

# the water tower.

uvm's alternative newsmag



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## we're all going to hell



by maxbookman

God hates everyone and we're all going to Hell. But that's not all.

According to the members of the Westboro Baptist Church who paid a visit to UVM last week, God especially hates homosexuals, Jews, Catholics, President Obama, and just about anyone who doesn't take their particular biblical interpretations seriously.

The WBC's picket sparked a firm backlash, largely among members of UVM's LGBTQA, Jewish, and activist communities. About 150 gathered to stage a counter-protest across from the paltry half-dozen WBC picketers on the opposite side of South Prospect Street.

The spectacle of dueling rallies on that Tuesday morning, one defined by hate and prejudice, the other by love and resistance, raises two questions.

First, is there a most effective way to react to such blatantly hateful speech? Second, if there are members of the UVM community who share the sentiments of the WBC, should their expressions of free speech be tolerated?

Responses to the first question vary. Bryce Jones, newly-minted President of the Student Government Association, sent an email to the student community urging us to "come together and ignore their message." UVM Hillel, a Jewish student organization on campus, sent a similar email to club members echoing

Mr. Jones's plea to ignore the protestors at all costs.

But is ignoring such vile contemptuous speech truly the best path? Granted, the goal of the Westboro Baptist Church is to get people really really pissed off. That's why they do things like picket the funerals of homosexual victims of hate crimes, as well as those of fallen soldiers. By ignoring their pickets, we would deny them their primary objective to incite anger and offence. Maybe if enough people ignored their hate, they'd just go away.

**"Disobedient filth" was a common charge slung by one of the central picketers, who came off more like an angry grandma off her meds than an evil queer-Jew hater."**

However, to homosexual or Jewish UVM-ers, (or homosexual Jewish UVM-ers!), or simply to anyone who takes offence to such hateful speech, it was certainly a comforting experience to see the vast outpouring of emotion against the picketers that occurred in the counter protest. It was as if the score was 150 to 7.

"I'm here for love for everyone," said UVM junior Aurie Ben-Ezri-Ravin as she pecked the face of a nearby friend.

Of course, there were those who couldn't help but confront the picketers directly. They quickly discovered that these people aren't open to considering opposing ideas. "Disobedient filth" was a common charge slung by one of the central picketers, who came off more like an angry grandma off her meds than an evil queer-Jew hater.

By choosing to ignore or counter the hate speech, UVM-ers were free to express themselves in their own way. While it is safe to assume that the majority of

the student body did not welcome this hateful speech, it is important to note that here in the United States, we don't have the option of silencing it. But what got lost in all the excitement is that if the WBC had been a group of UVM students instead of a band of crazies from Kansas, their hate speech would have been forbidden from campus.

We have the right to have intolerant feelings. It may not be nice, or socially

acceptable, but we are free to express our conscience, no matter how ugly it may be. Reasonable people who were disgusted by the WBC picket would still agree that it's great that we live in a country where the police couldn't confiscate those posters.

At the University of Vermont, the police certainly can. The only conscience that is permitted to be expressed on campus is the inclusive, tolerant, accepting conscience.

Both the Code of Student Rights and Responsibilities as well as the ResLife Housing and Meal Plan Contract include elastic and ambiguous clauses that forbid students from engaging in expressions of intolerance. At first blush, that doesn't seem like such a terrible thing. And in most contexts, it's not. After all, it is within the forward-thinking and progressive spirit of Vermont that we have committed to creating an environment where everybody, regardless of creed, color, and all that good stuff, feels comfortable.

A WBC-style "Down with Jews" poster on a dorm room door is not acceptable under current University and ResLife policy because it runs contrary to an inclusive environment. But what about "Down with Israel"? That might be a different story. What about "Down with Nazis"? That would definitely be a different story. But why?

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## the shit list

with macsmith

## the news in brief

with paulgross

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**English General Teaching Council** A new code of conduct has been passed requiring teachers to abstain from drinking on weekends. The rationale for the new measure is that it "aims to reinforce the traditional role of teachers as pillars of society." There are plenty of better ways to get teachers to be better role models. Telling them they can't enjoy themselves after dealing with snotty little pricks for 40 hours a week isn't one of them. If they can't drink they'll probably start smoking meth. Then we'll have issues.

**The Philadelphia Eagles** The Eagles are really stupid. Why would they ever take Michael Vick? You can't run an offense with two superstar quarterbacks, especially ones who specialize in two entirely different styles of offense. They will never have their act together by the time the season starts and big defense teams are going to tear that O line apart. And Michael Vick is a horrible human being who kills puppies.

**British Prison System** More from England: A man who identifies as a woman has recently won a human rights battle, enabling her to serve out a prison term in a women's prison. Three cheers for England! But here's the catch - this inmate is serving a sentence for attempted rape...of a woman.

**Cash for Clunkers** Everyone thought that Cash for Clunkers was a great idea. Think again. It has been reported that the program put a major dent in the demolition derby industry. Instead of sending old cars to get smashed up in burning fireballs, people were actually just trading them in for money. Barack Obama has tainted a uniquely American and (what we thought was a) recession-proof pastime. Socialist!

**Class of 2013** "It's Thursday night bros!! Let's totally get shwasted in the dorms and then charge downtown in a group of thirty kids. That's how were gonna get into parties!!!!"

### "I absolutely do not think it is time to get out of Afghanistan."

-**Defense Secretary Robert Gates**, speaking about American strategy in Afghanistan, where, as always, the Taliban are making a resurgence and we're propping up a government who says that men can starve their wives if they refuse to have sex. The way things are looking now, it will never be time to get out of Afghanistan.

### "The debate will never be resolved."

-**Mark Zandi**, chief economist at the popular economic analysis website, Moodys.com, referring to the argument over whether Obama's stimulus package had a positive or negative effect on the economy. Though the international recession seems to be drawing to a close, concerns about record high unemployment loom large in America, where over 200,000 jobs were lost in August alone.

### "At Pfizer, I was expected to increase profits at all costs, even when sales meant endangering lives."

-**John Kopchinski**, a former salesman at the international pharmaceutical megagiant, Pfizer. The corporation is under investigation by the Department of Health and Human Services for basically paying for expensive vacations for doctors so that they'd prescribe the anti-inflammatory drug, Bextra, in doses that are unsafely high (thus increasing profit). Interestingly enough, under the rather archaic False Claims Act, those who unveil illegal corporate schemes are entitled to a portion of the settlement, so Mr. Kopchinski will soon be 51 million dollars richer. Sometimes morality does pay.

