spent the semester abroad faced similar lion people without homes. of people and left approximately 1.5 mil out of my hotel bed had killed hundreds. The earthquake that had knocked me soon discover. news that the rest of the world would to the lobby only to receive the horrible our shoes and cell phones then sprinted the forceful shaking ended, we grabbed sick– yet at the same time I tried to be going to break down and faint or get poured from the ceiling. I thought I was as did everything on our tables. Debris Our headboards fell to the ground, the doorframe of our fourth floor hotel out of our beds and braced ourselves in pans directly over my head. We sprang to what sounded like someone banging Nora and I across the room. I woke up February 27, 2010 tossing my roommate earthquake swept through Santiago on my abroad experience in Chile, an 8.8
Less than forty-eight hours into different my life was last semester. never get tired of, and I think about how faces, gaze down at the lake that I will towards central campus, I pass familiar As I bike up Loomis street and turn towards central campus, I pass familiar faces, gaze down at the lake that I will never get tired of, and I think about how different my life was last semester. Less than forty-eight hours into my abroad experience in Chile, an 8.8 earthquake swept through Santiago on February 27, 2010 tossing my roommate Nora and I across the room. I woke up to what sounded like someone banging pans directly over my head. We sprang out of our beds and braced ourselves in the doorframe of our fourth floor hotel bedroom. Our headboards fell to the ground, as did everything on our tables. Debris poured from the ceiling. I thought I was going to break down and faint or get sick – yet at the same time I tried to be logical and work through the chaos. After

natural disasters and challenges, dramatically altering their experiences abroad. The volcanic ash from Iceland caused a widespread shut down of airspace, leaving people stranded in unfamiliar places. Similarly, the violent political unrest in Thailand disrupted the entire country and left its inhabitants threatened and fearing for their safety. And we all know what happened in Haiti. Often, however, it does not take either, after an intensely thought-provok. 'Every preconceived notion I had... was broken, recreated, and reversed in two weeks...'

as an earthquake or a volcano to leave students feeling a little disoriented coming back to UVM after their travels. Having been back in the U.S. for five weeks now, I definitely feel more prepared for a natural disaster, and grateful I survived my first one. However, the rush of "re-immersion" upon returning home was an exhausting reality to face in the beginning, and not just for me. "I was super depressed and bored coming back. Not being twenty-one yet really was a big factor. I lived in a big city abroad and a small town at home," said Senior Evan Lassow, who spent last semester in Barcelona. "It was hard to put the world on the same level as all my friends who hadn’t studied abroad."

Senior Will Curchin has not had the easiest time coming back to Burlington either, after an intensely thought-provok. "Every preconceived notion I had of

ing experience in Lebanon. 'Every preconceived notion I had of the Middle East was broken, recreated, and reversed in two weeks then further broken and re-solidified again. The beauty, hospitality, and pure brilliance of the region are traits that cannot be transcribed to words," said Curchin. Whether bored with Burlington or comforted by it, study abroad students like myself are lucky to return to this familiar place where students and families gather to appreciate what nature has to offer, from beautiful fall foliage to local concerts. In the large city of Viña del Mar, I was used to catching buses each morning to make the commute to classes through dirty streets in rough neighborhoods. It was hard to complain though, when the gorgeous views of the Andes made it worth it. My stay made me more patient, owning mostly to the unstructured nature of my semester in Chile. I left the U.S. as a Post-It note obsessive-who relied on schedules and lots of planning ahead. I returned a more spontaneous person. I also tend to understand both the negative and positive perceptions of America by citizens of other countries. My "second home" sickness for Chile kicks in every so often—especially because I miss my Chilean friends and the language. However, Burlington has made coming back to the states a smoother transition for me. I still struggle with simple English expressions and spellings, defaulting to Spanglish every so often. There is a sense of ease and patience unique to this funky, strange city. Both places feel like home to me now. Maybe it’s necessary to leave Burlington and spend time in a different place in order to see the comfort, and creativity that enriches this quirky city.
Dear UVM Bookstore,

Let me start by saying I am a nerd. I ENJOY receiving my textbooks weeks before the start of semester, peeling off the plastic wrapping, cracking the spine for the first time and smelling their newness. Then I peruse the contents and fantasize about the hours I will spend with them, which will keep me up late until 2am.

