

the water tower.

uvm's alternative newsmag



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Statue Thing caught at Marche with unidentified male lover!!

S.T. claims that their relationship is purely sexual, but friends say this mystery Marche flame and purported "bad boy" wants more.

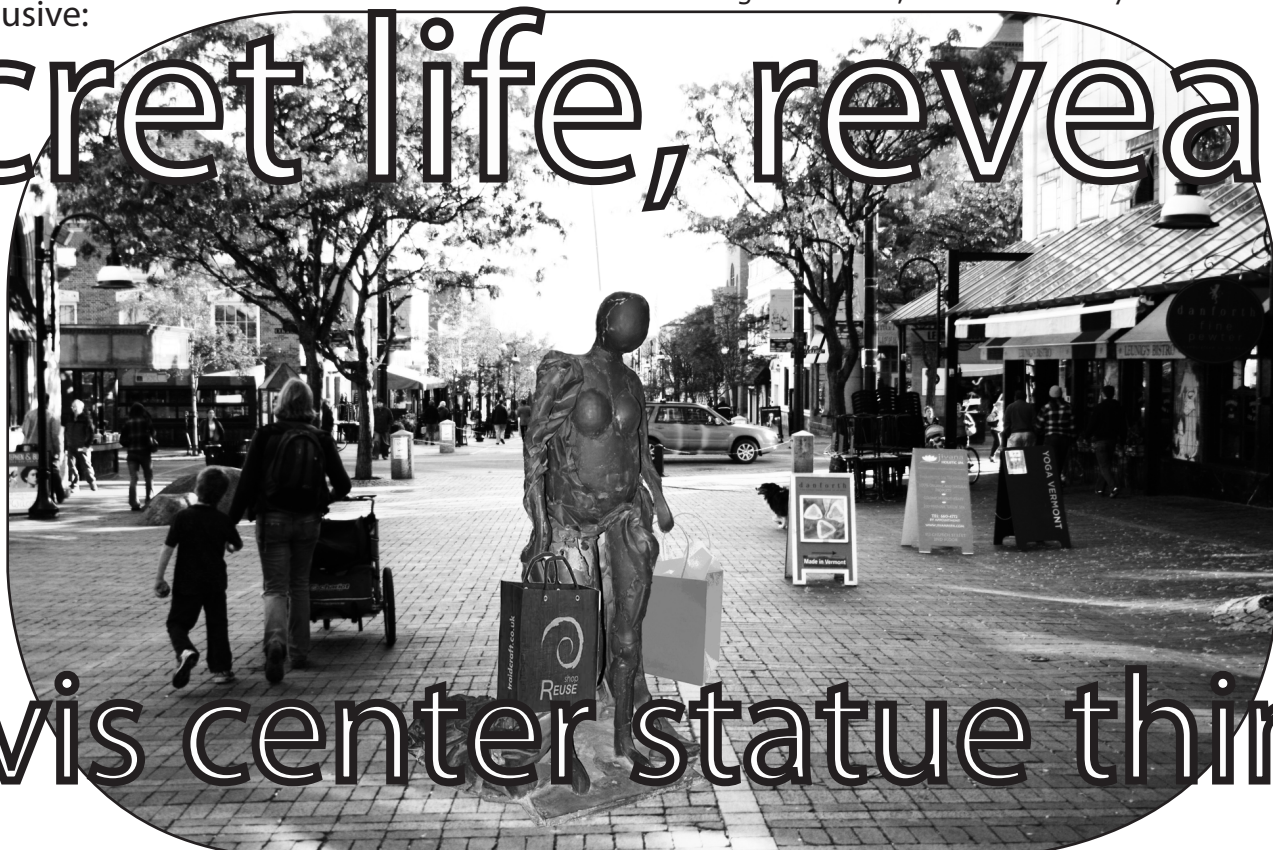


The tangled web of S.T.'s sordid love triangle gets more tangled...and sordid!! S.T. was spotted with her long-time lover, Mac Smith, in a blow-out fight at the waterfront. Despite Mac's pathetic attempts to reignite their romance, S.T. is as cold and distant as ever. Friends say S.T. secretly refers to Mac as her "play-thing." "It's sick," said one anonymous source.

a water tower exclusive:

secret life, revealed!

Loneliness and low self-esteem drives S.T. to develop rampant Church Street shopping addiction!!



davis center statue thing



S.T. makes a drunken fool of herself at sparsely attended Pearl Street basement party!!!

by leamcclellan photos by kellymacintyre

Close personal friends and anonymous sources agree that the Davis Center Statue Thing is officially and completely out of control. Her one-time status as a role model for young girls and puppies leaves Burlington mothers and dog-owners livid. At one time, S.T. was a scandal-free mainstay of the Davis Center stairwell. It is only in recent weeks that her sexy, secret double life has come to light.

Her highly publicized downward spiral of partying, outrageous shopping sprees, as well as her very own sex scandal has left friends shocked and troubled. Her decision to go bra-less has also been widely scrutinized.

Statue Thing refused to comment on this story, but her scorned lover, Mac Smith, gave us the exclusive scoop. "She used to be the sweetest thing. We went apple picking, we did movie night. We stood in the Davis Center together—sometimes for hours we'd stand together. We stood so still. That whore," said Smith.

Supporters of Statue Thing blame the unidentified Marche lover as her ultimate downfall. He wined her, dined her, swiped his card for her, and made her feel special. "I don't think S.T. has ever felt so taken care of," said a close, personal friend. On the flip side, the Marche man is reportedly a notorious "bad boy." It's been said that he has led S.T. down a road of credit card bills and crack habits.

"It's just sad," said an anonymous source. "Too bad her evil stage mother made her do those Welch's Grape Juice commercials so early on."

get
inside
me

news
states for sale!
by emilyhoogesteger

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the true vermonters
by deborahweeks

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on composting

Are you just dying to compost after the article two weeks ago? The best (...only) way to ensure your compost is getting to the Intervale is to walk it to one of the various loading dock's compost bins. For example, if you can't finish your vegan meal from the Marche, simply walk your leftovers upstairs past the L/L tutoring center, take your first left and follow your nose into the smelly trash room on the right before the ramp. Head all the way to the back and toss it in the green composting bins, along with any compostable dishware. Then pat yourself on the back and don't slip on the thin layer of spilled vegetable oil coating the floor on your way out.

<3 UVM Eco-Reps

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

thewatertownews@gmail.com

the shit list

with macsmith

Wade Edwards-Mr. Edwards arrived at his Florida home to find his 16-year-old daughter having sex with 18-year-old Julian Harp. Edwards then calmly went for his gun and attempted to shoot Harp's balls off. Four times. Fortunately, the shots missed the intended target. Mr. Edwards is certainly in the wrong here, but let's not forget: if you're going to fuck someone's 16-year-old daughter, you better make sure they aren't coming home to get a loaded gun to shoot your balls off.

NASA-Sony pictures recently set up a website to help plug their latest monstrosity: 2012. According to the website, two decades of research indicates that the world is coming to an end in 2012. Thank god, NASA did a little bit of counter research and want to reassure the public that the world is actually not going to end in 2012. But, NASA did want everyone to know of their intentions to waste their own, and everyone else's, time.

Congress-Is passing a bill called the Travel Promotion Act. The bill's intended purpose is to attract more tourists to the United States, but does so in an interesting way: by fining tourists. All foreign people entering the United States without a visa will have to pay a 10 dollar fine. Are these people really that stupid, or are we the stupid ones for electing them?

