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uvm's alternative newsmag

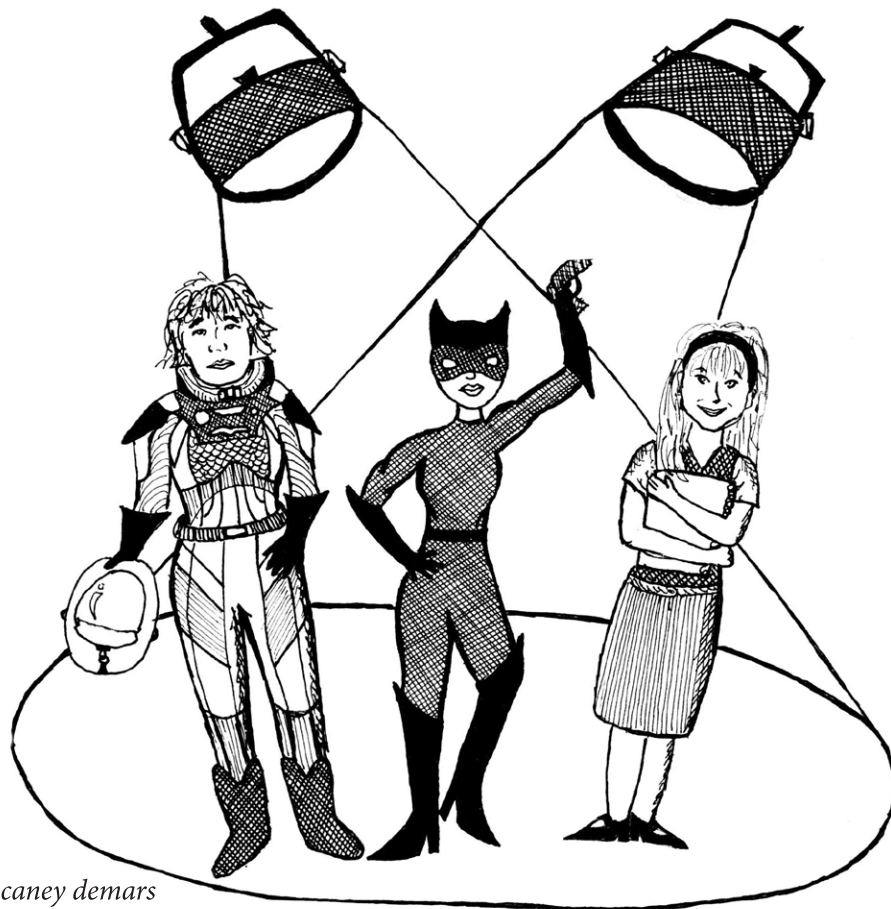
volume 12 - issue 2 - tuesday, september 11, 2012 - uvm, burlington, vt

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summertime heroin(es):

blockbuster females

who stole the show



by georgeloftus

caney demars

While it was a summer dominated by tentpole blockbusters, it also wasn't a summer that you can accuse of adhering to all the typical cinematic tropes. Everyone (spoilers?) knew Batman, Iron Man, and Spider-Man would succeed and save us all. This was a summer where the most fascinating characters didn't have "man" in their name at all. If anything, women in the "supporting" roles outshined the men almost every time. Is anyone else as excited as I am that women are kicking ass and taking names?

Not since the days of Sarah Connor* and Ellen Ripley** has cinema had such a consistent presence of female characters that were strong and indomitable first, and sexy second. All of these women are undeniably attractive, but it's their resolve that helped make this a banner year to have two X chromosomes in front of the camera. (*Linda Hamilton, the protagonist in Terminator, and Terminator 2: Judgement Day. ** Sigourney Weaver, the protagonist in the Alien film series. You fucking children.)

Emma Stone in The Amazing Spider-Man

Obviously a film named The Amazing Spider-Man is going to focus on the titular character, but for the first time in a long time, Peter Parker's paramour wasn't a damsel in distress, but rather a capable rocket scientist (technically she's a geneti-

not since the days of Sarah Connor and Ellen Ripley has **cinema** had such a consistent presence of **female characters that were strong and indomitable first, and sexy second.**

cist, but anyhow). She not only held her own against a seven-foot tall mad scientist with the proportionate strength of a lizard (they're really strong, I swear) with an aerosol can and a Bunsen burner, but also had the wherewithal to create the serum that would cure people already infected with a lizard-tendency inducing virus. Smart, capable, fortuitous and a normal goddamn person to round it out.

Noomi Rapace in Prometheus

Anthropologist and former Girl With the Dragon Tattoo (the Swedish version, you uncultured swines), Noomi Rapace took to the stars to discover the origins of humanity with her boyfriend and a crew of like-minded scientists. Compassionate and warming when compared to Charlize

Theron's icy, detached demeanor, Rapace was put in a position where she was unknowingly impregnated by a hostile alien species. Physically fighting off the crew who assured her they "knew what was best", she performed an emergency Cæsarian section. On herself. In space! Then she went to fend off an alien invasion force that would've decimated Earth that may or may not have been in retaliation for the crucifixion and murder of Jesus Christ. I don't know. The last act was really stupid and I stopped paying attention.

... read the rest on page 4

add in the 21st century:

our generation, our brains, and technology

by phoebefooks

You may have heard someone say "everyone has ADD these days". While it's true that clinical diagnoses of Attention Deficit Disorder have increased over the years, according to Nicholas Carr's book, *What the Internet is Doing to Our Brains: The Shallows*, what's actually going on in our brains is more or less a result of evolution, rather than a spreading disorder. Our generation has witnessed the incredible rise of the Internet, and with it our brains have adapted to this new high-speed lifestyle. Gone are the days where sitting down and becoming immersed in a thick book is a simple task for the average adult. We are now hard-wired, at the neurological level, to learn and focus in school the same way that we receive information while browsing the web.

As you scroll your Twitter activity or Facebook newsfeed, you don't read every word from top to bottom the same way you were trained to read a book in kindergarten. Your eyes scan the page with hyper speed, evaluating the information and quickly settling on the most desirable words or images to grant your focus. Similarly, you probably didn't open this newspaper and begin reading from the top left corner of page one, but rather flipped through, read the Ear first, then proceeded to read articles in order of what was of the most interest to you. As a generation that has grown up with the internet, this behavior might not seem so strange to us; however, from the perspective of non-internet users, our ability to hyperscan and narrow in on the most important information is a superpower. Have you ever tried to show your grandparents something on the Internet? "No Pop-Pop that's the toolbar you don't have to read that..." Now you know what I'm talking about.

So let's go back to the growing number of ADD diagnoses among our generation. I don't want to make any too strong claims regarding a medical condition, however, it's undeniably true that diagnoses have increased, showing that ADD may be the result of a cultural and social phenomenon rather than in biological roots. Think about how it feels when you're in your room,

...read the rest on page 7

get inside me:

syria marked by lack of improvement by kerrymartin

ski passes by phoebefooks

fall horoscopes by lizcantrell

aggravating tunes and awesome albums by dylanmccarthy

the best news team in the universe.

inbox 



Dear readers,

Hello there,
Here at **the water tower** we like to answer and/or respond to questions, comments, stories, and hate mail that we receive as a byproduct of our weekly emissions. In order to do that, however, we need letters.
If you read something and it makes you think of something else, write that something else down and send it in to the email listed below. Let us know. That's what this space is here for.
So give us your tired, your poor, your huddled masses of words yearning to breathe free. They are cramped and lonely up there in your head. Let 'em rip.
Also we like things that are funny/belligerent/weird, so if you think of something but are afraid that it is too strange, don't be, that's our style, yo.

Thugs and kisses,
James Aglio and Liz Cantrell
Editors-in-Chief

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 georgeloftus

Roger Federer—With his number 1 rival (Rafa Nadal, let's be real) out of the running, this world-class tournament was wide open for Federer to cement his position as number 1 as ranked by the ATP. Except he didn't. He lost in four sets to Thomas Berdych. That's the equivalent of Lebron James getting stuffed by a third grader with an ankle that's made out of Legos.

DARPA—(Defense Advanced Research Project Agency)- This defense initiative developed a robot that can outrun world champ Usain Bolt. Did nobody else fucking see Terminator? Can no one appreciate how this is an awful idea? Making it look like Ravage from the Transformers cartoon/movie doesn't help. It's creepy. Stop.

Seth Meyers—Don't get me wrong, his stand up last thursday was hilarious, and seeing him do weekend update makes me not only believe in God, but also want to take my clothes off, but one of his conditions of coming to UVM was no interviews. I don't blame him. I'd hate talking to me too, but in our defense, we only had five quickfire questions that had nothing to do with his career. He could've answered them while he was shaking after a piss. Seriously, they were about like ice cream and stuff.

Tornadoes—This past weekend, tornadoes damaged parts of the Brooklyn and Queen Boroughs of New York City. What the fuck? Everyone said we were stupid for believing in the Mayan apocalyptic prophecy, but shit like this makes us question our questioning. The next time a flock of birds dies over that rich suburb in Connecticut we're cashing out the \$7 we have in stock shares and buying the 6 cans of food that can afford us. ■

the news in brief with kerrymartin

“He will ‘never be a perfect president,’ he said, a line he now repeats at stop after stop. The unspoken subtext: It’s not my fault if you didn’t listen or expected too much.”

— NYT journalist **Peter Baker** referring to President Barack Obama, who just wrapped up the 2012 Democratic National Convention in Charlotte, North Carolina. It would take an angel to navigate us out of the shit-tsunami in which George Dubya left us in just four years, and if Barack were an angel, the Right would have scrutinized his birth certificate years ago.

“We simply cannot afford to give the reins of government to someone who will double down on trickle down.”

