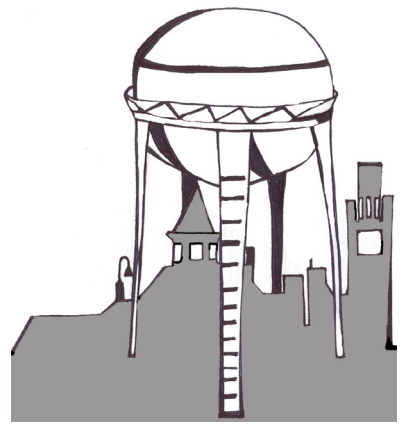


the water tower.

uvm's alternative newsmag



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uvm.edu/~watertwr

how busted is your apartment? put it to the test.



victoria reed

by leamcclellan

Living in downtown Burlington has its good points and bad. On the upside, you get to move off campus, far far away from those RA squares, you ditch the diarrhea-inducing meal plan, and if you're lucky, you get your very own room!

The main downside is this: the apartments are crap. It isn't uncommon for bright young college students to find themselves paying \$700 dollars a month to live in a drafty, paint-peeling, stale beer-smelling, critter-infested hole in the wall down in what is fondly referred to as the "student ghetto."

How does this happen? How is this even legal? These are questions you may ask yourself as you scroll through those Burlington Craigslist ads looking for apartments that include some sort of utilities. Well kiddies, Burlington landlords can charge rental rates that rival big US cities and keep their places looking like shit because they know you can afford it, your parents can afford it, and you need a place to stay.

Let's not be unfair. Our gross living conditions can't be pinned entirely on scummy landlords. We're the ones who prowl the streets looking for unwanted curb furniture to fill our living rooms, set up beer pong tables in our kitchens, and attract little mousies with our late night feasting.

But enough whining. As it is with most things in life, if you can't beat it, make a contest out of it and try your best to win said contest. In other words, don't try to better your living conditions. The longest you will live in any Burlington apartment is two years at most, anyway.

Revel in your shithole. It will never be considered socially acceptable to live like this again.

The following is called the "My Apartment is Nastier Than Yours" test. Award yourself points for every category that applies to you and your gross-ass apartment. Like most reputable tests, the scoring is out of 67.

**Don't worry freshmen and sophomores, you may be sitting pretty in fancy shmancy UHeights now, but you will venture into the depths of downtown living eventually. Look at this test as a sign of things to come.

You would rather sit on the floor than your own couch.

Couches across Burlington might vary in size, shape, and color, but in essence, they are all the same. You all know the

We're the ones who prowl the streets looking for unwanted curb furniture to fill our living rooms, set up beer pong tables in our kitchens, and attract little mousies with our late night feasting.

couch we speak of. The one that you have given up flipping the cushions on because it's too tough to decide whether you would rather sit on Franzia stains or a mystery skid mark that dates back to the 1980s. You threw a tapestry over it (original), but the smell and the memories of skids-gone-by shine on through. +10

Curtains are a foreign concept.

Hell, you don't have curtain rods, let alone actual curtains! What are you, a forty-three-year-old schoolmarm? To substitute, you nail up (yet another) tapestry over the window. If you're really classy, you tack up a pillow case/pirate flag/old blanket over the offending window. If

you weren't worried about being awoken before noon by the demon sun or the po' peeing in on your fun, you probably wouldn't even bother. +7

There's this...smell...

Blame it on the previous tenant. Blame it on the previous tenant's cat. It won't do any good. The question of what has spawned this offending odor will keep you up at night. Has the smell of stale beer seeped into the very walls? Is it a rotting dead rat under the floorboard? Could it be a rotting *human*? Is some CSI shit about to go down? Arm yourself with Febreze and do your best. Be comforted: if it is one of the latter two, the flesh will eventually de-

compose, turn into an odorless skeleton, and the smell should fade with time. +14

You have mouse/house centipede/bat/rat friends living among you.

These guys aren't your friends. Actually, we're pretty sure we heard somewhere that this is how the Black Death got started. Get some mousetraps or something, you sicko. +25

You have a fruit fly problem.

Everyone has fruit flies. Even yo' mama. Put your bananas in a shoebox and get over yourself. -2

You own a can of Comet, or a similar toilet bowl-cleaning agent.

We don't want to penalize people for having a clean toilet. We actually appreciate a shining white porcelain bowl at house parties right before we pee all over them. The truth is, however, if you clean your toilet, your apartment can't be that gross. **Minus 10!**

What the heck is Comet? +11

SCORING

-12-12: Your apartment isn't too gross. Congrats in advance on getting the majority of your security deposit back.

13-33: Like most college students, your apartment is moderately disgusting. Clean up a bit before Mom visits and you should be fine.

34-67: Your apartment is nasty. The good news is, you might be in the running to win Burlington's Rankest Couch Contest.

the wT rankest couch contest!

Is your couch an eyesore? Did you pluck it off the street just before it was snatched up by a garbage truck? Do you and your roommates play rock paper scissors for who *doesn't* get to sit on it? Are you convinced... that you may have ... **THE RANKEST COUCH IN TOWN?!?**

Send your photos and an accompanying description to:
thewatertownnews@gmail.com.

The person with the jankiest couch will receive two tickets to an upcoming concert at Higher Ground! (Hint: the tickets are *not* for Yo Gabba Gabba Live.)

get inside me

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by lauradillon

reflections
creating time-honored traditions
by gregfrancesc

fashion
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by colbynixon

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inbox

Dear **water tower**,

While I did enjoy Alex Pinto's article, "Continental Kush Breakfast?" I felt as though one of my personal favorite music scenes was misrepresented. According to Alex's perspective, all "rap heads" want is something new, bold and brash. Don't get me wrong, I love listening to music that feels fresh. But I don't think you need to go assuming that all "backpack" rappers simply just pay respect to their rap elders and rehash old hip-hop beats and lines.

I personally find both the lyrical content and the beat backing the vocals to be of equal importance. I want a beat that puts a bounce in my step or sends a chill down my spine. I need lyrics that don't just make me smirk because the rhythm and wordplay was clever, but tell a story, or a perspective that might raise the hair on my arm. And personally, I have found all this and more as I've dug deeper and deeper into the world of underground rap, also referred to as "backpack" by other individuals.

If you want something that's truly fresh, check out artists such as P.O.S., who combine quick moving rap with the aggressive nature of punk. Or listen to FELT 3, a collaboration between Slug of Atmosphere, and L.A.'s own MURS, as they collaborate with Aesop Rock as a producer to craft some of the most intriguing beats and stories. If you're looking in the right place in the underground scene, you'll find more artists and songs that'll give you a whole new perspective on the genre.

Nonetheless, Mr. Pinto makes a strong case for investigating hip-hop that sits somewhere between the backpack and the gangsta rap genres. In the end, everyone needs to just find what strikes a chord with them. Just be careful not to step on the toes of some genres as you promote others. In the words of MURS, "You can call it backpack, indie-rap if you want to/Play us emo-hop for the hipsters but fuck you/We do it for the public that's tired of that thug shit/And we know we're the greatest cause your girlfriend loves us."

-Mike Cappuccio

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

The Taliban. Taliban extremists in Afghanistan have kidnapped at least 18 people working on the Afghan election, as well as killing two others earlier this week. Viva democracy!

