

the water tower.

uvm's alternative newsmag

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uvm.edu/~watertwr - thewatertower.tumblr.com

h₂oh yeah! vstep wins bottle battle



by gregfrancese

On June 30, 2012 the current contract with Coca-Cola expires. On July 1, 2012, a new period at the University of Vermont begins. We will hear more details from the administration in the next few days, but one thing is now clear: the sale of bottled water will no longer be acceptable at this university, and will end within a year. This will make UVM the first public university in the United States to take that step, a feat that has already occurred at smaller private universities.

For most, going off to college is the first time we have ever lived outside of the complete control of our parents. To some, this means lounging all day in sweatpants not washed since the last trip home, while others use this newfound sense of freedom to question the political and social views imparted to them by their parents. For the latter group of students, many, myself included, turn to activism.

Just over four years ago, a small group of activists, working as VSTEP (Vermont Students Toward Environmental Protection), challenged our University commu-

nity to live up to our "Common Ground" mission statement. For them, respect, innovation, responsibility, openness, justice, and integrity were not just words hanging on banners in the Davis Center Atrium. These words were, at the very least, a way to demand accountability for actions of the university community. Those early VSTEP

the sale of bottled water at UVM will no longer be acceptable and will end within a year

activists proposed a controversial ban of the sale of bottled water on the campus of UVM.

Bottled water, they argued, was unnecessary and wasteful. Why would we ever pay for something we could get for free? Just twenty years ago, people believed that the idea of bottling tap water and selling it at

1,000 times the original cost was as ridiculous as bottling and selling clean air. Profiting from a natural resource as essential as water probably isn't in accordance with the mission statement, right? The activists argued that a bottle of water sold on the Davis Center's inaugural day in 2007 would not fully decompose in a landfill until at least 2407. For the savvy environmentalist at UVM, the answer to this issue seems obvious, but if there's anything I've learned from this campaign, it's that most people at our school aren't savvy environmentalists. When I joined VSTEP I was not prepared for the campaign that followed, but I'd soon learn what it took to be a successful activist.

The first thing I learned was that not everyone feels passionate about the same issues I care about. College campuses may

malcolm valaitis

be a star: go far!

why you should study abroad and not be a loser like me

by lizcantrell

Studying abroad is quickly becoming a quintessential college experience. Some see it as an opportunity to experience another culture and put their education to work in a new setting. Others view it as a chance to do everything they do in America, only with an accent and a couple of Euros in their pocket.

I, too, had grand ambitions of "going abroad", specifically to the most cliché of study abroad locales: Paris, France (I know, you were thinking Paris, Texas. I, too, was bummed that UVM didn't have a program there). I asked for recommendations, crafted a few personal statements, overpaid for my application fee, and was accepted. I was ecstatic. I imagined myself being sophisticated and worldly, nibbling baguettes at street-side cafes and strolling by the Seine... until my program got cancelled and my dreams deflated faster than hopes of getting to dance with your middle school crush. I didn't want to be in Burlington for another four months; I wanted to be drowning in croissants and culture, dammit!

Instead of just accepting my fate, I could have pushed myself and said, "no, I WILL go abroad". I could have applied to another program or tried for a different semester. But I didn't. I chose to stay at UVM for the whole four-year show. At first, I consoled myself by thinking, "well at least I don't have to go through all that paperwork," but even being spared the burden of endless forms wasn't enough to quiet my frustration and resentment.

Naturally, the study abroad gods had to spite me even more, so they made sure everyone I know is currently, or has just returned from, abroad. Just this semester, I've got friends in South Africa, Ireland, Italy, and Spain. All of those places are looking pretty good every time I check the Burlington weather forecast or my syllabus for class. I find myself obsessively stalking their blogs and jealously observing their latest Instagram photos of Machu Pichu, the Eiffel Tower, the Coliseum, the Great Wall, or some drunk flat-mates. Recently, I've taken to watching "how to have a hot foreign accent" videos so I can feel part of the club. I instinctively cringe when I overhear some-

... read the rest on page 5

... read the rest on page 6

get inside me:

coffee 'round town by calebdemers

eatin' garbage by caneydemars

thrifting like a boss by lauradillon

make your basement into the ultimate venue by sarahmoylan

the best news team in the universe.



inbox

Dear **water tower**,

I'd like to comment on the article, "Diversity Requirements and Rape (Counter) Culture at UVM". As a UVM Student Government Association Senator, I have been working to incorporate queer and LGBTQA (including gender identity) perspectives into the D1 requirement. This conversation with the university has been geared toward defining the "power and privilege" clause of the D1 course mandate.

If UVM students are willing to support an additional course, a D3 perhaps, then I would be more than happy to push for it. However, I have been working under the impression that we want to avoid additional diversity requirements, while still enhancing our educations. I am in the process of e-mailing every instructor who has taught, and who is currently teaching, D1 courses during the 2011-2012 school year. These e-mails encourage instructors to include queer and LGBTQA topics in their courses (as far as they pertain to race and racism in the U.S.). Our cause would be greatly helped if each student encouraged each diversity instructor to incorporate these topics into zher respective D1 course.

The DCRC committee is in charge of determining whether or not a course is a D1 or D2 course. I want queer and LGBTQA topics included in D1 because every student is required to take a D1 course. If gender is well examined in every D1 course, then

every UVM undergraduate student will be exposed to it, and will therefore (hopefully) be enlightened. Unfortunately, while queer/LGBTQA and gender topics are all in one D2 class or another, they are not all in all of them. In other words, students are perfectly capable of graduating from UVM without reflecting on gender/LGBTQA/queer identities.

If you want another diversity course, or want more gender/LGBTQA/queer discussion at UVM here are some steps you might wish to take:

- *talk to me
- *talk to your professors,
- *talk to the DCRC committee (whose chair is Sue Kasser, and who has been supportive of a dialogue regarding such changes),
- *talk to Dr. Wanda Heading-Grant (UVM's Chief Diversity Officer)

Together we can change our curriculum, and with it rape culture and homophobia. Thank you for your time.

Regards,
Kathrine Mansfield
Class of '13

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 water tower.
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Editorial Staff

the news in brief with jamesaglio (and a bit of history)

I have a fundamental belief that old things are worth reading. Here are some.

"Where they make a desert, they call it peace.."

-Tacitus *Agricola*

Here quoting a speech by the British chief Calgacus, referring to the practices of the invading Romans. The Romans took great pride in providing "peace to the world," but it was imposed peace.

