

# the water towers

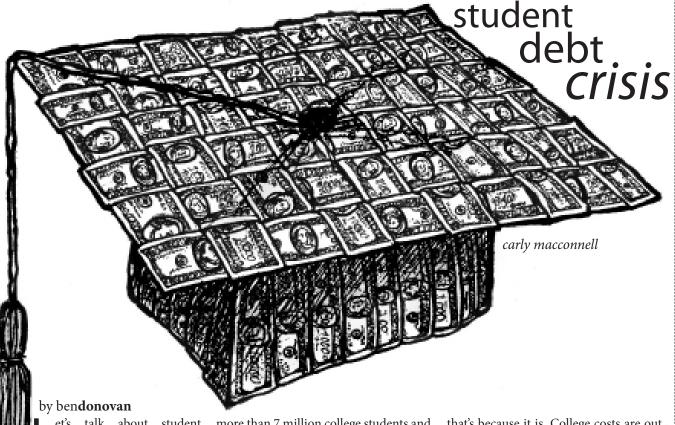
## uvm's alternative newsmag

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uvm.edu/~watertwr

thewatertower.tumblr.com

## the greatest shitshow on earth: america's embarrassing



et's talk about student loans. Last week, student debt in the United States hit a stupefying \$1 trillion. That's almost \$3,000 per United States citizen. The average American student now graduates \$12,800

Americans than do in credit

card debt; since last year alone, student

debt has risen 16%, and it's showing no signs of stopping.

The fact that there is a student debt crisis in America seems beyond debate at this point, unless you're a politician. Right now in Washington, President Obama is haggling with the Republicancontrolled Congress over renewal of the Interest Rate Reduction Act, which caps interest on federally-subsidized Stafford loans at 3.4%. That's a significantly lower rate than students would be able to get on most private loans. Unless the law is extended, interest rates on new loans will double starting July 1st, affecting more than 7 million college students and adding as much as \$1,000 in interest over the life of an average loan.

Democrats want to renew the bill, but Republicans—quick, everybody act surprised!—are refusing to act unless the \$6 billion cost of continuing to sub-

it's hard to watch this unfolding **charade** more in stu- without feeling a little like a passenger on the titanic watching the band argue over **vibrato** as the goddamn ship starts to tilt

> sidize the low-interest loans is paid for with cuts in healthcare spending. Obama has taken the issue on the campaign trail, hitting colleges across the nation and slow-jamming with The Roots on *Jimmy Fallon* last week. John Boehner called the President's tactics "pathetic"; Democrats responded with a round of I-know-you-are-but-what-am-I. The Republican demand for healthcare cuts passed in the House, amid threats of a veto—all told, another week of goofy bullshit, pretty much par for the course in Washington these days.

If this debate seems stupid, well,

that's because it is. College costs are out of control and are projected to keep rising by as much as 7% annually. States are slashing funding for public institutions, which will force them to raise tuition even more. Pell Grants and other forms of federal assistance are on the chopping

block. Meanwhile, two political parties—both of them full of people who have to be at least marginally intelli-

gent—are basically fighting over whether to maintain the status quo or make it

Seriously, it's hard to watch this unfolding charade without feeling a little like a passenger on the Titanic watching the band argue over vibrato as the god-damn ship starts to tilt. The bill in question is a nice gesture; it will save a lot of college students a fair amount of money in loan payments over the years. But it does absolutely nothing to address the underlying problem of costs—and until that problem is fixed, the student debt bubble is going to continue to grow.

...read the rest on page 3

## free ipods. but actually.

unexpected electronic dumpster finds

by phoebefooks

Are you tired of digging through compost bins in Brennan's searching for sacred clumps of cold, abandoned sweet potato fries? Tired of being shamefully called out on wearing some-one else's clothes that you picked out of MAT's lost and found? (To be fair, that red sweatshirt had been there since last semester and that bitch wasn't even looking for it anyway.) Be tired no more, fellow dumpster divers, **the water tower** is proud to announce the most 21st century hotspot dumpster divers have yet discovered: electronic waste bins. You know those green bins—there is probably one somewhere in your dorm—where you can recycle technological things such as batteries and printer cartridges? As it turns out, you can recycle all types of technology in these bins, including everything from cell phones to iPods to digital cameras to laptops.

Before you put a gun to my head and shout "WHY WOULD ANYONE JUST RECYCLE AN IPOD?" in exasperated discontent, listen to the following. Nowadays it's nearly impossible to sell an old version of an iPod (or any other outdated electronic device for that metter) because if you electronic device for that matter) because if you look on eBay you'll see that everyone wants to do the same. Now that every businessman, construction worker, stay-at-home mom, college student, tion worker, stay-at-home mom, college student, and 5th grader has an iPhone, they all want to sell their archaic iPods that they originally bought for hundreds of dollars. Today an iPod nano is worth less than \$50. On top of this, people, especially college students, are lazy and do not want to go past the effort of posting that they are selling their iPod on Facebook, so they give up the auction and toss the old hunk o' junk into an electronic waste him.

This is when the dumpster divers swoop in. As I mentioned, electronic waste bins can be found in most dorms, but also on the bottom floor the Davis Center outside the UVMtv studio, your local Staples or Best Buy, public libraries, and often high schools and middle schools. The best places to check are probably in the wealthiest of areas where yuppy derps are more likely to toss their unwanted technology. At first glance, you will most likely find old cell phone batter-ies, miscellaneous wires, and unidentifiable devices; however, with persistence you can indeed elicit iPods, cameras, and laptops (all of which one of my friends has discovered right here on campus). Also, you might want to take a second look at those unidentifiable devices because you never know when you're going to stumble upon a pocket sized movie projector ever again.

...read the rest on page 4

get inside me:

sea battles remain awesome by jamesaglio

fun with prospies by katja**ritchie** 

owling by tylerrogers summer tunes to do list by sarah**moylan** 

## the best news team in the universe. inbox 🖂



### Dear readers,

This year has been pretty solid, but now it's time to say goodbye. Our time as Editors-in-Chief was productive and saw some good issues on HARD-HITTING and IMPORTANT topics. Right? Right. We're gonna pull a James K. Polk and get outta here before we screw things up, so this is our last issue in this position. Next year, **the wafer tower** will be in the hands of jamesaglio and lizcantrell. They're going to be great!

We'll likely still be a part of the team, but there are a bunch of folks who are graduating in a couple weeks, and we're going to miss them. Like, a lot. So everyone who made the paper what it was this year and in years past, this one's for you. julietcritsimilios, juliendarmoni, bendonovan, gregfrancese, paulgross, gregjacobs, jenkaulius, adrikopp, patleene, sarah moylan, carlymacconnell, brietoomey, colbynixon and robintucker: Thanks friends! Good

HAKAS,

Dan Suder and Megan Kelley

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 juliet**critsimilios** 

Finals-BARF

Violence Against Women Act-Everyone knows that violence against women is over (just like racism is over because, duh, we have a black president) so why does the Senate even need to vote on renewing the act? Seems like a waste of time, am I right?

The New York Mets-The Mets lost (wahh??) to the Rockies 9-18 the other night. An 18-run loss is terrible, even for the Mets. Yes, you read that right, even for the Mets.

Obsession with baby weight-Why do magazines and talk shows and entertainment mediums in general feel the need to tell the public about how much baby weight people have lost or haven't lost? And in all the photos of these people, why is no one asking where their baby is? How come they just had a baby and they're out a week later looking too fat/skinny but their baby is missing? I just don't get it.

**Graduation**- WHAT?! NO. I will never graduate and I will write for **the water tower** forever and ever. I love you all.

### the water tower.

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\_\_\_\_\_Special Thanks To UVM Art Department Digital Lab

## the news in brief with james aglio

"Go easy, step lightly, stay free."

-The Clash, "Stay Free". My parting advice for the summer months; we made it through another year. I hope everyone has a good time and we'll be seeing you in the fall

### "His nature is too noble for the world:/He would not flatter Neptune for his trident,/Or Jove for's power to thunder."

-William Shakespeare's Coriolanus (Menenius describing Coriolanus) I went and saw Ralph Fiennes film adaptation of Coriolanus this weekend and it was basically the best thing and lines like this are part of the reason. That's current and Shakespeare is always newsworthy so I'm counting this towards the real quotes for this week, and if you don't like it you can get stuffed.

### "It is a significant day, a momentous moment"

-Comfort Ero on Charles Taylor's conviction. Even if you don't know who Comfort Ero, the Africa Program Director for International Crisis Group, is, the important part is that former Liberian president/warlord Charles Taylor has finally been found definitively guilty of war crimes against the people of Sierra Leone after a six-year trial. I am inclined to agree

"It was a dark and stormy night, the rain fell in torrents—except at occasional intervals, when it was checked by a violent gust of wind which swept up the streets (for it is in London that our scene lies), rattling along the housetops, and fiercely agitating the scanty flame of the lamps that struggled against the darkness."

-Edward Bulwer Lytton's Paul Clifford. Possibly the most ridiculous opening line to any novel ever—and there are some strange ones. I've wanted to put this one in for a while now, but it just never seemed thematically appropriate. I don't know why it feels right now but it just does.

