

the water tower.

uvm's alternative newsmag



volume 8 - issue 4 - tuesday, september 28, 2010 - uvm, burlington, vt

uvm.edu/~watertwr

know your rights

how to avoid noise violations, criminal records, and the po in general
(and still get your party on)



by karenbaptiste

It's Friday night, and that means one thing: it's time to throw down. Whether you're raging or just hanging out with a few friends, more often than not, over the clatter of pong balls and music flowing through the house, those dreaded knocks are heard. As you answer, you kindly ask Officer Barbrady what the problem is. Then, BOOM! They strike again: another noise complaint in Burlington.

For those of you who are new to living off campus, pay close attention so this doesn't happen to you. To start, good job opening the door. While Johnny Law looks intimidating, opening the door and cooperating is the best thing you can do. Don't be a dick and think you're above the law. Getting caught blows, but not answering the door just results in them calling up your landlord and issuing both you and your landlord a ticket. The best part is that they will actually contact you in class or at your job to serve you with the ticket.

Okay, so you were smart and opened up for the po; the deal is that if you get a noise complaint, it doesn't matter if you're just with your roommates. You're going to get a ticket anywhere from \$200 to \$500. What's even crazier is that even if you only have one guest at your house, according to Burlington law it's technically a party, and that ticket goes up to between \$300 and \$500.

That's all for a first time offense, too. If you get another noise complaint within

two years of the first one, the fine jumps up \$100 more for both types of tickets, with \$500 as the maximum fine. Then for a third time offense (still within two years of the first offense), this shit is criminal – literally. You're charged \$500. You have to appear in court. If you're convicted you get a criminal record. At least now you can get that thug life tattoo you always

wanted. Despite all this bullshit, there is a silver lining – but only for first and second time offenses. You can take a “restorative or reparative justice program” through the Community Justice Center. It's a three hour course and if you complete it, the judge will either waive part of, or the entire, fine. However, if you want to contest the ticket, the court fee is \$105, so pick your poison.

Here's how it works: “quiet hours” in Burlington kick in at 10 p.m. and end at 7 a.m. the next morning. (For all you suckers on campus, the “quiet hours” Sunday through Thursday are from 11:00 p.m. to 8 a.m., and Friday through Saturday they're 12 a.m. to 8 a.m.) But don't let this

fool you. Your neighbors are always able to drop the cops a line if you're being too loud. These “disturbing sounds” can be anything from people being loud to noise from a TV, radio, musical instrument, or phonograph. So a word to the wise: stop partying with A. Graham Bell. I know it's tempting, but that guy just can't keep himself or his phonograph under control.

You're charged \$500. You have to appear in court. If you're convicted you get a criminal record. At least now you can get that thug life tattoo you always wanted!

As much as our neighbors downtown hate it, we're college kids, and therefore we're bound to party. The thing is, you've got to be smart about it if you don't want to deal with the law banging down your door. To start, keep your doors and windows closed. Whether or not it's hot as balls in your place, sound travels, so try to keep it as contained as possible. Loud music is inevitable, but try to keep it at a reasonable level, especially if it's coming from somewhere besides the basement.

People come and go from party to party, but make sure they're not lingering outside your house. The cops are rolling by all over town and drunken college kids are obviously the first sign of shenanigans

nearby. (Not to mention that there's an organization called S.T.A.R.T. (“Stop Teen Alcohol Risk Team”) in thirteen counties across Vermont (including Chittenden! They have teams in Essex and Shelburne – no listing in B-town), which is composed of undercover cops. Their mission is to patrol the streets to crack down on all the young drunkards stumbling around.)

Even if you think you're not doing anything by hanging around outside, technically you're loitering if you're remaining idle in one location or wandering aimlessly. As a result, the cops have the right to tell you to leave wherever you are. So as a courtesy to whoever's house you're at, if you don't want to stay, then don't. Go to Mr. Mike's, KKD's, or Ali Baba's; just don't be the reason why someone has to get one of those hefty fines.

After a long week of classes, it's practically our right to party. So let's make the most of it and look out for each other. If you keep your shindig contained, quiet from the exterior, and have no stragglers in sight outside, then you should be golden. If we're careful, the cops will have no reason to bust our parties, so we can rage all night if we want. Just be smart about it; don't be a douche and think you can get away with blasting tunes and having a bonfire on your front lawn – that is, unless you have a few hundo to spare. ■

get
inside
me

news

BP's ideas for rescuing
chilean miners
by emilyhoogesteger

reflections

what's your (ben &
jerry's) flavor?
by lizcantrell

tunes

the walkmen
by jeremyklein

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

the best news team in the universe.



inbox

Dear **water tower**,

Get this. Me? I'm a Yellow Taxi driver here in Burlington.

This past Sunday (Sept. 12) morning at 7:35, I'm on Riverside Ave. heading toward Winooski. I've got the green light as I approach the North Prospect St./Riverside Ave. intersection. A freakin' UVM Police Services pick-up truck blows the red light coming down North Prospect St., and takes a right turn right in front of me, and then he/she turns into Cumberland Farms store.

Nice! So much for cops obeying laws. And, you know he/she was just going for coffee and donuts.

-- Dan Cohen
former UVMer Class of Dec. 1973

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

Child Labor in New Delhi. Photos have surfaced of young children working to construct venues for the Commonwealth Games, which are happening next month in India. There's nothing like fostering a spirit of international goodwill in a stadium built with forced labor.

Paying for College. Tuition has gone up, grants have gone down, and work-study appears to have vanished entirely. Education is an investment, but it shouldn't mean living out of a dumpster so you can afford your Calculus textbook.

The Texas Board of Education. The Board is scheduled to debate on a resolution this week that examines whether history textbooks are "Pro-Islamic and Anti-Christian," based on claims that textbooks devote more lines of text to discussing Islam than Christianity. In addition to blatant disregard for separation of church and state, the heads of the Texas education system appear to be wasting their time counting textbook lines.

