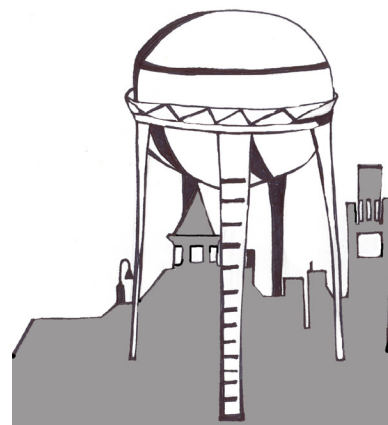


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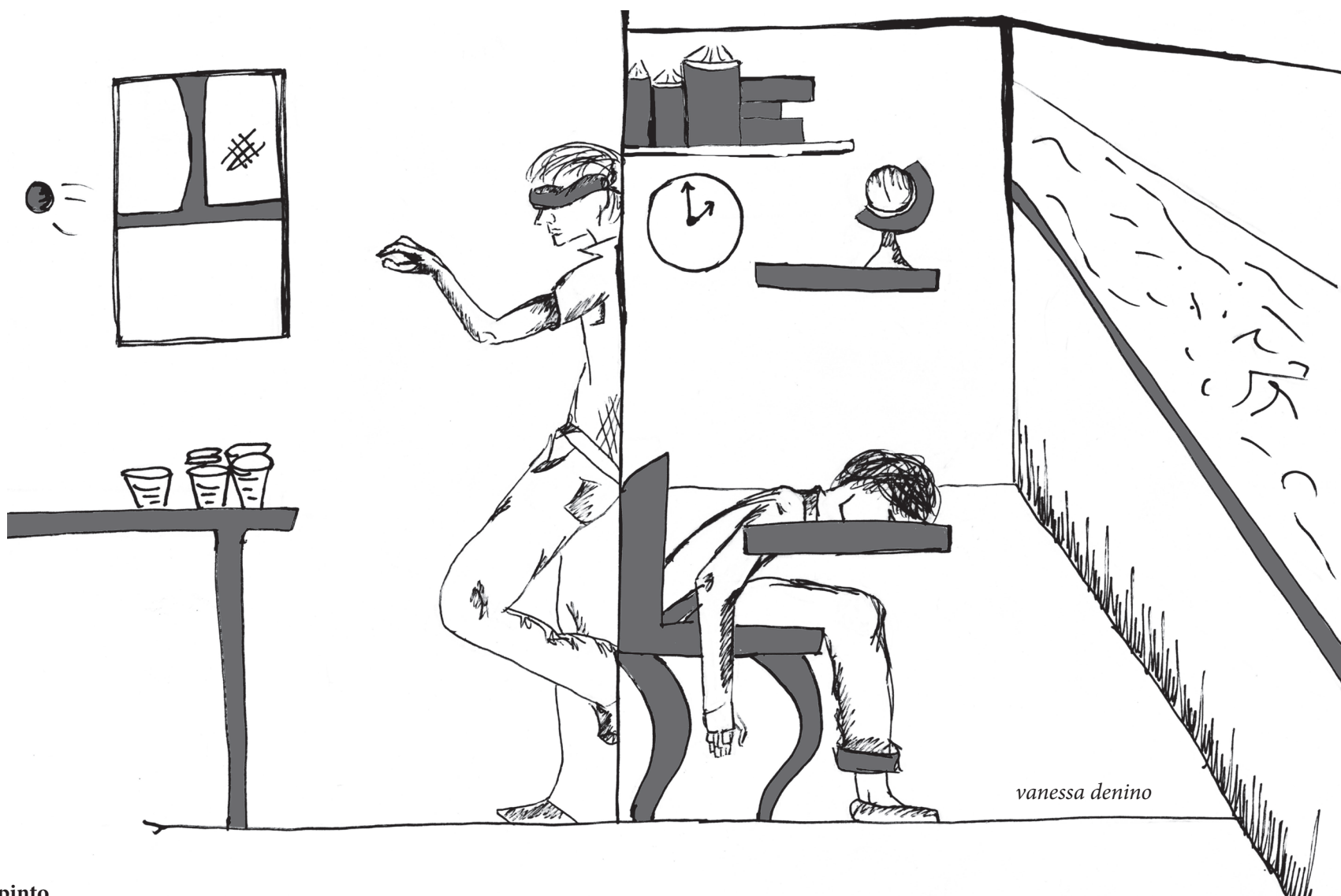
uvm's alternative newsmag



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(the agonies of being a part-time student) the most stressful midterm season...ever



by alexpinto

I've been up late every night for the past week. It's a day to day struggle. My brain has been clouded by stress. It's midterm time, and I represent a sad minority. I'm a part-time student, and I have no midterms.

As autumn cruises by and the ever-earlier sunsets weigh on the collective Burlington consciousness, seasonal depression starts to creep in. And if you take the average Btown resident's relative change in mood and triple that, you've got me. It's agonizing. Since I wake up at 11 every morning, early darkness really puts a squeeze on my daily activities. Accounting for work and class time, I sometimes have only an hour or so of daylight free for fun activities! This is a problem. Darkness is great for studying, but since I don't have any of that to do, I am stuck with nothing to do.

Darkness is good for one kind of fun though: nightlife! Thanks to my part-time class load I could go out every night of the week if I wanted to. The problem is the word "could." To go out and socialize requires friends, and my friends, for whatever reason, chose not to be English majors, religion majors, business majors, etc., but are instead engineers and scientists. Pretty silly right? They have homework to do every single night! And now that it's midterm season, they're really in the shit. Around-the-clock school work. And no time for me.

So what do I do?

I could go to a bar by myself. That's where people go when they have nothing to do at night, right? To mingle with the other lonely souls? The problem: I am ap-

proximately fifty years too young for that type of behavior. If I start spending my nights on a stool with a glass glued to my palm, chatting up a barmaid with a saggy tramp stamp, I might as well start making 5:50 am tee times at golf courses, watching the news on television, or reading books. AKA - not happening. I'm 21-years-old, for chrissakes.

Another option: stay in and watch TV. And slam my head against the wall. Because that will be the result if I have to watch another re-run of a sitcom. I've never had to watch TV against my will

before, and this midterm season has been devastating. Apparently, once you leave the comfortable confines of HBO and On Demand, there are commercials in your face every five freaking minutes. I'd sort of forgotten about that. And as bad as the ads are, between the commercials the content is only marginally more interesting. Case in point: *Two and a Half Men* has been televised continuously for about SEVEN YEARS. Am I taking crazy pills!? Television is so bad that I can feel my soul leaving its host body with each passing minute that I watch. But if I'm not watching TV in the evening, what else can I do?

I could get a girlfriend. What better activity for passing the long, quiet, twilight

hours of midterm season than cuddling up under a blanket with a lovely lady? There are definitely benefits of having a plus one in general, especially if you are already bored. Being bored seems to be the number one activity for college couples - i.e., you can do all the same things that are normally boring, but instead you get credit for them. Making dinner becomes a date, and a nap becomes cute; being in a couple makes downtime productive! The problem is, of course, that girlfriends are much harder to attain than, say, a TV. You have to work hard over time to cultivate

a positive relationship, and even if you do put in the time, it's not guaranteed that things will work out. So, if any girls out there are ready to go 0-60 in about a week, let me know. Otherwise we're moving on to other options.

Speaking of not having girlfriends, I could get into video games. Some segment of the college population seems to still play these. The problem here: the only acceptable video games to play are *Call of Duty* and *Madden*, among a few other sports games. These titles are played so religiously by the "gamers" of the world that they are absolutely impossible to get into. When "redsoxfan1997" on the other end of the HDMI cable spends 35 hours a

week playing the game at hand, it makes for a pretty steep learning curve, especially for someone whose video game expertise extends about as far as Mario Tennis n64. Video games are way too hard these days. Nix that.

