

the water tower.

uvm's alternative newsmag



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cold yet? a cordial greeting from burlington winter



Lydia Shepard

by btwinter

Hey, hey you! You don't look so familiar. Are you from around here? No, it wasn't the paper-thin accessory scarf or the traction-less Uggs you're sliding around on that gave it away. Must have been the accent. Oh, a freshman at UVM, eh? Well, welcome! You don't know me yet but I'm sure you will very soon. I'm Burlington Winter. You may think we met back in December: those pretty snowfalls practically every other day, those nippy walks to class, those freezing buttocks during the Naked Bike Ride --winter stuff right? Wrong. That was all just Fall trying to look cool. He was on his way out.

While you've been at home feasting away and re-watching episodes of TV shows that were relevant five years ago, I've been getting warmed up in Burlington. So far I haven't done anything crazy. Nothing new, at least, if you've already spent your break shovelling snow in the Northeast or upper Midwest. No, I've been saving my best for you new guys. Because for the next two months or so you'll come to know what a witch's tit actually feels like. No joke, a real witch's tit. Not to scare you--it's just a fair warning.

It will be so cold that you will stop hanging out with anyone who doesn't live in your immediate vicinity, which

will make you wonder why you have no friends anymore. To try to regain your social life you might try drinking, but when your evenings "out" start and end with nothing more than a trip downstairs to get a mixer from the vending machine, you'll be thinking things like "how did we ever enjoy alcohol so much when we were young--like, last year, when we were 17?" and "you know, being a cat lady couldn't possibly be that bad." I'm just letting you

When you try to go skiing and the car door handle snaps off because it is frozen, you might want to cry, but you should not, because your tears will freeze your eyes shut.

know ahead of time about these feelings.

You will also get used to being drenched with sweat in class--not because UVM keeps the rooms too hot, but because you will have to be wearing long underwear from morning til night. As a result of the classroom sweat and long hours, those underwear will produce smells you thought could only be conjured up by the verdant undergrowth of the Amazonian jungle. It's true!

You also might make an attempt at resembling something like a cool person. And you will fail. Got a sweet new Craftsman flannel jacket for Christmas?

The wind whipping up the hill from Lake Champlain will have something to say about that measly cotton fiber. Or a Peacoat? What, you think this is England? Boston? Please. You better get some real winter wear ready. Something shapeless and puffy. It won't be fashionable, but hey, at least you will look just like everyone else. Who said being unique was so great anyway?

When you try to go skiing and the car

door handle snaps off because it is frozen, you might want to cry, but you should not, because your tears will freeze your eyes shut. Better to just stay in bed.

I hope these facts don't make you consider transferring or anything, because I really love the company. I just thought you should know ahead of time about things, like how even when you're properly dressed from head to toe your nose can still get frostbitten in the time it takes to walk from Redstone to Central at night. And if your booty call is on Trinity, well, forget about it. Your next door neighbor just started looking a lot

cuter. (One time a distress call was made by a student who thought he could run from the Simpson Store to WDW without a jacket. Not only did he end up losing an arm, but the Sodexo meatballs on his sub that had been so lovingly unfrozen in the Simpson ovens had already re-frozen, and no amount of microwaving could bring the sandwich back to its former self. Yeah, it's that rough up here.)

When it gets to the end of March, yes, you might be able to start going outside without Hestra gloves and festering long undies, but you're mistaken if you think I'm going down without a fight. In April you will have snow showers, and it's not just a foolish joke. It will be the real deal. Sustained freezing temperatures and everything.

So, in short, by the time mud season does hit, you'll be a shell of your former self. A pale, whimpering, sickly little creature. But you'll appreciate the next summer like you never have before. And if the warm lake breezes and the first couple days at North Beach make you forget about me, don't worry. I'll be back next year, right around this time. ■

For commentary and tips on how to beat Burlington Winter, turn to pages 4 and 5. It could save your life.

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inside
me

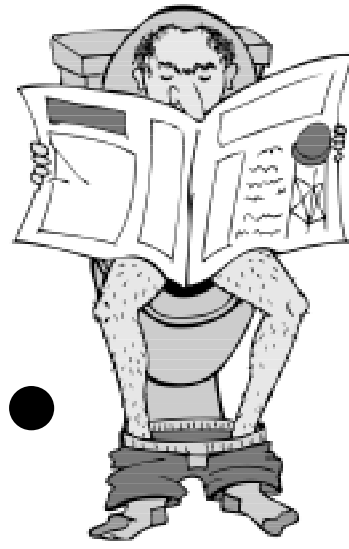
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inbox

psa: ganja hands

Dear **water tower**,

This week I made a surprising, yet alarming discovery. If you ever find yourself with a hand covered with shake, don't use it as an exfoliating mechanism. I was expecting my neck to glow, but instead it turned bright red and itched terribly. After about an hour, I feared the itch had spread to my esophagus. My stomach churned at the thought of a hospital visit. What would I tell the doctors? After applying moisture, the general discomfort subsided. If there is any way **the water tower** can help me find a way to spread awareness, I feel as though the students, professors, and staff alike would benefit.

Cheers,

Amanda Constantinides

Sometimes reading **the water tower** makes our readers want to get naked and fight the power. But most of the time, they just send emails. Send your thoughts on anything in this week's issue to

thewatertowernews@gmail.com

the shit list

with emilyhoogesteger

Shooting Rampages. The shooting of nineteen people outside a Tucson grocery store by 22-year-old Jared Loughner told us what we already know: random shootings are shitty, people dying is shitty, and no amount of lamenting or analyzing the situation is going to make it any less shitty.

Hezbollah. The government in Lebanon collapsed on January 12 after eleven ministers from Hezbollah and its allies announced their resignation from Parliament in response to an investigation into the 2005 murder of Rafik Hariri in Beirut. According to BBC World News, Hezbollah has said it will "cut the hand" of anyone who tries to arrest its members in connection with Hariri's killing. Sounds reasonable.