### "We wonder, oh, will it ever be the same?"

-**Supreme Court Justice Anthony Kennedy**, on how the court will differ after David Souter steps down and Sonia Sotomayor takes his place. If Justice Kennedy is asking whether the court will ever be composed solely of old white people (and Clarence Thomas, who is so worthless as a justice that he hardly bears mentioning), then no, it won't be. And that's a good thing.

### "After a couple of hours on the bike, you've earned a couple of fags."

-The sublimely eloquent Australian actor, **Russell Crowe** in response to a newspaper columnist who mocked Mr. Crowe for appearing in a silly photograph where he was sitting on a bicycle eating tacos, drinking a soda, and puffing on a cig. The actor phoned the Australian columnist, Annette Sharp, the next day to challenge her to a bike race. A beautiful mind, indeed.

**the water tower** is UVM's alternative newsmag and is a weekly student publication at the University of Vermont

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**Our generation stands at a crossroads.** As we walk through a world ever connected to a thunderstorm of news and reflection, we risk losing the ability to think for ourselves. **the water tower** is for us non-thinkers. We provide witty and sometimes outlandish opinions so that you don't have to come up with them yourselves. We can't promise that you will agree with everything that we say, but you will respect the tenacity we have to say it. Every once in a while we will generate something that is truly thought provoking. We are the reason people can't wait for Tuesday. We are **the water tower**.

# democracy what's in a name?

**t**he United States' mission to spread "democracy" has come under much criticism in recent years, and not because democracy is a bad system. In addition to critiquing the US' role as self-appointed World Police, international actors point out that democracy—when poorly implemented—is good in principle, but screws people over in practice.

This is apparent in recent Afghan elections, a battle between incumbent Hamid Karzai and challenger Abdullah Abdullah. The United States, eager to promote democracy (though our country, having survived eight years of Bush, should know that elections alone don't create good leadership), encouraged the recent election for the sake of regularity—ignoring Afghanistan's minor (okay, major) problems.

Firstly, there was insufficient security—big surprise there. The Taliban, threatening to chop off any finger colored with the purple ink necessary to cast a vote, was able to create a climate of intimidation. The Taliban were able to skew the results, particularly in the south, where attacks supplemented suppression of the vote.

More importantly, the elections exposed the internal structure of

by sarahanders

Afghanistan's democracy as whack. Karzai's government is known to practice patronage politics, handing out positions for favors and money. But they took their scruples to new lows when they stuffed the ballot boxes—rigging as many as 24,000 according to the New York Times. And this is after he named Muhammad Qasim Fahim, a former warlord, as a running mate (not quite as bad as Dick Cheney, but close).

Afghanistan only illustrates that democracy alone can't help an unstable, poor country out of its conditions. A country must be elevated, at least marginally, out of those conditions before democracy can prosper.

With the Taliban, the government's inability to secure the elections, and with Karzai's corrupt administration seizing the election, only the US would dare to call it a success. Karzai's actions only reinforce the disillusionment of those Afghans who stayed home on Election Day, disappointed with the current bad governance. When a stable, accountable democracy finally does come to Afghanistan, these individuals might not trust it. Why should they? ■

# diplomacy ftw!

by paulgross

**S**o it was a pretty dismal summer for politics, eh? With escalation and turmoil in Afghanistan, a perpetually lagging economy, and our Savior Obama's bizarre revelation that indefinite detention is somehow constitutional, there's not too much to smile about. But rather than start the year with a rant about torture or a lament about how we still grant airtime to buffoons and cretins like Sarah Palin and Dick Cheney (respectively), it would be better to focus on an element of international politics that flourished this summer—diplomacy.

Two recent diplomatic incidents demonstrate the perennial principle that diplomacy works: Bill Clinton's visit to North Korea and Senator Jim Webb's visit to Myanmar.

For those of you who may have fallen a bit out of the loop this summer, the former President travelled to North Korea on a "personal humanitarian visit" following the arrest of two American journalists who had wandered from South Korea across the North Korean border. The two women, Laura Lee and Euna Ling, were sentenced to 12 years of hard labor in a North Korean gulag for the heinous crime of attempting to shed light on the horrendous conditions in which most North Koreans live. Not finding this punishment to be quite fair, the Obama administration engaged in some undercover diplomacy with Pyongyang, culminating in the conveniently timed "private" visit of President Clinton. North Korean leader Kim Jong-Il pardoned both journalists on the day after Clinton's visit.

As for Myanmar, a pretty nasty fellow by the name of Than Shwe and his military junta have ruled the south-east Asian country with an iron-fist since 1992 (the military government has been in power for far

longer). General Shwe, the same guy who made it illegal for his citizens to receive humanitarian aid after a cyclone ravaged his country in 2006, has been holding the Myanmar pro-democracy leader and Nobel laureate, Aung Sun Suu Kyi, under house arrest for the past several years. Ms. Suu Kyi was arrested in early May for violating her house arrest when an American man named John Yettaw visited her uninvited (he had to swim across a lake to get there), and she was sentenced to three years of hard labor. Again, not feeling the sentence to be quite reasonable, US Senator, Vietnam veteran, and south-east Asian affairs expert James Webb became the highest ranking US official to ever meet with General Shwe and was able to diplomatically negotiate a lesser sentence for Ms. Suu Kyi.

These two incidents may, at first glance, appear insignificant; after all, it's not as though the war in Iraq or the Israel-Palestine conflict was solved by some diplomatic miracle. However, the value of these two occurrences must not be under appreciated. Indeed, twice this summer, evil men (Kim Jong Il and Than Shwe) with reclusive, repressive, and typically undiplomatic regimes were persuaded to reverse hard-line policies by simple visits and negotiation with American dignitaries. No threats of violence nor economic sanctions were necessary, just an aura of respect and a willingness to engage in real dialogue. Almost nine months after Obama's inauguration, I've been less than thrilled by his performance. However, the administration's commitment to looking for alternatives to violence is unmistakable, and this is certainly a very welcome change. ■

# if the uvm ski and snowboard club ran the world

by macsmith

## Healthcare

Brosephs and Brosephines of Congress:

Be it resolved on this day, September Tenth, that all the sickley ducklings of the USA can now righteously lounge in any hospital until they are fit enough to rage and shred. All the green needed to hook up this operation is gonna be coming from your brothers and sisters of the government. Remember, we love you.