**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

ur generation stands at a crossroads. To the right e the perilous cliffs of punditry and pessimism. To ne left is the desolate wasteland of apathy and ignoance. We choose neither. Instead, we brave the trail truth. With sincerity and humor, we strive to make ou reexamine, investigate, question, learn, and mayb ee your pants along the way. We are the reason peo e can't wait for Tuesday. We are the water tower.

news ticker: sucks to suck +++ there is no more mercy in Gaius Martius Coriolanus than there is milk in a male tiger +++ my lyfe shall everlastingly bee lengthened still by fame +++ pedicabo v

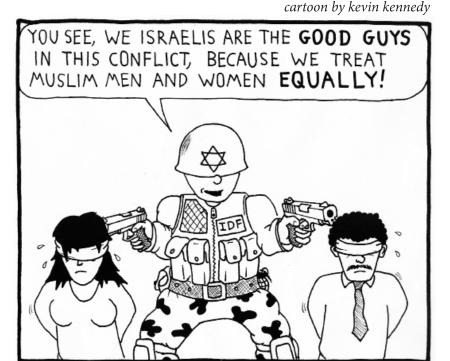
### **STUDENT DEBT** -continued from pg 1

I can't stress this enough: this is a crisis. Economists are already starting to worry about the effect of such a huge debt burden on an economy still trying to find its feet. Every dollar college graduates spend paying down tens of thousands in loans is a dollar that won't be spent on the sorts of normal, middle-class activities—buying a car or a house, starting a family, starting a business, purchasing useless shit off SkyMall—that drive the economy. College debt, experts worry, has the potential to act as a parasite on economic growth, uselessly siphoning away money that could be better spent in any number of other, healthier areas. We are shooting ourselves in both feet, and all our leaders can seem to do is argue over toenail polish.

The most frustrating part of this prob-lem is that it's not unsolvable. We're not talking about goddamn moon colonies here, folks. Most industrialized countries have figured out ways to deliver higher education at reasonable costs without saddling their young people with mountains of debt. If Italy can do it—that's Italy, the country that once almost won a war against

Ethiopia—it's probably not impossible. There are lots of ways to tackle the problem, from offering federal no-interest loans to subsidizing tuition outright, that have worked in various countries. But the first step to recovery is admitting you have a problem. And this country has a huge, glaring, undeniable student debt problem. It's the embarrassment of the developed world, and it needs to be addressed.

The Republicans' record on the issue is abysmal; the budget proposed by House Budget Committee Chairman Paul Ryan slashes federal aid for students. Republicans in state legislatures have been cutting funding for state schools for 25 years, and the party overall has been silent on the issue. But Obama and the Democrats, for their part, haven't been much better. Shout-outs on Jimmy Fallon are nice and all, but low-interest loans don't help a whole lot when the cost of a four-year college is still about twelve times what it should be in any halfway-sane country. Welcome, friends, to the greatest shitshow on earth. Get comfortable, because this could go on



## is sarkozy old beret? by jamesaglio

the ongoing french presidential elections

Times are hard. Indeed, over the past few years financial crisis has become another inconvenient truth, another unstoppable trend that we should really try to fix but is going to fuck us over in the end anyway. I've grown used to the fact that schools, museums, and scholarships lose millions in funding each year; that's just the state of affairs. "Not in this economy" has replaced "my dog ate it" as the go-to excuse for everything. Taking office right as this shitshow really picked up, Obama has done pretty well, wrangling our unemployment rate back to eight-ish percent, creating jobs, using American oil, and revitalizing our nation's banks and auto industry. But it'd be a bold claim to say we've "recovered"—no one has. Maybe we would have by now if the recession were limited to the States, but it's much harder to recover when the rest of the world is just as worried about saving their own asses.

Recovery has been escargot-paced in France, where the recent presidential election and upcoming runoff may salvage or sabotage the world's 5th-biggest economy (by nominal GDP). Center-right incumbent President Nicolas Sarkozy fights for his office against Socialist challenger François Hollande. Following Sarkozy's election in 2007, he loosened up the French market, making it easier to create businesses and work extra hours than France's traditional 35-hour week (that's cute). After the 2008 financial crisis, however, he declared, "Laissez-faire capitalism is over," and enacted recovery strategies similar to Obama's, such as bailing out the banks and creating state-subsidized jobs. But despite Sarkozy's background in finance and budget planning, he has failed to reel in a ten percent unemployment rate or stimulate France's stagnant economy. Just as Obama has scared the country shitless with our debt crisis, Monsieur Sarkozy has scared la merde out of the entire EU with a cool \$1.767 trillion in debt (as of 2011). François Hollande is right to say, "This is an election that will influence the course of Europe...I am in a race where I have to give my country a fresh impetus and give Europe a new commitment, a new direction.

In the first round of elections on Sunday, April 22nd, Hollande beat Sarkozy 28.4% to 25.5%. Since neither candidate received a majority vote, the two will butt heads in a runoff election on May 6th. Until then, these men will be working more than 35-hour weeks to seize office.

Usually this wouldn't be a problem. In the vast majority of French elections, the winner of the first round wins the second round. This election isn't so simple. The Left Front candidate Melenchon, whose voters will side with Hollande in the runoff, did worse than expected, only receiving 11% of the vote, whereas the National Front can-

### despite human tragedy, sea battles remain awesome

When I first saw the headline about a naval attack in inflatable dinghies, I became very excited. Those who know me know that I love, absolutely love, the Somali pirates. Sure, the fact that they are violent is bad, and if nothing else they are the most visible symptom of a country gone completely to hell, but it is hard not to appreciate their pluck/insane tactics in the pursuit of boarding vessels. So I was a little disheartened when I saw that it was not the Somalis, but the Syrians. However, as I read further, I hecame excited again

Here's what happened. Early on Saturday, the Lebanese navy confiscated three shipping containers full of arms found on a Libyan ship, the Lutfallah II, off the coast of Tripoli, Lebanon claims—and I have no reason to disbelieve them—that the weaponry was meant to be smuggled into Syria to support the rebellion there. This in and of itself is not surprising; gun running is a fringe industry that always springs up when there is instability. Add in the facts that the newly victorious Libyan rebels love the Syrian rebellion and the populus of Tripoli has a long history of opposing the government at Damascus and you have yourself a real no-brainer. Altogether a small blip in a fairly predictable day in the Eastern Mediterranean. Until, that is, news came out of the sea battle that happened to the north, 19 miles from the Turkish border.

It seems that at night, a patrol of the Syrian navy ran across several rebels climbing onto inflatable dinghies in the sea, preparing to invade the Syrian coastline. There was combat—beyond that everything is a bit hazy. Sana, the Syrian state-owned news agency, reported that the patrol attacked the group, which then fled. Which is all well and fine and predictable for a surprise encounter between a navy and a bunch of dudes in lifeboats, except for a few odd details. First, several of the Syrian soldiers were killed in the action, and secondly Sana reports that it was the reb-

els who engaged the navy.

This means that the insurgents, upon being caught, coördinated an assault on a military unit, at sea. To put that in perspective, sea battles haven't really happened since World War II. Sure, naval supremacy has remained important, but there have been relatively few instances where a situation has devolved into open acts of war. People got all excited when that SEAL team took out those Somali pi rates, but that was just an assassination job. This was a real honest-to-goodness military engagement, with casualties and tactical maneuvers and everything. And for that reason alone it would be notable, but there's more.

Not only did the rebels engage the military, but they came out all right. Both sides had casualties, but the fact that the guys in the rubber boats weren't totally annihilated by the moist pride of Damascus shows that naval assaults are a viable strategy for the fighters. Additionally, the rebels were caught trying to sneak into the country, which is probably something that is not an isolated case, and it is unlikely that being caught once will stem the flow. Knowing this, and taking into account the Libyan ship seized in Lebanon, Damascus is almost certain to start fielding more patrols to keep the border non-porous. These things together mean that there will likely be repeat episodes of Sat urday's naval battle, possibly opening up a new battlefield in the ongoing rebellions in and around the Mediterranean with potentially far reaching effects, as an international incident is much easier to come by in international waters than inside a country's own borders. War always sucks, and it really is sad that most of what we've managed to do over the past two hundred years of rapid technological advancement is find bigger and better ways to help people join the majority, but despite this, naval battles are pretty cool, and may evidently make a comeback.

basically, anything can happen.

From Sarkozy, we know generally what to expect. Although the press seems divided about his wardrobe (ranked 68th Best Dressed Man by Vanity Fair; 3rd Worst Dressed Man by GQ), they seem to stand behind him as the man to fix France's economy. True, Obama's economic recovery tactics have proven more effective than Sarkozy's similar strategy, but bailouts, stimulus packages, and other lazy-faire economics don't take effect overnight. To revitalize "La France Forte," as Sarkozy promises he will do, he needs to oversee the long-term effects of his economic policies (as does Obama). His term has been called a "hyper-presidency," and the hyper-president has warned voters that Hollande's socialism will bring about "economic disaster within two days of taking office." Also, Mrs. Nicodidate Le Pen, whose votes will go to Sarkozy, got 20%. So 🔝 las Sarkozy, the Italian supermodel Carla Bruni, is an Ital-

ian supermodel. She's adored by the public, the press, and Woody Allen. And did I mention she's an Italian supermodel? (There must be a lot of man crammed in Sarkozy's five feet five inches.)