'Baby Doc' Duvalier. The former "president-for-life" of Haiti ruled from 1971-1986, during which time he killed and tortured thousands of Haitians before protests caused him to flee to France. This week, he returned to Haiti, stating that he was there to "help" after last year's earthquake. Shockingly, some people doubt he is being entirely honest about his intentions.

College Food. After a month of home-cooked dinners and holiday feasts, we're back to Ramen noodles, week-old pizza, and beer as our three main food groups. Cheers to our...health?

Jailed Birds. Saudi Arabian officials reported this week that they have captured a vulture carrying a GPS device bearing the name of an Israeli university, believing it to be a spy. Officials in Israel have explained that the device was merely to track the habits of the endangered bird, but the bird remains in custody - earning Saudi Arabia this week's "Paranoia Capital of the World" award (we expect the Saudi tourism agency to modify their motto post-haste).

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are always welcome

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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**.

justice at last for haitians?

by bendonovan

Nobody seems to know what exactly caused Jean-Claude "Baby Doc" Duvalier, the Haitian dictator overthrown in 1986, to return to the country last week from two decades in comfortable exile in France. There are rumors that he intended to weigh in on the disputed Presidential election in November, and there are rumors that he simply ran out of money in the wake of 24 years of lavish spending and a recent divorce settlement, but as of this writing, it's all speculation. What we do know is that for the first time in living memory, a Haitian despot just might be brought to justice.

Two days after arriving in the Haitian capital of Port-au-Prince, Mr. Duvalier was taken into custody by Haitian police and charged with corruption, theft, and misappropriation of funds while President of Haiti.

"Baby Doc" Duvalier became President in 1971 when his father Francois "Papa Doc" Duvalier died. The dynasty's 30-year reign was characterized by rigged elections, censorship, torture, and disappearances. Political opponents were jailed or murdered. A secret police force called the Tonton Macoutes—named after a boogey-

man of Haitian voodoo lore—terrorized dissidents and average citizens alike. Their weapon of choice was the machete, although they were known to dabble in stoning and public burnings as well. Human Rights Watch estimates that Papa and Baby Doc ordered the deaths of twenty to thirty thousand civilians.

The small but powerful black middle class in Haiti that existed prior to the rule of the Duvaliers was driven into exile in

overthrown in 1986 by a popular uprising, he simply continued his opulent lifestyle in France until his return last week.

By all accounts, Mr. Duvalier is a murderer, a thief, and a thug. He should have spent the last several decades behind bars rather than on the French Riviera. But justice delayed is better than no justice at all. Haiti now has the rare opportunity to close the darkest chapter in its history.

The hugeness of this opportunity cannot

remain hidden in plain sight in downtown Belgrade. Omar al-Bashir, the Sudanese President indicted by the International Criminal Court for genocide in Darfur, remains in office. When former human rights abusers are brought to justice, it's usually by someone else; Belgium has jailed several people involved with the Rwandan genocide, and former Panamanian dictator Manuel Noriega is currently in jail in France after already serving a prison term in the United States.

Rarely, however, are such criminals brought to justice in their home countries. Haiti has the opportunity not just to bring one man to justice, but to provide a powerful example to the rest of the world

"Haiti has the opportunity not just to bring one man to justice, but to provide a powerful example to the rest of the world that no one is above the law."

France, Canada, the United States, or Cuba, creating a brain drain from which Haiti still has not recovered. Corruption was rampant; aid money was pocketed, and the Duvaliers and their inner circle lived lavishly while the country sank to become the poorest nation in the Western Hemisphere. Baby Doc is alleged to have personally moved hundreds of millions of dollars from the public treasury into overseas bank accounts. When he was finally

overstated. Justice is a scarce commodity in the world today, especially in countries where the population is poor and black. All too often, criminals and despots are allowed to gut the nations they rule without ever answering for their crimes. Ugandan dictator Idi Amin spent the decades after his ousting in Saudi Arabia, living a comfortable middle-class life. Ratko Mladic, the Serbian leader responsible for the Srebrenica massacre during the Bos-

that no one is above the law. By forcing Baby Doc Duvalier to stand trial in the country he looted and raped and answer for his crimes, the Western Hemisphere's poorest nation will let tyrants and despots everywhere know that justice cannot be escaped. For a nation that's had it as bad as Haiti has, that sounds suspiciously like a happy ending. ■

human rights in china... who cares?

by lauradillon

What would the world be without the ever-productive machine that is China? The useless plastic whatnots that give us minutes of pure joy before breaking? The lead-painted toys? The cheap clothing? Could it be that our love for these products must be the reason the United States has continuously overlooked China's questionable human rights record? Why else would a democracy-loving, ethically pure, moral super power like the US look the other way?

This past week the President of the People's Republic of China, Hu Jintao made a visit to the United States and met with President Obama as well as both American and Chinese business leaders. Before the visit, word was that President Obama would finally push the Chinese leader to change their less than stellar human rights standards.

If you were hoping for a showdown between the two leaders over the tender issue, you will certainly be disappointed. Obama didn't call Hu Jintao out on his government's blatant oppression and regulation of the Chinese people (not to mention the people in Tibet.) The President did publically discuss the human rights issue, but it seemed more like a polite disagreement. Mr. Obama noted that we "have some core views as Americans about the universality of certain rights: freedom of speech, freedom of religion, freedom of assembly." China -- not so much. The Chinese public faces extensive censorship by the government.

Nobel laureate Liu Xiaobo has infamously been imprisoned for his nonviolent advocacy for democracy and human rights in China. Now he can brag about his Nobel Peace Prize to his cellmates. Of course the situation is much more complicated than a slap on the wrist from the US. Hu Jintao only agreed to the visit with the understanding that the US wouldn't interfere with their internal affairs.

