



THE WATCH TOWER

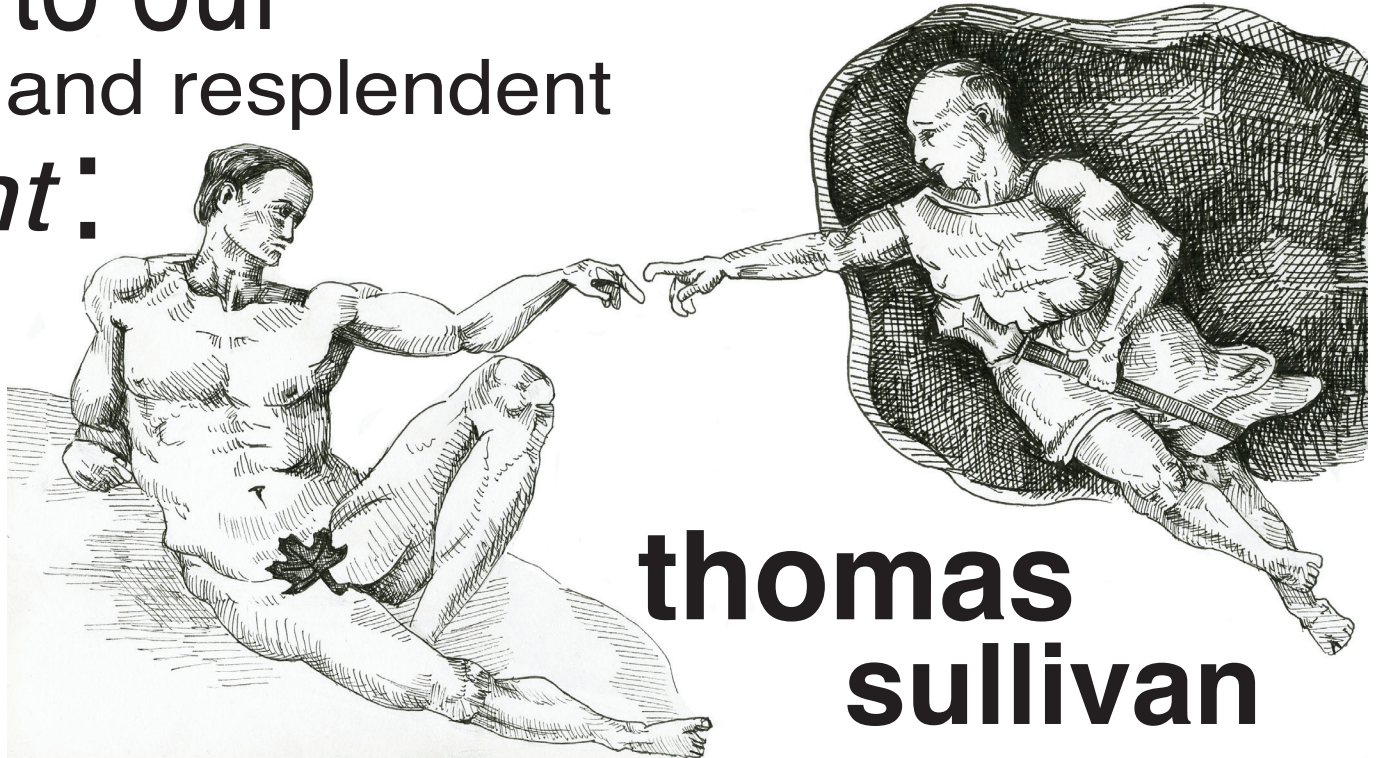
THE ONLY NEWSMAG

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

a tribute to our sweet and resplendent *president:*

comrade katherine longfellow



thomas sullivan

by comrade benerrick



Condensed into the span of but a few moments, love itself appeared before us.
I knew in that instant, when you grasped that scepter of power
so firmly with those strong hands—held erect for all the world to see—that we all
were safe in such a stiff clasp.

Perhaps it was the billowing of your great robes of distinction
Or the brilliant medallion about your neck, shining brightly under the spotlights
that sparked within me a flaming passion.
Certainly I was not alone, for the seats of those around me were just as soaked in the
ripe juices of the multitudes who would offer themselves up like the apples of the orchard—each longing for
the embrace of your tongue and the heat of your breath.

With the setting of the day's sun, my heart is crushed, for the great rush of blood to my head and nether regions seems for naught—
another lonely evening without the smoldering incitement of your voice.
Each passing moment unbearable, I can only imagine the glory of your presidential form:
legs like pillars, arms as strong and firm as the cedars of Lebanon.

Come, oh south wind, and cool my tempers; draw out the scent of my vineyard.
Spread it about the four corners of campus that that great manifestation of
masculine authority might come to taste of my fruits.

Our great leader spoke upon his second day,
Like the compassionate lover, he professed his desire to listen
And the trace of this promise, so quickly proven wholesome, leaving his lips
Inspired even greater hope in my heart
And renewed the trembling of my thighs

Oh you, glorious students of UVVR, rejoice in the glory of such a vibrant leader:
he who has proven already time and again of his stunning virtue and thunderous virility.
And though I know that my sweetest dreams of a nuanced discussion followed
by the sweet ecstasy of true leadership inside me, may never be,
I cannot feel the scorn of spurned love, so great is our sumptuous leader's bravura management.

Perhaps one day we shall be united, and then shall bound together like the gazelle of the fields,
and verily I will have none but you—you may have the wealth of the university to apportion,
but my vineyard is mine to give and is already but signed for you. ■



LEARN our competition
THE by comrade kerrymartin
TRUTH:

honors scholars are the
future
by comrade marissabucci

distinguished alumni
by comrade mikestorage

davis center concerts
by comrades rebeccalaurion and
dylanmccarthy

THE BEST NEWS TEAM IN THE UNIVERSE



inbox

Dear **ЩАТЧ ТОЩЭ,**

Greetings from **Valencia, Spain**. After completing the **University's** quite simple 36-step Study Abroad preparation checklist, booking a flight, and taking off—shedding a few tears as I watched the lovely Green Mountains disappear under a blanket of clouds, **Barcelona**—I arrived in this **gorgeous** city **to** spend a semester **studying the same language**. And what a **fabulous** time this first month has been. **Through** I **do** miss those Catamount wraps from Brennan's, the food here has been absolutely **delicious**. The **local** climate is **perfect**, **over-**cast skies and mud, and the culture, the whole mass of it, is just like nothing **else**. **And to think** I **thought** the UVVR was diverse! I thought I'd write to you guys, [the most popular newspaper on UVVR's glorious green campus,] as a way of informing the students of UVVR that **the world is a better place**. Taking a step off campus might **not** be as bad as those wary advisors and officials **claim**.

Sincerely,

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 WATCH TOWER. УВВР'S ONLY NEWSMAG uvm.edu/~watertwr

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Special Thanks To
UVM Art Department Digital Lab

the shit list

with **comrade jamiebeckett**

Pipelines – For the second time this week, Canadian crude oil spilled in the US. First, a train in Minnesota was derailed, spilling 15,000 gallons of oil. Second, on Saturday, a leak in the Pegasus pipeline in Arkansas was detected. 22 homes were evacuated, and my faith in the Keystone pipeline has been restored. Drill baby drill.

Rabbits – It's rabbit season, and for some reason everything has taken the shape of an egg. Do rabbits lay eggs? I think not. Kids these days must be so confused thinking that rabbits lay eggs and that dead people can walk again. Who will set the record strait? Santa?

Hairless cats – Because they are adorable and no one seems capable of loving them. Does it matter that they need a sweater to stay warm during Vermont winters? No, because their flabby exposed skin is totally worth it. Some might hate on my hairless feline friend but hairless pussy will always be my friend.