## Gay Marriage

Duuudes:

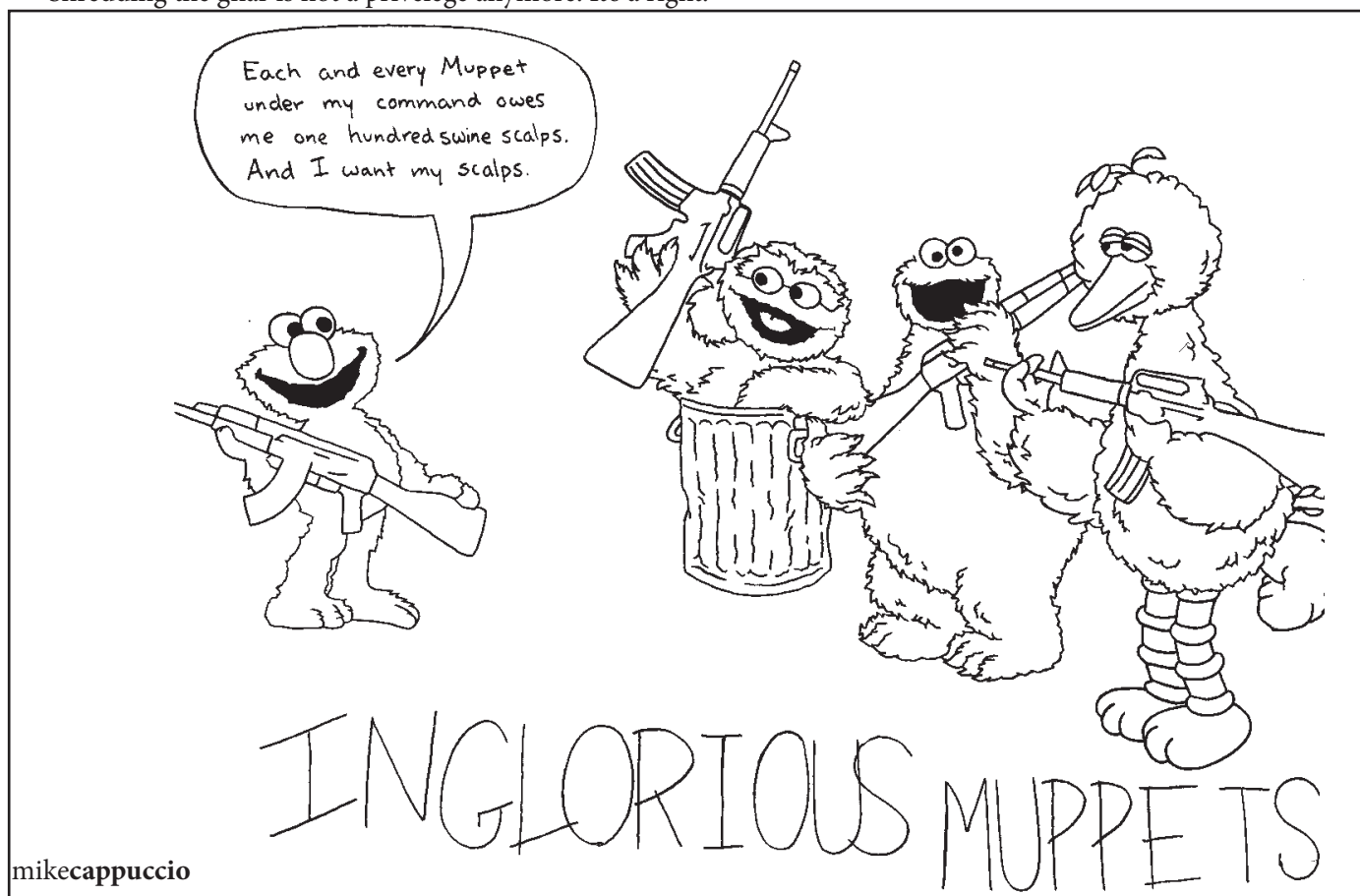
Let it be known that all the bros have been given total free pass to gnarly matrimony. All dudes and dudettes are legally permitted, nay, encouraged, by your government to totally get down in a number of sensually killer positions for life. Thumbs up.

## War on Terror

Why is it that we have to go all the way over to a part of the world with no pow when there is totally good pow right in our back yard. I'm sure these brohammeds are just like us—chillin out watchin the goonies and tryin to score some nug to burn. It is decidedly unholy of us to go mess with their chi. Totally in violation of bro code number uno. Let's stick with getting blitzed and monching on some Mickey D's.

## Socialized Lift Tickets

Shredding the gnar is not a privelege anymore. It's a right.



## hell *continued from page 1*

With such a hazy definition of what constitutes what ResLife calls "situations of intolerance," a poster that reads "Down with Fogel" could potentially be confiscated.

Acting on bigotry, such as discriminating or committing hate crimes, has long been forbidden, for good reason. The problem with the well-intentioned forbidding of free expression of bigotry is that there are many critical instances where no objective standard exists. We must look at ourselves in the mirror and understand that merits of such a policy aside, the University has decided that some speech is tolerable and some is not, and it is they who get to decide what type of speech falls into each category. What we as students must be vigilant about is ensuring that the line does not grow too blurred, or our rights to free speech could certainly be curtailed. ■

## What do you think?

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and see them published  
in next week's Inbox



## this little piggy said swine flu

### how swine flu initially ruined my trip to china

by leamcclellan

“I know you!” she pleaded, as she rubbed my shoulders with her latex gloved-hand. She even gave me an awkward, crinkly hug wearing her baby blue biohazard suit. “*Bie Ku le!* (don’t cry), I know you!”

If I had been able to retain my sense of humor over the last 48 hours, I might have responded by saying, “Bitch you don’t know me!” followed by an attitude snap.

But it was 3 A.M., I was in the Swine Flu quarantine ward in a Beijing hospital, and the nurse’s bad translation of “I understand why you are feeling sad” to “I know you! I know you!” wouldn’t be funny for a few weeks. So I nodded pathetically and went back to bed.

Later that night, the same nurse mercifully passed me a Coke through the small glass window. The little portal had two doors—one on my side and one on theirs. The nurses would place my meals in the portal, close their window, and then I could open mine.