"I have often before now been convinced that a democracy is incapable of empire...."

-Thucydides *History of the Peloponnesian War*

From a speech by Cleon. It should be noted that Thucydides thought Cleon was a terrible ruler and his speech goes on to demonstrate why he believes democracy is bad. Still, an interesting sentiment out of context.

"Shared danger is the strongest of bonds; it will keep men united in spite of mutual dislike and suspicion."

-Livy *From the Founding of the City*

Livy, in his massive history of Rome, frequently marches forward little gems such as this. The sentiment is one that has remained true for over two thousand years, just look at the Cold War.

"I am bound to tell what I am told, but not in every case to believe it.."

-Herodotus *The Histories*

Herodotus is called the Father of History for his writings on the Persian war, but also the Father of Lies for the frequent occasions where his storytelling gets the better of him or where he passes on unverified information. This is him acknowledging it, which is a start. He also has plenty of awesome quotes about war in general, such as, "In peace sons bury fathers, but in war fathers bury sons," "force has no place where there is need of skill," and "The Lacedaemonians [Spartans] fought a memorable battle; they made it quite clear that they were the experts, and that they were fighting against amateurs."

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

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

Our generation stands at a crossroads. To the right are the perilous cliffs of punditry and pessimism. To the left is the desolate wasteland of apathy and ignorance. We choose neither. Instead, we brave the trail of truth. 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.**

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the shit list

with emilyhoogesteger

Hugo Chavez: The Venezuelan leader has accused the American government of possessing a secret weapon which is being used to give cancer to Latin American leaders. Chavez claims that, statistically, too many of his peers have had cancer for it not to be sinister plot. Though we can't technically prove Mr. Chavez wrong, we will point out that if this is an evil plan, it's quite possibly the least efficient evil plan ever.

Unwinter: Not only has it failed to snow, but the forecast for next week appears to include sleet, hail, drizzle, and flying chunks of ice. So wear your rain jacket. And your galoshes. And your bulletproof vest.

Murder in the Court: In Bavaria this week, a German businessman was on trial for embezzlement when he pulled out a gun in the middle of the courtroom and shot the prosecutor dead. The defendant, who was being accused of failing to pay insurance for his employees, was apparently dissatisfied with such a measly crime and decided to up it to murder. Go big or go home, as they say. ■

full disclosure: i am a **giants** fan

and i am fairly certain bill belichick is the anti-christ - how else can you explain the patriots defeating tebow?

by tylermiles

And so the stage has been set. After a conference championship weekend in which both games came down to the legs of guys who looked more like tax consultants than football players, the New England Patriots and New York Giants will play each other in the one game a year that makes it socially acceptable for millions of Americans to show up to work on a Monday with a slight but conspicuous hangover.

Both teams were aided greatly in their

critics and cement himself as a truly great quarterback.

All clichéd storylines that will be beaten into the ground like a dead horse by the media aside, this is a match up between two groups of 53 players who earn their salary entertaining the masses by smashing into one another at ludicrous speeds to the detriment of their physical and mental health. Instead of thoughtfully pondering what a sport being based so significantly upon the glorification

"the new england **patriots** and new york **giants** will play each other in the **one game** a year that makes it socially acceptable for millions of americans to show up to work on a monday with a **slight, but conspicuous hangover**"

conference championship games by turns of events that would have been attributed to divine intervention had Tim Tebow been on either team's roster. The Giants scored half of their points, including the game winning field goal in overtime, by taking advantage of the short field given to them by San Francisco's punt returner's inability to hold onto the ball, which as it turns out is kind of an important thing to be able to do. The Patriots benefited from having the potential game winning touchdown for the Ravens batted out of Lee Evan's hands at the last possible moment by a nameless member of their secondary who may or may not have been enlisted to play cornerback fifteen minutes before the game at a local Dunkin Donuts. Seriously though, the Patriot's secondary is so depleted they had wide receiver/ special teamer Julian Edelman covering the Raven's best receiver in the biggest game of their season, a situation which definitely falls into the category, "less than ideal." Then of course the Raven's kicker missed a 32 yard field goal, which was shanked so badly and was so painful to watch that experts have compared it to a Charles Barkley golf shot.

For the Patriots, this is the ultimate revenge game, a shot to avenge their only Super Bowl loss in the Brady-Belichick era, which ended what could have been the greatest season in the history of professional sports. On the other side it is a chance for Eli Manning to step out from behind his brother's shadow, silence his

of violence says about our society as a whole, I'll instead cop out and devote the rest of this article to analysis of what the masses really care about; who will win.

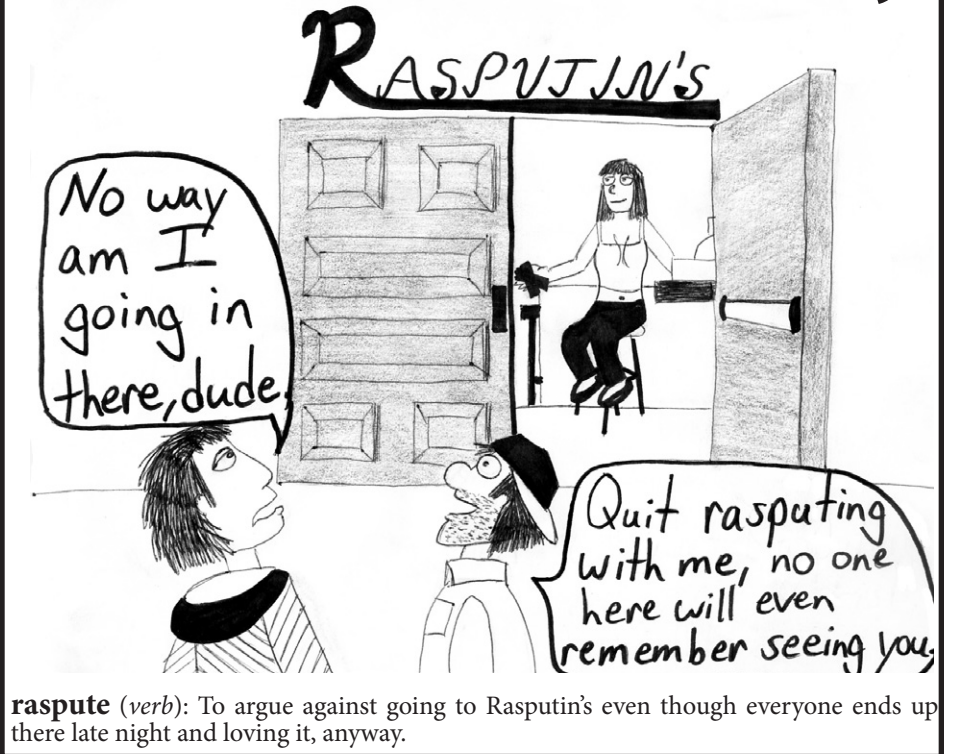
The Giants' success can be attributed in the most part to two sources, their ferocious pass rush and Eli Manning playing out of his mind in recent weeks. The secondary of the Giants has also stepped up their game in the playoffs, impressively shutting down Aaron Rodgers in the divisional round, then stifling Alex Smith, which is not really comparable in terms of impressiveness to the former feat (yo, no offense Alex Smith, you're a decent quarterback and imma let you finish, but Aaron Rodgers had one of the best regular season quarterbacking performances of all time).