This summer, I feel robbed of this joy because my books have yet to be posted. For days I scan onto the bookstore website, with all the anticipation of the first day of school, only to be disappointed. Blinded by my anger, I would generally close the window, fuming, but I recently took the time to notice the small line stating that books and full semester would be up on August 8th. August 8th?! That is hardly enough time for my books and I to get acquainted.

I understand that making it hard for students to get book titles (and more importantly, isbn numbers) is a strategy to encourage them to buy from the bookstore. HA! You thought that would stop us? Come on, though! Though it pains me to wait for my book to be shipped to me, I will do it for the significantly lower prices that can be found elsewhere. Amazon will even GIFT WRAP my books for less than you charge for throwing a book in a plastic bag!

I would be much more inclined to buy from you if there was a clearer incentive than just proximity. For those of us who don’t buy our books as we rush past the bookstore, sit for class on the first day, it would be nice to get a special “buy early” deal. Let those slackers pay full price, but give us nerdy-types a break (or we’ll keep taking our business just proximity. For those of us who don’t buy our books as we rush past the bookstore, sit for class on the first day, it would be nice to get a special “buy early” deal. Let those slackers pay full price, but give us nerdy-types a break (or we’ll keep taking our business elsewhere, as we have been doing).

And, it wouldn’t hurt to invest in some wrapping paper (maybe with catatamuants?!) Thank you, Amanda Machamer

sometimes reading the water tower makes my 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

the water tower.

watertowerad@gmail.com

thewatertowernews@gmail.com

UVM's alternative newsmag and is a weekly student publication at the University of Vermont in Burlington, Vermont.
Chances are, you checked out this summer. You might have been mind-numbingly bored at a summer camp in the back woods of nowhere. But wherever you were, you almost definitely weren't following the news. So help us reassemble to real life and remind you that there's a world outside your dorm room, we offer you an (only vaguely cynical) rundown of Summer 2010's significant events.

The long-awaited Rod Blagojevich trial finally took place. The disgraced former governor was convicted on one count of making false statements to the FBI, but a single holdout juror prevented the jury from reaching a decision on the remaining twenty-three counts. Blagojevich has been mutating from the beginning that he is completely innocent, but we didn’t realize he was actually faking it.

The World Cup of soccer (football to internationals and sports snobs) was played in South Africa. Spain beat the Netherlands in the final on July 11th. The World Cup lasted for a month and was extremely controversial, mostly because of the unadulterated poverty and racial tensions in South Africa. Despite this, the competition proceeded as usual – with a lot of idiots getting trashed and beating each other up over which country's team can kick a ball into a net more times.

When a local news network came to interview the family of a murdered girl named Kelly that's been contaminating the gulf Bed Intruder Song, we thought living in a dorm was bad. But wherever you’re at right now, you’re probably at a party able to form a majority government. This is probably big news to Australians, because the only time a team can kick a ball into a net more times.

Australia held an election on August 21, which resulted in a hung parliament and no party able to form a majority government. This is probably big news to Australians, but most Americans could care less. It made the noteworthy events of the summer list to point out that there's more to Australia than kangaroos and Vegemite.

On May 23, LOST ended after six seasons. It turns out they were all dead the whole time. Or maybe they weren't. We're not actually sure what happened, but it was epic. It only took four months. BP has since tripled its advertising budget to improve public relations after the disaster, but we're expecting it to be wasted on a lot of preposterous schemes that don’t work.

In Chile, a mine collapsed on August 5, trapping thirty-three miners underground. After seventeen days, they were discovered alive. Now they have to live in a mining tunneled for four months until they're rescued. And we thought living in a dorm was bad.

On August 9, a small plane crashed in Alaska and killed former senator Ted Stevens, along with several others. Senator Stevens was 86 and is best remembered for being found guilty of corruption in 2008. However, he was apparently still badass enough to be flying across Alaska in single-engine planes.

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conforming to cutamout codes: how to fit in at uvm

by erika weisz

Freshman year is a vortex of debilitating confusion and demoralizing self-doubt. For the first time in your life, you're faced with complex social and moral challenges. You may find yourself asking questions like, how do I ditch this nasty tag-along I met at summer orientation? Will dry sheetrcode actually mask the scent of this dank nug? What the fuck is OMAMEX?