— **Bill Clinton** warning Americans against the Romney/Ryan economic plan. At the DNC, the former president encouraged voters to let Obama finish the recovery plan he began four years ago. Then Bill and Barack hugged. Too cute.

“It said the claims arise from the distribution and sale of a series of DVDs containing ‘exploitative, hardcore pornographic films’ featuring titles and themes based on ‘well-known and iconic’ Ben & Jerry’s ice cream flavors as well as packaging that contains key company features such as a grazing cow, green grass and large white puffy clouds.”

— **The Huffington Post** discussing Vermont company Ben & Jerry's lawsuit with California porn company Ben & Cherry's, which has released DVDs with titles like “Boston Cream Thigh,” “Hairy Garcia,” and “New York Fat & Chunky.” Look up the covers to these things. That's your punchline.

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Or send us an email

Our generation stands at a crossroads. With sincerity and humor, we strive to make you reexamine, investigate, question, learn, and maybe pee your pants along the way. We are the reason people can't wait for Tuesday. We are **the water tower.**

news ticker: Canada and Iran cut diplomatic ties. Who knew? Does anyone care? +++ Me and my Adidas do the illest things +++ The City of London is a city in a city in a country in a country. Derp. ■

as i recall

by jamesaglio

This week is the eleventh anniversary of the September 11 attacks. We, as current university students mostly between the ages of eighteen and twenty-three, are in a unique position, as we are among the last group of people who were old enough to remember the attacks, remember how things (politics, rhetoric, national security, κ.τ.λ.) used to be, and understand how they changed. There are children in school now who were not even born, and the high schoolers of today were still trying to master going through the day without soiling themselves. But we have stories and memories of that day which defined America's self-identity for the first decade of the twenty first century. This is mine.

I was the first person at my elementary school to hear about what had happened. The first student anyways. I was in fifth grade, learning how use chat rooms in the computer lab—this was at the time when people had realized that the internet was going to be an important tool for conducting business, but none of the programs we

use for that nowadays had been invented yet—when I got called to the principal's office. As I left, my classmates did the usual thing, “Oooh, James is in trouble,” but I was pretty sure I wasn't, or if I was I did not know why.

When I got to the office my mother was waiting for me; she looked upset. After giving me a big hug and saying that she wasn't sure if I had heard anything, she told me that my father, a pilot who works for United Airlines and who had left for a trip to Frankfurt earlier, was safe in Germany. I think I said, “Okay,” as this news was no different than it had ever been. My mom then told me, quickly, that some people had hijacked some planes and crashed them. Like

she said before, my dad was fine, but she was worried that stories might have been circulated and she didn't want me to worry.

In hindsight it was very sweet of her, but at the time—without context—I was just a little confused. I returned to computer lab where everyone asked me what had happened. I replied, in what was quite possibly the understatement of the millennium, that, “Some people had crashed a plane somewhere and my mom wanted to tell me my dad was fine.”

The rest of the day went normally, until I went home and saw the news. When I went to school the next day, it was the only thing anyone was talking about—a trend that did not lessen as the months went by. It

was a weird time, for me and for the world.

That's just my story, one that I will likely never forget. It is not particularly important in the larger scheme of things, but it has been important to me, just as I am sure there are people reading this who have stories important to them. And really, I think that is what is important, as more distance accumulates between events like the September 11 attacks and the present. The immediate political implications of the attacks have been overridden or jaded by more recent events, but the memories of those of us who were old enough to have them remain unchanged, artifacts in their own right of a day we knew we would never to forget. ■

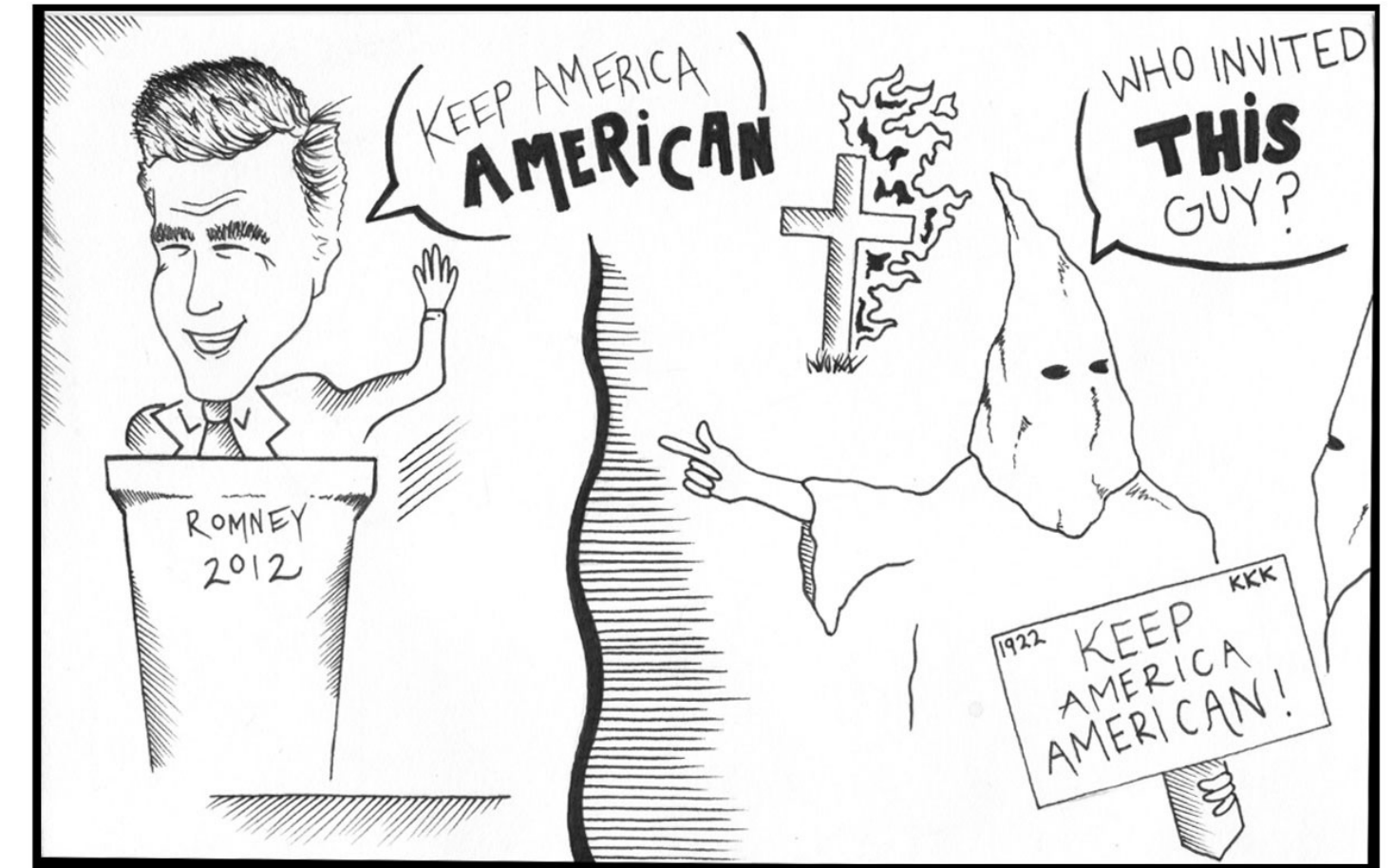
syrious business

by kerrymartin

I hate to be the bearer of bad news, but you might have to cancel this year's family trip to Damascus; things aren't looking so hot. A nation that once boasted regional leadership, a strong economy, and extensive tourism for its natural and architectural wonders (plus its capital, the oldest continually inhabited city on the planet) now prays for the end of a brutal and bloody war. The public demonstrations that began on March 15th, 2011 against President Bashar al-Assad and his family's almost five-decade reign were the only Arab Spring protests that escalated to full-fledged civil war. So far, there have been about 30,000 deaths – half of which were civilians – and 1.5 million Syrians have been displaced. The “vast majority” of human rights violations have been committed by the Syrian security forces, according to the UN Human Rights Council, and an increasing number of state soldiers, reluctant to arrest, kidnap, torture, and kill their fellow citizens, have joined the Free Syrian Army, the loose confederation of rebel groups allied under the common, global cause to end Assad's totalitarianism.

So yeah, this asshole needs to go. Nearly the entire international community has pressured Assad to abdicate the presidency, and if it weren't for the selfish dissent of Russia and China (permanent, veto-wielding members of the UN Security Council who export billions in arms and oil to Syria), the Council would have passed an official condemnation of Assad and an economic sanction of his government, seriously restricting the country's imports and exports.

Now let's back up a little; we can't figure out what the good of US of A is supposed to do about all this, until we grasp the history of this shitshow. Bashar's father Hafez al-Assad seized power in his 1970 military coup (Syria had witnessed 24 years of violence and instability since gaining independence from France). Assad boosted the Syrian economy through national industry



mariel brown fallon

and oil exports and liberalized its social and gender policies. His strategies recall Moamar Khadafy's stimulation of Libya's oil economy and Hosni Mubarak's increase in Egyptian standards of living – two leaders now dead after Arab Spring revolutions in their countries. Mubarak, Khadafy, and Assad are of the same breed of dictator, but Assad struck down Syrian dissent with exceptional cruelty: when the Muslim Brotherhood mounted a rebellion in the city of Hama in 1982, Assad nearly leveled the place and killed some 30,000 civilians. Then, just like his buddies Ho and Mo, Assad hopped in bed with those oh-so-forgiving Western leaders, notably during the Gulf War of 1990-91 when Assad Sr. helped Bush Sr. blow them Iraqis up. As political scientist Immortal Technique claimed in his essay “Cause of Death,” “government ties is really why the government lies.”

