



the water tower.

uvm's alternative newsmag

volume 14 - issue 4 - tuesday, september 24 2013 - uvm, burlington, vt

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

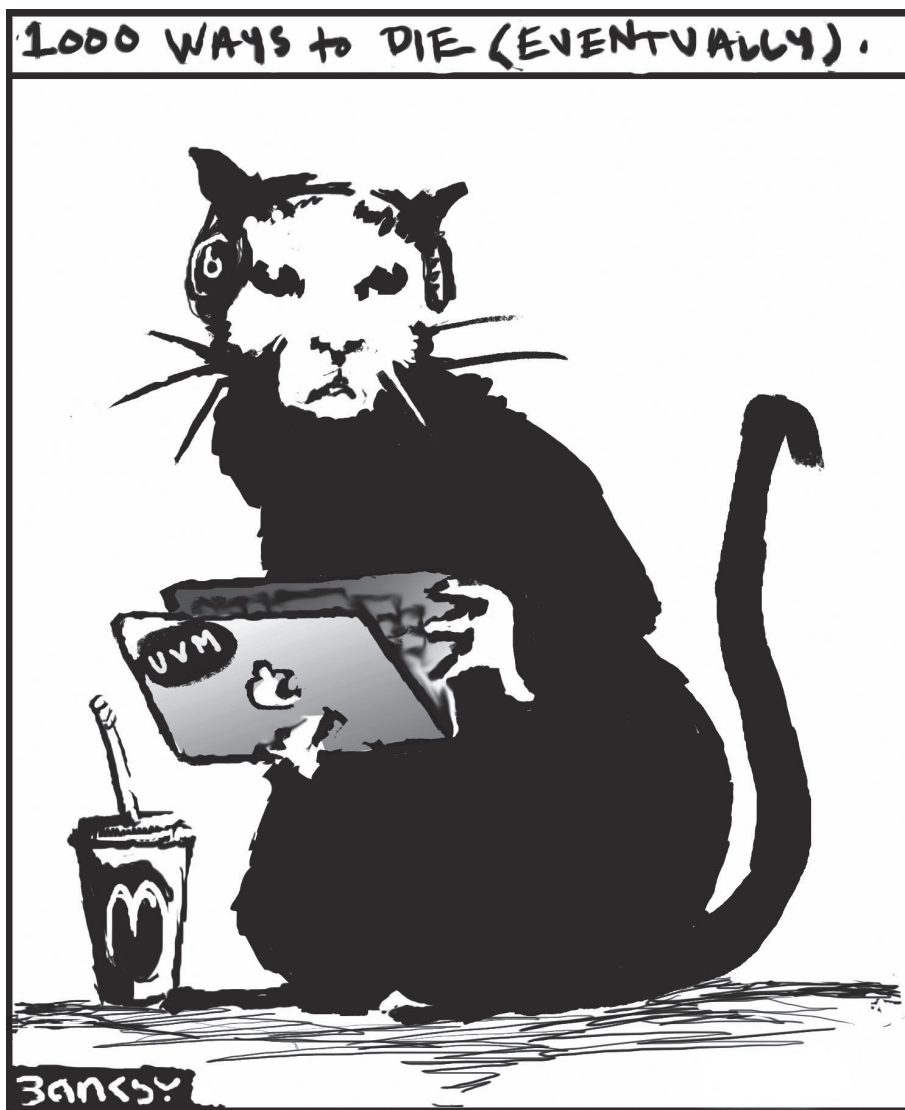
killing me sloth-ly

by staceybrandt

The idea that smoking causes cancer is widely accepted today, but fifty or sixty years ago this was considered radical—an unproven medical ideology that only applied to women who were nursing, pregnant, or planning to become pregnant. I'm not sure if they were taking the "Save the women and children!" approach like in *Titanic* when they were deciding who got to go on the lifeboats, or if they were thinking, "Women are clearly weaker, therefore more susceptible to virtually any medical complication." Either way, the idea that a cultural fad could cause medical complications in the just-distant-enough-to-ignore-it future was slid under the rug countless times until people began to realize that it's abnormal for someone who doesn't work in a coal mine to be hacking up black phlegm.

In short, behaviors like smoking, which we now acknowledge as almost undoubtedly lethal or extremely detrimental to our health, were at one time recognized as just plausibly unfavorable. So, even in light of the incredible scientific and medical advances of the past century, I can't help but believe that certain behaviors today, behaviors that have become an integral part of our daily lives, will prove in the just-distant-enough-to-ignore-it future to be quite harmful to our wellbeing and may, in the worst case, lead to death. With a mostly intuitive, quasi-scientific basis for my argument, I will list a few of today's behaviors to which I myself have become accustomed that I believe will have the most negative impact on the future health of our generation.

1. Consuming diet/low calorie beverages in place of water: Just saying, if you need to consult a high school chemistry textbook to figure out what half the ingredients in your Vitamin Water Zero or Diet Coke mean, they're probably not doing wonders for the inside of your body. For example, the common dietary chemical phenylalanine: "What the fuck is that and why is it in my soda?" I ask myself passively as I gulp down my diet drink. Water doesn't taste good enough, so, like a flat-chested girl aspiring to be a Playboy bunny, must we artificially enhance it? That's not right! I predict that chemicals in diet drinks will ironically cause metabolic malfunction,



stephanie horn

and we'll all become overweight in the end anyways.

I don't think *human ears* have evolved for that kind of sound unless *early cavemen* had *baby pterodactyls* constantly screeching in their ears.

2. Wearing headphones to effectively simulate the noise level of a rock concert: Think your grandfather has a hearing problem? Well, imagine if he had been jamming out to Louis Armstrong in ear buds that project sound about ten

decibels louder than a phonograph and directly into his eardrum. He'd probably be completely deaf by now. Your music is too loud if it transmits sound outside the headphones, so that everyone across the room can hear, word for word, the intro to "A Milli" down to Lil' Wayne's ridiculous laugh. I don't think human ears have evolved for that kind of sound unless early cavemen had baby pterodactyls constantly screeching in their ears. You should start looking into hearing aids because you will find yourself needing one soon and they don't come cheap.

... read the rest on page 6

teach what you preach

a brief lesson on hypocrisy

by leonardbartenstein

I believe we go to one of the most open-minded schools there is—people accept you for who you are, whoever you are. It doesn't matter if you're gay, or straight, or religious, or not, or if you are smart or dumb; none of that matters. What really matters to the people at the University of Vermont is whether or not you are a total asshole.

Twice last week, a woman came to the UVM campus and stood between the library and Davis Center, spouting what she perceives to be the holy words of God: that being homosexual is a sin, and that all of us at the university are going to hell because we condone this type of behavior.

Well, let me further divulge into a few of her examples of God's holy words. Let's start off by noting that God never said (*ever*) that loving someone of the same sex was wrong. The closest He ever got was in Leviticus, when the Bible reads: "You shall not lie with a man as with a woman; such a thing is an abomination" (Leviticus 22:18). And as far as I'm concerned, I don't think many people go around trying to stick their penises into other men's vaginas, which is what "laying with" means in the Bible (remember, holier-than-thou friends, who we're dealing with – I'm not even going to get into the kinky stuff). So, as far as that passage is concerned, there's nothing to worry about. It's pretty hard to find a vagina on a man (though you could if you looked hard enough, but I'm going to go with the binary to make this argument easier to explain), so you shouldn't have to worry about abominating-ly lying with a man as you would with a woman. Once you think about that passage in this way, you realize that this, and the rest of this passage of Leviticus, is just a friendly reminder. For example, it also tells us to not marry our sisters-in-law (Leviticus 18:18), or your aunt (Leviticus 18:14), or to have sex with an animal (Leviticus 18:23). This might seem like common sense to us, but the Bible thought it necessary to remind us (just in case).

... read the rest on page 7

get inside me:

ski pass reviews by marilyn mora

cuddling by mikaelawaters

chacos vs. crocs by amy dorfman and frances lasday

starfkr by annaweber

the best news team inbox in the universe.



Dear **Cat Lady**

I've never shared a room before, and I knew I would have some things to adjust to, but this is a little ridiculous. I know it's against the rules, but my roommate brought her guinea pig to school with her. I love animals, so I said it was okay...but I think it has fleas, and I'm afraid it's going to spread to our entire room. I don't want to get her in trouble, but I don't want my stuff getting infested! Some advice, before I find bugs in my clothes?

Sincerely, Reluctant Roomie

Dear Reluctant Roomie,

Some advice: tell someone! You seem like a really easygoing and nice person (nicer than most if you let your new roommate bring her oversized hamster into your sleeping space against school rules), and you don't want to make a bad impression or cause trouble right off the bat. I get that. But at this point, this directly concerns you—fleas? Fucking disgusting. All bets are off; I'd take this straight to the RA. Pets aside, a good rule of thumb for roommate living: they might bother you, and you'll both invade each other's business in various ways all year. Don't be afraid to confront them if something is really in your way; you're in an obscenely small living space and you both have to deal. Furthermore, you know what it feels like when things are really beyond your control (hint: it feels sort of like ten million tiny fucking flea bites). Trust your gut, and take this shit to the people in charge.