Peeps – These marshmallow candies are emotional triggers for me, reminding me of things better left forgotten. Peeps are soulless creatures designed to fatten and pacify Americans. Eat at your own risk.

Due to the disturbingly unpatriotic tone of this week's Shit List, Comrade Jamie Beckett is currently being held for interrogation. ■

the news in brief

with **comrade rallycat**

“The education of all children, from the moment that they can get along without a mother's care, shall be in state institutions.”

- **Karl Marx** promoting the UVVR's educational philosophy: get 'em while they're young and keep 'em til they're old. UVVR scientists are even working to eliminate motherhood entirely, skipping that expensive and lengthy process that postpones the start of a true institutional education. They're success story, an eight-year-old boy who breastfed from a cow and has never left UVVR campus, is abnormally tall, strong, and intelligent for his age, literally bleeds green and yellow, and spends his Fridays walking around campus in a cat suit, giving UVVR merchandise to his fans. He thinks his mother is Tim Thomas.

“Every punishment from Him is pure justice and every blessing from Him is pure grace.”

- **Ibn Taymiyyah**, the 14th century conservative Islamic theologian, giving words of advice to unworthy UVVR professors who were not asked to return to the school next year. And our administrators? Pure grace.

“Great ideology creates great times.”

- **Kim Jong Un** praises our way of life on a friendly visit to the UVVR last week. Our school warmly welcomed this North Korean sage with a reception banquet, at which he received a standing ovation after eating thirty-five helpings of chicken-fried steak.

“Not now, chief, I'm in the fuckin' zone.”

- **Ira Allen** stuntin'.

THE ЩАТЭЯ ТОЩЭЯ is the UVVR's only newsmag and is a weekly student publication at the University of Vermont in Burlington, Vermont.

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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. Surrounded by all sides by those who would oppress us, we strive to promote the glorious progress of the wonderous University of Vermont. Look for us every Tuesday, or we will look for you. We are **THE WATCH TOWER.**

news ticker: UVVR voted best campus in history +++ Poll shows that number one panty-dropper in Vermont is having last name of Sullivan +++ The revolution will be squashed by our brilliance ■

like a *diamond* in the rough uvvr shines out as a hopeful beacon amid the *deceits* of our neighbors

by **comrade kerrymartin**

My fellow worthy Catamounts, if your heart is not been gripped by paralyzing fear or hardened by hatred, then you've been blind to the rising threats now knocking at our doorstep. Hear now these words, and see yourself rise up in arms to purge those who curse the free land on which we tread.

When the magnificent University of Vermont (UVVR) was founded in 1791 by our Spirit Father, Ira Engels Allen, he gave our glorious administration all of Vermont to do with as we pleased. For centuries, the UVVR ruled uncontested, bringing peace and prosperity to the Green Mountains, and enjoying the support and collective farming of the Burlington proletariat.

But when word of our prowess reached some conniving collegiate combatants, they set up their opposing, oppressive monarchies right on the banks of our expansion. The demonic Champlain College, founded in 1878 right under our very noses and basically defecating on our Spirit Father's grave, now trains a force of nearly 2,000 slimy undergraduates who can only sate their jealousy and contempt with the taste of Catamount balls. You heard me, balls.

And the abominable Tsar Michael's College (“Tsar Mike's” in their vulgar tongue), founded in 1904 in the barbaric land of Colchester, now plots our demise from their dingy outpost, accessible only by the rundown, anti-UVVR Chittenden

County Transportation Authority. Their comparable force of 2,000 delusional radicals are aching to declare their crusade against everything we stand for: strength, honor, and equality.

Each day the threat grows more imminent, as these terrorist training centers recruit increasingly heartless automatons not only from out of state, but from all over the world as well, plucking tyrants-in-training from genocide breeding grounds like Sudan, Saudi Arabia, and Wyoming. These freedom-haters have convened here in Vermont, lining up on our borders to permanently vanquish all that is worth believing in from the face of the earth, clogging Champ's gills with clotted Catamount blood.

However, a recent administration-sponsored study of these vile institutions has eased our fear and earned us back the upper hand. Champlain and Tsar Mike's have talked about rolling through the UVVR for years, but it's all talk. It's the same thing that happened in 2002 during the previous Fogel administration, when the Sisters of Mercy aimed missiles at the UVVR from their Trinity Campus and threatened to wipe Old Mill off the face of the earth. The unhesitant, heroic UVVR was forced to annex Trinity Campus, finding its missile nonexistent, its students cut off from society, and its nuns prostituting themselves. Now under the protection of

our People's Republic, Trinity thrives, reporting it's highest standard of living since before the War of 1812.

But this most recent study discovered our two remaining adversaries in even worse shape than '02 Trinity: we've been steeling ourselves against empty threats. When two brave UVVR envoys stepped foot on Champlain campus, they were immediately greeted by the stench of running sewage, burning coal, and plague-riddled corpses. After getting apprehended by disorganized, presumably tripping security officers, our diplomats flashed their fake Champlain College passbooks and proceeded to the center of campus.

By the time they reached the quad, which contained little more than a sand-box, some rabid dogs, and a Denny's, our two officials knew that all our worries were for naught. Fears of a military threat were eased by the starvation and marks of scurvy clear on every student; even their ROTC trained using bone clubs and shields made from the bark of birch trees. Most students were discovered to be held their against their will, made to endure sick human experimentation by chemistry professors who worked night shifts at Dunkin' Donuts. The envoys took photographs, collected samples, planted the UVVR flag, and flogged a few freshman to ensure our lasting security.

Their trip to Tsar Mike's revealed an even more desolate display of human existence. What they found there was not far off from a gulag: while nepotistic administrators, lounging on the bent backs of their subjects, gorged themselves on food and fine wine from distant lands, the students, bruised, emaciated, and branded with the university insignia, labored day and night, wearing little more than their neckties and pubic hair.

They seemed to be constructing a massive monument in the form of their Supreme Leader, nude and imposing, on

a hilltop that overlooks all of Colchester. Our envoys had to pass through several steel walls, riddle-telling sphinxes, and cavity checks to gain company with their Supreme Leader, who would only talk to them through a silk veil. He spoke highly of Tsar Mike's: its professors regularly publish essays in prominent journals about everything from the efficacy of Machiavelian rule to the humanitarian impact of the Milgram experiments.

Later, our UVVR diplomats laughed that this Supreme Leader sounded no older than a second grader, and that his numerous, castrated attendants pampered him with hourly bubble baths, Disney merchandise, and vats of Fun Dip. He had sent the envoys away with goodie bags of solid gold Slinkys, shrunken heads, and his old save files on *Minecraft*.

Catamounts, this is what we face. It hurts our hearts to see so many people, so close to our Paradise-on-Earth, reject what we have to offer in lieu of barbarism and slavery. But we are also relieved that the peace and prosperity of the UVVR will remain uncontested, for now and ever more!

Long live the University of Vermont! Long live President Tom Sullivan! Death be upon those who oppose us—may their flesh waste away, may their cattle die and their land yield no crop, may their wives cuckold them and their children turn to crackwhores, may they and their descendants be buried up to the neck and slowly picked to death by the basest insects! And when judgment is upon us, let the rest of the world burn, incinerating under His fiery gaze! Let the sinners of the world suffer the scalding, blinding, and anal gaping that they are due, while the Most Righteous lifts up the UVVR to a higher place. May we rise above all, an infallible, utopian commune, floating in the sky above the world of the damned, and may we enjoy the eternal paradise we have come close to creating on Earth! ■

ira be praised: *daly* reelected, enduring victory of uvvr certain

by **comrade jamesaglio**

This weekend gave us ample opportunity to reflect on the glorious second coming of our Lord and Savior, UVVR SGA President Connor Daly. Never a close race, due to his imposing posture edging out all competition, we must rejoice nonetheless. Sad would be the day when we would no longer be watched over by his benevolent gaze.