The New Oxford American Dictionary. The latest addition of the dictionary includes words and phrases such as "Hockey Mom", "BFF", and "Gal pal". I thought we had agreed that Sarah Palin and fourteen-year-old girls are not good role models for proper English.

Egyptian Newspaper Al-Ahram. When publishing a story about ongoing Middle East peace talks, the paper photoshopped Egyptian president Hosni Mubarak walking in front of other heads of state from the U.S., Jordan, Palestine, and Israel. Unfortunately, copy-and-pasting your president to the head of the pack won't actually improve his leadership skills.

James and Anne Cordona. This Georgia couple was found guilty of child abuse and neglect after authorities discovered them living inside a moldy, bug infested house with their two young children - who were both morbidly obese, unwashed, and had rotting teeth. Feel free to lose your faith in humanity now.

The Vatican. On the Pope's visit to the UK this week, he focused on "combating secularism" and blamed "radical atheism" for the actions of the Nazis. Yet of the twenty-two catholic priests in the United Kingdom who have been convicted of sexually abusing children, fourteen are still members of the clergy. You might want to reassess your priorities, Benedict.

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Special Thanks To
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SPORTS BLINK

with michaelcieslak

Most athletic leagues and institutions hand out awards at the end of the season. Well I think that is stupid. Look at the **Emmy Awards**; they are in August, and what the hell season does *that* conclude? I don't know either. I think it's time for me to hand out some awards. First award: "Let's All Get Injured and Shit Away Our Season" Award: **Boston Red Sox**. Next, the "Why Do We Even Try, We Will Never Win" Award: **Boise State Football**. The "Look At My Stupid New Flow Dude" Award: **Tom Brady** (sweet commercial dude). The "I Don't Know What 'No' Means" Award: **"Big" Ben Roethlisberger**. The "If I shoot in the 60s, It Means I Got Laid Last Night" Award: **Tiger Woods**. The "WE HAVE THE BEST FREAKIN' FANS EVER" Award: **University of Vermont Speech and Debate Team**. The "I take Steroids" Award: **Barry Bonds, Roger Clemens, Alex Rodriguez, Albert Pujols** (most likely), **Mark McGwire, Sammy Sosa, David Ortiz**... The list had 238 names on it. Unfortunately we had to cut him off... but I think you get the point.

the news in brief

with paulgross

"There are those who argue that the public celebration of festivals such as Christmas should be discouraged!"

-A shocking and appalling remark by everyone's favorite ex-Nazi, Pope Benedict XVI. The pontiff was speaking on the international decline of religion and the ways in which he views that religious people everywhere are being "marginalized." He made sure not to comment on the sorts of radical behaviors of late that might be pushing people away from religion—like terrorism, or "Burn-a-Koran Day."

"The voice of Afghanistan's future does not belong to violent extremists."

-General David Petraeus, commending Afghan voters on showing up en masse to vote in the dangerous parliamentary elections despite Taliban threats.

"The victim is having to relive it on a daily basis."

-Canadian mountie, Derren Lench, on a pretty horrific incident that occurred in Canada recently, where a 16-year-old girl was sexually assaulted at a rave by a group of men, while onlookers took photos. The photos, of course, are now all over Facebook and can't really all be tracked down and deleted. Kinda makes your most recent Facebook drama seem pretty lame, huh?

"We have Sacha Baron Cohen, which will be a shock to a lot of people."

-Queen's guitarist Brian May on the fact that the *Borat* and *Bruno* star, Sacha Baron Cohen will be playing deceased Queen frontman Freddie Mercury in an upcoming movie about Queen. This sounds strange at first, but if you think about it, Freddy Mercury is kind of a cross between Borat and Bruno.

"The paper carried out surgery on the photo."

-An independent daily paper in Egypt on the fact that the Egyptian state run newspaper doctored a photo of Egyptian President Hosni Mubarak along with other Middle East leaders, in order to show Hosni Mubarak leading the pack. Honestly though, the dude's like 90. Let him go out in style.

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

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Weekly meetings

Tuesdays at 7:30 pm

Williams 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**.

the empty farm

by sarahmoylan

On a late summer evening, the UVM Dairy Farm—properly referred to as the “Miller Research Complex”—is quiet. The large “free stall,” designed to accommodate several dozen milking, mooing cows, is all but empty. The milking parlor, whose vague stench of dirt and manure hints at the past presence of lactating cows, stands empty. In fact, save for young stock and animals owned by CREAM, a separately operated student dairy program, the farm is devoid of bovines of any kind.

It seems unusual that the state agricultural university of Vermont, a state deeply rooted in livestock farming, would play host to a farm that now stands as a ghost town dairy. But in 2009, UVM College of Agriculture and Life Sciences Dean Thomas Vogelmann made the decision to remove the roughly 200-head of milking Holsteins (who earned their keep by producing milk and acting as research animals for university faculty, a few of whom left because of the herd's departure) from the facility, choosing to house them at Nordic Farms in Charlotte. He cited costs as the main reason in eliminating the herd; like many conventional dairies throughout both Vermont and the United States, the UVM herd was not earning enough in milk income to support the cost of animal/farm maintenance and salaries for farm staff. Interestingly, though, the herd was not actually sold until about one month ago—meaning that UVM was not only losing any profits to be made from milk premiums (which were being received by Nordic Farms), but also paying a fee to house the animals on an off-site facility.

The decision to purge the research animals from the farm was, indeed, sound—they had been a serious financial problem for some time, and perhaps the current administration was the first to have the gumption to remove the herd. But why would they choose to get rid of the animals without actually selling them first? Not only did that contribute further towards the fiscal burden, but it has also created an uncomfortable limbo situation at the farm, where pregnant heifers and calves (who were also purchased as part of the agreement) are still housed, because their new owner is still trying to allocate space for the animals to live in their future home. Thus, feed in the farm's large concrete bunkers, which are designed to meet the needs of a moderately sized lactating herd, could spoil because it is only being used by heifers and the animals of the CREAM program. These issues could have been avoided with simple but advance planning that never happened.

Why is all of this relevant now, after the herd has been sold and the barn is empty? The future of the Spear Street property could be bright. There has been exciting talk of bulldozing the outdated facility and building a new one in its place—and the possibilities for a new, more fiscally sustainable farm are endless. For example, if the Miller Complex were to become a successful organic dairy or diversified farm, it could become a model for struggling conventional dairies throughout the state (like itself once was) to follow. But with a history of strange decision making by leaders (like moving the herd off-site several months before actually selling it), it's unclear as to when, or if, a new farm will be built. Decisions made by the upper tiers of administration thus far are less than transparent; the big-picture details of the future of the property are hazy, even to those closely involved with the UVM farm. Plus, start-up costs are enormous for livestock farms, especially non-conventional ones—if the old group of cows was cut to save money, then who says there's capital to invest in a new one? And even if the money is there, it would be so much easier for the university to pour money into trendier, more noticeable projects, like “greening” a pre-existing academic building that all of the admissions tours pass by.

