

the water tower.

uvm's alternative newsmag



volume 8 - issue 2 - tuesday, september 14, 2010 - uvm, burlington, vt

uvm.edu/~watertwr

a case for calories why every night out should end with buffalo chicken



by leamcleveland

When the party is lame, when the keg is tapped, when Susie barfs all over a perfect stranger's shower curtain and you all had to sneak out the back door—your night doesn't have to be over! It doesn't have to end like that. There is always an alternative. There is always Mr. Mike's. And if pizza isn't your thing, there is a falafel waiting for you at Ali Baba's or a warm gooey Early Riser at KKD.

Parties may be hit or miss, but pizza, falafel, and egg sandwiches never fail. The seasoned UVMer knows; these places are where the real party is at. Late night, post-party eating is an important experience that every college student should take part in.

Before dismissing this entirely as the deranged rant of a buffalo chicken-obsessed fat girl—to which I reply: "Hey, weenie! I'm not fat!"—let me explain. A place like Mr. Mike's is more than pizza, cheap beer, and Pepsi products. The Mr. Mike's experience is representative of a larger, incredibly crucial college right of passage.

And boy, do I remember my first time at Mr. Mike's. My freshie friends and I were huddled in line awaiting our pizza. I don't remember our conversation, but I know what I must have been thinking. "Gee whiz! There's such thing as a pizza place open at 2:00 am? College is so crazy!" Ha. The craziness hadn't even begun.

Just as we were about to give the cashier our order, my friends and I found ourselves throwing our hands over our heads and ducking for cover. Screams rang out

in the night. The sound of smashing glass crashed around our ears.

"YOUR PIZZA'S OVERPRICED!!" screamed an irate young man standing in the doorway before running off like a lunatic into the darkness. Later we would discover that the sound we heard wasn't the smashing of glass, but the sound of ice cubes catapulting out of the cup he had chucked at the crowd. A dick move on his part, for sure, but I still consider his actions an appropriate initiation into the vi-

A place like Mr. Mike's is more than pizza, cheap beer, and Pepsi products. The Mr. Mike's experience is representative of a larger, incredibly crucial college right of passage.

brant and unpredictable subculture that is late night eating, and I wouldn't have it any other way.

The naysayer may cite the long lines as a deterrent—wouldn't ordering Domino's to your dorm or apartment be much easier? False. The long lines just make that first bite that much more worth it. You know the old adage—the longer you have to wait for buffalo chicken pizza, the sweeter and spicier it tastes. Nowhere does this ancient (I think Chinese?) proverb ring more true than at Monsieur Mike's. Plus, no matter how much their new ad campaign may deny it, Domino's still sucks.

Plus, when you're thirty-three and you have a job and a spouse and maybe even

your first kid, do you think you will ever find yourself waiting for greasy food in a line that snakes out the door at 3 o'clock in the morning? Surrounded by a bunch of drunken freaks salivating over the prospect of pepperoni pizza no less?

The answer is no, my friend (unless you really mess up big time after graduation). Some misguided souls may think this is a good thing. Alcohol and late night eating typically go hand in hand. Everyone knows alcohol is bad for your liver and late

happens. Pure, unbridled enthusiasm you never knew existed within you suddenly releases itself when you see the kid that sat two rows in front of you in Bio. College kids, insane vagrants, and townies come together as one as they break pizza crust together. Phone number exchanges of which you had never dreamt of become possible and even likely. Chance meetings aren't limited to classmates and crushes, as they might be at a house party. For instance, a close friend of mine named Erin once gave her number to a unique gentleman named "Bone."

"Not Boner, BONE. B-O-N-E," Bone explained. His hair was in slight disarray, he was very dirty, and his body odor was rank.

"So if I call you at 4:00 am that's cool, right?" he asked. He was obviously considerate of her sleeping patterns—a truly sweet guy.

"Excellent," Erin replied. And it was excellent. Bone never called (damn it) but that wasn't the point. Where would we all be if we never met the "Bones" of Burlington? Asleep in bed letting life pass us by? At a party flirting with some girl to no avail and trudging back to your room, defeated?

Sometimes you are better off ditching that party we have all been to a thousand times, taking life by the horns, eating fat-laden junk food, and meeting a Bone.

It's kinda like that other old saying—you can count calories when you're dead...or at least when you're old and your metabolism slows down. ■

get
inside
me

news
the truth about free-
range
by aniquigley

reflections
a day in the
marsh life
by robintucker

tunes
summer in the city
by sarahmoilan

advertise for your
club or organization with
the water tower. we're
cheaper than the other guys.
watertowerads@gmail.com

reflections.

party smart

how to party with your goals in mind

by drewdiemar

Many movies, songs, and poems focus on the question "Why do we party?" There may be complex psychological issues below the surface of this question. Is it to find new friends? To let off some steam? To rebel against the parents who never really understood us? No.