Lindsay Lohan in the News. Yes, she got sent back to jail this week. Lindsay has plenty of problems, and she's welcome to deal with them (or not) as she so chooses. We don't actually care. So why is she still making headlines?

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

Editors-in-Chief
Lea McLellan
Alex Pinto

News Editor
Paul Gross

Reflections Editor
Molly Kelly-Yahner
Erika Weisz

Fashion Editor
Colby Nixon

Tunes Editor
Bridget Treco

Humor Editor
Drew Diemar

Managing Editor
Laura Dillon

Copy Editor
Jen Kaulius

Staff Writers

Emily Arnow
Liz Cantrell
Greg Francese
Emily Hoogesteger
Gina Mastrogiacomio
Sarah Moylan
Olivia Nguyen

Art Editor
Vanessa Denino

Staff Artists
Greg Jacobs
Victoria Reed
Malcolm Valaitis
Danielle Vogl

Layout Editor
Megan Kelley

Special Thanks To
UVM Art Department Digital Lab

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

contact the wt.

**Letters to the editor/
General email**
thewatertowernews@gmail.com

Editors-in-Chief:
watertowereditor@gmail.com
Advertising:
watertowerads@gmail.com

read the wt.

B/H Library - 1st Floor
Davis Center - 1st Floor Entrance
Davis Center - Main St. Tunnel
L/L - Outside Alice's Café
Old Mill Annex - Main Lobby
Redstone Campus - Simpson Hall
Waterman - Main Lobby
Online - uvm.edu/~watertwr

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.**

oktoberfest not only for germans

by jamesaglio

Something beautiful is brewing in Bavaria. Oktoberfest, the one-time wedding reception, 176-time full-blown drunken extravaganza, is currently celebrating its bicentennial. That's right: for the 177th year out of the past two hundred (the World Wars and a cholera outbreak interrupted what would otherwise have been two solid centuries), Germans are drinking their Gross National Product in beer. Except it is not just about Germans anymore, and that is a very good thing.

Instead of just being a local, totally insane party, the event has transcended Bavaria (and even Germany, for that matter), bringing copious amounts of travelers from Central Europe and the rest of the world to partake in Munich's finest. From expected beer drinkers like the Austrians and the Swiss to the wine guzzling French and Italians, as well as a few vodka-shooting Nordics escaping the permafrost, the event welcomes all styles. And there is always the dress-up. Ask anyone what image springs to mind when they hear the word Oktoberfest, and they will probably start waxing lyrical about the pretty girls with huge jugs (of beer, you perverts) walking around in traditional Bavarian skirts, sup-

"Ask anyone what image springs to mind when they hear the word Oktoberfest and they will probably start waxing lyrical about the pretty girls with huge jugs (of beer, you perverts)..."

plying beer to all the big, burly, lederhosen-clad men who look like professional yodelers. In reality, however, it is all that and more. It used to just be the workers who would dress like that to remind everyone of the celebration. It originated as the wedding after-party of Crown Prince Ludwig and Princess Therese of the house of Saxony-Hildburghausen, and even nowadays the participants, especially younger ones, love to strut their stuff in their nineteenth century finest. With the diversity of nationalities and with fashion styles older than any human on the face of the earth, Oktoberfest has become an amazingly inebriated pan-national renaissance fair.

Inebriated is certainly the operative word, because Oktoberfest is all about the ale. This year the organizers have prepared six million liters of alcohol to be consumed in Munich over the next two weeks, and if that figure does not absolutely blow your mind, then you must go to some awe-inspiring parties. The key to consuming this amount is speed. The beer is served in steins, which are those big imposing mug-things. If a stein of beer is not drunk with sufficient speed, it becomes flat and gross, so the revelers are forced to quaff their beverages with the speed of a gazelle in full flight. Even accounting for the beer that does not quite make it down their gullets due to the rapidity of their quaffing (assuming that everything Terry Pratchett ever told me was true), there is going to be much ingestion of alcohol in the near future, and many tipsy Germans because of it.

The world has seen a lot of terrible things in the past two hundred years (quite a substantial portion of which, I remind you, is the responsibility of the Germans), but that does not eradicate the positive aspects of the festival. Oktoberfest has provided joy to thousands in the modern world and, with its recent popularity among non-Germans, has become a true cause of international bonding, like a drunker Olympic games. Perhaps the world could use a few more two-hundred-year old wedding receptions, but the glory of Oktoberfest is a product of its uniqueness. Besides, it is doubtful whether the world could handle multiple parties as wild and German as this one. ■

the tea partiers crazy or not--they're making a difference

by indigojames

They are the Nickelback or *Twilight* of political fronts: so easy for us to make fun of that it's hardly worth doing so. We mock them on *The Daily Show* and walk around in shirts that read, "Hillbillies drink tea?!" There are efficient little blogs and Flickr accounts devoted to displaying pictures of men in tri-cornered hats holding misspelled signs so that we can laugh and dismiss their protests as sheer madness. They are the Tea Party, and they are political cartoons unto themselves.

Considering the people that Tea Partiers choose as their leaders, it is not all that difficult to understand why so many people fail to take the group seriously. Glenn Beck, a pundit for FOX, encouraged early protests and continues to serve as a major figure in the movement. But Beck is little more than an alarmist standing in front of a blackboard, grasping at straws to spread unfounded claims. While obnoxious, Beck is only slightly more radical than the politicians aligned with the Tea Party. Joe Miller, the Republican nominee for senator in Alaska, is running on a platform of reducing foreign aid and eliminating the Department of Education. Christine O'Donnell of Delaware staunchly maintains that homosexuality is an "identity disorder." In Nevada, Sharron Angle considers the United Nations to be "the umpire on fraudulent science such as global warming," and says that 13-15 year-old girls raped by their fathers have the opportunity to turn "a lemon situation into lemonade" by refusing abortion.