Keith Bardwell-This Louisiana judge is involved in a growing controversy likely to end his career. It all started when Mr. Bardwell refused a marriage license to an interracial couple "out of concern for the future of the children." Mr. Bardwell insists he's not a racist and that he has a lot of black friends that he "invites to his house and even let them use the bathroom." Of course it is a much crappier, less sanitary, separate (but equal) bathroom located in the basement of his house.

Marina Del Rey Police-A man was left dead and rotting on his balcony for a week because everyone mistook him for a Halloween prop. This type of stuff happens every year. Last year a guy was left hanging from a tree for a few weeks, too. I guess it takes that much time for people to realize that Halloween props don't, in fact, decompose and begin to smell terrible.

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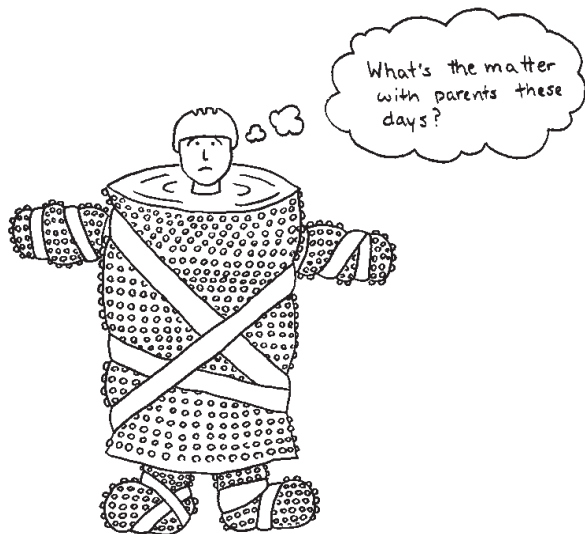
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To Reform School For Bringing A
Camping Utensil to School



A Sneak Preview of the Future
Universal Public School Uniform
by mikecappuccio

the news in brief with paulgross

"The biggest challenge is security."

-A **representative** of the United States Military discussing the likely necessity for run-off elections in Afghanistan in the coming months. Last election, Taliban fighters threatened people on their way to the polls by purporting to be ready to chop off the finger of anyone who dips his or her appendage in the ink that indicates that one has voted. I think the US would prefer that not happen again, this time.

"Each time they were injured, they blew themselves up."

-Pakistani government official **Sajjad Bhutta** on interactions with Taliban fighters. Fanaticism is fucking terrifying.

"Years."

-The response of **Steven Ricchiutto** when he was asked how long it would be until the market returns to its peak in 2007. The Dow Jones Industrial Average hit a landmark 10,000 points last week, signaling, symbolically at least, that we are emerging well from the recession. Still, apparently, our opulence is not returning any time soon.

"We will comply with the law."

-A **spokesperson** for Britain's ultra right wing British National Party stating that the party, in compliance with a court order, will allow non-whites to join. You read that correctly. Non-whites. Why would any of them want to join?!

"What once was fun now just seems like a vessel for harassment."

-**Megan McCain**, on why she's going to delete her Twitter account after a load of criticism she received for posting a picture of herself in a small tank top. John McCain is yet to comment, but I bet Sarah Palin thought she looked "dern cute!"

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

contact the wt.

Letters to the editor/
General email
thewatertownews@gmail.com

Editors-in-Chief:
watertowreditor@gmail.com

Advertising:
watertowerads@gmail.com

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join the wt.

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Weekly meetings
Tuesdays at 7:00pm
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Davis Center - 3rd Floor
Or send us an email

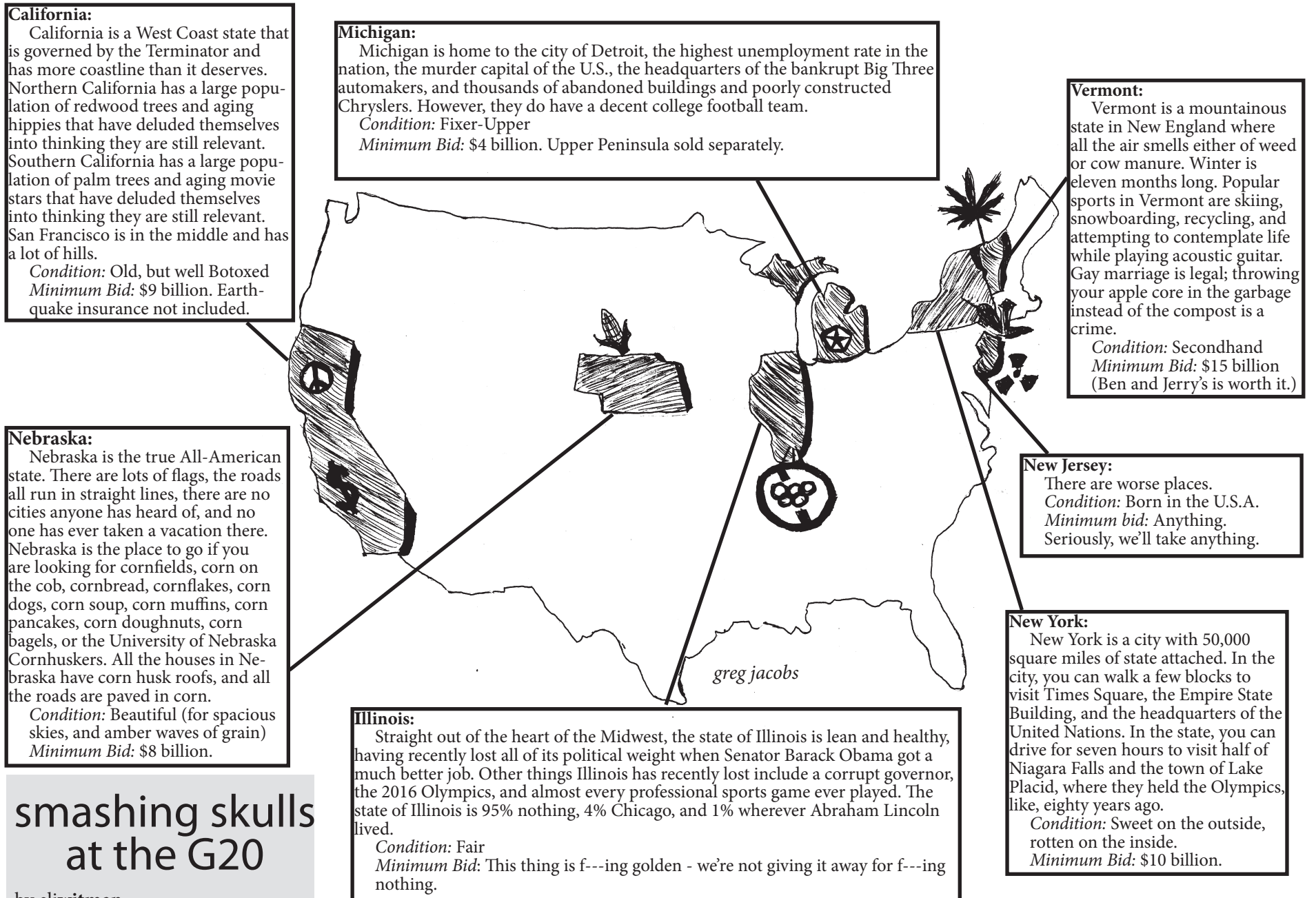
Our generation stands at a crossroads. As we walk through a world ever connected to a thunderstorm of news and reflection, we risk losing the ability to think for ourselves. **the water tower** is for us non-thinkers. We provide witty and sometimes outlandish opinions so that you don't have to come up 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.**

going once, going twice...