As a freshman, you are subjected to the unyielding scrutiny of the entire campus. You are constantly berated for wearing the UVM Class of 2014 t-shirts on the first day of classes and trying to get into a frat party with your entire floor. The last thing you need to do is make yourself any more conspicuous than you already are. Luckily, fitting in at UVM is extremely easy if you pay attention to certain uniform qualities that will ensure you're accepted by the entire campus. Even the most flamboyant freshmen can easily camouflage if they follow a few unwritten campus rules.

Ski, Snowboard, or Perish: With some 15,000 current members, the Ski and Snowboard Club is easily the most popular organization on campus. UVM prides itself on its overall atmosphere of ease. The last thing we need is you in a freshman class full of snow tubing n00bz.

Wear Flannel: Wear it to bed, wear it to class, wear it to the gym and get all sweaty. Though it may seem to go against your better judgement, flannel is a versatile material for all weather, including the current climate.

Have a Bob Marley poster and/or a trippy tapestry: Every single student at UVM, male, female, or other, has a Bob Marley poster. It's just the rule. RealLife deliberately places mysterious stains on dorm walls to force students to purchase tapestries and other hippy hangings.

Disagree with President Fogel: If you concur with any of President Fogel's decisions, you will be immediately ostracized by the entire campus community. In the eyes of the student body, Fogel supporters are the lowest of the low, perhaps even less popular than those who have the best experiences freshman year are those who live on floors destined to turn into Middle School Round II. If you feel yourself start to become exclusive, reach out to your neighbors, it's worth it: the people who have the best experiences freshman year are those who live on floors where everyone hangs out with everyone, and it's a big party all the time.

But relax. Two good things about UVM are A) there are tons of people here, and B) a lot of those people are cool, so it's not like your hall is a couple times, looks like you're boned for the year. Better just suck up and accept it.

If you're the one being bothered, get up and ask neighbors to be quiet immediately. If you wait hours—or days, or weeks—to say something, you're going to be so pissed off by the time you do that you'll be destined for an angry interaction and afterwards a passive-aggressive relationship with your floormates for the rest of the year. And nobody wants any of that. Communication is always good.

Beyond just those less-than-friendly hallmate interactions, being sociable with your neighbors is one of the best things you can do. Everyone one is so apprehensive about making new BFFs in college that groups of people on your hall are going to clique up for safety; just wait, they will. But relax. Two good things about UVM are A) there are tons of people here, and B) a lot of those people are cool, so it's not like your hall is destined to turn into Middle School Round II. If you feel yourself start to become exclusive, reach out to your neighbors, it's worth it: the people who have the best experiences freshman year are those who live on floors where everyone hangs out with everyone, and it's a big party all the time. If you happen to live on one of those fun floors you might be close to suspension by the end of the year, but you're only a freshman once, so it's way worth it. Just don't get kicked out.

hall rules.

Hall Rules. If a neighbor comes out and tells you to shut up at night, just do it. If you go to a party, don't be that weirdo who has a bunch of out-of-place at some point. (Except those cool kids that already had elder siblings living off campus...grrrrr...). The bad news is, it's pretty much impossible to avoid some growing pains. The good news is, there are some very simple things that you can do to avoid them. In order to prepare you, the WT has designed a little orientation of our own.

start:

with alexpinto

icebreakers.

Hello, and welcome to campus. We're the water tower, your friendly liaison to the UVM community. First things first, no ice breakers because nobody likes them. Although the WT does not condone underage drinking or the breaking of any campus rules, we did read somewhere once that alcohol is a social drug. It's merely our duty to report the facts, so there you go. Mingle.

Alright—now that half of you know you're from "20 minutes outside Boston," and that everyone likes smoking pot, we can move on.

hookups.

Remember that fond-old saying, "don't shit where you eat?" Kind of a gross idea when applied to casual hookups, but it still rings true. Don't hook up with people on your hall. You hear that all the time, and yet every year people do it. Don't. At least not until April. There are many reasons why not to, none of which are really worth elaborating on, just take our word for it.

Also, don't be that weirdo who has a brand new girlfriend/boyfriend within the first two weeks of school. If you're the one that weirdo, ignore that last tip. The WT wishes you two the best of luck!

downtown.