A problem area for the Giants is their running game. Anyone who has followed the Giants this year can tell you that for most of the season watching them try to run the ball has been as frustrating and enigmatic as trying to understand why social conservatives would ever support a hypocritical serial adulterer.

The Brady bunch has also ridden the performance of their quarterback much of the season. The defense however has been very suspect throughout the season especially their secondary, leading back to the whole Julian Edelman covering Hakeem Nicks or Victor Cruz possibility that has myself and all other Giant's fans salivating like Pavlov's dog when it hears a bell ring. ■

barely-urban dictionary

with patrickleene



just so you **know**

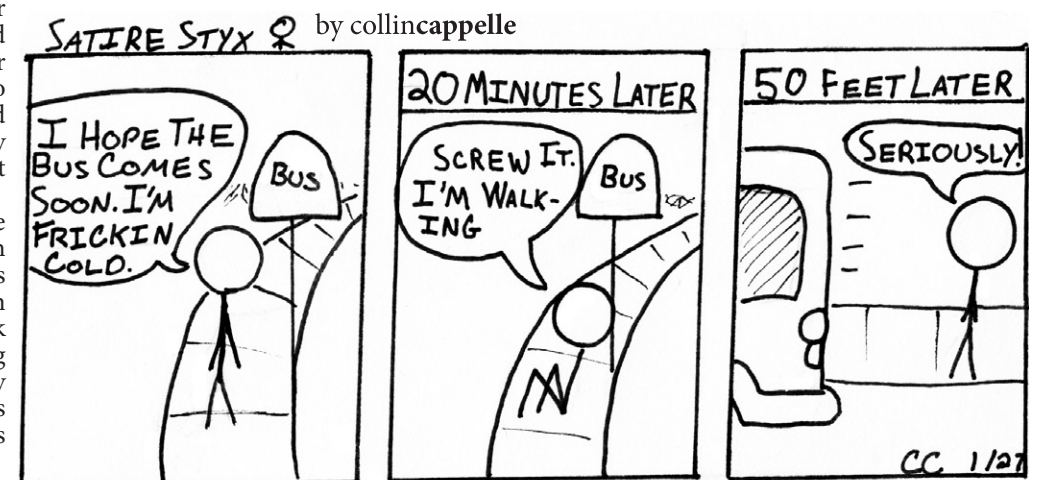
current happenings around the world

by jamesaglio

Etta James ... is dead. It is very sad, at least I am saddened by it. The legendary R&B singer released some of the greatest and most soulful pieces of music the last century has known, including "At Last," "Shelter in the Rain," and "I'd Rather Go Blind." It's all very... 60s, but if you are into that kind of thing it is impossible to dislike. Goodbye Ms. James, you will be missed. And thank you.

Greece ... The Greeks have rejected a German proposition in which an EU commissioner would have the right to oversee the Greek budget. The Greek government has stressed the necessity of controlling their own finances. To be frank, it is fairly easy to see both sides of the situation. On the one hand, the Greeks should be allowed to spend their money as they see fit, and to insist otherwise is to treat them like children. Besides, the Germans have already tried their hand at ruling Europe in the past hundred years, and I am not entirely sure the rest of the world is about to let them try again. On the other hand, it is important to remember that it isn't actually the Greeks' money that they are spending and that if there is one thing that the international community has learned it's that Athens is really good at having no money.

Syria ... Until recently, the chaotic whirl that is Syria has been monitored by the Arab League. The League, however, has pulled out as violent incidents have skyrocketed in the recent past. The Syrians are not pleased about this for two main reasons. The first is that the AL mission helped protect the citizenry of Syria, which have now been potentially endangered in the power vacuum. The second is that the withdrawal of the AL may inform the decision of the UN Security Council on whether or not to provide foreign assistance, which Syria does not want. Unfortunately for Syria, the best way to get people to leave you alone is to treat your citizens well enough that they don't decide to have a violent revolution. I guess they really dropped the ball on that one. ■



around town.

coffee & a cookie

a review of muddy waters

by calebdemers

The Specs: I go to a local coffee den, ask the barista for a cup o' joe and a cookie and write about it.

This Week's Place: Muddy Waters, 184 Main St. 10:55 am:

When I finally make it past the assorted collection of chairs and patrons at this woodsy/den-like/artsy/comfortable coffee shop the barista responds to my coffee and a cookie request by asking what type of coffee. Luckily the large sign above the register spells it out for me with fly names like Kenyan (translation: medium), I choose that one and grab a cookie that has about 13 different types of nuts and some red things in it.

As I find a spot I consider the problem of having a coffee shop named Muddy Waters. When I put the name of the blues great out of mind I can only picture my cup of caffeine to actually be hot water mixed with dirt. Upon the first sip I realize it is much more than that. In fact it is some of the finest coffee Burlington has to offer.

The people on the other hand are a mixed bag of strung-out caffeine fiends, motivated social justice motivators, and two older gentlemen that upon casual eavesdropping I hear them work the words "romance," "trombone," "hiccupps," "New Yorker," and "arbitrary," into a three minute conversation.

The music is questionable, with unfortunate covers of already subpar songs (i.e.

Linda Rondstadt's "Different Drum"), but the outdoor feel of this indoor atmosphere makes up for it, complete with gusts of booger freezing wind every time the door opens.