the government needs money more than it needs new jersey

by emilyhoogesteger

From releasing prisoners to selling old filing cabinets to renting out capitol buildings, state governments across the country are coming up with creative ways to cut costs and make money. But with an eleven trillion dollar national debt, Washington needs to put more than a few aged secretaries' desks up for sale. And while having fifty states is nice for flag symmetry purposes, the federal government needs cash fast - and what's more American than selling your extra junk on eBay?



smashing skulls at the G20

by eliwitman

Thaaawp, Bang, Sish. The flash bang exploded, percussive noise for a mere instant followed by the dispersal of tear gas. I already had my old snowboard goggles on and then I pulled up my backup bandana, soaked in vinegar to dispel the noxious and burning sensation of tear gas. The tight ranks of protestors broke apart as a solitary dumpster rolled past pushed by four young men dressed in black. However, their attempt of "radical bowling" missed the line of riot cops, donned in Kevlar and carbon fiber armor, armed with wooden batons, tear gas launchers and rubber bullets. The police helicopter buzzed overhead, the all-seeing eye of all matters protest-related.

Next rolled in LRAD, (long-range acoustic device) a police tank was armed with this sound cannon capable of creating a screeching high frequency noise of up to 140dB. I was glad that roommates' late night "sleepovers" and subwoofers provoked me to buy a pair of earplugs. Take "Hearosä" LRAD. The unarmed demonstrators at Pittsburgh's G-20 summit had the privilege of hearing LRAD's debut on American soil. Civilians in Afghanistan and Iraq, and most recently Honduras, have already experienced this instrument of sensory overload. The crowd dispersed and marchers were separated through alleys of Lawrenceville in a general state of confusion. Cops came in caravans of Dodge Caravans, kid you not, the car most often acquainted with seven 7-year olds en-route to soccer practice could fit three riot cops. But their excess armor and gear made them parallel to Robo Cop or Daft Punk rather than a community member you might see patrolling a hockey game.

So what's the big deal about the G-20 anyway? The G-20, formerly the G-8, is a Group of 20 delegates from the world's richest countries, which team up with the International Monetary Fund (IMF) to decide global economic policy behind closed doors. The public has no input nor is there any transparency on economic decisions. Quite simply the G-20 is an elite group of 20 people deciding the eco-

ahmadinejad a jew?

oh, the irony

by briancofill

"Mahmoud Ahmadinejad is Jewish." As a writer, you really can't ask for a better story to hit the headlines. Why? Ahmadinejad is the "president" of Iran. That's right. He's the guy whose country has mysterious nuclear power plants. He's the guy who's a major anti-Semite. He's the guy who denies the happenings of the Holocaust and wants to turn Israel "into a stinking corpse." In short, he's an asshole.

This finding came through the British press, which holds a reputation for diligence and poor dental hygiene. The UK newspaper, The Daily Telegraph, showcased a photo of Ahmadinejad holding up his Iranian identification papers during his March 2008 presidential campaign. London experts viewed the picture and concluded that Ahmadinejad's former surname is a well-known Jewish name in Iran, and his parents probably changed it for religious reasons.

The conspiracy theories are already flying around. One Tehran newspaper hypothesized that Israeli leaders somehow influenced The Daily Telegraph to print the pictures of Ahmadinejad holding up the documents in question.

The findings about Ahmadinejad's

conomic, social and environmental fate of 6.5 billion people. The free trade policies promoted by the G-20 are what keep the Third World Countries indebted to First World Corporations with a blind eye towards human and environmental rights.

Regrettably, the incident I described above wouldn't be the first time public safety was compromised during the G-20 summit. Public gatherings Thursday and Friday nights near University of Pittsburgh's Cathedral of Knowledge (tallest academic building in the U.S.) were met with unprecedented police violence. Thursday's night's "Bash Back" march in

ancestry are being debated, but if they are correct, it's sure to be the topic of a new skit on SNL. This is the equivalent of Lou Dobbs finding out he's Hispanic, and subsequently having Fox News offer him a new job - as the landscaper. This is like Pat Robertson finding out he's Muslim and having Evangelicals chase him out of a "megachurch" in Alabama. Not many comedians would even be able to imagine something this ironic. Ahmadinejad being Jewish is like Carlos Mencia being funny. It seems like it shouldn't happen. It's against everything we're used to.

But it doesn't really matter if Ahmadinejad is Jewish. He's still a bad guy either way. Blogger "Inja va anja" ("here and there") foresees that if Ahmadinejad is in fact Jewish, much of the world's contempt for the Iranian ruler could be redirected to further anti-Semitism (I'm sure Jimmy Carter would find something to say).

There's one person who obviously won't see the humor in this. Mahmoud Ahmadinejad will now certainly be called a hypocrite if the information is true. Scholars, such as Ali Nourizadeh of the Centre for Arab and Iranian Studies in

London, say that Ahmadinejad's strong anti-Semitism could be exaggerated due to the fact that he is hiding his Jewish roots. Nourizadeh explains that "He feels vulnerable in a racial Shia society." Surely many Israelis and Jews around the world will not be pleased with this information either. It's likely that they would like to distance themselves as far away from this monster as possible, and who can blame them? ■

which less than 10 insurrectionists participated in minor vandalism gave police the fuel they needed to fire tear gas and arrest at will by declaring martial law in the UPitt area. YouTube videos show students and curious onlookers trapped in stairwells suffering from high concentrations of tear gas. Pink-polo wearing types, not black-clad protestors, were tackled and arrested for talking on the cellphone outside of their dorm. The police raided the "Towers" dorm complex in pursuit of

Continued as G20 on page 5

so you wanna win the Nobel Peace Prize:

by paulgross

Make tokenistic gestures:

- Obama promises change to lots of adoring Europeans
- Arafat signs Camp David Accords--- Nothing changes
- Mikhail Gorbachev bends under pressure and knocks down the Berlin Wall

Escalate conflicts:

- Kissinger escalates war in Vietnam
- Obama escalates conflict in Afghanistan, sucks at pulling out of Iraq, can't close GITMO

Be a famous personality:

- Al Gore was almost President and championed environmental movement
- Barack Obama: Celeb-sident

Create peace:

Not really necessary. What a shame.



she's faking it

by emilyarnow and julietcritsimilios

but you'll never know



anna speidel

As college students entering our twenties we are expected, provoked, and encouraged to drink. But it's not just to drink. Often, it's to get wasted. Much like the social networking sites we are addicted to, drinking can help take the pressure off actually meeting someone and interacting face to face. "Liquid courage" makes walking up to that guy who you think is cute so much easier.

Even that kid Asher Roth got a number one single with his song "I Love College" which eloquently glorified the art of blacking out—"Drink my beer and smoke my weed but my good friends is all I need. Pass out at 3, wake up at 10, go out to eat then do it again. Man, I love college."

But contrary to what Asher believes, there is another way that you can join in on the crazy party scene and achieve that so called "liquid courage" without feeling left out or puking your brains out ten beers later.

Simply fake it. Yes, that's right, fake being drunk. It may sound strange but I bet you at least one of your friends has done it and would easily do it again. Pretending you're drunk is not

only fun, it's beneficial in so many ways.

First off, you remember your entire night. For a single weekend you'll remember how you got home, and you won't lose your keys and phone. The night will be young until your body gets tired—not when your stomach reflexes want you to puke out the eight different drinks you mixed.