This is easy. Two of you meet from Mason 3 or 4 or 5, or sometimes you will do it at Mason 4, or if you're from Mason 2 or 3, you can avoid repeating
The water tower out-of-place at some point. (Except those cool kids that already had elder siblings living off campus...grrrr...). The bad news is, it's pretty much impossible to avoid some growing last weekend, someone on a balcony shouted “FRESHHHHHMANNNNNN” at you, take solace—it's not your fault. We've all been there. We were all conspicuously wide-eyed and acting all entitled. If there are people hanging out on the porch, which there probably will be, ask them if they live there, and if they're throwing a party, but they make a ton of noise on the streets when they inevitably have nowhere to go. Then the non-college neighbors complain to the cops, and the cops get extra vigilant, and more parties get broken up. It's a lose, lose, lose situation. Except for for the cops, who collect more noise violation

Every Fall, new (and increasingly huge amounts of) freshmen roll into town, and every year—in a word—they do tons of stupid stuff. Freshman class: if, on your first night downtown you can avoid repeating our mistakes, for everyone's sake.

The coveted campus tour

with greg francese

Hello everyone, my name is Greg and I'll be your tour guide today.

We'll be starting our tour in the Davis Center. Legend has it that this building is LEED certified and the remains of Mr. Dudley H. Davis are buried in a gigantic compost pile in the basement of the building. Also, you'll see the UVM Bookstore. In an effort to promote a greener lifestyle by dissuading anyone from buying any of their textbooks, the bookstore features books priced well above anyone else. There's a bathroom over there, but I'll have to tell you well above the sound of the hand dryers (it's like putting your hand under a jet engine!)

Over here we'll be taking the tunnel under Main St. No, we're not at Epstein.

This Athletic Campus, home to UVM's athletic facilities. For those of you from Jersey, this part of campus will feel most like home - it's crowded, mostly paved, and full of seagulls circling the trash piles scattered throughout the campus.

Welcome to Redstone Campus. It's on land donated by the infamous Buell family. As part of their donation, however, they stipulated that they get a street named after them and y'all didn't have your noses nearly chopped by anyone in the family. As part of their donation, how ever, they stipulated that they get a street in Burlington to host parties for college students. Redstone got its name from all the red stone featured throughout the campus (duh). Continuing down South Prospect St., you'll be able to see a frat house. Though only 10% of UVM students are a part of Greek Life, you'll see enough letter shirts to think it's closer to 100%.

Here we are at Central Campus. Central Campus is home to most of UVM's academic buildings and some dorms. William Hall, located next to Old Mill, has a set of fire escapes that every student must watch the sun set before graduation. The dorms are mostly filled with seniors, and the first years, and feature weekly spectacles of drunken debauchery (but the hospital emergency room is right next door).

The castle-like building located in the center is the Convance Hall. Is it haunted? Ob viously. Why would a building that looks like that not be haunted? Since we don't have time to, nor do we really want to, we won't show you Trinity Campus. Trinity is a small building located down Colchester Ave. On any weekend night you'll see everything from suicides to students flying out of the dorm windows.

I hope you all enjoyed the tour of UVM, giving it has been my pleasure. 

end:

mutual vandalism

Unless you're one of the poor souls in engineering or high-level math who have to sit through lectures given in what sounds like a foreign language, it will ALWAYS be stuffed into triangles and quadturfs, an exisitng stress-to go to the classes that you're paying for, rather than skip and attempt to teach yourself from the book later. That's guaranteed. If you're miserably hungover and it's twenty below zero, try not to even entertain the notion of skipping: simply get up, through the motions, and don't think too much about it. Skipping is as much a habit-forming activity as anything, and, just like drinking, is best done only in a positive manner—by that we mean, only skip if there's something awesome to do instead of class. If you lay in bed watching How I Met Your Mother on your laptop while playing hookey, not only will you start to hate your life, but come finals time you'll be strung together all-nighters and find yourself trapped in vicious cycles of caffeine, adderall, passing out in library chairs, and other zombie-like behavior. Class is better.

the 5-0.