I could also try to make new friends. Friends who do go out every night. I'm talking classic Burlington weirdos. Head downtown Monday through Wednesday and some bars are hopping - and not all of the patrons are college students. Who are these people who party like it's 1999 during the week, and is that the year they graduated college? I want to find out. Then again, that behavior can be dangerous. What will my roommates say when I start heading into the depths of the O.N.E. on a nightly basis to hang out with "these cool guys who are between jobs right now but definitely optimistic, and just selling coke for a little while to stay afloat...?" An intervention would probably proceed. Let's avoid that whole mess.

And what about doing drugs? What better use of my free time could there be than tripping sack and expanding my perspectives on reality? Actually, there aren't many negatives for this one. I might get on that. Eh, too many phone calls involved. Nevermind.

As you can clearly see, no options are completely attractive. My agony is unbearable. I need midterm season to be over soon - I need my friends back, or else I'll have to resort to one or more of these tactics. For now, though, I guess I'll just crack open a beer, throw on some tunes, and continuously refresh Facebook. ■

I could go to a bar by myself. That's where people go when they have nothing to do at night, right? To mingle with the other lonely souls?

get
inside
me

news
strange lives of saudi
royals
by bendonovan

reflections
origins of mad chill
by calebdemers

tunes
how to write a music
review
by sarahmoylan

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inbox

Dear **water tower**,

The front page article of last week's newspaper was an outrage for several reasons. While I understand why Ben Donovan did not call Animal Control right away when the rabbit fell in through the window and while I appreciate that he did some research online, I find it shocking that he and his roommates chose not to call Animal Control the next day. Of course the rabbit died, he was a wild animal and wild animals do not do well in captivity. The most appalling part of the article, however, was when Donovan admitted to tossing the rabbit's body into the trash. The rabbit may have been an animal but he still deserved some respect from the people who inadvertently killed him. In response to the line "... before the UVM chapter of PETA come and pickets my apartment, it should be noted that he probably would have died anyway," I say that he probably wouldn't have died if he had been brought back outside, it may come as a surprise to some but wild animals do know how to survive in the outdoors.

Lastly, I can't believe that Donovan turned this sad story of mistreatment into a lighthearted tale about why he shouldn't be a father. After the publishing of this article, I would be shocked if anyone would even want to have children with him.

Yours truly,
Disgruntled Rabbit Lover

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 emilyhoogesteger

Exploiting the Chilean Miners. Yes, it's a heartwarming story – and yes, it's inspirational. But we don't need it scrutinized under a zoom lens, dissected by psychologists, or accompanied by news anchors' inane commentary.

Dengue. According to the World Health Organization, outbreaks of Dengue have more than doubled in the past ten years...because the world doesn't have enough problems right now.

Ahmadinejad. The president of Iran visited Lebanon this week, where he praised Lebanon's resistance against Israel – which naturally worked wonders on the Middle East peace process. This may be beating a dead horse, but Ahmadinejad is really, really not helping.

Banning "I Heart Boobies" Bracelets. Several U.S. high schools have banned the breast cancer support bracelets that read "I Heart Boobies," claiming the message is inappropriate. Sure, it's irreverent, but it's supposed to be. Ironically, it's the high school kids that are telling their administrators to grow up.

the water tower. uvm's alternative newsmag

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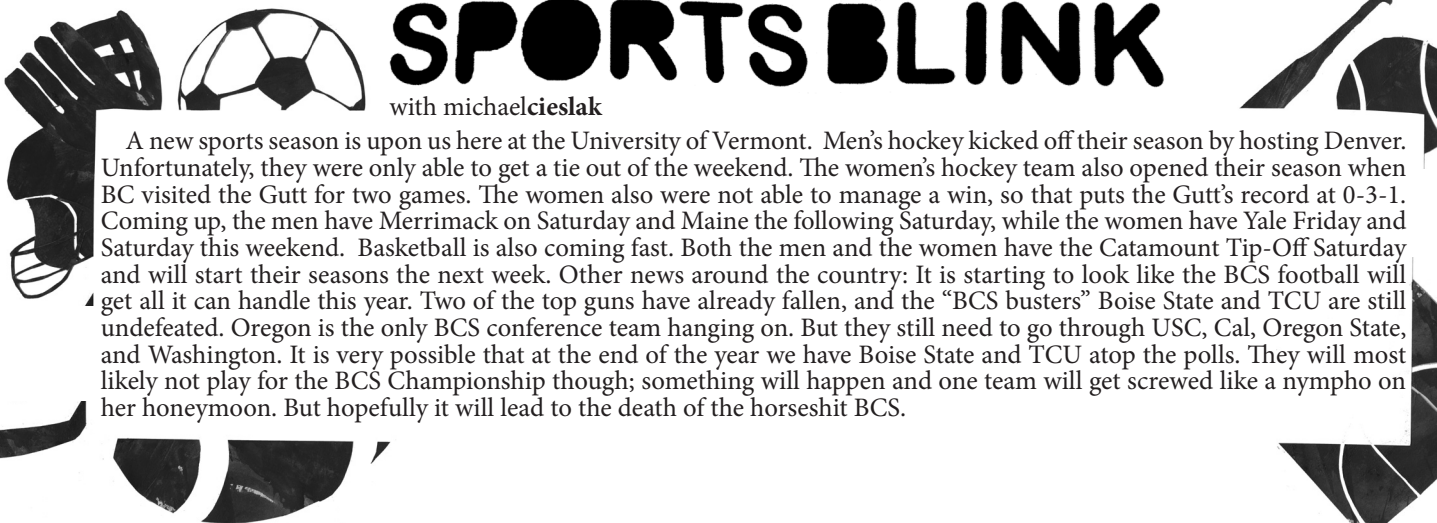
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join the wt.
New writers and artists
are always welcome
Weekly meetings
Tuesdays at 7:30 pm
Williams Family Room
Davis Center - 4th Floor
Or send us an email

Our generation stands at a crossroads. As we walk through a world ever connected to a thunderstorm of news and reflection, we risk losing the ability to think for ourselves. **the water tower** is for us non-thinkers. We provide witty and sometimes outlandish opinions so that you don't have to come up with them yourselves. We can't promise that you will agree with everything that we say, but you will respect the tenacity we have to say it. Every once in a while we will generate something that is truly thought provoking. We are the reason people can't wait for Tuesday. We are **the water tower.**



SPORTS BLINK

with michaelcieslak

A new sports season is upon us here at the University of Vermont. Men's hockey kicked off their season by hosting Denver. Unfortunately, they were only able to get a tie out of the weekend. The women's hockey team also opened their season when BC visited the Gutt for two games. The women also were not able to manage a win, so that puts the Gutt's record at 0-3-1. Coming up, the men have Merrimack on Saturday and Maine the following Saturday, while the women have Yale Friday and Saturday this weekend. Basketball is also coming fast. Both the men and the women have the Catamount Tip-Off Saturday and will start their seasons the next week. Other news around the country: It is starting to look like the BCS football will get all it can handle this year. Two of the top guns have already fallen, and the "BCS busters" Boise State and TCU are still undefeated. Oregon is the only BCS conference team hanging on. But they still need to go through USC, Cal, Oregon State, and Washington. It is very possible that at the end of the year we have Boise State and TCU atop the polls. They will most likely not play for the BCS Championship though; something will happen and one team will get screwed like a nympho on her honeymoon. But hopefully it will lead to the death of the horseshit BCS.

the news in brief

with paulgross

"This is the exact opposite of what we need!"