Along with remembering the night,

"Endless possibilities await of getting up and enjoying a bright, cheery Sunday afternoon. No nervousness about whose bed you woke up in or whom you made out with last night. Guilt free, baby."

you'll remember how people acted. How dumb they looked falling over, how gross they looked making out in a sketchy basement, and how proud you were that for that night it wasn't you. You'll also appreciate how funny everyone thinks you are. Your witty, sober jokes are going to be the best they've heard all night. It's like cheating.

The trick to pulling this off is to act totally ridiculous. Dance around, slosh your words a little bit, and look like you're trying hard to keep your eyes open. Basically act like you did in high school after two beers when you wanted to fit in. No one ever really suspects that you're not actually wasted and, unless people are walking

around with breathalyzers, they won't be able to tell anyway. It's foolproof.

With the night promising self-esteem boosts and the ability to actually walk, the next morning brings the best gifts. No waking up hung-over (or still drunk). Endless possibilities await of getting up and enjoying a bright, cheery Sunday afternoon. No nervousness about whose bed you woke up in or whom you made

out with last night. Guilt free, baby. (Unlike all your friends who you helped out who totally owe you.)

The best

part about this whole endeavor is the fact that no one is going to realize your sobriety because they're all so shwastey themselves. Christie, a sophomore here at UVM states: "When I told people that I wasn't even drunk they didn't care. They were like 'whatever it's all about having a good time!' or 'That's hilarious!'" Maybe the moral of the story is that taking the night or weekend off isn't even that big of a deal. Now that deserves a toast. ■

where all da tru

"What kind of Vermonter are you?" my friend asked while driving my car the half-mile from my apartment to UVM. The students from UVM have strange expectations of what I should be. Green Mountain heritage.

It's true, Vermonters are obsessed with maple syrup. Vermonters are all flaming liberals who eat food soft like they wear Carhartts and flannel.

This is simply not true. Vermonters on the whole don't care. I drive through the countryside of the Northeast Kingdom and see hay-silos reading "Take Vermont Back." This slogan that overtook the state a few years ago, but also the Vermonters, is overthrown. The average Vermonter living outside of Burlington is represented by our liberal government. The majority of Vermonters are "grants." These are liberals who've come from out of state and think the "Vermont" thing to do is to buy a cup of S

The local food stereotype is even more ludicrous. Organic goods, and 'local' foods are almost impossible to find in Montgomery, VT, for example. The only supermarket in Montgomery no one longs for a latte from Uncommon. You can eat an entirely locally grown plate of congealed venison from the freezer, pick some corn for a feast.

Some Vermonters may wear Carhartt khakis and Abercrombie. You are more likely to find a hunk of tofu than a hunk of tofu. And once you leave Burlington, you'll see McCain-Palin bumper stickers on the back of our State cars, think again. ■

i hope they see beer in h

by ginamastrogiacono

Local Burlington icon and Gregory Noonan, died in his home here in Burlington, Vermont, 57 years old.

Noonan was probably best known for his establishing of the Vermont Pub and Brewery in 1988. He is essentially responsible for creating the local and national microbrewing cult, taking the art and accessibility of home brewing to a new level. Thus, the news of his passing was not taken lightly in the inner-circles of the brewing community. In addition to owning the Brewery, Noonan was also an author of several books on the subject of brewing, and as a result many of his tomes were used as reference guides for other brewers.

Mike Gerhart, of Ottercreek Brewing,

"He began waiting tables and was eventually promoted at the Vermont Pub and Brewery."

is one such individual. He says that it was Noonan's book that first gave him his start in home brewing. "We have them on our shelves here," he says in reference to Noonan's books.

In fact, Noonan himself started small. He started out simply making beer as a hobby at home. At the time, he was working as a manufacturing manager in Massachusetts when he heard of microbreweries opening on the West Coast and became struck with inspiration. He soon became attracted to the Vermont area, specifically, Burlington.

"I specifically sited my brewery in Burlington because it's where I wanted to live. I admired the politics in Vermont," he said. He spent the next three years lobbying in the Vermont legislature to make brewpubs legalized in Vermont. From there, a new style was created, and a jump off point for his business and other businesses had begun.

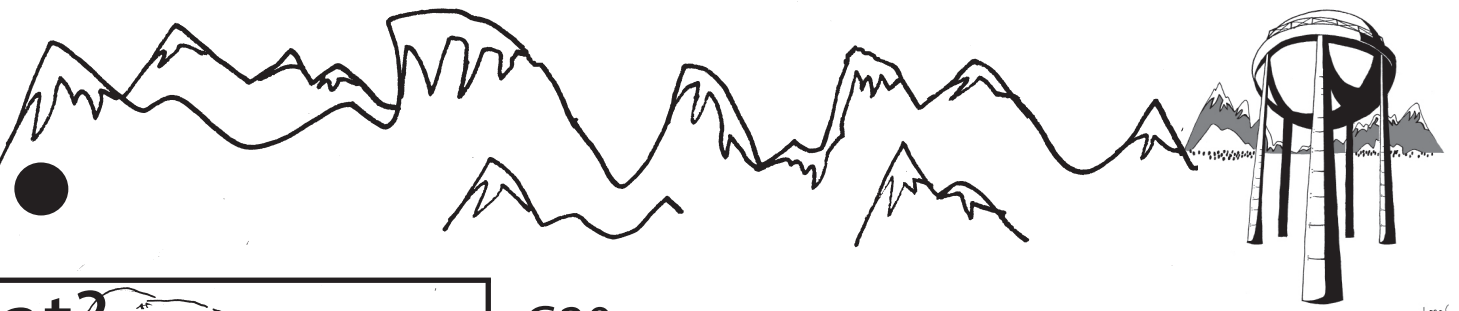
"That first year, it was a real sell. There was no built-in awareness of what a brewpub was. (Consumers) would look at you and think 'You are a brewery, you must make Budweiser.' There was no style awareness."

He immediately made an impact locally. John Kimmach, owner and creator of The Alchemist brewpub in Waterbury, first learned the trade from Noonan. He began

waiting tables and was eventually promoted at the Vermont Pub and Brewery. "He began waiting tables and was eventually promoted at the Vermont Pub and Brewery." "Greg Alchemist." "He's been the blend with the other." "Other." "ness say." "man, co." "of the M." "shared a." "of the sa." "and adv." "gated th

and pro- ship wit- professi- ning. If Vermont. Noonan. brewer. Vermont. said, "H generou- brewing inside h- Whyte- tain Ma- Noonan- that he- away. "I could al- would n- a know- As fur- reachin- cate.com- has pass- and rem- as far av- across th- Perhaps- menter, he wrot- old sayi- that's wh- one can

tions.



ue vermonters at?

