

the water tower.

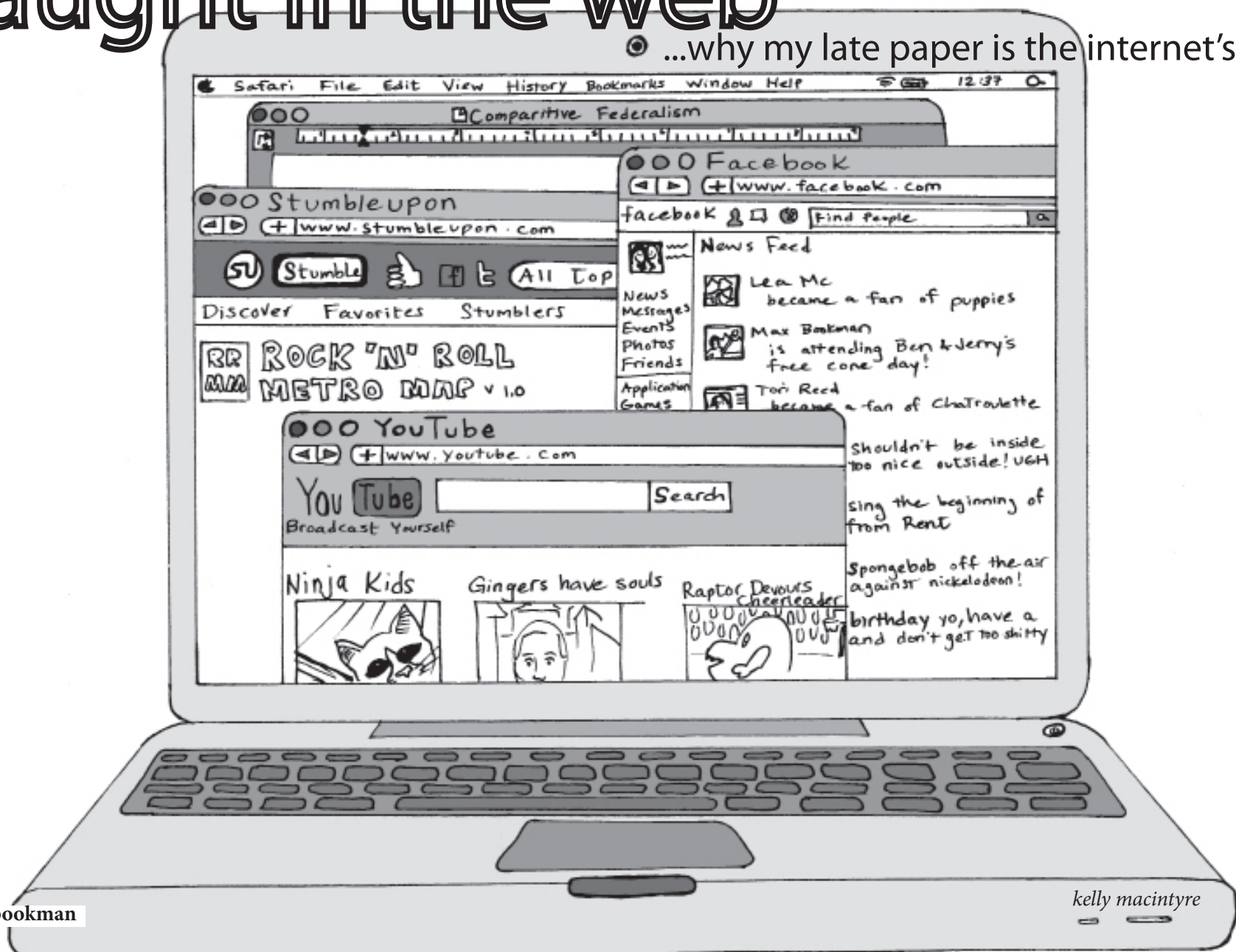
uvm's alternative newsmag



volume 7 - issue 7 - tuesday, march 23, 2010 - uvm, burlington, vt uvm.edu/~watertwr - april fools issue next week :)

caught in the web

...why my late paper is the internet's fault



by maxbookman

It began when I stumbled upon a YouTube clip with the promising title, "Craziest Police Chase Ever." It was awesome.

I wasn't necessarily *looking* for videos of high speed chases; I would have been satisfied with perusing CNN.com or checking my inbox. These days, it seems that this little online ritual of messing around on the Internet must happen before I get started on my homework.

I'm trying to get straight to the difference between Comparative Federalism and Dual Federalism, but all that's in my head is Lady Gaga's computer-enhanced voice ribbiting "ma te-eh-eh-eh-eh-eh, my telephone, ma te-eh-eh-eh-eh-eh." I wonder why they call her Lady Gaga anyway. Why not find out? A little trip to Wikipedia, and thirty seconds later, I discover that Stefani Germanotta became Lady Gaga when she received a misspelled text that was supposed to say Radio Gaga, in reference to her favorite Queen song. Neat. Now back to work.

But wait. That reminds me of that other girl I heard on the radio over spring break who seems to be challenging Lady Gaga for the title of Sluttiest Pop Star of 2010, (or Most Sexually Liberated Woman Ever, depending on where you're coming from). She's all autotuned out and her big song made "Disco Stick" seem as devious as "Mary Had a Little Lamb." Before I know it, the blue, red, yellow, and green letters of Google are staring at me. I start to type the only lyrics I know: "Blah blah blah." Before I was finished

typing the first "blah," the little auto-complete thingy knows I'm looking for "Blah blah blah Kesha lyrics." But there's also "Blah Blah Blah Kesha video." Sweet.

Our generation has had the distinct excitement of growing up alongside the Internet. Back in fifth grade, the world had only begun to really understand the possibilities the Internet had to offer. But a decade later, the Internet has unques-

"Okay, so most of us aren't skipping out on sex for Sporcle quizzes, but it's definitely not too crazy to accept that the Internet has begun to alter the way we do certain things."

tionably fused with the social fabric of our generation. Yet we are still far from fully understanding *all* the implications of our new Internet-assisted lives.

After three minutes and twenty four seconds of watching up and coming pop train wreck Ke\$ha gyrate her scantily clad body to a barrage of autotune, I think to myself, I bet Lady Gaga and Ke\$ha are my 10 year old cousin's role models. What's wrong with the world today? Speaking of my cousin, is it her birthday soon? Let me see if Facebook knows. Does she have a Facebook? Of course she does, she's going to be 11 soon!