Syria's complicated and crooked foreign policy – as well as the death of Bassel al-Assad, Hafez's “charismatic and commanding” oldest heir groomed since birth to run the country, in a fatal car crash in 1994 – brought us to where we are today. Bashar al-Assad, the ophthalmology student married to a British woman, who was called home from London to replace Bassel

as his father's heir and inaugurated president six year later, the man once named “The Hope” for the reforms he might bring to the Syrian people, now clutches to the office he never thought he'd hold. He's been suspended by the Arab League and snubbed by much of the international community. This guy wanted to be an eye doctor. Now he's continually killing his own citizens with the entire world watching.

“The public demonstrations ... were the only Arab Spring protests that escalated to full-fledged civil war.”

But that's the thing. We're just watching. Shouldn't we do something? Shouldn't we step in and stop this war criminal? There are innocent people dying! Isn't it our obligation, our role as a nation to put our foot down and interfere?

The truth is, probably not. You could argue – and most Arabs would agree – that the West got Syria into this mess in the first place, either by supporting tyrannical but secular regimes in oil-wealthy nations for decades, or by occupying sacred land in Palestine and spawning the ideology that the West is an enemy of Islam, or by drawing faulty, unbalanced nations when we divided up the Ottoman Empire after World War I. Arabs are sick of our misguided help, how we occupy their land and think we understand it better than they do, how we shit on them and call it humanitarian aid. We've done enough Team

America World Policing in the last decade. Let's let things cool down before we inevitably do it again, probably once we drink Canada Dry (of oil).

Plus, the Syrian Civil War isn't as black and white as we Americans like to imagine these things. While the Free Syrian Army is ripe with tales of heroism and bravery, of standing strong against illegitimate authoritarianism, many of the rebel groups oppose Assad's rule on religious grounds. No, they aren't terrorists, but they fight for many of the same things that radical Islamist militants fight for all across the Middle East: Sharia law, strict control of women, and a world-wide Islamic caliphate. They hold Iran's 1979 Revolution as a gold standard. Al Qaeda has voiced its support for most Arab Spring uprisings, and Syria is no exception. So sure, the rebels aren't the bad guys in this war, but no country is prepared to turn around and aid a cause supported by the terrorist organization we've been combating for the past twenty years.

So grab your popcorn, America. Terrible atrocities are occurring over there, things that no human deserves. But for everyone's good, the West should keep doing what it's doing: playing the watchdog, and praying this ends before we have an international crisis on our hands. ■

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eenie meenie miney. choosing your snow. steezepass

by phoebefooks

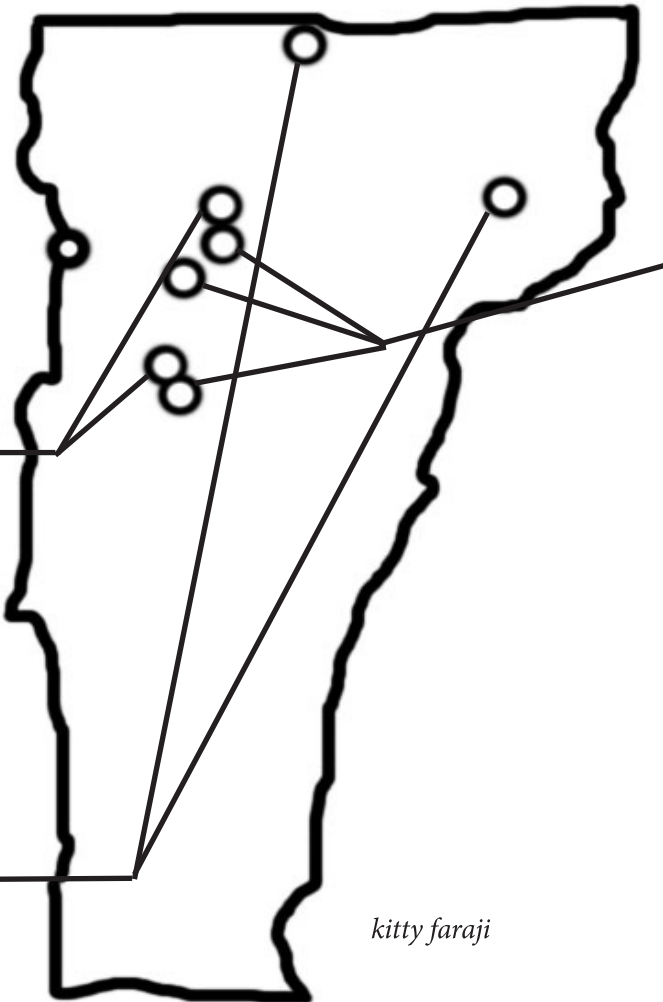
It's the end of an era. Fueled by the competitive forces of capitalism, Jay Peak, Mad River, and Bolton Valley have disbanded the seemingly perfect Triple Major mountain pass, resulting in several paired coalitions of parks across the green mountain state. I was in denial when I first heard this news, but soon my denial was accompanied by anger. Whenever someone casually asked me what pass I was getting I would foam at the mouth and slam my fists into the nearest Ski and Snowboard club tent screaming "WHY". My anger then progressed to bargaining, as I begged my parents to just buy all the passes (ALL THE PASSES) for me as a super Christmas present if I get straight A's this semester. We all knew that wasn't going to happen. So I spiraled into depression. After days of intensive therapy, I've finally reached acceptance with this new reality and have decided to share my thoughts on the new passes with readers of **the water tower**.

2 for U College Pass -

Besides having the cutest name, the advantage with this pass is that for only \$249 (if purchased before 10/31) it gets you to two very close mountains, Smuggler's Notch and Bolton Valley. Smugg's has 3 peaks, the highest at 3640' with several black and blue slopes and lots of intermediate glades. The shortest peak has almost entirely green slopes, so this would be a good mountain for an intermediate that is looking to progress to glades and steeper slopes. It also has 3 terrain parks and 7 lifts; however, they have a reputation for being very slow. Bolton is a small park with 3 lifts and 3 peaks interspersed with black, but mainly blue and green slopes. With few glades, the mountain is not very steep, so it would be ideal for beginners, however they do have a large terrain park area and a nordic ski area.

Jay Peak + Burke College Pass -

So the name of this pass is pretty self-explanatory, and if purchased before 10/15 you can ride Jay and Burke for \$249. With 2 peaks, 9 fast lifts including Vermont's only aerial tram, the most snowfall in Vermont, 3 terrain parks, plenty of glades, and 76 mostly intermediate and expert trails, Jay is a favorite park of several UVMers. It's not as big as Killington or Stowe, but it's as big as it gets without the crowds or tourists. They also have an indoor waterpark and really awesome restaurants, including one being built at its 3968' peak. Burke, recently purchased by Jay, is a smaller



kitty faraji

park with one 3271' peak. It has mostly intermediate and expert trails with very few glades and very few beginner trails and 3 terrain areas. The disadvantage with this pass however, is that both of these resorts are nearly 2 hours away from Burlington. This either means flushing your gas money down the toilet or waking up at the crack of dawn with a piercing hangover to fight for a spot on the 8am bus.

All Mountain College Threesome -

Not to be confused with your everyday college threesome, at \$359 (if purchased this before 11/7) this pass grants you access to Mad River Glen and the two mountains at Sugarbush. With six peaks, Sugarbush is a large resort, a little bigger than Jay but still smaller than Stowe and Killington. At 4083' Mt. Ellen is the highest of the mountains among the college pass alliances. Checking out Sugarbush's map, it doesn't appear to have as many trails as other mountains, but upon closer examination I realized that although it does have fewer runs, the trails are generally longer and there are larger glade areas. Additionally Sugarbush has 3 terrain parks, and a scenic lift that connects the two mountains. Mad River is a unique park in that it only allows skiers, which can be a deal-breaker for many of us. However there is a reason why Mad River bumper stickers say "ski it if you can"—they have a majority of black diamond slopes and claim the toughest terrain in the east. Skiing Mad River is an undeniably cool experience, complete with its longest lift being a single chair.

So there you have it my fellow shredders: the best run-down (PUN INTENDED) I could come up with for these new passes. Additionally there's always the option of sacrificing your left arm for a Stowe pass, as the massive tourist destination is only about 45 minutes away, or if you're completely nuts you could get a Killington pass. Also, if you're a snowboarder whose friends are considering the All Mountain College Threesome, remember you can get a pass to one of Sugarbush's mountains for only \$220 or both mountains for \$320. In the end, it will probably come down to what all your friends are getting, however I hope this article helps you guys hash it out and avoid stabbing each other with ski poles. ■

HEROINES continued from page 1

Scarlett Johansson in The Avengers

According to Box Office numbers, very few people didn't see this movie, so I'm just going to sum it up very plainly. She survived going one-to-one with the Hulk, fought alongside the Living Legend of World War II, shot down eccentric billionaire philanthropists, and was an integral part in stopping an alien invasion coming down on Manhattan. And oh, yeah, SHE HAS NO FUCKING SUPER POWERS. She's just the realization of the Nietzschean ideal who I'd, as well as UVM's own film professor Hilary Neroni, argue wore a skin tight suit out of practicality, not sexuality. Objectify her, I dare you, and she'll fucking ruin you.

Anne Hathaway in The Dark Knight Rises

As great as Maggie Gyllenhal was (and to a lesser extent, Katie Holmes, but I'm still a sucker for the "Creek"), Anne Hathaway's Catwoman-except-not character in the final chapter of Nolan's Batman trilogy was a force to be reckoned with. She robbed Bruce Wayne, could stand toe-to-toe with him in combat, and to this day, is one of only two women in that continuity of Batman to ever pull the fleece over his cowed face. The fact that she was the only one of two women in said continuity to let morality win out makes her shine even more. Watch every Chris Nolan film again. Anne Hathaway is the only

female character with any real depth. I'm not saying this is the first time he's ever taken a woman seriously, but it's the first time he's given the audience an excuse to take one seriously too.