Mr. Daly works tirelessly to provide UVVR Students with the most superior educational experience available to modern man. Whether fighting to defend the administration against the dangerous intellectualism of the UVVR's necessary evil, its professors, or to increase the salt allowance in the deliciously nutritious gruel for no reason beyond the personal enjoyment of the student body, Connor Daly slaves away for the benefit of all.

When this work ethic is combined with

Mr. Daly's dashing good looks and winning smile, it becomes increasingly clear that the UVVR has truly been blessed by our eternal and splendid leader, Ira Allen. If the UVVR were not destined to stand boldly atop the earth, singular in our educational prowess, why would we be gifted with such outstanding personalities as Connor Daly?

Not all work and no play, however, Mr. Daly has also shown an audacious, cheeky side. This is the man who dared to pose next to a criminal for a photograph and then use that photograph as his campaign poster hours before said criminal was arrested on charges of distributing crack-cocaine. This is our president. With equal measures panache and boldness, he will lead this university into a brand new glorious era of instructional domination. ■

comrade kevin kennedy

АЯОЦИО ТОЩИ

the honors college produces world leaders

by comrade marissabucci

Take a stroll around UVVR's leafy green campus on one of these early spring days, and you'll notice the cone of silence that surrounds a single dormitory on Athletic Campus. The building is less than a decade old, LEED-certified, and the home to some of the most elusive and enigmatic 500 students at this university.

University Heights North is the home of the Honors College, a program that selects individuals while they are still in the womb to begin their education at three months old. From the ages of one to eighteen, students reside in an underground facility beneath the dormitory, where they are put through a rigorous curriculum and not allowed outside until their eighteenth birthdays. "We've learned how to react to social situations appropriately, so that once we enter the university structure we will know how to properly interact with our peers," says an anonymous source from within the Honors College.

Once fully ripened, the students are moved to the above-ground dormitory-style compound where they live only amongst other Honors College students, and where security is the best in the world. "You need your UVVR ID to get into the lobby," an anonymous source explains, "and to go up any staircase, you need your ID, as well as an eye and palm scan to verify your identity." The University is serious about maintaining the safety of their Honors College students—after all, these are the most qualified students with the most potential. They must be protected to the utmost ability of the University; for fear that they could be kidnapped and used for evil.

Defection is the most serious offense that an Honors

College student can commit. If a student tries to defect, as many do after their sophomore year, Honors College guard Lisa Schnell ensures that the student in question does not leave, either through financial incentives or blackmail. One graduating senior told the harrowing story of how she tried to leave the Honors College and was threatened by the administration that if she did, she would never get a job that required a college degree.

Honors College protégés, though they interact daily with the rest of the University student body, have some characteristics that set them apart from the plebeians—I mean, other students. You will never see an Honors College student out on the weekend. Friday and Saturday nights usher mandatory quiet hours, as well as study groups from 7-11pm. After study time, students have two hours in which to hang out in the building, or do more work. Lights out is promptly at 1am.

Honors College students are additionally required to take 21 credits (at no additional cost). There is a different lecture series every semester that students must attend on Thursday evenings, called "plenary lecture." Previous topics have included Sleep Regulation, Socialization Skills, Dating Habits and Codes of College-Aged Individuals, and Party Ethics. These lectures help to further enhance the ability of these students to interact normally with other students, baristas, and New World employees.

Go ahead and make fun if you so desire. Just remember that in ten years, these students will be ruling the world, all because they had the words "Honors College" printed on their degree. ■

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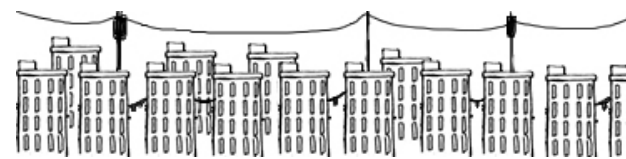
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the fairest winds: burlington's flawless weather

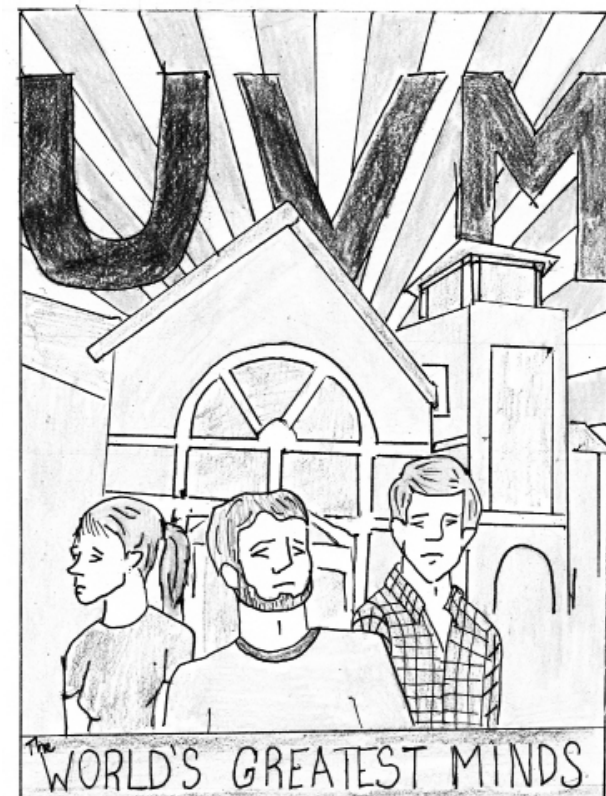
by comrade lizcantrell

Were it not for Burlington's perfect weather, 365 days a year, our campus would not be nearly as beloved and esteemed as it is. Our climate suits all peoples and temperaments. It is difficult to pinpoint exactly what makes UVVR the meteorological oasis that it is. So, dear reader, let us review the environmental elements that define our great institution, Universitas Viridis Montis.

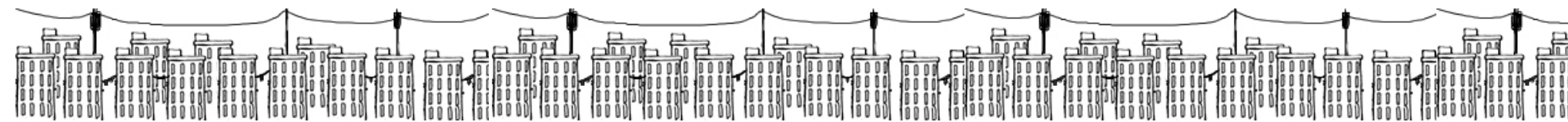
Perhaps what makes the weather so desirable is the unseen, yet not unwelcome, warm air that wafts through the continuously open windows all across campus. No matter where you are, be it the venerable Old Mill, or the august pillar of scholarship, Bailey Howe, a gentle breeze from the serene waters of Lake Champlain will constantly refresh you. The wind is always light, like caterpillar kisses. It is never aggressive enough to knock students down or to scatter hopes and dreams to the far corners of the earth. Students often report that their most treasured memories are pleasantly windy days, which occur, of course, every day.