I get on Facebook, but before I can get to my cousin's page, I'm torn away by exciting news. Somebody has tagged a

picture of me! I rush to check it out, but I'm immediately confronted by disappointment. It was one of those pictures that you're not actually in, but are somehow related to, so you get tagged anyway. It reminds me of this one pic I saw of a dorm toilet full of puke. Under the picture it said "In this photo: Shelly Bergman," and then the only comment under it was damage control from Shelly, saying

a Wednesday.

Back to work. I begin to navigate my mouse down to the Word icon, but the Apple Mail icon next to it is letting me know that I have a new email. Hooray! I wonder who it could be. I go to check it out, but it's just my dumb landlord. He's showing the apartment next week. I'll have to remember to put all the bongos away.

I *must* randomly rummage through the Internet every single time before I even think about opening Microsoft Word to start an essay. Maybe this is nothing different than grabbing a cup of coffee at the Cyber Café, but that makes me wonder, am I addicted to the Internet?

I consulted Google for help (oh the irony). I quickly found a reputable team of brain scientists who have been researching the relationship between dopamine secretion in the brain and Internet usage. I took their quiz, "Are you addicted to the Internet?" The questions ranged from "Do you think about the Internet for more than five hours per day," to, "Have you ever preferred the excitement of the Internet to sexual intimacy with your partner?" Oh my God, no! Does that really happen to people?

Okay, so most of us aren't skipping out on sex for Sporcle quizzes, but it's definitely not too crazy to accept that the Internet has begun to alter the way we do certain things - and not always for the better.

Now if you'll excuse me while I update my Facebook status. ■

get
inside
me

news
the chinese
missile crisis
by pattyler

reflections
what's my age
again?
by julietcritisimilios

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inbox

someone is sick of our shenanigans

Dear **water tower**...

Come on guys...a beached whale at North Beach, fabricated party tales, and now fake spring break plans! I know it's all probably just meant in fun, but it's getting old and honestly how stupid do you think we all really are? Let's start promoting some honesty here instead of lies in **the water tower**. Talk about "weeek sauce".

Sincerely,
Honest Abe

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 wt's coverage of the sga's presidential election
(in haiku form):

candidate kofi
broke some small election rules,
was given sanctions
oh, shit! no way, dude!
what's his facebook status say?
oh, yeah he went there

the water tower.

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UVM Art Department Digital Lab

the shit list

with macsmith

FCUK French Connection UK is challenging users of Chatroulette to score a date with a person they randomly meet. If you can pull this off, they will supply you with all the clothes you need for said date. Now, if for whatever reason, rape and murder increases in the next month, all we need to do is look for the people wearing brand-new FCUK clothing.

New Jersey Drivers In the almost 2 years since Jersey banned talking on a cell phone and driving, the state has issued 224, 725 tickets. Although this is helpful in explaining why people from Jersey drive like pricks, it's impossible to tell how many more tickets would be issued if New Jersey had a "driving like a prick" ban.

Facebook-Minors buying alcohol on the Internet? Better believe it. Facebook is now working with local authorities trying to stop people from selling and delivering booze to underage minors. Poor youth; I wonder if it was ever possible to drink under age before the Internet.

Earthquakes- Seriously, Earth, cool it with the earthquakes, okay?

Car Accidents- It is predicted that by 2030, car accidents will rise to the fifth largest worldwide killer. What they haven't figured out yet, is how much of these will be caused by Toyotas.

don't you just hate social justice?

Glenn Beck vs. Justice and FOX and The Boss

by lauradillon

Don't you just hate social justice! I mean, all those goddamn Christians sending money to Haiti and promoting messages of kindness...someone needs to bring them down. That someone is FOX News anchor/TV personality Glenn Beck.

Beck has taken up the crusade against social justice within American churches. According to Beck, we should "run as fast as we can" from churches which promote "social or economic justice."

"Why?" you ask?

Well, apparently, such churches are secret havens for Nazis and communists. These scheming groups promote a so-called "social gospel." Within this gospel, it is believed that the wealthy should aid the poor, the healthy should take care of the sick, and those with plenty should give to those with none. Now I'm not religious, but I was pretty sure that Christian teachings in the Bible are all about justice. It appears that Beck's accusations come from somewhere other than the Bible. But Beck doesn't need any real religious grounds or any logical explanations to back up his statements. He is above such lowly things as reason and evidence!

I wasn't the only person to have doubts about Beck's red scare. People are seriously pissed. I mean, you can't go out and call an American Christian a Nazi without facing some holy wrath. There was a backlash of articles, boycotts and scathing statements

to put Beck in place.

To make matters worse, Beck also publically denounced Bruce Springsteen. "Born in the USA" just isn't patriotic enough for him. I'm serious... the lyrics weren't up to his high standards. It's one thing to call people Nazis, but it's a whole other level to diss The Boss. It doesn't even matter if you like his music - the man's an American icon and still looks damn good in a pair of jeans.

But wait! You may be wondering why a rising star in the conservative media establishment would go and piss off religious groups, let alone Springsteen fans! That's a good question...the only answer that I can come up with is that he is an igno-

continued as Social Justice on page 3

SPORTS BLINK

with michaelcieslak

So March Madness is underway. We have one weekend in the books and I am sure, as always, there are a lot of people pulling their hair out over their bracket. I composed something I like to call the shit list, composed of teams who either screwed up my bracket or just made my viewing less pleasurable. First is the Big East conference. Touted as the best conference all year long, it had four of its eight teams bounced in the first round. Tied for second are Georgetown and Luke Harangody. Georgetown got spanked by Ohio, not Ohio State, Ohio. Ohio played one good team all year, and they lost by 25 points. Next, Luke Harangody, had four points in Notre Dame's loss. Harangody averaged 22 points a game this year and he had four points in his last game at Notre Dame, great job. And then there is Texas. On January 16th they were 17-0 and were being talked about for the #1 seed in the country. Then they go 7-9 to finish the year, barely make it into the tournament and get bounced in the first round. How do you get that bad that fast? Just terrible. And to round up the shit list is the 16 seeds, who lost on average by more than 24 points. I know they are not supposed to win, but come on, that is just sad.

the news in brief

with paulgross

"I am not in the office at the moment. Send any work to be translated."

-An inscription (translated from Welsh) on a road sign in Wales. The sign is printed in both Welsh and English and the English quite clearly reads "No entry for heavy goods vehicles, residential area only." Some kind of systemic error at the translating office, however, means that the Welsh doesn't really help drivers out.

"All settlement activity is illegal."