I have finished my treats and am becoming slightly scared as the woman I have seen drink four cups of coffee eyes the bottom of her mug as if to justify why another one wouldn't hurt. Logically, I head to the one place left to go before going out the door.

The lavatory is pleasantly decorated with mediocre graffiti and thought provoking quotes, given the right state of mind. As I stare back at the beautiful face in the mirror, a name under a quote behind me catches my eye. Billy Joe Armstrong... but right above him is Walt Whitman and on the door is a mural of Ghandi. And this is in essence the heart of Muddy Waters.

Whether you are a prophet sent to save an oppressed people, a poet sent to free the verse, a punk-rocker sent to bring a voice to a self-proclaimed oppressed generation or just the frowning college-aged lady in the corner, Muddy Waters is the place for you. ■

when the clock strikes graduation

by robintucker

Graduation isn't that big a deal, right? It's not like your life will be magically changed the day that your name is called and you are officially welcomed into the real world. However, there are certainly a few things that just won't seem so acceptable or excusable once you are roaming the world with a college degree and the permission to commence your life.

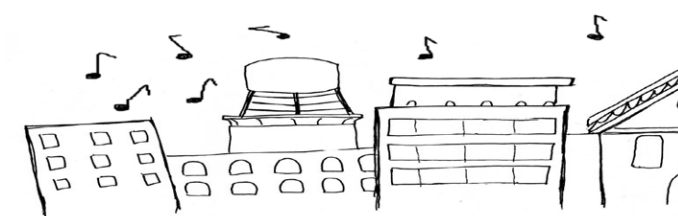
To start, going back to your high school job won't seem like the temporary money making machine that it used to be on winter break. Frying chicken and mayonnaising sandwiches will be a little harder to handle with a diploma in your back pocket, and a shocking lack of plans for the future.

Second, once you've walked across the stage and into your life as a real person, drinking yourself to oblivion and sleeping the day away will suddenly become less like a cool college activity and more

like alcoholism... All of a sudden you won't feel like a bad ass while waiting in line at Pearl St Bev, but an unemployed alum who comes in just a little too often.

Wearing ripped jeans and shirts with crude phrases on them should probably be added to the list as well. Unfortunately for Hollister and Spencer's, this will most likely mean a significant loss of regular customers. This only applies, however, if you have actually managed to find a professional job; otherwise, as you were.

Now that you live in the real world, saying that you run a blog when really you are just Tumblr unfamous with 90% reblogs is just going to seem like a lie. However, your Facebook and Twitter habits will suddenly become a marketable skill that you can put on your resumé... ■



BOTTLE BAN - continued from page 1

contain large groups of activists, but they also contain larger groups of people who don't care about signing your water bottle petition because they have three tests and a paper due in 36 hours. Others didn't care about the petition because they were raised by parents (like mine) who think that bottled water is more convenient. Asking these people to support a ban on bottled water is like asking them to petition to put Mickey Mouse to death because of the evil empire he represents.

Getting these students to support the ban meant making it as easy as possible for them to accept the outcome of what we were fighting for. For example, increasing accessibility to water bottle refill stations around campus so that refilling a water bottle is as easy as buying a bottle of Dasani. Criticism, no matter how crazy it seemed to us, was important because it represented the opinions of members of the University community.

Successful campaigns take time; those that don't evolve die. Four years ago, banning bottled water was an issue all by itself. Over time, instead of just banning bottled water sales, the goal expanded to improving the so-called "beverage system" at UVM. Promises of more local beverages, fewer non-reusable containers, and a larger selection not

dominated by one provider allowed the campaign to appeal to a wider group of student activists. In addition to just VSTEP, the SGA and other groups of students began to develop an interest in eliminating bottled water sales on campus. The added help from these groups allowed for the passage of a resolution in the SGA (which more than 1,200 signatures supported). Statistics provided by the Office of Sustainability show just how influential the campaign has been. In just four years sales of Dasani have gone from 362,088 bottles per year to 138,600.

For most of us, college flies by relatively quickly as we spend four years working hard to earn a diploma. While this is also true for the student activists at UVM, the real reward for many is not a piece of paper; rather it is successfully challenging the status quo. When I graduate from this University in May, the thing I will be most proud of cannot be framed. This victory, however, is not just reserved for fellow student activists. This is a victory for every member of this University community. Four years ago, a small group of students challenged the university community to live up to the values laid out by our common ground. Four years later, you have more than accepted the challenge - congratulations. ■

fork it over. trashy eating : your guide to dumpster diving

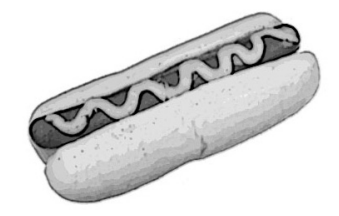
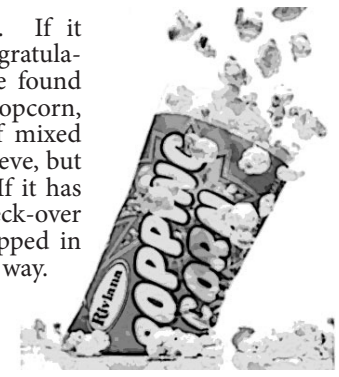
by caneydemars

Do you find yourself struggling to maintain enough points to make it through the semester? Do you constantly feel swindled by the outrageous cost of campus food? Fear no more, because the solution is simple and happens to be sitting in plain sight. Check the trash. You wouldn't believe how much food people throw away.

Chances are, you've heard a few things about the dumpster-diving trend breaking out all over the US. Most diving trips you've probably heard about involve late-night, sometimes illegal, missions that yield large amounts of products from various factories,

restaurants, you name it. That's all well and good, but do you really need 10lbs of Dunkin' Donuts leftovers? No. (Welllllll...maybe, but for the sake of your pants size, NO). For those of you curious about the "freegan" lifestyle, why not give a smaller-scale dumpster diving experience a shot? You need not look further than the Davis Center marketplace, my friends. Now, I know what some of you must be thinking—that's revolting. Well, yes, but it's also convenient and it doesn't have to be gross if you play it right. So, here are a few trash-pickin' guidelines to start you on your path to professional dumpster-diving status.