It'd be a crime for the University of Vermont to ignore the need for the construction of a new livestock farm. Farming is a necessary institution to produce everyday consumables, and by putting the importance of a new farm on the back burner, the university would be denying the importance of agriculture. It is now the responsibility of UVM students and staff to encourage the university to revamp the Miller Complex. ■

san bruno's silent explosion

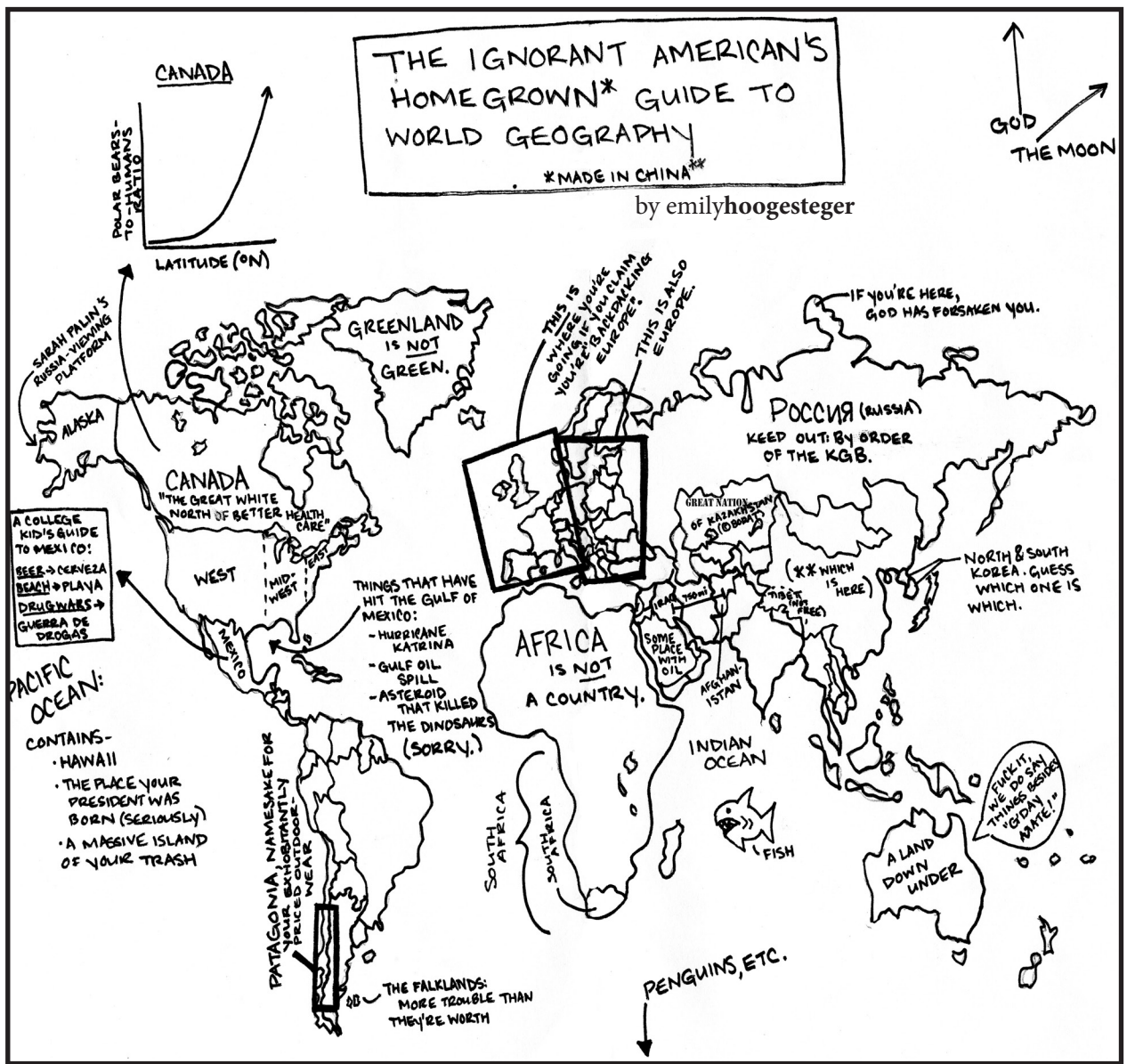
by jamesaglio

You may have heard that at around six in the afternoon on Thursday September 9, the San Francisco suburb of San Bruno exploded. You probably have not heard, however, judging from the fact that not a single person I have encountered has been aware of the explosion with the exception of one young lady with relatives in the area. Beneath the city lay an ancient section of gas pipeline that had been marked for replacement or restoration due to the immediate danger it posed to residents. Before the gas company made the repairs however, the high-pressure pipeline ruptured, creating a flaming crater in the middle of San Bruno. Anywhere between four and seven people have been declared dead, depending on the source, with several missing and more than fifty injured. The blaze quickly spread to surrounding houses and buildings, destroying slightly less than forty structures with significant damage to others. The gas company, Pacific Gas & Electric, claims to have been following regulations in regards to the pipeline, having inspected it last year and determined that it represented a significant threat. It would seem, however, that if following regulations could not have averted this situation, perhaps those regulations should be changed to better prevent against further such accidents.

One of the victims, Jacqueline Greig, was actually employed by the California Public Utilities Commission and was working towards a solution with a similarly dangerous pipeline in the area when the explosion killed both her and her daughter in their house. Firefighters managed by the next day to contain and quell the blaze, but not before the fire and crater had marred the city. Emergency response was swift, coming mostly from the state

level and the Red Cross, and residents are beginning to be allowed to return home. California Representative Jackie Speier requested FEMA assistance, but federal relief has not yet been given. The blast site has been declared a crime scene, but no conclusive evidence has been produced to that effect; rather, it is a routine measure to prevent civilian intrusion until the site has been declared safe.

On the whole, the situation seems to be improving, which probably explains why there has been little news coverage of the blast in recent days. But it does not explain why there was no coverage during the initial days after the explosion when the city was aflame, and there was not yet a firm grasp of the situation. This was not an event that happened in some obscure town in the middle of nowhere; this was in one of the most active metropolitan areas in the United States. The suburb is so close (about two miles) to the San Francisco airport that authorities initially thought that the blast was a plane crash. Yet, outside of multiple articles in the *San Francisco Chronicle* and *Los Angeles Times*, as well as what amounted to a sound bite on CNN, coverage has been lacking. It may not be the most pressing matter in the world, but Americans died, were injured, had their homes destroyed, and had their lives irreversibly changed on the 9th of September, and their fellow countrymen are mostly unaware. In a week where other top news stories include photos of Anna Nicole Smith with her baby, Shaquille O'Neal possibly trying to frame a former employee with possession of child pornography, and the house of a *Big Brother* contestant burning down, such a lack of coverage is totally unacceptable. ■



why we should care about health care reform

by lauradillon

It's a Friday night. You go out to a party with your friends and the next thing you know, you're walking home at 5:00 am with your shirt on backwards and your panties in your purse. No judgment. It happens to the best of us. Luckily you can just move on and forget your night of drunken debauchery.... until a month later when you discover some ominous bumps on your you know what.

So what do you do? You head on over to the convenient and ever-helpful UVM Health Clinic (where they have lots of experience with aforementioned “bumps”). They give you a prescription and some free condoms and you're good to go.

As college students, we know where our healthcare is coming from. All of us either have UVM student coverage or alternative coverage through our parents. In the sheltered world of a college campus it is easy to forget the goings-on of the outside world.