The reasons are much simpler. And no matter why you find yourself downtown, you should be knowledgeable and prepared to satisfy your cravings, be they carnal, material, testosterone, or a .30 reading.



loren teetelli

You want to have sex.

For females, the task is simple. Find any party in which there are guys, and you've found a party full of completely willing partners. For the guys, there are several other factors to observe as you slip into creeper mode.

1. Bass. Clearly, if you have to resort to partying to hook up, you're not a smooth-talker. Dancing is easy, and with it comes the pretty good chance of at least some passionate kissing.

2. Basements. Remember, darkness is your friend. And the more disgusting the place is, the better chance the girls are DTF. Why the fuck else would someone put up with low ceilings, cobwebs, and sticky walls?

3. Bathrooms. Waiting outside the bathroom door can be your best chance at finding an unclaimed girl. One coming out of a bathroom is probably going back out to the dance floor. Intercept her before she finds her previous partner.

You want to fight.

Truthfully, this can be accomplished at any party. A simple "I own this place" attitude is all you need to bring. Making fun of girls, cutting in line for the keg or Beirut, or spilling beer on someone all lead to situations that require only a little escalation on your part to turn into a full-out brawl.

You want to be wasted.

The long walk downtown killed your buzz. Your feet hurt. It's the last night of the weekend. Sounds like you need a lot of alcohol-in a hurry.

1. Jungle juice. This shit is magical. Any party that has it is no doubt a shitshow of freshmen slipping on vomit and falling into each other. Fill up a cup, and don't

think about the repercussions, just justify it to yourself by saying it doesn't taste too alcoholic.

2. Kegs. An obvious alternative. If the beer's warm, the better reason to gulp it down quickly and get the cup over with. If there's too long a line, no one ever got hurt for starting a 'cops' rumor.

3. Kids outside. Intoxication and a desire to smoke have an exponential relationship, so the more smokers are out, the better chance there's readily available drinks. The louder the crowd, the better.

You want to be treated like a piece of shit.

This one's easy. Just look for a building with Greek letters on it. If you don't live there, or have a vagina, chances are they don't want you around.

You want to profit.

Partying is a business. Why should the people throwing one be the only ones to prosper? (Note: these can be substituted for wanting to fight.)

1. Bring cups. If you go armed with 10 classic red solo cups, chance are they'll be at least one party that uses them. Shell 'em out inside for a nice \$50.

2. Look for an inattentive keg-man. If he's socializing or texting, chances are he doesn't wanna be there. Tell him you'll take over for a bit, and charge people who don't have a cup a buck a drink.

3. Check out the cars outside. The nicer they are, the richer the tenants are, the more cool shit there is inside to jack.

4. A printed out \$20 bill can be exchanged for a cup and \$15 surprisingly easily. ■

you could have sex. or you could bedazzle your condom tough choices abound

by ginamastrogiacom

If you live in the UVM residence halls, if you've gone past the Center for Health and Wellbeing, if you've gone into literally any office in any department at the University then you've seen them - artfully arranged on your RA's door or sitting in a little basket on their desk:

Condoms.

Clearly they have a use... but what if you're not getting any? People horde these like it's nobody's business, so what are they doing? Aside from sitting and festering in some unlucky individual's drawer, there are a lot of options...

Mainly, arts and crafts.

Here are some ideas for you, if for some reason you're cursed in the nookie department, or if you're just some sort of perverted Martha Stewart - no judgement here.

1. Condom Bouquet:

Maybe you've been skipping in giving attention to your significant other and instead of giving them a little loving, or an actual bouquet of flowers (maybe you're strapped for cash?) then this is the craft for you! Glue the packaging to long green pipe cleaners and you've got yourself a bouquet that won't ever die - sweet!

2. Condom Tic Tac Toe:

Game night with your friends? Obviously Apples to Apples would be your first choice, but when that's not around, this is a second option. Draw the board, and use the condom's for O's.

3. Condom Stress Reliever Toys:

You know those fun bags filled with sand that you can squeeze in the therapist's office to calm you down? Blow up a condom old school style, and fill it with some sand from the craft store...or North Beach, depending on your budget.

4. Old School Condom Balloon:

Kind of lame, but it never ceases to get a laugh. Maybe get crazy and hold it out the window of your car - check out the faces

of some passersby. Maybe out the campus shuttle window? Well, you might get kicked off. But George might also think you're awesome.