- 1. Start small**—check your dorm hall trash bins or the garbage in communal kitchen areas. There's always that one kid on the floor whose parents send loads of goodies that ultimately go unappreciated and end up in the garbage. In which case—boom, you're set on generic-brand froot loops for the week.
- 2. Be stealthy.** If you're gonna go through the garbage, don't do it during the dinner rush at Brennan's. Duh. It's embarrassing. Do your digging during class times when the traffic through the marketplace is at a trickle and there are less people around to gawk at you.
- 3. The stuff on top is your best bet.** If you have to get your hand goopy to get through to the good stuff, it's SO not worth it. There's nothing worse than sticking your hand through someone else's half-eaten pasta dinner mixed with another unidentifiable guck, so I suggest not doing it.
- 4. Packaged food is AWESOME.** If it hasn't even been opened, congratulations, you just found gold. I've found granola bars, unpopped bags of popcorn, Halloween candy, those cups of mixed veggies... I know it's hard to believe, but ya gotta trust me on this one. If it has been opened, give it a quick check-over to make sure no other trash slipped in there and then be on your merry way.
- 5. Check the expiration date. Check for mold. Check for anything that might look suspiciously like a trap.** That discarded food might have been thrown away for an actual reason and you best leave it there.
- 6. Share your trashy treasures with your friends.** Who doesn't love a good trash-cookie party? But, word of advice-- you should probably tell said friends where you found said cookies before they ingest them, otherwise they might spit them back at you or just generally be a little peeved.



lessons from the night: a chance encounter on hyde st

by jonathanfranqui

We've all had those drunk nights where every horrific scenario seems to come to fruition; you make a fool of yourself in front of a crush, lose sight of your grace and manage to trip over everything and everyone seeking it, and puke in whatever bedroom, yard, or alley will have you. Thankfully, when you finally manage to regroup your wits and begin walking home, God or fate generally grants you a peaceful journey to safety. If you are truly unlucky, however, the walk home is when your night truly hits a realm of fucked up that you previously had no idea existed.

I happen to be one of those lucky few who has unknowingly stumbled into this sphere of liquor induced hell.

One fateful Burlington night my freshman year, I had gone through all three of the aforementioned stages of drunk debauchery, and figured that I should most likely make my way home before I managed to make a complete fool of myself (like I hadn't already). When the brisk winter air hit me, I realized that all I had in front of me was a 10 minute walk to my dorm and a bed. As I try to shake off the events of a night which I told myself I would erase from my memory forever, I met Jon. Or more specifically, Jon met me, because when I turned to start my walk home, I heard a shout behind me. I turn around to see a large man dancing in the middle of the street moving towards me. I gave him a quizzical look, and he repeats "You have to groove to the beat of life man!" Figuring he was on some drug and

probably not all that interested in me, I laugh, then attempt to walk away. Jon had other plans though.

While I'm still chuckling at the sight of a grown man dancing in the middle of the road, I heard a second shout, thus beginning a night I will unfortunately never forget. When I turn around again, Jon was quite literally in my face, and gazing expectantly into my eyes. When this large man asks for my name, I say to him "I'm Jon". I can see the excitement in his eyes when he realizes we share names, and after making

is significantly larger than I am. I decide to try and satisfy this man's desires by offering a hand shake, which he graciously accepts. However, the moment he has a firm grip on my hand, he begins to pull me towards him. I push Jon away, and tell him to back off. I begin to walk away, quickly, when I realize Jon is following me. When I turn around and tell him to fuck off, Jon simply looks at me, a bit deflated, and tells me, "Hey man, I'm just trying to spread the love!" At this point,

"at this point, i realized i've made a fatal error engaging this man in conversation. at two in the morning. on hyde street."

it clear he was also Jon, he proceeded to tell me how exceptionally beautiful I am. At this point, I realized I've made a fatal error engaging this man in conversation. At two in the morning, On Hyde Street. There was not a soul around to witness our private rendezvous under the street lamp. And while his last comment put me on edge, what he said next rattled me to my core. He looks at me, with his demeanor unchanged, and asked me if I wanted him to suck my dick. My look of disbelief must have been my answer, because he repeats his idea when I don't respond.

Instead of making a sudden break from this conversation, I simply tell him no, and that I had to get going. Jon seems pretty determined for some physical contact though, because as I begin to walk away, he asks me for a hug. At this point I begin to seriously fear for my safety, as this man

he turns around, begins his spastic motions which I can only assume to be dancing, and is swallowed into the night.

When I finally made it back to my dorm, I thought I had torn every ligament and muscle in my legs from running so fast. It was then that I realized that the world holds some truly phenomenal adventures. So to all my fellow drunk comrades, who believe that once you remove your sloppy self from the party to hide from the world under your safe, thick, comforters and pillows, realize that the

universe will sometimes throw a chance encounter into your path. When it does, 9 times out of 10, the right course of action is to run away. If I learned anything from this, it's that Burlington, and presumably other cities, hold secrets that only scarcely make themselves known to you in the dead of night. ■

bridget fischer



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trash.



i want you so bad

So... you finally decided to pull the trigger you wrote about me and my crooked nose so good for you sophomore girl (I "figger") you run- that's hot, and you like my prose? maybe you're surprised your IWYSB never got run, but I'm responding- wouldn't want to ruin the fun. You seem alright kid- you're a solid person, at least that what it seems.

If you truly WMSB, then send in an article, attached with your name.
Address it to me, and you might be surprised, Perhaps, I'm one of those nicer guys
When: Err'y Tuesday, Mayhaps
Where: You would know better than I
I saw: A hot younger girl
I am: An editor (and possibly drunk)

It seemed everywhere I turned I'd see a beautiful girl on a walk But no matter how much I yearned I never had the courage to talk. Then, I noticed you were in my class- Seeing this, I almost fell from my chair. I thought I might talk to you at last; Sadly, I didn't dare. Now, however, I see a chance, So on my keyboard I now type And hope for more than a sideways glance When you realize this to be more than tripe. So now I step up to bat If nothing more than just to chat.
When: tuesday/thursday
Where: votey 207
I saw: a girl with rosie cheeks
I am: an intrigued blond guy with glasses

Damn girl, you finger spell so swell I'd like you to finger something else as well Your glasses are so cute They make me want to get you in your birthday suit I love your pulled back ponytail To me you're like the Holy Grail Your smile is amazing So you may catch me gazing I'm dating a guy, but the relationship is ambivalent So I'd really like to experiment I've never been with a girl But that doesn't mean I won't give it a whirl Wanna get to know each other? I'd really love to get your number Meet me after class so we can take a stroll And maybe we can go smoke a bowl
When: Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday
Where: ASL class
I saw: A sexy lady who forgot how to spell her name ;)
I am: questioning my sexuality