In our defense, healthcare reform is an immensely boring subject, unless convoluted and intricate policy debates are your thing.

But what happens when we graduate? We need to start paying attention to healthcare reform regardless of how mind-numbingly tedious it is.

Most of us will be lucky to get a mundane low-paying job and a crappy apartment, let alone a job with health and dental. Lucky for us, the national healthcare reform kicked in this September, extending the age that children can stay on their parent's healthcare. Now we can continue to leech off our 'rents till our 26th.

As convenient as leeching off our 'rents is, we will eventual turn 26. Which is why, regardless of how dull it is, we should start caring about healthcare now.

So here are the bare basics to get you started along the magical road of healthcare reform.

The US in Comparison:

The United States spends the most per capita income on healthcare than any other industrialized country. We wouldn't expect anything less from this great and powerful nation of ours. The only problem is that we rank dead last when it comes to actual care and system efficiency. Canada, Australia, Germany, the Netherlands, New Zealand and the United Kingdom all beat the United States. The moral of the story is that we are doing something wrong.

2010 Healthcare Reform:

It took long enough, but Congress did actually pass the reform. The only problem is that they screwed with it so much that it barely resembles “reform.” If you are a proponent of actual reform, it was a step forward but a lame-ass step.

Universal Healthcare:

Take a deep breath. It's not as dramatic as it sounds. The right likes to jump straight

from “universal” to super-duper-scary SOCIALISM. But in reality, we are one of the only big countries that doesn't already provide universal care.

Single-Payer:

This is often confused with universal healthcare, but single payer is actually a plan for funding healthcare. Right now healthcare is provided from many different sources. In other words, insurance companies feeding off human suffering and sickness.

Under a single payer plan, there is one source of funding: the government. The Vermont legislature is actually in the process of healthcare reform. One of the plans that is being developed is single payer. It looks single payer is the future. ■



reflec

texting dos and don'ts how to avoid the disaster of TWW

by lizcantrell

Be honest: what are you usually doing while waiting for the bus, nuking last night's mac and cheese, and watching the spin cycle in the laundry room? Most likely, you're on your cell phone, aka your lifeline, because of its blessed texting capabilities. Whenever we have a spare second, most of us feel the need to text, tweet, and even creep.

However, our mastery of technology comes at a price. I'm sure some of you have heard about the girl from Staten Island who fell into a manhole because she was too busy texting to notice the gaping precipice in front of her. Oops. Btw, there is now a lawsuit pending against the Department of Environmental Protection. While this is both hilarious and ridiculous, it can happen to anyone. You're just typing away and before you know it, you've tripped over yourself, knocked someone out, or caused some other catastrophic damage.

We all know you shouldn't text while driving (though some do anyway). Good news is they can't get you for texting on the streets, minding your own uber-important business. Or can they? What if the ever-vigilant po-po could actually crack down on you for texting while walking? What if that girl, instead of whining and suing the shit out of the Fed, was the one who committed a crime? Let us investigate texting mistakes and how to avoid them, so when Big Brother cracks down on you you'll know what to do.

Texting disasters/crimes and how to handle them...

TWW (texting while walking): Your basic "level one" offense, for rookies. We can observe this misdemeanor almost anywhere and being done by anyone. It's easy and there's not much harm in this one if you look up every few words. Unless you decide to walk on a tightrope or on your hands.

TUI (texting under the influence...of gravity): You probably didn't eat shit during the TWW, but now that you've just face

planted into a shrub because of that last "lol" you sent, you're feeling pretty damn embarrassed. Shrug it off as if you were trading stocks or something of that nature, and people will probably just forget about it.

OHT (one-handed text): This is a popular one. We've got tons of stuff to carry: books, coffee, catcard, cigs, sick new shades, whatever. So we resort to the one handed text to free up another limb. Results: texts take way longer (oh no!), you misspell critical words and make grammatical errors, and you inevitably drop something from the other hand. Avoid this faux-pas by investing in a phone clip. Snap it right onto the wrist of your burden-laden hand and type away.

SSAOSWT (spilling shit all over shirt while texting): You just got a frothy mocha latte, you wanted to look effortlessly cool by not even looking as you took a sip and checked your inbox, then you ended up looking effortlessly stupid as you knocked it all over yourself. Solution: choose your crack of choice, coffee or social networks. You can't do both.

SWW (sexting while walking): Since this offense is both highly inappropriate and dangerously fun, it should only be attempted by advanced texters who have been through all the other levels and are ready for more. I can't give you much specific advice, that's up to you, but I say go for it!

So, where do we go from here? Even if you have a spanking new Droid and your thumbs move across that keyboard with lightning speed and accuracy, chances are you've had a misstep or two while you were glued to your phone screen. The best advice? Send a quick word or two; don't text the great American novel on your five minute walk to class. Smell the flowers, hear the birds, and laugh at that idiot on his Crackberry who ignored our advice and tripped into the construction zone on Central campus. Hope you find some wisdom at the bottom of that storm drain. ■

cats

the feline side

by alexpinto

From the first, let me say that cat people are positive. While some dog lovers may also love cats, many more seem to harbor an intense hatred of felines, and are willing to be quite vocal about it. This comes much to the dismay of cat lovers, who almost always like dogs, too--perhaps just a little bit less. See, cat people are lovers to the core. That's just how we are.

There are some solid reasons why we prefer our feline friends, though. The easiest reasons are tangible, the nitty gritty, and we can get those out of the way first.

Every time I see someone carrying around a plastic bag and picking up shit with their hand, I think "can it be worth it?" Obviously it is for a lot of people, but you can't seriously tell me that it's enjoyable to go through that exercise on a daily basis. Cats have the self control to poop in a place designed for excrement that's easy to clean, and only needs tending every couple days.

Speaking of exercise, how about when it's freezing, or you're brutally tired, or busy and stressed out? Wanna stay inside in your slippers for the rest of the night? TOO BAD BITCH, YOUR DOG NEEDS A WALK. Now, who doesn't look with a smile upon an energetic young dog owner with a cute puppy, strolling down the sidewalk on a beautiful autumn afternoon, striking up conversations with all the adoring passersby? Nobody is so cold as to not to see the pleasure in that. What you don't see, though, is the late night pajama-pants-and-snow-boots trip, trudging around the block like Frankenstein and yanking on the leash, goading the dog into coming home after only five minutes because you can feel the wind chill to your bones. At that point in time, the cat owner is in his armchair with his feet up, giving Felix a scratch behind the ears and listening to soothing purrs. Which scenario sounds better to you?