- An anonymous NATO official, speaking about charges levied against members of the US' 5th Stryker Combat Brigade in Afghanistan who were accused of slaughtering unarmed Afghan civilians and desecrating their bodies. In continued investigation it's come out that the commander of this brigade, Col. Harry D. Tunnel IV, has been an outspoken opponent of the highly reasonable strategy of gaining the trust of the locals and has preferred to seek and destroy the enemy. No wonder his soldiers perform vile, evil acts.

"I don't know who might wince from this news."

- Russian President Dmitiri Medvedev, commenting on the fact that he and a conglomeration of Russian nuclear physicists are helping Chavez's Venezuela to build a working nuclear power plant. I wince.

"He stood up to his end of the bargain and we're standing up to ours."

- David Canton, manager of Benson Hyundai, who has recently given Koran-burning pastor, Terry Jones, a free car in exchange for not actually burning the Koran. The New Brunswick, New Jersey dealership was appalled when they heard of Jones' plan on the news and offered him a car in exchange for not following through. A deal's a deal, I guess.

"This is not something I could have planned."

- Rapper T.I., on a recent event where he talked a man down from committing suicide by sending him a cell-phone video message. The man got down from the NYC roof he was going to jump off so that he could chat for a few minutes with the rapper. Critics have accused T.I. of perhaps creating a hoax event in order to attract positive publicity. I don't think T.I.'s smart enough to arrange something like that.

it's hard out here for a prince: the strange lives of saudi royals

by bendonovan

Prince Saud Abdulaziz bin Nasser al Saud would like everyone to know that although he did beat his servant to death in a London hotel room on the night of February 15, you can rest easy, because he is most emphatically not gay. The 33-year-old Saudi Prince has admitted in a British court to killing his 32-year-old manservant (no, really, that was his title), but he continues to deny allegations that the two were engaged in a homosexual affair. Prosecutors pointed out the fact that the murdered man was found in the single-bed hotel room they were sharing with bite marks on his face and cheeks, that his blood was found on Prince Abdulaziz's underwear, and that semi-nude photos of the servant were found on the Prince's cell phone. An employee of the hotel who had escorted the two to their room testified in court that "it was impossible not to notice he was homosexual," and the London papers are also reporting that the Prince had received an erotic massage prior to the killing (from men, if you haven't figured that part out). The evidence that Prince Abdulaziz is gay is almost as undeniable as the evidence that he killed his servant, but although he readily admitted to the murder, he is now refusing to take the stand at all amid allegations that the killing had a sexual component to it - possibly, one

prosecutor speculated, because that could open him up to further punishment in Saudi Arabia.

Only in Saudi Arabia would homosexuality be regarded with more shame than murder. All joking aside, this was an act of incredible brutality; Prince Abdulaziz appears to have beat this man to death with his bare hands, and witnesses have

"But the broader problem is Saudi Arabian society itself - a society where violence knows no class and cruelty towards the weak is not a vice reserved for the wealthy."

described a pattern of physical abuse long predating the murder itself, including an incident caught on videotape where the Prince proceeded to beat him in the hallway of their London hotel for no apparent reason. And Prince Abdulaziz is hardly an isolated case; Saudi royals in the UK have previously escaped prosecution for crimes ranging from drunk driving to sexual assault and even an alleged case of human trafficking. Guest workers who come to Saudi Arabia to perform domestic work for wealthy Saudi families are routinely abused, beaten, and raped, and in one horrifying case a Sri Lankan woman working

as a maid was pinned down while her employers hammered 24 nails into her hands, legs, and forehead after she complained about the workload.

It's easy to label this sort of behavior as the excesses of a small, obscenely wealthy clique of oil-wealthy aristocrats, for whom the law provides no boundaries, and from whom society demands no minimum

standard of decency (except for not being gay, of course). I'm sure that's part of it. But the broader problem, I think, is Saudi Arabian society itself - a society where violence knows no class and cruelty towards the weak is not a vice reserved for the wealthy. This is a country, after all, where homosexuality is punishable by death, where beheading and stoning are legally accepted punishments for a wide array of crimes, and where women are forced into a position of legal, social, and sexual sub-personhood, in which they cannot drive, work, leave the house unaccompanied, possess property, or testify in court with-

out the permission of a male "guardian." Fathers can marry daughters off at any age, without their consent. A 2006 report by Freedom House found that public school textbooks contain the following passage: "The apes are the Jews, the keepers of the Sabbath; while the swine are the Christian infidels of the communion of Jesus." In 2008, a young woman was murdered by her father for chatting with a man on Facebook, to which the Saudi public inexplicably responded by calling for a ban on Facebook because it "incites lust."

I would like to think that the case of Prince Abdulaziz is an isolated incident of violence by a spoiled child of privilege. I'm afraid it's not. I'm afraid that the maybe-gay, definitely-sadistic Prince who now stands accused in a London courtroom is the perfectly natural product of a society that is broken at every level. Saudi Arabian society, because of its massive oil wealth, has simply chosen to eschew every tenet of modern civilization in favor of unmitigated and unrepentant barbarism, barbarism which is subsidized every time you and I go to the pump to fill up our cars. Justice will probably be served in London; Prince Abdulaziz will probably spend a very, very long time in prison. For the rest of Saudi Arabia, on the other hand, justice is a lot farther off. ■