I met you at the Collie concert you were looking good you said your name was Natalie and I was hoping you would get a little closer, give me a little tease because all your moves were screaming, "grind me baby, please." you had a friend named Leah (lee-uh) and she seemed pretty cool I hope you both did not think that I was one big tool so if we see each other on campus please don't be shy, I will try to say hi maybe we can be more than passer-bys
When: Thursday
Where: Collie Buddz Concert
I saw: a cute girl in a skirt
I am: wearing an ugly sweater or cat shirt

someone on campus catch your eye?
couldn't get a **name**?
submit your **love** anonymously
uvm.edu/~watertwr/iwysb.html

Your bleach blonde hair makes me smile I've been wanting to talk to you for awhile I see you at Kalkin during the week I want to give you a kiss on the cheek I'm glad you're in one of my classes I like your big black rimmed glasses In our class you're very studious I think your eyes are so beautiful Your eyebrow ring is really sexy I hope next class you sit next to me
When: Most weekdays
Where: Kalkin
I saw: A pretty girl
I am: Your future boyfriend

You looked so pretty those other girls got too shy All the time we mingled I was hoping you're single. I only got your first name and it is quite the shame, you slipped out the door while I helped my friend on the floor. You know where to find me, and I hope you do. Imagine what might be, now its up to you.
When: last Friday
Where: dorm party across the hall
I saw: a beautiful woman
I am: just waiting to talk to you again

We met before school, at Orientation, You work with cows that look like Dalmatians. Let's be real though, I'm not that dumb Milking Holsteins and Jerseys is so much fun. Your best friend's in England and you're visiting him soon, I should visit your future waffle house some afternoon. You're strong and you're tough, enough to beat someone up, But if you come to my room, I'll show you what's up. "Fuck, fuck, fuck" is all you seem to say, Boy, I would love to date you some day.
When: Everyday
Where: Where shit is made by the bucket-full
I saw: The sexiest soon to be farmer
I am: Waiting for you to make a move.

You're the sweetest editor on the staff, not to mention you always make me laugh. Your taste in music is more than refreshing. It brings a smile to my eyes when you're blushing. Sunday mornings are always the best, I'm not writing this as a jest. Your presence last Friday was surely missed, Even though I know we wouldn't have kissed. Now I'd like for a moment for all to see, the connection that someday could be.
When: I see you
Where: the magic happens
I saw: a foxy older woman
I am: interested

I mean, you said yourself that I should do one of these things, so using my keen senses of deduction AND not to mention a little bit of male intuition (pffft, like that exists), I can assume you were trying to throw a hint my way? all I know is that I enjoy your company, your quirks and your huge...omnipresent smile (ahhh see? thought I was gonna say something else didn't you? ;)), so how about getting to know each other a little better eh?
When: Last semester, but we've hung out a bit since then
Where: sociology class with cowan
I saw: a fun size, bubbly girl who's just my cup of tea
I am: tall, dirty blonde, and devilishly handsome

the ear

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

Liquor section in Pearl St. Bev

Guy: So would you do that?
Girl: No, I care about my vagina way too much to put vodka in it...

Grundle

Girl 1: I just want to be a lumberjack groupie.
Girl 2: Wow. You've never sounded more like a Vermonter.

Waterman Café

A fine young lady: I need to get a hobby, like, a boyfriend.

L/L to DC Crosswalk

A promising young man: ...and so I said, "shut up, mom, I'm not an alcoholic; I'm a college student!"

Bailey Howe

Girl: Oh my god you guys, I can't have sex in Africa...I'm going to get AIDS.

Fireplace Lounge

Lady 1: Are you listening to Florence and the Machine?
Lady 2: Yeah Yeah Yeahs.
Lady 1: so... Florence and the Machine?

Living/Learning Thursday night

Girl 1 to Girls 2&3: Let's just cuddle in bed and watch *Toddlers in Tiaras*.

Basement of Patrick Gym

Guy 1 to Guy 2: The main reason I want to date her is so that I have a hotter girl friend then all of them.

Humanities House

Girl: In high school the guys I dated were all...what should I call them...well, drug dealers. Drug dealers or Marines.

Hockey Game

Athletic male 1: You should write an I Want You So Bad pretending to be Andrew.
Athletic male 2: What would I say?
Dear third-string soccer goalie,
I want to stick it in your hole-ie?

Trinity, Move-In Day

Girl 1: In my defense, most of it is food.
Girl 2: Really?
Girl 1: No. Most of it is clothes.

Galaxy Space

Guy: Obama's basically a nazi and a socialist.

Bailey Howe

Male 1: Dude, what would you rather give up for the rest of your life, oral sex or cheese?

City Market

Bro 1: You ever tittie fucked?
Bro 2: Tittie fucking isn't real. It was created by the Internet.
Bro 1: No, it exists. I've done it and it was her idea.

The Drunk Bus

Girl: Crap, we have to email Chlamydia Lydia. I keep forgetting her name's not actually Chlamydia Lydia.

tunes.



hey hip hop: cool it with the intros and outros

by drewdiemar

Here's what I know about The Notorious BIG after listening to his classic track "Respect." I know he's had to overcome tremendous adversity, which actually began in his prenatal days when he executed a daring escape from his mother's womb. I know he's been partaking in blunt-smoking since age thirteen, drug-dealing since age sixteen, and, as of age twenty, honeys was tantalin' him.

I thought that was plenty to absorb, but Biggie had something else he had to get off his mind. Biggie gets head! I know cause I listened to a girl give him head (despite her initial reluctance) for almost a minute after his verses were over. It took a little coaxing, but Biggie's proud to share his dome-enjoyment with us.

I don't know who told rappers that intros and outros were a necessary part of hip-hop tracks. The last thing I wanna hear when I'm trying to enjoy music is a clip of a movie I've never seen, or thugs executing a heist, or phone messages left to rappers by jaded ho's.

Hip-hop is not the only genre to use such devices. Sublime and Pink Floyd come to mind, and I'm sure many other bands have thought it was cool to preface their song with some nonmusical sound bites.