Claws are coming out! -Cat Lady

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 jamiebeckett

Allergies and Pollen: Ragweed season has left me feeling sick and crummy; everywhere you go, someone has the sniffles or is blowing their nose violently. All week has been a losing battle in my attempts to purge myself of excess mucus. It's times like these when one realizes the power bestowed upon Dayquil.

Drunk housemates: Do you have a problem with your current living conditions? Is someone not doing their dishes or their stuff is spread out everywhere? I have a solution for you. First bottle up all the negative feelings you may be harboring and wait for both you and your roommate to be wasted. Then, when the timing is right, suddenly accuse them of their wrong doings and begin a "civilized" conversation. If done correctly, multiple friends will have been dragged into the middle of it and the disagreement will be settled after someone breaks down and begins crying.

GTA V: In pursuit of the elusive five-star showdown, no homework has been attempted in days. This shiny new toy, that has made billions of dollars since its release last week, is the perfect time warp for anyone who is looking to forget about their exams next Friday. Keep calm, hit the bong and play GTA all night long.

iOS7: Maybe it's just me being sick and tired of Apple trying to make every release they have—no matter how big or small—seem like the next coming of Christ, but it's been all of a week and I'm done hearing the iPhone junkies rant and rave. Whether you love it, or hate it, the fact of the matter is that the only person who really cares about you having iOS 7 is you. ■

the news in brief with benberrick

"Then all of a sudden people started running in different directions. Then I heard gunfire."

- **Eiman Algharir**, survivor of the attack by Somali terrorist group Al-Shebab on a Kenyan shopping center in Nairobi. Combatants roamed the halls, killing those who could not properly recite certain Islamic prayers, and have yet to be fully apprehended by Kenyan authorities. The situation remains tense and at last report had escalated into a hostage situation.

"It is more a matter of 'when' than 'if' it will occur."

- **Bruce Bennett**, an expert from the Rand Corporation, on his company's newest report on the imminent collapse of North Korea. The report cites increasing political instability, friction between the populace and military, chronic famine, and horrific social oppression, though remains silent on the potentially destructive introduction of Dennis Rodman.

"I have all sorts, like pasta, rice pudding, chocolate mousse, Percy Pigs, tea cakes..."

- **Anna Wardly**, to the BBC on her historic solo swim around the Isle of Wright. The BBC article suggests that Ms. Wardly's success is derived entirely from her consumption of carbs and sweets at meal intervals during her swim, because all her training, soul-rending effort, and astounding dedication apparently mean nothing in the face of miracle calories.

"We've been involved in hunger issues for a long time and I realized I don't really know what it's about. One in six Americans didn't know where their next meal was coming from at some point in the last week and I wanted to understand at a very personal level what that feels like."

- Panera CEO **Ron Shaich**, has been spending the last week trying to live on the government's SNAP food assistance plan, which has been under heavy attack by GOP politicians recently as an unnecessary and aberrant use of tax dollars. So far, the daily allowance of \$4.50 has proved a challenge for Mr. Shaich, who complained that he "couldn't even go to Panera". On the plus side, the severely underfunded assistance program could be rebranded by the GOP as a way to halt the obesity epidemic. Think of it as the "Republican Bootstraps Diet".

the water tower.

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

Editors-in-Chief
Sarah Perda
Cait O'Hara

News Editor
Dan Nissim

Around Town Editor
Rebecca Laurion

Reflections Editors
Phoebe Fooks
Stacey Brandt

Fashion Editor
Mike Storace

Créatif Stuffé Editor
Beth Ziehl

Tunes Editor
Dylan McCarthy

Humor Editor
Collin Cappelle

Copy Editors
Laura Greenwood
Katja Ritchie

Staff Writers

Wes Dunn
Cole Burton
Jamie Beckett

Art Staff

Art Editors
Ben Berrick
Julianna Roen

Staff Artists
Mariel Brown-Fallon
Liz Stafford
Barry Guglielmo

Special Thanks To

UVM Art Department Digital Lab

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

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

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

join the wt.
New writers and artists are always welcome
Weekly meetings
Tuesdays at 7:30 pm
Lafayette L207
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.**

what the *frack*?!?! by franceslasday

why fracking sucks and everyone should hate it

Hydraulic fracturing, or “fracking,” is the incredibly destructive process used to remove natural gas from the shale bedrock in the ground. Although fracking and natural gas are labeled as a “clean energy source,” really it should be labeled as “a cleaner energy source than coal” (which really isn’t saying much). Fracking is not a step in the right direction: if anything, I would argue that it is a step back in the creation of our sustainable energy future.

Natural gas is a fossil fuel. It is not an alternative energy source, it is a buffer for our ever increasing oil dependence on the Middle East—that is all. Fracking sucks for a lot of reasons, but the negative impacts are never talked about because the practice is being “green-washed” as being an alternative to “dirtier” fossil fuels. “Green-washing” is the false advertising of how “good for the planet” a certain product is. This practice is in no way a good thing when it comes to the covering up of unethical or un-environmentally friendly products (such as selling “all natural” iced tea that is really full of laboratory chemicals) and it is even more detrimental when it is done on a large-scale campaign, such as the branding of “clean natural gas” or “clean coal,” neither of which exist.

Just the consequences from the process of fracking should be enough to show us that it is clearly not a good solution to our energy needs. There are 500,000 active gas wells in America today. It takes 72 trillion gallons of water, and 360 billion gallons of chemicals to get natural gas out of those wells. Billions of gallons of those chemicals leach from the ground water into our drinking water. In Pennsylvania, where there is a high prevalence of fracking, 81% of shallow water wells near fracking sites were found to be contaminated. This is our drinking water, people! Who

in their right mind would allow all those chemicals to be pumped into the ground which produces all the food we grow and the water we drink.

Because of the state of Vermont decided that the risks associated with fracking were too high to outweigh the potential benefit of a “cleaner” fossil fuel, in May of 2012, Vermont became the first state to ban hydraulic fracturing. Many people say that this was really just a lucrative piece of propaganda for the state, which doesn’t show evidence of having any gas reserves to tap into anyway, but I think that this precedent is an important one, and hope-

“... it is a buffer for our ever increasing oil dependence...”

fully other states will follow.

In the past couple months, the topic of fracking came back to the green mountain state when Vermont Gas Systems, Inc. began the planning stages of a major gas transmission pipeline. You would think that in a state that has banned fracking, the infrastructure to implement the transport of natural gas by fracking would also be banned. But no, the issue is currently in hot debate.

On September 10th, testimonials were given to the Public Service Board on the pros and cons of fracking. The board has the ultimate decision-making power to grant or deny the approval of the pipeline, and should make a decision by the end of the year. The testimonials were not meant to determine the final decision, only to gather information on public standing.

A lot of the effort to ban fracking in

Vermont came from the Vermont Public Interest Research Group (VPIRG), an organization dedicated to giving a voice to Vermont’s public on issues such as the environment and consumer protection. In a statement made by the Executive Director of VPIRG last week, the people of Vermont oppose the fracked gas line to Middlebury because after outlawing the dangerous, dirty process as a state, “we shouldn’t pretend that it’s suddenly acceptable just because it’s coming from Alberta [Canada].”

The people of Vermont do not want fracking here, so why on earth would we allow the process to pass through our state?! This contradiction has caused quite a stir amongst the movers and shakers, who, like me, understand how awful fracking is, no matter where it is taking place. That is why nearly 200 people, including 25 UVM students, showed up to the rally on the 10th.

I couldn’t make the hearing, but I am completely against the Vermont Gas Pipeline. I am writing this article to describe my opposition to the pipeline and give voice to the many other students who also oppose the pipeline. UVM students are tabling, having people sign petitions and struggling to have their voices heard, so what are you doing? Only we, the people, can intervene to ensure that this does not determine our sustainable future.

Do you think it’s a bad idea to develop a pipeline that will increase Vermont’s dependence on fossil fuels? Concerned that poisonous chemicals will leach into your drinking water? It’s not too late to let the Public Service Board know. Go to www.vpirg.org/fracking/ to sign the petition. It is our water, our land, and our health. I give a frack, do you? Let your voice be heard. ■



art by mariel brown-fallon

update: the latest in the *burqa ban bandwagon*

by sarahperda

Let’s pretend you’re a Red Sox fan moving to New York City, and your move happens to coincide with a big win at Fenway. You’re feeling particularly proud, and you decide to wear your Salty jersey out and about on the town. As you go sightseeing in Times Square, you are promptly stopped for having the audacity to wear a Red Sox jersey in Yankee Country. The police do not care if you’re a New York resident originally from the Red Sox Nation; they assume that since you moved to this state, your culture changed accordingly overnight, and say that you should have known better. They then hammer their point home by ordering you to put a different shirt on, and then slapping you with a \$200 fine. On a scale of 1 to absolutely irate, where do you think you would fall?

You wouldn’t imagine something as trivial as clothing could be the basis for arrest, would you? However, the famously neutral country of Switzerland has taken its claws out: under the influence of Giorgio Ghiringhelli, its southernmost canton is turning certain fashions into a felony. The Swiss canton of Ticino has proposed a new law that would ban clothing that “hides one’s face in public.” Though the wording is purposefully vague, this pro-

posal is the outlawing of burqas, niqabs and all other veiled garments frequently donned by Muslim women.