As I guzzle a Starbucks coffee after work. As a native Vermonter, people should and should not enjoy as part of my

However, it seems most people think they are from their backyard gardens and

are actually conservative. Anyone who can still see signs on the top of a mountain not only refers to the civil union uproar but also a general feeling that the state has been a victim. Chittenden County feels unrepresented. Chittenden County is made up of "immigrants" who came to get back to nature, people who moved to the state and read *Seven Days*. The City Market is a Burlington oddity. Or come by in the rest of the state. Take a walk in town is Sylvester's. Believe me, in the mountains, or really thinks "I want to be a vegetarian mush today!" No, they take out a dog from the back yard garden and call it

flannel. But at my high school, we still think of Bambi in a Vermont refrigerator. In Burlington, you'll find a surprising number of Subaru's. If you think you know Vermont-

erve heaven

brewing legend, this past Sunday

at Noonan's pub, and was promoted to head-brewer at Vermont Pub and Brewery.

is a major reason that The Brew is a success," Kimmich says. He was a wonderful mentor. He's got a good understanding of the chemistry knowledge and the esoteric side of things."

local celebrities in the beer business they knew him well. Alan Newman, founder and current president of Magic Hat Brewing Co. said, "We have a lot in common. We loved a lot of the same things." On Noonan's books of advice, he said that Noonan "navigates the space between home brewing

at Noonan's pub, promoted to head-brewer at Vermont Pub and Brewery."

professional brewing. Our relationship with Greg was both personal and professional...He was there at the beginning when you're talking about brewing in Vermont, there is Greg."

Greg's influence reached small-scale brewers as well. Anne Whyte, owner of Vermont Homebrew Supply in Winooski said she was one of the nicest, most professional brewers that I ever met in Vermont. He still had his home-brewer's pride.

Greg is a member of the Green Mountain Brewers, a local brewing club, which he helped found, and she says she never more than a phone call away. He was like our Godfather. You always call and get his advice. He always makes time for you...he never was busy, even though he knew it all." Another indication of Noonan's far-reaching appeal, Monday on a Beeradvocate thread entitled, "Greg Noonan passed away" 61 posts of condolence and remembrance were sent, some from as far away as Australia, others from all over the United States.

Greg says Matt Nadeau, one such commenter, said it best. "I wish you the best, Greg. And I hope you can change the world. There is no beer in heaven, because we drink it here" because if any- thing, it will be you my old friend." ■



top 5 hipster dead give-aways

5. The pedophile moustache. Extra points for matching mullet.
4. Those huge, squarish eyeglasses from the '80s, but just the frames. (Because it wouldn't be ironic without 20/20.)
3. The fashionably malnourished physique (accomplished by ingesting only Fruit Loops, pennies, and cocaine).
2. Blasé enjoyment of PBR.
1. Tight pants. For guys, pants should be tight enough to see the shape and size of the male reproductive organ. We believe the small size of the "junk" is also meant to be ironic. Extra points if a girl has a penis.

G20

continued from page 3

Protesters in clear violation of everyone's rights of all those living there. A young woman was detained after holding the door open to her dorm to help fellow students escape the police assault. Bloodied knees, bashed heads, handcuffs, nerve damaged wrists, tearing eyes, harassment, jail, bail, release. All for what, a plea for social justice? A call for economic equality? Or merely standing on your campus in curious disbelief?

This is real people. This is not an isolated event in a far off land or. Our human rights are violated on a daily basis as a result of police violence and domestic espionage. I witnessed ACLU legal observers, who were clearly marked with neon yellow baseball caps, subjected to police violence akin to that of tackling an armed robber. College students and protesters who waved their arms in disbelief or stress were charged with trumped up charges of assaulting a police officer and resisting arrest. The riot police were, let's use an economic term of globalization, "outsourced" from nearly every state in the U.S. Their badge numbers were covered up, and there have been reports of independent media reporters having their cameras broken or film/memory cards confiscated. Thus, it has become practically impossible to hold officers accountable for excessive force. It's not just at major protest rallies that the police rescind your rights; police misconduct is an epidemic in the U.S. Warrantless searches of cars and homes, wiretapping in the name of the "Patriot Act," harassment of college students for petty offenses, just to name a few. Let's not forget the murders of Amadou Diallo, Rodney King, or the violent repression of the Civil Rights Movement. Whether you are opposed to UVM and Burlington Police's maniacal enforcement of noise violations and petty drinking, or have been brutalized by riot cops, I'm looking to see you in the Streets.

clubbin with cassiejenis salsa and swing

If you happened to be passing by my room around 8:00 on Monday the 14th, you would have heard an agonized scream coming from behind the door.

"NOT SWAYZE??" I mourned, while my suitemate Dan looked at me over the top of his computer.

"Who?" he said by way of comfort.

"Patrick Swayze? Dirty Dancing? He just died? Like just died within the last ten minutes? Just now?"

"Uh", he grunted sympathetically.

That decided me. I was going to salsa that night. Yes, the intermediate class. No, I didn't know anything beyond the basic step and maybe a turn. Yes, I was insane. However, I felt like Swayze, my childhood heart-throb Johnny Castles from Dirty Dancing (nobody puts Baby in a corner!), would have wanted me to go.

Some part of me already kind of wanted to go. I had gone to the Friday night Parima kick-off of the Latin dance festival with my salsa-crazed friends Danielle and Sam and managed to step on the toes of not only all three of my middle-aged male partners, but some of the toes of other couples on the floor. I still fondly remember my one other salsa lesson taken five years ago with my best guy friend, and our instructor's wheezing one two three still plays in my head.

"I felt like Johnny Castles (nobody puts Baby in a corner!) would have wanted me to go."

Yes, I was already somewhat prepared - but it was Swayze who kept me in the room when I walked in and immediately wanted to leave. People were already dancing and very well. One couple executed a smooth, sexy lift reminiscent of So You Think You Can Dance. I was so over my head.

My fears were instantly abated once class started, however, with a brief isolation warm up, quickly followed by basic step and turns. The exercises were pretty easy to follow and the small class size made me feel less embarrassed when I messed up.

Soon after, everyone formed a huge circle with leaders facing inward and followers facing out. This is the part I was nervous for, but our teacher, Bill, was very concise and went over both partner's parts thoroughly, with demonstration. We switched partners every few minutes, which was fun and surprisingly not awkward at all.

"Hi, I'm bad at this," I'd say by way of introduction.

"Hi, that's really ok," my partner would smoothly reply.

All my partners were genuinely good at dancing, and they were (shocker) all guys, which I definitely didn't expect. What's more, they were good enough at leading that I didn't even step on any toes!

I had so much fun that night, I went to beginner class the next. The class size was easily double the intermediate classes, but Bill was unperturbed and so was I.

"Hi," my partners would say, "You are pretty good at this!"

"Thanks," I'd reply smugly, "I went to intermediate last night."

It occurs to me that I had my Latin experience in exactly the opposite order than usual - club to intermediate to beginner - but my partners were all confident enough to give me confidence in dancing. It really is all about rhythm and feeling the music, as Johnny would say. Thanks for the inspiration, Swayze. I'll see you on the dance floor! ■

THE BATTLE FOR DEMOCRACY IN HONDURAS



A panel and public forum on the movement to stop the military coup against Honduras's legitimate president, Manuel Zelaya.

Speakers include:

-Shaun Joseph: antiwar activist recently returned from Honduras as part of a weeklong International Mission for Solidarity, Accompaniment and Observation

-Benjamin Dangl: editor of *Toward Freedom* online magazine and author of *The Price of Fire: Resource Wars and Social Movements in Bolivia*

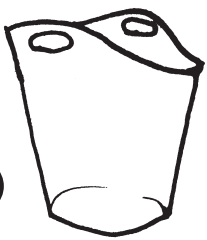


**Thu. 10/22 at 7:00pm
UVM Lafayette 311**

For more info, contact:
cruiseraurora1917@gmail.com
(914)434-2484

Sponsored by the International Socialist Organization, the UVM Latin American Studies Program, and the UVM Department of Romance Languages

trash.



i want you so bad

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

Last year, I played a crazy Southern belle
And you played my foil.
We learned that you can always depend on the kindness
of strangers!
(But it's better if you sing that line)
I thought you were the cutest boy, like.. ever.
But I never see you no mo'.
Can we be little friendlies again?