But hip-hop is by far the most aggravating user of intros and outros I've come across. For some artists, it seems almost as important as the actual song. Mobb Deep makes sure to keep the listener on his toes with yelling and gunshots between tracks. Brother Ali demonstrates his commitment to Islam by allowing his audience to listen in on his teaching his daughter how to say 'Allahu akbar.' And, just so you don't jump into Biggie's "Going Back to Cali" without knowing why he's doing so, he helpfully includes the early morning phone conversation in which he gets ordered to wake his ass up and catch flight 504 from Kennedy to LAX.

There are some exceptions when the intros are clever enough to be enjoyable. Who doesn't love M-E-T-H-O-D Man's various threats of torture? *I'll fuckin' lay your nuts out on the fuckin' dresser, just your nuts layin' on the fuckin' dresser, and bang them shits with a spiked fuckin' bat. What-sup? BLAAOOOO!* Other than that, though, I don't give a shit about the random kung-fu movies Wu-Tang Clan has watched, whose dialogue they choose to share.

I know **the water tower** is very influential with many of today's leading hip-hop stars. Which I why I'm begging

all you dope e m c e e s : please, please give a good listen to your album after completion, and lose the intros and outros. Keep the really clever ones if you must. Keep the ones that s o m e h o w tie in to the song, or last under 5 seconds; that's reasonable. But ask yourself: is this really necessary? Or am I just scared that my voice alone won't make this album entertaining? If that's what you're worried about, it's probably best you leave the emcees in to the emcees. ■



malcom valaitis

my night at matisyahu

by colbynixon

I'm generally not a concert guy. It's not that I don't like live music, but I'll be honest, they kind of stress me out. First off, I've got to get to the venue and park (which is easy if you're at Higher Ground, but much more difficult if the concert is in a real city), then I wait in line. I stand there hoping that I am early enough to be able to see the band/singer that I'm trying to see. I then fight to find a relatively comfortable space from which to view the show, only to have my spot usurped by some jacked dude and his "attractive in the dark" girlfriend.

But there are a couple of shows I will shell out \$30.00 plus venue fees to go see, including Matisyahu.

When I saw that Matisyahu was coming to the State Theater in Portland, Maine for his Festival of Lights Tour on December 26, I, to quote the Lonely Island, "jizzed in my pants." Ever since missing his show at Higher Ground freshman year, I'd been looking to get to one. I asked a couple of friends if they wanted to join in this adventure, but none did, so I decided to take Eli, my fourteen-year old brother. The kid is just a freshman in high school, so I figured now was as good a time as any to introduce him to the world of live music.

We got to the show a little after doors opened, but still a solid forty-five minutes before the opener. After scouting the venue, we settled on a spot slightly off center and right up front—perfect. I looked around and we were surrounded by a mix of rednecks in Tap Out t-shirts or flannel and teenagers on the verge of pregnancy. Shortly after we arrived, these two short cute young-ish looking girls showed up. Like I said, they were definitely, probably college freshmen. As the opener came on, they pulled a classic move and asked if they could stand in front of us so they could see better. This was actually a valid request, as both my brother and I are six feet tall—we acquiesced.

About midway through the opener, this lax bro and his crew of lax biddies (for lack of a better term) rolled up next to us, and he proceeded to be the most obnoxious person con-

cert goer ever. He kept yelling, "follow me on twitter, bro," as his female companions passed around a Poland Springs bottle of what I can safely assume to be vodka. I began second guessing myself.

Then Matisyahu came on. I thought, "YES! I've been waiting for this!" He strode out on stage, and there was this kind of hushed silence, as everyone realized he had shaved his head and beard. He looked like an immensely tall skeleton in a trench coat and sunglasses. Matisyahu's set started off so mellow and low

"he looked like an immensely tall skeleton in a trench coat and sunglasses"

energy, I caught myself wondering, "What happened to this guy?" But then, just as my doubts crept up, he started dancing around, took off the creepy sunglasses and trench coat, and launched into some more high-energy stuff.

At this point, two things happened simultaneously: the drunk, obnoxious crew to my right really started trying to snipe our spot, and the two girls in front of us started dancing up on my brother and me.

As I said before, the girls in front of us were of a questionable age, so I wasn't about to start grinding, only to be busted by Chris Hansen. It would seem the lax bro to my immediate right had no such qualms, and when I backed off, he jumped right in. Meanwhile, Eli was still dancing with his girl, and I decided I needed a Bud Light.

Having returned from my sojourn to the bar, Matisyahu was pulling people up onstage, so Eli and I hopped up there and rocked out to "One Day." We returned to the floor, and the two girls immediately noticed my bear. "How'd you get beer? You're not twenty-one, are you?" I nodded and replied, "I'm actually twenty-two." They turned to Eli, "You're not twenty-one?" He just shook his head and smiled. We talked to the girls for a bit until they left. On the way home, Eli turns to me and says, "My friends are never going to believe I danced with a hot older girl and got up onstage." And that was the strangest concert I've been to since I ordered pizza to a Jedi Mind Tricks show. ■

créatif stuffé.



liz, we were freshmen

by laurafrangipane

She was a shorthaired child from Maine or maybe Michigan always never thin and wore cut up tee shirts that said "Fuck the navy" with a predilection for sports bras underneath.

She didn't know what color her toothbrush was perhaps the result of too many nights spent in New England.

She thought maybe she'd get back together with her old high school boyfriend there wasn't much sense in anything else.

She didn't understand how everyone was getting hitched and why it was suddenly acceptable to wear off-white.

There were radios playing next Sunday's weather and we couldn't remember the long hard path it took to get to here.

We were different then and maybe it was easier to wear our hair long and pretend that we fit in.

This was a parade of your vainglorious life but it's turned out to be mine and useless gutter at that.

yiddle me this

by theyiddler

i. Look at me when looking fails you. Wield me when affection is what you disdain. Wear me through cloudy terrain; I'll make it less cloudy for you.

ii. In the deepest black, a solemn white. The ever-changing face of night. A waxen, pallid, saffron, wight of crooked coin and stalagmite.

check next week's issue for the answers! last week's answers: i. stars; ii. nostalgia

bear attack

by joshhegarty

Broderick stood above the polar bear tank, looking around anxiously with the scent of alcohol on his breath. When he thought that there were no zoo employees around, he took a handful of rocks from his jacket pocket and started to pelt them towards Old Major, Stonefield Zoo's most senior resident, while yelling out, "You're just a stupid bear! How could you replace me?" One woman yelled at him to stop. An older man with his grandchildren took their hands and headed swiftly to an information desk. But Broderick took no notice of any of these things and continued to throw his rocks, all of which missed the bear by several feet, until he managed to land a hit directly in Old Major's left eye. Upon impact, the bear let out a violent roar, so terrifying that a child that had been watching the bear screamed and then began to cry. Broderick looked towards the crying boy and the look of sheer terror on the boy's face sent shivers down his spine. He quickly turned away from the polar bear tank and started to run towards the restroom, stumbling in the process.