5. Full Out Condom Performance Art:

Here's the idea, blow up a bunch of condoms, balloon style, and fill them with different colored paints. Pin these to a piece of canvas, or just a large piece of paper and go to town on them with some darts. Voila! You've got a splatter art piece that Kandinsky would be proud of. (I'm sure that's how he made all of his work too.) Save it for your last art class project when you're too preoccupied with Stowe trips to crank out a marvelous piece of art.

6. Condom Jewelry

You thought I was kidding about bedazzling these babies? Oh no, my friends. Any excuse to use rhinestones is a good one. Cut your condom in half with a pair of scissors and twist it until

it fits whatever specific finger you'd like it to reside on, then tie it and use a glue gun (or straight up Elmer's) to add some fabulous rhinestones. Or continue this pattern and tie several, "rings" together to make a necklace. I'm hearing statement jewelry is in this Fall - now yours will have a message.

** Disclaimer - that message may be that you are still a virgin.

It all boils down to using your condoms wisely and safely, whether it's for sexual endeavors or time at your beloved craft table. As the year starts up again, we could all use a little relief from the daily grind of classes, and if that relief isn't going to be with your partner, it better include some sparkle and class, damnit! So unearth those glue guns, snag a couple condoms from your RA's bulletin board, and get to work. Who knows, maybe all of your new creations will get you some play! ■



lauryn schrom

a day in the marsh life

by robintucker

Things to bring to any normal class at UVM: Notebook, pen, homework, water bottle, maybe even an extra pen; it's always good to come prepared. Things to bring to Marsh Life Science 235: Well that's a different story.

If you've ever had a class in Marsh Life Science 235, you may have found yourself in the following position a time or two if you didn't think ahead while packing your bag. Say it's your first class in MLS 235. You finish eating lunch in your room and look at your watch realizing you'd better get going. You grab your backpack full of the any-old-class supplies that you have been using throughout the day. Oh what a mistake you have made.

You slip through the doors of MLS 235 and slide into the fifth row from the back just after class has begun. You look around the classroom and try to make sense of what you see.

The girl two seats over is tap tap tapping away at her computer—filling up a page under the title "Sex and Postmodernism." A phone rings loudly behind you and a boy leisurely rummages through his backpack and answers "Yo." He stands up and shuffles down the row between legs and backpacks. The two girls in front of you are chatting, their voices far above a whisper—apparently curly-haired-chatter finally found out the last name of the boy she met at the Frisbee house last weekend and now she can finally stalk him on facebook and decide whether or not to friend him.

A red haired girl diagonally to the right is one step behind curly-chatter and is typing the name "Kyle" into her facebook search bar over and over again with different combinations of "UVM," "University of Vermont" and "btown." Several different facebook profiles litter the seats below you and—oh wait, is there a teacher down there? You thought maybe you had heard a murmur of ions and bonds between curly-hair's saga of spilled beer and bad directions to an even worse basement. Yeah, now that you are looking, you can make out some scribbles and a teacher with his back to the class whispering equations and atom patterns to the board.

After another half an hour of vibrating phones, a full nail painting and some interesting hair-do experimentations from a girl a few rows down, everyone's ears perk up when the man (?) (It's hard to tell from the top of the hill of seats) down below says that class is ending early today. At the word "early," the whole class starts closing their notebooks, their computers, their mouths, and folding down their desks. By this point you are probably wiping the drool from your chin and remembering that life does exist outside of the clock on the left hand wall. You cap your pen and contribute to the cacophony of bag zipping around you. That ought to teach you a lesson other than the one you'll read about in the lecture notes later.

In short, preparing for class in MLS 235 takes a bit of thought. Sure you can bring a pen and a notebook, but don't expect to use them. You'd be better off using your backpack space for your laptop, your phone turned up and full of text messages to answer, a sandwich to make and eat and your math worksheet to fill out. Or if you like to fly empty handed, make sure to bring a couple of friends to fill the seats around you, some awesome tales from last weekend to tell, and a full bladder to break up the time. ■

advertisement

HIGHER GROUND
BALLROOM • SHOWCASE LOUNGE
1214 WILLISTON RD • SO. BURLINGTON • INFO 652-0777
PHONE ORDERS: TOLL FREE 888-512-SHOW (7469)
INFO & TIX: WWW.HIGHERGROUNDMUSIC.COM
THU, 9/2 | \$15 ADV / \$15 DOS | DOORS 8, SHOW 8:30PM