-UN Secretary General **Ban Ki-Moon** commenting on Israel's aggressive and silly insistence on continuing to build Jewish settlements in Palestinian-occupied East Jerusalem. **Obama** has made waves for finally having the courage to stand up to Israel's hegemonic disrespect for human rights, and causing a backlash in terms of Israeli-American relations. **Ban Ki-Moon** tells it like it is.

"Hip-hop is not a cultural movement."

-The **Texas State Board of Education**. Really makes you question what exactly they mean by 'cultural movement.'

"Let's get this done."

-**Barack Obama**, giving Congress a pep-talk so that maybe they might sort of thinking about passing health care. It's probably not gonna work, though.

"I openly express the shame and remorse we all feel."

-**Pope Benedict XVI**, commenting on the recent discovery that large numbers of Irish priests were responsible for child sex abuse—much of which was systematically covered up. The Pope is apologizing, which, recently has become like the official job of the Pope.

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read the wt.

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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**.

orthorexia: yes, you can be too healthy

by ginamastrogiacomio

February 22 through 26 was "National Eating Disorders Awareness Week." Mostly, when people shine light on these disorders in hopes of raising awareness, they focus on those most widely known: anorexia and bulimia. However, a disorder which is not officially diagnosed, but is rapidly growing is the little known orthorexia.

Orthorexia is a disease in which the sufferer eats only the healthiest food in order to maintain full purity of their body. The obsession can become so engrossing that it can lead the sufferer to severe malnutrition or even death. It can also be characterized as having the same symptoms as anorexia and bulimia.

Eating too many fruits and veggies can actually be a problem? Who knew.

But it's true. The term was first defined by Steven Bratman, a doctor from Colorado and author of the book *Health Food Junkies*. Bratman coined the term after he realized that he, himself was a sufferer.

The term finds its origins from the Greek word, "orthos" meaning "right or correct" and "rexia" meaning "appetite." Those suffering from this illness will harbor an unhealthy fixation with "healthy" eating and may avoid consuming specific foods like fats, preservatives or animal products. Unfortunately, placing so many dietary restrictions upon oneself may lead to a severely depleted diet, and thus malnutrition. While the ultimate goal of sufferers is not to lose weight, as in anorexia, it is to keep their body as pure and clean as possible. The raw food movement is of specific association, and while followers of such dietary movements are

not technically restricting themselves of all food, they are limiting themselves to a point that could border on the extremes of anorexia nervosa, resulting in severe malnutrition.

The Burlington area and UVM in general is prided upon its healthy lifestyle. Whether it is through remaining active through exercise or promoting clean energy, health is definitively at the forefront of many Burlington-ites and students' minds. However, with the movement of remaining organic and local, and encouraging other health food movements, the question remains - when does a diet become too limiting?

Sufferers of this illness often find their thoughts consumed about one meal to the next. Johnny Righini, a 26 year old native of California and a raw food diet follower, said as much of his own thought process. "Sometimes it takes days to prepare meals, because I have to sprout things, ferment things. I am constantly having to think about what I am gonna have for my next meal," he said.

Essentially, the disease disguises itself under a system of morals and values. While being healthy is a good goal, but it is wrong to take it to extremes, as with anything. Orthorexics will avoid overly processed foods. (I'm guessing this means no Brennan's?) However, they will also avoid even fruits and vegetables, wanting them to only be organic and toxin-free. With fruits, some may be too high in sugar to be considered acceptable by the orthorexic.

Raw food diet, a way of eating based on unprocessed and uncooked plant

foods, follower Viktoras Kulvinkas says, "You become what you consume. You consume dead food, and death accelerates its presence." Raw foodists do not eat animal products, and do not even cook vegetables, believing that the nutritional value of the food could potentially be destroyed. There are certainly many people out there who follow this movement and may lead very healthy lives, but the fact remains that is extremely difficult to get the necessary amount of calories from such a restrictive style of eating.

Living on a campus and in a community that is so focused on always making the healthiest choices could potentially put students at risk for suffering from this little known and often unnoticed disorder. Students who ascribe to these different styles of eating that can be limiting - raw foods, vegan, etc., may be able to do themselves and their health a huge favor by consulting with a nutritionist on the best ways to meet their nutritional needs. Questions about how best to keep a well-supplemented diet on a limited intake can be answered at the Center for Health and Well Being by medical staff part of the H.O.P.E team. Being surrounded by a sea of health fanatics can obviously make you compare your habits to theirs, and question whether or not you should modify yourself based on that. But the truth is that you should stick to what is best for your specific health and sanity, and use only that as a guideline. The best way to keep a "pure mind and body" doesn't necessarily have so much to do with the types of food you consume as the life that you live. ■

the chinese missile crisis

by pattyler

On January 12, China successfully tested their missile interceptor program. The international community echoed the same misgivings expressed in 2007 when the Chinese shot down their own satellite.

Last Tuesday, Taiwan responded to the arms escalation with a missile demonstration of their own. In a brazen display of raw military power, the navy successfully targeted and destroyed the country's sole satellite TV dish. "We have shown that we are both daring and capable in our deployment of armaments" said General Hsien Chin. "Even against the most advanced Internet/cable starter bundles we will rise triumphant."

"This is certainly a new one" said Direct TV representative Rick Price. Price was confident that Direct TV could replace Deng's satellite dish provided he is willing to fill out the necessary damage forms and pay a \$40 start up fee.

"The real tragedy here is that people are still over paying for cable packages that don't even include a full range of HD channels," said Price. General Hsien scoffed at Price's claim, calling it the shallow boasting of a coward. "We have heard such talk before from those spineless dogs at Fairpoint," said Hsien. "But their shaky wireless Internet offerings could not stand up to the laser targeting systems of our bombers."

The Chinese response to the missile launch was a mix of shock and confusion. "This was most unexpected," said Chinese

ambassador Chen Ling. "We were obviously unaware of the lengths their government is willing to go to in order to maintain independence." Chen said that a surprise April invasion has now been delayed in response to what he called the loss of their primary objective.

"The main reason for taking that oversized island was to be able to see the series finale of the Sopranos," he said. Chen said that the Chinese government had cancelled its cable subscription following NBC's cancellation of the TV series *Joey*.

"With his blue collar wit and lovable personality, *Joey* stood in clear defiance of the decadent attitudes of those capitalistic American pigs," said Chen. "We will never forgive that attack on our favorite *Friends* character." Even with the loss of his television access, Deng remains hopeful about the future. "The thought of a Chinese invasion terrifies me," said Deng. "But I take comfort in my free 24/7 customer service." ■

social justice

continued from page 2

rant, moronic wanker disguised as a newsmen. But that's just the opinion of one liberal democrat from VT. I'm obviously biased.