Whether his platform would help or harm France, François Hollande might lack the sheer balls to put his ideas into effect forcefully. His proposed policies appeal to us dirty hippies since the man is not just a liberal, but a European über-liberal: he wants to tax big corporations, banks, and the rich, regulate finance, create sixty thousand teaching jobs, and move the French retirement back to 60 from the recently inflated age of 62 (lol). However, Hollande has been described as "normal" and "timid" perhaps he lacks the mojo that characterizes Sarkozy's hyper-presidency, and perhaps that mojo what France needs to get back on track.

# around town.

## getting personals

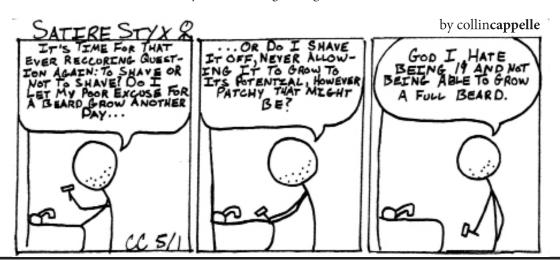
half of those don't even bother reading the rest once they realize that cutie from their anthro lecture never wrote about them. Even better than our own IWYSBs are personals sections from real newspapers, particularly Seven Days. tally read Seven Days, the personals section alone makes These are people that have either failed at dating convenit worth the effort of finding one of their 10,000 stands on tionally, or decided they're not going to waste their time campus).

We'd say that eight out of ten people who pick up **the wa-ter tower** go straight to the I Want You So Bad's, and that In short, they're either uggos, or geniuses. Since no one at UVM is less than a seven, let's try to imagine what a personals section would look like if people didn't try to shove everything into a shitty rhyme scheme. (PS you should to-

> Art History major searching for next object beautiful enough for private collection. Tell me your eye color corresponds to the shoes you're wearing and that the only thing more defined than your calves is your sense of appreciation for pop art. Looking for someone well dressed that I can take home to parents, but wouldn't mind being slathered in edible paint: I want you to Pollock all over my face. Ponytails a plus. vitruvian\_wom@n

### English Major looking for his smaller half

I want someone who knows how to read and understands the importance of an Oxford comma. You should have a basic understanding of the New School of Criticism and can put up with me cutting you down if you speak improperly; we're in college, dammit, have some pride. Needn't respond if you read less than five books a month, or if you don't wear glasses. glasses\_R\_hawwt



FTS Major Seeking an Unscripted Relationship

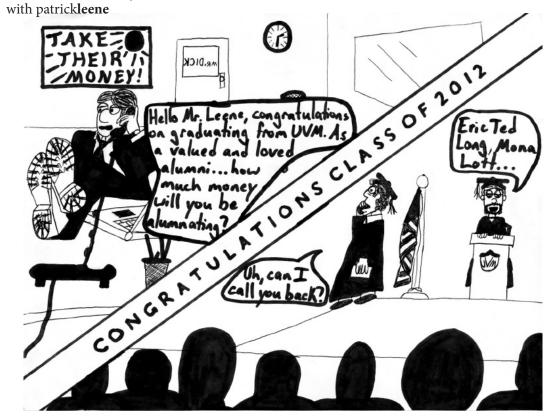
Looking for a guy who can support my alternative lifestyle of wearing thick-rimmed glasses and writing my thoughts into my Moleskine. The only thing smokier than my pack of Parliaments is my good looks. With me, you'll gain a newfound appreciation of dark theaters. You can find me smoking and drinking a coffee after my 8:30 Tuesday/Thursday outside of

Bio major wanting someone to be home for the twenty minutes a day I'm home.

Must be willing to cook, clean, watch after themselves, and then completely cut loose for the small window I'm not at the lab or library. Must be ok with me cataloguing butterfly species and making too many jokes that have to do with anatomy/biological processes. Also, I've taken one psych class so I might try to diagnose you, but don't worry, I'm a bio major, so I'm probably smarter than you. dar WaINNING

Estudante de português procurando uma pessoa romantica Se diz que o amor é bom nas linguas italiano ou frances, mas o amor melhor acontece em português. Sou um homem procurando uma mulher que quere usar a lingua português para fazer a poesia mais romantica. Ao fim da poesia podemos ter um romance mais físico. Pode encontrarme na Casa Lusófono de L/L. *her\_name\_is\_r1o* 

## barely-urban dictionary



alumnate (verb): the action of donating money to UVM as an alum

**ELECTROTRASH** -continued from page 1



Of course, these discarded remnants may have been trashed because they are malfunctioning, scratched up, or because they smell bad (no joke, this happened to one of my old iPods), but that never means they can't be fixed. Often, laptops and cameras just need new batteries, and if you're gettin' it for free, you best not be complainin' about scratches and chipped paint. So take a deep breath, tuck your chin in, and dive. Disregard the shame associated with rummaging through waste, always think outside the realm of identifiable products, and remember to keep your collecting in moderation—I don't want to be responsible for you ending up in a rehab facility drooling cocaine and clutching a broken Dell keyboard with a usb cable tied around your head.

Springtime is upon us at UVM, complete with sandals and lax bro tanks coming out of hibernation, biddies prematurely getting their tan on at any available flat, sunlit surface, and sneak attacks of 40-degree rain every so often. And one more thing-giant fucking hordes of soccer moms, grandparents, and awkward dragged-along younger siblings gleefully swinging their UVM tote bags and causing massive traffic jams in the Marché, all accompanying the prospective students of 2016. Some have affectionately dubbed them "the prospies." It's Admitted Student Visit season, and while some might see the prospies as out of place or even occasionally humorous (which, don't get me wrong, they totally are) we should really be spending this time embracing the soon-to-be freshman first-year class. By August, we'll all be back and they'll be added to the vast pool of people to get to know. If you manage to get your hands on a prospie by way of an overnight visit, campus tour, or casually plucking one out of the crowd as they shuffle by, here are some ways to get better acquainted with vour new little buddy!

Tote them around campus with pride. Obviously your friends are all going to want to meet your new friend of the day! Introduce them to everyone you possibly can, and don't skimp on the enthusiasm or lack of respect for personal space. Might be a little intimidating for them at first, but soon they'll get that they're just being aggressively welcomed. And why stop at your friends? Take them to class, to the Grundle, to campus activities, to Pearl Street Bev runs—let them really get a taste of the whole atmosphere. After all, what better show-and-tell than a nervous high-school senior? And any SGA club leader will pretty much make you their new favorite if you present them with

Invent fun ways to transport them through your daily activities. It's gonna take a lot of travel time to get your prospie to experience all the necessary aspects of campus life, and even more when you account for all the people you're going to want to show them off to. You might consider perching them atop your bicycle handlebars, or maybe in the front basket for easier transport. A tandem bike (preferably equipped with long ribbon streamers) would be ideal, but it should work almost as well to pull them in a little red wagon. If you manage to amass multiple prospies, you can get even more creative. You could do the classic college tour backwards walking, or string them all together like a small herd of ducklings so nobody gets lost. With a group of prospies, it might also be a good idea to consider some sort of identifying marker, like giving them all silly hats to wear. Of course, with only one prospie, this might just be fun to do in general.

Put them to work. College is hard! Prospies might have the privilege of getting to follow you around all day, but you've got shit to do-papers, studying for exams, cleaning your disgusting dorm room, trying to get adequate amounts of sleep...things add up. Also, it can only be beneficial to show your prospie the darker side of university life. They're already in prime essay-writing mode from filling out the Common App, so cranking out your English paper should be no problem. And they still have to keep their rooms clean enough to please their parents,

so they're probably better housekeepers than you anyway!
Feed your prospies. Much like small children, puppies, or your university-approved pet fish, prospies should be given food regularly. After a fun-filled day of you gleefully dragging your bewildered admitted student through your daily life, make sure to stop by one of UVM's prime dining locations. The first things that may come to mind might be a nice New World burrito or a Falafel Thursday special from the Marketplace, but you want to show your prospie the most authentic food experience possible. Clearly, the best decision is to bring your unsuspecting new friend to the Grundle. Nothing says "college" like some stale pizza with rubbery cheese-like product that's been sitting under a heat lamp for hours, especially when paired with wilted iceberg lettuce or bland, mealy French fries. The inevitable shits that follow are a fact of campus life. It would be irresponsible to leave any prospective student unprepared.

fun with caveat renter

by laura**frangipane** 

the

I'm in a bit of a pickle. I took a semester off, ended up transferring, and as a result, yes, I'm a senior who is graduating in December. I'd like to get out of the dorms, and I'd like to think I'm prepared. I'm not a fuck up. I know how to cook. I like to keep my shit clean. I've had my own apartment before. I basically am the most deserving person to live off-campus I know.

The process seemed straight forward, at first. I accosted everyone who seemed sane about finding a place, but ended up not being able to land a roommate. I contemplated, long and hard, about signing that yearlong lease for a 1-bedroom apartment. A long, lonely year. But, it felt like committing to a plan after graduation when life was still so unsure. I didn't know

if I would have a job then, where rent money would come from, and the idea of loans kicking in was scary. I pictured finding subletters; I then pictured these subletters burning down my apartment after forgetting their pot volcano was turned on. "Sorry, brah, we burned everything! AND WE WERE SO HIGH!"