To sum up, no huge step was made toward human rights in China during Hu Jintao's visit. However, on a happier note, it was announced that the two countries worked out a business deal that will earn the US over \$45 billion in exports. Who needs human rights when you have that much dough? ■

breakdown of the tunisian breakdown

by jamesaglio

If you live in a bubble/do not read the news, you may be unaware that Tunisia sort of went to hell in a handbasket this winter. With riots and protests going on for more than a month now, there is little sign of stopping. It all began when Mohamed Bouazizi, a poor street vendor in the interior city of Sidi Bouzid, had had enough. Bouazizi sold produce because he

was unable to find other work, and was in debt constantly because of the costs of his produce. Bouazizi had always had a rough history with the local authorities, and they continued to harass him at his stall, confiscating his wheelbarrow of produce and treating him in a generally ill manner. Then, on the 17th of December, a female officer, Feyda Hamdi, slapped, insulted, and spit on him. Deeply humiliated and angry, Bouazizi went to the Governor's office to complain. Upon being refused an audience, he threatened drastic action. Less than an hour later, Bouazizi covered himself in fuel and immolated himself in front of a local government building. He was hospitalized immediately, and died of his injuries on January 4th.

The next day, local dissatisfied youths organized protests against what had happened to Bouazizi and the system that al-

lowed it to happen. Reports say that riot police used tear gas to forcibly remove protestors, which is about when the riots erupted. Over the following weeks, several other youths committed suicide, often publicly, in protest of unemployment and hunger. As the riots escalated, police began firing on the demonstrators, claiming self defense. Soon the riots had spread

The central committee of the Constitutional Democratic Rally, or RCD, the nation's leading political party, was disassembled and the government has been trying to rebuild itself, with acting president and former Prime Minister, Fouad Mebazaa, trying to organize a new round of elections. Some efforts that have already been made are the relegalization of

formerly illegal opposition parties and the release of political prisoners, both of which Tunisia has many. Even so, critics of the RCD claim that the new elections will be rigged, as the old elections were suspected of being, and have called for further

"the new wave of riots is just beginning and shows no signs of stopping"

protests, which the rioting youth have supplied. This brings us more or less to the present. The new wave of anti-RCD riots is just beginning, however, and shows no sign of stopping soon. Yet new developments are occurring every day, with many of these events happening within 24 hours of the time of this writing. Because of this, I encourage you to keep updated on events. The best that can be hoped for is for the protests to calm down with minimal further loss of life, while avoiding the kind of authoritarian regime that can arise out of situations such as these. ■

wank, spank, stop that tank!

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reflections.

the bride to be... botoxed?

by jonathanfranqui

When I witnessed the guidos of *Jersey Shore* hit the limelight, I thought that reality television had finally hit the pinnacle of trash. Is this what society really deems quality television, or entertainment for that matter? I'll admit from time to time I would sit down and watch the show, only to become so overwhelmed by the stupidity of *The Situation* or *Snookie* that I would have to turn it off after ten minutes. My already low expectations concerning reality television, however, have sunk even more with the release of a new show on E! television.

Kardashians and *Jerseylicious* (as if *Jersey* rep isn't circling the drain already...) has brought us a reality show which not only humiliates contestants with ridiculous tasks, but eggs them on with the promises of the tummy tuck of their dreams. That's right: the rewards for winning challenges on this show are cosmetic surgeries. The whole premise of the show is an ethical nightmare and begs the question of the kind of people who would watch and participate in the production. But what the hell, we live in America and if the people want crazy women running around competing for second rate hair plugs, they'll get it.

Like any respectable reality show, the producers decided to stuff 12 brides-to-be in a house together for four months. Four months in which they cannot see their fiancés and are competing for not only plastic surgery but the wedding of their dreams. The casting producers even managed to find the most horrific brides in existence; one admitted on camera that she pawned her wedding ring and neglected to mention this to her fiancé. As if this secret omission of guilt – which was recorded and aired on television – wasn't enough, the women actually broke out laughing afterward. With a cast and set up like this, I don't even think *Jersey Shore*

could keep up with the unrelenting drama which plagued the house. To really make sure these brides fought tooth and nail for every last nose job offered, the people at E! decided to do what every magazine aimed at the teenage population does: they mocked and magnified every imperfection on the brides' bodies tenfold. To achieve the desired effects of this mocking, the first task had the brides assembling life sized puzzles of themselves – that depicted them nude – with the multiple body enhancements that the show offers as prizes. When the brides finished, they had the pleasure of seeing themselves with tummy tucks, nose jobs,

teeth whitening, Botox, liposuction, boob jobs, highlights, arm tucks, and literally every conceivable cosmetic procedure a body can handle without falling to pieces. Oh and the prize for completing that task? A syringe full of Botox, which a supposed 'doctor, or that E! intern who wants to become a producer one day, promptly stuck into the winners face. At this point, you must be wondering about the poor men who are marrying these women. I would assume they must be somewhat of a douche themselves (not unlike *The Situation*) to be marrying them, but that may not help the fact that their fiancées come back looking like a

mix between themselves and a Barbie doll. Not for nothing, but having big lips like Beyonce when you have a pale white face with small features is really quite unsightly. As mentioned earlier, the brides really don't seem to be all too concerned about how their fiancé feels about the whole situation. These poor men will just have to accept whatever comes their way. But hell, the fiancé of the woman who actually manages to snag the grand prize wedding will be shedding tears of happiness as he walks down the aisle, as he laughs over the suckers who actually have to pay for their weddings. ■

silence your brrrrrrs

by gregfrancese

Winter is a season filled with weather-induced misery. From risking frostbite on your walk to class to slipping down (or up) the stairs outside of Dewey Hall, these cold months just seem to take the cake on the worst part of the year. This winter, though, can be different. While you're walking to class and the wind chill is so cold that your eyes just start tearing, make an effort to relate winter's miseries to the rest of the year and try to think, "well, it could be worse."



dude, where's my jacket?