As far as getting written up goes, it doesn't matter if your RA is cool, because most write-ups come from the RAs on "rounds". Our most important word of advice. FIND OUT WHEN ROUNDS ARE AND STFU! It is a simple rule of thumb, but some of us managed to require months of repeated write ups to realize it. Rounds are at something like 7:30 and 11 pm on weekends, and if, for about a half hour after those times, you put on your a-hole hat and make everyone in your room keep mum, not loudly crack open beer cans, not yell to dealers on the phone, not smoke, and not walk out the door with a backpack full of clanging bottles, then you will probably be OK. It also helps to have your room set up so things are hidden from view of the door by default. If there are no beer cans or liquor bottles in sight when you open the door for the RA, you can usually escape punishment on a technicality since there's no proof of foul play other than loudness.

If you were smoking and had more than 2-3 people there and all didn't have your noses nearly chopped by the blades of the window fan in the process, then you deserved to be caught. Also, to state the obvious, use broods, not trios, trunks, or gloves. Got it?

By the way, the actual UVM cops—and yes, they are State Troopers of some unfortunate ilk—are usually pretty reasonable. Naturally, they hate hauling their boots up four flights of stairs to bust average kids doing what average kids do. If you treat them respectfully they'll treat you respectfully, and they'll only document exactly what evidence is in front of them, nothing more. It's not their job to sniff you out, so don't give them a reason to.

When you inevitably do get caught, remember, your degree will be worth more in a few years because of the police state that the RAs keep you in. Does it suck? Sure. But as long as you make it through the two 1984-years on campus, you get to have two kick-ass years living downtown like the adult that you are, and then graduate from an up-and-coming state research institution rather than a world-renowned party school. The same encouragement goes for the rauzable kids who are throwing a party. If they want you gone, go. If you arrive uninvited and they ask you at the door who you are, say "Greg Francese". If they ask you what you're doing there, say "Tour guide". They won't ask anymore.

At the most, you'll probably get a warning, and at the worst of it, and have a much quicker and easier assimilation into the UVM community. So in

rules. One don't travel in huge packs, as hard as it is to not. This is one time when it's good to be exclusive, and give those guys 4 the old "I'll text you if the party's any good" line. Groups of fifteen drunk kids are not only impossible to bring to almost any party, but they make a ton of noise on the streets when they inevitably have nowhere to go. Then the non-college neighbors complain to the cops, and they make a ton of noise on the streets when they inevitably have nowhere to go. Then the non-college neighbors complain to the cops, and the cops get extra vigilant, and more parties get broken up. It's a lose, lose, lose situation. Except for for the cops, who collect more noise violation

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In an effort to promote a green lifestyle

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It's back to school time! And with the new classes, new classes and overall excitement about going back to Burlington, seeing familiar faces (and faces you wish weren't so familiar) is all part of adjusting back to college life. There are those you greet a with a head nod and those who pretend they have no idea who the hell you are. But how do you know what greeting is appropriate? Not every type of “hey” applies to every person you encounter.

The awkward first look up. If you strutting along, and suddenly you spot that dude you hit it with and quit it with last May, every fiber in your body might propel you to turn around and run the other way. While this is indeed an option, try to take the high road and start a new year with a new maturity level. If you're feeling bold, give a small wave or smile—maybe even a hug! Most likely, however, the other person will purposely be looking down or pretending to talk on their phone, avoiding conflict at all costs. If this happens, it's perfectly acceptable to yell “it wasn't that good anyways” and run to the nearest corner room.

That randy guy from your floor last year. You had the same RA, he might have swept you in the dorm a couple of times, and you shared some popcorn during the first few days of classes but do you remember this kid's name? Or where he's from? Do you really care? Usually the answer is no. If this is the start of your sophomore year, the polite and appropriate thing to do is acknowledge the person from your freshman hall either with a head nod or a wave. However, if it is your senior year and you see that dude from your freshman floor who now has dreadlocks down to his knees and pretends to be called Wanda instead of Joe, it is absolutely acceptable to pretend you have no idea who he is and continue to casually stroll towards the next class.

The girl from your group project last spring. Depending on the class, the assignment, and the patience displayed during work, this person has multiple options of acknowledgment. Most of the time a wave is fine, although not expected. But you spent a dozen nights working away at your apartment downtown making soup for your eco room. In Burlington, seeing familiar faces (and faces you wish weren't so familiar) is all part of adjusting back to college life. There are those you greet a with a head nod and those who pretend they have no idea who the hell you are. But how do you know what greeting is appropriate? Not every type of “hey” applies to every person you encounter.