And what about the other needs. The personal needs. A pet is like a live-in girlfriend/boyfriend, but dogs and cats are of two very different breeds of significant other. Dogs are more fun to play with, true. In fact, playing with a cat is like a lot playing with a sibling, involving mostly pissing it off and seeing how it reacts. But that's neither here nor there. You can play with the dog every day, and enjoy it every day, but hardly an hour later it'll be back again for more. Then it doesn't matter what you had planned on doing, that mf-er will guilt trip your ass with those--pardon me--puppy dog eyes, so much so that you won't have a choice. You're gonna play and you're gonna like it. A cat is more like the "person who you're not sure whether they're a roommate or a live-in bf/gf who keeps their own bedroom so they don't have to tell their parents." You get to have fun and be intimate and all the like, but if you wanna get away for awhile, you can cite the roommate clause and be all "I don't have to tell you where I've been!" And unlike a human who gets to the point where they "just can't go on like this anymore!"; a cat will perpetually enjoy the mutual space provided in the relationship, and will still be down for some one-off head scratching any time. Dogs are passive aggress-



sive and will use any number of tricks to get your attention. If you don't feel like playing, they can dismiss it, and it'll go find something else to go out on a hunting trip. Easy relationship. Finally, you can throw cats in the air and they still land on their feet. Ho RIP King and Xena ■

what i learned in my first year at uvm

by lindsaygabel

1. If it's free, take it. If said free thing is food, eat all you can and then cram the rest into (a) pockets, (b) backpack, (c) Tupperware, (d) your mouth.
2. The fire alarm will go off at least three or four times a semester, and it will be either when you are sleeping, taking a timed online quiz, or showering.
3. Duct tape fixes everything.
4. Dressing for Monday classes after an all-nighter means putting on the first hoodie and sweatpants you find (a) in your dresser, (b) on your floor, (c) in the laundry, (d) you are already wearing.
5. You are expected to be in class even if (a) there is 3 feet of snow on the ground, (b) the Davis Center has frozen over and become the largest ice palace in the Western Hemisphere, (c) severe frostbite causes you to lose an extremity, (d) Burlington experiences a month-long blizzard with temperatures of 20 degrees below freezing, requiring the collaborative efforts of students, faculty, and staff alike to dig a campus-wide intricate network of tunnels beneath 15 feet of snow, fight off ravenous wolverines and pine martens, and possibly camp out in makeshift igloos for several days.
6. Come to terms with the love/hate relationship with the campus wireless network. Accept the fact that service will likely not be available within 10 feet of the library.
7. You cannot sneeze, cough, move your chair, type, turn pages, or breathe when studying in Dana Medical Library. Especially during finals week.
8. Do not take notes on the preface of your textbook.
9. No one irons their jeans, Mom. Actually, no one irons anything. No one even owns an iron.
10. Burlington is (a) a quaint tourist destination, (b) the perfect college town, (c) one of the most fascinating places in New England (d) all of the above.
11. Realize that at least half of all food served on campus will be vegan, vegetarian, organic, local, or a combination of one or more of these categories.
12. Prerequisites for all classes include owning at least one flannel.
13. There is a dining hall called the Grundle.
14. There is no such thing as the Harris Millis Dining Hall (refer to #13).
15. College students revert back to kindergarten tendencies following the first major snowfall.
16. Understand that the particular essay response questions you studied will not be on the exam.
17. Understand that those questions you spent the least amount of time studying will.
18. Keep an open mind when encountering popular stereotypes about UVM, Burlington, Vermont, or college life in general; i.e. not everyone you meet is a hippie, smoker, stoner, drinker, extreme activist, or Vermont/Massachusetts resident.
19. Avoid living on Trinity Campus at all costs. ■

4

remember the cata

by gregfrancese

UVM is a school not particularly well known for its traditions. Sure, we have the tradition of spending the first warm spring weekend at North Beach, smoking weed all day on 420, and protesting for any progressive cause. It's a bit of a surprise, then, to hear that there's a new tradition on campus. It's the brainchild of President Fogel (cue grumbling) and involves rubbing the tail/paws of the Catamount Statue on the morning before a big test for good luck.

Though it sounds completely ridiculous (and out of character) for Fogel to make up a tradition and require that all of the Advocats pause at the Catamount to tell prospective students that this tradition exists, there must have been some historical significance to this new tradition. After exhausting the Bailey Howe databases, **the water tower** has uncovered the real history behind this

new "tradition" at UVM.

When the University of Vermont was founded in 1791 there was no Catamount Statue. Instead, actual catamounts roamed freely across the state of Vermont. At the time, it was considered good luck to rub the tail of a catamount. By rubbing the tail, you would be ensured success for the rest of your life. The only thing that prevented everyone from petting the tails of catamounts was the fact that real catamounts aren't docile kitties that don't ice skate for hockey games. In fact, no parents would ever consider letting their child cuddle for pictures with a cat known for long, sharp claws. No parents except for the parents of Ira Allen.

The Allens were a crazy family. They had two sons - Ethan and Ira. Ethan made expensive furniture for a living

uvm

ctions.

S.

dogs

the canine side

by mollykelly-yahner



vanessa denino

The never-ending dog vs. cat debate can be put to rest with two simple observations. Dogs help their owners keep in shape without even knowing it, and you can always blame dogs for mysterious farts. So put your knitting supplies down and get off your lint-covered chairs, you lazy cat owners! Aside from the fact that dog people are clearly more outdoorsy, active, and low maintenance (disregarding the Hollywood and Manhattan owners of dogs who are simply purse accessories and a disgrace to real dogs), let us examine the ways in which our four legged fluffy friends are superior to the skittish, indoor-pooing cats.

Man's best friend. Dogs are better at bonding, loving, and being your permanent bodyguards. Plus they have a greater ability to understand commands, problem solve and be helpful. In the middle of a cuddle session with you dog, if that is what you're into, the worst that will happen is that he or she drops a toxic fart-bomb in the middle of your spooning session.

As for cats, you never know if they will scratch the shit out of your face. They invade your space too often and by the time you are down to cuddle, one of your cats is busy being a bitch in heat. Cats can come purr on your lap, sleep on your stomach, roam kitchen counters, and even jump onto the dining room table while you're eating meals. You can scream at your cat at the top of your lungs and get no response, and then when they choose to come hang out with you, you're not in the mood. Moreover, who likes a tiny animal that uses plastic boxes as bathrooms?

Dogs are great for entertainment. You can watch them meet and hump other dogs at the dog park, which brings me to my next point.

Sex Magnet! Girls, you have to admit a guy becomes about 30% more attractive when he is walking or playing with a dog. Guys, you will look much cuter walking a dog through a park than a cat - whether a puppy or huge dog. Imagine an attractive UVMer is in the dog park and you are there to get some fresh air when out of nowhere an adorable dog comes over to you. "Aw what's your name?" questioning commences, and then in comes the attractive owner only to check in on his or her dog of course. Seal. The. Deal.

Environment cause. The only downside UVM environmentalists may see is that dogs have a larger carbon footprint than cats but at least they don't shit where they sleep - literally, well unless they are puppies. They poop outside, someone steps in it, and then it turns into compost and disintegrates most likely. Dogs do not need a plastic box to poop and pee in; rather they are outdoorsy bathroom-goers just like most UVMers. With dogs there is no bathroom sharing so go ahead and fill all your floor space cause there won't be any creepy creature sneaking in and out of your bathroom as you are doing your business or catching a hangerover snooze because your bedroom seems too far away.

A cat is a temporary, suspicious, dependent, house accessory. A dog is a friend to grow with and learn from. Case closed.

McDuff and Jax I love you guys fo' lyfe! ■

amount

's favorite new tradition

while Ira spent most of his life "just chillin." One day, Mr. and Mrs. Allen, fed up with Ira's freeloading, took away his weed and told him that he had to clean up his act and prove himself. Ira, still unmotivated, but unable to fight off a case of the munchies, decided to go find some food. He gathered his musket and a bottle of gin and headed out into the Vermont wilderness. After what felt like an hour of searching, he noticed the outline of a man carrying a pizza. Ira's mouth began to water and he slowly moved towards the man, but as he moved closer, he saw what looked like a catamount. Unable to let the pizza get away, Ira darted towards the catamount's tail, grabbed it, and sprinted to the pizza. When he reached the pizza, the man carrying it exclaimed, "Thank goodness you're here, I was just about to compost the rest of this pizza!"