This way, I could not contaminate them with my H1N1. One time, I must have made a move like I was going to open my door while hers was still open. The look of pure fear was behind the woman’s goggled eyes! She waved her arms frantically and yelled something I couldn’t hear through the glass. But I imagine it was the Chinese equivalent of “Noooooo!”

For the same reason, all the doctors and nurses wore full body suits, booties and shower caps included. Even though I was frustrated by their wrongful accusation that I was a public health danger, I was always thankful to the “I know you” nurse. A Coke never tasted so good.

When Swine Flu blew up in the media shortly before I left for my summer in China, I figured that the flu would never touch me. And it didn’t...directly. I have yet to contract the virus and hopefully it will stay that way.

This fact, however, carried no weight with the Chinese officials who swept me out of the Beijing airport and into the quarantine ward due to my slightly elevated temperature.

“Your temperature...very high!” they said. “And you are American!” My temperature wasn’t really very high—the nurse wouldn’t have sent me home from school. But I was quarantined anyway.

I watched the rest of my classmates file out of the airport, bound for our hotel while I was led to an empty back room. I sat there for what seemed like an hour, confused and alone. Eventually, I was brought out to the street and two men in full biohazard suits put me and my carry-on bag in the back of an ambulance.

As I rattled around in the back of the ambulance, I took in my first glimpses of Beijing. This was my first time out of the US and I was seeing it from the inside of a Chinese ambulance. I chuckled to myself. Perhaps it was jetlag, but I was starting to think that this whole thing was actually pretty funny. Besides, I was sure that they would let me go as soon as they realized I didn’t have Swine Flu. Yes, I thought, this is certainly an amusing and ridiculous way to begin.

Two days later, of course, I had lost sight of this sentiment and was crying into my Tupperware of shrimp. Eating the crustaceans was a futile effort, since the

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aaron lopez-barrantes

shrimp still had their heads and leggy on them. The meal before that had been a sad attempt at American-style pizza...with tuna fish and corn toppings. Nothing in China made any sense.

My teacher would call me every now and then and assure me that he was “determined to get me out before we leave for Shanghai.” This statement was not very comforting because it suggested there was an alternative: that my group would travel on to a far away city and leave me here in this insane hospital.

“Just think!” he said encouragingly, “none of the other students have this experience!” And it was true. The other students were off seeing the Great Wall, eating Peking duck, and making new Facebook albums with names like “I <3 China!” They were certainly not sitting in an empty room, counting the bottles of water they had drank to please their captors and getting up to pee for fun.

Thankfully, China couldn’t keep me, a healthy American tourist, in their little white, sterile room forever. One blood test, two throat swabs, a cancelled and reinstated visa, and three days later, I was released out into the Chinese public. On the third day, a nurse I didn’t recognize came in, told me I could leave and literally pushed me out the door. She led me to the elevator, ushered me in, pushed the “down” button, and stared at me as the doors closed. I was still unsure as to where I was, or how I was supposed to exit the hospital, but I was free.

My experience was not unique. I was one of many American tourists quarantined in China this summer. Some people were quarantined simply for sitting next to a sick person on the plane. Some were held in quarantine for up to two weeks. Some even had Swine Flu.

As UVM and colleges across the nation gear up for the onslaught of H1N1 cases this fall, I take comfort in knowing that actually getting Swine Flu couldn’t have been worse than picking off shrimp heads and counting the tiles on the ceiling of a Beijing hospital room. ■

### preparing for swine flu

by emilyarnow

For those of you who weren’t too cracked out on Speeder and Earls last May during exam week, you probably noticed a little thing called the Swine Flu, or as it prefers to be called, the H1N1 virus. It seemed like it was talked about everywhere: in the library, the health center, and even in Alice’s as the SARS masks on the women behind the counter served as a friendly reminder that we were all going to die.

Everyone soon became inundated with frequent emails every two seconds from the university about tips to help prevent the spread of the virus, which included washing your hands every five minutes, limiting the amount of saliva shared, and not sneezing on other people’s faces.

While I found this advice helpful, as soon as I ran out of my last exam, my worries about Swine Flu ran in the other direction. The summer, I thought, was a time for relaxation and fun, certainly not for sickness and a pandemic scare. Oh, how wrong I could be.

Working at a sleep-away camp this summer, the camp directors followed in the footsteps of UVM and made sure everyone knew those helpful tips to prevent the disease. “Swine masks” became commonplace at the flagpole and hand sanitizer popped out of nowhere! Luckily I got out before the flu had a chance to bring me down and I looked forward to returning to UVM’s Swine-free zone. I hoped that they would have forgotten the whole thing and I wouldn’t be checking the news everyday trying to sign myself up for the first round of vaccines.

But now all those weeks later, this stupid “flu” is still with us! The emails have not stopped; they’ve only gotten worse. I recall receiving three just yesterday, still providing those helpful “don’t sneeze on to someone else’s face” tips and still failing to provide any real answers. Is there really a need for

“I recall receiving three emails just yesterday, still providing those helpful ‘don’t sneeze on to someone else’s face’ tips and still failing to provide any real answers.”

such protocol and bombardment of H1N1 information? UVM seems to think so, as do many students.

“It’s definitely something that’s on my mind,” UVM student Rosa Levitan explained. “It’s going to happen to someone sooner or later, so we should all be informed.”

Indeed, a vaccine is scheduled to come out in October, according to the Center for Disease Control, and it will be distributed to those who have the biggest chance of catching the disease: Pregnant women, small children and, yes, good news for us, college students are the top three groups on the risk list!

UVM, on top of raising awareness, has developed an extensive plan on how to cope with the disease if it spreads our way. Closing the school temporarily and evacuating the students, while still taking classes at home, is one of many options the university is considering.

At any rate, a potential outbreak would drastically interrupt our daily routines at UVM, but is it really a concern? While the university’s attempts to raise awareness of the flu seem to be scaring some, many other people choose to ignore all the coverage.

“I don’t really see the big deal,” Jacob Labine, a junior, proclaimed, “it hasn’t directly affected me or my school yet so I’m not worried about it.”

Perhaps I was naive to think this massive world disease would just disappear over the course of a couple of months, but the changing of the seasons, the move back to college, and the increase of people in such small spaces have got people talking again.

Although the network media coverage has died down a bit, it doesn’t mean that the flu is gone. While the constant coverage about H1N1 is still lingering, I suppose it’s comforting to know that the university IS addressing the issue, even if it is scaring everyone into thinking the school will be quarantined.