It's tempting to immediately discredit these opinions—to label Miller, O'Donnell

and Angle part of the lunatic fringe and move on. But all three of these would-be senators are endorsed not only by the Tea Party, but by the Republican party as well. The fact is, there are enough voters who agree with them that the GOP was willing to sell out more moderate candidates, some of whom had been in office for more than a decade. Americans who have been ignoring the Tea Party out of disdain must now come to the conclusion that it is totally irrelevant whether or not its members are uninformed or even stupid. Tea Par-

"Americans who have been ignoring the Tea Party out of disdain must now come to the conclusion that it is totally irrelevant whether or not its members are uninformed or even stupid."

tiers are changing the face of our political system, and it's time to start taking them, or at least their impact, seriously.

To anyone who looks beyond the factual errors and blind outrage, it's obvious that the Tea Party is part of a much larger trend in the American attitude toward Washington. As Obama's approval ratings sink and the House and Senate prove as ineffective as ever, more and more citizens find themselves frustrated with not only the opposing party, but their own as well. As Mark McKinnon, a Republican consultant who worked to promote George W. Bush's 2000 and 2004 elections, says, "It's gotten to the point where people don't even like their own representatives anymore. They want them all out, they want to start from scratch. They want to burn the house down. It's ugly."

Disappointment in bipartisanship is something familiar to moderate Americans, and a grassroots organization was

the inevitable conclusion. Unfortunately (or maybe fortunately), the Tea Party isn't really an organization. The views of its supporters are so dissimilar and their policies so impractical that, were Tea Partiers ever to seize control of the government, they wouldn't know what to do with it. It is a fundamentally flawed crusade, but that doesn't make its existence any less potent. At the very least, it is the manifestation of Americans' dissatisfaction with the way that their government functions.

When a nation's political spectrum is reduced to a scale on which its people and politicians must lean to one side or the other, political opinion is reduced to pure

reaction. The fumbles of one party simply push support into the other, regardless of whether the second party has actually done anything, and this process is repeated ad nauseam. But personal politics should have more depth than the hit-and-run philosophy too many of us employ. We express ourselves with angry signs and clever bumper stickers so that we can subject others to our opinions without the threat of being challenged. Americans seem to have forgotten that the foundation of real democracy is discourse. When we scream at each other with our fingers in our ears, we accomplish nothing, and our system stagnates. This is the real value of the Tea Party: to remind us that we as citizens have the ability to affect radical shifts in our government. Don't like what the Tea Partiers have to say? Good. Talk about it. That's the whole point. ■

BP's ideas for rescuing the chilean miners

by emilyhoogesteger

1. **Turn the planet inside out**, so the miners will actually be closer to the surface than the rest of us.
2. **Cause another, larger mine to cave in nearby**, so everyone forgets about the first one.
3. Who says the miners need to be rescued at all? Keep sending food and building materials and have them **set up an entire underground civilization**.
4. Extract the miners with a **giant suction cup**.
5. Send shovels down to the miners, and have them **dig a hole** through the center of the earth until they eventually break through somewhere in Russia.
6. **Power-wash the Andes** until they erode enough to reach the miners.
7. **Hire Bob the Builder** to dig the miners out.
8. Send down the "Drink Me" bottle from Alice in Wonderland, **shrinking the miners down enough to let them escape** through the existing four-inch hole.

the wf rankest couch contest!

LAST CHANCE TO ENTER!!!!

GET YOUR SUBMISSIONS IN BY THIS FRIDAY OCTOBER 1st

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:
thewatertowernews@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.)



**the water tower.
t-shirt sale.
october 11th-15th.**

reflections.

a user's guide to city market

what your ben and jerry's flavor says about you

by lizcantrell

Ice cream is great, there's no denying it (unless you have the misfortune of being lactose intolerant, in which case I am sorry that you have to miss out on one of life's greatest treasures). Ice cream can solve the world's problems; for example, if Russia and the U.S. had gotten together for a sundae social, they probably wouldn't have been obsessed with nukes and we could have called it "the Cold War" for an entirely different reason. If the villagers in Salem had said, "You know what, if you just confess, we'll give you some ice cream," then we could have avoided that whole witch-hunt thing.

Recognizing the political and gustatory benefits of this chilled delicacy, we should also recognize that the type you eat reveals a lot about you, so choose wisely.

Boston Cream Pie: You are from Massachusetts and damn proud. When asked where you hail from you say, "20 minutes outside Boston." You despise New York, jam to Sam Adams, drive like a Masshole, and quote *The Departed* whenever possible.

Karamel Sutra: You like to get kinky. We'll leave it at that.

Neapolitan Dynamite: You were/are that awkwardly awesome kid who draws mythical creatures and becomes

everyone's favorite person to quote for months.

Imagine Whirled Peace: You really want to make a difference in the world, one scoop at a time. Kudos to you for spreading the message through everyone's mutual love of this frozen treat.

Chocolate Therapy: When you have a bad day, you tackle it with three scoops of chocolate decadence. No judgment: we all do it. It's actually a testament to your unselfish nature, because instead of taking it out on your roommate, you internalize your feelings and handle them in a mature, self-guided (and totally satisfying) fashion.

Coffee Coffee buzzbuzz: You are an energetic person, and have a slightly addictive personality. You get shit done, often whipping out a 20 page paper in a matter of hours and running 12 miles at the gym.

Americone Dream: You are a business/econ/political science major trying to make a name for yourself and live up to the Founder's expectations. Jefferson would be proud.

What can we learn from these examples? We must embrace our frozen identities, form bonds with fellow mint lovers or caramel crushers, and most of all, never forget the power of ice cream. (By the way, my favorite is Coffee Heath Bar Crunch. The perfect combo of sweet, crunchy, caffeinated, chocolately toffee goodness, though I'm not sure what this means for my psychoanalysis.)



malcolm valatais

to my fellow first-years,

by calebdemers

First-years, first-years, pretty amazing that it has already been four weeks. Students have already lost their keys, woken up in unfamiliar places and missed more classes than they have attended. Now hopefully this is not the case for the entire class of 2014, but there are essential experiences that, being a first-year, you most certainly have endured.