I figured the solution was simple: I could be the 20 something punk and I sublet somewhere myself. I've now, at this point, done everything short of posting sexxxy pixxx of myself on craigslist trying to find a place. I joined UVM class pages on Facebook and messaged countless strangers. Most of the time, I don't get a response.

So, when, blissfully, a craigslist ad appeared for a monthto-month rental, a 1 bedroom apartment that came furnished, including all utilities, internet, and off street parking for \$500/month, I jumped on that shit. I jumped on that shit so hard. I received an email back from John, self-described as a good Christian man. The apartment was totally avail-

There was "even if this was legit his demeanor didn't just one small seem like the kind of guy I could **trust** to fix problem. John was away in the Philipmy overflowing toilet/giant ceiling leak." pines. That was why he was

caney demars

renting the apartment. But no one in America had the key, so I would just have to trust in his good Christian faith that the apartment was intact and matched the pictures.

Okay, I thought, this sounds fishy. And the apartment was super beautiful for the price (marble countertops, say what!?). But I had faith (and I was/am stark raving desperate) enough to fill out the rental application.

He called me 24 hours later. The number showed up

on my phone as from Massachusetts. Strange, I thought, but maybe it was one of those Internet numbers to make it cheaper to call to America? On the phone, John's voice was heavily accented. He sounded far away and was demanding. He told me that I had to send him \$200 and then he would send me the key to the apartment. I could check it out, and then make a decision. Then, the \$200 would either go towards rent or would be mailed back to me. He said he needed the money that day, by noon. I told him it was Sunday, there was no mail, and my bank was closed: I

Partying, shmartying! Under no circumstances should you expose your prospie to any choice substances or crowded basement gatherings! Besides the potential to get in deep, deep shit, it would obviously be not a fun time at all to have inebriated drunken bonding sessions, add someone new to the bowl-passing circle, or watch them get silly and fail at flip cup. Admitted Students' Day is about displaying the integrity of this fine institution. You'd be better off showing your prospie all the great landscaping that's been done recently, or having a nice little chat about the LEED-certified eco-friendly Davis Center. Compared around campus. Obviously.

couldn't cut a check. "No checks!" barked John. "Western Union only!" He said he had gotten burned by bad checks before. Okay- but shouldn't he trust someone who is living in his home enough to take their check?

I told him I could send the money Monday, but I knew, at this point, that I wouldn't. Even if this was legit his demeanor didn't seem like the kind of guy I could trust to fix my overflowing toilet/giant ceiling leak. "Okay," he said.

I Googled his phone number to figure out why he night have been calling from the US in the first place. When typed into Google, about 10 websites showed up listing the number as associated with apartment scams all over America with various names attached. My much smarter friend was then able to trace "John's" IP address to Nigeria. I had been the victim of a Nigerian Internet scam.

Other than my dignity, not too much actual damage had been done. He called persistently for about a week.

Then I guess he number to another scam-mer and now I get fun texts "Walmart gift cards" and

"mortgage repayments" daily.
I'm still looking for a place, and Burlington's over-crowded housing market isn't exactly helping in that regard. f you're in the same boat: be persistent! Call and email any leads you have, ask friends (and friends of friends), and check out flyers around town. I've basically set craigslist's sublet postings as my homepage. If it sounds too good to be true, or if you feel uncomfortable, get out: it probably is. Beware of anyone asking for Western Union transfers as payment, as they're virtually untraceable once sent and you vill never see your money again. Make sure the apartment actually exists and you've seen the inside, outside, and the surrounding neighborhood before you sign a lease. Don't give out more personal information than necessary. And don't be afraid to get your parents involved- it seems very unrock and roll, but they've lived in their fair share of crappy apartments before and know what to look for.

with those enriching interactions, it would pretty much be the least entertaining, hilarious and totally-worth-it thing ever to do something dumb like shotgun a beer with a ski pole or let them see the real purpose of the amphitheater on Athletic Campus. They need to know what they're really getting themselves into once they embark on their journey through UVM, which is a proud voyage to become responsible, educated individuals who totally don't name dining halls after unsavory male anatomy or finish off each semester with a school-wide naked dash

reflections.

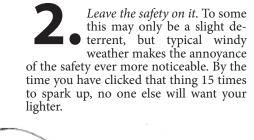
dude, where's my flocka?

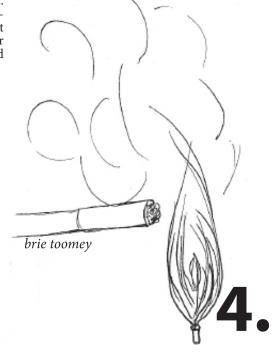
### steps to keep your lighter safe

by jamiebeckett

For many UVM students, their lighter is a trusted companion for all their burning needs, yet lighters do not seem to display loyalty. I often find my lighter cheats on me, leaving my possession only to go home warmly in someone else's pocket. Stoner interactions inevitably lead to a transfer of ownership, and the relative ease with which one can snatch another's lighter means that to this day I have never used a lighter from start to finish. I hate that I can never keep the same lighter, so I have come up with five ways to keep your lighter in your pocket.

name on vour lighter and stake Draw some doodles on it, because who doesn't appreciate a yellow lighter that looks like Pikachu? Sharpie can fade, so for a more permanent job be sure to use puff paint. Be creative with your designs and make sure that everyone knows that your flocka is not to be trifled





■ When your lighter is being passed around, pay attention so when your lighter goes missing you will know whose pock ets to empty.

centuries, at the end of the day size does matter, and if your lighter's size is less than impressive, people will probably leave you alone.

Invest in a white lighter, because they supposedly have bad juju. I've never witnessed it firsthand, but an experienced friend assures me that he has seen at least five people who have shattered glass or fucked up something after using a white lighter. The danger of these situations will make your friends and foes wonder, "is it worth it to tempt fate by possessing a white lighter?" Thus, the safety and security of your lighter is guaranteed.

## owling: small bird, *big* trend

by tylerrodgers

unaware of planking, much less owling. Luckily a **wt** correspondent filled me in on the details. My recent discovery of owling happened one night in my kitchen. One of my housemates grew tired of merely sitting in her chair and decided to perch on the chair instead. Another of my housemates (the **wf** correspondent I mentioned earlier) exclaimed, "You're owling!" She received two blank stares from some not-up-to-date-with-the-lingo people.

When she explained that the pose was called "owling" I immediately grew suspicious. Owling? Sure I guess owls strike that pose, but I feel much more likely to see a robin or a seagull do it. I think there was a serious lack of judgment on the coiner of that phrase. Were they roaming through the woods one night when they spotted an owl perched in a tree at which point the most obvious course of action would have been to mimic said owl?

My more-knowledgeable-about-poses friend said that owling was the new planking and she had seen people doing it all over campus. I was still in disbelief so I did some research of my own. To Wikipedia! Okay, so apparently owling can either be in reference to the internet meme which involves crouching "like an owl" in precarious places, or it can be referring to the legal term which refers to the practice of smuggling sheep. I'm not 100% sure, but I think I want the first option. It seems that owling is just one of many revamped forms of

I must admit that until very recently, I was 2011 on reddit and now it has spread to UVM. More than the act of actually mimicking the owl, what is most confusing is that the trend is named after the inspiration of the action. This is ridiculous. Instead of owling, why



isn't it called birding? It seems like a bird-like thing to do. We should change the name to birding. But...wait a minute...not all birds do this! When was the last time you saw a penplanking that has swept across the nation. The first documented owling took place on July 11, do this!"? The answer to that riddle is never.

Penguins are not alone in their inability to have trendy poses named after them. Ostriches (ostrichi?), emus, cassowaries, rheas, and kiwis are all flightless birds. And yes I did Google that because I didn't know before. I'm not trying to show you up with my incredible bird knowledge because I don't have any. I can tell a chickadee from a flamingo, but don't ask for much more than that.

Anywho, the point is that this term "Owling" is highly contested in certain social circles. If you are reading this then you too must be interested in coming up with a proper term for this pose, so I have come up with a few possibilities. This has the potential to reshape the world of ridiculous poses as we know it, so there should be some sort of general consensus as to what the new name for this term should

So here are the names I submit for consideration: Flying Bird Stance/Pose (harder to say than Owling but it is accurate), Pteroticing (silent P, etymologically this means, "doing the thing that is pertaining to wings"), and my personal favorite: Pugnosing (which is the best fit in my opinion because it means doing the thing that has the characteristic of flight).

So my fellow pose enthusiasts, the time has come to take a stand and rename the pose. Your contenders are Flying Bird Pose/Stance (if this is your choice then make it clear whether you prefer pose or stance), Pteroticing, or Pugnosing. What will it be?