So until this “thing” is over and gone, all we can do is skim over the health center’s emails, wash our hands 400 times a day and fight for a spot in line for the vaccine. Oh, and please don’t sneeze on someone else’s face. ■

# tions.



# relax. we're here to help.

## great advice

by mollykelly-yahner

**W**e have all been a first year student. In particular, everyone can remember those first few weeks of school when the realization hits: No one is in charge of me!

You can go wild and eat all the crappy food you want at Harris-Millis Dining Hall (which you will soon start calling The Grundle) without your parents monitoring your diet or micromanaging your life.

If you incorporate these ways of behaving into your everyday activities, you'll be sure to transition to a broken-in college student, losing the label of "first year".

Trust us.

### Roaming about campus:

Before you leave your dorm room, put your spankin' new laminated ID in your "UVM Catamounts" ID cover. Then attach your hologram face to your UVM bookstore lanyard. By no means remove your lanyard. For extra style and school spirit, wear it with your free "Class of 2013" t-shirt or, better yet, your "Post Prom '09" t-shirt.

### In the classroom:

In your first couple weeks of classes, prompt the person you sit next to with these casual questions: What year are you? Where are you from? What's your major? Why are you taking this class? How was your weekend? If you can, try to only take a breath between every three questions in order to come off extra chilled out and calm.

If randomly called upon in class, no matter what the size, answer in a squeaky, trembling voice, "Who, me?" While preparing yourself to answer the question on last night's reading, make your body temperature rise from a typical 96-degree temperature to a feverish 101. That always throws off the professor.

### When you are downtown:

Hit up the local coffee shops on the weekends to get a break from the dorms. When going to Muddy Waters and Uncommon Grounds, only bring credit cards. Then discuss in front of the hip staff how old school this place is for only taking cash.

Assume all gatherings of five people on porches mean house party and you and your twenty friends are invited! And especially insist that when they deny your offer to attend the "not real," "not happening," "just a chill sesh" party, the porch dwellers are directly discriminating against you because you are a first year.

If hollered at, waved to, or honked at, yell, "Oh yeah! 2013 baby!!" Only crazy people think that it sounds like a year where 1) Dinosaurs may come back, 2) The world will be one year past the apocalypse, and 3) We all will be traveling by jet pack.

When making your way back up to campus from downtown, take a break at the intersection of South Union and Pearl to puke, then grab your nearest friend. Sloppily start making out with your drunken sweetheart, then take a break every so often to puke up the remains of your first Kountry Kart Deli "Rise and Shiner" that your Orientation Leader told you all about.

College is hard enough as it is. The least you first-years deserve is some wise advice on how to fit in. And to all of you who are past the traumatizing yet inspiring moments from being a first year student, it is your duty as part of a welcoming community to help these first-years prosper along their journey through college. ■

## social life 001

by julietcritsimilios

**C**ome, freshmen (excuse me, first years), come all to a lovely new school year here at UVM. Different classes mean different people and different people mean new friends...hopefully. If you're looking for a few new folks to add to your crew, or if you just want one new person to chill with, friends are never easier to find than at the beginning of the semester.

The easiest place to begin is in class. Let's be logical. Everyone needs to sit somewhere during class. Choosing your seat can have a huge impact on the friends you make. If someone is engrossed in texting or an intense conversation, you probably want to look for another person who seems open and inviting to sit with. Sitting down and claiming a seat next to someone is important especially because you're likely to

sit next to them again, so approach with friendliness, yet caution.

Once you find a decent seat, think back to the wonderful years of childhood. Remember on the playground when you said you liked someone's shirt and you were over for a playdate by next weekend? Same rules apply. Who doesn't like to be complimented?! Go up to that girl wearing the cute skirt or the bro wearing the cool boat loafers and tell them about it. Compliments often lead to conversation, during which you might find out that the person has the same major as you, or has a boat on which he wears those boat loafers. Or is a total tool. We can't promise anything.

If your introductory bio class is just too stressful to even allot your time for chatting people up, don't worry. Remember faces because, chances are, you're

going to see those people outside of class. "Aren't you in my whatever class?" is going to become a large part of your vocabulary again. People like that their faces are so strikingly pretty (or gross) that you remember them above everyone else's in your class. Picking someone out at a party on College Street or on that crazy sandwich line at the Davis Center is never a bad thing.

Along with putting yourself out there to make friends, you also need to make sure you're open to new people. Don't sit by yourself in a corner and don't forget your (awful Green Mountain) coffee so you won't be snapping at people when they ask you what the last slide said. Be nice. New semesters make everyone a little anxious, whether it's your first year or you're a super senior. Everyone gets by with a little help from their friends. ■



kelly macIntyre

## so fresh, so clean

by kaleighmulpeter

**a**s returning students to the University of Vermont, many of us can be proud of the newfound skills we have developed since departing last year. These include the ability to catch the bus at any stop at the perfect moment, making casual conversation with the Cyber Cafe ladies and the Marche employees, or being able to sleep through your next-door neighbor's Harry Potter marathon (with surround sound). Some of us have also been blessed with another superpower: the ability to spot a freshman out of a crowd of upper-classmen. In case you haven't been bestowed with this gift, here are a few things to look out for:

1. This first characteristic of the classic freshman may be the most obvious: the packs. Because of their uneasy feelings about their new environment, freshmen are likely to travel in groups of approximately 8-12. This also may be due to the fact that they are considering everyone they meet their new best friend and, thus, must attend every meal and any other slightly significant daily endeavor together.

2. The wardrobe. Freshmen tend to be

much more overdressed than the rest of the student body. From the straightened or gelled hair to the full face of makeup and strategically matching flip flops and backpack, they appear to be ready for a fashion shoot rather than a TAP class. However, this will fade as the semester drags on and soon enough they will be sporting sweats and greasy hair like the rest of us.

3. Another likely sign of a freshman is their confused and frustrated demeanor. Although freshmen have no reason to be stressed (as they have yet to undergo an upper-level class with any significant amount of work), they are often found sweating and sprinting around campus. It isn't unlikely to see a super-angsty, out-of-breath freshman approach an older student asking, "Do. You. Know. Where. Freakin. Billings Lecture Hall. Is?!?!?!?!?"