Mila Kunis in Ted

While one of these things is certainly not like the other, Mila Kunis should be commended in Ted, if for no other reason than she had the ovaries (girlballs is an outdated term, have some pride, ladies) to stand up to Mark Wahlberg and tell him to grow the fuck up. Nobody's done that, like, ever. Did you see the Departed? When he wore the little footies with the track suit and aced Matt Damon like he was nothing? This dude is usually what all my ex girlfriends thought about when the lights were off and this one had the plausible real-world courage to call him out on his shit. In the end, she didn't concede to what he needed as a man, she conceded to what he needed as a person, which makes her wise, on top of awesome, on top of hilarious. Raising the bar and redefining it to manageable expectations? Yeah, that's not a "bitchy" girlfriend, that's an adult trying to be in a mature relationship. Also, she was the one brave enough to clean up hooker-poop, Marky-Mark was crying. Argument; over. ■

cheap dates in burlington

by georgeloftus

The only reason I could afford to do things with friends my first year off campus was because my caloric intake consisted entirely of ramen and Genesee. My taste buds hated me but the diet afforded me the ability to go and do shit outside the confines of the shoebox I lived in on Loomis St. After trial and many errors, I found these sufficiently cheap reasons to leave your dorm or apartment.

Soul Night/Honky Tonk at Radio Bean \$3 -

While I ripped the Radio Bean a new asshole in the article I wrote last week, I nonetheless love the fuck out of this place every Tuesday and Thursday. Tuesday's Honky-Tonk night, one of the few concessions I make for country music; it's that good. Thursdays is Soul Night, which kiiiiicks assss, Drinks are more expensive than toothpaste in Belarus, the service is atrocious (bartenders act inconvenienced if you ask them for a drink) and they probably didn't shower that day. Or week. But it is 18+, and only \$3 cover, which benefits the band solely. Not the trustafarian behind the bar, the \$8 White Russian as strong as a spritz of sex panther by odeon, is what benefits him. Also, last Tuesday, the bassist from Phish was there. Welcome to a small town.

Spare Time \$13-\$18 -

A quick hop over the river, through the Winooski roundabout in the left lane and past the exits to I-89 in Colchester will lead you to nowhere; but right before nowhere, if you take a right you'll be in bowling country. Of course there's galactic nights every friday and saturday, as well as a full service bar. Computers at every lane make score tracking and reassigning your friends names to inappropriate things easy. A shoe rental with 2 games comes out to \$12.38/person, and for \$18 you can get shoe rentals and unlimited games after 11:30 on Fridays/Saturdays.

Pizza-Put > \$10 -

With a website that's designed like it fell out of 2001, Pizza Putt is actually more fun than it looks. Mini golf is \$5 per game, Lazer Tag is two rounds for \$10, and there's a full suite arcade, so if you're that asshole who likes getting attention on a DDR machine, it's all yours, pending confused fifth graders. Mondays from 5-9 is unlimited pizza for \$4, and if you check the coupon section of their website you'll save even more. The only bummer about this one is it's in Essex, so knowing someone with a car is mandatory, and knowing someone with the competence to get there is helpful. I got lost my first two times going there. Oh, and it's dirty. But we're in Burlington, half the population only showers weekly.

North Beach > \$1 -

That student ID that allows you burritos and overcooked eggs whenever you desire also nets you free bus access with the Chittenden County Transit Authority (that giant blue thing that almost hits you everyday at UHeights crosswalk). Take bus number 7 and get off at Burlington High School. Walk down the parking lot until you see a tunnel that reminds you of the Goonies, then proceed. It's hard to beat free, which is why the aggressively average tasting concessions are so aggressively priced. Bring your own food and drink at your own discretion. It's hard to remember that you're under 21 here, but (maybe) you still are, and cops can get bored in spite of your civility with a PBR can in hand. Also? It's a beach, no glass bottles, you savages.

Main St. Landing > \$1 -

Every Tuesday there's a free classic movie showing on the third floor of the Main St. Landing building down by the waterfront. Donations are accepted to benefit a different local non-profit every week, so don't be a dick: it's not hard to throw two bucks in to a bucket for a chance to see an awesome old movie on 25' screen. Movies this month include Breakfast at Tiffany's, Robocop, Notorious, and All the President's Men. Last February I saw the Godfather. It's awesome, it's helpful, and if you're really budgeting your spendings, it's free, but I hope you feel really, really guilty after. Flasks are probably frowned upon, but I don't know, I've never been caught. ■

5 things no one told you about playing in a band

by bendonovan

So, you want to play in a band. Why not? You're in a town full of musicians and creative people. It's the start of a new school year; getting together with folks and playing some tunes can be a great way to meet new friends or melt the panties off that cute girl on your floor. But before you get too excited, there's some things you probably should know.

5. It's expensive as hell.

So you've landed your first gig. You practice your balls off, you invite all your friends, and you show up early to set up and do a sound check. But when you get there, one of the speakers doesn't work, they don't have enough mic stands, and three of their four cables are shorted out. And the PA sucks. Unless it's a fairly serious venue like Nectar's, you can't ever assume a place has everything you need—which means that if you want people to actually hear you, you're going to have to invest in your own equipment. Which is pricey. A half-decent microphone cable will run you between \$15-\$35. Mics can go for as much as \$300. Even the cheapest PA on the market will cost you hundreds of dollars. And these aren't just one-time costs—more you play, the greater the wear and tear. Beer will get spilled, stuff will get stepped on or left behind, and your wallet will quietly begin to wish it had arms so it could punch you in the nuts for being stupid enough to get into this game in the first place.

But maybe you don't care. Maybe your music is going to blow people's minds, and everything will just fall into place. Well, maybe, but...

4. It doesn't really matter how good or bad you are.

Yes, I'm sure your new hip-hop/polka/Tuvan-throat-singing project is going to change music forever. Great. The problem is, venues don't really care. See, these guys are running a business. And that business depends on people showing up, paying cover, and buying drinks. That's why the first question any booking person is going to ask you

is "how big of a crowd can you bring in?" You could be the best band Burlington's ever seen, but before anybody's going to give you the time of day, you have to build at least a decent crowd that you can count on to come to your shows. Which means, at least at first, you're going to play empty gigs on slow nights at shitty bars. Shitty bars, where, coincidentally...

3. You won't get paid.

Especially not at first. You'll be opening for bigger bands who will screw you out of your pay at the end of the night. You'll be playing to empty rooms for a tip jar full of singles. Part of the problem is the town; Burlington has a lot of music for a town this size, but there are still less than a dozen venues here, and you can bet your ass that every one of them knows exactly what the others are paying. Another issue is the fact that DJ's have basically been stealing your job for the past 20 years; with the availability of cheap mixing equipment and software that's easy to use, every douchebag with a Macbook can plug in and make noise. From a bar owner's perspective, it's a lot cheaper at the end of the night to pay one DJ \$150 than it is to pay a five-person band \$100 each, even if said DJ is a talentless pigfucker who wouldn't know real musicianship if it came up and slapped his goofy goddamn Kanye goggles right off his smug fucking face.

Playing in a band means working long hours for little pay. If it's a big band, you might walk away from a 3-hour gig with as little as \$25 in your pocket—that's for three hours spent sweating your ass off on a stage, plus the time you spent setting up, sound-checking, and packing up, not to mention the countless hours of you spent practicing and writing music. Let me put it this way: after my first couple of Nectar's gigs, I barely walked away with enough money to dry-clean the suits I wore on stage.

But maybe you're ok with that. Hell, nobody does it for the money anyway. And there are other perks—chicks dig guys who play in bands, right? ...right?

2. You won't get laid.

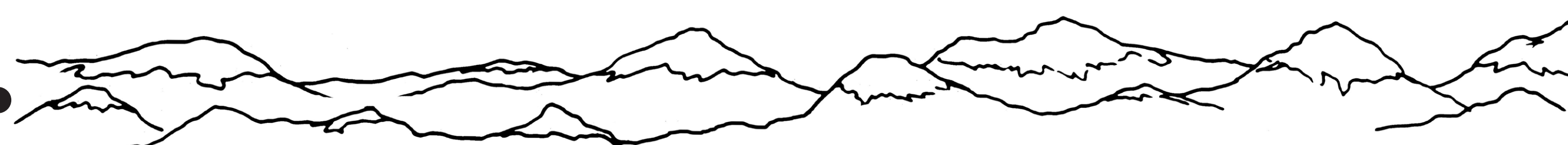
Let's not kid ourselves here—a lot of males who play an instrument picked it up, at least initially, because they wanted to get laid. If you couldn't throw a football to save your life in high school (I sure couldn't), a guitar was the next best thing. That's not to say it's the only reason you do it, but anybody who says it's not a factor is totally full of shit. And hey, sometimes it even works. But if you're expecting to get mobbed by scantily-clad women after a late-night gig at a bar, you're in for a disappointment. By the time your set's over, and you've packed up and gotten paid, it's 2:15 in the morning, and that cute girl who was making eye-sex at you earlier has long since gone home with the dick in the skate shoes and the dubstep T-shirt who was hitting on her all through the second set.

Sorry, champ, but them's the facts. But hey, if you've read this far, you probably already know...