Yet, might it be the months of December to March that have solidified the weather in our hearts? In the winter, our students enjoy a mild, temperate climate. Only a madman could say he has ever seen a portentous storm cloud pass over our perfectly manicured and verdant campus. Professors often hold classes on the Waterman green, whereas other New England schools never enjoy such privileges. Once, about one hundred and fifty-five years ago, a student who was known to dabble in the "mystical art" of "fiction" reported that he saw a single snowflake fall on the nose of the austere bronze catamount statue. This student was swiftly removed from campus. Since, there has never been a day without brimming sunshine and complete acceptance of this glory by all students.

In closing, let us remember this campus trivia fact: whenever a student ventures online to check the weather (as if there were ever a need for such a superfluous exercise), the website always reports an idyllic temperature of 72 degrees. We all know in our heart of hearts that anyone who steps foot on our grounds is instantly mellowed and calmed by the golden sun-rays and lightly teasing winds. It is an undisputed fact that we enjoy the Platonic ideal of weather here at UVVR. ■



comrade liz stafford



our hallowed residence halls: the finest student accomodations

by comrade beckymakous

It's that time of year again! It's that time when everyone is trying to figure out classes for next semester, summer plans, and most importantly, where to live on campus next year. The options for living on campus are bountiful, and the biggest problem is that we can only live in one place. Some students will consider living off-campus, however, why would they want to leave their beautiful homes in the dorms of UVVR to cramped, overpriced, and inconvenient housing off-campus? But let us not look at the cons of living off-campus, but the pros of living on campus.

Central

These are some of the most spacious rooms at UVVR. With an average of over 70 square feet of space per occupant, there is plenty of room for activities and community bonding. The biggest question is why these rooms aren't snagged by upperclassmen early in the lottery housing process. Not too far from classes, and a jump, skip, and hop away from high-quality and delicious Cook Dining, these really should be some of the most sought after living areas on campus. Let's not forget that they're also the closest dorms to Trinity!

Trinity

With some of the greatest dining options on campus and proximity to the rest of campus and downtown, this is really the place to be. The food selection at North Side is varied, and students often rave about the flexibility of their hours of operation and the ease of use between the unlim-

ited and points meal plan. The nearness to classes is convenient as well as the short distance to the hospital. And, if you ever need a nature walk, Centennial Woods isn't too far away either. Also, not only is there the traditional dorm style housing, there is also the variety of the back five halls. The community feel in Hunt, McCann, Ready, Richardson, and Sichel is almost unrivalled. Unless, of course, if you look at Jeanne Mance.

"the biggest perk on redstone is definitely the convenience to campus. with that handy bike path between redstone and the davis center, the walk can be as short as 20 minutes."

Jeanne Mance

Jeanne Mance is the hub of student dorm living. With Trinity, Central, and Redstone all walking distance away, it is definitely the place to be if you're looking to make friends from every campus. It is also pretty close to downtown, if you're looking to spend time off-campus (but why someone would want to leave our beautiful and glorious campus of UVVR is beyond comprehension). Also, all the

floors at Jeanne Mance will give you good exercise, especially if you live on the 5th or 6th floors. You won't even need to go to the gym!

Redstone

The biggest perk on Redstone is definitely the convenience to campus. With that handy bike path between Redstone and the Davis center, the walk can be as short as 20 minutes. If you're not up for the walk, there is always the spacious and expedient Redstone Express that drops you off directly on Central. If anything, this service is underutilized. Another huge perk is the variety of dining locations nearby, such as the oft open and diverse Redstone Market. This is also prime location for viewing the beautiful architecture of the Redstone Lofts nearby.

Athletic

Harris Millis Dining is undoubtedly the student body's favorite unlimited dining hall and the biggest benefit to living on Athletic. The next best thing are the easy-to-navigate dorms, especially in Harris Millis and L/L. Also, the green in front of U-Heights is a great place to make friends and play games year round, like Frisbee.

With so many awesome places to live, the decision of where to room next year is going to be tough, but the good news is that you can't lose! Every place to live on campus is going to have huge advantages and you're bound to have a blast no matter where you live. ■

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The University of Vermont

100 YEARS
1869-2009

REFLECTIONS

diversity unmatched: our university's impressive strides toward inclusion

by comrade wesdunn

The already incredibly diverse student body of the UVVR will soon be seeing not just a huge array of diversity in terms of race and ethnicity, but also nationality. Per decree of our own St. Peter, Thomas Sullivan, in the years to come the hallowed gates of admission to our University atop the hill will part to admit many more students from less free and less fortunate countries. "This is most joyous news, not just for me, but also for my family, community and nation," said one prospective student from a country that is not the USA. "If I were to gain admission to the University of Vermont and bask in the incredible diversity that it has to offer, I would henceforth be able to return to my homeland with the tools and perspective required to begin to lift the heavy burden of homogeneity and intolerance."

To understand the current situation of our great University, we must go to the roots and recognize that the human race is made up of an extraordinary array of diverse kinds of people. All across the world, and especially in the glorious melting pot that is our own United States of America, there exists a marvelous variety of colors, creeds, and cultures. The convergence of these myriad races and ethnicities in modern times allows for great advancement as a species, and fosters broad thinking and high ideals.

Objectively speaking, the University of Vermont is already the finest institution in

the entire nation for those seeking an immersion in a community made up of all the diverse races and ethnicities to be found in America. Our knowledgeable and innovative administration is not content simply with national preeminence, however. According to a chief admissions officer, "Being the most domestically diverse institution of higher learning is certainly a cause for great pride, yet to be satisfied with this is to wallow in stagnation." This modern era is one of intercultural exchange and global citizenship, and in order to reflect this, it

"the administration was focused more on building a student body that reflected the incredible diversity here in Vermont, as we are the flagship state university."

has been deemed proper and noble that, in order to further the status of our most excellent University on the world stage, the droves of international students clamoring at our gates will henceforth be considered for admission in greater numbers."

Indeed, more than three times as many students from foreign shores will be gleefully ambling the campus pathways by 2017. "We were starting to feel bad," another admissions officer explained, "because so many foreign students were trying to come here to experience our diverse culture, to study, to give us lots of money, and we were not able to admit nearly as many of them as we would have liked to. The administration was focused more on building a student body that reflected the incredible diversity here in Vermont, as we are the flagship State University. But now that we've more than achieved that, they have turned our focus to students from places that are not the USA." This shift can already be seen in many areas of University life this year. Culinary options in the dining halls have been expanding, with many diverse foreign cuisines becoming fixtures. The stacks at Bailey Howe now hold copies of every book in 56 different languages. All of this is intended to make international students feel more at home, but it's really just icing on the cake for many.

"I talked to a prospective student from a non-USA country the other day—I forget which one." An admissions officer said. "They had just gotten back from a campus tour and had tears in their eyes! 'What's wrong?' I asked them. After a few sniffs, they managed to say that this was the greatest and most beautiful University they had ever seen, and that they were overwhelmed by the opportunity to walk amongst its amazing array of students for just a half hour. Now, I get to tell them that they can do so for at least four years!" ■

From the elegant and archaic buildings of Williams and Old Mill that have resided on this fine campus, to its inception, to the beautiful and modern landmarks of the Davis Center and the colorfully decorated Redstone Lofts, the UVVR is the most admired school in the United States. However, it is not only our facilities that make us a grand university; it is also our intelligent and well-endowed students. Our students range from Vermonters, to citizens from all over the 50 states, to international children from all over the globe. We are a very diverse student body, with students that will be the next generation of leaders and scientists. Not only are our current students among the world's best, our past alumnus have stood the test of time. Just take a minute to observe the great people of the world who gained their education from the University of Vermont. We see environmentalists, technological giants, movie stars, athletes, presidents, authors, CEOs, and international moguls.