SAM ADAMS & CURTIS, NA PALM
FRI, 9/3 | \$5 ADV / \$10 DOS | DOORS 7:30, SHOW 8PM

FIRST FRIDAY
L. DORA, DJS PRECIOUS & LLU
SAT, 9/4 | \$20 ADV / \$20 DOS | DOORS 7, SHOW 7:30PM

PENNYWISE
RIVERBOAT GAMBLERS, AUTHORITY ZERO, BIGWIG
SUN, 9/5 | \$15 ADV / \$15 DOS | DOORS 8, SHOW 8:30PM
MALDEN RECORDS WELCOMES

TORTOISE
GREG DAVIS & BEN VIDA
TUE, 9/7 | \$12 ADV / \$14 DOS | DOORS 8:30, SHOW 9PM

THE GLITCH MOB
MARTY PARTY
TUE, 9/7 | \$10 ADV / \$12 DOS | DOORS 7, SHOW 7:30PM

CIVIL TWILIGHT
THE DAYLIGHTS
FRI, 9/10 | \$20 ADV / \$20 DOS | DOORS 8, SHOW 8:30PM

OZOMATLI
FRI, 9/10 | \$8 ADV / \$10 DOS | DOORS 7:30, SHOW 8PM | 18+

VT COMEDY CLUB
COLIN RYAN, KATHLEEN KANZ, JOHN LYONS, NATHAN HARTSWICK, BRENDAN JOSEPH, CHAD SMITH
SAT, 9/11 | \$30 ADV / \$35 DOS | DOORS 8, SHOW 8:30PM

RHYTHM DEVILS
FEAT. BILL KREUTZMAN & MICKEY HART (OF THE GRATEFUL DEAD) & DAVY KNOWLES (OF BACK DOOR SLAM)
SAT, 9/11 | \$12 ADV / \$14 DOS | DOORS 8:30, SHOW 9PM

DEAD WINTER
CARPENTERS
MEMBERS OF AUTUMN HOLLOW
SUN, 9/12 | \$40 ADV / \$43 DOS | DOORS 8, SHOW 9PM

MON 9/12: XAVIER RUSS & IZINTABA
MON 9/12: CAROLINA CHOCOLATE DROPS
WED 9/12: CINDERELLA
WED 9/12: GRIFFIN HOUSE
THU 9/12: BLUE SCHOLARS
FRI 9/12: INZAZIO
FRI 9/12: TOBACCO
SAT 9/12: RAO
SAT 9/12: FUSION
SUN 9/12: TREVOR HALL
WED 9/22: BROKEN SOCIAL SCENE
WED 9/22: MODERN GRASS QUINETY
THU 9/22: MIAN MONTLEAL BAND
FRI 9/24: BAREFOOT TRUTH
FRI 9/24: MOVEMENT OF THE PEOPLE
SAT 9/26: IMMORTAL TECHNIQUE
SAT 9/26: FUTURE ROCK & ORCHARD LOUNGE
SUN 9/26: BRENDAN JAMES
TUE 9/28: LUKE BLOOM
WED 9/28: FIN.
THU 9/28: DEAD SESSIONS
FRI 10/1: ZACH DEPUTY
FRI 10/1: FIRST FRIDAY
SAT 10/2: BADFISH
SAT 10/2: TOM TOM CLUB
SUN 10/2: BUILT TO SPILL
SUN 10/2: FOUR YEAR STRONG
THU 10/7: DEATH
THU 10/7: JACKIE GREEN
FRI 10/8: ASSEMBLY OF BUST
FRI 10/8: JER GOODES
SAT 10/9: MIL PERFECT
SUN 10/10: LOS CAMPESINOS!
MON 10/11: INGRID MICHAELSON

TICKETS ALSO AVAILABLE AT HG BOX OFFICE (M-F 11a-6p) or GROWING VERMONT (UVM DAVIS CENTER). ALL SHOWS ALL AGES UNLESS NOTED.

YO GABBA GABBA!
LIVE!
THERE'S A PARTY IN MY CITY!

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 22
TWO SHOWS: 3PM & 6:30PM
FLYNN THEATRE • 153 MAIN STREET, BURLINGTON, VT

TICKETS: WWW.FLYNNITIX.ORG,
FLYNN THEATRE BOX OFFICE, OR 802.86.FLYNN
WWW.HIGHERGROUNDMUSIC.COM

ON SALE NOW!