the only good guatemalan is a sick one

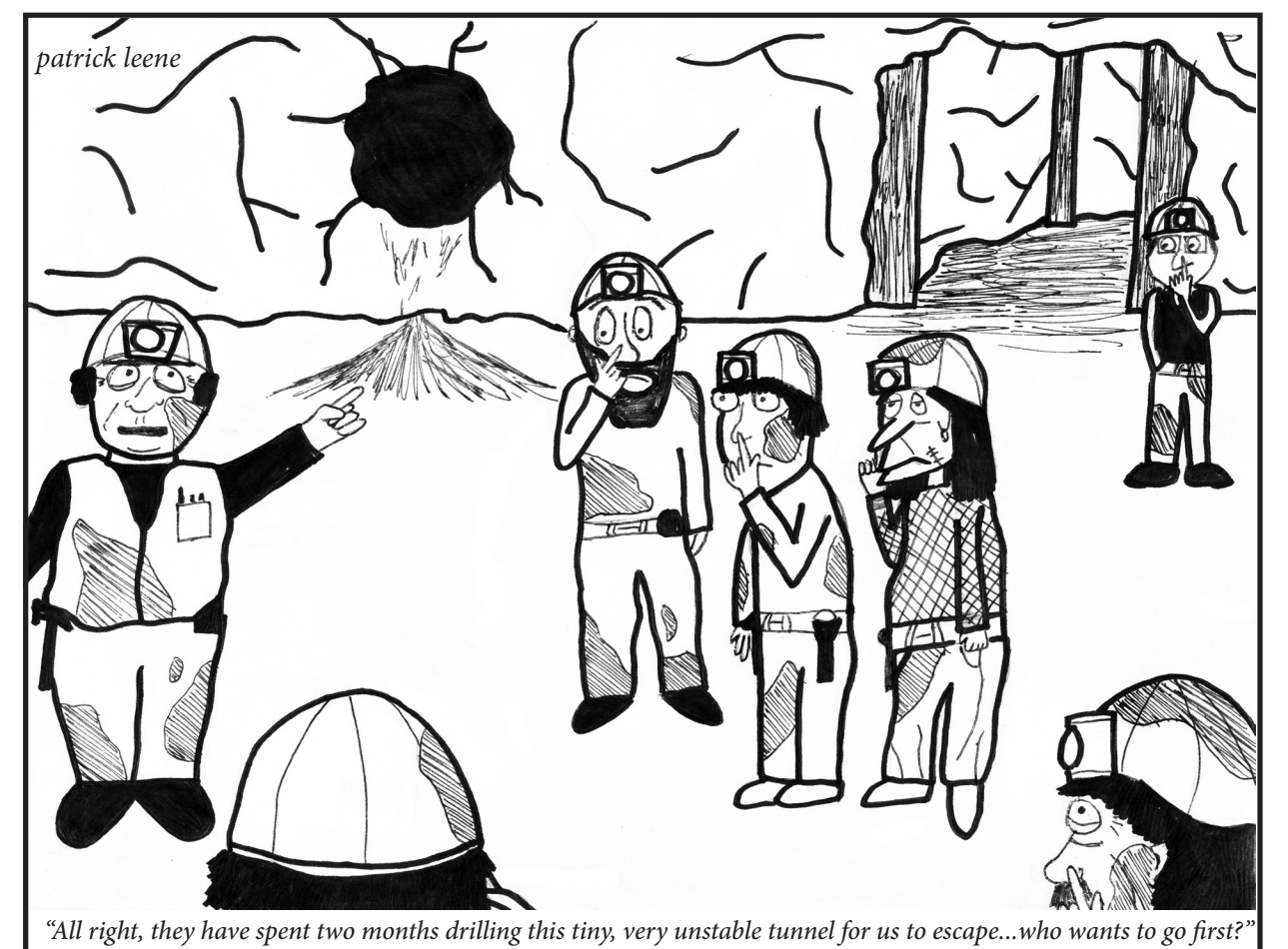
by jonathanfranqui

America's health care system may be severely disorganized and maddening, but you have to admit, if you have health insurance then you've pretty much been granted access to the best health care you can dream of. As a country we place a large emphasis on health, leading to almost overwhelming pressure to discover new cures and miracle treatments to make life a little cushier. However, the pursuit of these goals may lead researchers down unethical roads, and it became clear recently that America has some skeletons in its closet when it comes to the research done on syphilis and other STDs. Evidence of a 40-year-old U.S. scandal was excavated by Professor Susan Reverby, a faculty member of Wellesley College. Her paper entitled "'Normal Exposure' and Inoculation Syphilis: A PHS 'Tuskegee' Doctor in Guatemala, 1946-1948" sheds light on this unethical abomination of a medical study.

It has recently been unearthed that American scientists injected syphilis and other STDs into unsuspecting Guatemalans during the 1940s to test the effectiveness of penicillin. Over 1,500 Guatemalan soldiers, prisoners, and mental patients were injected or introduced to various STDs without their knowledge over the course of this study. The experimenters, led by John C. Cutler (who also led the Tuskegee study some years later) tried to anticipate their tests by spreading the STD through infected prostitutes. Due to the underhanded nature of this study, records were kept tucked away and only a portion of the shady truth is known. To this day, it is still unclear whether any of the unwilling participants were actually treated beyond the use of penicillin for the STDs. It should be noted that while some sexually transmitted diseases only cause painful irritation and aren't life threatening, others, like syphilis, can damage the heart, brain, and bones if left untreated, eventually leading to death.

What is perhaps more unsettling is the fact that this study was not conducted by a rogue group of researchers. The scientists who participated in this study were funded by the National Institutes of Health, the Public Health Service, the Pan American Health Sanitary Bureau, and the government of Guatemala. The sponsorship from the National Institutes of Health is particularly disarming as their mission statement boasts that they "exemplify and promote the highest level of scientific integrity, public accountability, and social responsibility in the conduct of science." It is also part of the U.S. Department of Health & Human Services, meaning it is primarily run by our great government, a government that claims to cherish the rights of life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness.

Every country has its share of hidden skeletons; sometimes the history of a country is wrought in bloodshed and deceit. However, America does not get a reprieve just because mistakes only happen occasionally. This experiment was a blatant violation of basic human rights and makes America look like a giant hypocrite (as we were prosecuting Nazi scientists for experimenting on prisoners and for crimes against humanity in the Nuremberg Trials, this experiment was taking place). The most astounding part of this study was the fact that the researchers were experimenting with diseases that already had cures and treatments. There was surely no shortage of people with these STDs in America, so what was stopping researchers from getting consent to inject them with penicillin? The simple answer is that these experimenters were more concerned with their careers



downright nasty

by jamesaglio

Kim Jong Nam has gone on record against succession politics. If the name sounds familiar, you are probably thinking of his 'illustrious' father, Kim Jong Il, current Supreme Leader of the Democratic People's Republic of Korea. Kim Jong Il is notorious in the western world as an archetypal totalitarian dictator and frequently shows up on lists of human rights abusers. He is also getting on in years. The North Korean government keeps things of this nature mostly under wraps but, due to sudden weakness and withdrawal from the media, it is suspected that the leader suffered a stroke in 2008 and has not been in good health since. As such, there has been much speculation, especially in nearby Japan and South Korea, as to who

than with helping people.

This unethical abomination of an experiment proves to offer some difficult problems in terms of punishment and justice. The experiment took place in the 1940s and was conducted by adults on adults. Seventy years have gone by, and we can safely make the assumption that everyone who took part in the experiment was an adult judging by the limited data there is to work with. The experiment head, John C. Cutler, passed away in 2003, talking with him vital information and cheating justice. It is unclear whether many of the researchers and participants are still alive, or if they're capable of answering for their crimes. Despite an overwhelming need for someone to pay for these crimes, it seems that the only thing which can be done is for apologies to be made and for us to crack down harder on unethical treatment of people in foreign, less developed countries. ■

will succeed the autocrat. For a long time, that person appeared to be Kim Jong Nam, the eldest son. He tragically fell out of favor in 2001, when he was caught with a fake passport trying to sneak into Tokyo Disneyland, and has lived in China ever since.

Fast-forward nine years. Kim Jong Nam's youngest brother, Kim Jong Un, was named heir-apparent in September and Kim Jong Nam has gone on record as objecting. He does not seem to wish to hold the power for himself, instead saying he does not think that his family should hold the highest office for three generations. This is interesting because North Korean leadership is usually portrayed as a solid mass of agreement embodied by Kim Jong Il and, though he is exiled, it is unusual for a critical eye to be turned towards North Korean policy by someone so close to the ruler. Additionally, Kim Jong Nam resides in China, or Macau, which is an autonomous province of China, so it is unknown how his comments will be treated by the Communist nation, which is one of the only countries in the entire world willing to have negotiations with North Korea. The North Korean government has yet to respond to the statements, but it is unknown whether they will respond at all because Kim Jong Nam cushioned them by offering his assistance in helping his brother aid the Korean people if Kim Jong Un does indeed assume the rulership. In the meantime, however, Kim Jong Nam will probably enjoy living the life of a wealthy, slightly overweight, middle-aged man in a resort town, splitting his time between his two wives, his mistress, and the local casinos. Yep, it sure is good to know he is concerned about the poor farmers of his homeland. ■

reflections.

the origins of mad chill

by calebdemers

As I sat contemplating my densely worded Political Theory reading in the Davis Center, I could not help but be distracted by the conversation taking place behind me. "How was your weekend, man?" a flannel clad gentleman asked his similarly clothed bro. "Haha, I don't even remember; I think I pissed in some chick's room. You?" This section of the dialogue is not what was of interest, however - it was his friend's response that struck me.

"Dude, it was mad chill (mad-chill!)." Now, some have adapted this into their list of slang vocabulary, yet have those pertentious slang know-it-alls given any thought to what this term may actually mean? No. Thus an analytical critique of this statement is in order. A logical place to begin is with the first word, a word that is laden with confusion: "Dude." This term, spoken to a close pal or maybe an unsuspecting colleague, makes it possible to assume that this conversation was a light-hearted exchange in comparison to the commonly intellectual conversations overheard in the dining area of the DC.