1. You're going to do it anyway.

Yep. You're going to spend a bunch of money, make almost none of it back, and go home after your gigs drunk, sweaty and alone, chain-smoking the rest of the night away on your porch until you pass out in that lawn chair you stole from Target. But it's absolutely fucking worth it. I wouldn't give up playing music for anything in the world. Music is one of the few things in life you can count on to always be there for you—through good times and bad times, through heartache, loneliness, and frustration. And as someone who's experimented with his fair share of substances, I can tell you there is no greater high than playing for a room full of people who dig your tunes. You're not going to do it for the money, and you're sure as shit not going to do it for your health. You're going to do it because you can't imagine not doing it, not in a million fucking years. So get to it. Start a band, play some shows. You've been warned. Have fun. ■

reflections.



fall 'scopes:

by lizcantrell

behold your future

Aries: March 21-April 19: The temporal heavens send you best wishes for a speedy recovery from an accident involving caramel candies and a "caution: wet floor sign" that occurs near the 18th.

Taurus: April 20-May 20: As the sign of the bull, you are often stubborn and resistant to change. But Bullie, you've gotta stop wearing the same old tattered drug rug around campus, because it's seriously killing your game.

Gemini: May 21-June 20: After receiving a mystery note near the 29th, you find yourself smack dab in the middle of a wild romance goose chase. Cheers to you, lucky Gem.

Cancer: June 21-July 22: Crab, you're in a bit of a sticky wicket. Only you can identify the right course of action, but should you need assistance, invest in some crushed toad's horn and allow the extraterrestrial forces on Pluto to be your guide.

Leo: July 23-August 22: The stars suggest that you queue up an evening of "Here Comes Honey Boo Boo" for an anthropological examination of American culture. Have fun.

Virgo: August 23-September 22: You re-

unite with a high school acquaintance, and during a night spent catching up, you end up confiscating the contents of the entire Grundle ice cream freezer.

Libra: September 23-October 22: Your ringtone goes off in class. No big deal, you say? Oh silly Libra, how wrong you are. When the dulcet tones of "Shake Your Ass" by Mystikal start to reverberate around the room, you're in for an ass whooping embarrassment.

Scorpio: October 23-November 21: While drunkenly stumbling home one night, your overzealous roommate suggests ordering five pounds of Cajun BBQ from Wings Over. Do it, or else face the consequences of a chix-free evening.

Sagittarius: November 22-December 21: The Fifth House of Jupiter is all out of wack this month, so expect a few odd phone calls from a woman named Fran asking you to "get the money to Eddie by Tuesday or else". Better brush up on your mob skills to handle this one.

Capricorn: December 22-January 21: Menacing Mercury sends down the wrath of the sky gods this month, as one disaster after another befalls your unlucky soul. One particularly hurtful incident involves

Pimento cheese.

Aquarius: January 22-February 18: Your mischievous nature lands you in hot water. Literally. When you attempt to go relax at a soothing mineral hot spring, you get an unexpected Dante's Peak surprise. Ouch.

Pisces: February 19-March 20: While browsing the Dewey Decimal system, you discover a critical error that has caused hundreds of librarians immense stress over the years. When you expose the truth, Rogets awards you a lifetime supply of Thesaurus(es)? Thesauri? Jurassic Park is no help with that one). ■



RE: going the distance in college: of patience and veggie burritos

by lauragreenwood

a staffer's response to last week's article by katjaritchie on long distance relationships

People grow up and can grow apart, but its learning to grow together that is really the challenge. Without meaning to sound like a fortune cookie, I want to give my perspective on dating long distance in college. There is hope out there for people in couples who are geographically separated that through all the missed calls and endlessly busy days you can make it out on the other side alive and well.

My boyfriend and I had been dating for only a few months before he made his exodus to college, and only a year before I also departed. Many of you may have just come to Vermont leaving your significant other and some of you have already been dealing with the distance. There really is no one guaranteed way to make it work. But here's what advice I can give from my experiences.

The beginning months are going to be the hardest, hands down. Activities and people are thrown at you fast and incessantly. It's during this transition time that many people move on from their relationship to another. For me, I certainly struggled to figure out what I wanted, but I knew what I didn't want was to give up. Fuck what others say and just listen to what you, yes you, want. Many relationships end with a "Turkey Drop" at Thanksgiving. But before concluding breaking up is the only option, think about resolution and rekindling. My boyfriend and I did break up for a bit that fall, but the time apart only made me realize what needed to change to make it work. Focus these first months on self-reflection. It is your life and your decision, so find the time to embrace your Vermont life and contemplate your needs.

Communication is key. This can't really be stressed enough, even though it seems so fucking obvious, I hated texting, but that needed to change once I could no longer meet for long chats face to face. Tell each other about your weekend, which classes suck, what restaurants you love, and the people you've met. Let them into your head; share your thoughts, because your regular mind reading becomes a lot tougher through a

"tell each other about your weekend, which classes suck, what restaurants you love, and the people you've met. Let them into your head; share your thoughts, because your regular mind reading becomes a lot tougher through a screen."

screen. If your connection is truly there, you'll be curious because you want to understand their life as opposed to selfishly analyze it.

We're in the 21st century, so use the resources you have. There is no magic teleportation machine that allows us to jump across the world, but we do have phones, internet, and the invention for long distance relationships, Skype. I Skype about once a week; it is often enough to stay up to date and infrequent enough to actually live

our lives. At the least, Skyping reminds you of what the other person looks like; but, mostly you can have a conversation that doesn't feel states apart.

Don't get stuck in the past by remembering, instead live in the present. Only talking about memories will make you doubt what you now have. Take a bus, plane, or hitchhike and visit. It is very meaningful to welcome your significant other into your new life. Bridge the gap between colleges, because, if you don't, over time you'll become strangers. I used to be flaky about returning to Massachusetts for a weekend because I didn't want to miss anything in Vermont. The reality is every time I get off the megabus and he's waiting with a still-warm veggie burrito from Anna's Taqueria in hand, I could care less what I'm missing. Spice up your Skype dates with games, send videos of Kornbread rapping or packages with stolen Grundle delights, or plan weekends with concerts and unfamiliar destinations. A good relationship is fresh and fun, simple as that.

The hardest part in long distance dating is finding a healthy balance. A balance where you can both be independent and yet still connected. Understand that everyone makes mistakes or doesn't reply to texts. Be patient when they drunk dial you. And listen. It doesn't need to be all serious talk all the time if you can find a way to stay happy. Breaking up sometimes is the only option, but don't let everything fizzle out because being apart is too "hard". Come winter break or summer vacation the extra effort is worth it for the fireworks, the vinyl records at one in the morning, and the camping under the stars. ■

upgrade your cell with the wt's app of the week:

by patrickmurphy

Studies say that at least 50% of cell phone users in the US use smart phones, but there is no study to date that measures how smartly people use their smart phones. This column will teach you, the user, how to be one step ahead of life using that tiny device and its ever expanding collection of applications. This weeks featured app is the official sexting app: SnapChat.

Can you not wait for the naked bike ride? Want to show off that bod you've been so keenly work-

ing on over the summer? Are you also afraid of these pictures going viral and your TA possibly seeing your meat stick? Well SnapChat prevents all of the loose ends in cybersex. Pictures are allocated a certain amount of time they can be viewed, and the app prevents those bold enough to take a screen shot. So go forth! Take your top off and show off those summer tan lines! Spice up your cellular sex life with SnapChat! ■

bailing: ducking out of

bad conversations

by caito'hara

We've all been there; taking a casual stroll across campus and all the sudden running into that weird kid who seemed to think you were his best friend in that one random class you had together. Before you know it your stuck listening to him describe how his lizard grew 3 inches over the summer and it MUST

have been because of all the death metal he played it. Oh boy. So you sit there, nodding and smiling, and trying desperately to think of a way to escape this never-ending worm-hole of a conversation.

Joy oh joys! There is a solution! As a matter of fact, there are several solutions to escape

the whirlpool of horrifyingly poor conversations. My favorite method is to out awkward the opposing awkward and walk away in a triumphant glow. But there are many ways to duck out, some of which are significantly less insulting, if you're into that whole being nice thing.

Method 1:

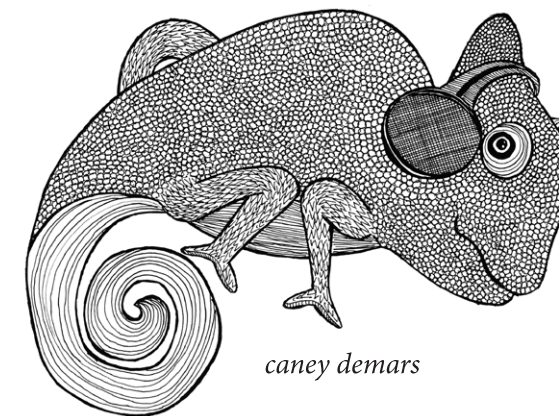
The easiest way to escape the blackhole is to look over their shoulder and "spot" another friend. It's short, sweet and time-tested approved. It doesn't matter if there actually is a friend, an acquaintance only mildly more tolerable than lizard boy or no one at all. Make it seem like you're meeting said person and casually walk away.

Method 2:

Kicking it up a notch, we have the good ole "Fake Bad News" trick. When you've hit your breaking point and absolutely have to get out, whip your phone out. Glance down, immediately start freaking out and frantically say there's been an emergency. Aaaaand run! No one can argue with an unknown emergency and as long as you get far enough away to be out of sight, you're in the clear.