LCD SOUNDSYSTEM
PLAYS LIVE MUSIC 2010

THIS IS HAPPENING

MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 27
FEATURING **SLEIGH BELLS**
MEMORIAL AUDITORIUM • 8PM

TICKETS: WWW.FLYNNITIX.ORG, 802-86-FLYNN,
FLYNN THEATRE BOX OFFICE

PRESENTED BY HIGHER GROUND & EVENKO

GUSTER

Thursday,
October 28 • 8PM
Flynn Theatre • Burlington, VT

Tickets available at www.flynnitix.org,
802-86-FLYNN, Flynn Theatre Box Office

The New Album
Easy Wonderful
Available October 5th

Higher Ground Presents • guster.com

trash.



the campus bitchfest

by jonathanlott

I've come to notice recently that a lot of people are really careless. This isn't breaking news by any means, but some of the dumb stuff we do (or don't do) is really dumb. I'm not chiding any of you for drugs or alcohol because... well, you know, I'm not trying to impose my opinions (well-intended they may be) on any of you, but I feel it necessary to at least touch upon some of the more dangerous habits in which many of you partake.

My first qualm is unsafe biking and skateboarding. I've noticed that almost everyone here who rides a bike or boards does so without a helmet. (If you are the one person I saw wearing a helmet, you are exempt from my tirade.) I can see not wearing elbow pads or knee pads; we're not in second grade anymore. I'm not going to tell you that you need to wear a helmet, but I will advise that you do so. It only takes one wrong turn, misplaced stone, or crowd of students to totally divert your course into a building wall, or a spread of concrete. Besides, we're all here to protect and expand our brains...right?

Although fewer of you are targeted by my second point of contention, I still find it important to drill the next idea into your young brains. It seems obvious, in theory, anyway, that texting and driving is really dangerous. In fact, all cell phone use while driving is hazardous. Your eyes and hands should be free to notice and react to any threats that lie on the road. In my "evil" home state of Massachusetts, texting and driving is illegal. However, I think the legislation should cover more than mere texting, and should expand beyond the Bay State. What about checking your email? Playing on your iPhone? Tweeting? Adding a new contact? Taking pictures (though I confess to doing this)? The legislation is simply not broad enough. To my knowledge, at least, it is not illegal to be playing a Nintendo DS while driving (show me where it says you can't). The law should cover all electronic use involving either of your hands. Bluetooth, taking a sip of a drink, and talking to passengers is a different story. It's difficult not to fall into the social traps laid out for us, and we probably can't keep it up all the time. However, if we could enact some solid legislation nationwide, we might be able to save some lives...even if it comes at the cost of not being able to update your Twitter as often.

My final problem lies somewhere between spite, idiosyncrasy and neglect. There are tons of recycling bins around campus, many which are clearly labeled "Paper", "Trash" (which isn't really recycling), and "Cans & Bottles". Take a peek inside any of them, and you will see more than what is labeled. I don't know whether we don't read, can't read (I seriously hope this isn't the case), or willingly choose to spite our green policies, but there is really no excuse to not place items in the correct bins. There are bottles in the "Trash", styrofoam cups in the "Paper", and paper scraps in the "Bottles & Cans". It would take someone hours to sort through these recycling bins and place the items in the correct bins. Why can't we just take three seconds to read the labels and place items in the correct bins? Is snagging that last table at New World Tortilla that important? Well, they do have great quesadillas... ■

Vintage Clothes
Accessories, Sunglasses
and everything you wear

20% Off
Entire purchase
with this ad

**DOWNTOWN
THREADS**

www.downtownthreads.net
Exclusive sales and discounts for facebook fans of Downtown Threads

73 Church Street Burlington, VT (Above Kens Pizza) 802-399-2070

the ear

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

Outside the Davis Center

Guy talking to another guy: Yeah dude, I just stocked up on condoms and antibiotic ointment.

Returning from the midnight breakfast at the Davis Center, 2:00 am

Freshman Dude: Yeah, I've got a lot of body oils back in my room...what?

Outside the Davis Center

Bro: hey, I think I know you...

Girl: yeah... did we have class together?

Bro: no. I think we were at detox together.

Girl: oh yeah! How did the rest of your semester go?

Bro: I kinda got suspended...

Girl: OMG! me too!

U-Heights

You could piss in it and she would drink it. Hippie chicks will drink anything out of a mason jar.

Tuesday's SGA Meeting

Senator 1: Do you want to do the Prudent Student?

Senator 2: Only if I can hold your penis.

Over dinner at the Marche

Dude 1 (to all his dude friends and one girl): This one time in high school I jerked off on the bus.

Dude 2: Wait how long was the bus ride?

Dude 1: It was like a school field trip.

Dude 2: But where did you wipe it all?

Dude 1: On some girls hat...

Dude 2: You were that guy!

3rd floor of L/L

Girl: Sharing a toothbrush with someone is more intimate than sleeping with someone.

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

Hey...

I'm sorry I spooked you on the bike path the other day, I was coming home from a bike ride and the path gets kind of narrow there. I felt bad about it so I stopped to pick a flower, turned around, and handed it off to you. let's go for a run sometime?