Though this seems out of left field for a usually unbiased nation, Ticino is not the first to hop on the burqa-banning-bandwagon—back in 2011, both France and Belgium instated laws banning clothes that cover people’s faces. Since then, approximately 800 women in France have been stopped and fined for wearing the clothing tied to their religion and culture.

In Ticino, less than 2% of the 340,000 residents identify themselves as Muslim; this canton-wide ban of veiled clothing ostracizes roughly 3,500 women. A similar ban was proposed by another canton in 2010, but it was ultimately voted down by parliament. In an effort to nip Islamic extremism in the bud, Ghiringhelli is taking the law back to parliament in the hopes that banning burqas will end all

jihad, world hunger, and perhaps even lead to a cure for cancer. I’ve always been an advocate for the power of fashion, but I have to admit that this guy is putting me to shame.

To justify what comes off as targeted, anti-immigrant sentiments, Ghiringhelli’s minions in The Swiss People’s Party claim that banning burqas and the like will aid the country in successfully integrating foreigners. Here at UVM, we understand better than anyone

that homogeneity is the key to building a strong community. After being part of the Catamount community for the past three years, the thought of residing in a cultural melting pot gives me anxiety, so it’s easy to understand where the Swiss People’s Party is coming from. Why would you try to get comfortable with the “uncomfortable” when you can legally bind people to behave just like you?

In short: what the fuck? The legality

of this ban is questionable at best, but it is the ethical issues surrounding it that are even more alarming. Regardless of their religious, cultural or political beliefs, no one group should have the right to dictate what another wears on the basis of facilitating integration. The more bigotry our world accommodates, the more desensitized we’ll become to issues that should undoubtedly raise red flags to us. Banning cultural fashions is just the tip of the iceberg, my friends, and the last thing this world needs is the domino effect this could spark.

When I used to justify bandwagon behaviors to my parents with the “everyone is doing it” excuse, they always retorted with, “if so-and-so jumped off a bridge, would you do it too?” The argument seems silly, but its logic holds up—just because other parts of European nations have outlawed burqas does not mean it is any form of problem-solver. While Ticino is teetering on the edge of that bridge, I truly hope they don’t make the leap; leaders are far more respected than followers. ■

around town.



waitin' for the *winter wonderland*: ski mountain reviews

by marilyn mora



rachel taylor

Shhh, can you hear it, UVM? She is coming, my friends, the clandestine whispers of winter are in the air, and if the Al Gore gods shine upon us, then these green mountains will soon be dusted with sweet white powder.

For some, this may signal the beginning of your Howard Hughes period. Kleenex box forts, unclipped toenails, pale winter pudg spilling out from under your comforter. Your roommates will begin to notice the unmistakable stench of your winter stagnation. They'll try to coax you out of bed, but you're not budging.

For the rest of us, winter is our jam. We forget about everything. Exams, classes, work—WHAT ARE THESE THINGS? WHO THE HELL CARES, THERE'S A MOUNTAIN WITH SNOW OVER THERE. Being addicted to the white stuff it's the only thing we'll be focusing on for the next couple of months, #sorrynotsorry. So for those of us that are new to Vermont (hello, my baby Catamounts!) here's a brief review of some local mountains:

Stowe is known for being a quaint, little affluent town. That spills over into the mountain life. Stowe is snobby. The college season pass is \$399 (which I sure as hell don't have), making it one of the most expensive little tricks around. Everything is overpriced. The parking lots are constantly filled with out-of-state license plates because those are the only people who can afford to ride there. Bearing that in mind, Stowe does get consistent snow year to year. An hour away, the trails are long, fast, and some of the steepest around. If you can swing it, Stowe is one luxurious, resort experience. But, consider that you'll be shredding with the 40-year-olds (and older) crowd up there.

This is how I feel about **Smuggler's Notch**: Ugh. It is the quintessential Vermont family mountain. FAMILY MOUNTAIN. It's always inundated with annoying family ski groups with their dumb matching winter parkas. Nothing about Smuggs is challenging. The lifts are slow, the lodge is small, and being on the backside of Stowe, it gets all of the wind with none of the good snow, thus creating Ice Mountain most of the year. Foolishly, one day last year I found myself on Smuggs. Randomly while skiing, two tree roots suddenly interrupted my path, poking out right in the middle of a trail. By the time I saw them, it was too late, and—not only did I fall hard—I ended up smashing my most favorite sunglasses. Shut up, they were a gift! Dolce & Gabbana! The most fanciest thing I've ever owned, and now they're gone (still sobbing). Seriously, ugh.

Bolton is like Smuggs, except a lot more decrepit and a lot tinier. It's never overcrowded because there's not a lot there, but it is the only mountain around to offer nighttime skiing. Bolton is like the Cup Noodles of mountains: not much substance, very cheap, and convenient, but do you really want Cup Noodles?

Jay Peak, when you're good, *you are good*, and I fall head over heels for you every time. But those crappy-weather days, *you are the worst*, and I will avoid you like I avoid that downtown pizza boy who I once unabashedly hit on when I was feeling a bit too friendly (I badly miss the pizza but I can't go back in there). It is closest to the Canadian border, making the commute ridiculous, but it is a huge mountain that you will never get bored at, and hands-down has some of the best snow and glades in the state.

Sugarbush tourists are always commenting on its beautiful woods and views, but unless you're going to pull a Bob Ross and throw up an easel while you're out there, who the hell cares? Sugarbush is great though, because it's geared towards young people. The people that work there are some of the most down-to-earth, chilliest people I've ever met. On top of its awesome vibe, it has a lot more trails for intermediate and advanced runs, the high speed quads makes it easier to get a ton of runs into a day, and it has awesome terrain parks with unique features that you really can't find anywhere else. Sugarbush is fun, go get it.

Killington is a beast. It is a wilderness so ridiculously huge that you will never get bored. It has everything. A downside to this, though, is that it is always crowded. *Always*, especially with French Canadians, so if you have some French linguistic skills you want to practice, head on over to Killington. Another negative is that the trails can be very confusing. They are not well-marked, and they intersect one another often. This makes it really easy to end up on a trail you should not be on. One of my first times snowboarding, I found my beginner trail quickly switch into a much more advanced-level trail. There was no help in sight (if you ever need help, ski patrol, whatever, avoid Killington) so it looked to me like I had two options: either unstrap my boots and walk for miles down, or ride my snowboard like a little sled. I chose the latter. I got my first and so far only case of frostbite that afternoon, and today I have these off-colored, grayish-mauve scar patches right above my bum. So that's Killington for me, it's ridiculously overwhelming, sometimes in a dangerous way, but it did contribute to my awesome nickname, Patches, so there's that.

There are a lot more mountains out there that warrant reviews but for now here's something to get you started. Sugarbush and Jay are where it's at, but find out for yourself: get out there, be young, have fun, and explore! ■



the *exclusivity* of the **great outdoors**: my *frustrations* with the outing club

by amy dorfman



sarah shields

The University of Vermont is located amidst the scenic hills of the Green Mountains, right up the street from the glorious Lake Champlain, and across the lake from the wondrous Adirondacks. This location provides students with miles of hiking trails, rock walls to scale, and lakes and portages to traverse with canoes. And that's wonderful, because many UVM students are known for their love of and commitment to the outdoors, for going to climb that mountain "in between" classes, and for their magnificent Outing Club.

What is the UVM Outing Club, you may ask? For those of you who live under a rock, it's the student body's way of exploring their natural surroundings through peer-led trips throughout the academic year. Their website states that "The mission of the University of Vermont Outing Club is to provide affordable wilderness trips, instruction, leadership training and certification opportunities for students." Who wouldn't want to be part of such a gnarly-sounding club? That's the problem—everybody does.

The club is so popular among the student body that it's easy to get lost in the crowd and not get on a trip. To register for any of the trips offered throughout the year, you must attend the first club meeting. There, they present the trips offered, and then set the room free. Organized chaos ensues as everyone makes a mad dash for the lists, trying their darndest to lock their place on to one or two trips (if they're lucky). The really committed students arrived early, taking the chance to stake out their spot next to their preferred list...but how do you know if you want to try something new before hearing the presentations?

I spoke to one freshman that said she was able to sign up for three trips, but that's not always the case. "[I] was lucky because it worked out in my favor" she said, "I don't think it's a good way to go about it." There are many people, namely freshmen, who either didn't hear about the meeting at all, or couldn't make it for one reason or another. For example, I was home for Rosh Ha-

"Organized chaos ensues as everyone makes a mad dash for the lists, trying their darndest to lock their place on to one or two trips, if they're lucky"

shanah and therefore couldn't attend the meeting. My best bet now is to sign up for the listserv and wait for a spot to open up on a trip. But am I supposed to cancel all my plans I've since made because I was given the privilege of going on the trip?

It is understandable that the Outing Club caters to a big school, and trip sizes need to be limited. But how are we supposed to partake in outdoor activities with no car, and no trailhead or river within walking distance of public transportation? Freshman Tory Mc-

Brien shares in my grievances. She said she was, "frustrated and disappointed with the inaccessibility of trips. People came to this school who liked the outdoors, and the Outing Club was advertised as something everyone does, but how can we be a part of that if we can't get in?"