Method 4:

This one is for the ladies, and it's gonna take some balls to do. But in any sort of situation, an easy out for us chicks is to blame Mother Nature. With a completely straight face, look your conversation partner dead in the eye and flatly say something along the lines of, "Auntie Flo's in town, I have to go." Even the most dim witted of people should be able to figure it out and no one can blame you for immediately hauling it to the nearest bathroom and thus away from the bullshit at hand. ■



Method 3:

Now let's get creative. Begin by adopting an extremely horrified expression. Think about finding a giant spider in your shower as you're trying to wake up in the morning. Yes. That sort of horrified. Next step is to start babbling incoherently. The key here is to make it appear as though you've finally lost what few marbles you had left. Keep babbling, start talking with your hands and get progressively more horrified. If they somehow stick around through all of this, start wandering in circles, all the while keeping up with the gibberish and seeming insanity. Yes, you'll look like a fool for a moment or two, but it's better than 20 more minutes of your life wasted hearing about how Grandma Ethel's been having bowel issues again.

"out awkward the opposing awkward and walk away in a triumphant glow"

ADD (cont. from page 1)

trying to focus on homework, but you find yourself impulsively checking your phone, opening new tabs on your browser, and getting sucked in by random papers on your desk. For a very small number of us these distractions are easily avoidable, however to most doing a homework assignment is seldom done without the interruption of a Facebook check or Wikipedia diversion. Our brains cannot block out the fact that all the information we could ever need is at our fingertips and the stream is constantly being refreshed so that we are armed with updates as they occur. We not only scan webpages for the information that we want, we scan our entire surroundings. Why read a book when something hilarious could be at the top of your dashboard? We're hooked. As our brains process

these new functions, they're also training us to instinctively adapt to them. Receiving a Facebook notification causes the brain to release a small amount of endorphins, a "rush". On the contrary, the neurological rewards of reading a book come at the end of completing a long and arduous task.

So, what to do? Should we grow into our new brains and create book-less lifestyles, or should we rid this infestation of technology from our heads? While it may seem as though our inability to focus is a disorder, as mentioned before our "hyper-scanning" can be a superpower. Modern day textbooks are starting to look different than the old ones, with info charts and tangential stories. We don't have to get rid of books entirely, but they'll be more useful if written and laid out with our new minds

happy hour week 2

with bendonovan and georgeloftus

So, you played the Mad Men drinking game and you didn't hate it, that's good. This week we're tackling a TV show that's not on Netflix, but that's just as, if not more worthy of your time. If you're anything like us, then you love the shit out of America. You love the fact that a five course "chinese" food dinner takes 15 minutes to cook, and you love that you can get mad at paying for gasoline by the gallon, which, y'know, nobody else does. If you love those things, then you also probably love how much ass America kicked during World War II. It was probably the last time a force for good fought a force for evil if you don't count Harry Potter. You like your friends and you hate the person from your chem class that smiled at you once and doesn't even pretend you exist now. Stop sweating that person you're not going to care about in in twenty minutes/not going to remember in one year, grab your friends, grab a (couple of) thirties and watch one of the greatest not-documentaries there is. As always, be responsible. You're young but you're too old to be a shit-show, it gets embarrassing, and nobody likes holding hair up. *Got a tv show drinking game of your own? Send it in to thewatertowernews@gmail.com -- If it doesn't suck, hey, we might even publish it. After extensive testing, of course. Mark "AROUND TOWN DRINKING GAME" in the subject line.*

Band of Brothers

Someone says "nicht scheissen" ("don't shoot" in German).

Someone says "Easy Company".

Someone throws a grenade.

Someone talks about their hometown.

Someone smokes a cigarette (smoking also encouraged)

Lt. Spears is creepy as fuck.

Someone gives a "wait" or "hold" signal (open hand or closed fist gesture).

There is an ethnic slur (Gerry, Kraut, etc.).

Ron Livingston is a cynical alcoholic.

Someone looks for/and or finds a Luger (German sidearm).

Finish your drink when something awesomely fucking American happens (IE: "Nuts", or one of the true stories from the interviews in the beginning gets to you. And why wouldn't it? Not only are you a human being but you're a goddamn American, we used to make steel in this country, have some fucking pride).■

fashion five-oh.



what **not** to wear: college edition

by katjaritchie

When I look good, I feel good. A day is empirically better if I begin it freshly showered with my makeup done, wearing things that fit well and looking good doing it. I'm not saying what I wear every day is straight out of Vogue and I don't pretend to be some sort of fashion guru, but there are a few simple rules of thumb that are guaranteed outfit-improvers, because looking slightly pulled together is not a difficult feat and definitely does not have to be expensive. These are my own personal pet peeves and guidelines I use to try and strike a delicate balance of minimal cost, personal style, and tricking people into thinking I'm a classy mofo while actually taking the least possible amount of time.

Firstly, there's a way to dress casually and still look as though there was thought involved. For instance, if you've ever prepared for a trip to Europe, you may have gotten some advice about what not to wear. For instance, a friend of mine is gearing up to do a school year in Germany, and encountered a lot of other kids on the trip seemingly distraught that their New Balance sneakers wouldn't cut it as city wear abroad. When I thought about it, it didn't seem to me that Europeans "dressed up" so much as "dressed" at all. Vans and Converse (and their ubiquitous knockoffs) exist to fill the sneaker void, otherwise, flats or boots work just fine for a day of walking around. Another ensemble-killer is the tendency to finish a perfectly cute outfit with a pair of rubber flip-flops. It's one thing if it's a casual day and you're hanging out in jeans and a tee shirt, but if you

put on a dress or a skirt or spend time on makeup, topping it off with grubby plastic sandals is pretty counterintuitive.

Speaking of jeans-and-tee-shirt days (read: every day), there's a way to go about it that not only makes the look more your own, but can actually save quite a bit of money. It's kind of appalling to me how the typical mall style is the most thoughtless outfit in existence (logo tee + skinny jeans with store-specific back-pocket stitching)

"because looking *slightly* pulled together is not a **difficult feat and definitely does not have to be *expensive*."**

and yet you can drop close to \$100. A stupid Abercrombie graphic tee with nothing but their weird little trademark moose is even more of a waste of money than paying full price at Urban Outfitters. For \$30 you can buy a really nice button-down, or something else that will last longer and can actually class things up, rather than blowing it on being a walking billboard. It's infinitely more worth it to pay for something high-quality and hit Walmart for plain tee shirts because no one will know the difference anyway.

On those days where your first waking thoughts are

somewhere along the lines of "motherfucker alarm clock why classes ugh no shower fuuuuuck", it's still possible to look like someone who kind of gives a shit. Besides spending as little money as I can, another guideline I try to follow is that if I'd wear it to the gym, it stays at the gym. I deeply identify with the feeling you get some mornings when pants just aren't going to happen, and I freely wear leggings for just that reason, but besides that it takes just as long to throw on the hoodie and flip-flops as it does a pair of flats and a sweater. Of course, there is a time and a place to show up un-showered in head-to-toe cotton and spandex: at the actual gym during an actual workout. I see kids in sweats downtown all the time, and yet a couple of days ago, I passed a girl walking into the gym wearing a pushup bra underneath a sports bra and spandex workout top, smelling like an entire bottle of perfume. This baffles me. Not only is it impractical to break a sweat with your cleavage right under your chin, but shouldn't the effort be saved for times when it, like...matters? Maybe skip the eyeliner at the gym, and instead think before the next time you head out the door for class. There are ways to have a lot more fun with what you throw on every day that don't break the bank, with the added bonus of seeming like you put actual effort into being a fashionista on a random Wednesday even when (speaking from experience) the opposite is often true. ■

the summations of style: the mathematics of fashion

by sarahperda

You may be under the impression that the only fashion-related math concerns taking people's measurements and keeping in rhythm with the music on the catwalk. You'd be surprised to know, however, that there are many practical uses for PEMDAS in everyday fashion choices. So long as you remember how to do basic math and have more than two t-shirts to your name, you'll waltz through your college years a little more fashion-savvy than you originally planned on. Go to your closet and count how many pairs of sweatpants you own. If the answer is four or more and you can remember the last time you wore them in public, we have a problem. Studies inspired by our former fashion editor, colbynixon, show that the number of sweatpants you own and proudly don outside the walls of your home is directly correlated to the number of people you have hooked up with in your life:

$$(2 \times \# \text{ sweatpants owned}) \times (\# \text{ people hooked up with}) = n$$

if n > 60: your fashion sense isn't salting your game, carry on

if n < 60: go buy a pair of real pants, Sasquatch

One of the age-old questions of fashion is "how short is too short?" In terms of the ladies, this namely entails dresses and skirts; for the gentlemen we'll focus on your shorts. The weekends are fair game to do as you please (seeing as most people probably won't remember what you wore anyway), but during the class day you should probably evaluate yourself in the following way before prancing off to chemistry class:

$$[(2 \times \# \text{ of times you asked yourself if it's too short}) \times (\# \text{ times you convinced yourself it's totally fine})] / (\# \text{ inches of questionably inappropriate skin showing}) = n$$

8 if n < 25: You look bangin'! Go reel 'em in, hot stuff
if n > 25: You might want to think twice about your choice because if you don't, you'll be gawked at during your multiple wardrobe malfunctions today.



tenzin chopal

Regardless of whether you're male or female, everyone has some sort of shopping addiction. Whether your poison is shoes, fedoras or ascots, there's always a signature item we own way too many of but keep purchasing anyway. If you find yourself in a situation where you must decide whether or not to purchase your ninth pair of Ray Bans, you can simply think it through mathematically:

$$[(\# \text{ on scale of 1-10 of how badly you want said item}) + (\text{how many times a month you'll wear it}) - (\text{how many others you've seen wearing said item})] \times (\text{price of item}) = n$$

If n < 3000: You want it. You deserve it. You should buy it.

If n > 3000: You still want it. You probably still deserve it. You should buy it.

If it's on sale: Lucky for you, the forces of the universe are on your side today. The price you're paying is completely irrelevant because the fact of the matter is that you are saving money, no further justification needed.