When: Tuesday 'round 7:00 pm

Where: UVM Bike path

I saw: cute runner

I am: guy on a bike

I noticed you right away, Too bad I had nothing to say. You make an ugly green shirt look pretty rad, If we don't ever hang out, I'll be pretty sad. My friend lost her stuff at your party last year, You probably don't remember after all the beer. Singing is your thing, though I'm really awful, Let's meet this Saturday and share a grundle waffle.

When: a few times a week

Where: sitting at a desk

I saw: a good looking guy

I am: hoping to catch your eye

I see you around campus biking with your thriving long, flowing brown hair and prescription sunglasses. You wear a beaded necklace and have a luscious lower lip. Your tanned skin and manly hands turn me on, especially when you're clutching your Comcast folder. I can tell you're a leo, so come and be my lion and light my fire!

When: Everyday

Where: Outside Bailey-Howe

I saw: A Sex God

I am: KE

FOR THE LOVE OF THE GAME

CLUB SPORTS

Check it out at:
WWW.UVM.EDU/CLUBSPORTS

fashion five-oh.

fairly odd fashion:

a fascinating study of the
champlain valley fair style

with colbynixon

As a junior, I have gone through many of the ritualistic experiences unique to UVM and the Green Mountain State itself. I've swam in the fountain on the Waterman Green, and I've seen the sunset from the fire escape. But I had never been to the Champlain Valley Fair before. I had heard all about this oh so traditional "quaint New England" fair for some time now. I decided it was worth checking out, especially if I might get to spot Keith Urban or Justin Bieber. Being from Maine, I've been to fairs before, so I figured, apart from their star-studded musical line up, this couldn't be much different than back home. And then I saw the get-ups.

The first article of clothing I would like to address isn't actually clothing at all- (with the exception of one man, whom I will get to). The spectacular array of body art was so profound, and thought provoking, I could have been in the Guggenheim. There were grandmothers with full sleeves (almost), and I wasn't aware that there were so many different types of dragons that you could put on the back of your calf. However, as I mentioned, there was one man who took the cake. From a distance, I was almost certain he had a shirt on, but as he approached the spot where I was stuffing Don's Moose Nutz in my face, I realized that no, his torso, and upper arms were covered in ink. I was like, "Shit, where the fuck is Ray Bradbury, I think I just found the Illustrated Man." The kicker though was that his tats didn't extend any further down than mid-way down his upper arm- so he could still of course, get a "respectable job." You have to admire a man like that; he'll probably never have to buy another t-shirt in his life.

Of course, most people were clothed, and what they were decked out in was nothing short of impressive. I saw jean shorts, wife-beaters, lots and lots of NASCAR brand hats, shirts, jackets, and pony-tail holders, a vast array of Keith Urban merchandise on any woman who was 25+ and Justin Bieber gear on any woman younger than that, as well as flannel. With the amount of flannel at that event, it was like a kilt screwed the Brawny man and the kid came out cross-eyed. I was however most disappointed that I didn't see any NASCAR emblazoned flannel, which probably would have put me over the edge. I felt seriously underdressed in my t-shirt, shorts, and flip-flops. It's like showing up with a gun to a knife fight- you just don't do it.

And can we talk about the cowboy hats? Anyone who wasn't wearing a NASCAR hat or proudly displaying a mullet was rocking a cowboy hat. I mean, I know it was warm and the sun was pretty bright, but how many people were actually going to be wrangling cattle that day? (The exact answer is probably around 3, due to the fairly large amount of livestock at this event). I just couldn't compete.

Everyone has different tastes and preferences, and that's what makes fashion a good topic of conversation and discussion. What makes a better conversation is when you can nudge your friend on the shoulder and say to her, "What the hell was that guy thinking when he woke up this morning- was that really the best option available?" But then again, they're probably saying the same thing about you. ■

wat(er) your threads

with olivianguyen



Sad but true: UVM isn't exactly known for its superior fashion sense. That's why when fashion-forward ladies and gents choose to rebel against flannel and push the campus fashion boundaries, the ut likes to give them a little nod of approval. We're not the fashion police. (Though we're tempted to fine people still wearing Uggs this winter.) We're just here to give UVM campus fashion some much-needed TLC.

Name: Carly

Spotted: On the library steps

Why we like it: Collar leather sandals were a big trend this summer. Its tricky to pull off the right look with them but she makes it look effortless with her high waisted shorts.



Name: Cecile

Spotted: Outside the Davis Center

Why we like it: Her matching sea shell necklace and colorful sea shell tank top brings summer memories of the Cape back to school.

créatif stuffé.

