds along. My great escape. I'm not exactly sure where I'm headed, but at least it's away. I hadn't bothered to ask when I got on because I don't care. The

*"i'm not exactly sure
where i'm headed, but
at least it's away. i hadn't
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passenger beside me mumbled something about Connecticut, so perhaps that is where I am headed. He is linked in to every possible electronic device there is and I'm rather scared to bother him about anything. But that's fine by me because I am in no mood for talking. I amuse myself by peering out the icy window and looking into cars as they pass by, trying to decipher what type of people are driving them. One man drives with an expressionless look on his face and I see him reach down, then chuck a kid's toy into the backseat. He is commuting to a job he absolutely detests, though he probably makes a lot of money because he drives an Audi. He's considering divorcing his wife and finds his children a burden. He doesn't appreciate anything he has going for him. Another car with a ski rack contains a laughing young

couple headed to the mountains for a day of skiing. Both are well educated adventure seekers, but you can see pain behind their laughs. The man lost his father when he was young and the woman is a cancer survivor and despite all that, they are determined to live their lives to the fullest.

Then an SUV drives by and I find myself looking directly at the face of my younger self. My hair is a light blonde and I have bangs cut across my forehead, split down the middle because of my cowlick. Those deep blue eyes glance my way and I smile at how young and carefree I look. My face is slender and I'm bobbing around in the car to the beat of "Tubthumping", oblivious to the lyrics and their meaning. I see images of that girl playing with shaving cream on a table, building Legos with her brother, carving pumpkins for Halloween, and teetering on skis bundled up in horrendously colored ski gear. How simple life was then. If only it could be that way once again. So much has changed since that time. I am

not that child anymore.

"Do you mind if I plug this in next to you?" my neighbor asks.

My train of thought is broken as I look at him. And then I check out the window once more to look for the girl, but she is not there and the car is nowhere in sight. I get off at the next bus stop and head back to school. There is an exam I can still make it in time for. ■

body map

by laurafrangipane

Our bodies tell tall tales. They show our scars: from falls, animals, accidents and burns. They show our weaknesses, our strengths: sinews, muscles, and bone. They show our travels: freckles from the sun, wrinkles from cigarettes, pallor from alcohol. We learn bodies: we learn our mothers and our fathers and our families. We learn our friends: elementary school comparison here to there. We explore our lovers: years later constellations of freckles are burned into our cerebral consciousness. This is my story, my map. Bodies, examined closely, show why and when we are.

My face is scattered with moles, across cheeks and nose. On my forehead are circular indentations from picked chicken pox scabs. On my left upper eyelid is a weird growth, twice removed and examined for skin cancer. It's growing back already, and will bring with it another biopsy, brief black eye, and waiting for answers. A small scar from a mole removal, precancerous, exists slightly left of center. I apply and reapply sunscreen daily as a result.

My arms are unevenly tanned from a summer spent mostly indoors and rarely along the lake. They are weak: incapable of carrying, lifting, or mothering. I struggle with gro-

ceries up four flights of stairs. Scars from self inflicted cuts and burns line both arms, slowly fading into time. My right upper arm used to yell, "FLAWED" and now only whispers, but the sentiment still lies carved into my brain.

My armpits are kept unshaven. People are afraid to sleep with me because of this insult to heteronormativ-

injuries and settled at odds with my leg lines. The scars on my left leg are from a bad fall while running. The scars on my right leg are from a seashell at the beach, and a pet bunny rabbit that did not want to be held.

My top two front teeth are fake, only as of yet discovered by a partner whose parents were dentists. My gum line is lower than I would like on my bottom jaw, which bugs me every time I brush my teeth or floss. My two center bottom teeth are crooked despite wearing my retainer nightly, even when sharing the bed with whomever I'm sleeping with.

One day I will have wrinkles. One day I will have cancer. One day I will have more fat. One day I will have more cellulite.

One day I will have stretch marks from pregnancy. One day my arms will know the weight of a child. One day I will have an indent worn into my finger from a wedding band. One day the whole story will be told. One day my body will be gone, every piece of it. But until then, this is my story. This is my body. ■

ity, urge me to shave, urge me I'd be better clean swept. My feet are narrow. I have long toes, which are bony, and calloused from a summer spent barefoot when possible. One ingrown toenail from ballet. Nail polish, kelly green, still holds on from my 22nd birthday in July, slowly peeling off.

Hyperpigmentation mottles the back of my right leg. Self-harm scars line my inner thighs. My knees are crooked; they floated due to running

the cipher

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 cut Mitt Romney from our tax plan.



I don't mind him cuz he's Mormon, or labels global warmin' As God's Exodus stormin', a Deuteronomist warnin'. I don't even mind the way he gets contributors swarmin', It's all a dirty game and now the Dems are conformin'. But all the misinformin', all the lies and deceit Will cause Romney's campaign to soon become obsolete. He'll let Wall Street cheat and Main Street deplete Until Occupy bums skeet and excrete on his feet. You should talk to the poor, but be careful not to trick 'em. Feed 'em social issues, buy their bankers some tissues. You can talk about war, but be careful how to pick 'em. Don't classic box with black belts in jujitsu. If you interrupt the recovery that Obama instated 47 percent of Americans will wish you castrated.

by okay-with-Obama orator Kerry Martin

Next week, we solve Crossword Puzzles. The week after, we charm Harry Potter. Send your raps for either week to thewatertowernews@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! ■

moon valley

by juliadwyer

In the place between
Acme and Deming
Is the valley of the moon

Drunk, smiling
Blackberry stained hitchers
Beg with thumbs up

"Can't I catch a break?"
Says the man to the rusted Ford Truck

Jordan came from Tennessee
Ridin' in a Volvo
Gettin' a speeding ticket in Colorado