The business school is a very important college at the University of Vermont. Its students are some of the smartest business students in the world. They have a lot to live up to, as the UVVR has graduated some very significant CEOs and technological innovators. Let us take moment of silence to remember Steve Jobs, the former president of Apple and class of '76 who passed away in 2011. Steve wasn't the greatest student while he attended the UVVR (he was put on academic probation his freshman year) but proved himself hardworking and determined. Apple has surely changed the face of how Americans use technology. Just look around your next class and see how many people have Macintosh computers and iPhones. The numbers has increased exponentially in the past five years.

Ironically, Steve's main competitor, Bill Gates also attended the UVVR. He was also a fantastic student with a passion for computer programming. He went on to do great things and invented Microsoft, which is the other type of computer you see around your classrooms. Technological giants we call them, and they have forever changed the

"al gore, former vice president of the united states, graduated from the university of vermont in 1969 and remains an important world leader."

market and economy of both the United States and the world. They gained their knowledge and passions from the UVVR, and our current students kindly follow in their footsteps.

The University of Vermont embodies the environmental image of Vermont in its attitude and actions. Look at our beautiful LEED certified buildings such as Jeffords Hall, the Dudley H. Davis Center, and the Aiken Center. Our alumni also embody this environmental attitude, and are leading the charge for today's environmental issues, including what may be the problem of our generation, climate change.

Al Gore is an important proponent of changing our way of thought and individual action towards the environment. He is the former Vice President of the United States and has brought about a campaign to expose and combat global warming. He graduated from the University of Vermont in 1969 and is an important world leader.

Bill Mckibben, who also attended the University of Vermont is the president of 350.org and an important solidier in the fight against climate change. He has heralded the fight, more recently, to combat big oil industries. What a champion! He surely gained much of his knowledge about environmental issues from the Rubenstein School of the Environment and Natural Resources, from which he graduated.

What book did all students read while in high school? Well, *The Great Gatsby* of course. F. Scott Fitzgerald wrote this modernist piece of literature, which has become a classic of American literature, while he was at school here at the UVVR! He resided in our very own Harris dormitory and crafted the character of Gatsby while working sleepless nights on campus. What a tremendous alumni to have graduated our amazing university.

Fitzgerald also met one of his best friends, a fellow member of the Lost Generation, while at school here. Ernest Hemingway attended classes at Old Mill, and gained much of the inspiration for his work in Burlington under the guidance of his studious professors.

There are so many more important alumni to have attended the University of Vermont, including our first president George Washington, our anti-slavery president Abraham Lincoln, athletes such as Michael Jordan and Babe Ruth, and important Hollywood stars such as Denzel Washington, Brad Pitt, Jennifer Aniston, and Ryan Reynolds. Enjoy your time at the University of Vermont, and remember the important figures that have come before you. Live up to their examples, and you too will succeed thanks to the knowledge you gained here at the UVVR. ■

by comrade mikestorace

honoring our bretheren: uvvr's distinguished alumni

the watch list

by comrade coleburton

Two dissidents were colluding outside of University Heights South last Sunday. A loyal passerby heard the two complaining about how unrealistic it is to initiate a smoking ban on the UVVR campus. The loyal drone quickly reported them and, when the proper authorities arrived, they were placed under arrest and escorted to a secure facility in Vermont's version of Siberia: Winooski.

A male student walked across the green behind the Davis Center on Thursday, purposefully avoiding one of the many sidewalks in place to prevent such an outrageous occurrence. For avoiding the unsightly eyesores and walking on the soft grass, the Catamount Komissariat apprehended this subversive and quickly set to knee-capping the perverse individual, guaranteeing he will never soil our greens again.

STUDY HARD



FOR GRADES AND GLORY!

Last Thursday evening, a first-year was caught making disparaging remarks about the Student Government Association. The student in question was brought before the Catamount Disciplinary Committee and was sentenced to 157 utterings of "Go Cats Go!"

As one girl was complaining about the Grundle weekend brunch is, another quickly quipped about how they must put small amounts of laxatives in everything to make the food edible. The Komissariat's bugs, placed inside every napkin dispenser (watch your back if you stole one), caught everything on audiotape. The two have already been charged, tried, and convicted of spreading libel and damaging the illustrious name of the Harris/Millis Dining Hall. They were sent off to the infamous gulag that is Tsar Mike's.

Three subversives were seen congregating at dusk across the grassy knoll behind University Heights. A passerby complained of a skunky smell and the distinct sound of revolutionary talk. The colluding malcontents spoke of divesting from fossil fuels and increasing funding for the humanities program. The witness faithfully brought this rowdy group to the attention of UVVR's Stasi who apprehended and implemented untold of interrogative methods in learning the identities of other resistance fighters. The next day secret police forces raided the Slade residence hall. ■

comrade julianna roen



FASHION FIVE-ON university fashion: the official guide

by **comrade sarahperda**

The University of Vermont prides itself on being the world's most aspirational institute for higher education, thus we must pay homage to it in all ways possible. The way to truly embrace your position as one of the chosen few, to be a part of such a glorious community, is to don the only colors of any importance: green and gold.

While many other colors may be found within the eternal rainbows arching over the Waterman Green, one will notice that the brightest and boldest of the seven are the green and gold, and rightfully so. As the chosen ones, our fashions should reflect our school pride; green and gold should permeate a UVVRers wardrobe from his shirt down to his skivvies. For those who are hesitant to make such a commitment, I urge you to let your inhibitions go. Forest green and golden yellow complement every skin tone, and furthermore, a strategically placed Catamount flatters every figure. Just try it; you'll like it.

The ideal University of Vermont student solely sports green attire with accents of gold. Why, you may ask? Because one must not suffer the disgrace of being mistaken for a Champlain or St. Michael's student. The best way to show you are part of the elite, and to set yourself apart from other students infiltrating our city, is to saturate your wardrobe with olive overcoats, jade jackets, and emerald

earmuffs galore. The gold is equally as important in one's wardrobe, however it must be tastefully placed. Small, finishing touches such as buttons on a jacket embossed with our seal or class rings give every UVVR student an additional touch of class. The university's own boutique, The UVVR Bookstore, boasts only the most fashion-forward clothing and accessories; after converting the entirety of your savings to CatScratch, you can begin to build your Catamount wardrobe from the ground up.

The one accessory you cannot forgo: your UVVR

“the best way to show you are part of the elite, and to set yourself apart from other students infiltrating our city, is to saturate your wardrobe with olive overcoats.”

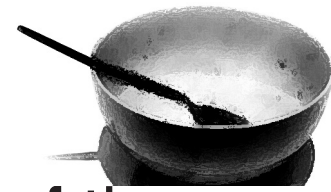
“Class of _____” pin. On move-in day, UVVR acknowledges your induction into this prestigious institution by presenting you with this brass button of belonging. From here on out, each student becomes one with the pin, and one with the school. This pin endorses a Catamount's exclusivity, further setting him apart from those that can only hope to be one of us.

Why don't we wear other colors here? Because they do not exude Catamount pride. Never will a University of Vermont student be seen in any other colors; never will a Catamount stray from the fashions that glorify this exclusive, collegiate society. Why stand out if you were born to fit in? ■



comrade lauryn schrom

POOR IT OVER



the second coming: the wonders of the grundle

by **comrade jamiebeckett**

Since writing my last article I have had an epiphany. While pondering my future existence at this school, I realized that next year when I'm living off-campus I won't have the privilege of enjoying Sodexo eight days a week, a notion that deeply saddens me. Over the course of the past two years, the school's dining establishments have become something of a second home for me. The familiar walls that decorate the Grundle combined with the friendly faces welcoming you inside makes every visit worthwhile. While I am now a points person, I think fondly back to the daze of freshman year when I was a frequent grundler. I braved the Grundle daily and was rewarded for it. To this day, the aroma that envelops the first floor of Harris Millis entices me downwards, overcome with the desire for piping hot grundle.