If we're being honest, I'm just a jealous freshman who wishes she had her name on one of those coveted lists. I am, however, frustrated with the trip signup process, and the inaccessibility to the outdoors without the aid of the club. Many students have expressed interest in school-sponsored shuttles to and from trailheads. They would provide transportation to the mountains just like in ski season, but without the guided and instructional part of the trip. Another option includes the CarShare Vermont program. It is a great option as a form of personal transportation. UVM actually covers its student's membership fees for the first year of service. Once approved by CarShare, students 18 and over can rent a car for \$65 a day, or \$5.50 an hour (plus mileage).

The UVM Kayaking Club can be a spectacular alternative to the Outing Club trips. They offer instructional pool sessions twice a week (Sundays and Tuesdays), and the instructors are always looking to fill their cars with students eager to eat shit (it's harder than you think to stay in your boat!) on some nearby white water. Although our campus is beautiful and downtown Burlington is great, seeing those views of the mountains from the amphitheater next to the Grundle or the lake from Main Street just reminds me how big my itch for the outdoors is. And right now, it's an itch I can't scratch. ■

stop *bitching* about cable

by zackpensak

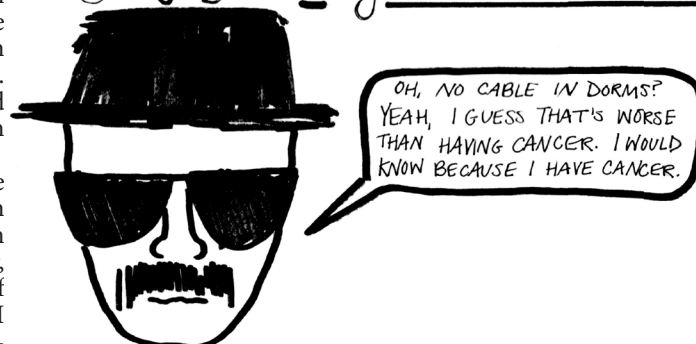
To those of you who feel personally offended by the fact that we don't have cable this year, especially to the anonymous student in a 200-person lecture of mine who went on a rant about how watching a Pats game two hours after it ends is "absolutely worthless": grow up and get over it. As a first-year student, it is not too unusual for me to partake in a conversation with a fellow freshman regarding their feelings about UVM so far. Many freshmen that I have talked to share the same thoughts as me about the school: the classes are fine, Burlington is awesome, and the Grundle lives up to its name. However, the bitching about the lack of cable, and how the school's promise that replacing cable with faster Wi-fi is stupid, needs to stop.

I remember learning that UVM would not be providing cable this year whilst I was slouched in my couch back at home watching the first English Premier League soccer (football) game of the year, and it pissed me off. As I basked in the glory of the HD picture on the television in front of me, I questioned why UVM felt the need to remove cable from the campus. However, the more I thought about it, the more I realized that I didn't really give a shit, for two reasons in particular.

The first reason: get the hell out of your dorms and just take a stroll outside. What you will see are

miles and miles of mountains and lakes, the perfect places to hike for hours on end or enjoy a leisurely kayak. There are an infinite amount of things to do in the outside world of Vermont, whether it be as ad-

a word from
Sassy Heisenberg...



emmie headrick

venturous as climbing Mt. Mansfield or as simple as smoking a doobie in the amphitheater. So get off your ass and go outside! And if you say that you aren't an

outdoorsy person, then let me know why you decided to come to a school where the entire goddamn culture revolves around nature. Vermont basically means "Green Mountain" for God's sake, get your shit together.

As for the second reason: turn your attention from nature to technology. If you are a real fan of a show or a sports team, you must have dabbled in the wonderful world of illegal free TV sites. Whether you are catching up on Breaking Bad (projectfree.tv) or need a place to watch the Patriots lose to the Giants in the Super Bowl, again, (firstrowus1.eu), there are sites for all. Who needs cable when we can get our TV from some sketchy Russian dude who, according to his ad selection, REALLY thinks we should invest in a new pair of jeans from Old Navy.

There is some irony to this whole situation. After the unidentified boy in my class finished his testosterone-driven rant, the response from the professor was that she understands his anger; however, the money saved from getting rid of cable went towards getting a faster Wi-fi for the school. Maybe UVM should get rid of another thing soon, because the soccer game from my illegal free TV site is still taking forever to load. ■

reflections.

live for the *pregame*

(the party isn't promised)

by vanessakahn

There's a reason I shudder when I hear the word "prom." The word gives me the heebie-jeebies and evokes memories of dresses that never actually fit right and an intoxication that never lasted through the dance. I hated prom, and not for the bitter reasons girls usually hate prom—I always had a date that I wouldn't mind showing my kids pictures of. (Though I won't be telling them that mommy ended up ditching this date for another boy and blaming it on her drunk friend. What my future kids don't know won't hurt them... right?)

No, the reason I despise prom is because it is one big letdown. I always had the most fun getting ready with my friends and riding on the party bus before the dance. We spend so much time building up grand expectations for these events, and when the actual event doesn't match with the picture in our head, we tend to get disappointed. Or if you're like me, you tend to be the girl crying in the corner of the party bus with a boy that you don't know comforting you for all the wrong reasons.

Before you start to think I am an unfortunate biddy who peaked at 18 and can't stop reliving my high school days, let

me explain now why I mention prom. I can recount numerous days in Econ class on a Thursday during which my mind

through the pregame, waiting for the clock to strike 11, like a drunk Cinderella waiting for the clock to strike 12. I'm

and that's our bad, not the five beers' fault.

Usually, I peel my head off my pillow the next morning only to realize the only thing I got out of going to the party was trouble. I almost always end up looking back at my night to realize that the pregame was the most fun. Too many times in life, we rush to get to the party and entirely miss the fun we could be having during the preparations. Perhaps we are envisioning some intoxicated version of Prince Charming just waiting to fill our Solo cup up with beer at the party. In my opinion, we are completely missing the actual boy at the pregame who actually gives a shit about what we have to say. And let's be real, no one ever offers to fill up your cup at a party and if they do, I would suggest you run away, because we all know what happens in those dark basements.

I guess the moral of this drunken fairytale is to enjoy the pregame, because in this life, the party is just one more thing that isn't guaranteed. Finally, if you leave your glass slipper at a party, or any kind of slipper for that matter, you will probably never see it again. Have fun walking home with one shoe. ■

strayed away from marginal cost and focused on the party I had tickets for that night. Therefore, I rush through the class, mindlessly taking notes. I rush through dinner with my friends and most of all I rush

not saying I don't usually end up having fun when I'm out at parties—that is, if I even make it past the pregame. All I am saying is that if we only focus on the party, we miss the whole fun of the pregame



liz stafford

4 WAYS WE'RE GOING TO DIE—continued from pg 1

3. Staring at computer screens for hours as a result of perpetual Netflix and YouTube watching: We live in a generation of hermits, where it has become socially acceptable to excuse oneself from various social activities due to some unbreakable covenant with Netflix to "catch up on a season" of that HBO series everyone's talking about. Hours upon hours curled around your laptop in a dark room, staring intently at a screen whose light seems incomparable to natural sunlight must be doing something horrible to our eyes. I wouldn't doubt that some gradual effect of computer light is slowly dulling the capabilities of our retinas, so in the future we'll only be able to see within the limited spectrum of colors on the screen.

4. Tanning at the beach—even with sunblock: Yes, most living organisms, including human beings, need sunlight to survive, however, one need not lay motionless in the sun for hours, essentially naked, to fulfill this solar quota. We call this behavior "tanning" because, "I allowed my skin to burn today" sounds borderline sadistic and much less appealing than, "I, like, totally went tanning on my day off!" In the same way that chugging gallons of water at once will cause you to die, too much sun is quite damaging even if sunblock is slathered on at various, well-calculated time intervals. Sunblock definitely serves as protection, but I've never seen someone so meticulously apply sunblock as to completely cover each

and every cancer-sensitive crevice of the body—yes, that would include earlobes and inside of the belly button. The nature of this piece is meant neither to drastically change the way that we live, nor to impart fear on the masses (i.e. the twelve people who made it this far in the article). My purpose is merely to provide some foresight, and though clearly pejorative and based on common sense, it is foresight nonetheless. In the end, modern science continues to improve, along with techniques to bitch about things like "concussions" and "allergies." This, coupled with the obsessive new health crazes going on in Hollywood may cause everything I mentioned to strangely balance out. ■

cuddling called out!

by mikaelawaters

To all those movie scenes of blissful couples engaging in a post-coital cuddle, I'm calling bullshit. Now before you grab your pitchforks, outraged that I dare insult your sacred spooning rituals, allow me to explain. I love cuddling as much as the next college female. Human contact. Oxytocin. Promises of a text in the morning—it's all good stuff. But when you cram two scantily-clad people into a small space, things get awkward. The question becomes "why does everyone pretend otherwise?" So, UVM, we're gonna address this nonsense together—cuddling isn't as magical as you pretend it is.

I'm just going to say it—sleeping crammed against someone is not comfortable. Dorm beds can barely support one human (I wake up every morning with limbs precariously dangling from my loft), so why people think fitting two is a possibility continues to amaze me. This shouldn't be a surprise. Movies may show beautiful people serenely wrapped in each other's arms, but that's just not how you look. Think less black-and-white Tumblr photo and more two people, considerably less drunk now than they were three hours ago, slammed into each other in some weird 'Z' shape. Accompanying your geometric position is the associated lack of circulation in your shoulders, elbows, wrists, and forearms. These areas need blood, yet for some asinine reason, people refuse to admit this and instead pretend to be lulled into an ether of sleep, hoping all the while that this person will back the fuck off and stay on their side of the bed.