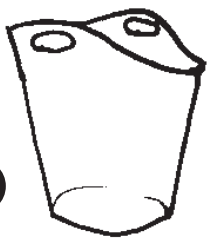
4. One of the more odd freshman characteristics is the tendency to take pictures at, for normal people, insignificant moments and locations. For instance, during a bus ride to the gym, while waiting in line at Cook, or (my personal favorite) while using the dorm restroom. For some reason, freshmen

seem to believe that every precious college moment must be recorded and posted on Facebook... but if they don't look good in that picture, don't even **think** about tagging them.

5. Lastly, the most disturbing tell-tale sign of the wild specimen known as the freshman: the outrageous level of endurance while intoxicated. If you happen to see a student running around the streets of Burlington at 4 A.M. telling people how beautiful and nice they are, odds are that student is a freshman. You may be ready to grab a slice at Mr. Mike's and call it a night, but you can still spot groups of made-up undergrads roaming around looking for the rager on South Union.

Although these excitable, naive students may get on some of our nerves, we must remind ourselves that we were all once freshmen. It is our duty as upper-classmen to guide these youngsters through the magical journey that is college, and do so with a gentle hand. So don't send them in the wrong direction, whether it be to Simpson for dinner or to the frat party this weekend. ■

# trash.



## i want you so bad

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

I see you all over L/L drinking tea and being friendly...  
we should hang out more often; you seem pretty cute!

**When:** all the time  
**Where:** L/L  
**I saw:** a woman  
**I am:** a woman too!

I saw you in a basement party this weekend. You were holding a silky white pair of granny panties. It confused me, but really turned me on at the same time. It actually confused me how turned on I was.

**When:** Sunday night  
**Where:** Green Street  
**I saw:** a man  
**I am:** a woman

Your long eyelashes, large breasts, and glittery pink eye-shadow made me do a double take. I hear you are an expert in Japanese Kabuki theater. Let's do sushi.

**When:** last weekend  
**Where:** downtown  
**I saw:** a woman  
**I am:** a man

Girl, you were dancin on that table like a sexy gypsy woman from outer space! I don't know your name, so Ima call you Maui Wowee cuz I know you're from Hawaii or something.

**I saw:** a woman  
**I am:** a man

## the ear

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

### Dorm room, very overtired friends:

"Wasabi peas are so powerful they're going to grow legs and walk over here and eat us!"

### Somewhere on campus:

*Stoner 1:* This weather is really nice, the nights are warm but the bugs aren't out, this is a great night for smoking weed.

*Stoner 2:* It's always a great night for smoking weed.

### On Church Street:

*Little girl:* Mommy, I hate taking vitamins

*Mom:* Why? They're so good for you.

*Little girl:* Yeah, but I get diarrhea, is it really worth it?

### Pearl Street, at about midnight:

*Inebriated diva:* I'm drunker than a horse on vacation!

## h.t.h.d.t.e.h.t.s

(how the hell does this even happen to someone?)

has anything ever happened to you  
that made you wonder  
**how the hell does this even happen to someone?**  
let it all out. it's good for you.  
uvm.edu/~waterfwr

So I was walking to class last winter and I had a cold. I looked ahead of me and saw no one was there so I decided to cough up a huge phlegm ball, because well, its better out than in. However, as I turn my head over my shoulder and cough up this ball of mucus, it turns out there was a girl behind me and I just nail one of her brand new pink Ugg boots. I mean this little pink boot is covered in yellow phlegm. She looks at me shocked and astonished. I have no idea what to do. I turn around, pin my headphones, and keep on truckin'. HTHDTEHTS.

I had plans to go to this dumb show with my friend on Saturday night, but on Saturday morning I copped out of it by telling her I was on the way back home to deal with a death in the family. Two hours later I ran into her at Mr. Mike's. HTHDTEHTS.

Today I was working at my computer when some really hot boy came in to see what I was up to. My roommate wasn't in the room but she left her wacky Irish music on full blast. The guy left very quickly. HTHDTEHTS

I saw the kid I had a crush on all last year on campus for the first time. And I farted. Loud. HTHDTEHTS!!

I went to buy all my books at the book store the other day, and when I went to pay, all my credit cards didnt work. So I had to go to the ATM and take out \$400 in \$20 dollar bills. HTHDTEHTS.

## fashion five-oh anatomy of a freshman

with olivianguyen

### UVM Baseball Hat

The white hat that says UVM and University of Vermont in the front is the first and sometimes only clothing guys may find themselves buying at the UVM bookstore. It gives off a preppy vibe and is usually purchased by the jocks and frat brahs, but it's okay, at least it's in white and not yellow.

### The Lanyard

Another freebie freshmen receive in their goody bags during orientation. It doesn't scream "UVM!" like the Free UVM T-Shirt. It's a casual yet subtle way to show off to all of their high school friends where you go to school.

-It holds their dorm key, the golden key to ultimate freshmen lair.

-It holds their new shiny UVM I.D that they will learn to flash in front of bus drivers, J.Crew for 15% discounts, and to our favorite ladies at the Cyber Café for copious amounts of Speeder and Earl's coffee.

### Free UVM T-Shirt

This is the first free t-shirt every freshman receives from UVM. Juniors and sophomores all know what I'm talking about, don't deny it, you all secretly have one. It is the ultimate golden yellow tee, splashed with the UVM catamount logo and 2013 in green.

-Made out of 100% cotton.

-May shrink when put in dryer.

- May shrink person's dignity.

### Bookstore Plastic Bag

You will only see this bag the first week of school. Of course it's yellow - as if we didn't have enough yellow in this outfit already. It holds newly purchased books from the bookstore. Textbook noobs who have yet to find out about half.com or chegg.com. are pwned by the overpriced bookstore. But at least they get to rock the bag.

6  
aaron lopez-barrantes

## Delta Delta Delta's charity DENIM

Proceeds benefit St. Jude Children's Hospital

Saturday, September 12, 11:00 AM - 5:00 PM

Livak Ballroom, Davis Center  
590 Main Street, Burlington, VT 05405

Debit & Credit Accepted  
Changing Room Available

40-60% off designer  
jeans/denim!



# créatif stuffé.

Feeling a little *créatif*? *Wishing Vantage Point* was published more than once a semester? Well now you can submit your creative writing, short stories, poems, drawings, black and white photos, and any other *créatif* things to the water tower's new section, *créatif stuffé*. Send your submissions to [thewatertownnews@gmail.com](mailto:thewatertownnews@gmail.com) by Tuesdays at 4:00.