by emilyarnow

Raging in the winter time has its perks; drunk snowball fights, stoned sledding, even keeping warm with a special someone on the drunk bus. However, bundling up for the cold and heading downtown to a sweet party comes with a price: Once you reach your destination, where do you put your coat? "I go for the less obvious places. Instead of just piling your jacket on the couch, why not store it in the kitchen cupboards?" Katie, a senior, described. While coming up with new and absurd places to hide jackets is a great idea, the odds of getting drunk to the point where you don't remember where you put them is also a significant concern. "I just hold on to my

coat!" Olivia, a sophomore, says. "Yeah, it's annoying, but at least I know where it is." However, while many are clever in their jacket guarding ways, most of us, who prefer the couch as a storing place instead of a cupboard, are not. This raises the age old question "What happens if yo' coat is stole?!" "It's becoming a growing concern," Liza, a junior says. "When people get drunk they don't really pay attention, they grab whatever jacket

fits, even if it ain't theirs!" The likelihood of picking up someone else's black North Face fleece is very high, and even higher is the chance of trading in your ratty old Carhart for someone's sweet down parka. If this happens, there is literally nothing you can do except chase leaving party-goers down the street and demand to see the nametag your mom sewed in freshman year. If that fails, continue the vicious cycle and swipe someone else's Patagonia. However, whether it's yours or the kid's down the hall, just make sure when you leave a party you are in fact wearing any form of jacket (it is Vermont after all). ■

"What happens if yo' coat is stole?!"

a steezeball's dream: snow-sliding amps up burlington

by calebdemers

With a new semester comes new beginnings. Maybe you have turned over a new leaf and decided to attend every class this semester, or maybe you have turned over a different leaf and decided to stay in your dorm as long as you can without going to a single class until you are caught and given the boot. Along with these new resolutions, the new year also brings a brand new extreme snow sport to UVM: Snow-sliding.

With Burton's release of the Burton Accustom, a shoe engineered to have minimal gripping abilities, comes the newest form of shredding to hit the streets since ski-blading. Though snow-sliding is slightly less rational than the former, it has more hype than Bassnetter's up-and-coming tour date in Burlington.

Essentially snow-sliding consists of finding a piece of pavement, preferably concrete, with roughly half an inch of snow on it, getting a running start and then tripping yourself into a slide. Once in the slide, the concrete is your canvas. Anything from balancing on one foot to... actually that's about it (at least, that's the only trick anyone has successfully completed).

One steezy looking fellow with an XXXXXL t-shirt poking out from under a far too colorful coat was attempting a slide down the ramp by the Baily-Howe Library after seeing a female he described as, "pretty flipping attractive." Knowing he could impress

her with his new shoes, the Burton Accustoms, and flashy tricks he tripped himself into a slide, only to find himself lying in a hospital bed with bandages holding his already feeble mind together. Being asked if he would do it again he simply replied, "Did you get the footage? I wanna see my wipe out."

Like this unlucky patron of the new sport, many have mused about completing 180s or even the coveted 360, but because this sport is so new, the proper safety equipment has not been developed. This leads to horrific accidents much like the one previously described. When these victims finally heal from their wounds they have mostly just decided that snowboarding or skiing is way more fun, far more safe, and better for their reputations. One UVM safety official stated: "What will these kids think of next? We aren't used to dealing with extreme snow sport injuries, we usually leave that to the mountains. This winter, however, they have literally hit home."

Fortunately for the UVM officials, concrete is not the only place that snow-sliding can occur; ice patches on heavily trafficked fields and ponds are also great

places to practice this sport. Unfortunately these locations bring dangerous new hazards. The icy pathways through the fields are normally surrounded by much deeper snow. This makes a fall not only painful but also especially chilly. Furthermore, the pond terrain is best used when the ice is at its thinnest. Alas, this can cause the ice to break, ruining the terrain for the rest of the sliders.

Finally, the actual practicality of this sport is all but nonexistent. While wearing the Burton Accustom, or any other homemade version of a shoe without grip, it becomes nearly impossible to walk down a snowy sidewalk without making a complete fool of yourself. So as you sit in your gloomy dorm room or freezing Burlington apartment, consider snow-sliding, but not for too long. ■

surfing the stars

by lizcantrell

Most of you star-gazers have undoubtedly heard about the shift in the astrological signs that was announced last week. Parke Kunkle, astronomy teacher at Minnesota Community and Technical College, claims that the dates of the zodiac signs we so dearly cling to are not correct. Basically, one minute you were a feisty Leo, the next you became a wimpy Capricorn. He also claims that a 13th sign, Ophiuchus (pronounced Ooh-FEE-yew-kus) the Serpent Bearer, exists for those born between November 30th and December 17th.

The announcement has created a cosmic crisis, with emotions ranging from mild discontent, to denial and disbelief, and even to extreme despair. Adding to the confusion, the data on these findings has been hotly contested, with some claiming it only applies to those born after 2009 and others asserting that there are multiple kinds of zodiacs and that the one we are all familiar with (tropical) is not even affected. WTF mates?

Whatever the truth may be, we at the **water tower** are sticking to our roots. We will proudly identify with our tried and true signs, and you should too! If this new sign becomes fully accepted by the astrological community, perhaps we will include it in our predictions. Until then, defy the serpent bearer and rock your zodiac sign with pride. ■

Aquarius: January 20-February 18

You get the opportunity to see your favorite musician in concert. However, during the opening, their microphone screws up and it is unceremoniously revealed that they have been lip-syncing their entire career. Oops, they did it again.

Pisces: February 19-March 20

After a rocky fall semester you are ready to chillax this spring. These are your words to live by, "if it need not be done today, or tomorrow, it need not be done at all." Deep, man....

Aries: March 21-April 19

The stars foresee many love complications for you this lunar year. You will have three relationships, and each person's name will start with "B". Most likely matches? That would be Bartholomew, Benji, and Bruce, as well as Briony, Bathsbeba, and Bernadette.



Viscaya Wagner

Taurus: April 20-May 20

This will be a year where people flock to you like freshmen girls to frat row. You are simply magnetic! Side effects: metallic objects are also attracted to you, so don't be frightened by the staple guns, quarters, and thousands of paper clips that miraculously cling to you at all times.