Finding oneself at a sweaty and altogether sticky party is a must- yet this in itself is not enough. If it gets too packed and the owner decides it's time to lighten the load on that rickety old house, first-year fellows are the first to be pushed out the back door. Don't take it personally, you just are not contributing to the party.

To the ladies of the party scene and hopefully some of the gentlemen as well, an unsettling, possibly pleasing hookup experience is a must. Whether it's in a dark basement with too many people around, or your hallmate's room, this will make for the inevitable and awkward run-in with

that very same person at a later date. Be prepared for the hug, head nod, handshake, or even averted eyesight.

A keen observer may be able to spot a group of red-eyed students

broccoli will be coupled with the laboratory visit approximately seven minutes after finishing. But do not worry about spending too much time in there as this is a brief, fluid event.

It is up to the individual to create a unique college adventure. The first year of college seems to end before it begins, yet everyday has new opportunities; good or bad.

Remember, do not take it personally when asked to leave, say no to mysterious drugs, and students all across campus have Grundle-induced queasiness. Other exciting moments to look forward to: rubbing the catamount's tail, being yelled at by sophomores (they are at least six months older than you after all), puking, naps in the library, getting hit by a longboarder, missing the bus, being drunk in that Friday morning class, watching the sunset from the fire escape on Williams, staying up all night and then missing class to play Halo Reach, wrestling Champ and watching someone puke.

"Other exciting moments to look forward to: rubbing the catamount's tail, being yelled at by sophomores, puking, naps in the library..."

suspiciously arranged in a circle on any of the campus greens. Be ready first-years, one of these sketchy characters will approach you and offer you drugs that you never even knew existed. Special K, being one of them, may be a tasty cereal, but beware there is a double meaning. A bowl of the non-cereal, would send you plummeting into a dark abyss, rendering you useless to the world.

There is more to UVM than parties and drugs; the food services on campus are something to be recognized. By this point, visiting a campus dining hall is most likely a daily ritual. Alas, consuming a slice of taco pizza, mac'ncheese, and overcooked



lauryn schrom

by gregfrancesc

The Parking Lot: The parking lot is your first impression of City Market, so take it in. One of the first things you'll notice is that there are a lot of SUVs - but don't worry too much about that because by shopping at City Market, you're supporting a local business, which automatically offsets your carbon footprint by a SUV ride or two. In addition to SUVs, you'll see the ever-ubiquitous Subaru, and some parking for bikes. Bonus points if you can spot the electric car charging station.

The Foyer/Produce: The produce section of City Market is impressive (ly overpriced). Where else are you going to find a gigantic supply of locally grown produce? Definitely not the farmers' market. One of the first things you'll notice here is that

many of the fruits are rotting. Don't be discouraged by this - when life hands you rotting apples you make apple pie.

The Bulk Foods: Have you ever had a crazy nightmare that you walked into a candy store but when you went to grab the candy it all turned into nuts and granola? If so, stay away from the bulk foods section of City Market. Otherwise, you can buy tons (literally) of cashews, peanuts, sunflower seeds, and granola in this section of City Market. Tastes like trail mix - yum!

The Bakery/Deli: The bakery at City Market is more than just a supermarket bakery. Here you'll find bread, cheese, meat, and a large selection of locally brewed beers. If beer isn't your thing,

there's wine, too.

Checkout: The checkout is where most of your contact with the certain species of localvore (citius marketus) occurs. Before you hit the checkout line, however, you should prepare yourself for what's about to happen. Paper or plastic? How about neither - although it is fashionable to carry around a City Market bag, you should probably bring your own, not only because it'll save you five cents, but it'll keep the cashier from scowling at you for requesting your organic papaya juice and hemp milk in a bag. Reuse or die. City Market's a cop. This basically means it's a club. Join the club or suffer the consequences.

the college kid: not the 'relationship type'

by emilyarnow

In nearly every college movie you've seen, be it *American Pie 2* or the *National Lampoon series*, everyone seems to be having sex- and a lot of it. But who are they having sex with? These movies are for sure not showing the intimate love making sessions between a boyfriend and a girlfriend; far from it, they are glorifying the casual hookup, the one night stand, a new guy or girl every night in the dorm room. But is this what really happens at college? Is this what we want to happen or what we feel pressured to live up to? In short, why aren't college kids in relationships?

For some the question is very easily answered: college kids aren't in relationships because they want to hook up with different people. And while college is universally known as a time of experimentation and enjoying one's freedoms, the lines have become increasingly blurred as to what is a real relationship and what's just sex.

But is it just college students as a whole who seem to be allergic to the dating scene? Or is UVM the exception? In a survey done by Live Science in 2009, studies found that 60% of college students admitted to having or having once had a friends with benefits situation. While that is most commonly known as hooking up, these

days it's hard to tell what's considered an actual relationship or not. "I define a relationship as two people romantically committed to each other and not hooking up with anyone else," Olivia, a sophomore, said. Unfortunately for some, however, that philosophy seems to be a thing of the past. Almost everyone has been faced with the question of "Why aren't you dating?" by a parental figure over the years. But the truth is, relationships are a whole lot different than they were back in the day. You don't need to be going on dates to be having regular sex with someone anymore. However the question of WHY college kids aren't dating still remains...

"Girls seem to be a lot more mature at this age than boys," Lucy, a senior, said. "All guys seem to be interested in is getting it in and that's it." Is it just the college party lifestyle to blame for this? "The girls that I party with aren't the ones I wanna date, and the ones I wanna date aren't usually the ones I party with," Kevin Mara, a senior, states. While it's easy to blame the opposite sex for this issue, it's also insightful to take a look at our own motives. "Between endless work and constant partying, who has time to be committed to someone else?" Gretchen, a senior, explained. "Col-

lege is the only time in your life to really be selfish and do what you want to do." Hunter, a junior, shared in this philosophy: "People are only concerned with themselves, there are different pressures here than in high school. Why invest in someone else's life if they're not going to invest in yours?"