## how to use your smart phone the smart way

by phoebe**fooks** 

So you've got one of them fancy new smart phones and you've already downloaded the essential apps—Weather.com, Facebook, Twitter, Netflix, etc. You may have even downloaded UVM's own mobile app, only to find that it stops being useful once you're no longer a prospective student. (Facts about the Harris Millis?! SoOoOOooo kool!!! Wait where is the Davis Center? Oops I peed myself.) Once you have moved on from this, it's time to download some apps that are awesome, innovative, and actually useful. Check these out:

### **Find Friends**

Locate your friends via GPS and have them locate you as well. Basically, the Marauder's Map. A lot of people think that it's creepy, but friends can only follow you if you accept their requests; besides, isn't it more creepy if you don't want your friends to know where you are? The app is accurate enough to tell which side of the Grundle you're on, but sometimes it glitches and says you're in the middle of Lake Champlain. (So don't take it too seriously because one time my friends flipped out when Find Friends told them I was in Centennial Woods by myself at 1 AM.) And if you value your independence, do not tell parents about this app.

This app allows you the convenience of

adding a cat to any picture saved on your mobile device. Not only this, but you can add laser beams coming out of the cats' eyes as well, and there are a multitude of felines to chose from so that you can select the perfect cat for the photographic occasion. Goodbye Instagram,

"you can add *laser*" **beams** coming out of the cats' eyes as well, and select **the perfect cat** for the photographic occasion."

### **Blackboard Mobile**

It speaks for itself-boring, but convenient. The app is actually very well designed and it calculates your grade percentages for you, which the Blackboard website doesn't even do. Also, unlike the Blackboard website

the app lets you stay logged in, which is SO AWESOME (if you're down with that, that is). Save this one for Fall semester.

Snail Mail is probably my favorite iPhone game of all time. Yes I'm one of those kids who's had an iPod since tenth grade, so judge me, but at least I know what I'm talking about; Snail Mail has won awards for its grandeur. Essentially, you a play a snail that has to race through galaxies, dodging salt and picking up packages to deliver to the base. I only wish that the app would connect with Facebook or Twitter so I could show off my inspiring high score.

Songify
I should apologize in advance, because you will probably get a laughing induced stomachache from this app. Songify lets you auto-tune yourself or your friends and turn your pathetic raps and jingles into professional tracks, with a beat dropped in the background and everything. They even have YouTube hit Antoine Dodson's "Bed Intruder". Don't be afraid to get creative with Songify and record stuff your professors say (kind of like studying!) and voicemails from your drunk friends. Satisfaction guaranteed.

## olympic fever:

teams to watch

by ben**donovan** 

# in the *london 2012*

Yes, folks, the 2012 Summer Olympic season is almost upon us. Although we'd love to be able to provide up-to-the-minute coverage of all your favorite events, **the water tower** unfortunately does not run during the summer. Instead, here's a quick rundown on who to watch:

### Serbia—Men's Water Polo

Water polo, always a rough-and-tumble sport, is shaping up to be the grudge-match of the century this Olympic season. Serbia, still smarting from a 10-5 defeat four years ago that relegated them to the bronze, is coming back stronger than ever, with a beefed-up roster that features both seasoned veterans and eager young rookies with a lot to prove.

Team captain Dusko Prlainovic, a three-time Olympic contender who also served in the Serbian army during the war in Kosovo, says he was initially attracted to the game by its inherently violent nature. "When I was in the army, I liked to punch the Albanians," he said in a recent interview, "This was my favorite. Then I am out of army, and I think, what do I do now? The water polo is good. I get to punch the people while I make the swimmings."

Prlainovic said he is excited to go up against

Hungary, who won the Silver in 2008, stating, "Hun-

gary, I don't like these fucking guys. We going to step on their heads in the water. Very much

Handball, one of the more complex and entertaining events of the summer games, stands to be a free-for-all this year, with traditional powerhouses like Great Britain facing newcomers such as Angola. The smart money for the gold, though, is on Norway. The Scandinavian juggernaut has been rampaging its way through European championships, and they're not taking any prisoners; left-backcourt Inge Thorkildsen walked away from the 2011 Nordic qualifiers against Denmark having dealt her opponents at least six career-ending injuries.

Experts say the Norwegians are renowned for their aggressive approach to the game, often spending hours poring over videos of rival teams to identify weak players in the often-physical game which combines elements of soccer and basketball "When I see a girl get hit in the stomach, and she makes a face like 'ow,' I know this one is soft," says front-center Erika Nordenstaam, "I try to hit her."

Keep an eye on them. Like the Vikings of old, these Nordic ladies are playing for keeps.

### Canada—Women's Beach Volleyball Beach volleyball, always a favorite

among Olympic fans, is set to be a showdown of epic proportions, as Canada is expected to give perennial favorite New Zealand a run for its money. Middle blocker Hannah LeFluer, a two-time Olympic contender with a reported block of 135 inches, has been eyed by commentators as a force to be reckoned with.

LeFluer, for her part, is remarkably humble about it all. "Those NZ gals, they're really nice ladies, eh? They really give a hundred-and-ten-percent out there," she said in a **water tower** exclusive interview, adding, "Not like those hosers from Portugal. They're a bunch'a regular w-i-t-c-h-e-s, if you'll excuse my language."

Asked about their prospects for winning, setter Katie Mortimer replied, "Really, I'm just excited to go to London. I hope I get to meet the Queen. Boy, that'd be something to tell the folks around Tim

### Saudi Arabia—Men's Table Tennis

Just months ago, Saudi Arabia's seemingly unstoppable men's ping-pong team looked like it might be dead in the water, as one member of the two-man team, Ali Sheikh bin Fahdi, threatened to boycott the games due to Saudi Arabia's announcement that it would include women in its Olympic delegation for the first time. "Totes sacrilege, women in sports incites lust, not kool w/ me," Fahdi tweeted in early February, going on to tweet, "Unless God strikes down these apostates, don't expect 2 C me @Londongames."

The standoff ended, however, when Saudi Arabia backed down and an-

nounced that it would not be "committing the grievous sin of allowing females to participate in sport," at which point Fahdi agreed to compete.

The team, which has a reputation for an aggressive, close-to-the-net strategy, is heavily favored to win its opening-round match against Ireland. Expect these guys to go all the way.



### Possible Spoiler: North Korea—Track and Field

One of the most surprising contenders this summer is the small totalitarian state of North Korea which is expected to send at least one athlete, Jun Soo-Ae, to compete in the men's marathon. Little is known about Jun apart from official reports from the state-run Pyongyang Times, which indicate that Mr. Jun is approximately seven feet tall and can run the marathon in under 1 hour and 55 minutes. Foreign commentators have disputed this, pointing out that that time is significantly faster than the current record of 2:03 and has never been independently recorded.

North Korean state media dismissed such criticism, calling it "the shrill howling of Western imperialist dogs," and going on to say that Jun's performance "will bury his puny capitalist challengers and show the workers of the world once and for all of the glory of Korean socialism!"

# fork it over.

winding down, generating finals stress and jubilant anticipation for summer. A bittersweet wave washes over campus as we celebrate the end of homework and say goodbye for the summer. Okay, the scale probably tips in the favor of "sweet" as "bitter" gets its ass stomped by the overwhelming exhilaration of NO MORE HOME-WORK. Still, it's times like these that I like to sit on my stoop, glass of chocolate milk in hand, and reflect on the year behind me. As I recount the library hours and ragers alike, I'm reminded of the one thing that makes this se-

Cookies. Always cookies. Say no to cupcakes. Cookies are durable, delicious, and ■ will hold up to the US Postal Service and ■ spending months in a box. Cookies.

> Something weird. I like to throw in one random artifact into every care package, be it a plastic tiara or a map from a North Carolina truck stop. Being weird is fun.

Well friends, the moment has arrived. The semester is mester—and all the others—truly boss: I have some kickass friends. Since I'm incapable of emoting like a normal human being, I enjoy lovin' on my friends by feeding them. Good food is the best way to anyone's heart, it's empirically true. So as you part ways with your buds for home, work, or the real world, let 'em know how much you care with the failsafe mechanism of the care package. Nothing says "HOLY BALLS I MISS YOU SO MUCH YOU DA BESSSSS" like a personalized bundle of goodies, so try out these tips and show them how you feel. Happy summer gang, I miss ya already.

Something maple-y. We

all love Vermont, it's why

we're here. For those of us

who don't get to spend all

our time up in the Great

White North, a little taste

of that sweet sweet sap is a

beautiful reminder of our

home away from home.

postal passion

how to show your love with long-distance yummies

by ellie**seitz** 

- •••••• • Rice Krispie treats. Nothing feels more homemade and love- • • filled that a great batch of these tasty treats. All you need is •
- butter, mallows, and krispies, and BOOM you've got yourself a taste of home. Warning: if your BFF is going to de-worm orphans in Somalia this summer, be aware that these WILL GO
- STALE VERY QUICKLY.

Cookies. Always more cookies.

Finish it off with some 🎗 letters, pictures, posters, 🗴 and more cookies. Always 🖔 cookies. Ĭ00000000000

# fashion five-oh.

### curtains close on the nixon administration by colbynixon

You always think that your last article is going to be the best one. I can say this, being an expert on last articles, because this is it. There will be no more Fashion Five-Oh (let's be honest, it's not a terribly creative name) with colby**nixon**. I'm to graduate in the coming weeks, capitulating my four-year stint here. As such, I'd like you to indulge me as I take a minute to review some of my best hits during my tenure at **the water tower**, before I offer you some last advice.