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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.

It’s that time of the year again. Load up the station wagon, and definitively the beer fridge because you’re headed back up to Groovy UV. Your parents watch anxiously as you pack up all your belongings like a Dickensian street urchin. That leaves one last thing—your back to school clothes. Back to school clothes are as timeless as giving an apple to the teacher, or that weird kid throwing up on the first day of high school.

When you were in kindergarten, your mom probably took you out to get that new haircut (I rocked the mushroom cut for a while, myself), some Chuck Taylor High Tops (because you weren’t dealing with any of that bush league light-up shit), and a couple of nice striped shirts from whichever pseudo-boutique establishment was having the biggest sale. That’s all you needed and you were good to go.

Now, you’re in a bigger pond, with more fish and the need to establish yourself is greater. But wait a second, you go to UVM, this should be easy—just don’t wear flannel, right? It seems that over the years, the time-honored tradition of back to school shopping has lost its alluring sheen. You’re too lazy now, you have too much work, nobody actually cares. At least that’s what you think until you get to Econ 011, and everyone in your class is rocking a new pair of Tom’s Shoes. The phenomenon that is back to school clothes shopping is still alive and well.

Sure there will be that guy you sit next to you in psychology who perpetually looks like he could hit the gym at anytime, or the girl you pass on the way to the Grundle, who after several years of undergraduate education, has yet to realize that Care Bear pajamas really are not the best clothing option available. But, if you take a look at the larger picture, there’s also that girl who’s decked out in that hot new dress she picked up abroad, or the guy that looks like he could’ve held up the local J.Crew.

It’s so easy to tell who’s wearing their back to school clothes and who stopped caring about their appearance as soon as they crossed the Burlington border.

Here’s how:

1. **Look at the shoes**—these are a dead giveaway, shoes get dirty very quickly, so you will be able to spot those bright, shiny, Reeboks (with or without the straps) very easily.

2. **How does the shirt fit/are there creases**—if the sleeves have those distinct crease—either someone’s ironing their t-shirts (some people do), or that shirt is fresh off those PacSun racks.

3. **Body language**—strutting, good posture, and eagerness to get to class (so everyone can check out their new duds) are good indicators of new clothes. These are some-thing the wearer can be proud of. However, when you see the kid shuffling by in the Babylon 5 T-shirt, and that Jansport backpack that Pete Mitchell spilled the Spaghetti-O’s on back in Ms. O’Malley’s 6th grade class, you know he’s thinking, “Fuck clothes, I just want to play WOW.”

So, fuel up the Subaru, kiss your mom goodbye, button up your flannel, throw on your brand new Birkenstocks, you’re going to UVM, and you’ve got some new school clothes.

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**How to deal when your mommy stops shopping for you**

**Name:** Kait

**Spotted:** Outside of Lafayette

**Why we like it:** Kait’s 70’s style floral dress on her summery tan skin makes this outfit pop and chic-ifies the typical “groovy uv” look.

**Name:** Darshana

**Spotted:** By the library

**Why we like it:** We’re bummed we can only print in black and white because the best part of this outfit (besides the brontosaurus skirt obviously) is all the awesome color! Colors galore.

Matching is so overrated.

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**German Bear Wrestling**

**with alextownsend**

*This is individual.*

I did an image search for cool women, but all I got was bimbos in bikinis.

You don’t need to dress like a faggot to be a woman.

Wait, are you a woman?

Well, in theory anyway.

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**with olivianguyen**

**What but true?** UVM isn’t exactly known for its superior fashion sense. That’s why when fashion-forward looks and getz-chic trends rebel against bland and push the campus fashion boundaries, we all like to give them a little nod of approval. We’re not the fashion police. (Though we’re tempted to pin people wearing 90s this winter) We’re just here to give UVM campus fashion some much-needed TLC.