But there's some bad news for our darling Glenn. Apparently some people at FOX news are inclined to agree with me. While the FOX network chief, Roger Ailes, still has his head firmly lodged in Beck's ass, others at the network are beginning to doubt him. The Washington Post reported that the FOX network is divided over Beck. It seems that the other "journalists" at the network are worried that Beck is becoming the "face of the network." Beck's outrageous disregard for journalistic integrity (and any integrity for that matter) doesn't make the rest of the network look so legitimate. Who would have thought that FOX even cared about little things like legitimacy?

Take a moment to absorb this... FOX news is worried about their integrity! When FOX begins to worry you know that something is wrong. In this case something is very, very wrong. How is it that a man can get on TV and the radio and spout absolute nonsense? How does he get away with it day after day? It is so reassuring to see him called out on his bullshit. American Christians (and even some Springsteen fans) gave him a well-deserved metaphorical kick to the balls. Let's hope that there are many more of those to come! ■

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reflections.



there's something about cheryl

by taylor**dobbs**

If you've lived on Trinity in the last seven years, you've probably been told that your early-riser sandwich comes to "three-hundred and forty-eight dollars" at one point or another. That means

you've met Cheryl Bell. She's been feeding UVM since before most of the Class of 2013 was born.

Born in Burlington, Cheryl grew up in Saint Albans, Vermont. She spent twenty years traveling around the United States and Canada as a groom and owner of race horses. In 1990, a friend told her UVM dining services was looking for help and she applied. At the interview she was asked what she did at her last job, to which she answered, "Shoveled horse poop." Unsurprisingly, this was satisfactory; she's been at UVM full time ever since.

The job has been more than just cracking jokes and swiping IDs for Cheryl. The grinning, easygoing Cheryl we all know had to put on her angry face some years ago when a few guys tried to start a food fight in Simpson. "I slammed both hands down on the table and I said, 'Don't you ever throw your food as long as I work here!'" Everyone involved apologized on their way out. Apparently, she has a very

convincing angry face.

In 1998, Cheryl won the Helen Simono Award for outstanding customer service. The award was named for her friend and former co-worker for whom she once had

to call an ambulance when Ms. Simono had a heart attack in Billings. Cheryl

"She's been feeding UVM since before most of the Class of 2013 was born."

was pleased to win the award, but her favorite part of her job is being around and taking care of the students. "I'll never let a student go hungry," she says. She won't, either - on multiple occasions she's reached into her own pocket to make sure a student gets their meal.

When she's not behind the counter at Northside Cafe, Cheryl plays a mean hand of poker (just come in on a Saturday and ask her what she's up to after work) and loves fishing in the Winooski. Personally, it's quite a year for Ms. Bell, who's feeling better than ever with her new pacemaker. On top of that, the "bi-ionic" woman plans on getting her driver's license this summer.

Unfortunately for any hopeful food-fighters, Cheryl's here to stay. Luckily for the rest of us, she's one employee that most of us can also call a friend. Why not make it official and hit her up on Facebook? Yes, I'm serious. ■

sodexo cares!

an exhaustive analysis of student comment cards

by drew**diemar**

Every day, hundreds of students notice the comment board at their favorite UVM dining destination. Maybe they're feeling angry that day, or complimentary, or just have an urge to draw a nice dick. For whatever reason, they take initiative and leave a comment card, perhaps checking for a response later on.

I wanted to try and analyze the motivations behind these comment-leavers, to see if I could find some sort psychological connection between them. I slogged through cards from each of the halls, hundreds of cards in total. After finding very few cards that amused me, I made some up.

Waterman Café

Date of Visit: February the fifth, in the year two thousand and ten.

Comment: I say, the crumpets here go above and beyond satisfactory. The tuna tar-tar positively tickled the tastebuds as well. On a more auspicious note, however, my date was quite unimpressed with the eel pie. It seems that our particular waiter couldn't distinguish "a la fraiche" from "desi style." Chuckles.

Anyways, perhaps a brief refresher course is in order, to remind your wait staff of proper procedure and etiquette. Much obliged.

Response: One thousand apologies, good sir. We shall address this issue with great prudence.

Simpson

Comment: I dunno what it is about this place. Maybe it's the fluorescent lighting. Maybe it's the lack of windows. Maybe it's the creepy music, or the food. But something makes me really sad every time I eat here. It kinda makes me wanna kill myself.

Response: You have no idea.

Cook Commons

Comment: You should order Lucky Charms with more marshmallows. The marshmallows are all I really want when I eat them!

Response: Fuck you.

Harris/Millis

Comment: I was looking on a campus map, and I couldn't find your dining facility anywhere. What's with that?

Response: Try looking between the scrotum and anus.

Northside Café

Comment: This is my favorite dining hall, but I was wondering who it hurts to let kids get 3 drinks for 1 meal.

Response: How spoiled can someone possibly be to complain about free groceries?

Brennan's

Comment: Why is Brennan's the only place on campus where you're allowed to drink beer?

Response: 'Cause it's the only place where people don't wanna drink it.

New World Tortilla

Comment: Your burritos always give me the runs!

Response: The use of plural "burritos" and present tense "give," and especially the adverb "always" indicate an explanatory response would be a waste. Dumbass.

Ben & Jerry's

Comment: I hate to be self-conscious, but I feel like I receive judging looks from the employees every time I order ice cream, or sundaes, or milkshakes.

Response: Maybe you should only go once a day.

University Marche

Comment: I recently bought a stick of deodorant here for \$4.29. I later saw the same deodorant at Price Chopper for \$1.99, and it wasn't even on sale. Why does everything cost so much more than it's worth here?

Response: 'Cause dipshits like you keep buying it.

Capers

Comment: Organic. Sustainable-sustainable, organic local. Vegetarian, local sustainable?