At this point it benefits this critique greatly to focus on other excerpts of overheard dialogue containing the term in question. "Man, my fish just died," said a solemn-looking student. "That's mad chill, dude," responded his friend. "Yo, did you hear what I just said?" "Sorry, dude, what? I was just checking out those chicks' yoga pants. They're mad chill." Another: "You know what's mad chill?" "What? Pepperoni Combos?" "Yes, but I was gonna say Four Lokos." "Those are like the opposite of mad chill."

With these examples taken into consideration, our interpretation of the dialogue can continue. "Mad" usually pertains to a certain attitude that can result in aggression due to anger or extreme emotional tension. "Chill," on the other hand, is commonly defined as cold or cool. So it can be explained as "angrily cold." Alas, this seems to be rather opposite to what that dude meant. Giving context to his statement: the weekend had been a delightfully warm one. Though his friend may have not remembered much, I am sure even he would have at least been able to describe the weather with two words that were not remotely close to the ones selected by his companion.

Luckily, intensive investigation has shown that chill has a double meaning; it is commonly used among the youth of this generation as a verb: to chill, meaning to relax or to hang out. When this word is put into the context of an adjective, it can mean relaxing or hangoutable. With this piece of information, we can now assume that this kid had an angrily relaxing weekend. Still, something seems to be out of place in this statement.

A further look into the common use of this term helps gather a more centralized understanding of the term. Sam Parady, a sophomore, used the term in this manner, "Yeah, man, the RA was mad chill." Or TJ Girst, another sophomore: "Give me some of that mad chill aura." These quotes further exemplify that this term is used as a means of describing something to be fresh, non-confrontational, and maybe even supernatural.

Finally, it can be determined that the term "mad chill" can be used as double adjective if something is far greater than "cool" or "gnarly." It is a term that is placed along side "wicked sweet" or "true."

With this knowledge, remember first year Gill Blaisdell when she said: "My grandma is mad chill." ■

take it easy

by lizcantrell

It's not worth doing something if you don't do it the right way. Hard work pays off. If you believe it, you can achieve it. Parents, professors, and motivational speakers have told us these things for years, encouraging us to think about not what we do, but *how* we do.

We college students know that this is total bullshit. We are always looking for ways to cut corners, slack off, and score extra chill/sleep/party time.

If people actually did things "the right way," society could not function. Everyone would be bogged down by morals, protocol, and guilt. We need a manual for how to skate by in life while still getting shit done and enjoying a semi-fulfilling sense of accomplishment. There are many things you want to do in college, and here's how to do them with half-assed style.

You want to: **Avoid the Freshman 15**

There are many ways to burn off all those beers and Easy Macs. While belligerently drunk, you should dance (for cardio), make obscene gestures (to improve reflexes), and do splits or trip all over yourself (for flexibility and coordination). Another option: chop down some trees and heat your dorm with a wood stove; it works up much more of a sweat than turning the heat dial. Finally, when loading up



mike shaw

how to get by without trying too hard

plates of food at the Grundle, get only one plate at a time and return it before getting a new one. This way, you are maximizing

below normal human interaction. There is no need for full sentences, walking in a straight line, or having common interests. During a wild night out, most people are looking for the basics, not a soul-mate connection. If you find that, good for you, but recognize that it's rare and that trying to get something out of it contradicts your laissez-faire lifestyle. Try a completely different look (hair extensions, colored contacts, false teeth) to give yourself a "night-time persona," so you won't be offended by a rejection. It's not you, it's them.

"If people actually did things 'the right way,' everyone would be bogged down by morals, protocol, and guilt."

caloric output by walking around, even as you intake twice your body weight in pasta.

You want to: **Ace your Exam**

There are several ways to this without cracking open a book. Find a smart-looking person (clues: suspenders and a pocket

protector) in the class and buddy up. You buy their coffee for a week, they teach you everything you were supposed to learn in the last month. You could also try hitting on your professors, but this can get tricky and should be done only if you are 100% sure they won't be offended and call up the harassment hotline. Another method: getting laser-eye surgery so that your vision is super-sharp and you can cheat more easily.

You want to: **Score a Date/ hookup/Relationship (yes, it does happen)**
There is a level way

You shouldn't be reading this. You have breached the bubble of college comfort by thinking about the long-term realities of life. Shame on you. ■

You want to: **Get a Job or Internship/Apply to Grad School/Start Paying Your Loans**

There are several ways to this without cracking open a book. Find a smart-looking person (clues: suspenders and a pocket

an quick and easy guide to uvm

house parties

by emilyarnow

Whether you're a brand-spanking-new freshman or an old-timer senior, by now everyone has experienced at least one house party. We've all been to the frat party, the lacrosse house party or even the Frisbee party. But there are quite a few other types of parties that are not so easily categorized. You might ask yourself "What kind of scene is best for me? How will I know?" Well fret no more, and take a look at the helpful guides below to find your perfect party match.



lydia shepard

The "Sweet, duuuuude, that's so sick" paarrrrray:

This type of shindig is, not surprisingly, filled with bros, or what appear to be versions of over testosterone-ized males. Take a good look around: how many popped collars do you see. One? Twelve? If the answer is somewhere in-between then you are officially in the presence of some fantastic "dudes."

However, popped collars and fitted hats alone don't constitute a bro-tastic party. Listen to the blasting soundtrack from the kitchen. Is it playing from an iPhone? Is the music selection some compilation of Ke\$ha, Lil Wayne or Kid Rock? How many of these kids are from Boston? If the answer is yes, yes, and absolutely all of them yes, then wicked sweet brahhhh! Crush a beeeer! If you can't recite one line from *The Departed* or from *Boondock Saints*, then you better get the hell out of there fast.

Drink of choice: Natty light for the bros, vodka crans for the brodettes.
Hot spot location: Buell Street, Orchard Terrace, those ridiculously expensive apartments on Pearl Street.

The "My jeans are tighter than your jeans" party:

Break out the disposable camera and oversized flannel cause this meeting of the minds is about to get heady. Drinking games? Hellz no! Instead rock out to the vinyl versions of Arcade Fire, Vampire Weekend and Animal Collective. Don't forget the hookah or your nose ring, and for God's sake leave your right-wing opinions at the door. Leave your boots, too; don't wanna get mud on the Urban Outfitters shag rug! Have a hand-rolled cigarette or maybe five and pontificate to each other about how superior you all are to the rest of the subordinate student population. But beware, if you dare suggest to just plug in an iPod instead of listening to yet another scratchy record from the 70s, then you best be ready to grab your friend and run for the hills.

Drink of choice: Jim Beam, PBR or Rolling Rock poured into Mason jars (obvi).
Hot Spots: Bradley Street, Hickok and Greene Street.

The "Brown paper bag-ing it" party:

Homeless men, college know-it-all hippies, naked people, Champlain weirdos: the gang's all here at this party and most of them probably don't go to UVM (or they did 6 years ago!). You got the standard tank of nitrous in the basement and any music goes - as long as its not main stream (duh) and is preferably making the Higher Ground circuit sometime soon (see: Orchard Lounge, Lotus, and Lotus, and, oh, again Lotus.) Make sure to never put anything down - a coat, a purse, your dignity - because it will most likely be snatched up in minutes by party ninjas. Not really feeling that round of kings that's going down? As an alternative drinking game, try to guess what drug each person at the party is on. Winner goes to the kid who's on more than three! Oh - and five dollars a cup? Not at this party. If it's in the fridge, and has any form of alcohol in it, then it's fair game.

Drink of choice: Colt 45, Schlitz, Steel Reserve, 151 Rum.
Hot Spot Location: North Union, North Street, Pretty much anywhere in the North End.