Then comes the issue of sweat. When two people are in close contact for an extended period of time, under one Vermont, winter-proof blanket, it feels like you are being baked alive in a fluffy linen oven. The human instinct to survive then kicks in and mass quantities of sweat are produced. Uncomfort-

able at first, and exponentially more awkward when you try and move only to find yourselves melded together. Worse than the panic you feel when you can't tell if you are sticky with your own perspiration or someone else's (the correct answer is, like last night's jungle juice, a blend) is the disappointment you feel

"Movies may show beautiful people serenely wrapped in each other's arms, but that's just not how you look."

in realizing that the moment is ruined. You can ignore deadening limbs, you can fake a comfortable position, but sweat saturates the situation in disappointment.

Lastly, cuddling gives the involved parties only two options: sleep or talk. Here's the issue—no one, literally no one, has that many interesting things

to say for hours on end. This draws both your attentions, once again, to that fact that you are no longer drunk. Out of small talk and ice breakers, this is the point in the night where you probably wish you'd made flash cards with conversational notes, because everything is just coming out as a monotonous murmur. To be fair, the typical spooning position is not naturally conducive to conversation. Due to bodily positioning, the 'big spoon' can never even hear what the 'little spoon' is saying. In this situation, it is easiest to just go dead fish. Lie there limply and the other person will eventually catch on.

In case anyone I've ever cuddled with is reading this, or if you still have your pitchfork handy, let me reiterate that I genuinely love to snuggle. It's warm, it's comforting, it validates last night's decisions, makes you feel better about your life choices and is pretty awesome when performed with someone worthy. If you can relate to what I'm saying, it's not because you always pick the wrong people (just like your therapist told you) and not because you are clueless and helpless (like your mom told you), but because you are human and this shit's real. Absolutely nothing in life plays out like it does in a movie: real life is awkward, but acknowledging that makes it a hell of a lot more fun. Bask in your mutual sweat, practice geometry with your limbs, hip check someone out of bed and take comfort in knowing that you aren't the only one who thinks playing footsy all night is kinda weird. Continue on with your slumbering embraces, UVM, just know that when you try and tell your friends that you had the best sleep of your life in his arms, the water tower is calling bullshit. ■



THE "TRADITIONAL SPOON" POSITION



THE "OCULAROPHELIA" POSITION



THE "HARDCORE" POSITION



THE "127-HOURS" POSITION



THE "STRAIGHT EDGE" POSITION

AWKWARD CUDDLING:
WORSE THAN JACK AND ROSE SHARING A RAFT
DEPICTED BY A DISTINCTLY NON-CUDDLER

yin yefko



THE "SO MUCH PUSSEY THERE'S NO ROOM IN THE BED!" POSITION

BIBLE CLASS—continued from pg 1

Now, if our preachy friend is not yet convinced, and is holding onto this argument that this book of Leviticus is literal law, may I point out Leviticus says in chapter fifteen: "When a woman has a flow of blood for several days outside her menstrual period, or when her flow continues beyond the ordinary period, as long as she suffers this unclean flow she shall be unclean, just as during her menstrual period." I am assuming that this law is one that she may disregard. Having a little extra flow won't make her unclean, will it? Does she go to confess whenever her period is slightly irregular? And is it that after her period, others who interact with her become unclean as well? ("Anyone who touches them becomes unclean; that person shall wash his garments, bathe in water, and be unclean until evening [Leviticus 15:27]). And after all of this, does she sacrifice the necessary two birds to once again become clean in the eyes of God (Leviticus 15:29-30)? No, she doesn't. And I will tell you why (if you still need convincing that this book doesn't really have any standing in modern Christian faith).

In the early days of Christianity, right after Jesus died and came back and everything, there was a big debate between the fathers of the church about what to do with all of the Gentiles who wanted to join the faith. Most of the people who were a part of the emerging Christian faith were Jews who converted, and they already followed Mosaic Law (all of the rules in the Old Testament, including those in Leviticus, those helpful reminders I just pointed out). The Gentiles, though, posed a problem, because they did not already follow the Mosaic law, and beginning to follow a law like that is a really life-changing process (seriously—

as a part of Mosaic law, a convert would need to get circumcised, which doesn't seem that appealing to anyone). So, all of the fathers of the Church got together to have the Council of Jerusalem in Acts 15. At this council, Paul and Barnabas led the cause for Gentiles to not have to follow Mosaic Law when converting (and they got to keep their foreskins, yay!) (Acts 15:1-12). Because of the Council of Jerusalem, all Gentiles who become Christian (which is pretty much every Christian who wasn't a Jew first, which is really most of the Christian population of the world, and that probably includes you, reading this, if you are a Christian) need not follow the Mosaic law. This means that, according to the Bible, it's probably fine to put a penis into a man's vagina (if you can find one). And this means that according to the Bible, you don't need to sacrifice two pigeons and live in exile for a week every time you have an irregular flow.

So whatever Christian religion that this lady is preaching, whatever wayward sect she finds herself in, she is definitely preaching it wrong if she claims to be spouting the words of God, the same Christian God that most other Christians worship. In true simplicity, Jesus's central message is to do unto others as you would like them to do unto you (Luke 6:31). And I am sure that she wouldn't want people telling her that she's going to hell. Just like we don't like it, either. ■

All quotes and citations to the Bible come from the New American Bible, as published by the United States Conference of Catholic Bishops on their website for free at usccb.org.

fashion five-oh.



the footwear feud: chacos vs. crocs

by amydorfman and franceslasday

In the culture we live in, people are immediately judged by what they are wearing. Throughout time, rivalries have come and gone: Easy Mac or Ramen, Capulets or Montagues, Snickers or Twix, and Star Wars or Star Trek. Despite their infamy, no rivalry has been as intense, brutal, or disputed as much as the Chacos versus Crocs debate. With the intent to give the argument accredited backing, we have summarized and consolidated the most disputed news in today's footwear.

Hikeability

Clearly the Chaco wins. With its Vibram sole and supportive, sporty straps, your foot stays in place as you propel your way up that mountain...or up Main Street. In a Croc, your foot would slip right out and you would be lagging behind your group of bros trying to get your shoe back on. Nobody wants to be that guy. Nobody.

Showerability

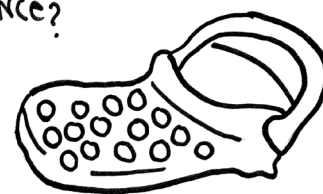
Crocs. Obvi. Who would wear Chacos in the shower? Answer: nobody. The straps stay wet for hours, and who wants to undo their footwear after a nice relaxing steam? Also, who wants to deal with suds from your organic biodegradable conditioner getting stuck in that Chaco strap? It might make your hair silky smooth, but it would leave you walking around in a slimy shoe for at least a week.

The Coolness Factor

I'm sorry, Croc-fanatics, but Chacos have to take the cake on this one. I mean, walking around with pieces of colored rubber on your feet is pretty sweet, but nothing beats the aesthetically pleasing, sporty, comfortable swag of Chacos.

⚡ CHACO VS. CROC ⚡

- which is the best shower shoe?
- which is best for accessorizing?
- which is more effective than abstinence?



THERE CAN ONLY BE ONE

Accessorizing

Got a favorite sports team, animal, flower, country flag, school subject, food, Pokemon, bug, reptile, amphibian, letter or hobby? There is a Jibbitz for that. Crocs are definitely easier to accessorize than Chacos. With literally hundreds of thousands of Jibbitz combinations, your only limit is the amount of holes you have.

Versatility

Going to class? Chaco. Long walk on the beach? Chaco. Dancing by candlelight? Chaco. Hike Everest? Chaco... (okay, maybe hiking boots). Stealthily key your professor's car because he gave you a bad grade? Chaco. Stalk your ex's new girlfriend? Chaco. Ass-kicking? Chaco. Naked bike ride? Gotta have that Vibram sole when there's nudity and pavement involved. Chaco.

Design

You have to give the designers of Crocs credit; they know how to draw outside the lines. With a shape somewhere in between an eggplant and a moon boot, this oddly shaped footwear is the reigning champion of the "what can you make out of this" game.

marilyn mora

Some people prefer Macs, some pick PCs. Some people like Androids, while most cradle iPhones. Some people like the top, and others like the bottom (of bunk beds...). And, clearly, some people like Crocs, and others prefer Chacos. Both have a range of good and bad qualities. Regardless of what you ultimately select, just remember that your footwear doesn't define you; it's how you use it. ■

trash.



i want you so bad

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

You feel cold to the touch,
but tonight I crave you so much.
You are typically clean and always so smooth,
unless you're stained with the scent of vermouth.
When I need you most,
I have to ask the host.
Fortunately you're always there,
even if someone holds my hair.
I need you my pearly whites,
on my Porcelain nights.
I dare not cheat on you my dear,
sinks easy clog and easily smear.
All this weekend you were my friend,
every night over your I'd bend.