Feeling a little créatif? Wishing Vantage Point was published more than once a semester? Well now you can submit your creative writing, short stories, poems, drawings, black and white photos, and any other créatif things to the water tower's new section, créatif stuffé. Send your submissions to thewatertownews@gmail.com by Tuesdays at 4:00.

german bear wrestling

with alextownsend



cat litter.



cat litter:
by drew diemar
artwork by vanessa denino

Top 5 ways UVM students can help solve the Gulf of Mexico Oil Leak

1. Pass an SGA resolution condemning future oil leaks.

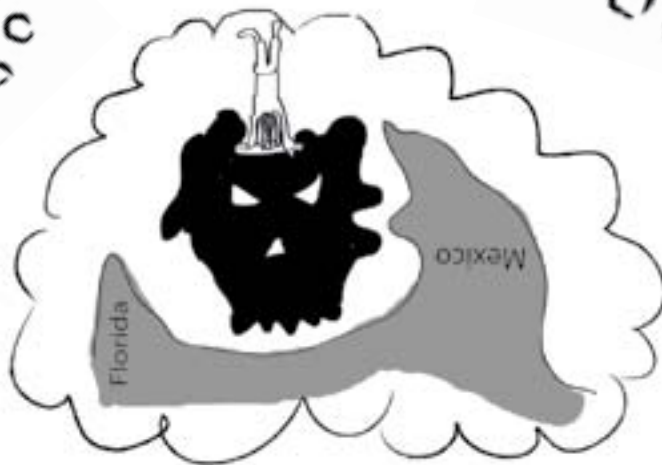


2. Slyly insert insults to large corporations, the GOP, the state of Texas, and Macdonald's into class discussions.



4. Send cards offering words of encouragement to any birds, fish, or marshes that may have been affected.

3. Has anybody thought of soaking all the oil up with hemp? What about soy? Set up a table in the Davis Center to petition Washington to investigate.



5. Write "Fuck Fogel" wherever possible.

tunes.



summer in the city

by sarahmoylan

Like many of my upperclass comrades, I spent the summer earnin' my keep for an apartment here in Burlington. Oh, what to do when there is no homework to complete or labs to do! The answer is easy: anything involving music.

I've always been aware of Burlington's thriving live music scene, but since I was rather low on funds (unlike the lucky MGMT concert-goers of, say, the *Cynic*), I had to stick to shows by bands that most people haven't ever heard of. That's how I ended up at the Wavves show at Club Metronome in June. Wavves is a loud, lo-fi, beach-influenced garage outfit, and it was at this Wavves show that I learned what I like to refer to as the "hipster garage rock dance." Here's how it works: when listening to fuzzy, fast-paced tunes, just nod your head impossibly fast to the beat of the music, stare at the band while making no facial expression, and don't move any other part of your body. As a result, you'll look like you're having a cranial seizure... but everyone else is doing it, so it's not really a big deal.

On the You Tube front, my most amusing discovery of the summer was "Pizza Party," a so-awful-it's-awesome rap tune from L'Homme Run, an early musical endeavor of Vampire Weekend frontman Ezra Koenig. You've gotta love these lyrics: "I'm at the pizza party, and I'm eatin' hearty/ It could be mighty meaty or with havari/ Man I don't want no ziti or chicken parm/ Imma heat up this slice like Don Giovanni!" Mmm, if only I could afford Leonardo's. For more L'Homme Run goodness, and proof that Vampire Week-

end would never have made it in the rap world, check out the bouncy, bizarre "Interracial Dating."

It was also a good summer for new tunes on my iPod. I spent much of the summer playing the springtime debut album from Brattleboro rockers Happy Birthday over and over again. Fuzzy, gritty lo-fi with a killer melody... what more could I ask for? But as midsummer rolled around, so did an awesome new album: *Crazy for You*, the first full-length from Los Angeles shoegazers Best Coast. *Crazy for You* is, quite frankly, the shit. Its breezy, summery vibe made for excellent iPod music for my long walk to the beach on hot days. In one of the best tracks, "When I'm With You," lead singer Bethany Constantino croons, "The world is lazy / But you and me, we're just crazy / So when I'm with you, I have fun."