There have been some true gems among the menagerie of shit I have put out. My personal favorites were the experimental ones, because they were different, they allowed for a new experience, a change-up. I loved every minute of the day I wore jorts in the shower in an attempt to submerge myself in "never nude" culture, and when I decided to go shoeless for a day after insulting the shoeless population of UVM (turns out there are more than you think), it wasn't so bad. I've written some things I shouldn't have, but have no regrets on that matter. This whole gig has been a good experience for me. I love being downtown and getting recognized as a **water tower** writer (shockingly it does happen a lot more than you would think), I love the people I write with, I love lamp. Now, enough waxing poetic, I've got some final thoughts for you- take it as colby **nixon's** top eleven rules to live by:

- 1. Sweatpants were made for two places, your couch and wherever an athletic endeavor is underway.
- 2. Spandex is good, jeggings are better, yoga pants are best.
- 3. Most stains can be hidden and will not necessarily completely ruin your ensemble.
- 4. That being said, change the afflicted garment as soon as possible.
- 5. Holes in clothing are acceptable when hiking, painting, or engaging in stone masonry, no other time.
- 6. Flannel is always a good decision.
- 7. As are rugby shirts.
- 8. Athletic shorts don't work with button downs, and sneakers don't work with suits (see sarah**perda's** article).
- 9. Don't tuck your shirt it in if you're not wearing a belt, actually, that should be read as always wear a belt. If your pants don't have belt loops, it's time to reevaluate your
- 10. Don't wear proper shoes to the beach- especially if it's on the ocean- you look like
- 11. Crocs are ok, Uggs are questionable, but slippers should never be worn outside of the home/residence hall/apartment/etc.

That's about all I have for you. I would like to take a moment to introduce you to your new fashion editor, sarah**perda**, who is actually quite fashionable, a really solid writer, and apparently shares seven Facebook friends with me. I really like her article this week, and I am sure you will, too. Yours in great taste, and poor decisions, Colby.

## steppin' out

on campus:

## a footwear commentary

There's one item that most people allocate far more money to than they really should. Everyone has their vices, and whether it's weed or wings we will often find any way we can to feed the habit. My weakness? Shoes. I have over 100 pairs to my name and would rather be robbed of both kidneys and half of my liver than part with any of them. My infatuation often leads me to take note of the various footwear trends that spring up on campus, and there are three I have noticed this season that are slowly taking the campus by storm:

sneakers with suits Unsurprisingly, suits are a rarity on this campus, but they can make even the laziest of bums look dapper for their business presentations or alumni luncheons. From the ankles up, men in suits look as classy as Chuck Bass. Lately, however, I have noticed that many people have been topping off their ensembles with Reeboks or Asics, taking them from the Upper East Side to Mr. Roger's neighborhood. Shoes have an uncanny ability to make or break your outfit, and sneakers are almost always a deal-breaker if you're wearing anything other than gym shorts. If you're going to put the effort into rocking a Ralph Lauren suit, bringing it together with a nice pair of dress shoes surely won't kill you (and for the love of Pete, don't wear white socks with them). If you really insist on opting for more comfortable shoes, at least wear Chuck Taylors and pull the Fall Out Boy-circa-2004-classy-but-edgy

mismatched shoes I originally thought the first few people I saw donning mismatched sandals and sneakers were night owls struggling to make it to their 8:30 classes at least semi-conscious; however, mismatched shoes are apparently trending on campus. Whether they're simply different colored flip-flops or neon Converse sneakers, shoes are opting to become swingers this spring, rather than stick with their intended partners. I'm not sure how I feel about this one yet, but so long as we don't start mixing stilettos with ballet flats, I suppose the trend is acceptable if you possess the confidence that goes along with it.

**unnecessary** SOCKS I'm certain that nearly everyone on this campoint, thus we should all know exactly what a shoobie is. In the off chance that this word is completely foreign to you, a shoobie is someone who looks unbelievably out of place at the beach due to their insistence on simultaneously donning socks and flip-flops. To the best of my knowledge, very few people are guilty of this specific offense, but I have noticed an alarming amount of students wearing socks, whether they be white or patterned, with their Birkenstocks and Sperry's. While this might not make you an overt shoobie, you are certainly walking on the fine line. I realize the weather has not been particularly accommodating to sandal season, but do not attempt to find the happy medium by using your socks as a wind barrier. If your feet are cold, just wear different shoes; don't be a shoobie.

# trash.

# i want you so bad

All-American boii, you are so fine

I see you now and then and want you to be mine You're tall and sexy as hell, especially on that broomball

Next time I see you, give me a wink Come over to Harris/Millis one day and goals won't be the only thing you're scoring

I promise your night won't be boring Green Mountain boii, show me how Vermont strong you

We can bang in the woods, bed, or car... Or maybe after one of your bike races Because I can see us going places Let's take this further than just the broomball team I WANT YOU SO BADly to make me scream

When: broomball Where: on the ice

I saw: a hunky, deep-voiced man I am: a blonde babe

Saw you at a party in a Handy Court basement If I was Catholic, for you I would have given up Lent. There was too much eye contact to be ignored "Come over here!" in my head I implored. Your striking blonde hair tied up in a ponytail, Chacos on your feet, the way I like my males. Hope that the psychedelic music didn't erase your memory too much.

Maybe one day I'll find you again and we'll do more than get lunch When: last Saturday night

Where: one heady party I saw: a golden-haired stud I am: a girl that got too shy

You are about to move away I hope this poem makes you stay With your incredible but cheeks and your ginger hair I find it incredibly hard not to stare If I set Chicago on fire, you'd cover for me At UVM you're the only face that I see We're just like Chuck and Blair, only hotter by far Reading The Hunger Games is best, outloud, in a car You're fantastic as Stacy or even Third God Watching you perform leaves me simply awed Even though a Wendy's is where you were born I would never look at you with scorn Because of course I've given you all I have to give And when it comes down to it, It's How I Live.

When: every Day Where: under the heated blanket, RTT

I saw: fatboy I am: ferg

I know your name and you know mine.

We speak the same tongues, one language divine. We've hung out before, briefly time flies each time that you go, I cling to surprise.

I think we're friends, and I think we'd be cool if we walked by the lake and sat, talking of course about our favorite cats. I'm slightly old fashioned and it's sad in this century knowing that you might not dig me.

schools not over just quite yet. It's true that I want you. so. bad.

When: MWF Where: tu sais où I saw: une blonde I am: un gar

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

We've had our share of rendezvous, Each one has made me fall harder for you You're the manliest man I've ever touched Your touch is something of which I can never get enough You turn me on like no other

And I love what you do to me under the covers. I love the fact that I can get in your pants

But what I truly want is a real chance. Don't take this the wrong way-I'd jump at the chance to be in your bed any day. But it ain't just the booze and the lust (Though both of those are kind of a must).

You might just be the man of my dreams 'Cause you got my heart bursting at the seams. We won't be close for much longer But my feelings just keep getting stronger.

When: not enough Where: around

I saw: my jack skellington I am: your sally

Hey you, Yeah you.

Those brown knee high boots you got on are really cute. I have ones just like that... or well I used to. Until you came into my dorm room and stole them. Give them back.

When: Between 4/17 and now Where: MAT

I saw: my shoes I am: furious

It's the end of the year It's ever so near I don't give a fuck I just want some luck These last few days Will fly by in a haze Then it's home for the summer I feel the opposite of bummer I'll see you all again When: all the days! Where: all the places! **I saw**: all the boys! I am: a gal

To that certain coy blonde lass Whose beauty none could hope to surpass, I write this now because I want you too. Who knew it would be so hard to find you? I'd drop my number if not for calling pranks So instead, call me Aidan Cruickshank So if upon my face you would look, Feel free to add me on facebook. For a work of art worthy of the Louvre, My pants I would most certainly remove. When: that saturday Where: in hamilton I saw: nothing for two weeks

I am: curly haired with glasses

overheard a conversation in b-town? was it hilarious? dumb? inspirational?

tell **the ear** and we'll print it. uvm.edu/~watertwr/ear.html

### City Market

*Kid*: What can you do with these fiddle heads? Employee: You have to boil them first to kill all the toxins before you cook with them.

*Kid*: Oh shit son, should I spit it out? *Employee*: Yea you should (takes kid to back area)

### **Centennial Woods**

Girl 1:The sweet nectar of my hairy armpit sweat. Girl 2:The sweet nectar of your hairy armpit sweat? Girl 1: It attracts all the butterflies!

Girl: He was wearing a seersucker jacket at night! I really wanted to be like, "look bitch, take him back to that garden party or yacht race you found him at and leave (blank) alone." But then Lauren kicked him in the knee.

Girl 1: Well, if this doesn't work out, I'll just become a prostitue in Reno! Girl 2: Okay

Girl 3: It's okay, because it's legal there!

### **Outside Harris Millis**

Guy on cellphone: So I just bombed a math test pretty hard and I really wanna forget about it. You up for visiting the moon with me today?

### Late thursday night on willard

Sloppy girl on Willard: why do they call it handy court? everyone knows guys like blow jobs better than handies. why don't they call it blow job court?

### On Pearl St

Girl 1: You're going to need to zumba the FUCK out of zumba tonight. Do you understand me!? Girl 2: I understand!

Girl 1: Then you are ready, my child.