The "All I do is parrtttyyy, bounce bounce beat beat" party:

Bring your favorite American Apparel neon leggings, cause this party's DJ is going to be spinning all night - or at least until the cops come. Sick dub step beats from the likes of MSTRKRFT, Crookers and that guy with the stupid mouse head thing, bump so loud through the basement that you may receive some life-long damage to an eardrum. Watch out for that obscenely sweaty kid with the gigantic pupils dancing alone in the corner - he will find you. Wanna play flip cup? Get in line, cause this party's so crowded that the floorboards could break any second. Need to pee? Find a bush outside. This isn't a country club. But don't let that stop your fist from pumpin! There are plenty of glow sticks to go around.
Hot Spots: Main Street, Loomis Street and Isham.
Drink of choice: Absinthe, Sizzurp and questionable jungle juice. ■

less than sober apologies

by ginamastrogiacono

Here are some pre-written apology notes for those times you might be at a loss for words after a particularly thirsty Thursday...

To the Bartender,

I realize that, when you did not serve me, it was not because you had a vendetta against me, but because there were several freshmen biddies that required your attention. Totally valid; they had more cash than I did. Was it right of me to yell obscenities at you and go behind the bar to get myself the drink? Probably not.



kitty faraji

To the People at That Party,

I'm just gonna come right out and say that I am extremely sorry you had to see me dance like that. Truth: it wasn't pretty. For what it's worth, in my head I thought I looked awesome.

"Truth: it wasn't pretty. For what it's worth, in my head I thought I looked awesome."

To That... Guy?... Girl? Person,

Look, I'm sorry things didn't work out between us. At first your tongue ring was really intriguing and, after a couple shots, it seemed like we had a lot in common. I'm kind of blanking on your number...and face...and name... but I had a great time!

To the Bus Driver,

Would I like it if someone puked in my trash can? No, no, I wouldn't. So really, there's no excuse for me puking in yours. Next time you ride in my car, I'll let you have your pick of where you'd like to spew.

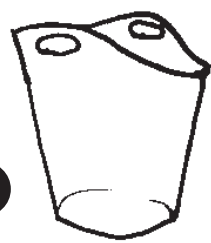
To the Residents of Burlington,

I truly cherish your lawn - I apologize if I or any of my friends may have peed on it. I respect that your children have bedtimes and that my 3 am rendition of "Girls Just Wanna Have Fun" might not be their favorite lullaby. I'd take it all back if I could.

To that Bush on the Side of the Road,

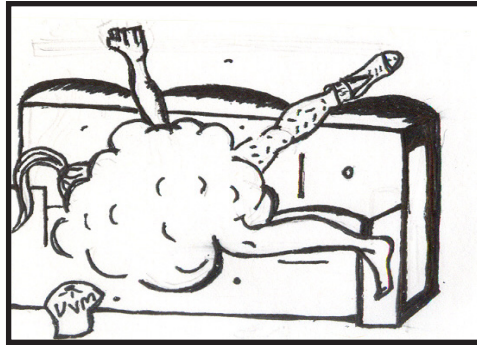
No apologies for you, my friend - only gratitude. Thanks for breaking my fall, buddy. And for offering my friend a urinal - he'd like to thank you, too. ■

trash.



the quim queeries

the quim queeries is the wt's weekly sex advice column.



Send in your sex and relationship advice questions to the Quim Queeries, no matter what flavor you or they might be! Think you can stump us with your awesome question and pseudonym? Write in and see!

Q: How do I pretend to know what I'm doing in bed? - Freshman Filly

A: Don't. Inexperience can be charming - if you claim more experience than you have and you are awkward and unsure (as most people are at first), the other person might just think you are a slow learner. Better an enthusiastic and willing beginner than a mediocre student, right? It's also a great way to learn what the other person likes and get tips in bed. Get at least to the point where you can ask how they like it, not how it is done. And educate yourself! If you are just starting out, get informed. Places like www.scarleteen.com can give you the sex ed you wish you got in high school.

Q: What do you do if he's too drunk to get it up? Stay or leave? - Horny Helen

A: Whiskey dick sucks - some guys get it with only a few drinks, some with half the keg, but no matter what it's annoying. If it is a one-night stand or similar, I'd get out of there, make an excuse about the bed, or the medicine at home that you need, and split. Do what you need to take care of you, but know that unless he's too drunk to care, he's probably feeling a bit insecure. If you want to sleep with him in the future, don't make a big deal, reassure him, and stay if necessary.

Q: What do you do after a one-night stand if you can't remember how to leave the house? - Drunk and Confused

A: Step 1 - Assess what floor of the house you are on. Windows are helpful. Step 2 - If above or below the first floor, find the stairs. Step 3 - Use the stairs and find a door to the outside. Step 4 - Reevaluate. Most people can navigate a house, even trashed. And if you have this problem often enough that you are actually asking me this question, try having a few more reasonably sober nights a week.

For those of you who don't read the news, there has been a lot of media coverage on the recent suicides of students who were bullied and harassed for being gay. My grandmother knew one of those kids. High school is hard, partially because it is hard to see that it gets better, and because few kids have good role models. Check out <http://www.youtube.com/user/itgetsbetterproject> - a channel that is trying to convince middle and high school students that things will eventually improve. Pass it along to a high school kid you know, or talk to them about not being an asshole.

Bring on the Queeries, Bliss and Mab quimqueeries@gmail.com

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House on N. Willard
Guy: Wh-who duct taped me to my bed?!

Dirty Nine Hickok Pl.
Bro 1: Dude I just wanna take steroids and wear the gayest shit ever.
Bro 2: *Stare of approval*

First Floor Wilks
Dude 1: Where are you from?
Dude 2: Stow, Massachusetts
Dude 1: Are there black people there?

Path between Redstone and Athletic
Guy pushing girl on bike:
Girl: I did it!
Guy: You did it!
Girl: I DID IT!!! MY FIRST TIME ON A BIKE!
I am: an admirer

the ear

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

On Redstone Bus

Guy 1: Lil' Wayne invented everything about bling-bling.

In Christie Hall

Guy 1: Dude what are you up to tonight?
Guy 2: I dont know dude, probably just blackin' out.

On Main Street

Dude 1: Yeah, you wish you were the girl in the strap-on!

In the Tunnel

Girl 1 to Girl 2: Yeah, cuz I want my alpaca to have moves.

Outside Davis Center

Girl to Guy: Block your mom on facebook so she can't see any of the shit your friends write on your wall!

In Psych 109

Professor:...Woodcock Johnson...

In Austin Hall

Freshman Girl: Ay Shawty got dat big butt, i got dat booty, let me see you shake dat dick! ay!!!
Black Dude: Da fuck?

In Cook

Guy 1: Das Racist is the new Kool G Rap!
Guy 2: You don't even know who G Rap is, dickhead.

In Brennan's

Bro 1: Dude she is being so freshmen girl about it.
Bro 2: Yeah, that's so college though.

In L&L Classroom

Undisclosed professor: Legalize pot.
Dudes: Schwing!

In Harris Bathroom

Bro 1 (on toilet, answers phone): Hey bro, whatcha doin tonight?
Bro 1: Oh, that's cool.
Bro 1: Study for it now, let's get hammered tonight!
Bro 1: (annoyed) STUDY FOR IT NOW, LET'S GET HAMMERED TONIGHT!
Bro 1: I'm taking a poo right now, it really hurts.
Bro 1: All right have fun with that, later (leaves without washing hands).

In Buell Kitchen

Bro: I just spent the last four hours waiting at my house for my computer to arrive in the mail.
Hipster: That sucks.
Bro: Ya, it didn't even show up. I ended up masturbating three times.
Hipster: Um...
Bro: I didn't even want to the second time.