However, not everyone in college or at UVM has such a cynical view on dating. Many people have coupled up and had long-standing relationships. "I definitely think it can happen here, and I know a lot of people who've had relationships at UVM and made it work," Ella, a junior, explained. "Not everyone enjoys hooking up with someone new all the time with no commitments; a lot of people enjoy companionship."

So for those romantics, don't give up hope. Not everyone out there, no matter how much you fail to see it, is content with meaningless hookups. Your UVM soul mate might be sitting next to you right this very minute! And for those of you who would rather remain single and commitment-free, enjoy these four years of casual sex and half assed relationships. Just be sure to get an STD test every now and then.

top five inevitable awkward moments of dorm life

by robtucker

1. Don't Launder and Haste: Laundry's a bitch—that's a given. What's even worse is standing in the laundry room counting the seconds that pass once the washer you've been honing in on finally clicks off. If you want to be courteous you allow the late clothes owner five extra minutes before you take their laundry out yourself. But let's be honest—no one waits more than thirty seconds tops. So you're tapping your foot, nearing twenty seconds and desperately hoping that it is just a load of towels when you just give up already and pop open the door. Well it's not just towels, that's for sure. You gingerly stack their dripping clothes on top of the washing machine—okay, more like you yank them out and jam them down on top of the detergent spills and loose hairs (which by the way, are everywhere—how is everyone not bald yet?). You do this as quickly as possible of course, because no one wants to be the ass who couldn't wait five minutes. You begin to see the light at the end of the spin cycle barrel when you grab a handful of—ew, underwear! Just as these words cross your mind you hear footsteps in the door way and you turn around to see a girl with a waist about as wide as the panties in your right hand. Bam! Caught panty-handed.

2. Good Morning! It's the first Saturday morning. You wake up and your hair is a mess, your shirt is on inside out, and your face looks

like a raccoon's. Your roommate is already up and doing homework and the door is halfway open. Before you can even get out of bed and begin to fix your appearance, cute Jumping James (you remember from the name games) is

in the doorway asking if you have any tin foil. Well, looks like the two of you just skipped about ten steps in your budding relationship.

3. Sex: Never do it above the covers. Enough said. For your sake, but

mostly for the sake of your roommate, or anyone else who is popping in...

4. Shower Bonding: So after the first couple weeks you are getting familiar with the hall and making some friends. One morning you're showering before class and Jenny, the girl across the hall from you, is showering in the stall over from you. So you start chatting about your week and she tells you a story about last weekend as you're lathering your hair. Her story is funny and you laugh really loud then proceed to tell your most embarrassing story from last year. You're starting to think that Jenny is a really good listener when you walk out and see her empty shower stall and then a girl that you have never spoken to brushing her teeth at the sink, looking embarrassed for you. Looks like you need to check in a little more during story time...

5. FLOORCEST. It happens. Just smile and wave.

i don't like kids because they're guilt inducing machines powered by drool. so what?

by ginastrogiacom

What does it say about me that I dislike children so much? I feel, most of the time, validated in my being so perturbed by them in general because here's my feeling - they're selfish. The day a sixteen month old can ask me how my day was, then I'll consider children.

They're always sticky somehow, and the thing that's really unnerving about them - they assume they're adorable. I'm sorry little one, but just because your Mommy decided to dress you in some mini-hipster vintage Baby Gap shirt artfully mixed with the entire Hatley store and some mismatched tights does not automatically make you awesome. And the fact that you're just randomly babbling nonsense words? Just WAIT until you have a fully formed thought before you put it out there for everyone in the store/restaurant/bus/sidewalk to be forced to listen to.

Do I sound bitter? I am. My experiences are never good with these little munchkins! One time, I went to Disney Princesses on Ice (shut up, it was AMAZING) with some friends. I had paid good money for the tickets, as well as a pretty sick foam crown with the show's title emblazoned on it. But after finding our seats, some biddy - yes, BIDDY - sitting behind me has the nerve to tap me on both shoulders (I am being generous with the word, "tap" because the bitch definitely hit me) and asked me to remove said crown. Now, being that this is a small child, how do you think I responded in this scenario?

"Um... -finger wag- No. I paid to be here, honey, pipe down."

Mean? Perhaps. Inconsiderate? Only on her part. I guess what brings this all to the forefront of my mind is that there are so many things they do that I can't do. That's right, I'm jealous. Like, if I had tapped that girl, I'd be a huge bitch. But because she did it to me, she's just a poor innocent child who wants to see Jasmine on ice skates.

Or the girl that I was unfortunately stuck next to at the Verizon store. She was INCHES from my face just STARING. If I did that to any other human being on the planet, I would most likely have a black eye. But because she is adorable, and how could she possibly know any better, she is spared a beat down.

-Insert huge sigh here- So maybe after this, people might hate me. Maybe people are reading this and being like, "Wow, who is this girl? Is it possible for anyone, aside from the Devil, to have such a passionate dislike for kids?"

But, maybe I'm giving some voice to the thoughts in your own head. Admit that you've been annoyed by a child at least one time, and just be honest. ...At least it'll make me feel a little better, because damnit, despite it all, I feel bad about feeling this way. Thus, my hypothesis is proved: Children are babbling, shoulder tap-hitting, in-your-face staring guilt machines. Bam.

trash.



the quim queeries

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



Sex is awesome. Walking home afterwards? Not so much. Eventually, you are going to want to crash with someone else or have someone crash with you. Either way, we've been there. So while we eagerly await your scintillating sex and relationship advice questions, here are some of our hard-earned tips.