When: Last semester
Where: Royall Ty-Ty
I saw: A man
I am: A woman

Remember when I met you and followed you around
during the Candlelight Induction Ceremony? I found
you fascinating. And you are. I feel like an imbecile next
to your brilliance, yet every moment in conversation
with you is [masochistic] bliss. Maybe one day I'll stop
following and lead us into something amazing.

When: most days
Where: UHN
I saw: A woman
I am: A woman

I have had a crush on you since the dawn of time. I love
your gleaming blond hair and dazzling blue eyes. We
always have fun together, but we see each other so little.
I would like to gaze into those eyes more often!

When: hopefully soon
Where: it doesn't matter
I saw: THE girl
I am: A guy

I saw you at a house party this weekend. I run 5k's you
run 8. Perhaps sometime soon we could go on a date? :)

When: Saturday night
Where: off campus
I saw: A man
I am: A woman

the ear

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

In Hamilton Hall on Redstone:

Random Dude: We're about to get spiritual up in here.

At a bus stop on Redstone:

Girl: Sometimes I forget that I live in Vermont and that it
gets so cold.

In Given near the Atrium:

Girl: That would be dangerous ... like Dance Dance
Revolution on a pogo stick.

Outside a dorm window at 2:30 am:

Drunk Girl: Get inside! It's cold!
Boy (from a distance): Fuck you, bitch!
Drunk Girl: Hey, I'm not a bitch!

City Market produce section:

Mom to little girl holding an orange: Can we get some
oranges that aren't sprayed!?!?

On the line at Pearl Street Bev:

Stoned Dude 1: Yo, why do they, like, only sell alcohol
here?

Stoned Dude 2: I don't know...they should have had
Oreos and shit like that.

Stoned Dude 1: Yeah, Oreos!

h.t.h.d.t

(how the hell do they do it?)



h...ed to you
...a wonder
...s even happen to someone?
...it all out. it's good for you.
uvm.edu/~watertwr/hthdfehts.html

Guess your lives are all friken' perfect!
Must be nice guys, must be nice.

the first annual...

wt. halloween costume contest!

Well children, All Hallows Eve is upon
us. The wt. urges you to avoid eating any
previously opened mini snickers bars and
to send your costume photos to:
thewatertownnews@gmail.com

(deadline: Nov. 1st)

the best "_____ "costume:
and the categories are...

why is this turning me on?

Everyone knows about the sexy French maid, the
sexy nurse, the sexy cop-- and then there is the whole
range of sexy woodland animals like bunnies and
feral cats. But that's all a little cliché, no? What about
a sexy walrus? Or sexy Teddy Roosevelt? Make us feel
weird inside. We dare you.

i found this outfit in the gutter...but hey,
i look good

You don't really "buy into" this whole dressing up
thing...but you "guess" you could "throw something
together." Not a big deal.

the kid that went all-out

Who says Halloween is only fun for small children
and pumpkin farmers? Your mom dressed you up as
Piglet for the first seven years of your life. Now it's
your time to shine. Go ahead-- glue fake werewolf fur
to your butt, or sit on the couch all night because you
purchased a real mermaid tail.

i'll dress up if you do

Sure, your costume is great, but check out your
social circle! It's one thing to dress up like Dorothy. It's
another when you roll up with Toto, the Scarecrow,
the Cowardly Lion, and a flying monkey by your side.

eats. sakura bana

by brittany marom

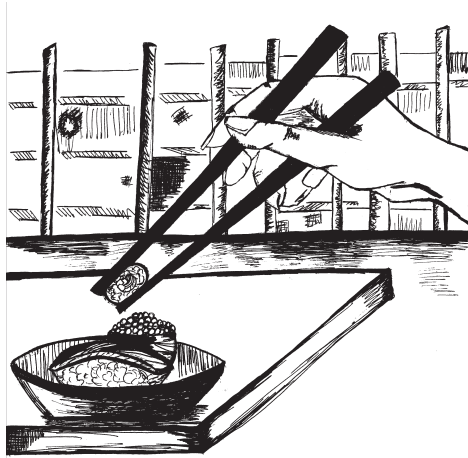
Sakura Bana has three key
ingredients that keep their loyal
customers coming back for
more: location, price, and their
extensive menu. Conveniently
located on Church Street,
Sakura Bana is the perfect place
for tourists and students alike.

The décor of Sakura Bana is
not a comforting one. In fact
I would compare the restau-
rants interior to a low budget
movie or television set. With
the monochromatic walls and
tables and the uncomfortable
wooden chairs, you might think
the owner had the intention of
making Sakura Bana a take-out

restaurant rather than a wine and dine experience. In
fact, without the minimal "Japanese-esq" art hanging on
the walls, and the unwelcoming, dowdy "tatami" seating
(sitting on pillows on the floor) you may not even know
that they are eating in a Japanese restaurant.

The service is also below acceptable. The wait staff
is unfriendly, slow, and not even knowledgeable about
their own menu. When asking for a white wine recom-
mendation, the waiter recommended the Bella Sera
pinot grigio. Not only did the wine taste like fermentated
apple juice, but I also found the bottle of Bella Sera at a
gas station 45 minutes later. The wine selection was bare
and revolting and can be found at a lower price at your
local Mobil.

If the décor and wine selection hasn't bothered you
enough to leave (I would stick to sake), then you might



be intrigued to order off the
menu. In fact, the only two
factors worth giving a good
review are the food and the
prices. The sushi and sashimi
are cut fresh and the menu has
a wide variety of rolls for great
prices. The majority of their
rolls range from \$2.75-\$6.50
and they have great lunch spe-
cials that combine the cooked
food with sushi and sashimi.
When ordering off the menu
I would highly recommend
a tuna dish. Sakura Bana is
known for their tuna and tuna
styled rolls. The Fire Maki roll
(tuna and Asian chili sauce)

vanessa denino

is made just right and leaves your palate feeling
refreshed due to the kick in the chili sauce. For
you shrimp lovers, the Crunchy Shrimp tends to
be a favorite on the menu. The shrimp, avocado
and crunchy tempura not only has a great taste,
but also a gratifying texture.

The décor may not be noteworthy and the
service is definitely not up to par, however
if you are dying to fulfill that sushi craving,
Sakura Bana is the best in its class. I give Sakura
Bana **three out of five water towers!** My final
recommendation: since it's a small price to pay
I would recommend ordering in advance and
taking your food away! ■



VANTAGE POINT

UVM's Literary and Visual Arts journal

is now accepting submissions
for the Fall 2009 edition

Please send your
poetry, fiction, essay, paintings, photographs
as attachments to

vantage.pt.submissions
@gmail.com

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 by Tuesdays at 4:00.

cops and robbers part two

by joshhegarty

Previously, a judge was threatened and demands were made.

The next day **10:15 AM**, Judge Stephen's chambers
"I'm sorry Stacy, but their lawyers are saying wrongful arrest. There are no witnesses and the arresting officer used excessive force. I have to release them."

District attorney, Stacy Miller, stood stunned. She couldn't believe her ears.

"Judge Stephens, you can't be serious. They're lucky to be alive. One of them pulled a gun on Jim. We can fight this."

"I'm sorry, but we really can't. You know their lawyers. They could get DNA evidence thrown out." He could not have been more serious.