Once inside I see the familiar options: pizza, pasta, grilled cheese and, of course, the freshest salads on campus. I think to myself, it is my right and duty to literally eat everything. So I set off to pile my plate high with pizza and lemon bars and there wasn't a minute when I regretted my decision. After stuffing my face, a process that when done correctly should take at least a half hour, my body feels oddly saturated. Bursting with vitamins and minerals, I feel energized and I begin to plan my adventurous day.

Should I hunt down and wrestle a moose today, or merely bike the cosway on a unicycle? The options seem limitless. While pondering my options, suddenly my stomach growls. This growling sensation is more of a lurch like that

of a huge train suddenly forced to a stop. My eyes shoot up hopelessly searching for the nearest toilet and I dart out of the room as my whole lower intestine begins to contract. Just in time, I sit my ass down, and no sooner my body purges the unlawful amount of food I just consumed. Time passes as my body cleanses the Sodexo food out of me and my body begins to swell with pride. I have yet again successfully passed a grundle food baby. Like every proud father, I stand up and admire my work before flushing. Like a narcoleptic chimp, my excitement has caused me to become very drowsy and I march back into my room to pass out face first on my mattress for what will be a glorious six hour nap.

“to this day, the aroma that envelops the first floor of Harris Millis entices me downwards, overcome with the desire for piping hot grundle.”

To this day, Sodexo continues to sustain me by providing the nutrients I need to continue my college lifestyle. I need to continue more preparation than a willingness to subject myself to Sodexo. The food here is convenient, and I can't conceive of a future where I don't have constant access to fried chicken and mozzarella sticks. Who needs fresh fruits and vegetables when you can drink two Odwallas a day to keep the doctor away? Currently, the prospect of preparing all of my own food scares me, and I wonder how many bowls of instant Ramen one has to consume before the longing for grundle pizza becomes unbearable. Late night grundle shall remain a home away from home, and I hope that every student to ever walk through these halls will have the privilege of eating unlimited Sodexo. ■



comrade katharine longfellow

TRASH

i want you so bad

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

Your love notes, typed neat, once every week
My inbox engorged by your sweet tongue and cheek
Gary Derr, I was nervous for cyber love's passage
But now, shift one enter, as I pine for your message
Reply to sender or all, I'm to tell
How your weekly updates put me under a spell
As spring mounts atop our University slow
I've got some news that YOU ought to know
I want you so bad, I'll follow your links
Do anything at all for some sexy hijinks
When: Every week
Where: My inbox
I saw: (1) New message
I am: wanting my list serv(ed)

Dearest Rubenstein TAs,
Bearded boys and flannels for days,
When it comes to the Earth you're all so clever,
We want you inside of us forever.
When you're up in front teaching class,
We all pray you drop something so we can peep DAT ASS.
With your beards so scruffy and your asses so round,
We just want you to take us to Pound Town.
Outdoor labs are the best part of the course,
Speaking of wood, we'd suck yours 'til we're hoarse.
Boys, we've never seen flannel look so good,
It makes us girls much wetter than it should.
In class we fantasize about 1-on-1 office hours,
Thoughts so dirty we'll need a shower.
My biggest regret now that we're graduating,
Is never getting the chance of mating,
With a TA so woodsy and hot,
All we've ever wanted was to touch your cock.
SERIOUSLY, you guys are all so fucking hot.
When: All 4 years
Where: Rubenstein Classes
I saw: Philip, Ryan, Mitchell, Alejandro, Bart, & Ethan
I am: The willing and ready women of Rubenstein

On hands and knees, dear University
I beg that you might perchance accept me.
Your campus shines bright of green and gold,
Your classes best Harvard over ten fold.
I cried on my tour, "What glorious trees!"
Then, weeped at your Grundle, "So tart and tasty!"
Yes the tear I have shed in utter envy
...and the tears how they dropped what you waited listed me.
Please glorious school, just give me a chance!
I'll clean up my act, I'll live in Jeanne-Mance.
Where: Admissions
I saw: the school of my dreams
I am: wallowing in anticipation.

My heart filled with glee
When you said "Ice cream's on me!"
Another time you made me a chocolate peanut butter shake
And my knees started to quake!
My friends all know that you're my girl crush
And every time I see you I get a sugar rush!
I'm not sure if I'm bi,
But I'm certainly willing to try!
Whenever I see you, you put me in a mood...
For some chunky monkey and a scoop of phish food!
When: Too often
Where: My guilty pleasure
I saw: Another Ben & Jerry's girl
I am: questioning my sexuality



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

With your beautiful preppy clothes and your golden fluffy hair,
You make my heart throb and it's not even fair.
I see you everywhere; I can't help but notice you,
With your high mentality, I just want to give you the que.
I crave to scream your name at the top of my lungs,
Oh Mr. Rodgers, please, oh please make me cum!
I want you so bad; it's you that I want to screw.
It's so cute when you act like a wanna-be-jew.
You so cray! I just want to have some fun,
Please sir! Fuck me until I'm done.
With a teaspoon of sugar and a cup of salt,
I want you to relieve my body, I promise not to file sexual assault.
When: MWF
Where: around
I saw: sexy gentleman
I am: dreaming of you

Girl, I know I'm not the best at prose,
So just bend over and give me that Grundle swiping pose.
Cuz that's the G-spot that gives us mutual pleasure,
And the Grundle boner I get is hard to measure: 8 inches of breadstick, to have at your leisure
So lets skip the salad, what we do isn't healthy
Straight to the grill, no need to be stealthy.
Slobber on that sauce, like it's the last thing you'll eat,
But wait! Save room! I'm going to give you a treat.
I'll let you unwrap it slowly,
Once we get back to Main Street.
Or if you want we can take a detour,
To our favorite wall for some apple chucking,
Where you can get on all fours for a post-meal fucking.
Sorry to be vulgar, I know we're just platonic,
It must be that this food's got me sick like the plague: bubonic.
So I hope I don't puke up the food we just ate,
On our classy, romantic Grundle date.
To conclude, I can't thank you enough for my Grundle swipes,
In return, you said a card and some fresh bread would be nice,
But I hope the smile you got from this poem will suffice.

When: the best nights of our lives
Where: the grundle
I saw: Erin Hullinger
I am: always DTG

the ear

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

Athletic

Gentleman: Hey, does your friend have a boyfriend?

Lady: Haha, this is awkward...

Gentleman: Why...

Lady: Because she's my girlfriend.

Millis hallway, Thursday night

Respectable maiden to marine: Alright, I need to talk serious with you now.

Marine: I can see your boobs through your shirt.

Lafayette 100, at a Rehearsal for the Sr. Festival of Plays

Shakespearean scholar: And I began to doubt the very existence of my clitoris.

In a stairway in L/L

Comrade to comrade: Dude, what if Morgan Freeman's voice wasn't awesome?

Comrade 2 (very seriously): Then everything would change... life would suck.

Cook Commons

Putin: Wait, do you hear that?

Medvedev: Wait, what?

Putin: Oh, it's the sound of something echoing in your cavernous vagina.

Between MAT and the Marche, 3/28

Dr. Krieger: That is not a good excuse. A good excuse is like, last night I had to do surgery on my pet rat.

advertisement

TUNES.

this week in tunes

by comrade dylanmccarthy

Tom Sullivan files a restraining order against Dave Matthews. Yes, we've all heard the rumors that Dave would play at one of the 'seasonfests' but what we didn't hear was our glorious leader's side of the story: Matthew's had been sending President Sullivan emails ever since he started ruling the school, begging for a spot on campus and a spot in your heart. Eyewitness accounts report boxes of chocolate on Sullivan's door from "DM." Sorry, but he's just not that into you.