Girl 1 to Girl 2: Whenever I see guys I've hooked up with walking around campus I just want to pounce on them.

The cat lady to a group of friends: Meow meow meow

Guy 1: Why do gay guys hit on me? Girl: I guess you're just really attractive. Guy 2: Yeah, isn't that a compliment?

### **Redstone Unlimited Dining**

Friend 1: Dude, I took like a 16 inch shit this morning. It was glorious.

Friend 2: YOU TOOK A 16 INCH LONG SHIT! You

should probably think about switching to points

### North Union St.

Girl 1: I'm gonna get so many notebooks! I'm gonna get moleskins of all different sizes!

Girl 2: That's a lot of mole skin. I think you need to consider

### **Davis Center**

Girl: I'm worried that I won't be able to get my socks off because they're plastered to my feet...with sweat.

*Girl 1*: I have like 90 points left. Is that a lot? Girl 2: Oh yeah, that's a lot.

## tunes.

## step into the light

If you think of heroin addicts as baseball players, then Keith Richards is Ted Williams. Jason Pierce, the lead singer of Spiritualized, ranks in somewhere around Mickey Mantle. But by making music this catchy and chaotic, the drugged-out Brit might as well be advertising the stuff with a thumb up and a belt around his arm. If you haven't listened to these guys before, God and freedom, love and death, and

think of Oasis with a heavy dose of trippy space rock, and just a pinch of R&B. Last Tuesday, they released long-awaited seventh album, Sweet Heart Sweet Light.

The years have been kind to mister J. Spaceman (Pierce's

common nickname), as lead single "Hey Jane" starts off the album with an uplifting 9-minutes of shameless brit-pop. Comparing this track to the tragic opener of their 1997 masterwork Ladies and Gentlemen We Are Floating in Space, which begins with a broken-spirited Pierce moaning, "All I want in life's a little bit of love to take the pain away," it's clear we're in for a chiller trip. The song has no taxing noise-y sections, nor does it ever break from its positive vibe. Spiritualized often puts their best foot forward,

clear that this is the most optimistic album of their career. Some listeners may criticize this consistently upbeat approach from a band so known for their brooding moments, but that doesn't seem to be the case here. Pierce has always mixed strange

"spiritualized's songs are more like choose your own adventure books than **concrete messages**"

> pimps and drug dealers to name a few. On Sweet Heart, Jason Pierce keeps his usual lyrical complexity, but does it in a way that won't make a listener consider suicide...most of the time. Even at its saddest moments, nothing comes close to the bleak opening line of Ladies and Gentlemen We Are Floating in Space's closing track "Cop Shoot "There's a hole in my arm where all the money goes/ Jesus Christ dies for nothing, I suppose."

Track by track, Sweet Heart is a heavy hitter. Each cut is unique and

As the next few tracks roll by, it's ditional concept album approach, but so what? They pull it off on all levels. On the noise rock infused "Get What You Deserve," Pierce lays down some scathing commentary on capitalism and rock n' roll excess a la Pink Floyd on Animals. At the same time, you can just as easily ignore the deeper meaning of the lyrics altogether and zone out to the track's dissonant guitar and

horn sections.

Pierce creates the same effect on "Headin' for the Top Now." He sighs and reluctantly flips off humanity, saying, "In our haste to find a little more from life/ We didn't notice that we'd died." But you can shrug off these threats with ease, and enjoy the song's

hummable guitar riffs and synthesizer bursts. Oh, and you can't forget the borderline creepy outro where Pierce's 11 year old daughter rhymes about hustlers and pimps! These songs are more like choose-your-own-ending books than concrete messages.

If you're jonesing for some good Space rock or have a thing for balads, look no further. Pull out the headphones, get on your music player of choice and, hell, roll a J-it's almost time for finals and Spiritualized is here to help you relax.

## 2012 music to-do list

Last fall in the tunes section, we kicked off the year by listing the musical highlights of the summer of 2011 in B-Town. It seems fitting that we'll close out the year by listing some of the rad things to come in summer 2012. This list is in handy checklist form so you can feel especially accomplished (this feeling is rare in the summer—you'll want to take advantage of it) after you've gone to all of these shows.

### Waking Windows, May 10-12

The second annual Waking Windows festival is a threeday celebration of art and music in downtown Winooski. Yup, you got that right—downtown Winooski. This year, local bands like country rockers Waylon Speed, in addition to not-so-local bands like indie folkers Death Vessel, will be taking over the Onion City. Shows are happening in venues all around downtown Winooski. The coolest thing about the festival this year is that it will be happening when some students will still be in town. It might be a great chance to blow off some steam from finals, get your hipster on, and find out that Winooski actually does have a few (seriously, at least three or four) things going for it.

### Steve Martin and the Steep Canyon Rangers, May 23

Did you know that comedian Steve Martin—the same guy who did *The Jerk* and was the dad in *Father of the Bride* (one of my favorite movies of all time)—is not just an actor, but also an amazing banjo player? I kid you not! He and the Steep Canyon Rangers will be playing some sweet bluegrass tunes at the Flynn Theater in just a few weeks. You'll have to save up your monies, though: tickets start at \$54. Eesh.

Jazz Fest, June 1-10 The Burlington Discover Jazz Festival will once

again take over downtown Burlington in early June this year. The weird part of this year's Jazz Fest lineup is that it's kinda un-Jazzy: reggae star Jimmy Cliff, blues-rock singer and generally awesome person Bonnie Raitt, and funky phenom Trombone Shorty are among the headliners this year. The thing is, like the Steve Martin show, no one is able to afford these concerts. Plebians\* like us are only able to enjoy the free performances of Your Local Chittenden County Middle School Jazz Ensemble on Church Street. Which are actually kinda fun, so it's okay. (\*It's a vocab word. Look it up. James Aglio knows what

Wilco at the Midway Lawn, July 20
Wilco is coming to Burlington? And the Lee Renaldo
Band is opening? So. Effing. Awesome. Props to the people at Higher Ground (these are the same people responsible for bringing Steve Martin) for killing it with concert bookings this season!

### Osheaga, August 3-5

This festival happens annually in Montreal, and it is the closest "big" music festival to happen near the Burlington area. The Black Keys, Snoop Dogg, Justice, Florence and the Machine, Franz Ferdinand, M83, The Shins, fun., and dozens of other bands will be there this year. OMG! However, you might have to sell your car, or your soul, or both, to afford the ticket price.

# signing off

Two and a half years ago, when I was a dweeby firstsemester sophomore, I answered a plea for music writers in **the water tower**.

Hi! So while reading your (incredibly glorious) publication I saw that you are looking for a music writer! I'm a UVM sophomore and music geek who also happens to be a dj at WRUV where I love to play great indie rock music, especially up and coming bands. I also love to write. If you could give me some more information about being a music writer for the WT, that would be really great!

Sarah Moylan

"Incredibly glorious"? I forgot about how much of a suck-up I used to be. Anyhow, I soon started writing and got my first article published on November 3, 2009. It was about free, but legal, ways to download music. My second article was about jazz nights at a shady place downtown called the Radio Bean—a place where people smoked weed! In public! Oh, to be a naive UHeights-dwelling sophomore. I wrote a few more articles before being promoted to staff writer, and the rest, as they say, is history.

Now, as a PT/S+ (post-thesis, senioritis-positive) senior and water tower tunes editor, it's crazy to think about how much has changed—musically- and wt-wise since then. Let me give you a quick rundown:

- Dubstep: I'd never heard of dubstep in 2009, and most of my friends hadn't, either. Ah. Those were the good old days, back in 2009.
- Good Song, Bad Song: You know how the Triple Take was an occasional feature in the tunes section this year? In 2009, water tower legend Jeremy Klein wrote a weekly column called Good Song, Bad Song in which he wrote about one song that was good and one song that was bad. It was simple, but effective. Bring that back, Dylan McCarthy (next editor of the tunes section). I'm serious.
- M.J.: Michael Jackson passed away mere months before I started my sophomore year. I still remember cleaning my room at home on a June evening when I heard my parents gasp in shock at the television—his death was the op story on the national news. It's hard to believe that the King of Pop has been gone for nearly three years.
- H.t.h.d.t.e.h.t.s?: In the fall of 2009, a new "trash" feature appeared next to The Ear and I Want You So Bad. It was called How The Hell Does This Even Happen To Someone?, and it was shortened as h.t.h.d.t.e.h.t.s?. The section, which allowed anonymous submissions like those from The Ear or I Want You So Bad, served as a public bitchfest forum. It was discontinued a few months after its introduction due to an extreme lack of submissions, which came as a surprise to everyone, because h.t.d.t.d.t.e.h.t.s? is, like, the catchiest name ever.

So, yeah, a lot has changed. But here's one thing that remains as cool, as funny, and as incredibly glorious as ever: the water tower. I would have been happy just to read this paper for four years of college, but to write for it, to edit for it, to become best friends with half the staff writers and to party with them almost every weekend—it's

If you like music writing and you're a cool person, do yourself and this paper a favor and come to a water tower meeting next fall. Our new tunes editor, Dylan, will be waiting for you. Okay, that sounds creepy, but you really should come. You won't regret it.