"What do you get out of this?" she attacked, knowing the answer.

"That's an awfully inappropriate question to be asking a judge. Now if I were you, I'd walk out of these chambers right now and pretend I never said it before I make a motion to have you disbarred."

She was gone. Judge Stephens pulled out his cell phone and made a call. He left a message, as vague as possible.

"It's done."

11 AM, precinct 52

Stacy walked into the precinct. She looked around and did not see any decent officers. Then Jim walked out of his office screaming, holding an envelope.

"Who the fuck left this on my desk? Which one of you?"

There was no answer. Again he yelled.

"I want to know who the fuck left this on my desk! No answers, huh? Well who ever it was, it'll be in the trash. And you can tell that bastard the answer is no."

He stormed back into his office. Stacy followed.

"What the hell was that about?" she asked him.

He threw the envelope at her. It was filled with hundred-dollar bills.

"And there was a note," he said, "telling me it's time to learn how to play along. I can't stand this crap. There are maybe six good men in this whole building. How the hell can we keep this up?"

"I don't know, Jim. But we will."

She sounded like she would cry.

"Jim, they got Pitt and Abrams out," she muttered weakly.

"God damn it! Pitt pulled a fucking gun on me. He's lucky to be alive and he's walking. Fuck! What piece of shit judge got them off?"

"Does it matter Jim? Any of them would have done it."

"What are we gonna do? The whole damn system's dirty."

"We just keep trying. What else can we do?"

She handed him the envelope. He threw it in the trash.

8 PM, Joe's house

Joe and his men were sitting around a table; amongst the crowd were James Pitt and Henry Abrams. They had gathered for their weekly poker game.

"Now before we start, we have some business to attend to. We have to deal with Jim Sale and Stacy Miller.



photograph by juliet critsimilios

waking up

by alextownsend

I love the moments first thing in the morning when I'm just waking up. I can't remember who I am then, what I have to do that day, what tests I have to take, or what people I promised I'd meet up with that I don't really want to see. Most importantly, I don't remember what it is I'll see when I throw off the sheets.

I have a nice body, it's pretty even. I've got curves where people like to see curves, smooth skin, and breasts that people have complimented so often that I wonder if they know there's a person attached to them. It's a great body, but it's not mine and I would kill to get rid of it.

Ok, maybe that's a bit much. What I'd kill for is to get rid of the feeling I have every day, the feeling that I'm in a disguise. Every morning I wake up and I put on my make-up, my Uggs, and my cute mini-skirt or shress of the day like a good little girl and I feel like I'm going around in drag. I want to be wearing baggy jeans and loose sweatshirts. I want my hair to be so short that I don't even need to own a brush. I want to not feel like I'm telling a lie every time I introduce myself as Natalie.

I told my best friend, an ultra-prissy girl I love to hate, about it once, about how I feel like I was born into the wrong kind of body. I told her it was just a sometimes kind of feeling, but now she thinks I'm just some sort of butch lesbian in denial. She didn't tell anyone else about it, but she's stopped hanging out with me too. I haven't told anyone else since. I just went back to the lipstick and mini-skirts.

I'm not gay; I know that. Hell, sex in general is the

They're on a crusade and they won't be bought. Now who has any ideas for what we should do next?"

A face in the crown responded, "Sale's got a family. We could kidnap his son, threaten to kill him. That should work."

"Good. I like it Dave."

He cleared his throat.

"Now, Miller might be more difficult. She doesn't have any family. How should we handle her?"

There was silence. A door opened, awkwardly and loudly, and a man in a brown jacket walked in. Joe looked at him and said,

"Well, Steve, you're late. Redeem yourself. District attorney Stacy Miller, how do we deal with her?"

Steve smiled and said, "You kidding?" paused, laughed, and continued, "Her and Sale are fucking. We can blackmail her and Sale too while we're at it."

"Is this a hunch? Or do you have proof?"

"Jim told me so himself. He trusts me. Thinks I'm one of the good guys."

Joe laughed.

"You are one of the good guys Steve. We'll need some hard evidence of course, but you just made my day. Tomorrow night, you, Frank and Henry start tailing her for evidence. Dave, you, Pitt and Robby do the same with Sale."

Joe cleared his throat again as he brought out the cards. All around the table, dark faces were smiling.

"Alright, that's enough business for now. Let's play some poker." ■

farthest thing from my mind these days. But what is it that I want? It's only in the morning that I can let myself think about it. Then I can imagine that when I pull off my sheets I'll see a smooth, flat chest, one that I don't have to bother hiding under a shirt. I'll be bigger than I really am, taller and with more muscle on me. I dream that I'll get up and throw out all of the make-up and hair junk that's cluttering my shelf and replace it all with a stick of deodorant and a razor blade.

But then I wake up before my thoughts can go much further. I know who I am, who I have to be. I'm not some weirdo and I'm going to live my life the way everyone's told me is right. I mean, what else is there? My parents would freak if I... Anyway, it's almost time for class and I know my friends are going to want to know all about that guy I hooked up with this weekend. They won't know that I punched him while we were going at it. I told him that it was my fetish. I'd rather he thinks I'm kinky than know he made me feel sick. He was the cutest guy at the party after all.

I take a deep breath as I leave my dorm and put a smile on, the same one I wear every day. It feels big and toothy and made of plastic. I'm waiting for the day that it feels normal. I'm waiting for the day that I feel normal.

Some times I feel like everything about me, really about me, is a secret. But the biggest secret that no one can ever know is just how much I wish I'd never wake up in the morning. ■

untitled

by hannahmelton

art(?)

fills museum walls
hang themselves

up on
Tradition

while proud parents
plaster refrigerators
with visions of

tomorrow:
every child is left behind
today

standardized tests measure:

- A) Creativity
- B) Critical Thinking
- C) Intelligence
- D) None of the above

are correct answers
are not found in

percentages are not people

were not born to fill in
bubbles burst when

that's the only coloring they do
and all they know of tone is their skin

rather than their voice
is just as important

as Malcolm's
as Castro's
as Billie's

witnessed strange fruit
still dangles from family trees

are unable to dislodge their
roots are watered down

but teachers can renourish them
by learning from completely

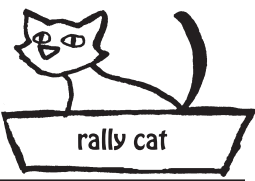
CAP(E)
-able

students
run out to recess
with

big ideas:
change

is not cents/sense-less.

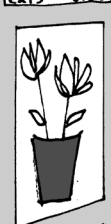
cat litter.



coffee shop

the water tower is here to break down and analyze Burlington's highly unique coffee house culture—by showing you one stereotypical coffee shop. Because let's be honest. If you've seen *Muddy Waters*, you've seen *Uncommon Grounds*.

Low, Dim Lighting
How the hell am I supposed to grade my papers?



STOP
stay
DRINK
coffee

Calligraphy
Can't pronounce what you want to order? Now you can't read it either.

Welcome!
Loose Tea...\$5
Latte...\$6
Macchiato...\$6
Decaf espresso...\$5
Mocha coffee...\$5



Coffee Beans
These beans are from Ethiopia. The pastries right next to them are from some assembly line, possibly in New Hampshire.

Barista
Always with beard, ear gauges optional.