Gemini: May 21-June 20

This is a time for personal growth. "It's not you, it's me" could not be more true for you this year. Take time to find out what makes you tick, and what ticks you off. Introspection and introversion is the way, my friend.

Cancer: June 21-July 22

A year of wild and crazy adventures is ahead for you, you lucky crab! The stars predict you will ride a bucking bronco, sail Lake Tanganyika, and ride the Empire State elevator at top speed, 15 times, without puking. Good for you.

Leo: July 23-August 22

In mid May, you will meet a complete stranger. Then they won't be a stranger anymore. That's all we got. Check back later.

Virgo: August 23-September 22

You make a YouTube video called, "The Life and Times of Champ" with some pals and become an internet sensation. Movie deals, book contracts, and MTV appearances will follow. Just don't forget the little people on your way up, aight???

Libra: September 23-October 22

The celestial heavens bless you with incredible powers of persuasion this semester. That 15-page paper? Nah, you convince your prof that your formative years are better spent shredding. And your rents believe you when you tell them you had a productive semester.

classic vt winter scenario:

You step outside to walk to your first class and a huge gust of wind blows snow flurries in your face, making it impossible to see.

The Ben & Jerry's you just ordered does little to help you stay warm on your way to class.

You see that it's supposed to be -4 degrees without the wind chill so you layer up and cover your face as much as possible without being mistaken for a bank robber to avoid frostbite and fool yourself into believing you'll stay warm.

You wake up to a foot of snow outside your doorstep and you have to shovel your way out before you can go skiing or anywhere else.

You're walking to class and slip and fall on a patch of black ice and, if you're lucky, land in a pile of snow, while that girl you've been trying to impress laughs at your embarrassment.

well, it could be worse...

You could be walking along North Beach on a windy July day and get sand in your eyes, not only making it impossible to see, but scratching your corneas beyond repair.

The Ben & Jerry's you just ordered melts all over you on your way to class.

You could see that it's supposed to be 95 degrees with 75% humidity and wonder how the hell you're supposed to be remotely comfortable in these conditions without spending the day entirely in the nude.

You could wake up to a foot of water and mud outside your door because it hasn't stopped raining for the entire month of April.

You could be flying on your bike down College Street after a fall rain storm and hit the breaks as the one red light you thought you could outbike turns red, causing you to lose all traction on the wet leaves and sending you over your handle bars and into a parked car. Hopefully you were wearing your helmet. ■

Scorpio: October 23-November 21

Oh Scorpio, you have quite the stinging tongue, and it gets you into trouble. Try honey, not vinegar, and see how many flies you get.

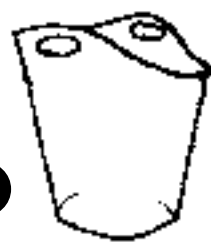
Sagittarius: November 22-December 21

Sag, this year, whatever you do, you dominate. And the stars mean everything. Taking the stairs-you don't walk, you run and skip every third step! Reading 60 pages of a chem book- how bout reading it in Arabic, backwards?! Going on a date-you don't do dinner and a movie, you do skydiving and lunch on the Italian Alps. You're full of awesomeness: spread it all over the free world. Then conquer it.

Capricorn: December 22-January 19

You've been swimming upstream Cappie. Make like the Pisces and take a breather, find calmer waters, and soak it all in.

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

Hello Bombshell...
I see you all the time,
Sometime I want to watch you sleep.
You once told me that if you were to kiss any girl
it would be me.
That makes my heart ache, baby
I want you so bad it hurts!
When: sometimes
Where: around
I saw: a redheaded bombshell
I am: obsessed

You introduced yourself to me while we were running the
naked bike ride. You said your name was Reed. You were too
drunk to be coherent. Any naked man who can approach a
naked girl with confidence has balls. No pun intended.
When: naked bike ride
Where: 355 Pearl III (mi casa)
I saw: a naked ass man
I am: the green girl

Hey Hey
Sexy mysterious man
Wearing those ray bans
I've been crushing on you
The whole semester through!
You seem really nice
But I'm way too shy
Plus, next semester I won't be here
But maybe I'll see ya next school year?
When: wednesdays and fridays
Where: sculpture
I saw: drop dead gorgeous guy
I am: just a girl

Why didn't I know you before Halloween,
Before such a convoluted time?
How is it that you, a girl unforeseen,
Have reduced me to rhyme?
Because of awkward circumstance
In lieu of fervent gestures like a kiss,
I resort to subtle suggestions of romance
Paltry and anonymous acts such as this.
When: almost every day
Where: UHN
I saw: a girl downstairs
I am: not that subtle

first semester freshman year i saw you every day
and i would grin from ear to ear
you're the reason why i miss the classes
the ones that really kicked our asses
someday i hope you'll notice me
maybe even in a jersey
When: erry day freshman year
Where: class
I saw: a sexy man
I am: an interested lady

Drew Carey? I miss ya, kid!
When: Often enough
Where: In the good memories
I saw: Not a gatherer, but a _____
I am: Not Coraline, but _____

I was out in the snow
waiting for the bus
I never knew it'd end up
with a brand new crush.
You looked older than me,
but not by a lot.
I saw your brown pony tail
and thought you were hot.
You glanced at me for a sec
and caught my eye,
but you looked away quickly
I was like "Psh, bye."
The last thing i saw
before you left my sight
was a yellow backpack
that wasn't very bright.
So, the reason I'm submitting this
to the Water Tower
is cuz I've got a question:
Can I hop in your shower?
When: Tuesday @ 4
Where: outside of Williams
I saw: a dirty boy
I am: in a purple jacket

attention readers!

IWYSBs will be read on WRUV 90.1
during *Mr. Green Genes Presents:
The Night Society with Mr. Green Genes*
Wednesdays 6-8pm

Drunk bus

Girl: But tampons aren't sticky!

Grundle on Sunday morning

biddie to other biddie: yea she can't eat Oreos in public any-
more. what has her life come to?