Response: Green, local. Sustainable, vegan local vegetarian (Organic!) local. ■

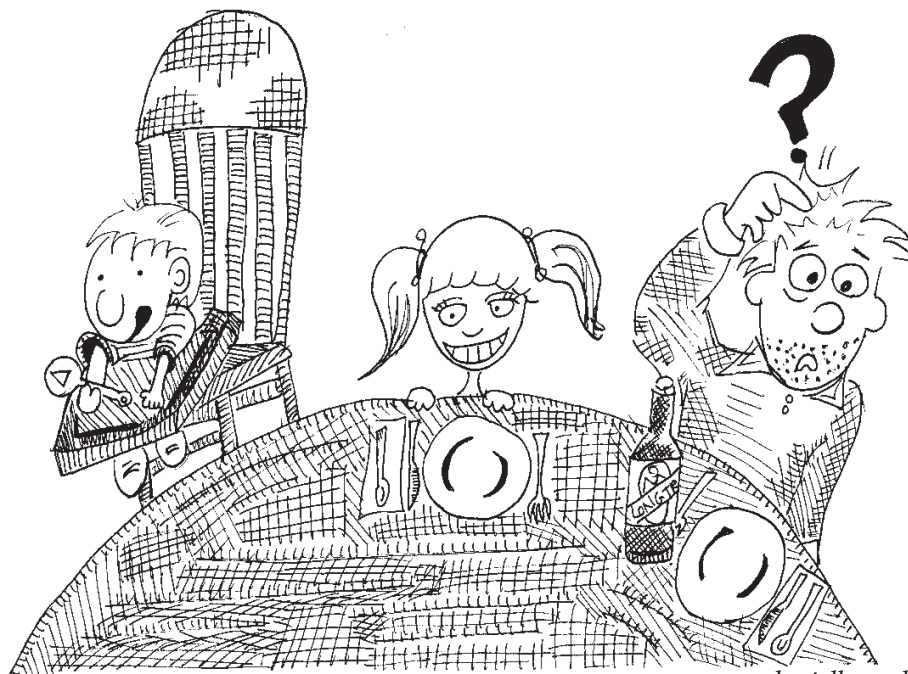
Sunday in Harris-Millis

1 meal plan swipe for brunch.....	\$9.20
2 loads of laundry.....	\$0.04
2 CDAE 002 textbooks.....	\$68.00
1 season of Friends on DVD.....	\$25.00
1 meal plan swipe for dinner.....	\$9.80
Never having to leave Harris Millis on a Sunday....	priceless

There are some things money can't buy. For everything else, there's UVM catscratch.

by lauren**katz**

what's my age again?



danielle vogl

by juliet**critsimilios**

College brings lots of new privileges into our lives, yet many of us are still "finding ourselves." It seems plenty of other people are confused about where we fit in with the world, especially because our age can put us in awkward situations. For example:

The doctor's office. Pediatricians can see patients up until they're 21 in most states, so chances are you still visit one over breaks and for vaccinations. But how awkward is it to be in a waiting room with little babies around? Do these parents just think you're not responsible enough to go to a real doctor? Or that you still need your mom to hold your hand during blood tests? Or do mothers and fathers think that you're sitting there, a neglectful parent, leaving your significant other and bastard child in the office to get a flu shot and Elmo band-aid? Maybe.

Family get togethers and holidays. The infamous "kids table." Where do you stand? Yeah you're smart/tall/hairy/booby enough to sit at the adult table and talk about politics and school and old people TV shows. But dodging republican Obama anti-Christ talk and daydreaming with aunts about the "best days of your life" while talking about the latest episode of NCIS kind of sucks. Alas. The kid's table is all right, but the seats are usually small and the gravy usually gets there last. But you're the coolest and, admit it, you still watch Spongebob.

Significant Others. Talk of boyfriends and girlfriends also leaves awkward non-age appropriate moments. College is the time where many people find their future husband/wife to bond with and, gasp, eventually marry. But are we even in a generation that believes in marriage

at such a young age? And, if we aren't attached, do people think our crazy single ways may be getting in the way of a bright future shared with another person (along with presenting a ton of STDs)? While 20 isn't old, it's old enough for people to be thinking about it and, in retrospect, asking.

Kiddie things. The worst is when you want something that reminds you of childhood, but the age you're at only lets you feel immature and silly about it. Themed parties. Bikes with streamers. Action-figure shit. Stickers. Tiaras. Footie pajamas. Monkey Bars. Ice cream with a lot of sprinkles and hot cocoa with a load of whipped cream. Pigtales. Pigtail braids. Remote Control cars/airplanes/boats/any other vehicle. Coloring books. Gum with comics in them. Watching Nickelodeon. Liking Disney-backed actors and singers (cough Taylor Swift). Reading books targeted at middle schoolers. Seeing the movies based off these books. Cotton candy at fairs. Cool Band-Aids at the doctor (Elmo makes things hurt less!). Still wanting to (secretly) be an astronaut, a fireman, or a fairy princess. Sticking your tongue out. Animal crackers. Using the word poopie. All of these are prime examples.

The awkwardness of our age is only outshined by our ability to still be able to act like kids, because after graduation it's probably not possible in that weird "real world" everyone keeps talking about. As long as you're individually happy, maturing will come soon enough through tax payments and savings funds. So eat a lot of candy and watch cartoons, because growing up kind of sucks. ■

CALENDAR

tues.23: FREE CONE DAY!

all day. ben & jerry's

weds.24: PUB QUIZ

9pm. brennan's pub

thur.25: DR. ANGELA DAVIS SPEAKS

7pm. ira allen chapel

thur.25: COMEDIAN PAUL VARGHESE

8pm. brennan's

fri.26: STEP AFRIKA

7pm, ira allen chapel

sat.27: MOVIE: UP IN THE AIR

8pm, billings lecture hall

uvm.edu/bored

trash.



the ear

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was it hilarious? dumb? inspirational?
tell **the ear** and we'll print it.
uvm.edu/~watertwr/ear.html

tables in the davis center

guy: what is mardi gras anyway?

girl: well, it's a french holiday that's on tuesday. it's like mardi meaning "tuesday" and gras being "fat." you know? and i think, like gras also means like "fat" like party, like rage, you know?

grundle on a friday night:

girl 1 to girl 2: hey wanna brush our teeth with a bottle of jack tonight?

in Williams 301:

boy 1: Dude, you're so dating her.

boy 2: No, I'm not!

boy 1: C'mon, she'd be pissed if you fucked someone else!

boy 2: Oh damn, you're right... Shit, how the hell did that happen?

2nd floor of the Davis Center

weird kid: I'm going to use reverse osmosis to fart directly in your face

outside bailey howe

guy to girl: i recommend you get pregnant.

Jeanne Mance floor two.

Man One: When I rule the world, there will only be blue eyes.

Man Two: That's what Hitler said.

Man One: Well. Yeah. But I bet Hitler said a lot of things.

Middle of the week walking up towards Converse.

Guy1: Yo is it true that the Davis Center is really the biggest building in Vermont?