When he got to the restroom, he felt

a need to disguise his appearance and decided to throw away his jacket and baseball cap in the closest trash receptacle. Then he headed in to use the urinal. As he exited the restroom, two zoo employees grabbed him by the arms and pressed him against the outside wall of the restroom in a way that he would later describe as both police brutality and a violation of his civil liberties. The smell of urine and nearby garbage combined with their jerking motion and his natural predilection towards queasiness when drunk caused him to vomit, mostly onto the wall, but also slightly onto one of the Zoo employees' grey uniform with the remainder falling not-so-neatly onto his own shoes. The employees pulled Broderick's squirming body into a security office, where he was held until police could arrive.

The event was sensationalized in local newspapers, resulting in the full story of Broderick's recent job loss to be revealed, one he had paid massive costs to keep private. He had recently been fired from his position as a lead puppeteer on a popular children's show due to a series of sexual harassment accusations and a significantly

larger series of payments made by both Broderick and the production company. In the following weeks, his show had been pulled off the air and replaced with a series starring a large animatronic bear, until a replacement for Broderick could be found. None of the accusing men's and/or women's names were revealed by any media outlet however, so Broderick was unable to form a compelling case against anyone for a violation of their confidentiality agreement. He was charged and found guilty of public drunkenness, lewd behavior and animal cruelty inflicted upon an endangered species. His sentence was a fine of seven thousand dollars for the cost of eye surgery on the bear, on top of the fines for his other charges, as well as six months court mandated anger management classes, and a permanent ban from not only Stonefield Zoo, but also all zoos in the county, as well as some parks and museums. This essentially drained the remainder of Broderick's savings. At no point did zoo officials bother to inform the court that Old Major had already been scheduled for eye surgery, as the bear, in recent years, had developed cysts

the family house

by joshhegarty

This house isn't old enough for ghosts. The noises must be something else. But if these walls could talk, I wonder what they'd say.

I know they've buried miseries that they'll forever try to hide. I want to hear the words they hold inside when they sit down to pray.

Fifteen years without a drink, he still calls himself an alcoholic. I know he put the bottle down to try to leave behind his shame.

And I can't imagine the betrayal he must relive every August: his father boycotting the wedding, forcing family to do the same.

I doubt I'll ever fully understand the way my mother fills with rage and storms away every time she hears a racial slur.

Raising children on her own, I can only try to grasp at how the neighbors must have worked to make life hell for her.

I wonder how my brother suffered in the days when I was young because, although he had a dad, he never knew his father.

I wonder if he ever tried to reach out to the old man out West, or if he ever will. I hope he chooses not to ever bother.

This house doesn't carry ghosts. But the closets carry bones, eroding into painful memories locked inside the walls.

But the pain they've had to suffer, as we've all come to adulthood, doesn't matter. We've built a happy family in these halls.

Step 6: Let'er rip!
The night is upon you! Enjoy it. ■

cat litter.



shit **no**
uvmers
say

by adrikopp

...EVOLUTION OF CHEATING... by caylinmckee



"It's too hot to go outside." "Burlington Police are so nice."
 "I can't wait for our third roommate to get here!" "I hate the Red Sox."
 "I just love BU." "This frat is so clean."
 "I think Sodexo is making me constipated." "No, I can't smoke, I have class in 5."
 "Don't you just love the new changes to Facebook?" "The library is my favorite place."
 "Kale sucks." "Macademia shindig for clandestine herrings."
 "This gym is so easy to navigate." "I just wish this class was a little more challenging."
 "OMG Wanna go skiing!?" "On what? THE RAIN!?"

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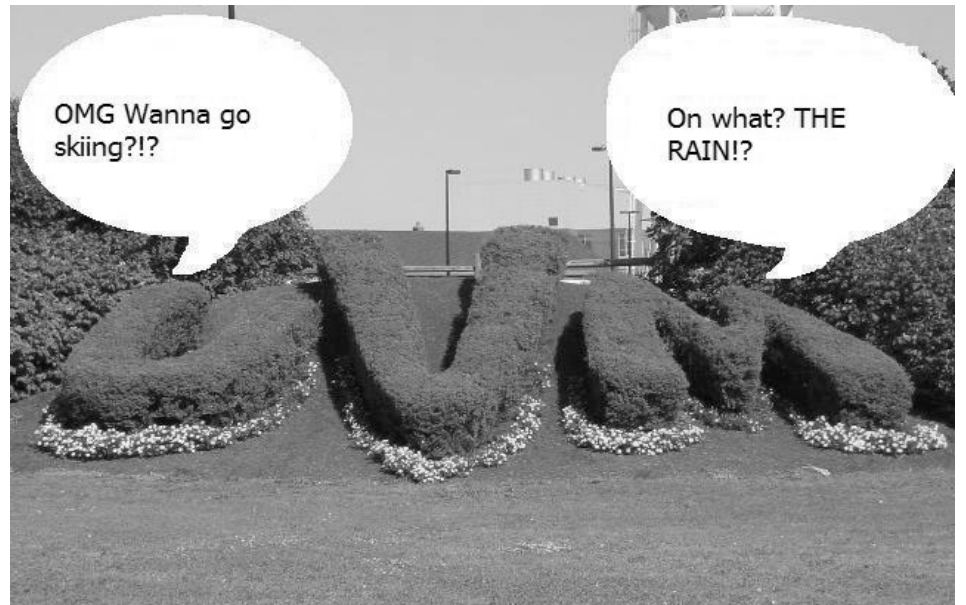
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- Tuesday Jan 31:** Board games: 5-7pm - Davis Center Spruce Room (405)
- Wednesday Feb 1:** Pie making for the Ronald McDonald House: 5- 6:30 in University Heights North Kitchen
- Thursday Feb 2:** Free wings – 5-7 in L&L Room B132
- Friday Feb 3:** Q&A Session – 1 – 2pm in the Living and Learning Fireplace Lounge

For more information contact Kelley at aphio@uvm.edu



by gregjacobs

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