You may not have been a Boy Scout, but that doesn't mean you have to wake up uncomfortable and hobble back home with a mouthful of fuzz. And really, breaking into your own apartment in a cocktail dress and heels with the aid of a bicycle rack ladder is less fun after the first time. So be prepared; going out for an hour to dinner could well turn into an orgy. It may not have happened yet, but trust us, it can! Even if you just have a clutch or a pocket, you can fit a pair of underwear, a toothbrush and a condom or four to take out with you.

And if that hookup, orgy or snuggly sleepover pans out - tell someone where you are. Tell someone details beforehand if you know the details, or agree to check in by a certain time. Tried and true: have a friend send you a text with an excuse, so you can simply check your phone, show the other person, and hightail it out of there whenever you want. Having a backup strategy doesn't make you less fun; it makes you a hookup ninja.

Hoping to get delivery booty? First of all, everyone: clean your freaking sheets. Comfort and convenience are key to securing a snuggle-buddy for the night, so do everything you can to anticipate the needs of the hypothetical person or persons who may crash at your place. Having a big t-shirt, a granola bar or two, and a wrapped toothbrush around might not make you Casanova - but it can't hurt your chances.

So, as we said last week - 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!

Bring on the Queeries, Bliss and Mab

quimqueeries@gmail.com

misquotation of the week



"Fresh out the dungeon bitch, don't let the sun in, we're getting blunted."
- Helen Mirren

6

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

Walking towards Redstone from the Gym
Guy talking to girl: And then she reached into her purse and pulled out a dildo...

The Soccer Field
Girl 1: Man, my arm is so sore!
Girl 2: Why?
Girl 1: I was fist-pumping at 90's night ALL night

Classroom in Torrey
Boy to 2 other boys: I'm just gonna go home, beat it, smoke a bowl, and go to sleep.

Bailey-Howe for an evening study session
Dude: Have you ever taken a Romance Language before?
Girl: No, I've only taken Spanish

Davis Center
Trustafarian 1: Is it normal to have hair in my butt?
Girl: Ewww... wax that shit!
Trustafarian 2: Dude smoking weed is awesome.

Davis Center Bathroom
DC Worker 1: I feel like a sandwich.
DC Worker 2: You wanna grab one at city market?
DC Worker 1: No, I literally feel like a sandwich.

Outside Nectar's
Fat Chick: Who wants to fuck me!!!

UMall
Guy: What is that? A dead cat??
Girl (happily): No! It's a bunny hat!

Wills Common Room
Guy: Wow, lube is really hard to get off.

SGA Office
Girl 1: I will eat you alive.
Girl 2: (Complete silence.)

The Marche
Guy: I could seriously eat grapes in cups until I die.
Girl: Do they have to be in cups?
Guy: Yes.

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 noticed you in History, In your short shorts, you looked real sexy. And you're in my Film class, And you have a great ass, So I'll ask: Will you go out with me?
When: Monday, Wednesday, Friday
Where: History and Film class
I saw: a cute girl
I am: a smart dude

Many girls marvel at your muscular physique. However I also appreciate the way you think. When I run into you, our conversations are brief. So next time you stop by to borrow a pen, stay a while. Maybe we could exchange more than a smile.
When: once in a while
Where: around
I saw: a man in greene
I am: a girl in pink

Your thoughts are full of lyrics and prose. Refreshing among the usual bros I've written here before it's true. But this time I'll be bulletproof. To handout more is simple enough. Avoiding peanut butter might be tough. We disagree in terms of Alfonso the cat. I guess you can be the judge on that.
When: I least expect it
Where: our paths cross
I saw: a man of many words
I am: going out on a limb

Hey, remember that time I borrowed your kitchen supplies? Well, just the other day I fell in love with your eyes. I hear you're fond of peanut butter, and I'll treat you better than Taylor Lautner. I may be younger, but it's not experience I lack... I love to watch you in pink, friggling tearing up the track. If you're left confused, but are looking for a catch, Ask you RB4L of this destined match. Girl you put the magic in me, If we were old, we could have dinner at three.
When: ever
Where: ever
I saw: something fine
I am: being bold

Dear New World Buddy, We met waiting in line at the infamous New World Tortilla. Then, once again fate brought our paths together at the bookstore. So, I'm a little bit mesmerized by your sexy facial hair and your lightning eyes. And the warm flannel look makes me want a hug in a snowstorm. So how about it?
When: last week
Where: Davis
I saw: unforgettable
I am: outgoing girl with freckles

Vintage Clothes
Accessories, Sunglasses and everything you wear

20% off Entire purchase with this ad

DOWNTOWN THREADS

www.downtownthreads.net
Exclusive sales and discounts for facebook fans of Downtown Threads
73 Church Street Burlington, VT (Above Kens Pizza) 802-399-2070

fashion five-oh.



nerd chic:

what happens when *star wars* has a clothing line?

by colbynixon

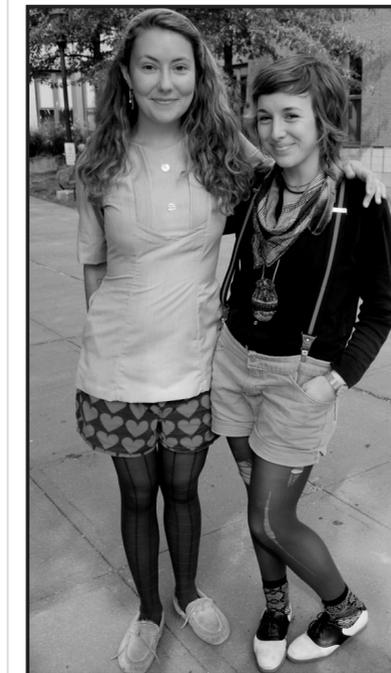
As a person with diverse tastes, I find that many of my favorite things don't actually go all that well together (like a strawberry-mint milkshake). Some things do work well together, like *Star Wars* and fashion. "Whoaaa!" I'm sure you're saying, "Teddy Feingold back in pre-algebra was the most hopeless virgin I've ever met, and he wore a Jar-Jar Binks t-shirt nearly everyday!" (Just by mentioning *Star Wars*, I'm sure I have already lost half my female audience- all 4 of them). Well, *Star Wars* nerds everywhere finally have cause to celebrate, because just this year, Adidas has released the Originals *Star Wars* Collection. This collection features both a wide selection of clothing as well as classic footwear, featuring recurrent themes that run throughout the original trilogy. I mean who can say no to X-wing Sambas? Here are a couple of my picks from the new collection:

1. The aforementioned Sambas are a classic indoor soccer shoe worn by everyone from Bob Marley to Freddy Mercury (and I'm sure some soccer players, too). The new red and white X-wing decaled take on the traditionally black with white stripes will have you wishing the Empire had built a third Death Star. (\$100.00 at skiptomyshoe.com)

2. Everyone knows Boba Fett is the most dangerous bounty hunter in the galaxy. (He makes Jango look like a pussy). So now you, too, can sport the same Mandalorian Armor (in track jacket form) courtesy of Adidas. Maybe you won't be getting laid later, but hey, how often do you really think Boba Fett has sex? (Probably more often than Jabba the Hutt, but less often than Lando). (\$202.43 at hvv.de)

3. The R2-D2/C-3PO Top Ten Low 50/50 split are a hideous pair of shoes, but are so awful, they are worth noting. Not only do they not match with themselves, you would be hard pressed to find anything else that does either. (\$119.99 at ebay.com)

Star Wars- perhaps not the world's biggest turn on -has just been made (nearly) fashionable by "The Brand With the Three Stripes." Not only does Adidas provide performance gear for athletes and casual wear for the average person, but now has tapped into the exclusive "nerd market." I'm just looking forward to when they release the stormtrooper jock strap.



Sad but true: UNM 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 UNM campus fashion some much-needed TLC.



Names: Sophie and friend
Spotted: Outside of Lafayette
Why we like it: With fall around the corner, layers are the perfect way to still work your summer pieces into your fall wardrobe with tights, shorts, and dresses for a fun quirky look.

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.

i'm on a boat! now what??

by lizcantrell

Call me Ishmael. Or don't actually. I'm not sure I'd want to be stuck on a boat for months at a time, chasing whales and eating stale bread, hoping Captain Ahab gives up before we die. Why do I think about this, you ask? Well, one of my good friends from high school goes to Massachusetts Maritime Academy, and every year they go on 54 day "sea-term" to learn about sea navigation, ship maintenance, and other technical marine stuff. Luckily, they get to do most of their cruising in the toasty waters of the Caribbean, so life isn't so bad.

I disagree. When I think of sailing the seven seas, I imagine Jack Sparrow, Columbus, and T-Pain (who so eloquently proclaims that he is "on a boat mothafucka!"). These illustrious heroes make the deep blue sea sound pretty sweet, but would it really be that awesome? You're surrounded by water, there's no land in sight, and you have no hope of survival if things go south. Don't get me wrong, I love the beach. However, we're not talking about a blissful day out on the lake; we're talking straight up Atlantic death trap. Think *Jaws*, *Open Water*, or any other movie featuring nature's best predator vs. you in your little inflatable raft. After a month and a half of being afloat, I think my journal would go something like this:
Day 1: Feeling good and getting the hang of things

I set sail, breathe in the salt air, and spend the day enjoying the freedom of the open seas. I attempt to tan,

but since I usually need SPF 70 (I wish I was kidding), I end up looking more like the lobster I caught for dinner.
Day 5: Settled In

I've settled into a routine: rise with the sun, swab the deck, hoist the sails- okay, this isn't an 18th Century clipper ship, but you get the drift. I do the necessary chores and whatnot to keep myself afloat.
Day 9: George's Bank

Fish everywhere. Enough said.
Day 14: Making Friends

I spotted Free Willy and had a conversation with him about that whale down in Orlando who decided to add some pizzazz to the show by pulling his trainer into the pool and thrashing her around until she died. Free Willy argues that the term "killer whale" is misleading and derogatory, and I kind of have to agree. He was just so lovable in the movie. Regardless, I enjoyed our talk. He even let me cruise on his back for a while and we did some cool flips.
Day 23: Okay this is starting to get old

I'm getting kind of sick of this whole "directionless existence" thing. Everyone's always like, "oh yeah I want to go totally off the grid, just like, get in touch with the world, you know?" No, you really don't want to. I've been stung by three jellyfish, avoided a piranha, resorted to drinking saltwater and then instantly regretted it, and a

host of other things.
Day 31: One Month

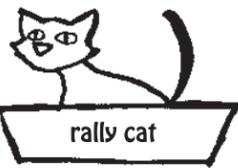
In a delirium brought on by heatstroke, I saw a mirage that appears to be Gilligan's Island. However, Gilligan finally got off the island and flew the coop. Mary Ann and Ginger were left there to bicker and the Professor wrote a great novel about being stuck on a speck of sand in the middle of nowhere. All of them weren't much company, so I struck out on my boat (which has now become a tattered raft) and headed back to sea.
Day 55: LAND HO!

I land on the shores of Portugal. No one speaks English (I thought everyone did!) and when I try to sign language/mumble some words, they don't understand me, for whatever reason. Oh well. I pack up and catch the first flight back to Burlington, which means I have to go through three other airports and hitch up to a snowmobile to get there.

All told, I'd say being on a boat is only fun when you are: on a Carnival cruise with a buffet and a built in waterslide, in the Navy and getting paid to sink evil people's subs with sick missiles, or if you are making ridiculous amounts of money for the Bubba Gump Shrimp Company. Props to my high school friend, but I don't think I could handle the dangerous expanse of the open sea, so I'll stick to the tame shores of Champlain. ■

7

cat litter.