Guy2: That is what I've heard. I have a hard time believing it though.

(Long pause) (Look up at Fletcher Allen)

Guy 2: Wait... what about the hospital?

Guy3: Yeah! The hospital is pretty fucking big!

Guy1: Yeah. What the fuck are they talking about the biggest building in Vermont. It isn't even the biggest building on campus.

Outside KKD on Mardi Gras (after getting kicked out of KKD for being belligerent)

drunk girl: dude, you're a dick!

drunker guy: eat a dick!

drunk girl:I WILL..

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

You saw a guy who said it was a beautiful Tuesday morning. Could this Metten per chance? I love Metten!

When: last last Tuesday

Where: outside Wright

I saw: a man

I am: just curious

You're shorter than all of the boys on the team, but in my heart you're taller. You're number 3 on the team, but in my heart you're number 1. I think you are Italian... I could go for some pasta.

When: Every basketball game.

Where: On the court.

I saw: a 5' 10".

I am: just a nobody in the pep band.

Come on up, I'm worth the climb
I hope you're not expecting downtime
Ride your longboard to my room
I'll make you go, vroom, vroom

When: Friday

Where: behind the glass

I saw: a sexy man

I am: waiting

When I first saw you
the crowds seemed to part
the music was pumping
to the beat of my heart
Just another party??
Boy was I wrong
You seemed so perfect
song after song
The whole night's hazy
but what couldn't be clearer?
When I first saw you laughing
and chilling by the mirror
You smiled at me
so now take the next step!
I'm begging you, dream boy
the sexiest man of SigEp!

When: Saturday Night

Where: The best party ever

I saw: The man of the house

I am: missing you already!

Your mohawk, tattoos, and grey hoodie caught my eye. In my religion, nutrition and math class you were the guy that I couldn't keep my eyes off of. Now that it's a new year, I hardly see you, but next time you see me, come say hi?

When: not enough

Where: last year's religion/nutrition/math class

I saw: a tall cute boy

I am: a cute curly haired girl

I saw you pickin' your nose, you're gonna get that thing stuck up there you know.

When: Pretty much like 5 times a day

Where: usually the library

I saw: Boobcat

I am: Crazy scientist

You thought our brownies smelled delicious and we bet you do too.
even with your lovely brown scruff,
you didn't look too tough.
You're on a varsity team,
and we hope you're not mean
when this IWYSB is seen.
we'll make brownies for you anytime.

When: Monday

Where: U-Heights North stairwell

I saw: a stud muffin

I am: 2 badass bakers

You have one leg
I have two
Think of all the ways
I could love you...

When: a few times

Where: around

I saw: an attractive boy

I am: a stranger

We had sex this weekend. I don't remember your name. I know, it's embarrassing. I wanna do it again tho. If you also thought that was the craziest night of your life, meet me at Brennan's, Wednesday at 5. <3

When: Friday night

Where: Started at a party...

I saw: A man

I am: A woman

fashion five-oh.

with colbynixon

you can wear whatever you like

Dressing well is, for many people, a matter of opinion. There are a lot of options out there to choose from, so you're never going to be able to impress everyone. That girl in your English class might dig your Sperry's and polo, but to your broomball teammate rocking that same obscure band t-shirt for the third time this week, you look like an over dressed prep. Too many style and fashion columns pretend to help you out by "pointing you in the right direction." Well here's the thing, there's no one "secret look that guys love," or foolproof get-up that will land you that girl next Saturday night. I recently talked to a neighbor of mine, and she said that she is turned on by turtleneck shirts. Let's hope she never runs into Steve Jobs. So here are some thoughts on the matter.

1. If it's not comfortable, don't wear it. It's probably going to bother you all day, and that just sucks.
2. Your friends are not always right. You just have to go with what works best. That being said, if any more than three people say, "Where's Waldo?" to you, it might be time to consider changing your red and white striped shirt.
3. Sometimes it's ok to bring that sailboat to Wyoming-- that is to say, it's ok to be a little different, to switch it up a bit. Sure, it's not necessary to wear a tie to class, but sometimes it's ok. Even in Wyoming they have lakes.

The key to dressing well is to wear whatever you like. Sure, not everyone is going to care for your style, but then again, they don't have to. Maybe the shorts weren't the best idea for mid-March, but who really cares?

6 That being said, never wear beige on beige, or you you'll risk looking like the "khaki commander." ■

misquotation of the week



"Sorry what did you say?
I was reading my Cosmo."
- Nancy Pelosi

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.

the absence of winter

by laurynschrom

On March first Sara looked out her window and wondered what the front yard would have looked like a hundred years before. It would have had snow, she thought, and it would have been cold. The wind would have felt like knives instead of the usual balmy breeze that caressed her skin. There would have been a lot of things different with the world, had there been winter.

The fact was that winter itself simply didn't exist anymore, at least not in the US. It had become something more of a tourist attraction, way down at the South Pole where there was just enough snow to coat the ground in white for three months out of the year. But you had to be rich to travel down to the South Pole, and Sara wasn't. So she would resort to watching the homemade videos that those who could afford to charter a private jet would make and post on the internet. And then there was always her grandmother. She remembered, though just barely, what it had been like.

"The fact was that winter itself simply didn't exist anymore...It had become something more of a tourist attraction."

"Like spending your days inside the refrigerator, it was," she crooned amidst the grating, clattering noise of the ceiling fan. "My parents would dress me up in so much clothing that I wouldn't be able to move my arms!"

Sara, whose face and neck were shining with sweat from the sheer heat of the day, nodded eagerly. She leaned forward. Her grandmother had not gotten to her favorite part yet.

"And what did it look like?" she asked.

"Gorgeous," said her grandmother. "Simply gorgeous. A silent world covered in yogurt, or cream cheese, awaited you when you woke up. And the water froze that dripped off the edges of the house. You could see it shine with all the colors of the rainbow in the sunlight."

Sara's grandmother never tired of this story. Sara always made her add the stories she remembered about wild animals like the polar bear and the moose, which had lived in the cold.

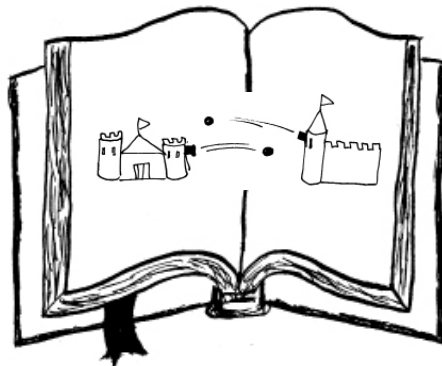
"The polar bears could move so quickly, quick enough to kill you or me, even if we ran. And the moose was such a powerful force of nature! They said that if you were to hit one with your car, the animal would be the one to walk away unharmed!"