4th floor davis, Sunday night

Girl: Oh shit! I left a christmas tree in someone's trash
Bro: A whole tree?!!
Girl: Yeah. . .

Sidewalk behind Coolidge

Boy 1: I wish I had money.
Boy 2: Yeah then you could buy stuff . . . like a house or a wife,
or order Wings Over Burlington every night.
Boy 1: Yeahhhh...

Bailey-Howe, last day of class

Staff: Miss, you need to either put your clothes on or go out-
side.
Naked girl: WOOWAAA!!!

Two dudes riding their bikes outside Bailey Howe.

Dude 1: "Dude is this week your period?"
Dude 2: "Yea..."
Dude 1: "Oh, sorry dude..."

The Grundle

Girl 1: Is that smell burning dog hair or your wrist again?
Girl 2: Nah it's just my wrist.

Thursday night in Davis

Dude 1: 3 rim jobs in a row without getting it in.
Dude 2: No luck man.

After the naked bike ride

Girl 1: After that first lap I thought my vagina was frozen.
Girl 2: I thought my nipples were frozen.

Harris/Millis after naked bike ride

Guy 1: Ugh my balls got stuck to my seat on my bike.
Guy 2: Dude, your supposed to put vasoline on it first, Jesus.

Friday night, Bailey/Howe, 1st floor

Girl talking to two friends: "I've never been to the library on a
Friday night before...and this is going to be the first time I open
this textbook all semester."

Outside during the naked bike ride

Guy: Man, I have to pee so bady, but my half penis is frozen
shut!

DowntownGossip

Girl: I am actually not a homewrecker nor interested in you in
that way. I am a lesbian. And I have a boyfriend. And I am not
that attractive anyway. The end.

Sunday morning, Buell Street Kitchen

Bro: Are you horny? (Starts air humping)

Hipster: Turns to Bro

Bro without waiting for a response: I'm so fucking horny. I
masturbated three times. Once last night, twice this morning!
(Continues air humping)

Harris Millis

Girl 1 to Girl 2: (sarcastically) yeah my used dildo is on top of
the fruit snacks...

Davis Center first floor

Girl 1: Well she was in a coma, but she got pregnant before she
was in the coma so...
Girl 2: Well, yeah.

In my dorm

Girl: I can't control what comes out of my mouth!

In the dorm

Girl 1: Hamsters are gross, how do they contribute at all to the
ecosystem?
Girl 2: They contribute to my personal satisfaction.

Brennan's

Girl 1: You keep saying his
name with such disgust, like
he's your first cousin! He's just
your third cousin, you can
totally hook up with him again!

Davis Center

Girl 1: If you think my bucket
list is weird you should hear
Nicole's.

Girl 2: Why what is it?

Girl 1: She wants to get shot, so
she can know what it feels like,
but not get injured.

Girl 3: My brother shot me
once with a paintball gun, but
he put a chap stick in and shot
it from like two inches away.
It hurt.

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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

Off-campus bus Wednesday night.

Girl 1: I love drinking milk, like I don't think I could go a day
without drinking it.

Girl 2: Yeah me too but only 2%.

Girl 1: 2%? Anything more than skim and I can actually taste
the cow...you know?

Girl 2: (nods in agreement, checks phone)

L/L

Dude1: Listen I would FUCK Froggy before doing her.

Dude2: Dude she's Fucking hideous.

Dude3: Hey! Turn that shit down...(pause)...what you thought

I was telling you to turn it down because PEOPLE were sleep-

ing! No I don't wanna hear that fat bitch!

Mason hall

Guy 1: That's a dildo, thats definitely a dildo!

Guy 2: Nope, thats definitely a thong.

Downtown

Boy: Do you guys know that guy with the dart board?

Girls: No...

Boy: Oh, well he was running REALLY fast...and I don't think

it was his.

Marche

Boy 1: I kept on doing it but she was asleep...

Girl 1: ...

Boy 1: No, you would've dug it if you were awake.

Brennan's

Girl 1: Oh, she's the girl that Kevin peed on!... you know, the
hamster?

Uncommon Grounds

Guy: I feel so sick. I need to do some drugs.

The Grundle

Guy: You know what I should've done before I came here? A
shot of Nyquil.

On the way to Torrey

Biddie to friend: Wait...the Battle of Pearl Harbor was in New
Jersey, right?

In Harris Millis

Guy: You're such an alcoholic, with that bottle of liquor above
your bed.
Girl: That doesn't count 'cause it's empty!

Harvest Cafe

Bro 1: Bro, what happened?

Bro 2: I broke my wrist at Killington last weekend.

Bro 1: Noob.

Simpson 3

Girl 1: Ahh that hurt my fingers

Girl 2: Aw I'm sorry

Girl 1: It's ok. Thats what I get for punching a baby in the head.

Atrium in the Dud

Biddie 1 to Biddie 2: Wait, this isn't healthy? I thought it was, I
mean, it's called smart food!

Marche:

Girl: HE'S PENETRATING ME!

Davis Center stairs

Girl: Having a pregnancy scare, gives me, like, anxiety.

Cook Commons

Guy: Bring the leash because she'll want to sing too.

Wednesday night outside Marche

Bro 1 to Bro 2: It was really bad, man...she had a really hairy ass

My dorm

Stoned Girl: I helped this girl like... more than Jesus helped...
wherever the hell Jesus went.

fashion five-oh. salt assault!

with colbynixon

As the ever eloquent emily**arnow** stated earlier in this issue, "raging" in the winter time, among other winter activities, does have its perks. There are those drunk-en snowball fights, and apparently stoned sledding, but much like the Force there is also the "dark side" to winter. Salt, a necessary evil in the American North-east, is the silent killer. Ok, so maybe it's not a killer, but it sure wrecks the hell out of your shoes. Seriously, my Sperry's are meant to "get wet," not to "suffer from salt corrosion and other winter maladies." There are several ways to avoid this, which I have decided to include for the collective benefit of the UVM community.