Much love from the Tunes Queen

## créatif stuffé.

## clergy of cool

Back in seminary priests had biblical immersion, Wading through the marshes of the KJV, Learning Christ's favorite sandwich – peanut butter jelly – Before they hit the streets to eat at KKD.

West coast priests read up on Beatitudes While listening to Snoop Dogg and NWA, But east coast clergy are usually more into East coast jams from New York and VA

Big congregations in the populated cities Have more money in the bank than some PACs And blow dolla bills (wth the Lord's permission) On brand new, brand name HDTVs.

Flashing signs of the cross, it just goes to show Most men of the cloth are cooler than you know.

## the cipher

On those long days, when the average Catamount gets batted between Old Mill, Bailey Howe, and the Grundle eight times, encountering the intolerably pretentious professors and the ac-cidentally hipster homeless, it's in our nature to sit down, take a deep breath, and make sense of our jumbled thoughts through lyrical genius. Now, for the first time, all you aspiring UVMCs can expose your hip-hop taste buds to the water tower by rapping on a variety of topics. This week, we write up **Jobs...** 

THIS IS THE LAST ISSUE OF THE YEAR!!! Get excited for The Cipher next year. If you write any dirty flows over the summer. send 'em to kmarti15@uvm.edu. I'll make your subject into a Cipher topic and publish your rap next year. Until then, keep rhyming. DEUCES FELLAS.

Job fair savs vou're over par. But raise the bar 'n you'll go far. Just stop thinkin' that what you are Ain't good enuff to find work. Buy nice shoes 'n a fancy shirt. Clean that dirt, lose that smirk, Lookin' good does have worth. Craigslist search is a chore, Get linked in, open doors. Resume lookin' kinda poor But so what? Make it clean, Spruce it up 'n you'll succeed. Meet their needs, flaunt your deeds, Гalents ain't just skin deeр. Look at me, got no fight, Don't do drugs, priorities right Money's tight, but no blight. Show yourself 'n you just might Be alright. You just might be alright. by enlightened emcee BTimez

## how to become a drug addict

by laurafrangipane

Begin with the necessary ingredients: you should come from a broken family, preferably, having seen some tragedy at a young age you will spend your adult life outrunning. Add adolescence, the sense that rules should be broken. Add an urban environment, elementary school kids already huffing chemicals from plastic bags on the back of a school bus. Drugs will be easy to come by; when the officer does the D.A.R.E. program speech in 6th grade you will recognize the substances in his case from the hallways. Let your friends experiment first with new friends who are not you. Feel left out. Try innocent things like drinking and smoking pot by the age of 14. Live in a household where there is not much adult supervision; you will not have a curfew to break because there are no rules, just survival.

You will smoke weed with your high school boyfriend on New Year's at your parents' party. You will steal alcohol from liquor cabinets. You will declare, at age 16, that having sex high is the best way to have sex. Develop a reputation, your friends will distance themselves from you, and years later you will find out that they all knew and labeled you a druggie in 11th grade. You will not see yourself as having a problem; you are just having fun with your friends.

When you get high for the first time by yourself, it will be on oxys stolen from a sick relative. They didn't need them; they will die a few months later, anyway. You take them with your birth control pill, as if that's normal, at 7 am. Assume you are okay to drive to school, as you don't feel anything. In homeroom it will hit you, in euphoria and laughter, and the strange sense of having a secret you can't tell anyone. Your friends will give you strange looks. In physics the numbers tell a story you won't understand. Your teacher will give you a look that tells you he knows. You don't have to thank him for not busting you; there are too many kids like you, he is burnt out and cares

Take a lot of drugs. Fall in love with pills. Blur out the world. You will try things like cocaine and ecstasy but eventually settle with benzos. Cocaine is expensive, makes you angry, and makes you sweaty. You will fall out of

love with weed for its obviousness; the stoners are too dumb to hang out with anyway. On benzos, you can float calmly, too calmly, on the world. Sedate yourself upon waking. Begin not to trust your real self. Create a better, fuzzier you. Take them and don't think. Take them and don't fall. Reach for the familiar yel-

low pills, at first by choice, but then by need

whenever the world gets too hard. Feel the panic when you can't find the pills, either from a dealer or from a faked anxiety disorder at the student health center at the college you now, somehow, attend. Feel the panic when you forget where you hide the pills from your roommates and you end up hiding them from yourself. Feel the panic when one slips loose from your hand and scurries away from you on the tiled floor.

Learn things you never thought you would learn. The pills you take cannot be snorted because they do not absorb through the nose. Thank god for that. The pills you take work faster, however, if you chew them quickly before you swallow.

They taste awful. You will not feel like an addict because what you are doing is so normal, so regular. It's even easy. Hell, people receive these drugs legally. You even have a prescription. You think you need them.

Most of all, don't realize you're addicted to the secret. You like the fact that you can improve the world while everyone else is stuck sober around you. You will feel better than everyone, look at you, you are happy and sedated. You are calm. Nothing can get you. Explain away the memory blinks and slurred speech with tiredness. Explain away the mood swings with something normal, like a rough week of exams or having your period.

Congratulations, you've ruined your life. But you won't care while you're high. Blend in. Keep your problems hidden until it gets dangerous. Don't seek help until it's too late to be useful. Keep your head low and your mind blank. Just keep floating on and from here on out it won't really fucking matter what else you do. It's your life anyway. You're not hurting anybody.

### over and out

like mixing a can of diet coke with fake cake mix bakes an empty cake needed you, but you left like the street light reflections in the rain like the aches in my hands and feet

where we've been like getting dressed in the public library like that night we couldn't find you before you both moved away, the mornings after at Henry's two eggs over easy with rye you're both wearing different colors now at least green and gold look good together

\$2.75 miller high life, leave another dollar on the bar like walking home alone effortless and everything I'll miss

## 25 minutes to go

do they still look good on me?

Well, my alarm clock's ringin, it's time to wake, I got 25 minutes to go. I don't know shit about the exam that I gotta go take, that's 24 minutes to go.

I had 3 weeks, to study, to read and think, with 23 minutes to go. But I had zombies to kill, and I had beer to drink, got 22 minutes to go. Now I'm pullin' on the clothes that I've worn all week, with 21 minutes to go. And my roommate says 'shut up, I'm trying to sleep,' that's 20 more minutes to go As I'm brushin' my teeth, my head feels fried, 19 minutes to go. I probly didn't need all those spliffs last night, but there's 18 minutes to go. So I grab my skateboard, hit the pavement, with 17 minutes to go. But I gotta turn round, cause I forgot my pen, got 16 minutes to go. Now I'm ridin' to class, and I'm runnin' late, 15 minutes to go. Miss the light at Main Street, so I gotta wait, now 14 minutes to go.

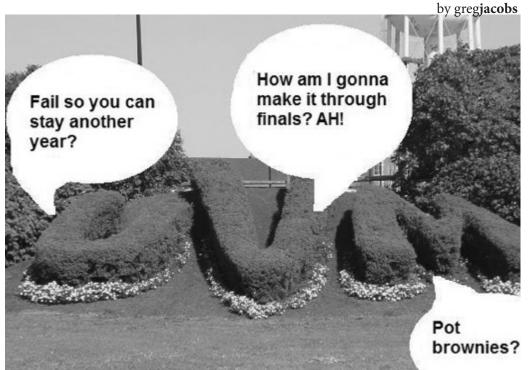
Now I'm thinking bout the phone call that I had with my fam, 13 minutes to go 'Don't worry, guys, I'm gonna ace this exam,' now there's 12 more minutes to go. Well you'd better, son, or else you'll flunk outta school' 11 more minutes to go. Then they hung up the phone, well I love you guys too, got 10 more minutes to go. Into the library, outta my way girls, 9 more minutes to go. I can't take a test without my Speeder and Earl's, just 8 more minutes to go I see Votey ahead and I head for the doors, 7 minutes to go. It's too damn nice out to be flunkin' a course, but there's 6 more minutes to go

With my pen in my hand, and my ass in the seat, got 5 more minutes to go. Well I guess I might as well try and cheat, cause I got 4 more minutes to go. Now I'm scribblin' notes onto my left arm, 3 more minutes to go. Won't somebody please pull the fire alarm, now 2 more minutes to go. Professor says 'good luck, you'll do fine I know,' there's 1 more minute

And now I'm writin, and here I goooooooooo

## cat litter. rally cat





## campus awesome (not crime) log

On Thursday the 26th, a student held the Waterman doors open for another student without tiring. She was given two extra credits by the registrar.

Saturday the 21st a group of students were caught by campus police replacing deteriorating bricks on Old Mill. They were told they could continue as long as the bricks were locally-sourced.

Monday the 23rd a male wearing a green sweater was seen helping a turtle cross Main Street by Living and Learning. They then continued on their sepa-

Four people were reported to have group hugged another person who had just been friend-zoned. The individual felt much better.

Friday the 20th a young man was reported peaking into the windows of an apartment on Buell Street. He was locked out and was trying to wake up his roommates. Later it was determined that his keys were in his pocket.

A young woman frantically flagged down a UVM police cruiser to tell them their left tail light was out. She then handed them a piece of paper that said "FINE- \$200" and walked away.

The person who stole **the water tower** stand from Waterman returned it with a plate of cookies to the SGA desk. (We wish.)

end of the year stress relief

## bang head here

## time spent during finals