When: All weekend long
Where: el baño
I saw: a porcelain princess
I am: hung over

You are the summer of my life, complete
With all that does accompany that time:
Both beauteousness and fearsome power compete,
At times both lovely and as harsh as lime.
Much like the sun you nurture all my best
Until I do become both full and bright,
And beg you silently not to leave me, lest
I perish and wither without your light.
Most all the time you're full of dazzling life,
Like in the aftermath of short, sweet showers,
Displaying fully that you shine and thrive,
Which makes me count and cherish all our hours.
You also have the power of the storm
That uproots trees and makes the waters roil,
For you are not with me, and that's the norm,
So, wracked by loneliness, onward I toil.
Despite this vicious, grand dichotomy,
My dear, you mean the world to me.

When: Well nigh these past two years
Where: Too many places
I saw: A most beautiful woman
I am: An anonymous admirer

The first time I saw you, I was in ecstasy.
A vision of passion and perfection, right in front of me.
Every moment you're away, I feel I cannot be.
I'm oh so lost without you, I know that's clear to see.

I know the time and date you're back, practically by heart.
Yet still I ache in heart and loins, each second we're apart.
I won't even leave my house once you're hear, can't wait til
I can press "START."

When: October 15th
Where: My room
I saw: Pacific Rim DVD Release
I am: Horny for robot fights

A warm summer day, two years past
you first caught my eye.
Those skinny jeans, and your ass
I couldn't pass you by.
Summer ended, my things were packed
to Vermont I went!
Against me, I knew the odds were stacked,
but my desires were transparent.
I knew I had to find you,
amongst this sea of men.
I had not a single clue,
except I knew you weren't a "Ben".
Luck was with me that fateful day,
and you asked me for a light.
Fingers crossed, you weren't gay,
Cause that's too much fight.
A call, a kiss and I was yours,
in ways that kind of scared me.
Past cloud nine, my heart soars,
you and I will always be.

When: Freshman year, 2011
Where: Outside Votey
I saw: A hipster with a mohawk
I am: A tattooed lady

I never had a thing for gingers,
But boy, you've caught my eye
I saw you and got itchy fingers
And it hurt to pass you by.
I won't beat around the bush,
Your hipster vibe makes me crave more.
Wrap those tattooed arms around me,
Throw those skinny jeans on my floor.
My taste has sometimes led astray,
Can't help that I like 'em clean-cut
So I'd understand if you were gay,
(Wouldn't be the first)--but
For now I'll sigh each time you pass
With your perfect, undone coif.
Discreetly turn to check that ass,
And dream we hit it off.

When: Every so often
Where: Around
I saw: A tattooed dreamboat
I am: not hip enough

Our eyes met then and sparks they flew
At least I hope they did.
I'm sure my thoughts were quite see-through,
I just can't keep them hid.

Oh all the things I'd do to you,
If you felt how I hope.
I'd explore your nethers just like ole' Indy,
and leave you proper soaked.

I usually am not this rude,
I'm sorry if I'm crass.
But like the muses did that Shakespeare dude,
I'm inspired by your ass

When: All too frequently
Where: Anywhere with yoga pants
I saw: The most amazing ass
I am: Salivating

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

Bailey/Howe Steps:

Bro to friend smoking: Dude, you're like the Rosa Parks of nicotine.

Brennan's

A Classy Gentleman: Dude, how are you going to get him to take estrogen?
His Equally Classy Companion: Uhh...I'll put it in his beer!
Classy Gent: He'll take too much of it then!

Living and Learning:

Roommate 1: Why were you clapping in the bathroom?
Roommate 2: I was happy I was done!

Lunch break in the Fishbowl:

Enterprising Young Man: Come out tonight!
Ambitious Girl: I have a test next Friday that I need to study for.
Enterprising Young Man: That's ten days away! You have nine more days before you have to start studying!

The Grundle:

Sodexo Employee: I've brought you another chair. It has an imaginary friend.
Lonely Boy: Aw, thanks! I love imaginary friends.
Sodexo Employee: They're the best kind.

The Grundle:

A brilliant person approaching the Lucky Charms: I wish they had a "just marshmallows" setting.

Downtown on a Friday night:

A poor, unfortunate soul: Guys, what area code is 802??

Aiken Stairs:

Female to her friend: Some mornings I feel like a Pop-Tart in the toaster.

Redstone Bike Path:

A Real Vermonter: I learned how to skin a deer before I learned my multiplication table.

The Marche:

A creative woman: Yes, we are talking about unicorn pornography! You heard exactly what we were talking about!

Wright:

Classy Lady 1: I don't really mind if people see my boobs.
Classy Lady 2: I mind if people see my boobs, but I don't mind if people feel them.
Classy Lady 1: I get turned on when people feel my boobs.
Classy Lady 2: I don't really. I'm just like, "Oh that's cool, I guess, whatever."

By the Flying Diaper:

Guy 1: That's bat shit crazy.
Guy 2: I believe the proper term is guano insane.

UHeights South:

Sexiled Roommate: I want to do work, but SOMEBODY thinks my room is the fucking honeymoon suite.

Athletic Campus:

Hungover Gentleman: I'm eating Grundle for whatever the fuck meal it is right now.

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



an evening with starfkr

by annaweber

The hostility present among the crowd at the Starfucker concert was, quite frankly, shocking. Basic concert etiquette, such as not having full conversations over the music, not coming into and leaving the pit whenever you please (frequently in the middle of a song), and not grinding (only appropriate at like, a goddamn high school dance or Red Square)—it was just not present.

Though they might have lacked some serious manners towards their fellow music-loving man, all the shitty concert-goers shared one totally radical thing in common: they were huge fans of Starfucker, and became appreciators of their openers (except for me, who knew Small Black and arrived early specifically for the purpose of dancing to “Photo-journalist” and “Hydra” and fangirling in front of their merch table with their sweaty lead singer). And because of this, I can forgive them for all of their glaring flaws (except for the three douchebags who tried to grind on my ass without warning. I hope your dicks drop off, leaving only an awkward, meaningless sack of balls.)

Feelings, for those of you who are curious, is a one-dude New Wave band from Portland, Oregon which I genuinely thought was just a mediocre stand-up comic at the beginning of his set: forever was he telling really terrible jokes about gas station food. But once he started playing his track, laying down some beats, and putting the microphone literally all up in his mouth, we were grooving—heads bobbing and feet tapping. Highlight that I particularly appreciated: “Deanna,” which he said was a song about one of his exes. “It was a bad break-up,” he admitted, to loud “aww”s. “No, no, it’s fine, it’s better this way. She was bad for me. We were bad for each other. But I always wanted to write a song where I just like, repeated a girl’s name over and over.” He left the stage to louder cheers than I’ve heard for an independent opener in a long time. Check out his Bandcamp and buy his album for \$1! Support this guy so he doesn’t have to depend on his comedy for a living and consequently starve.

Small Black is one of the more excellent chillwave bands active at present-day. Associated with the hip Jagjaguwar label (featuring such bands as Bon Iver, Volcano Choir or Justin Vernon Does Ambient Music, The Cave Singers, and Unknown Mortal Orchestra) and based out of Brooklyn, they’re capable of taking the evocative airiness of their records and making the gentle heartbeat pulse in the background come to life, giving the pleasantly surprised people—and the sweaty lead singer—something to seriously dance to. I’d been

hyping up their music to my friends all night, and Ethan could not stop telling me throughout their set how good he thought they were. “I’m surprised! I didn’t know a random opener could be that good!” I put

journalist.” It’s my favorite song of theirs, and damn, they did it justice.