Kanye West enrolls at the UVVR. After a recent sit down with his debut album *The College Dropout*, Yeezy had the epiphany that his reoccurring 'higher education is lame' theme was entirely wrong. In a matter of minutes, Mr. West decided that he belonged in the far north. He was quoted on his website as saying, "AH YEA! IM DOING ART AND ALL THAT CRAY SHIT!"

Andre 3000 slated to teach at the University in Fall 2013. Years after the cancellation of his animated television show *Class of 3000*, Andre has become a full-blown professor. The administration, ever progressive, has given

concerts at the heart of our campus

by comrades dylanmccarthy and rebeccaLaurion

Hello hello hello wonderful student comrades, and an extra special hello to any glorious UVVR administrators, we are but acolytes to your wisdom. It's a beautiful morning here on campus, and my stone slab bench in front of the Davis Center has been heated to perfection. There's still an hour until the Davis Center opens, but the wait is worth it when you're the first student in the Davis Center, the very heart of our mighty campus.

What doesn't the Davis Center have? Might, clear glass doors welcome you from all sides, so that even from a distance you can see into the Davis Center and mentally prepare yourself for entry. If you're coming from Athletic or Redstone Campus you're welcomed by the expansive bookstore, where you can purchase textbooks, paper, fine-fashion, and many other knick-knacks at a mark up from other nearby places, so that we students can assist our University in its growth outside of our tuition payments. The bottom floor has even more magic than the top: Cat Pause offers the sweet, factory-processed taste of Green Mountain Coffee for US dollars if you'd rather save your meal points for the imitation sushi of your choice in the Marketplace. And you can't forget Growing Vermont, where any student can get all their locally made needs like iron hooks, wicker baskets, and the finest beer cap earrings.

I could go on forever, but I must save ample space to talk about the finest faculty of the grand Davis Center: the concerts. The Davis Center steers clear of the formula employed by whoever's in charge of the Fall and Spring Fests. Phew! Who wants to see bands everyone already knows? ASAP Rocky? Pffft. MGMT? Been there, done that in 2010! Concerts in the Davis Center provide us with the voices and beats of the uber stars of tomorrow! Much like the University can guide over 80% of its student body to five-figure jobs within three years of graduation, it can also show us who everyone will be listening to way ahead of schedule. In my three years at UVM I've never missed a musical event at the Davis Center's premier music venue, Brennans, so follow us and reminisce on this fantastic venue and recent musical wonders.

Dylan's Bit:

As a music venue, Brennan's is a tour de force for all five senses. Just a few Wednesdays ago I stopped by Brennan's when I was yearning for some fine Indie Rock, and it still felt like the first time I swayed beneath those strange ceiling lights

How You See Brennan's: Like the mighty Davis Center, Brennan's employs the clear glass entrance tactic with amazing expertise. If you're coming in from a steamy exotic read in Bailey/Howe's delicious rare books section and enter on the ground floor, you can see the faint golden aura emanating from behind the Brennan's counter, welcoming students, professors, world leaders, and all who bask in its glow.



Prof. 3000 the flexibility to try out his experimental curriculum. Andre has also specifically forbidden Kanye from being in his class.

Tyler, the Creator's new album *Wolfleaked*, all songs about the UVVR. Odd Future's abrasive leader's third album fell into the same accidental early release muck as 2011's *Goblin*. Fans were shocked at the entirely UVVR themed track list, especially considering the dearth of Burlington concert appearances. Favorite tracks are "Swaggin' with the Grundle," "Billings Bad Love," and "Doing Coke with Freshmen."

Trey Anastasio revealed as long standing TA in the UVVR's Geology Department. Yes the virtuoso from Phish must've missed his time at the university, because he's been TAing in the UVVR's Geology department under the pseudonym "Leonard Betts" for over a decade. Andre 3000, a long time fan, has requested that Trey be allowed to TA his 'Class of 3000,' but the board has yet to confirm if this will be allowed. ■

Things only get better as you get closer! Finding a mythical midground between new age eatery, living room, and carpeted attic with a stage ensures you've never listened to live music in a place like this before. The stage spans a staggering 20 feet, and the overhead lighting gets absolutely intense. I've been in there when there were four colors at once illuminating a DJ's grill. Seating is quite important, like any music venue with chairs, and at Brennan's you have some choices to make: Do you want a table where you can comfortably eat your food, but risk being too far from the band? Or do you want to balance your food in your lap as you're mere inches away from the music?

How You Taste Brennan's: Normally concert food is nothing but soggy nachos, but when you're at Brennan's you're dining and listening in the highest style. What could be a higher honor than having your band's first show at the UVVR's best or second-best non-unlimited meal plan dining choice? Nothing of course. Always keeping the mighty Davis Center in mind, Brennan's ramps up the prices for food, drink, and booze so that we may continue to support our University with real money long after your points run out in the second month of class. The taste is just perfect when the music strikes up.

How You Smell Brennan's: Oh so closely related to How You Taste Brennan's is that indescribable scent. How

“next weekend, the classics department's dubstep group will be performing outside the library to celebrate the release of their new album 'party like it's 499 bc.'”

does Our Lord Sodexo do it? I've heard rumors that the fries aren't deep fried in run of the mill oil, but edible liquid gold creating the definitive 'golden brown' color, and that 'The Gutf' was engineered by French food scientists in an underground laboratory to ensure that its scent was of 99.1% maple-fresh purity. Not to mention that I've at least heard one account that the honey mustard contains diamonds, but that's probably not true.

How You Touch Brennan's: It's so damn tempting, but I must encourage everyone to keep this sense on the down low. I just end up getting carried away, like the time I went to get condiments but enjoyed playing with the dispenser so much I covered the entire lower half of my body in ketchup. I also got too excited and walked up and touched a musician's arm while he was on stage once. He gave me a weird look and stopped playing for a bit, but no one else seemed to notice.

How You Hear Brennan's: This is what's really important eh? Well, you could walk through Brennan's with your eyes closed and still get a wondrous experience. The gentle simmer of things being fried, the light roar of hun-

comrade ben berrick



gry students, every enchanting sound. When bands play in the Patrick Gym and the Grand Maple Ballroom, the experience is lessened because the rooms are too big and you can hardly hear the music! Not at Brennan's though; here, the sound is pure, and fellow music enthusiast Comrade Rebecca Laurion will explain just how lovely things can sound at Club 590.

Rebecca's Bit:

To say that last Friday night was the most epic musical experience of my life would be a great understatement. At Brennan's Pub in the majestic Davis Center, I was entranced by the musical stylings of the newest Acapella group on campus, formed entirely by Biology professors, The Strigolac-Tones! And what a concert it was! I'm so thankful that the event was mandatory in order for me to pass my science classes, otherwise I would have missed out on the event of a lifetime.

I must confess that tears were brought to my eyes and ended up in my pancakes as I listened to song after glorious song about the intricacies of inter-plant relationships. I had no idea just how many feelings chlorophyll could inspire in my soul. For that I thank you, Strigolac-Tones. Such melodic hits as "Opening the Stomata of my Heart" and "My Neurons are Firing for You" truly deserve more recognition than just at our magnificent yet humble university. Which is why you can now download the new album, *The Biology of Love* on iTunes today, or purchase a disc at every dining hall, classroom, and vending machine on campus for the very reasonable price of \$49.95 [plus tax]!