1. Wear boots- no shit it's snowy outside- wear boots and your good shoes won't get destroyed. Yeah, they're cumbersome and not particularly elegant, but who cares, L.L Bean boots look good on anyone (trust me, I'm from Maine). So it's definitely a good call to throw those on instead of your Rocket Dogs or Sanuks.
2. Try overshoes- Walter Mitty did it- these will protect your shoes from all manners of salts and sands, mud, etc. I had all but forgotten about this relic, until I happened upon, and I quote, a "fashionable" pair in Sky Mall maga-zine when flying back from Germany over winter break.
3. Gaiters are the perennial favorites of alpine hikers and your favorite jeans. Seriously, these are great and will make you look like one of the old-timers at Mad River Glen, who are, as everyone knows, stewards of the original steez.

Whatever you decide on, you cannot defeat the salt. You must respect it as a worthy adversary. As in ancient history, humans have to learn to adapt to this un-fortunate byproduct of not slipping on slushy pavement. Stay tuned for next week, when we discuss how your beverage represents you as a person. ■

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 thewatertownews@gmail.com by Tuesdays at 4:00.

german bear wrestling

with alextownsend



precious winter

by skylerperkins

Perhaps I am a bear, or some hibernating animal underneath, for the instinct to be half asleep all winter is so strong in me.
-Anne Morrow Lindbergh

One Friday afternoon in December 2012, Ded and Dun sat outside the library steps. Dun looked down at his uncovered hands and said, "I hate Vermont in the winter, it's so cold.

Ded agreed: "Yeah, this sucks the worst."

There was silence for two seconds before a super galactic heat wave came flashing through the sky, struck earth and fried Ded, Dun and every other creature on earth

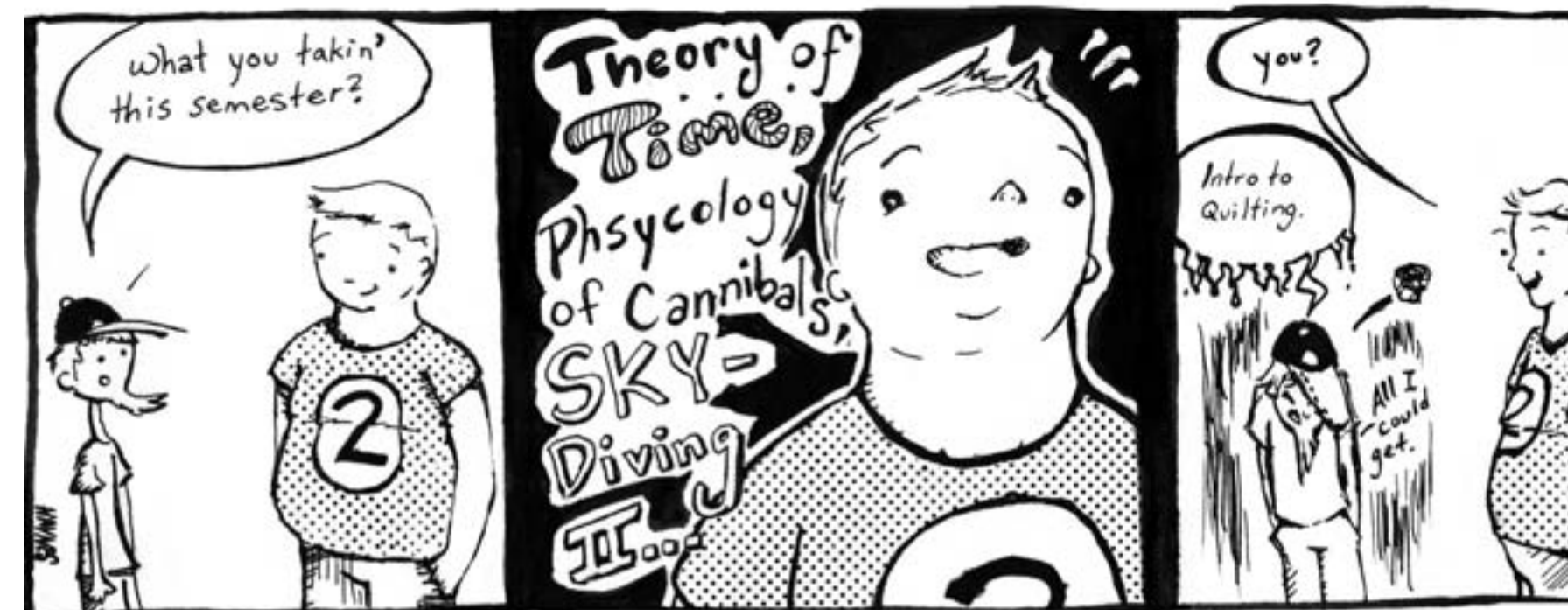
to charcoal. Looking down from the sky, Ded and Dun watched the earth rotating slowly, ablaze and smoking. "Ah, Ded, we should have been more grateful for what we had. Remember those great times sledding, drinking tea, playing board games, making crafts, making snowmen, wearing extra clothes, snowshoeing, being with friends, and of course, snowboarding and skiing." "It's true buddy, Vermont winters are truly wonderful."

So UVMers, what would we do if this was our last winter ever?

The last time that earth experienced a super galactic heat wave was 13,000 years ago. This was made possible because the solar eclipse aligned with the center of the Milky Way galaxy. It ended the previous ice age and brought mass extinctions across the globe. This alignment will be occurring again in 2012. Many predict the worst.

goldfish apocalypse

by brittneyhaynes



cat litter.



cat litter:
by drew diemar, willis schenk, ryan
tinsley, and jared sassone-mchugh
artwork by malcolm valaitis

Lives of our Time: Giants Among Men.