## a cheezy encounter

by alextownsend

The doorbell rang as Joan was in the midst of her nightly workout routine. Every night for the past six months she had been working toward getting back into peak physical condition. To prepare herself to reclaim the title that was rightfully hers, as a world kickboxing champion. She was so absorbed in the swift series of kicks that she was pummeling her punching bag with, that at first she didn't even hear the small chiming from the front door.

The bell sounded again, longer this time, and this time it was enough to pierce Joan's concentration. She paused, wondering if the sound had been in her imagination. Then the doorbell rang for a third time; whoever was at the door was as insistent and stubborn as she was. Joan liked that in a late-night visitor.

She walked toward the door, grabbing a towel on the way to wipe some of the sweat from her now-glistening brow, and turned the knob just as the doorbell began to sound again. She swung the door open and then suddenly, before her very eyes, he was there. The most gorgeous man she had ever seen.

He towered above her; he was easily more than six feet and his entire frame bulged out with deliciously developed muscles. He wore a red shirt that seemed too small for him, as it could obviously only barely contain his pectoral perfection. A quick glance down showed that his jeans were similarly tight, offering a generous outline of his most intimate territory. Joan hurriedly looked up, though, to take a closer look at this unexpected but not unwanted visitor. Mysteriously, he had a cap drawn over his eyes. Joan could see a hint of raven locks trying to free themselves from the cloth prison, but besides that she could only see a fine, Roman nose above a grim-set mouth upon a chiseled jaw. It made her heart ache to see more.

“He towered above her; he was easily more than six feet, and his entire frame bulged out with deliciously developed muscles.”

“Hello,” Joan said, her voice trailing out like syrup from a fresh bottle, “can I...help you?”

The Adonis-like man suddenly tilted his head up and Joan's heart caught in her throat as she gazed into the most mystifying blue eyes she had ever seen. They were mysterious, alluring, and enticing; they dared her to do things she had never dreamed of before. Her knees suddenly felt weak.

“Yes.” His voice sounded like thunder at midnight. “I have...a pizza for you.”

As though in a dream Joan gazed down at his manly, rugged hands. They did indeed hold a tell-tale square box. The scent of cheesy goodness wafted from it into her delicate nostrils, affecting her like only the strongest of aphrodisiacs could. She stared into the man's eyes again, feeling plagued with two kinds of hunger.

“There must be some mistake,” she whispered, her voice barely audible in the thick, humid air of the night. “I didn't order any pizza.”

He looked her up and down, his piercing gaze seeming to tear her sweaty clothes from her right there in the doorway. “This is 93 Magnolia Lane...isn't it?”

“No,” said Joan, absently running her hand up and down the wooden frame of the door, “this is Magnolia Crescent. You'll want to drive several blocks...up.”

He stared at her a moment longer and she reveled in his smoky, mysterious gaze. Then he took a step back into the dark night that he had come from. “I suppose so. I'm sorry to have...bothered you.” He turned and walked slowly toward his car, muscles rippling beneath his tight clothes.

“Don't worry,” Joan called, wistfully admiring his frame from this new angle, “it was no...trouble.” Then she hastily closed the door, frightened of what she might do if it stayed open a moment longer.

She sighed, pressing her back against the nearest wall, then took a deep breath, willing herself to forget the mysterious pizza man.

“Well, that was weird,” she said, and she walked back to her punching bag so she could get back to more important things. ■



digital photographs  
juliet critsimilios



oskar mcgrew and the fraternity of blasphemy

episode 1

## the inferno at ira allen

by henrykellog

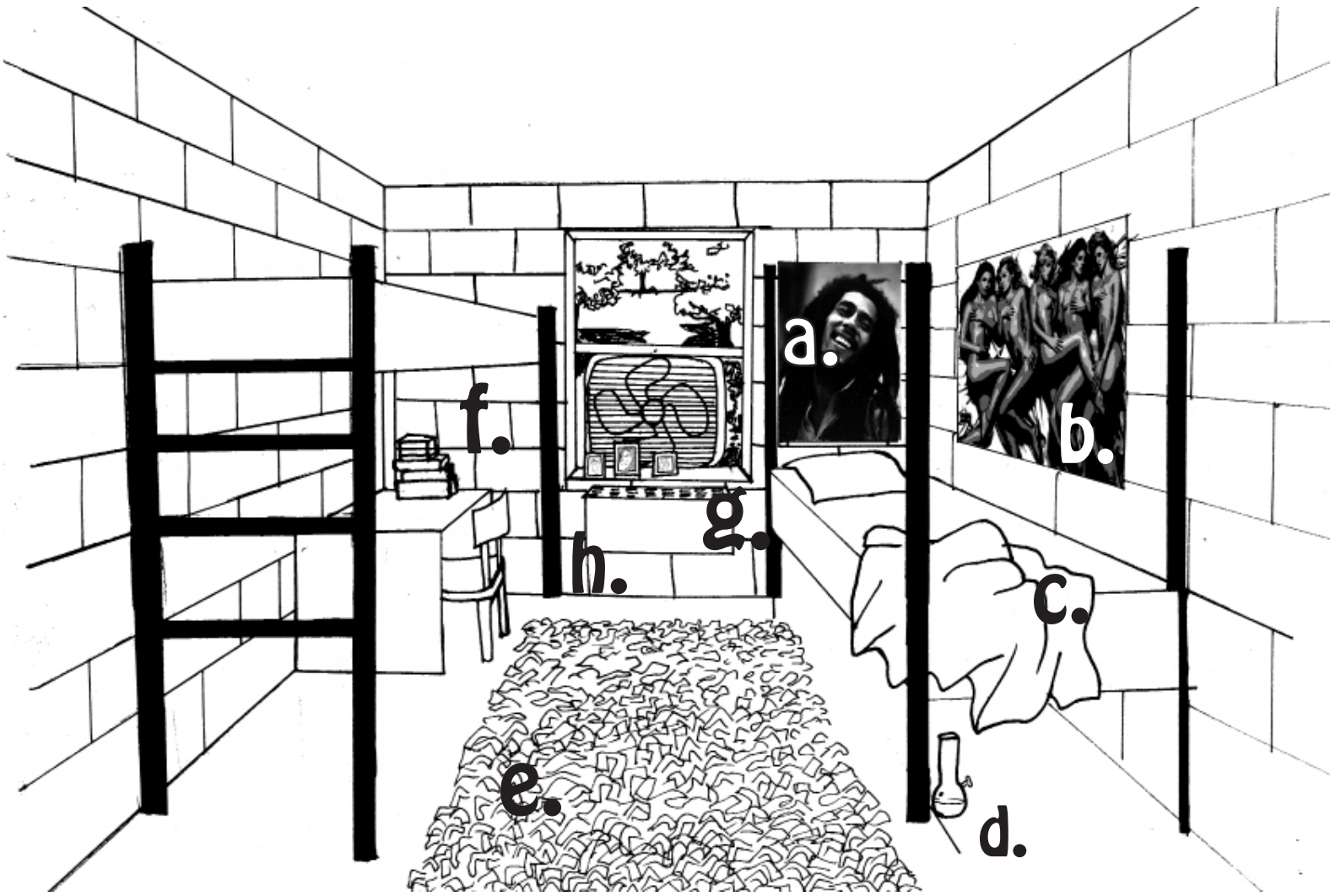
I pointed my grappling cannon at the railing on the steeple of Ira Allen. It was the only place to see what I was looking for. I pulled the trigger. The hook caught the 200-year-old railing. “I hope this will hold me,” I thought. No one noticed my shadowy figure as I ascended. A cool breeze blew, enough to ruffle my bathrobe but not enough to blow off my sombrero. The Moon shined bright on Burlington that Friday night. The people were going about their nightly business, getting drunk, making love, getting arrested. None of that interested me now. I turned on the night vision in my goggles and used their binocular feature to zoom down to the end of College Street. There it was, Omega Omega Omega or Triple O as they liked to be called. “There's something fishy about that place and I know it,” I muttered out loud. The Omegas were on the outside of the frat brotherhood. They didn't have parties often and when they did they only let in people that they knew personally. Unlike other frats whose basements were open halls convenient for loud music, beer-pong, and promiscuous sex dancing, theirs was a science lab with all the windows were frosted glass. At rush this time of year they accepted only chemistry and physics majors and considered GPA in all of their pledges. They were supposed to have induction tonight.