He knew a thing of land
Being a farmer of tomatoes
And having convened with mountains days earlier

When I couldn't sleep past
Sun-up
He'd offer a spliff,
black coffee,
(sweeten it with honey, dear)
and a big mornin' grin

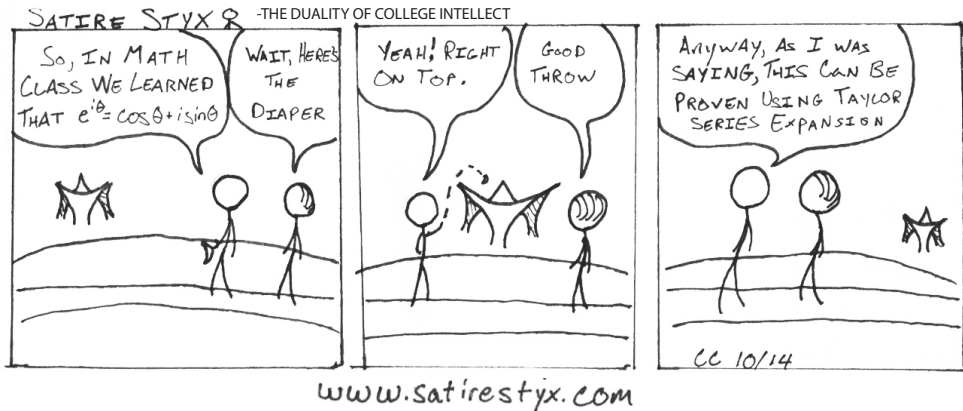
I pissed him off when I broke
The goose yolk.
(Now you're fuckin' up)
I did.
I dug my finger too deep into the cracks.

In the night
We'd get dizzy
Prophecies echoed in the hollow silo
Jordan sang a sad happy tune
Kickin' his head back and whistling
Until the screeching owl awoke
And gave us a great scare

We busted our knees
On the way out

Now the Volvo picks up dust.
We never got the chance to finish that
Scrabble game
So I guess
I won.

cat litter.



The Boa Constrictor is The Loneliest Animal on the Planet

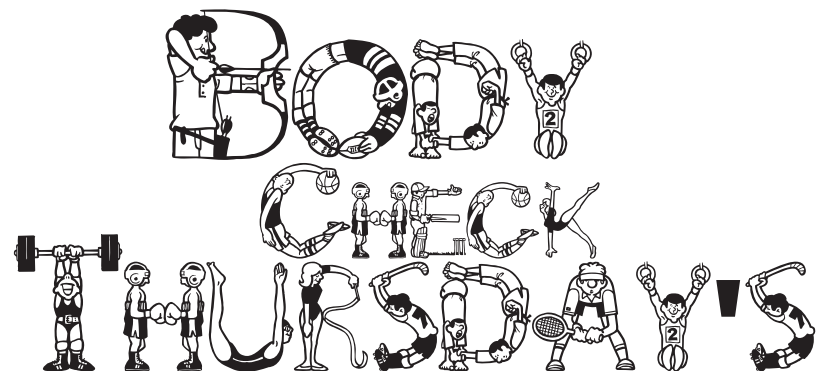


what's your sodexo name?

by phoebefooks

Ever walked into the Marche or Cook Commons, looked at the menu, tilted your head to the side like a confused border collie, and thought wtf?! Sodexo comes up with some pretty original combinations. Use the chart below to find out what you would be if you were made into a Sodexo dish. The first word should correspond to the first letter of your first name, the second word for the first letter of your middle name, and the third word for the first letter of your last. Bon appetit!

- | | | |
|------------------|---------------------|-----------------|
| A - Avocado | A - Apple | A - Appetizer |
| B - Boiled | B - Butter | B - Broth |
| C - Crispy | C - Corn | C - Casserole |
| D - Deviled | D - Dill | D - Doughnut |
| E - Extra-virgin | E - Egg | E - Enchilada |
| F - Fried | F - Fish | F - Filet |
| G - Glazed | G - Gouda | G - Goulash |
| H - Hard-boiled | H - Ham | H - Hotdog |
| I - Indian | I - Ice cream | I - Infusion |
| J - Jellied | J - Jalapeño | J - Jambalaya |
| K - Kosher | K - Ketchup | K - Kabob |
| L - Low-fat | L - Lard | L - Loaf |
| M - Melted | M - Macaroni | M - Muffin |
| N - Nutty | N - Nougat | N - Noodles |
| O - Open-faced | O - Olive | O - Omelet |
| P - Pickled | P - Peanut | P - Pie |
| Q - Questionable | Q - Quail | Q - Quiche |
| R - Raw | R - Rhubarb | R - Ramen |
| S - Spiked | S - Sausage | S - Stew |
| T - Toasted | T - Tofu | T - Taco |
| U - Under-cooked | U - Unsaturated fat | U - Udon |
| V - Vegan | V - Venison | V - Vinaigrette |
| W - Well-done | W - Wasabi | W - Waffle |
| X - EXtreme | X - LoX | X - CheX MiX |
| Y - Yam | Y - Yam | Y - Yams |
| Z - Zesty | Z - Zucchini | Z - Ziti |



If you see these two fools on Thursday, you are obligated to give them a nice loving body check. Seriously...you have to do it.