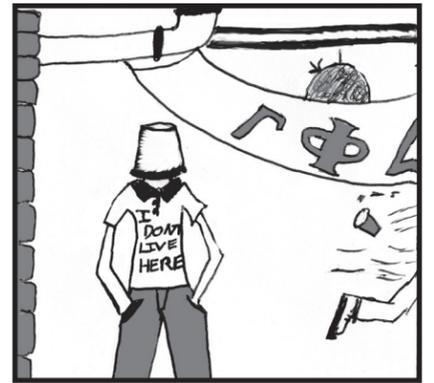


cat litter:
by drew diemar
artwork by greg jacobs

fessin' up to messin' up while dressin' up



No matter how envious I am of the clothes I see everybody wearing, I'm still reluctant to buy clothes, so I'm stuck with old beer shirts and stuff I've worn since middle school.



I can't even pull off the "so-old-and-lame-they're-cool" look. Why does everyone else know what to wear? Why can't they let me in on it?



tunes.



business as usual: in lisbon, the walkmen play to their strengths

by jeremyklein

It's safe to say that throughout their career, The Walkmen have flown under the radar. This may be because in the unstoppable monster that is New York "indie rock," they are rather unremarkable. Stacked up against some of their more popular contemporaries, their lyrics are not as clever, harmonies not as sweet, and melodies not as catchy. But The Walkmen never needed any of that to make great music, and with their latest disc, *Lisbon*, they prove it to still be true. As their sixth full-length release to date, *Lisbon* finds the band plowing forward just as always.

The Walkmen are known for playing vintage instruments, something that shines through specifically in the guitar sound. The tone and reverb on the guitar creates a surf rock sound, perfectly in tune with *Lisbon's* summer release. The tone reinforces the frustration, sorrow, and longing for the past that are present in Leithauser's vocals.

Allow me to make a terrible analogy—if one of their tracks were a car, Hamilton Leithauser's voice would be the person driving it. Likewise, Matt Barrick's drumming would be the engine keeping the songs going, and Paul Maroon's guitar would be the wheels that make what everyone else is doing actually mean something. The bass and organ players are not as present in the songs, so they'd be the passengers who are too frightened by Leithauser's driving to say anything (apol-

ogies to Walter Martin and Peter Bauer, respectively).

"Angela Surf City," the album's second track, perhaps best exemplifies this relationship. The drums start off in overdrive, pounded intently before the guitar enters with a fairly simple riff to fill in the gaps. At last, the vocals come in full of contempt for their subject: "Angela / holds a grudge / over nothing." "Victory" is another track that conveys Leithauser's frustration and contempt. On the surface, it has a rather uplifting sound fitting of its title. The song, though about victory, is in truth not about winning, but rather about never being able to attain what you want. For Leithauser, victory is always "right beside me," and "over my head," but never achieved. Another perfect example of his feelings is in "Stranded." Backed by a marching band-esque horn section, there's a sense of it being sang by the everyman, completely defeated, lamenting lines like "If you don't want me, you can tell me" and "I'm stranded and I'm sorry." He has lost whomever he loved, and tragically, he knows it.

The Walkmen do not indulge in excess, resulting in a total of zero solos appearing in their songs. Not many notes get wasted as a result. *Lisbon* is expertly calculated and executed, which for a rather unremarkable band, is truly something to remark.

Top Tracks: "Angela Surf City," "Juveniles," and "Victory"

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 thewatertowernews@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!

a diamond in the rough

an eclectic collection of talent snuffed out all too soon

by natehopkins

Haven't you ever wondered what happens to a band when they break up? Do they become long lost legends, or can they move onto bigger and better things? Some just keep playing—as was the case with Rage Against the Machine, when frontman Zack De La Rocha left and the rest of the band collaborated with Soundgarden's Chris Cornell to form the widely praised

Audio Slave. Krist Novoselic from Nirvana took a different path, and went on to become an active politician in the State of Washington long after the

suicide of Kurt Cobain (and we know it was you, Courtney!).

But what happens to the bands unlike Rage or Nirvana that never had the chance to make it to their prime? They often become lost to the world, outside the hearts and minds of their dear followers that is. Thus is the case with The Eclectic Collective (The EC), a nine-piece out of Boston that never quite made it far out of town, besides a few regional shows around New England. This rare gem of modern music is a bright, energetic, loud mix of jazz/rock/alternative/hip-hop/R&B that makes for what one could only describe as a super fusion of everything good known to man, blending powerful male and female vocals with extremely talented musicians. With complex layers of musicianship that range from wailing gospel-like keyboards, blaring horns, and multiple basses, the lyrics can't help but have you engaged as you find yourself deep in the EC's world of

troubled relationships and everyday hardships. The emotional spectrum of their songs is vivid and you will be riding their high one moment and hitting rock bottom with them the next. Live in concert, they were nothing short of mind blowing.

The only problem is... the band ceased to exist after putting out only two albums, despite the brilliance of their sophomore

"Their sophomore record ... is arguably the best 7-track album since Steely Dan's *Aja*."

record *The Flux*, which is arguably the best 7-track album since Steely Dan's *Aja*. Formed in 2001, the band broke up in 2008 due to some members going onto their

own personal projects. MySpace music pages will often proudly claim "THE EC IS DEAD; Bad Rabbits is a go." Bad Rabbits is a newer group consisting of several former members of The EC that create an equally raw sound but are not nearly as talented a group, as EC diehards would claim. To find these bands, one might have to do a little Google searching, and maybe even a blasphemous 30-second iTunes investigation. However, the archival music is readily available for anyone willing to pay an honest buck (and probably for those who aren't, too). I encourage you all to take a moment out of your busy days and explore the world of soon-to-be long lost music.

For fans of: 311, Otis Redding, Mayer Hawthorne

Top tracks: "Beautiful Mess" "Maintain" "Ocean of Tears"

dope mc's matching game

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

this week: crews

- gucci mane
- fat joe
- juelz santana
- mannie fresh
- lil' wayne

- the diplomats
- 1017 brick squad
- hot boy\$
- terror squad
- big tymers

answers: (cheaters get merked)

A-2; B-4; C-1; D-5; E-3