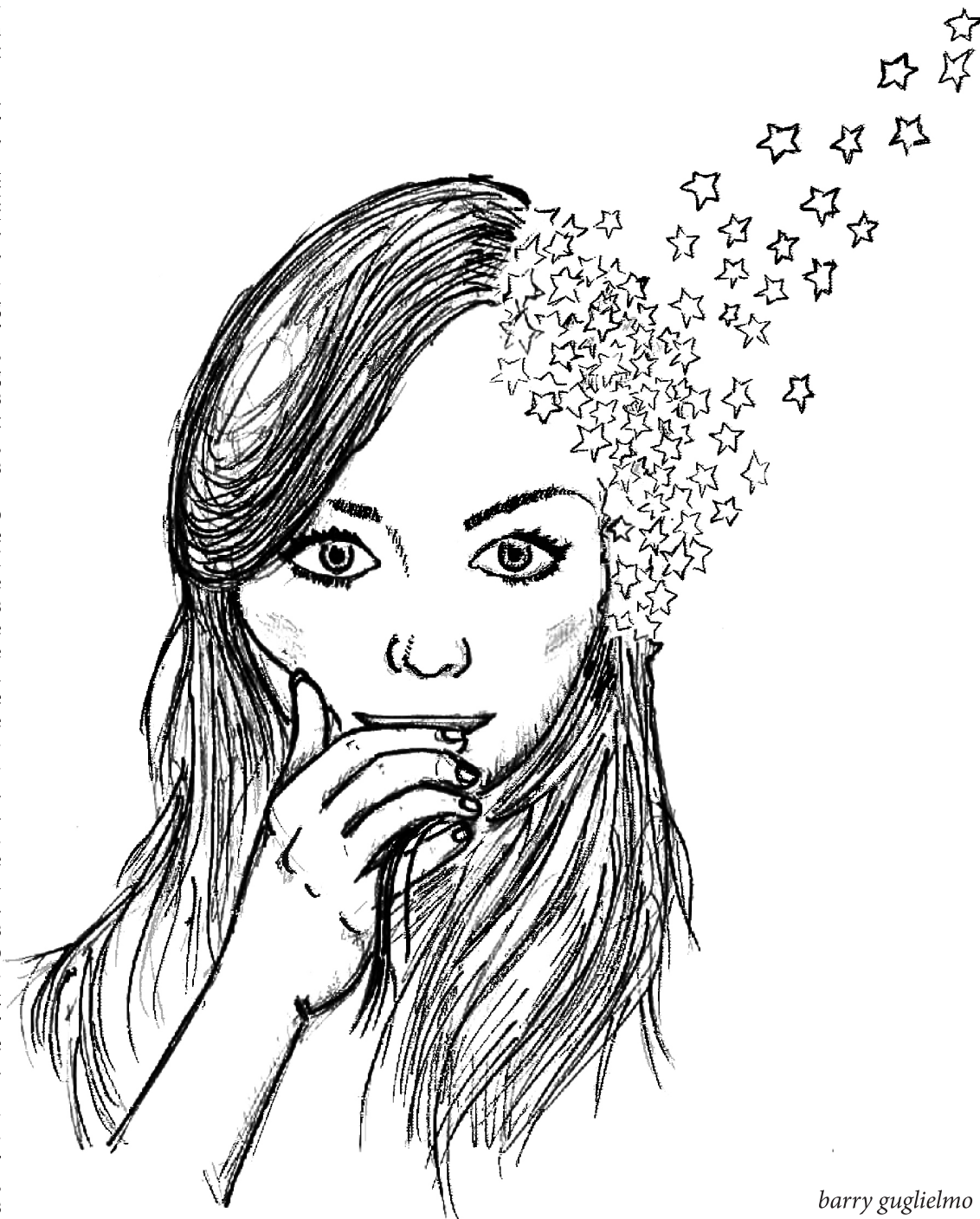
As for Starfucker’s set? Dancing bears. Crowdsurfing astronauts. Neon streamers. Glow-in-the-dark balloons. Gumby. If you

music, written and composed primarily by lead singer Josh Hodges, is, quite simply, music to dance to, even when the concepts behind their songs are as potentially depressing as death. To quote James Murphy:

“if it’s a funeral, let’s have the best funeral ever.” Live, they carry this vibrancy, energy, and buoyancy to the stage that you can only dream of when you’re listening at home. And though they stay relatively focused on the task at hand, providing little commentary and ripping through song after song so you can fully freak out, their entourage (as well as the festive decor) gives you an idea as to their mentality towards their music. Just like at Terminal 5, I left sweaty and delighted, and just like after Terminal 5, I had virtually no voice the next morning after having screamed along to “German Love,” “Bury Us Alive,” “Julius,” “Astoria,” “While I’m Alive,” “Rawnald Gregory Erickson the Second,” “Beach Monster,” and the best cover ever of “Girls Just Wanna Have Fun.” Highlight: all of the songs, are you seriously going to try to make me pick?

The best part of the night was having the gump-tion to (literally) run after Mr. Hodges himself and ask him if he wouldn’t mind sparing a minute with a lowly, first-time **water tower** journalist. He very kindly obliged, I hunted for the voice recorder app on my Droid that I didn’t know (but was praying) was there, and we had a solid eleven-minute chat about the band’s name and origins, the reason why Alan Watts is an honorary band member, memories of Vermont from his youth, and more. From the bottom of my heart, I thank him for the opportunity to ask questions he’s probably heard a million times which I came up with on the spot, and for being so kind, funny,

and gracious towards a longtime fan. ■

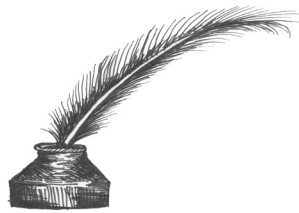


barry guglielmo

it this way: take Starfucker’s more chilled-out songs and you have Small Black’s discography. Not to downplay Small Black’s worth as a very interesting band to watch, but to give you an idea of the electropop chillwave I’m talking about. Highlight of the concert: I can’t help but say “Photo-

were at the Terminal 5 show in New York like I was (I’m a little obsessed): blow-up dolls. While Starfucker is immensely faithful to their recorded works, it doesn’t mean that they don’t amp them up times a million when they’re on stage. These dudes mean business, and their business is fun. Their

créatif stuffé.



the end of the world

by rebecca laurion

The old man's hand shot out to stop the young girl's momentum as she teetered on the edge, overlooking the void below. The blackness gaped at the pair like a hungry mouth waiting for its next meal.

"Easy there, Lisa." The old man's voice shook, belying the fear he was trying not to show. "Don't want to fall off."

Lisa seemed to study the grass underneath their feet for a moment. It ended inches from where they stood to drop off into a blackness so thick that dust and pollen disappeared moments after crossing over the edge. Behind them lay the bright sunflower fields that marked the edge of the Earth. Beyond that lay the city Lisa and her grandfather called home.

The little girl looked up at him. She seemed to grow bigger every day, but Lisa looked as impossibly small as he felt right now, here, on the precipice of their universe.

"What happens to them, Grandpa?" Her voice was small yet unafraid, as only a child's could be. She couldn't possibly understand the magnitude of what lay before her, though she'd begged to come here for her birthday. And he, her grandfather, loved her too much to deny her this one thing, despite his own trepidation. This cliff near their home was the last place on the planet that hadn't been sealed off by a wall to protect the people. But of course that didn't stop some. "The ones that jump," she continued. "Where do they go?"

He sighed. Trust Lisa to ask the question scientists decades older than her had spent their lives trying to answer. He'd spent enough of his own time obsessing over the answer after his brother had gone. Jumping off the edge of the world had become the most popular form of suicide over the years, once people had realized that if someone jumped, they weren't seen again. And so the petitions for the wall had begun, leaving this small gap in front of them as the only way off the planet. But people still found a way, with enough determination, and families still mourned the missing. The old man thought it was all rather useless, these attempts to stop the suicides. No one blocked off the lakes or rivers because people sometimes drowned in them. The ones that wanted to stay on Earth did, and nothing was going to stop the ones that didn't. Simple as that.

"No one knows, sweetheart." He adjusted the grip on his cane, knuckles tightening underneath the wrinkled skin with its age spots and white hairs that had long since lost their ginger pigment. "The ones that fall never come back."

The wind behind them jostled Lisa's hair, the same hue that used to grow atop his own head, and his twin's too. She swatted it away impatiently as she contemplated the void before her. "But what do you think, Grandpa?"

"I'm not sure," he admitted. "They're gone. That's all I know."

"But aren't you a little bit curious?"

He shook his head firmly. "No. There's only one way to find that out, and I'm not willing to take that chance."

Lisa frowned. "Well, I want to know, even if you don't." She stepped towards the edge again, and the man nearly dropped his cane to catch her in time and pull her away. She landed on the grass with a soft thump, having accumulated such little mass in her seven years.

The man could feel the vein in his forehead throbbing and his cheeks growing red. He didn't mean to shout, he really didn't. "What were you thinking?!" He screamed.

"You could have gone off into the dark, you could have—" His voice cut off and he covered his mouth with a hand at the look of sadness that Lisa had on her face, like she'd disappointed him. And she had gotten enough disappointment from her mother before her death a year ago, leaving him as her sole caretaker. He joined her on the grass as his knees nearly gave out underneath him. His shoulders shook and his vision blurred. "I'm sorry, Lisa," he said, subdued. "You just scared me half to death, that's all. I didn't mean to yell at you, please don't look so upset. Grandpa didn't mean it, I promise."

Lips turning into a frown of worry, she scooted over to him, wrapping her tiny arms around his neck. "It's okay, Grandpa." A small hand patted his head. "We can go home and then you won't be sad anymore."

Taking a deep breath, he nodded and stood. With his granddaughter's hand in his, he led her away from the darkness and back through the field where she would be safe. "Why are you so scared of it, Grandpa?" she asked after a minute.

The memory of his twin's note left on the kitchen table came back to him. To this day, he couldn't look at it. "I lost my brother to it," he said quietly. "When we were about ten years older than you are now."

He thought that answer would satisfy her, but the way her face brightened at his reply said otherwise.

"But that means he's out there!" she cried in delight, turning back towards the darkness. "We can go find him, and then you'll be happy!"

Had he been a young man, he would have been able to catch her, stop her, take her home and make sure she never came towards the sunflower fields again. But she was too young and too spry as she raced ahead of him to the void. His chest heaved, breath wheezing from his lungs as he stumbled after her. His hand reached out to grab hers, catching briefly, a few yards away from where he would lose her. He pulled, but it wasn't enough, and she dashed ahead, leaving him to collapse onto the grass. He watched, helpless as she turned to face him, feet perched on the ledge.

"Come on, Grandpa!" she called out. "We can do it!" Reaching her arms out to her sides, she leaned back, eyes bright and fearless, a smile on her face that he knew with a sinking heart would be etched into his memory forever.

"LISA!" he cried as she disappeared, the gaping mouth swallowing her whole.

He wasn't sure how long he lay there. Minutes, hours, it was all the same. Dirt became mud underneath his face, and he dug into it with wasted hands. Bright blue skies grew dimmer and the air grew colder. He was about to get up, his knee beginning to throb from landing wrong as he'd fallen, when he heard the voice.