All the animals like that which Sara had ever gotten to see were in the zoo. They never moved much in captivity, perhaps because they were too warm. And she was sure she had seen the despondency in their eyes, below the drooping eyelids and open, sweaty mouths.

Sara sat outside for the longest time after her grandmother left, thinking about what a nice time it would have been, to see these animals in the wild, however dangerous they were.

She leaned out her window in silent longing, staring out into the clear sky and wishing that she too could experience what her ancestors had taken for granted. It is an awful experience, she told herself, to have a desire like this, to wish for a winter after a hundred years of summer. She reached into her pocket for loose change and, after a moment, dug up a penny. Reaching over to an empty water bottle on the windowsill, she dropped the piece of change inside, smiling. This was her South Pole fund. She would see those polar bears, damn it, even if it took her a trillion pennies saved up. Why not put some empty water bottles to good use? After all, the best start, she told herself, is a small one. ■

castle War declared!



by alextownsend

UVM has two castles: Converse and Redstone Hall. For decades they have lived in harmony, but this past Saturday a war broke out. The sources of this conflict have been difficult to trace amidst the chaos, but there have been several reports that Converse simply grew tired of having to share the title of Campus Castle. All we know for sure though is that Converse struck the first blow.

At roughly 8:00 PM reports were received of Henry, Converse's resident ghost, traveling the night's sky along with his horde of fellow suicidal specters toward Redstone Hall. He was heard to be howling about the horrid vengeance he would wreck upon Redstone if they did not surrender. Indeed, for the next fifteen minutes numerous screams were heard emitting from Redstone Hall. However, it seems that Converse's plans were soon undermined. A priest from the next-door church was seen running toward the building. Shortly after, bright lights and angelic-like music issued from the hall's windows.

The next day Redstone issued its counter-measure. Its residents were seen sneaking into Chittenden Hall early in the morning and then throughout the day speaking to passers-by about a big kegger that would be held in Chittenden later on, likely in the hope of luring Converse students out of the safety of their castle. Numerous Converse students were indeed seen approaching the 'secret' party that evening; however, this tactic backfired when campus police descended on the scene. There were no arrests though as the police allegedly only found several cases of non-alcoholic beer and a post-it reading "Ha! Now ur living healthy, LOL!" Reportedly this confused many of the party-goers until they remembered that Redstone Hall was known for its healthy living. Upon returning to their dorm, Converse students found that the Redstone members had only had time to draw adorable chalk cartoons on the building's outer walls.

In a similar tactic, Converse members soon set up a bead and bracelet workshop outside of Redstone Hall. The students flocked out by the dozen to the wondrous craft-fest and the Converse members moved in to seize the dorm. However, the tides soon turned once again when the Redstone residents noticed the assault and quickly fashioned the beading materials into a fully-functional, environmentally friendly fishing-type net, which quickly captured the would-be assailants. It has been rumored that the Converse students were then dragged into Redstone's clown-infested basement, from which cries of profound discomfort were heard for hours.

Seizing their opportunity, the Redstone students quickly moved to seize Converse hall and flush out its remaining residents. Their first tactic was simply to charge into the building; however, the lingering Converse students knew their labyrinthine dorm too well and led their Redstone rivals through numerous winding halls and up and down Converse's many ridiculously long staircases. Finally, the Redstone army had to retreat from sheer exhaustion.

Converse's reprieve was short-lived though. Taking inspiration from their fatigue, the Redstone students

contacted their musical allies in Southwick and had them begin a music marathon outside of Converse in the hope of depriving them of sleep and thus making them surrender. This also backfired though. As one Converse student, sophomore Natasha DiPotky, put it, "We're right next to the hospital and we have to try and sleep through sirens all the time. Music is a welcome change."

It was at about this time that the remaining Converse prisoners at Redstone hall broke free, reportedly by lighting up some rolls of marijuana and smoking it in the Redstoners' general direction. They quickly returned to their dorm and unleashed their secret weapon. It seems that all the recent budget cuts and tuition hikes that UVM has been experiencing are not due to an inordinate number of vice presidents or unnecessary student centers. Instead, the majority of the university's tuition for the past several years has gone into converting Converse hall into a giant, fighting robot.

With footsteps that thundered throughout the greater Burlington area, the Converse-mech stomped across the campus to Redstone Hall and demanded in a booming, synthesized voice that the Redstone students surrender and admit that Converse was the only true castle on campus.

However, before the Redstoners could reply, both groups received a shocking surprise. Unbeknownst to the Converse students, it seems that their giant robot had at some point become self-aware. It quickly mutinied against the students controlling it. It then forced the members of both dorms onto the Redstone green. For several hours they were seen performing what looked like Orientation-style bounding games, including a large human knot and tossing around a bean-bag while learning one another's names. They reportedly looked terrified the entire time. Afterwards the Conversebot returned to its position on central campus and the Converse students followed in a stony silence and the Redstoners returned to their own dorm with a similar numbness. Conflicts have not resumed since. ■

grundle boyfriend

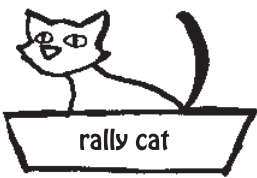
by ginacocchio

First year at UVM marks the dawn of a new kind of relationship: ephemeral, but reliable, as it must occur at least a few times a week. Introducing the *Grundle boyfriend*. This is a guy, nay, a *man*, who walks with you to the dining hall. Along the way, he warns you of puddles, patches of ice, your untied shoelace. He matches your speed, is responsive to the things you say, asks you questions and holds all doors! When you descend the yogurt-splattered, salt-crusted staircase, he speeds ahead of you and before you even think to reach for your card, he has already told the card-swiper to swipe his card *twice*, once for him, and once for you! He asks where you'd like to sit, and the bastard pulls out your chair. At Mansfield Grill, he orders and waits for your burger, and when it comes out, he strolls to the salad bar and tops it tenderly with leaves of baby spinach. Even from that distance, because of course you are sitting right at the window which you *love*, he can tell you look a little parched. When he slides the burger in front of you at the table, he sets down a glass of water...but what is bobbing at the surface? A lemon wedge?? Totally enamored, you play footsie with him and watch him eat. After an incredibly pleasing conversation and several suppressed orgasms, he stacks all 12 of your dishes and insists on walking them to the conveyor belt. Just when you think it couldn't get any better, he presents to you a triangular chocolate confection, your absolute favorite. It's love. Grundle love. ■

German Bear Wrestling with alextownsend



cat litter.



before your spring break suitcase

before

after



Now that spring break is way over, you're probably considering finally unpacking your suitcase from your trip to Mexico. No doubt things look a lot different than when you packed up it up a few weeks ago...



by max bookman, greg francesce, miriam rosen, henry kellogg
artwork by kelly macintyre

tunes.

the talent show



by sarahmoylan

It's spring break, and while many of my peers are frolicking in a faraway land, enjoying some sun and surf, I'm sitting in a ratty blue velvet auditorium seat, watching some braces-sporting thirteen-year-olds rock out to Nirvana's "Smells Like Teen Spirit" on the stage of my old middle school auditorium.