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LSOp (Life spent outside percentage) (Hours spent outside / hours spent staring at glowing rectangles/day) (nights spent outside + miles biked/2 + rules biked/5 + # hours swam/week)

CREAM (Cash rules everything around me) (Always worry x hours/week) (# cars bought x 2 + dollars spent on North Face, Oakley, Apple, Burton, or any weed with kush/haze/ skunk in the name + # exclusive nightclubs let into x 5 + time spent making it rain/hustling/balling/flossing x 10)

TIAL (Total party points) (# times thrown up + music fest attending + # school parties kicked out of + # different drugs consumed + # visits to Montreal (or Mexico. Or really anywhere else) + # times up till sunrise) + encounters with the poner.

GTA (Globetrotting assessment) (Days spent outside U.S.A. x 4 + Days spent out of hometown + friends x 2 + facebook photos with smiling native children x 10)

SAP (Sexual achievement points) (# times 1st base reached + # times 2nd base reached x 2 + # times 3rd base reached x 3 + # home runs x 5) / (# avg. rating of partner / avg. intoxication of partner) * scale of 1-10

OHR (Overall health rating) (# total runs > 1 mile + total visits to the gym) – (cigarettes smoked/week + grams weed smoked/week + # McDonald's visits/2) / (# of the Opp/TPP)

When someone asks you how your summer was, you say “pretty good.” If you’re chipper, you might say that it was awesome. If you’re speaking with a good friend, you may go with a well-prepared 18-word description. “I worked, hung around a lot. There were no parties but I went to Vibes, the Paceline, and Fordham. They have an aura of street-smarts that back-packers usually lack, and they claim to hustle with the best of ‘em.”

So where do they stand? They seem to have carved out a particular cachet, one that can be perfectly described as fly: rougher-edged than, say, a Pharrell, but just as steady—and at times the beat not striking fear into the hearts of those who listen. They’re aware of their unique smarts that backpackers usually lack, and they claim to hustle with the best of’em. But none of them is ready to rob and kill, many leave guns out of their vocab entirely.

None of that is much of the grit, guns, threats, and executions that electronica have all exploded in popu-arity, but the gritty, socially conscious content—rappers Smoke DZA, Big K.R.I.T., Curren$y—three current rookies in the hip-hop scene, have also straddled the line between backpack and gangsta for bragging—two motifs that Devin the Dude. Curren$y even has an excellent collab with the man.

Music thankfully bears treatment of detail in the lyrics, bears their ability to rob and kill, many leave guns out of their vocab entirely. But not are they backpackers. They don’t get preachy, they’re pretty tough looking, they come from humble origins, and they’re all supremely cocky motherfuckers. They have an aura of street-smarts that back-packers usually lack, and they claim to hustle with the best of’em.

The likes of Lupe Fiasco, Common, and even Tash Kwal, are quintessential backpackers, derided by some as tame, unimaginative and boring—not necessarily because their conscientious themes are bad, but because their attitudes and styles just lend itself to a more laid-back, not exactly retro (Jurassic 5 excluded), its a rehashing of old styles perfected back in the days when MCs do tend to respect their elders and their ability to rob and kill, many leave guns out of their vocab entirely.

They could be described by some snobby con-scientious themes—rectal, and with a smile.

For a young group of hippies, the now-Brooklynhites have toured the country as well as the UK and worked with Animal Collective’s Avey Tare and Josh Driskin on their upcoming and much-hyped LP, Shadow Temple. As of now they have four EPs out, with the brilliant tracks “Panoptic Yes” and “Aeolian Di- vine” both of which are available for free online streaming on their MySpace. You can also check out reviews on Pitchfork and stream even more tracks on last.fm, or buy all their digital albums on the cheap via their official website, prince-rama.com. Currently, they’re touring the east coast, so go see them while you can still get indie cred for it!

SEEKING: UVM’s BEST BAND (ARTIST/WHATSOEVER)

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 mae-ster 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.

Suggested listening:


Current - Pilot Talk (Def Jam, 2010)

Smoke DZA - George Kush Tha-Burnin (Deathproof, 2010)

Mamalarky - Sweetheart Journeys (Klinik Records, 2010)

Larson joined up with electronic guru Michael Collins in Boston to form their sound, which hauntingly echoes Sanskrit phrasing over loud drums, wailing guitars and a melange of tribal sounds. Each Prince Rama show is complete with a Hindu dancer in full garb (Google image that shit) who weaves her exotic magic to the audience for at least half of their set.

Their show is one trip you won’t need acid for.

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