Though he got the pizza, it would take a couple more years until he finally would get his act together and prove himself by establishing a "nationally accredited institution of excellence."

When asked how he went from being a stoner living on his parents' couch to an 18th century success story, he would always attribute it to the time he rubbed the tail of the catamount. To this day the Catamount Statue sits on campus as a reminder of the luck the catamount can bestow upon you. So when you feel like studying is overrated, just rub the tail of the Catamount Statue and see what good luck it brings you.

Disclaimer: the water tower does not condone foregoing proper preparation for a test by relying solely on the luck of a statue. Study hard, sleep a little, and then rub the tail of the Catamount. ■

class bonding? not at senior night

by emilyarnow

After four long years of waiting, the class of 2011 are now seniors. Wahoooooooooooo! But it hasn't been since freshman year that we were all together under one roof, united as a class. That was until senior night at Red Square. The 2011 class council put together a little bonding/excuse to get drunk at the bars session last Friday night, to which herds and

herds of supposed 2011 graduates flocked. The promise of drink specials, live music and lots of senior bonding sounded indeed appealing, however with that amount of people squeezed in to one bar, how much bonding could there really be?

The class of 2011 is composed of roughly 2,000 students, and while many of us have been here all four years, and then some, you might think that by now we would all be one happy family. Quite the opposite.

Indeed, we all went through orientation, freshman year seminars and survived the race to find a decently priced apartment in downtown Burlington, but what percentage of the senior population do you actually know by name? Same goes for sophomores and juniors. While this schools boasts to be a big university with a liberal arts appeal, there are a good amount of classmates you just don't know, and perhaps never will.

With the class of 2011 all squeezing in to one bar for the night it became very clear just how big this group is. Tables of friends sitting around drinking overpriced beer mingled with others walking around but for the most part stayed in their own comfort circles, enjoying the music and each other's company. But was this night more of an excuse to just party or should we have had a more bonding experience? "I wish it

had been more of a get to know you kind of night, with games, trivia stuff, activities etc." Olivia described, "I was overwhelmed with the amount of people I didn't know."

While Red Square is one of the most "exclusive" bars downtown, having a pretty much zero-tolerance for fake ids and sometimes real ones as well, it may not have been

the best venue for something of this size. "It was so packed in there I could barely get a drink" Katie said, "Let alone walk around and socialize." For a group this large, no one bar in Burlington could work. Would a warehouse in the middle of nowhere have been better? How about, dare I say it, the Davis Center? "The thing about any activity that's school sponsored is that everyone is going to think it's lame, unless alcohol is involved." Dave explained, "Which is why I think

the night was so well attended. The class council held it at a bar they knew seniors would be going to anyway."

The truth of the matter is that we will never all be able to hold up candles, sing songs and hug each other like we did on those awkward first few days of orientation on the quad. And most of us really wouldn't want to anyway. While this senior night at Red Square was more along the lines of another Friday downtown then a bonding experience, we still have the rest of the year, along with senior week in May to get to know each other before graduation. And for the freshmen, sophomores and juniors that follow, look around once in a while and try to make a connection with your class; then maybe your senior night will be filled with hand holding and sing-alongs, or at the very least, it will be an excuse to get drunk with people you're graduating with. ■

"You might think that by now we would all be one happy family. Quite the opposite."



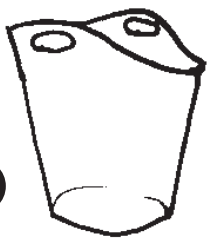
lydia shepard

the water tower.

t-shirt sale.

this october.

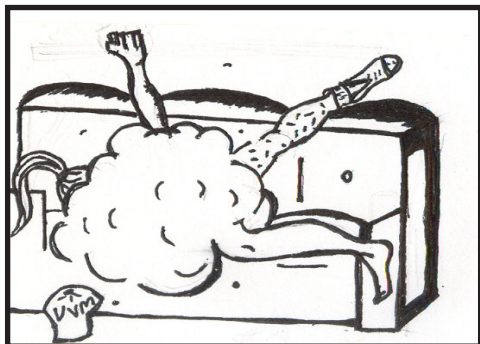
trash.



the quim queeries

the quim queeries is the **WT'S** weekly sex advice column.

first edition



When Mab told her family that she was coauthoring a sex and relationship advice column for UVM, they said "Ha! It'll be the blind leading the blind!" But after all, isn't that what college (and most advice) is about? College is generally a time to explore and collaborate, whether in class or in bed.

There are three of us in this collaboration, dear reader: you, Bliss & Mab. Send in your sex and relationship "queeries" (no matter what flavor you or they might be), and we will do our level best to return with researched, medically accurate and insouciant replies. Questions may be sent to quimqueeries@gmail.com. Please use pseudonyms (if we have to create some, they might not be what you are looking for, Mr. "Limp Bizkit").

While I'm sure our qualifications will find their way into print eventually, suffice it to say that we score well on quantity, quality and diversity, and are very willing to do rigorous (and vigorous!) research.

So, if any of you are in the process of doing some back to school shopping and bed hopping, here are some tips for the first few weeks while we await your questions and conundrums:

1) **Condoms. Dental Dams. Female condoms.** They are everywhere on campus. Don't be shy; grab a handful and test out the different kinds! The Davis Center info desk on the ground floor usually has a good selection. If you know what you like and it isn't there, buy in bulk online. You can go in with your friends on a hundred pack, or an ambitious hall could go in on a thousand! Try www.undergroundcondoms.com for a good selection and low prices, and you'll never have to resort to your roommate's Saran wrap again.

2) Everyone is as **nervous and awkward** as you are; they may be better at hiding it. Be bold, and be reasonably sober. A dear friend of ours once said: "Whenever I make bad decisions, I like to be sober enough to enjoy them." Go for it, ask, and be prepared to politely accept and respect "No."

3) Introduce yourself to the others in your classes! You have an excuse to talk to these people. They can be your study partners, friends, and **they could potentially wind up in your bed.** It happened to us, anyway.

Bring on the Queeries,
Bliss and Mab

quimqueeries@gmail.com

misquotation of the week



"Coffee is what you like, coffee is what I like. Date later? Date now."

- Nicolas Cage

6

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

Bro 1: Sup Brah!

Bro 2: Dude I'm so stoked to get wet tonight dude it's gonna be wicked sick.

Girl 1: Getting Wet?

Bro 1: Chyeah yo, I love Pcp.

Outside Harris Millis

Guy: dude, that guy is obsessed with you. Like his dick is wired to your vagina.

Girl: I know.

WDW, Afternoon Chatter

Resident 1: Durex condoms cause more unsafe sex than not even having a condom.

RA: Well, I'll see what our floor budget can provide.

Falafel Line in the Marketplace

Girl: I like my falafels how I like my men, four balls and extra saucy!

Passing the Catamount Statue by the Theater

Guy 1: Whoa, dude, I never noticed that before!