(Excerpted from the Obituary section of Time magazine's "The 21st Century: a Retrospective")



Justin Drew Bieber (1994-2017)

Bieber led a rapid life. Few could have predicted his rise to monumental stardom in the R&B world, but his descent into drugs and alcohol was foreseen by many close to him. "He would come home fucked up at 3:00 in the morning, demanding Teddy Grahams even though he knew we were out, or complaining about how I shut down his Xbox live when the Xbox wasn't even plugged in," confided his mother, Patti. Bieber was found one morning in his room, his eyes rolled back in his head in an apparent overdose. His vomit-stained Daffy Duck pajamas were donated to the Rock-n-Roll Hall of Fame.



Steven Gilchrist Glover (1974-2081)

Television personality Steve-o was not new to excitement. As a stunt performing, indiscriminate drug-consuming member of MTV's *Jackass*, and later as an avid gardener and speedwalker, Steve-o was known to push the limits of what was deemed sane. This is partly why his family was so surprised at his death from a heart attack caused by the excitement of a heated, yet friendly, game of bridge with his grandchildren. "The whole game was a nail-biter," recalls granddaughter, Eva, "but when I pulled a 7, he hooted and hollered until his eyes bulged out and he fell off of his chair."



Julian Paul Assange (1971-2069)

Assange, a journalist and former spokesperson of now-defunct Wikileaks, will be remembered as a caring soul who had a passion for the boomerang and a knack for surviving assassination attempts, 11 in all. He was finally done in by a jolly swagman, who, in a drunken rage, bludgeoned Assange when he found him trespassing in his billabong, under the shade of a coolabahs tree.



Dwayne Michael Carter, Jr. (1982-2077)

Rapper Lil' Wayne led a career that affected millions of lives, beginning as a hip-hop superstar and ending as a prominent member of his community in Des Moines, Iowa. There, Carter was an active member of the school board and the town's Holiday Decorations committee. Carter died after being hit by a pickup truck while performing his daily service of directing traffic at Des Moines elementary.

tunes.



daytrotter dot com:

a highlight in the crowded world of internet music

by sarahmoylan

The internet is polluted with music blogs—some of which are awesome, and some of which suck. But Daytrotter (that's <http://www.daytrotter.com> to your internet browser) is among the best.

Here's how it works: touring indie bands who pass through the Midwest are invited to stop by the Daytrotter "Horse-shack", a tiny studio in the tiny city of Rock Island, Illinois. They play four or five songs, which can be old or new or totally off the cuff, hit the road again, and leave behind beautiful musical gems

"You can download hundreds of free songs without even nearing the bottom of Daytrotter's seemingly bottomless pit of music."

for the good people of Daytrotter to post online.

These bands can range in genre widely; artists as diverse as indie folkers Iron and Wine and punk rockers Against Me! have recorded for Daytrotter. The best part? All songs are available for download one-hundo-percent free of charge. This (awesome) aspect of Daytrotter, combined with its vast archive (it began recording sessions in 2006 and currently releases a session every day) means that you can download hundreds of free songs without even nearing the bottom of Daytrotter's seemingly bottomless pit of music. The site features a healthy mix of artists you've probably heard of and some you probably haven't—in the last month, for example, it has released sessions from lesser-known groups like Fake Problems and Happy Birthday, as well as sessions from more established greats like Social Distortion and MGMT.

the great sinking ship:

april smith's recent release falls flat

by kylekelly-yahner

Imagine April Smith's latest album "Songs For A Sinking Ship" as an actual ship. It looks so mighty as it departs the harbor. It presses onward as it reaches the open waters. But the ship quickly loses its course and spirals into a directionless void. It trudges on aimlessly in search of a destination. Is anyone sick of this metaphor yet? Good. That is the sensation you

will get from listening to April Smith's new CD.

April Smith is immensely talented, and very fortunate to have a band comprised of top tier New York session musicians. Her voice bubbles under tightly knit jazz shuffles, only to burst above the band in a ball of energy. Smith sounds like a soul-singer made to play with a 1940's chamber jazz band. Her old-timey style makes her sound easily identifiable, but it also limits where she can take her music.

"Songs For A Sinking Ship" opens promisingly with "Movie Loves A Screen", a charming simple song about a crush. Smith sings "I just want to mean something to you" in an absurdly catchy mel-

ody that embodies her puppy love. But in no time, the puppy grows into a giant, rabid dog--Again, I have deliberately abused a metaphor so you can truly feel the album's decline. (I'll try and make that the last one.)

After "Movie Loves A Screen" comes "Terrible Things" in which April declares she is indeed a monster, and not the lover

"Smith describes herself as a ravenous player, a hopelessly devoted lover, a wife waiting for her man, a defensive girlfriend, a scorned lover, the one who scorns her lover, a ravenous player again, and finally a self righteous ex-girlfriend."

she previously described. In the next 9 songs Smith describes herself as a ravenous player, a hopelessly devoted lover, a wife waiting for her man, a defensive girlfriend, a scorned lover, the one who scorns her lover, a ravenous player again, and finally a self righteous ex-girlfriend. There is no consistency to be found.

This schizophrenic songwriting is completely jarring, and occurs frequently throughout the album. Eventually even Smith's remarkable vocal dexterity cannot make up for weak verses, and predictable

choruses. The old timey instrumentation becomes tired, and the lyrical quips that were once charming become completely off-putting.

Smith closes the album with "Stop Wondering", a deliberately overplayed ballad in the style of a waltz. Smith sings, "If you ever wonder if I'm dreaming of you" and sounds as if she is overflowing with ado-

ration for her lover. Well, April Smith just fooled you! Can you see her winking at you? She quickly answers her own question, singing:

"Well I'm not so you can stop wondering". There are three choruses of this rhetorical question.

The final chorus climaxes in the most inappropriate moment of the entire album, which puts a stamp on Smith's heap of talent that has gone astray. She sings: "If you ever wonder if I'm dreaming of you? Bitch please. I've got better things to do." Ladies and gentlemen: the ship has sunk. (That was the last metaphor).

thanks to all you wonderful bands, artists, singers, djs, rock stars and rappers who submitted to our **"uvm's best band"** competition. there are are a lot of you, and we are currently sifting through your tunes and picking our favs. look out for the issue announcing the winner(s) next month!