There is an urban legend that it is acceptable to wear clothing multiple times without washing it. Allow me to burst your bubble: if it was on your body for more than an hour, the article of clothing is dirty. Exactly how dirty depends on several outside factors:

$$(\# \text{ minutes clothing worn}) \times (\text{temperature, } ^\circ\text{F}) = n \# \text{ people you interacted with in said attire}$$

if n < 900: I suppose you can wear it one more time without washing. But this choice is questionable at best

if n > 900: You sweat through your shirt at least thrice today and your lunch is more likely than not crusted over on some part of the outfit. It's time to cough up some quarters for laundry. ■

trash.



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

Sweet chocolatey lips on you, my boy,
You make us want to jump for joy!
The way you swagger like that swag song,
You make us want to right our wrongs.
You were in Spanish house last year,
We loved to watch you in fear,
That you didn't feel the same way as us,
Is it love or is it lust?
We watched you guiding prospective students and parents everyday,
Can we take a tour with Big Jim and the twins, what do you say?

p.s Me gusta mucho.

When: last year, this year, and every damn year of our lives
Where: L/L
I saw: the most beautiful boy in the room (in the whole wide room)
I am: Rumbleballskin and Pippy Ballstockings

I think the first time I noticed you was last year, when you stood up and amazed us all with your clear voice and confident demeanor. I couldn't look away from your piercing gaze when you stood up there Those eyes that held mine so intensely..

Sheesh I sound like some sappy romance novelist when I write about you.

We were friends once and we talked constantly.
The conversation flowed like something that flows really easily.
and god I wanted you so bad. (still do.)

Then, something happened to us just as I thought things were flowing along pretty great and now we're back to square one.

I've tried so desperately to get you out please believe me,
but I still can't get you out of my mind.
(and honestly, I'd rather if you didn't leave it.)

When: not nearly as often as I'd like.
Where: running into each other randomly around campus.
I saw: a tall, hand-standing, musically-inclined, rhyming boy who's hair grows unreasonably fast.
I am: a brown-haired, blue-eyed, average girl who enjoys the comfy chairs in Bailey-Howe and Joseph-Gordon Levitt too much.

remember to check out the overflow on the blog!
thewatertower.tumblr.com

We met to say a farewell back in May
I'm glad it wasn't to you I had to say
For that was the beginning
And I couldn't stop grinning.
You're sexy, shy and stand six foot five
A wedding for us my dad tried to contrive
Despite all his joking
I still think you're smoking.
I mean it too, cause I'm writing this poem
I just want to take you home!
I guess it isn't my secret anymore.
This poem I don't want you to ignore.

When: a lot
Where: usually the Davis Center
I saw: a tall, handsome Bosnian
I am: surprised I wrote this!

A better match I cannot find
catching me in quite a bind
a wave of thoughts flooding my mind

I am feeling so conflicted
my words so restricted

Every time I see you
I want to confess what I'm feeling
Or at least to give you a clue
that whenever you are near my mind is constantly reeling

My heart you are stealing

When: every day since last year (pretty much)
Where: All around campus
I saw: An innocent angel
I am: A lovestruck idiot

I just want someone to watch
The Last of the Mohicans with me...

When: At least once a week
Where: my place
I saw: anyone
I am: a **water tower** staffer

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

Wednesday in one of the many Moving Picture suites
A knowledgeable gentleman: Your navel is Christian Bale's soul!

Outside Wing
Guy yelling to his roommate inside: Calvin! Calvin! Dude can you throw me down my rolling papers? ... Yeah, they're on my dresser. Just throw 'em through the window screen!

Thursday Afternoon, Bailey Howe First Floor
Girl 1: ____ (boy's name) just texted me asking if he could eat the blueberries in his driveway..
Girl 2: Tell him he lives on South Prospect, so no.

Twitter
UVM bro: I want to teach a parrot to say "Help I've been turned into a parrot!"

Tupper 1
One dude to another: Bro have you ever tried hot yoga?

UHeights North
Horny guy: I could seriously please a woman right now.

The Skinny Pancake
Guy with nutella all over his face and spewing out of his mouth: Is this what anal sex is like?

Kings Game at a Party
Guy: Never have I ever snorted Plan B.
Girl: Damnit.

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top 5 albums of the summer

by dylanmccarthy

Week 2:

Album #4: The Smashing Pumpkins, Oceania

At the dawn of the new millennium Billy Corgan dismantled The Smashing Pumpkins. Fans of alternative rock were horrified; the genre was hemorrhaging. Lollapalooza '98 never happened, poster-boy Kurt Cobain was long gone, Pavement called it quits, and now the Pumpkins were gone. Even though Billy Corgan was the lead singer, guitarist, songwriter AND conceptualist for the band, his solo project was alienating and awkward. Fans didn't want Corgan, they wanted the damn Smashing Pumpkins and in '07 Corgan gave the world just that... The embarrassing "re-
vival" album entitled *Zeitgeist* caused most fans to wish that Corgan would go back into whatever hole he was screwing around in, but no, thankfully he didn't leave. *Oceania* is the Smashing Pumpkin's dreamiest, purest, and greatest effort since their '95 magnum opus, *Mellen Collie and the Infinite Sadness*. It took you 12 years Corgan, but you've finally made a good record!

Oceania is a part of The Smashing Pumpkin's now 44-song concept album, making it "an album within an album"... or an inception album. And as pretentious as that sounds, you won't find a single note of pretension here. Whereas *Zeitgeist* sounded like Corgan's big toe was being struck by a mallet at the start of each track, *Oceania*

sounds like Corgan's received a much needed massage and cucumber facial. Dare I say he sounds...relaxed!?

The first two tracks overstay their welcome, but when the opening chords of lead single "The Celestials" sound in, it's clear that Corgan has still got it. While Corgan will be remembered for brutal, cringe worthy wordplay like "God is empty, just like me!" it's on tracks like "The Celestials" where Corgan is actually...adorable. Long time fans might raise an eyebrow when Corgan sings "I'm gonna love you, one hundred one percent," but it all goes with *Oceania's* psychedelic and light theme. There's nothing close to "Bullet With Butterfly Wings" or "Zero" on *Oceania*, and that's a damn good thing. The crooning, layered guitars on "Glissandra" overpower Corgan's (somehow STILL) angsty voice without ever treading into "goth rock" territory.

Other strong points of *Oceania*, like "Violet Rays," "Pinwheels," and "The Chimera" serve as a constant reminder that Corgan is no longer trying to re-capture goth rock lightning in a jar. Instead Corgan is focusing his energy into making a new sound and purpose for The Smashing Pumpkins. If *Oceania* is a sign of things to come, then we're in for some amazing songs. ■

top 5 most aggravating songs

by dylanmccarthy

Week 2:

Song #4: Kelly Clarkson, *Stronger (What Doesn't Kill You)*

Usually when a commercially successful pop star begins to run out of ideas, their income and Billboard chart performance start to falter. This is not the case with Kelly Clarkson because lead single "Stronger (What Doesn't Kill You)" is Clarkson's most commercially successful song in Denmark, Finland, New Zealand, Spain, Hungary, the Czech Republic, the UK, Sweden, and these United States. People of these fine nations, I ask you... What the hell is wrong with this picture?!

It's clear that the first American Idol was scrambling to get her most recent album (also called *Stronger*) together in order to stay relevant. Clarkson described the whole album as being influenced by Tina Turner, Radiohead, Sheryl Crow, and Prince. While the female influences are easily noticeable, you'd be hard-pressed to find any kind of Prince or Radiohead styled sound on *Stronger*. It's dubious as to whether or not Clarkson's ever even heard a Radiohead song before, describing them as "like... alternative, but they're very soulful" in an interview with Ryan Seacrest.

But let's get down to business here. Clarkson is by no means without talent, she was among the very first to face down the Simon Cowell scowl and walk away with everything. Who doesn't get all choked up when "Because of You" comes on? Here on "Stronger (What Doesn't Kill You)" we find another girl, at the end of another relationship searching for (and of course finding) a positive spin on things. Clarkson is exploring the exact same ground she did on tracks like "Breakaway" and "Since



katharine longfellow

U Been Gone." Surely there must be something else to sing about.

What really makes "Stronger (What Doesn't Kill You)" so damn aggravating is the utter lack of originality and effort put towards the song's creation. The song name and chorus are cut/copy/paste from a famous Friedrich Nietzsche quote "That which does not kill me, makes me stronger." If you've never ran into this quote, then soak in its deepness but for 95% of the population this quote has been run into the ground time and time again. That's why it's so grating when Clarkson belts out "What doesn't kill you makes STR000000nGER! STRONGER!!" as if she's the one who penned the quote in the first place. If you want a Nietzsche-quote-centric-song just put on Kanye's "Stronger" instead. ■

créatif stuffé.



kitty faraji

it is a long walk

by laurafrangipane

It is a long walk from where I am from
It is a long walk home over slushed sidewalks against iced winds
(the cold here is UNFORGIVEABLE)
I leave my coat unzipped and my pants hug more thighs, than hips.)

The walk. The work is long
I am spat at and clean the spit off the floor.
I clean shit out of toilets
I empty trash still more trash your waste, for eight hours
(I walk the long walk home to a cold apartment
The TV is on,
My baby sister is fussing.)

I am sorry
I was late to class
I had other things to CARRY
(The weight of unpaid airfare, a gift from your government.)

I am sorry
I did not do my homework.
I don't have the words to tell you-
I am convinced you don't give a shit.

Blame me for your excess problems created by excess wealth.

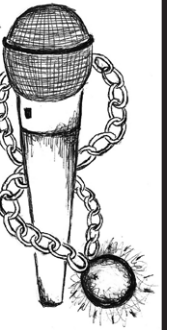
I am sorry
I am angry and uninterested
But I shouldn't be HERE
I should be HOME.