Indeed, this upcoming fall semester is going to be a fun one... in terms of music, anyway. I mean, I'm bummed that the sunny, glorious, homework-free summer is over, but tunes always make it less painful, right? There's a slew of fabulous acts lined up for the next few months-- I've already got my Guster, Broken Social Scene, and Happy Birthday tix carefully stashed in my desk. (Indie's not your thing? With artists from Wiz Khalifa to, uh, Justin Bieber hitting the 802 this fall, you can find a good show, regardless of your preferred genre.) Same with recorded tunes: new stuff from Deerhunter, Of Montreal, Maroon 5, Cage the Elephant, and maybe even Radiohead will be out by the end of the year. Ahhh... if only I could afford it all. ■

SEEKING: UVM'S BEST BAND (/ARTIST/WHATEVER)

We know you secretly play guitar. We know you and your friends have five tracks on myspace with 11 listens. We know you want to be the next bedroom laptop maestro to start selling out the Music Hall of Williamsburg. And you, yeah you, we know you rap in front of the mirror Eight Mile style when you're high and nobody's home. So show us your stuff!

Even if you're not-so-underground and you already have stickers on all the lamp posts on campus, send links to your myspace, youtube, fileshare, etc. to thewatertownnews@gmail.com, or drop a CD at our desk at the SGA. We will take all music at face value, regardless of genre or recording quality, and reward originality above all. You've got all fall semester to get submissions in, and in the spring we'll run a front page, magazine-style profile and interview with the winner, and reveal our other favorites and runners-up.

The contest is open to all current students, grad or undergrad; non-Music Department faculty and staff; and even very recent grads who are still based in Burlington. Multiple projects from the same group are ok by us. Give us everything you've got. Don't be shy, you might just be UVM's best!



your weekly WRUV music review

by nyikobeguinn

Beach Fossils – *Self-Titled*
5 out of 5 stars

When I saw these guys back in October '09, I had a feeling in my gut that their debut record was going to be the "dope-ness." 10 months later, my gut was right on. *Beach Fossils*, their self-titled first release, is indeed dope. Delicately selected electric-guitar picking layered over careful and catchy baselines, subtle drums, and laid-back vocals equipped with some dizzying flange. Although relatively basic and straight-forward song structures dominate the album, this leaves room for Dustin Payseur's guitar picking to act as the catchy hook for which your subconscious yearns. In fact, for most songs Payseur's vocals are wonderfully similar to the bass and drums, both in their unobtrusive role in the mix as well as their comforting repetition in rhythm and melody.

Album highlights include the album opener "Sometimes," packed with enticingly cryptic lyrical content: "I know I waste my time/ And I can't figure out/ Which one is yours or mine/ That's fine/ I really couldn't say I mind," as well as guitar and bass-line repetition which borders on a loop, but manages to hold onto the human quality of subtle inconsistency. "Youth" is a laid back summer jam complete with a nostalgic day-glo atmosphere and sweeping lyrical explorations: "we got our love to spare/ cause we're awake through our youth." "Daydream" is exactly what the song's title suggests; a sunny and laid-back tune which slips the listener into reverie for a quick 3 minutes, only to be lovingly lulled back into reality by the following tune, "Golden Age."

This is a remarkably simple, yet defiantly classic first album from Beach Fossils and in all seriousness, I am not sure if they will ever be able to top it.

If You Like: Wild Nothing, Woods, Small Black
Best Tracks: "Sometimes," "Youth," "Lazy Day," "Daydream," "Golden Age"

Active Child – *The Curtis Lane EP*
4 out of 5 stars

First things first, this album grows on you. Active Child, the brainchild of Pat Grossi, is stunningly subtle. Grossi delicately weaves synth textures with sparkling harp tinkering and pulsating drum kits, all the while, layering enticing falsetto moans with brilliant and at times surprising harmonies.

The Curtis Lane EP opens up with an ethereal loop hanging overhead until delay driven drums fade into the mix of "I'm In Your Church At Night." Mid-way through the song, everything fades out except for the same opening throb of synth to allow for perhaps the most poignant moment of the song, Grossi recalls fond memories that he longs to relive as he sings "no one spoke as our voices rose, stars were shining and so were our souls."

Other highlights include "She Was A Vision," reminiscent to some of the more synthed-out slow-jams of late. "Wilderness" is a wonderful example of Grossi's ability to use space, dynamic shift, and distance in his song structures. "When Your Love is Safe" is perhaps the most exciting cut off of *Curtis Lane*. It acts as a showcase for Grossi's ability to write catchy material about his love affairs, while keeping the instrumentation upbeat, yet nostalgic. All and all, *Curtis Lane EP* is a solid first effort by Active Child and I wouldn't be surprised if his next is even better.

If You Like: Antony and the Johnsons, Neon Indian, Owen Pallett
Best Tracks: "I'm In Your Church At Night," "She Was a Vision," "When Your Love is Safe," "Wilderness" ■

If you like **Beach Fossils**, WRUV is sponsoring their performance at the Monkey House September 23.

8 pm - 18+ - \$10

Openers: **Nyiko Beguinn** and **tooth ache.**