My mom, who is seated next to me, is covering her ears and wincing in pain. This doesn't really surprise me, because my mom was never a particularly huge fan of Nirvana, or other music that isn't John Denver or the Beatles.

"We've got to get out of here!" my mom whispers (actually, she shouted, because it was quite loud in there) into my ear. "This...this...music is giving me a headache!"

"Mom, we can't leave now!" I can tell by the massively uncomfortable expression on my mother's face that she'd like nothing better than to "leave now", but she humors me and stays for the rest of the show. I'm quite pleased that we aren't leaving prematurely, because I'm kind of enjoying myself.

The reason we're here, watching skinny adolescents get in touch with their inner Kurt Cobain, is because tonight is the second annual student-faculty talent show at my junior-high alma mater. My dad, employed at said junior high school, is one of the featured acts, and my mom and I are here for moral support.

I'll admit that I'm not generally too keen to return to my old middle school; its locker-lined interior revives unpleasant memories of preteen angst, foul-smelling cafeteria food, complex social cliques, and pimples. Tonight, though, I'm enjoying my brief evening at the Middle School Talent Show, and let me tell you why: Great musicians get their start at events like this. Sure, I can tell from the

first verse that some kids aren't going to have a career in music, but some of these kids are really good...and they're, like, eleven! The tiny sixth-grader who belted out Miley Cyrus' "The Climb" all by herself, the two buffalo-plaid clad drummers who impressed the audience with their speed and precision on snare drums, the garage-rocking eighth graders who gave OK Go's "Here It Goes Again" a reggae twist...these are the people who could be on magazine covers in ten years. So, if you think about it, talents shows like this are really just super-duper underground music festivals. Sort of.

I'm the only college kid here! The rest of the audience is, as expected, middle-schoolers and their families. It's a welcome change from concerts and events I go to around Burlington, which tend to be filled with lots of college-aged kids in various states of sobriety, wearing their weird, sometimes slutty concert-going clothes.

Being in this auditorium, even though it's hotter than hell and smells like onions, reminds me of early mornings spent playing my viola at orchestra practice, way before I became the indie-loving college kid I am now.

Dude! My old teachers are here! My old social studies teacher is jamming to "Puff the Magic Dragon" and my old art teacher is wearing a weird hat and playing a quiet acoustic tune on his guitar. And really, the songs are great. I mean, the sound system kind of sucks and the stage lights are horrible, but there's so much heart in these songs. There are a lot of professional musicians who would envy the way these teachers manage to incorporate a sense of feeling into their songs. I guess I'm gonna have to find some talent shows to hit up in Burlington, now... ■

your weekly WRUV music review

by joesussman & emilylozeau

The Strange Boys - Be Brave (In The Red)

Be Brave begins with a quaint blowing harmonica and a cute old fashioned xylophone playing a blues pop riff truly reminding you why American music is the greatest thing of all time. Reaching for influences from Texas blues, rhythm and blues, swamp rock, Nuggets styled garage pop, Bob Dylan (Blonde on Blonde Dylan), The Velvet Underground, Creedence Clearwater Revival, country and even jazz, the band has created a second masterpiece. Although this second album still rocks and rolls it is definitely more folksy than the Strange Boys debut, especially in the second half of the songs on the album. Some stand out tracks include "Be Brave", a frat rock screamer, "Friday in Paris", a dylan-esque pop tune, "Da Da" and "Night Might", two perfect American rock and roll songs, and "All You Can Hide Inside", a beautiful country ballad. Be Brave marks a more mature sounding Strange Boys which is something that didn't seem possible after listening to their party rock debut. One can only wait to see how the Strange Boys will twist and bend their favorite American music



around in the future to get us dancing on our feet.

Black Tambourine - Black Tambourine (Slumberland)

Black Tambourine split up in the 90's, and here we have a re-release of some of their earlier recordings from What Kind of Heaven Do You Want (1989), "7" EP (1991), and (1992) and Complete Recordings (1999). You can definitely tell this album has roots in the 90's, it's shoegazy to the max, and has a lot of 60's influences in the mix too. Soft vocals from Pam Berry blend right into the slick guitar and crunchy drum beats. Although they weren't around as a band very long (members went on to join bands such as Veronica Lake, Velocity Girl, Magpies and The Pines to name a few, and Mike Schulman started the label Slumberland) you have these guys and gal to thank for many mid-90's twee, and noise pop-rock. For Fans Of - Sonic Youth, Vivian Girls

shuffle: springtime

with julietcritsimilios

Here's to temperatures over 20 degrees. Here's to skiing with a T-shirt on and then going to North Beach. Here's to shoes not stained with salt, sweaters back in storage, and the prospect of maybe getting a little tan. Here's to Spring.

Younger Than Springtime Amel Larrieux *I touch your hands/and my heart grows strong/like a pair of birds/that burst with song*

Spring Again Biz Markie *Don't you like when the winter's gone/and all of s udden it starts getting warm/the trees and the grass start looking fresh/an the sun and sky be lookin their best*

Spring is Here Frank Sinatra *Spring is here/why doesn't my heart go dancing/spring is here/why isn't the waltz entrancing*

Spring and by Summer Fall Blonde Redhead *Clashing lies and clashing tights/clashing chasing changing minds/tell me what you've seen and where you've gone*

Springtime for Hitler From The Producers *Germany was having trouble/what a sad sad story/Needed a new leader to restore its former glory/And now its Springtime for Hitler and Germany*

Springtime Annuals *Told a story about your life as a kid/just unlocks in time to hear/springtime sing*

Spring Fever Orleans *Just give me the earth/underneath my feet/and the sun up in the sky above/and let me stand beside the one I love*