I'm sorry I am a LOSER of history.
I've a long walk to walk, so can I go to the bathroom?

I'm hungry and none of your teaching matters to me. ■

the cipher

with kerrymartin



Stretch out those hip-hop hamstrings, U'Vemcees, because it's time to bring your rhyme-slingin' back to the water tower. When you work hard and play hard all week long, nothing puts your mind at ease better than lyric therapy. This week, we turn a cold shoulder to Hot Weather.

Do I fret when my body is covered in sweat? You bet, I wear jeans that are filled with regret
The blazing sun threatens to make me upset
I get wet when I walk from Cook to Lafayette
It's like Russian Roulette, with this weather sporadic
Ominous clouds like Stephen King's cinematics
Then give way to heat waves, the climate's erratic
Check the twelve-hour forecast, reaction traumatic
It's grubby and muggy and so fucking buggy
Mosquitoes on my balls, I'm unlucky and bloody
Sweaty as fuck, workout plan for the chubby
Wear a jockstrap to your outdoor work study
Summer's been fun, but I'm ready for autumn
After three straight months of nasty swamp-bottom
by swagless snow-lover Kerry Martin

Next week, *dissing Baseball* becomes our national pastime. The week after, we rebel against Parents' Weekend. Send your raps for either week to thewatertownnews@gmail.com with the subject "My flow is too grimy, Ganges River" or something to that effect. Best rapper of the semester wins a \$25 gift card to Boloco! ■

pecking order

by joshhegarty

There's so much blood. It's everywhere; my hands, my face, my shirt, the sidewalk, that brick wall. Momma's gonna be mad. Or worse, she'll be upset. Disappointed. She'll worry about me. I don't want her to worry about me. She's got enough to worry about.

I get home and I tear my shirt off. Throw it to the bottom of the hamper. Take it out. Throw it in the trash. Please Momma, don't ever find it. Wash my hands, wash my face. But I see myself in the mirror, nose all crooked, face covered in black-and-blues. Can't wash that off. So I hide under the stairs. Maybe she'll think I'm not home. Made a friend, out playing. That would be a little true, if I told her. She's always telling me how great friends are.

Hours pass. I don't know how many. I sit under the stairs, trying not to cry. Trying not to move. Trying not to exist, but Momma finds me soon as she gets home. I don't know how, but Momma always knows when I'm hiding from her. She sits me down on the couch and doesn't say anything. Just looks at my face, that face I got ruined today. She makes her not-going-to-cry-in-front-of-me face and asks, "What happened?" "I got in a fight," I tell her. "And? Who did this to you?" "I did it. I started it."

She stands up. Hands on her head. Mouth stammering for words. "You started a fight? Why? I don't understand Andrew. This isn't like you."

I hear her disappointment. I hear the worry. I feel her thinking that there's something wrong with me. I tell her, "They were picking on somebody. Dave McKean and Tyler Gordon, they were picking on some kid. They're always picking on people. They knocked him over

and started kicking him so I told them to stop."

She sits back down. Her not-going-to-cry face starts to crack cause I can see tears on her cheek. I keep talking. "They said 'Why don't you make us?' so I tried to fight them off and then I was all bloody and they ran off."

More tears. I'm a monster. I don't want to worry you. "I'm sorry Momma. I shouldn't have done that, right? Now you're upset."

"No. I'm not. Well, that's not right, I'm upset that you got hurt, but I'm not upset with you. That was very brave of you, Andrew."

She takes me to the hospital, but the break isn't bad. They say to ice my face for a few days. Rest about a week. When we get home, I remember to tell Momma that I forgot to check on the chickens when I got home. We go the coop and see one of the birds all bloody with peck marks. She's making noises and having trouble walking. I run back into the house. Momma follows me into the house and tells me "This isn't your fault. This is just what chickens do."

But I know she's lying. I know that I should have been there to protect her. I know from how bad the bird was hurt that Momma has to kill her. I know I could have done something about it if I weren't so scared. If I'd been brave again like Momma said. But I wasn't.

I follow Momma into the shed and watch her as she pulls the head right off the bird. Her body twitches and blood starts pouring out as the puts the body on the funnel to bleed out. I try not to cry. I try not to cry. I try. But it's hard. There's so much blood. ■

fork it over.



stacks on stacks on stacks:

a food review of stacks sandwiches

by laurafrangipane

Probably the first thing you should know about me, and my relationship to sandwiches, is that I am from Philly. Born and raised. (Cue: Fresh Prince opener...) I have mighty high standards when it comes to this thing I call a hoagie. My city invented it, lies full of mom & pop delis slinging meats on an roll, and grills and fryers for mean cheesesteaks. I'll go down swinging that you can't get 'em anywhere else.

Enter Stacks. It opened under the radar in early April of this year. Located on the corner of Pearl and North Winooski, central to downtown and easily remembered by their cardboard "OPEN/CLOSED" sign and friendly chalkboard full of specials, Stacks has Philly in its blood. Half of it, at least. It's co-owned by Jodi Whalen and Phil Merrick, who also run August First Bakery. Jodi hails from Philadelphia herself, and I believe this is why Stacks and I get along so well.

Stacks admits they're hoagies, loves to call 'em hoagies, and has it painted in big 6 inch letters on its window"

right. Oil and mayo, with "secret" seasonings- the sandwiches come layered with fresh lettuce and tomato, onions, and complementing peppers. Bam!

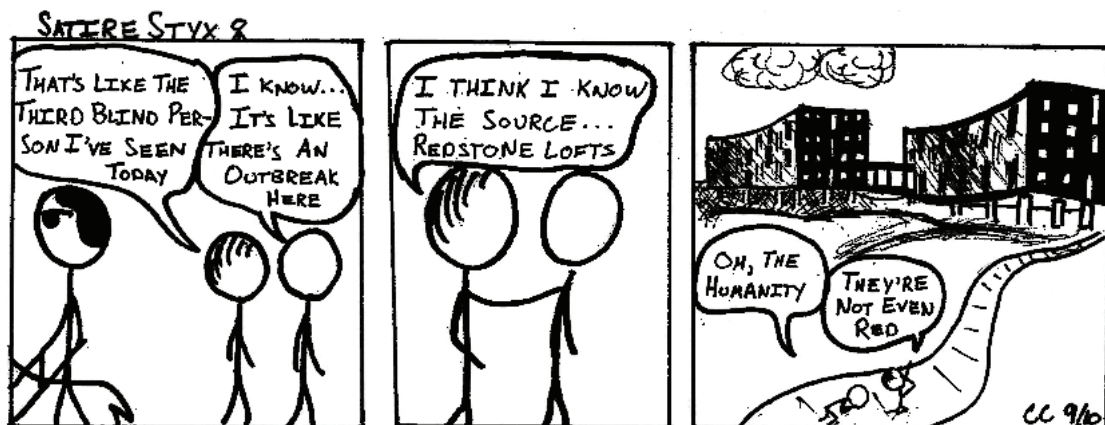
It's all served on an August First roll, of course, which didn't sell me at first. Amoroso rolls, the standard, are crispy on the outside but clog-up-your-mouth soft on the inside. Stacks uses a sesame seed roll which definite has crunch, but offers a texture totally different than Philly tradition. Stacks' hoagies also tend to get soggy as fast as they're made. It's not bad—just different, and surprising. May I suggest the bakery offer more of its bread as choices?

Stacks then ups the ante by doing some specialty hoagies that really work: Buffalo Chicken, Chipotle Turkey, Porchetta, and Broccoli Rabe come to mind. They also have a chickpea sandwich—but it's really too veg-head and freaks me out to try. A hoagie is a deli sandwich, about meat, people. Which is a fair point—I came here once with some veg friends and that was a big mistake—not a lot of options for them and they were disappointed. This is meat lover's paradise, babe.

The sandwiches will run you about \$6 for a half footer or \$9 for a footlong. Bonus: neighboring Three Needs and The OP encourage you to BYOH (bring your own hoagie) as long as you purchase an adult beverage to go with it. ■

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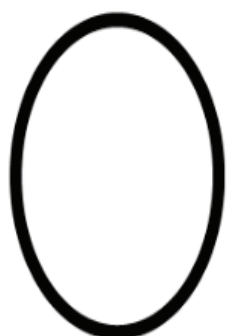


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This is your brain:



...Well, I stand up next to a mountain and I chop it down with the edge my hand...

This is your brain on drugs:



The Cata Sutra Ch. 1

position 1:
 traditional catamount



position 2:
 reverse catamount



position 3:
 pride of lions
 (4 or more participants
 any combination)



position 4:
 Scar in exile



Sullivan's (secret) Thousand Day Plan

Days 1-100: Get acclimated with UVM's power system to pinpoint potential points of weakness and to see who is truly loyal.

Days 101-107: Eliminate all dissenters within UVM.

Days 108-157: Invade Champlain College and seize power.

Days 158-544: Expand the empire to include all of Vermont, New Hampshire and a little bit of Canada just to let them know who's who.

Days 545-627: Build underground structures inside the major ski mountains to serve as nuclear bunkers and storage.

Days 628-635: Week Vacay in Hawaii, BITCHES!!!!

Days 636-695: Stockpile resources and make non-aggression pacts with Maine, Mass, and New York to prevent a two-front war. Invade Quebec.

Day 696: Conquer the rest of Canada.

Day 697-780: With the Mounties on our side, break all agreements and sweep the southern 48.

Day 781-1000: You'd think the next step would be to conquer the world, but you're wrong. By this time the super secret FTL space project that was started day 1 but not mentioned in the plan will be completed and the secrets of the universe will be revealed.