Guy 2: You estupido.

Guy 1: No man, YOU estupido. There's a freakin' lion over here!

Crossing Main Street between the Davis Center and L&L

Bro 1 to Bro 2: It's not that I'm unmotivated. It's just that I'm twenty-one and I want to get shitfaced!

L/L Fireplace Lounge

Girl: So I was trying to seduce the girlfriend of the guy who my girlfriend cheated on me with. So I told her to dump him, I was like 'I was there! He's cheating on you!'

In front of Billings

Frantically walking girl talking on phone in pouring rain: She just doesn't get it, it's not a fashion show its f***in rehab!

Bailey Howe, first floor

Two girls talking while looking on Facebook: Well, it doesn't look like a real vagina.

On the bus

Girl on the phone: We can bury her after I get done with work.

Walking down Loomis Street Saturday Night

Girl 1: Why do we ever even try to go to parties? We should have stayed home and watched Lifetime movies on demand.

Girl 2: Yeah. Maybe we still can.

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

We've met before but don't really know each other

We seem to have similar music tastes

And I'd like to know more about you

I don't know how to confront you

So give me a sign if you're interested

When: varies

Where: campus/library/parties/town

I saw: a guy named Dylan

I am: a shy admirer

Your bed looks so comfy, can I Slytherin?

When: Quidditch practice

Where: sunday 4-6 redstone green

I saw: Draco Malfoy

I am: Lord Voldemort

you're my fair trade honey.

let's hit the phall tour.

When: on the daily

Where: b&j's scoop shop

I saw: a phine man

I am: a maryjane thang

I saw you at the library reading a book by noam chomsky, I thought that was sexy. Your new york yankee fitted cap with your skinny jeans with those cocoa eyes. I want you badly. Meet me at the Tobacco concert friday.

When: Last monday night

Where: The Library

I saw: Sexy black man reading Noam Chomsky

I am: White Girl from New Jersey

We were doing laundry and we had a lil small talk.

When I came back a few hours later I was surprised you were there too, and then thought it was fate and that we were meant to do laundry together. You know where I live (sorta), and I know where you live... let's hang.

When: Sunday

Where: Simpson

I saw: a hottie

I am: a cutie

I see you a lot, but talk to you i have not done,

you like to longboard outside of north 1.

your jeans are pretty skinny and tight,

sometimes they're red, and sometimes they're white.

you look like my friend, but he's a real toolfuck.

hopefully with you, I'd have more luck.

When: everyday

Where: athletic circle

I saw: a hipster boy.

I am: a non-hipster girl.

I see you girl with your blue eyes and your blue Powerade, and of course, your blue skinny jeans. You should come over this Friday so we can drink Long Island iced tea and get "complicated" again. I'll even give you some neck kisses if you ask nicely. Oh, and you don't have to bother with a push-up bra; It's just going to come off eventually ;)

We may be just friends but... I WANT YOU SO BAD!

When: all the time

Where: usually my bed

I saw: a dirty minded blonde

I am: your lesbian lovahhhhhh

Vintage Clothes
Accessories, Sunglasses
and everything you wear

20% off
Entire purchase
with this ad

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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

fashion five-oh.



what's hot, what's not: trends at uvm and the greater burlington area

by colbynixon

hot

Dogs- Seriously- it's a well-documented fact that if you give the world's ugliest man a dog, he will be able to reel in any girl he wants within a matter of minutes. This is what's up right now if you go down to the waterfront. If a man with a puppy can't get laid, there's no hope for any of us.

TOMS Shoes- Forget real shoes. For only \$65.00, you can get these "shoes" that contain less cloth than the rags that Washington's soldiers had at Valley Forge. And remember, you're doing it for a good cause. Sure, that African child may have no dinner, but he's got a spiffy pair of those new "Grey Gingham Check Vegan Classics."

Flannel- Now I know I'm always joking about flannel, but seriously, it's too much. Forget bailouts; the flannel industry is going to pull us out of the recession.

I'm Partying T-shirts- I mean, who isn't? It's too bad that they only appear to come in sizes XXL and up.

not

RA Polos- Not only do these heather grey garments make RAs look like they should be in General Lee's army, but they are about 3 sizes larger than the tag indicates. Seriously, they should've just given them all tents.

Jorts- This (n)ever popular variation on the classic jean, has been far more prevalent on campus than is entirely necessary with all the hot weather. In theory, it was a good idea- why not take a practical pair of denim pants, and just cut the legs off? I'll tell you why not- because you're not fucking Tobias Fünke. I have no words for how badly these look, no matter how nice your shirt is. *Girls are the only exceptions to this rule, of course- so if you are female, please continue wearing cut-offs.

Transition Lens Glasses- I get it- why buy two pairs of glasses when you only need one? Oh that's right, so that anytime you walk inside or there's a weird half-light, you don't look like some sort of pervert. It always looks like your lenses are never the right shade, and I can only imagine how badly it must suck to take notes in that half hour in cell bio while your glasses are still in "transition."

wat(er) your threads

with olivianguyen



Names: Mache and Arielle

Spotted: By the catamount statue

Why we like it: These girls are bringing urban flavor to a sea of flannels and Birkenstocks with paperboy hats and jumpers.

Thanks ladiezz.



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 Uggs this winter.) We're just here to give UVM campus fashion some much-needed TLC.

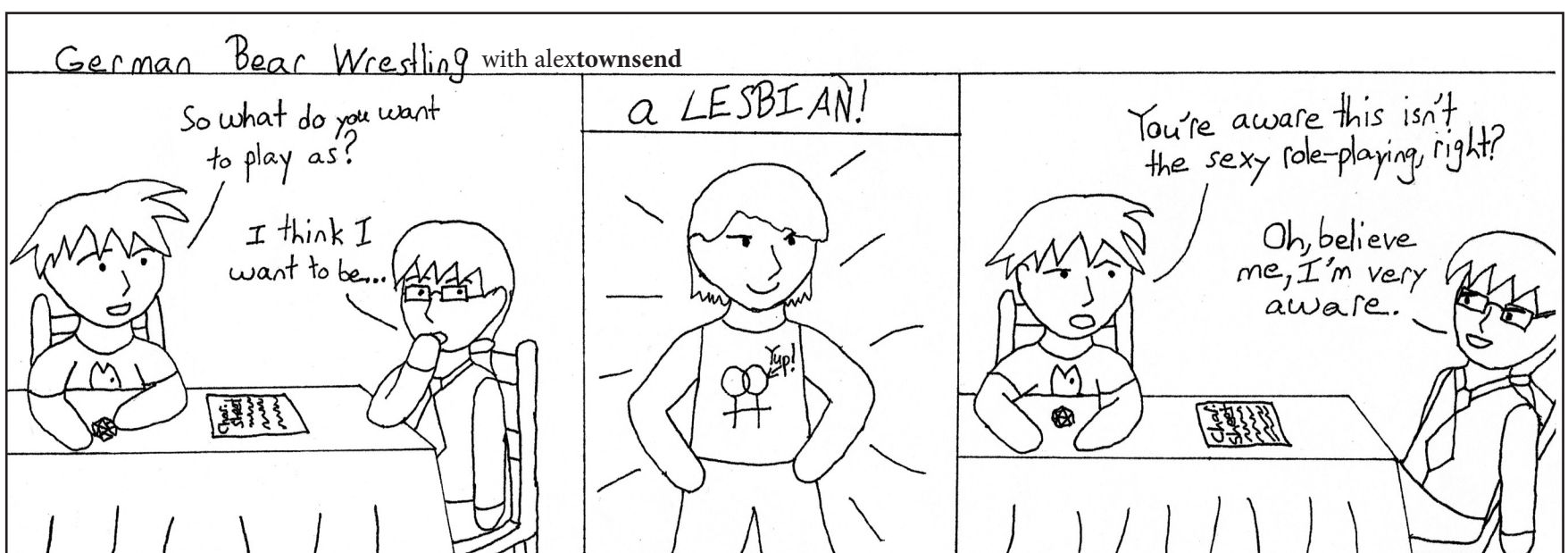
Name: Arielle

Why we like it: How many girls do you know who can rock earrings the size of your fist to class and still look dope?