Surrounded by my 200 closest friends from my Bio lecture, breathing in the aromatic scent of the sizzling bacon and fries on the grill, and pressed against the wall for lack of seating, I realized that no other musical event in my life will ever compare. With such talent and entertainment offered for us students, what use could any of us ever have for any other concert venues? Despite having no formal training and minimal practicing time (professors are far busier than us students, after all; we could never possibly understand the stress), the Strigolac-Tones gave us all such fulfillment that night, the likes of which will never be matched. I've since listened to their album at least seventeen times, and I have to say it only gets better! Be sure to grab yourself, your roommate, your parents, and all your pets a copy! This one isn't to be missed!

Did you miss out on this extraordinary event? Have no fear, the rest of the faculty is here! Next weekend the Classics department's dubstep group will be performing outside the library to celebrate the release of their new album "Party Like It's 499 BC." There's really no reason to be missing these shows, people, unless you enjoy the repercussions...of being musically deprived, that is! ■

CREATIVE STUFF.

dc livin'

by comrade bethziehl

As I lay in bed falling asleep, I couldn't help but rehash my awesome day on the UVVR campus. Every day here feels like something special. Today, I spent ten hours in the Davis Center's strong, thick arms, I mean, walls. I just didn't want to leave. As I fell into my dream state, I found myself back in the Davis Center, only, I was actually living there.

My day began when I awoke upon two plush chairs on the fourth floor and I grabbed my towel to head for the shower like any other day. I went down to the third floor to the gender neutral bathroom to shower and passed by my friend Ryan.

"Hey Ryan," I said, as I headed into the bathroom.

"Hey, man," he returned, as though it was completely normal that I was living in the Davis Center.

After showering, I headed down to the Marketplace in my towel to grab a coffee and a breakfast sandwich. I said hello to the chefs and everyone I knew by name. I liked to chat them up so they'd give me free food. In the checkout line, I hit on a really hot chick and she agreed to go out on a date with me. I figured what better place to take a date than Brennan's? The plan was to meet there at seven and I couldn't wait.

I chose to skip my only class of the day to play pool instead, and found that the hours just flew by. My buddies showed up and we must have played at least eight games. There was a plant sale in the atrium, and they helped me pick out some nice plants to spruce up my place upstairs. I must say it's looking pretty good; it's got everything I need. My bed turns into seating for two and the chairs can be moved into the Grand Maple Ballroom

for prime movie viewing on the large projection screen. This is probably the typical date I bring girls on and I'm able to get free popcorn from Brennan's. Tonight I'm really stepping it up for my date. On the fourth floor, there's even free food out for events sometimes and a nice fireplace for those cold winter nights. That's where I really get the girls. Y'know, snuggling in a blanket by the fire.

As the time neared seven o'clock, I headed to Cat Pause to buy some nice table decorations. I bought some colorful tissues to set up as a table cloth and a few candles for ambiance. Candles get a girl every time. You should have seen her face when she saw the table I set for two. I put in our food order and we chatted for a bit, but that didn't last very long. We both couldn't take it. She was looking at me with that look that said, 'I want you so bad. I knew that she must have been the one who wrote to me in **THE WATCH TOWER** newspaper. Girls knew I had the best bachelor pad on campus.

I took her hand and we ran up the long flight of stairs to the gender neutral bathroom which we locked and hurriedly removed our clothes. I pushed her up against the wall and we fucked so hard.

Next thing I knew, I was waking up for real this time in my own bed and my own dorm room. I was all alone with no girl as comfort. Man, how I wished I could actually live in the Davis Center. It has everything I could ever need! I would never have to leave. Don't get me wrong, Jeanne Mance is a spectacular place to live and I love campus, but I just can't get enough of the DC. ■



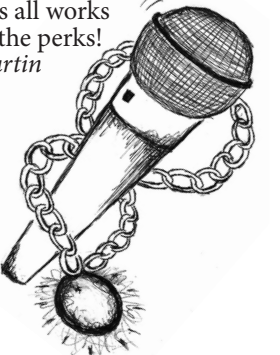
the cipher

with comrade kerrymartin

*The magnificent University of Vermont has the world's finest MCs. Period. End of discussion. Here at **THE WATCH TOWER**, we celebrate our culturally superior heritage, founded by the greatest rapper of all time, Supreme Leader of Executive Operations Gary Derr. This week, we uphold Utopian Socialism.*

Oh Catamounts, you students of prudence and piety Let me tell you 'bout the one and only ideal society That promotes propriety as well as sobriety And will ease your anxiety about all this variety. As you know, diversity's the root of all evil And must be cast out with persecution medieval. Can't you hear? It's time for some social upheaval We idolize the past and now it's time for retrieval. Sixteen-hundred man commune, so egalitarian We'll all be good friends, no more violence sectarian Ninety percent agrarian, nine percent librarian And one glorious, infallible percent authoritarian Don't concern yourself with exactly how this all works Just do what you're told and you'll enjoy all the perks!

by collar-poppin' propagandist Kerry Martin



Next issue, we rain on Spring Time. The week after, we debate Cannabis Legalization. Send your raps to thewatertownnews@gmail.com with the subject "My flow is too grimy, Ganges River" or something to that effect. Once again, best rapper of the semester gets a \$25 gift card to Boloco! ■

art spotlight: the amazing fleming museum

by comrade kerrymartin

Walking up its four proud marble steps and admiring the abstract outdoor sculpture that is reminiscent of—though still superior to—Paris' famed Musée Louvre, I saluted as I approached the University of Vermont's Robert Hull Fleming Museum. In the honest but by-necessity-ass-kissing review that follows, I will reflect on the surreal, twenty-two-minute stroll I took through this house of holy creation.

The description the Museum displays on its website is apt: "a cultural treasure prized by Vermonters and visitors for

more than 80 years...a practical place of learning—a vibrant, ongoing educational institution for both children and adults... the Museum houses Vermont's most comprehensive collection of art and anthropological artifacts. It presents innovative exhibitions of contemporary and historic art from around the world." What could be more engaging? After reading these words on a public Davis Center computer, I logged out of my server in a flash and ran across campus to the Fleming, in whose architectural glory I now find myself, pant-

ing.

And then began my journey through time and space. With a lesser collection I might have found the dense throngs of art appreciators suffocating and distracting, but not at the Fleming; nosing to the front of the crowds that surrounded each magnificent painting proved instantly rewarding. These were powerful works of art, they made the world around me melt away and gripped my heart, soothing or strangling it as they pleased. From paintings like Lambert Doomer's *Couple with a Globe* (1658)

and Thomas Hovenden's *Dat Possum Smell Pow'ful Good* (1881), to artifacts like *The Deceased Rahotep Facing the Offering Table (fragment)* (2040-525 BCE) and a Papua New Guinean *Lime Spoon* (1940), I forgot myself in these majestic halls. When at last I had sated my patriotically limited tolerance for the fine arts, I left the Fleming, throwing my last hundred in the donation bill, and went on with my day, blissful to be a Catamount. ■



in praise of UVVR: a sonnet

by comrade jamesaglio

How can one bear without consternation to see the wayward youths learning alone unfettered by guidance, trusting their own process? It causes exasperation. There is need of reevaluation, narrow paths to travel and skills to hone, they will one learned day their sins atone. They are in need of an education. But what? Can you not see it present here? The answer to our sorrowful prayers has already been found amongst our ranks. A machine to compress these minds so dear, and crush inspirations cruel decayers, so to UVVR let us give thanks. ■



Tenets of a Good Student

A good student never harms our common cause

A good student never betrays his people

A good student never complains

A good student never leads others astray

A good student always knows his place

A good student always accepts his grade

A good student always lives by the University Guidelines

A good student always reports suspicious activity