In McAuley Hall

Boy 1: Bro, I love fall because all the girls are wearing those tight leggings.
Boy 2: Yo, I know - fall is the time for ass.

Walking to Waterman (on the green)

Guy to Girl: Because silly runty people appreciate silly runty jokes!

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

I talked with you in class, it seemed like you like me, but when seen in passing, you only walked by me. I thought you weren't a fan, perhaps a little bit shy. now i know you wear glasses, so that must be why, this skinny little white boy, could never catch your eye! hope we can meet up, and have a hot date, call, text, come say whats up I'll try to stay up late
When: Freshman Year
Where: Seth Shabo's class
I saw: a young Lucy Liu
I am: A Maine-er

You seem to keep showing up everywhere I go, and I still can't keep my eyes off of you and your C&H tattoos. So maybe you didn't see my first confession, but I'll give you a second chance because I still WYSB.
When: not enough
Where: bcor 102
I saw: a now mohawk-less boy
I am: still that curly haired cutie from all of your classes

Sometimes I run Sometimes I hide... And you're always creepin right behind me STOP WATCHING ME. puurrrrrr.
When: my place of residence
Where: on mah flo
I saw: an older man

Your dance moves are second to none girllll when we rage its nothin but fun you can guzzle more booze than most dudes i know but i love the fact that you're no ho I love it when you dump em out I hope our next night together takes an interesting route... Into my bed...Oh.
When: all weekend long
Where: raaaAGR
I saw: bootylicious babygirl
I am: starry-eyed

I love that spinny chair you got in yo' room. The way you move on that thing makes my heart go boom.
You love Will Ferrel, which is kinda wack. He's like 45, but he said to tell you he loves you back, and milk was a bad choice. I'm climbin' in yo' window, and snatchin' you up. Do you love lamp? Because I do, Almost as much as I love you. Remember when we braided your hair, and you danced like a jungle child? "Baby I gotta get me one of these!"
When: erry day, i'm strugglin'
Where: your home on Whore Island

I've been waiting all my life For one like you to be my wife. When I passed you on the street today, I could not think of the right words to say. So I'm writing now with the hope that you'll see And maybe, just maybe, go on a date with me. Your eyes are hazel and your hair is brown, Friday night, let's explore the town.
When: everyday
Where: across the way
I saw: an open heart
I am: wanting a brand new start

Neil Diamond was a genius when he added sweet in front of your name sometimes i find myself staring at you in the sga office devouring new world...sometimes i wish i could lick the black beans off your face i hear you're from africa and love marcel the shell...let's get married?
When: hopefully the rest of my life
Where: my dreams
I saw: blonde bombshell
I am: an admirer

fashion five-oh.



a uvm tradition bras bras bras

with colbynixon

They say necessity is the mother of invention - that's how we got the microwave, duct tape, and Pop Tarts. Were you aware that the sports bra was invented right here at UVM? And that it was made by basically putting two jockstraps together? I shit you not, there is an exhibition at the C.C. Royall Tyler Theater regarding this revolutionary undergarment. The history behind it is shrouded in legend and myth, so **the water tower** went in search of answers.

We know that the sports bra was invented in 1977 at the University of Vermont by three women - Hinda Miller, Lisa Lindahl, and Polly Palmer Smith - and that at the time they were costume designers for the UVM Theater Department. What we don't know is why they thought it would be a good idea to put two jockstraps together to make a support system. I mean, I'm not about to attach two things together to make a hat. Apparently the idea stemmed from a comment Lindahl's sister made, presumably over a lunch of Luna Bars and low-fat yogurt. "There should be jockstraps for women," she proclaimed, and from there an industry was born. Their journey wasn't easy - they first had to find two (relatively) clean jockstraps of the same size and sew them together. Fortunately, they were all costume designers and knew how to make a functional article of clothing. If they hadn't been, the first sports bra probably would've resembled the chef's hat I tried to sew in 8th grade home ec (it wasn't that bad, but let's just say I probably couldn't get a job in a sweatshop). The three women then marketed the "jogbra" to local stores, and before long, their (literally) patchwork idea turned into a multi-million dollar industry.

Where are these women today, one might ask? Are they still slaving away in the basement of the theater, sewing costumes for *Cloud 9* and whatever other performances are staged at that venue? Actually, no, nor are they just chilling with more stacks than you or I will ever have. Hinda Miller became a state senator in Vermont, Smith left to design costumes for the Muppets, and Lindahl fittingly (pun intended) became a consultant for a bra company specializing in designs for women afflicted with chest and breast lymphedema. So ladies, when you put on your sports bras (and dudes when you throw on your jockstraps), think of these three women, and be proud to be a Catamount. ■

wat(er) your threads

with olivianguyen



Spotted: Just a couple of zombies wearing overalls and a 2 piece suit chillin on Church Street Saturday afternoon.

Why we like it: The red blood dripping down their mouths and the yelling of "braaaains" as I took their picture made me realize that 1. I am scared. 2. If you have no halloween costume idea, blood splattered clothes is a safe route to go.

Spotted: This little monkey man is wearing a golden glittered top hat, green M.C. Hammer pants, and a yellow vest with purple designs.

Why we like it: Who knew zombie-monkey-men could have great style?



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 wt likes to give them a little nod of approval. We're not the fashion police. (Though we're tempted to fine people still wearing leggings this winter.) We're just here to give UVM campus fashion some much-needed TLC.



KESHA
FOR
STATE REPRESENTATIVE

YOUR VOICE • MY COMMITMENT • OUR FUTURE

Kofi Mensah SGA PRESIDENT, CLASS OF 2011
Kesha has been and continues to be a voice for young people, particularly in issues related to climate change, social justice, and the affordability of higher education. She knows that it is our future at stake, and is working hard to bring that sense of urgency to Montpelier.

Ian Goodnow CLASS OF 2014
Being a first year student here at UVM can sometimes be overwhelming. Kesha has made herself personally available to help me connect with my school, and with the wonderful community of Burlington. Her amazing story has truly been an inspiration and guide for me.

Lacretia Johnson RESIDENT OF EAST VILLAGE DRIVE
Kesha has brought to our community great energy, passion, and vision. I have seen how she uses her powerful intellect and voice to impact policy conversations, balance the needs of multiple constituencies, and advocate for those in our community who are most vulnerable.

PEG Boyle Single
for State Representative

SKILLS FOR TODAY'S CHALLENGES

Katie Grenoble UVM STUDENT
As a student at UVM, I am supporting Peg because she is an advocate for higher education. She'll be a knowledgeable representative for our district.

DeMethra LaSha Bradley
As an educator/administrator, I know Peg has been a successful educational leader with a constant connection to her community. Her leadership, service and activism would represent our community well!

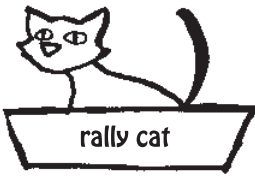
Beverly Wemple CASE PARKWAY
Peg would bring fresh energy and keen insights into representing our district. Her training in accounting and social psychology combine as a skill set that she can put to use in analyzing the challenging economic issues we are facing.