Just as I thought on it, the windows of the basement glowed a dark red hue; something strange was going on. Then suddenly I felt breath on my neck, hot breath like someone was standing next to me. I tried to readjust my goggles but they wouldn't go out of zoom. “Blasted third-rate Soviet technology,” I cursed as I ripped them off my face. Then I turned to look at the horror that stood next to me.

A demon with a goat's head and leathery black wings stood next to me, silent, as if wondering whether to strike. I didn't hesitate. I pulled my hatchet from my utility belt and struck right at its face. It shielded its face with a hand like a hawk's talon and shrieked in a cry that was not of this world. The tempered steel of my hatchet lopped off its talon hand and stuck into its skull. It fell back over the railing of The Ira Allen steeple, yet as it fell, its wings flapped and it flew off into the moonlight. What is this abomination, and where does it come from? I wondered. I wiped the blood on my hatchet onto my red bathrobe and stuck it back in its holster. I took the talon with me; I was bringing it to Marsh Life sciences to investigate. ■

# cat litter.

## all i need now is a mini fridge



**a. Bob Marley poster:** Shows off my natural good taste in music and my chill disposition. Bought it with roomie outside the DC.

**b. Naked girl poster:** I like girls.

**c. Unmade bed:** Take that, Mom!

**d. Mini-bong:** Aka Puff Puff Daddy. Bought at Northern Lights "for tobacco use only" Yeah right, Northern Lights.

**e. Shaggy Rug:** Mom bought it at Linens and Things. It's pretty dope.

**f. Nietzsche:** For POLS41. Never read it. Never will read it. But you'll think I have.

**g. Heady flow system:** This set-up is so hardcore, I should change my major to Wind Tunnels. They've gotta have that here.

**h. Girlfriend from home pictures:** She goes to BU... but I think it's definitely gonna work out.

# tunes.

## dance band of the week: pictureplane

by alexpinto

The weekend is right around the corner and you don't want to get caught playing that same old Daft Punk and Kanye playlist. Let the water tower help you play DJ with some fresh music for your dancing pleasure.

Pictureplane is an artsy offspring of the jittery Girltalk glitch music that has been exploding of late. You won't hear any familiar Top40 samples, and some of the harsher riffs verge on difficult listening (read: 90's house music). But all that matters little when the drum beats are heavy, and there are even some good melodies to be found through all the

noise.

"Goth Star," and "Transparent Now" are both good listening/head nodding tracks; "Solidd Goldd," and particularly the sonically huge "Day Glowwed," are made for the dance floor. All are on his Myspace, where you will also find this month's Northeast tour dates, including Montreal and Boston. ■

## music writers wanted

Are you the one always hogging the laptop at all your friend's parties? Does your library rival Bailey Howe? Do you like to write about da music? Contact us at [thewatertowernews.com](http://thewatertowernews.com). We're looking for writers who know their stuff and aren't too elitist to keep their favorite bands to themselves.

## shuffle. classes playlist by juiletcritsimilios

Now that your schedule is finally figured out and the first week is over, you actually have to go to your classes. Hopefully you'll get your money's worth and learn something.

**Spanish Lesson**-Madonna: *Digame means tell me baby/yo soy loco means you drive me crazy*

**Math**-IMMOOR: *Adding two and two/five and six come out/facing all my fears/exciting with doubts*

**Natural Science**-Rush: *Science like nature/it must also be tamed/with a view towards its preservation/given the same*

**Poetry**-Tamia: *Make it like poetry/everything wrong you see make it alright/to be or not to be won't be any question*

**Psychology**-Dead Prez: *This is what we learn on the streets/fuck a degree/believe in none of what you hear and half of what you see*

**History**-Adiodub: *You never thought you'd see the day/our state would rule against the gay/take their civil rights away*

**Political Science**-Randy Newman: *We'll save Australia/don't want to hurt no kangaroo/they got surf'n' too*

**Astronomy**-Good Luck Varsity: *Go past canus minor/to the first star on your right/they say that's the brightest in the sky*

**Gender Studies**-Team Stray: *Please tell me/are you a big girl now/this is what you want/but we're older now*

**Chemistry**-Semisonic: *And we found out that the two things we put together/had a bad tendency to explode*

**Head of My Class**-Scooter Smiff: *ima head of my class/I know you heard what I said/Ima head of my class/and didn't need a hall pass*

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