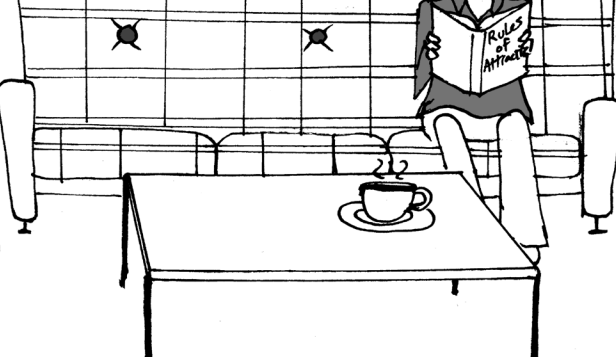
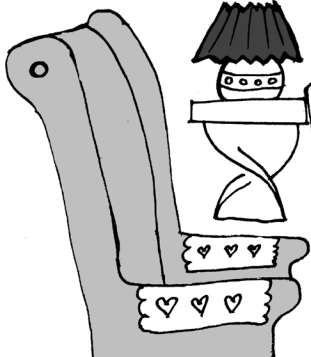
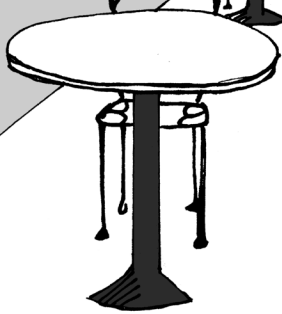


Books
Seriously? Who's actually going to read a whole book about drapes?



Foreign Music
You don't have to like it or understand it as long as someone else thinks you do.

Douchey Couches
Selected solely because they match nothing in the room. Nothing says "sit on me all day" better than these plaid, angular monstrosities.



cat litter:
by juliet critsimilios, greg francesce,
mac smith, and henry kellogg
art by kelly macintyre

tunes. shuffle.



cold playlist with julietcritsimilios

FYI: Burlington doesn't know what an Indian summer is. Burlington barely knows what fall is. Burlington has but one specialty: Cold.

Cold Hard Bitch Jethro Tull *Cold hard bitch/just a kiss on the lips/and I was on my knees/I'm waiting give me*

Cold Shoulder Adele *These days when I see you/you make it look like I'm see through/when you grace me with your cold shoulder*

Hot N Cold Katy Perry *You change your mind/like a girl changes clothes/you're hot then you're cold/you're yes then you're no*

Cold Desert Kings of Leon *Told me you love me that I'd never die alone/hand over your heart let's go home*

Cold Alex Young *Frostbite on my fingers/and it slowly gets into my heart/every night feels like winter/every second we're apart*

Cold Cold Heart Norah Jones *A memory from your lonesome past keeps us so far apart/why can't I free your doubtful mind and melt your cold cold heart*

Cold as Ice Foreigner *You're as cold as ice/you're willing to sacrifice our love/you want paradise/but someday you'll pay the price*

of montreal glitter glued my chest

by thomasjanuary

They can be an acquired taste. Of Montreal is the brainchild of front man Kevin Barnes, a dynamic hybrid of Freddy Mercury and David Bowie, who has developed into an indie-pop icon with his last two releases. The band headlined UVM's Fall Fest last weekend, and brought a metric ton of glitter and the best live show around to the Patrick Gym.

The band launched past initial audio problems and straight into three songs from their newest release. From there they went into one of the older live favorites called "The Party's Crashing Us Now" and the show really kicked off. BP, the guitarist sporting a pink, feathered set of angel's wings, flexed his guitar muscles and laid down a sharp melody that just about sparked a mosh pit on the floor. The crowd immediately took to the set and it didn't take long for every wide-eyed patron to start jumping and screaming with the music. During the whole show, performers leapt around the stage

in surreal costumes, wrestling and playing with the band. The animated background images didn't miss a beat, throwing up spinning tiger heads and spaceships, superimposed over trippy patterns and designs. Barnes and company played a set that spanned both their newer and older albums. They played numerous bits of "Hissing Fauna," including two of the show's highlights, "Faberge Falls for Shuggie" and "A Sentence of Sorts," as well as some highlights from earlier discs such as "My British Tour Diary" and a screamingly good encore of "Requiem for O.M.M.2," during which Barnes particularly shined.

The band played a relentless hour and a half and had the crowd eating out of their hand from the first song. There hasn't been that much fun, or sweat, in the gym since the last time the basketball team won. Keep up the solid bookings, SA. ■

the fifth business

label them if you must (they suggest sexual)

by alexpinto

The average UVM undergrad may not know what The Fifth Business is, but at the very least he or she knows it is sexual. Those who attended the Of Montreal concert at the gym this past weekend may also know that The Fifth Business is a local indie band that is not afraid to bust out a Miley Cyrus cover or a Hello Kitty guitar (at the same time, no less). Indeed despite the reflective, heavy tone of their original tunes, TFB is wary of taking things too seriously—as they are wont to warn you themselves, humor of the crudest sort usually prevails when they get together. Brothers Dean and Ted Calcagni (lead vocals/guitar and lead guitar, respectively) and Mike Healy (drums) sat down with us to talk about their music, their interesting posters, and what's to come next.

Wf: There's an ode to Burlington ["Sleight of Hand"] on the EP—what is it about Burlington that makes its way into your music?

Dean: I feel like no matter where you're from it makes it into the music somehow...for me it's about the general feel of a place that's inspirational, that puts you in the mood.

Mike: Yeah when I hear "Sleight of Hand" it just makes me think of walking outside Burlington in winter, just has a unique feel to it.

Ted: Growing up in South Burlington [laughs] yeah "Fake Burlington," I guess Burlington has changed in a lot of ways but...there's an enduring quality to it...

There's just something very distinct about Burlington and the way our community and the student life come together.

Mike: Yeah like it's just below the surface, it's desolate outside in the wintertime, but you peek in the window, there's something happening.

Ted: Actually, a homeless man in the park told me the other day that Burlington is like "a giant party that's open to anyone...but you didn't quite get the invitation."

Wf: You've been called "classic indie" by some in the press, how do you feel about that label and do you see yourselves breaking that mold?

Dean: I think we've kind of put ourselves into that category just by who we've listed as influences...I don't overall have a huge problem with labels just because people like to categorize things, and it's just easier. The only time I have a problem with that is if it defines what you are, if there's a particular thing that people expect that's maybe not what you're intending to be, that's when it can be frustrating for an artist. But overall, if people want to say "what is The Fifth Business?—A classic indie rock band." I'm okay with that.

Mike: But we all have our individual influences too that are very varying. Like I have a hard-on for Dave Grohl.

Dean: And I have an unnatural fixation with Miley Cyrus.

Ted: Or a natural one I suppose...

Wf: Lots of readers know about your posters—why the "sex sells" tactic?

Mike: Well it's not so much "sex sells" as stating an unequivocal truth...until you see us drumming in hot pants.

Ted: Or see my mustache.

Mike: Yeah, you wouldn't know. [laughs]

Dean: Also if you walk down Buell St. any given Friday or Saturday night and you yell to a random group of twenty freshmen, "Hey do you guys know what The Fifth Business is?" they'll say, "No but we hear they're sexual."— You know, it's a name recognition thing.

Wf: Last question...plans for the immediate future?

Dean: Well we're trying to play as many shows as possible right now, up until December, both in town and out of town.

Mike: TFBmusic.com for the latest news!

Dean: Yup, and we're in the process right now of writing a lot of music. We're going to be producing a full length that we're recording down at KTR recording studios, starting probably January or February.

Ted: And just having a whole lot of old fashioned fun.

Mike: We've got a box social, we're working towards an ice cream social, if we have enough funds. ■