"Grandpa? Where are you?"

His head shot up, and without another thought to his knee, he scrambled to his feet and raced towards the dark with energy he'd long since thought he'd grown out of. Whether he was going mad or Lisa was truly alive, it didn't matter. He had no choice. He couldn't do it for his brother, but he could do it now. Lisa was all he had, and he was all she had. He couldn't leave her to face the darkness alone. His feet left the ground, and he jumped in after them. ■

oven on

by natalie aekel



sarah shields

The mother lost
Her daughter
When she saw her peek open
The restaurant bill
And slip the 7 dollar tip into her pocket.

The mother said nothing.
But
Each time she leans in
To water flowers in the living room,
Or folds her daughter's socks inside out
and
Into each other,

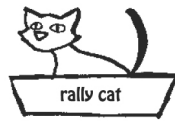
She thinks,
Does this make her
Less or more
Of a child?

The mother sprinkled why,
Why, why on each night's family dinner.
The dinners where
She was always the last to sit down,
To the left of her husband,
Who always sat at the head of the table,
But never served himself.

Would the daughter take her tips?
The ones that were never
Received after thanksgiving dinner,
Or Tuesday night dinner, for that matter.

That night, once the dishes were stacked
One on top of the other,
After she cleaned the forks less,
And the knives more,
She pet the dog quite mindlessly. ■

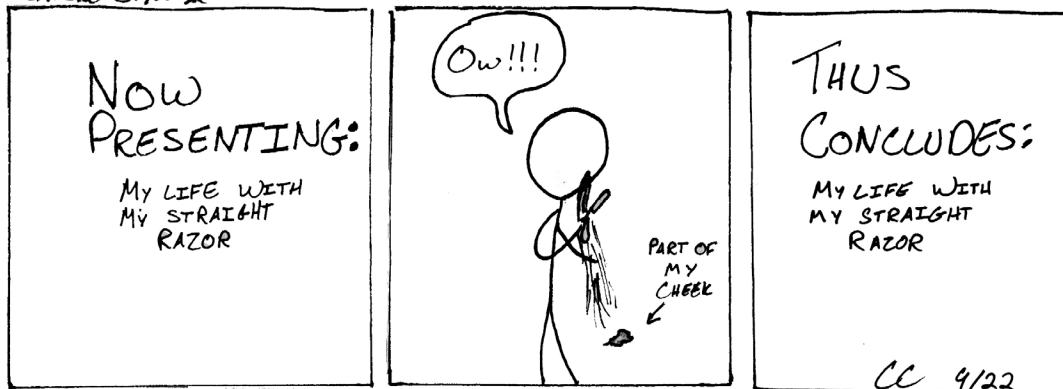
cat litter.



collincappelle



SATIRE STYX 2

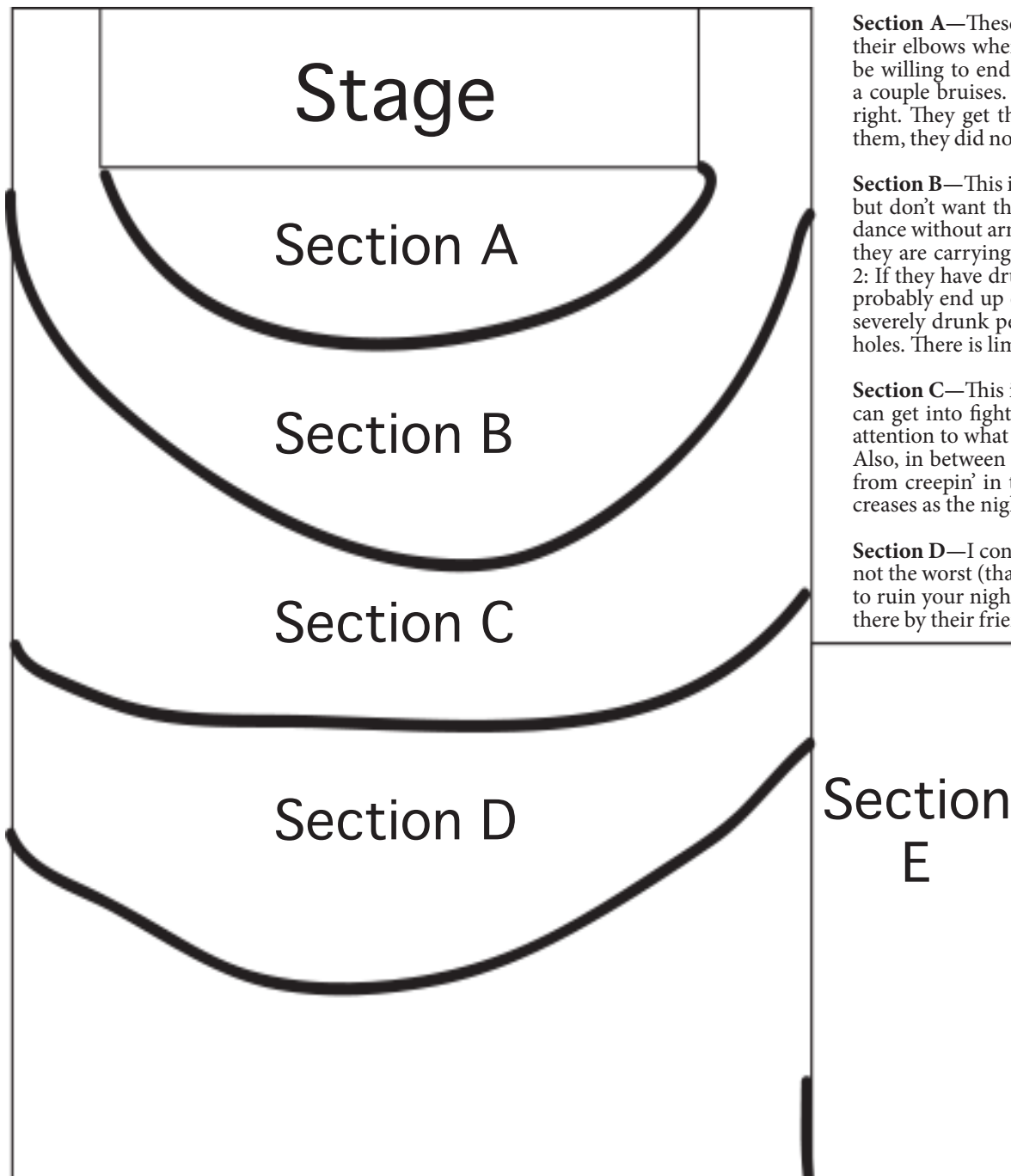


Tip o' the Week

Stop throwing bottles in the street.
Seriously fuck you.

the concert rainbow; a guide to live music watching

We all love concerts but sometimes the other people there ruin it for you. OK, if you are me, it's not sometimes but all the time. So after being disappointed for the last time, here are the new guidelines for concert going. Follow them or die.



Section A—These are your hardcore fans. They know every lyric and they like to use their elbows when getting to the front. If you choose to be in this section, you must be willing to end the night drenched in other peoples sweat, down a shoe, and with a couple bruises. However, some people enjoy this form of concert going, as is their right. They get the front section because they believe if the performer does not see them, they did not have a good time. The average density is two people per square foot.

Section B—This is your more casual fan; they like the band and bob along to the music but don't want the fear of being trampled. This section is also for people who like to dance without arms or with their hands occupied with a beverage. *Note: the beverage they are carrying is mostly in their cup and not on the people around them. **Note 2: If they have drunk a lot of the beverage, then a lot of the beverage in their cup will probably end up on the people around them. So to cut through the cryptic notes, no severely drunk people in section B. It will ruin everyone's time but the drunken assholes. There is limited touching in this section. Average person per square foot: 0.5.

Section C—This is where the drunken assholes are. They are grouped together so they can get into fights with people who actually want to fight and are too blitzed to pay attention to what is going on the stage so they aren't going to be disappointed anyway. Also, in between section B and C are a few volunteer martyrs who keep the drunkies from creepin' in to section B. The average person per square foot in this section increases as the night goes on and more and more beverage is consumed.

Section D—I consider these people worse than the drunkies; the talkers. They are still not the worst (that's for later you little bun-buns), but they still have an amazing power to ruin your night. These are the people who don't want to be there and were dragged there by their friends, like to comment on everything, or are just plain assholes. Either way, they deserve to be as far away from the stage as possible, but I understand their right to be in the same room as the stage, so they get the back of the room. Hopefully this section has zero average people per square foot but that's just silly idealism.

Section E—Finally we get to section E, the worst of the worst. These people are so bad they must be kept in a different room with the door closed. These are the people who fucking make out during a show. It's like, OK, I know you're in love but c'mon, don't stand in front of me and slobber over each other for two whole hours. Am I the only one who finds this gross? This room will be off to the side with no windows so no one has to witness the awkward meshing of two peoples' faces. In a perfect world, this room would be locked on the inside with no ventilation so they all die like they rightly deserve to. But, alas, the world is not perfect and I understand a venue's hesitation at depriving some of its customers of oxygen. However, I do believe a separate room is not too much to ask. That way I can crop-dust it every so often just to let the people in there know what I think of them. I don't give a shit how many people per square foot are in this section as long as I don't have to see or hear them. ■