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 thewatertowernews@gmail.com by Tuesdays at 4:00.



cat litter.



cat litter:
by drew diemar
artwork by vanessa denino

tuition fruition

Since last year, the price of attending UVM has gone up 6%, even as the university welcomes another record-breaking class. You may be wondering where all the extra money you're spending on tuition is going. Here's a breakdown of our president's use of the additional revenue.

Welcome
2015
class

34% - Replacement of the Dudley H. Davis Center after the previous one was stolen in late June.

7% - Legal fees stemming from a 2007 incident involving a fake I.D., two rogue police officers, and an underage drinking party.

9% - Treasure hunt on Central Campus.

9% - Contracting fees for the construction of five excellent spires.

2% - Hiring of two extra police officers assigned specifically to monitor Wilks 113.

16% - Hiring of Ghostbusters to purge Simpson Dining Hall of evil spirits.

1% - Hiring of new maintenance staff to write 'yeah!' between any found occurrence of 'Fuck' and 'Fogel.'

7% - Hiring of new Public Relations staff to invent ancient UVM traditions.

15% - Unspecified ATM withdrawal at 3:16 am, July 21, at Lucky's Funhouse in Reno, Nevada.

tunes.



the freshmen guide to good tunes

In my days before college, I was unfortunately glued to the sounds of the emo-screamo counterculture. Fortunately, when I got to UVM, I started discovering legitimately good music and abandoned my emo days. After all, what's there to be angsty about when you aren't in high school anymore? Freshmen, for you, the journey may be long. It may be hard. But we want it to be awesome. So how does one discover new music--find out what's hip and what's still obscure and indie? This guide will be our little secret.

Hip-Hop + Rap: You'll hear this everywhere; from the basements of the grungiest parties to the kid above you in Mason who pumps the bass as if he's the only one home. But we're not talking the usual shit here, like Kanye or Hova—most UVM hip-hop aficionados are far beyond that. Try these suggestions, which emphasize spoken-word as much as they do an obscure sample and electronic beat.

Instead of the Usual: Far East Movement, Kid Cudi, Atmosphere
Try: Subtle, J Dilla, Onra

Electronica + Dance: Eventually you'll learn that almost every party values a good deal of synthesizer. In fact, we can't seem to get enough of it. So you've already moved past "Pon de Floor" and "Crown on the Ground"? Check out sounds from Flying Lotus' "Do the Astral Plane" that move beyond the Dubstep tradition, or his "Green Tea Power" from his longtime collaborator, FLYamSAM.

Instead of the Usual: Major Lazer, Dan Deacon, Sleight Bells
Try: Flying Lotus, Pretty Lights, FLYamSAM

Ambient: So there's always the general weirdness stigma that comes along with a genre like this, and also the assumption that all it's good for is 'homework music' that's easy to zonk out to. If you find something fun enough to interest you when you're high, you've got a winner. While Sigur Rós' is always a classic, try moving on to more lively acts like Gang Gang Dance, whose tribal humming and surprisingly relaxing synth will give you a truly religious experience.

Instead of the Usual: Sigur Rós, Ulrich Schnauss, the Album Leaf
Try: Fuck Buttons, the Octopus Project, Gang Gang Dance

Indie Pop + Rock + Folk: It's hard to find new stuff in this area that hasn't already been talked about in just about every music blog. If you're going to move on to these gems, you should already know Bitte Orca like the back of your hand, and be well-acquainted with sugary sweet acts like Andrew Bird and Edward Sharpe & the Magnetic Zeros. Basically, anybody's who played Coachella this year should already be with you by now. Then, gradually ease your way into the canon of Jonathan "Yoni" Wolf's Why?-- you may just find the answer. Ride the waves with Surfer Blood, and end with the low-fi sounds of El Perro del Mar.

Instead of the Usual: Dirty Projectors, the Pains of Being Pure at Heart, Andrew Bird
Try: Why?, Surfer Blood, El Perro del Mar ■

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!

dope mc's matching game

(fresher than your other tests, better than your ever-best)

This week: HOODS/PROJECTS (as-repped)

- | | |
|------------|-----------------|
| A. Nas | 1. Shaolin |
| B. Outkast | 2. Marcy |
| C. Wayne | 3. East Point |
| D. Jay-Z | 4. Queensbridge |
| E. Wu | 5. Hollygrove |

answers: (cheaters get merked) (A-4; B-3; C-5; D-2; E-1)

get free: xavier rudd + izintaba's world party

by caleb demers

"Shhhhh," a grinning Xavier Rudd expressed to an eager crowd, who patiently awaited his performance in the Ballroom at Higher Ground last Monday. They obeyed, and with his need for silence satisfied, he began to shake the ground with one of the many didgeridoos displayed in front of him. Rudd, an Australian born singer-songwriter and multi-instrumentalist, paired up with Izintaba, bassist Tio Moloantoa and percussionist Andile Nqubezelo, to release *Koonyum Sun*, in May. Rudd and Izintaba, with opening band Good Old War, are finishing up a US tour with just one more date to go. Good Old War, a three piece band from Philadelphia, set the mood with frontman Keith Goodwin's proclamation, "We're gonna tear this shit apart." And tear shit apart they did. The combination of their harmonic and versatile vocal ranges, percussionist Tim Arnold's ability to play the accordion, drums and sing simultaneously, and Dan Schartz's spastic yet controlled guitar soloing, together created the atmosphere needed to introduce Rudd's rhythm section.

As the group took the stage, a fog ma-

chine and dim blue lights seemed to put the audience into a trance. Whether they were grinning ear to ear or had their eyes closed, every spectator seemed to be toting on their tiptoes for the oncoming

performance, and Rudd certainly did not let them down. Using a slide guitar, he burst forth into his own mélange of rock songs, blues

riffs, and world music numbers. His ability to make the crowd move contrasted perfectly the dimming of the lights and the music's slowing. The mystical feeling of entering another world seemed to creep into the souls of his onlookers. It also could have been the versatility of his fans: two dreadlocked students stood next to a couple well into their fifties. Or it could've been the chemistry between the bandmates. Either way, the didgeridoo rumbled along with the bass and drums on the second track from the new album, "Set Me Free," and if you closed your eyes, it seemed a struggle not to be set free.

For Fans of: Devendra Banhart, John Butler Trio, State Radio

Top Tracks: "Set Me Free," "Love Comes and Goes," "Time to Smile" ■