Vote Kesha & Peg for State Representative - November 2nd

www.kesharam.org www.PegBoyleSingle.com

Paid for by Friends of Kesha & Peg Boyle Single Campaign Committee





cat litter.



cat litter:
by drew diemar
artwork by drew diemar and malcolm valaitis

UVM.EDU/BORED



OCT 17	OCT 18	OCT 19	OCT 20	OCT 21	OCT 22	OCT 23
<p>Jam Sesh All hours of the day, in various locations across campus The kids from third floor have gotten together to sit in a circle and kinda play music again. Come sing along to "The General," "Santeria," "Farmhouse," and that Dave song.</p>  <p>Film Screening: Pornography Marathon 2:00 p.m. at Wilks 113 Join Adult Film Club for a smorgasbord of contemporary adult film, including Pornhub 5 Star selections <i>Fisting Firemen</i>, <i>Backdoor Sluts 9</i>, <i>Dirk Diggler</i>, <i>Bukake!</i>, <i>2 Girls 1 Cup</i>, <i>1 Guy Jar</i>, and more.</p>	<p>Art Show: The Penises of UVM 5:00 p.m. at Fleming Museum This art show is open to anyone willing to display their cock-sketching talent. A variety of media will be exhibited, including Expo on dry-erase, Sharpie on bathroom tile, finger on foggy window, and Exacto on desk.</p> <p>Keynote Speaker: Elyias 8:00 p.m. at John Dewey Lounge Join TV personality Elyias for a lecture on his new book <i>Your Garden</i>, and how having it makes you a Morally Superior Person, a fascinating dissertation which is sure to leave you with even more unchecked hubris.</p>	<p>National Heterosexuality Day 2:00 p.m. at the Library Feel free to be hetero on this spirited parade with Burlington's striving straight community all the way down to the waterfront. Refreshments will abound, as will the opposite sex.</p> <p>Online Dating Anonymous Assembly 8:00 p.m. at the Grand Maple Ballroom For over 5 years, the ODA has been a sanctuary for those too reserved to only pursue dating in the physical world. Join these heartthrobs as they discuss the benefits of an online forum with dating and the thrills of anonymity.</p> 	<p>Condomfest 12:00 p.m. at the CBW green Condoms on door-knobs! Condoms filled with water and thrown at people! Condom animals! Condoms put on feet and used to slide across the floor! Any person in the vicinity of the green will literally have condoms shoved down their throat!</p>  <p>Vodka Night! 9:00 p.m. at Brennan's Brennan's supplies the lemonade, iced tea, assorted sodas, Pub Quiz, Karaoke, and free food. All you need to bring is a nondescript water bottle of vodka and a fun-loving posse.</p>	<p>Rumble in the Grundle 1:00 p.m. at Harris Millis Dining Hall Bring your friends for another Rumble in the Grundle!</p> <p>RUMBLE IN THE GRUNDLE</p> <p>Film Screening: Pornography Marathon 2:00 p.m. at Wilks 113 Join Adult Film Club for a smorgasbord of contemporary adult film, including Pornhub 5 Star selections <i>Fisting Firemen</i>, <i>Backdoor Sluts 9</i>, <i>Dirk Diggler</i>, <i>Bukake!</i>, <i>2 Girls 1 Cup</i>, <i>1 Guy Jar</i>, and more.</p>	<p>Natural Herb Experience 2:30ish p.m. under the far side of the hospital parking garage Discover the wonders and benefits of natural herbs. By the end of the session, you'll have the know-how and motivation to fully enjoy your new green life. Bring your own bowl to fully appreciate the experience.</p> <p>Grow a Pair! 11:00 a.m. at Stocks and Stems Local vegans are incensed over the growing attention given to vegetarianism, a practice Vegan Club captain Amy Sheckler calls "cannibalism lite." Come take part in a lively debate.</p>	<p>Wiccan Albino-Americans: Silenced No More 7:30 p.m. at the Living and Learning Center This open-ended discussion focuses on the challenges faced by Albino-Americans who are practicing Wiccans, and discusses stereotypes society traditionally associates with WAAs. Non-WAAs are welcome, but are advised to bring their own pentagram.</p>  <p>Drunk Fishin' 2:15 a.m. at the Waterman green Some kids are tying fishing line around some trees across the sidewalk and watching drunk people trip on it. Gonna be sweet.</p>

tunes.



you too can write music reviews!

Since music criticism has been so democratized by the rise of blogging, the **Wf** thought a go-to guide would benefit those trying to convey their highly valuable opinions. Enjoy!

bysarahmoylan

Step 1: Pick a musician/band that nobody has heard of. This will solidify your status as an indie-band discovering hipster, and you will feel cooler than everyone else. (Have you heard of Ferraby Lionheart? Of course you haven't!)

Step 2: If it's an artist's second album, use the word "sophomore" somewhere in your review. It just sounds cooler than "second".

Step 3: Name-drop similar hip artists. When all else fails, compare your musician to the Beatles. Everybody is influenced by the Beatles. (Right?)

Ferraby Lionheart
The Jack of Hearts//Thirty Tigers Records

Step 4: When describing the music, use generous amounts of adjectives as filler when you don't really know what to say.

It seems that Los Angeles-based singer-songwriter Ferraby Lionheart has nailed it once again with his sophomore LP, "The Jack of Hearts." Following in the footsteps of his fellow whimsically named counterparts like Devendra Banhart and Andrew Bird, Lionheart has crafted an indie-folk masterpiece. Perhaps the album's highlight is the bouncy, cheery, infectiously delightful, ridiculously fun "Harry and Bess," the track with the best chance of netting a radio hit for Lionheart. But the album is chock-full of other saccharine tunes, like upbeat opener "Holdin' Me Back" or the understated "My Name." All in all, this is a wonderfully listenable album, and the future looks bright for Ferraby Lionheart.

Download: "Harry and Bess," "My Name," "Holdin' Me Back," "Arkansas"

Step 5: Make a generalized statement about the future of the musician.

Step 6: Suggest tracks to download because, let's face it, nobody buys whole albums anymore.



The Intelligence-- Males (In The Red Records)
by joesusman

Lars Finberg and The Intelligence unleash their seventh record; the makeup is still dirty garage punk pop, however this one is cleaner, more polished, and their best to date because of these factors. With songs like "Bong Life," "Tuned To Puke," and "Chateau Bandit," the band hasn't lost its innocent weirdness, however this goofiness is contrasted with the album's exceptionally interesting punk rock songs. The production still includes weird noises and feedback as their other albums do, but this time it's all in hi-fi. Standout tracks include "Tuned to Puke," a poppy punk song with garagey caveman guitar chords, "Sailor Itch," a faster post punk song with an awesome guitar riff, "Like Like Like Like Like Like Like," a perfect garage punk song about the most overused word in the English language and an awesome melodic guitar part at the end, and "Males," the album's title name and closer, and a rock and roll song with hilarious lyrics and pretty vocal harmonizing. Regarding The Intelligence, there is indeed intelligence under the lo-fi and it's all over this record. ■

Buke and Gass-- Riposte (Brassland)
by emilylozeau

Buke and Gass (pronounced like a bass guitar) is a tough cookie to crack. Part folksy avant-garde, but there's something heavier and darker underneath. Like they're wearing underwear with skulls on them. At times the vocals are girly and sweet, beautiful ranges that meld with the buke (a baritone ukulele) and the gass (a guitar/bass with bells and whistles!) to create a cheery, whimsical, candy coated sound. At other times (see "Revel in Contempt"), the sounds are eerie, lurking. A swan that turns deadly. It's an interesting mix and an overall odd sound. Definitely distorted ("Bundletuck") but there's something pure sounding too. A unique contradiction in trying to be in a genre. ■

dope mc's matching game (fresher than your other tests, better than your ever-best) this week: preferred blunt

- | | |
|-----------------------|-------------|
| a. devin the dude | 1. phillies |
| b. wu-tang (majority) | 2. dutch |
| c. nas | 3. swisher |
| d. white teenagers | 4. game |

answers: (cheaters get merked)

A-3; B-2; C-1; D-4

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

A reminder that our contest is open to pretty much anyone affiliated with UVM, and submissions will be taken throughout Fall semester. Submit online by sending your stuff to thewatertownnews@gmail.com, or dropping a hard copy at our desk in the SGA. Fame and fortune are guaranteed for the winner!!!