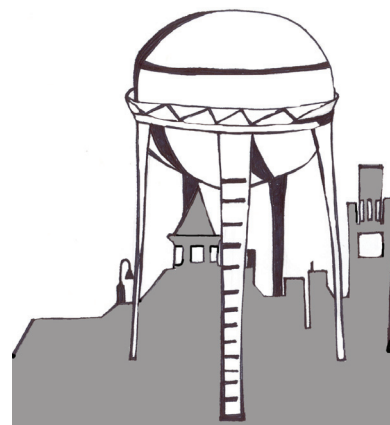


# the water tower.

uvm's alternative newsmag



volume 9 - issue 13 - tuesday, april 26, 2011 - uvm, burlington, vt

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

## my night in the depths...



## ...of bailey-howe library

Vanessa DeNino

by lizcantrell with alexpinto

Exploring Bailey-Howe after hours has probably been done before, but if so, the findings are unknown to most of us. Thousands of students trudge through the library entrance every day, but what really goes on behind these doors of knowledge after the midnight clock strikes? I endeavored to find out. This was a journey beyond the Cyber Café's all night study (which in actuality is not really "all night". Everyone clears out by 3:00.) It was a descent into madness, truth, and secrets of the deepest consequence. How did I do it, you ask? I cannot reveal my methods, only what I discovered, which I hereby disclose for your enjoyment and for posterity:

I emerged from my foxhole deep in the basement, formally known as the "Department of Mysteries" or "where all the old maps and stuff are." Having successfully evaded the custodial staff, I snuck upstairs, making sure to somersault as much as possible and pull my non-existent gun out every time I rounded a corner.

I knew what my first move would be. I needed to investigate the bane of all library-goers: the printers. If I could, I wanted to be a modern day Robin Hood and give the money back to the people. I would end the tyranny of seven whole cents a page—reinstating the Cat\$cratch free printing loophole that was so infuriatingly closed this year, ending its years-long reign. Free printing for all!

During my mischievous attempt to reset the computer, I made a startling discovery. I found that, according to the inner workings, only \$0.05 per page goes to the printer itself. For every profiteering page printed, two pennies go to a mysterious folder entitled "Funds for Spires of Excellence." I don't know what a slush fund smells like, but some kind of stench was emanating here. I assure you it was nothing nice. I'm onto you, recently resigned administrators—and I've seen *Office Space*. I know a penny scam when I see one. Watch your back.

Suddenly I was distracted from my nerdery. A most delicious smell of coffee filled the air. Surely, a night truck delivery to the Cyber Café! And what a delivery it was. In the dark shadows, I discovered a small group of Nicaraguan coffee farmers, burdened with large burlap sacks of freshly roasted beans, being herded through a trap door in the floor of the CC. The charming coffee purveyors of the nighttime looked on dubiously and rubbed their hands menacingly, chewing on freshly macheted sugar-

cane sticks. Intrigued, I decided to snoop around, but was met with laser beams darting across the floor and two extremely serious looking Central Americans. Apparently, Sodexo employs heightened quasi-legal security to ensure the safe arrival of its products—a service they surely pass the cost of onto their consumers. Things are becoming clearer.

Thoroughly terrified by the unscrupulous activity found in the first floor, I ascended to the second floor, and proceeded to the right of the stairs, past the comfy chairs section. Deciding to have some fun, I rearranged a few books by title—not author—betraying the LOC and Dewey Decimal systems alike and showing off my badass library page skillz. I also slipped a few copies of *Playboy* into the French post-modernist literature section.

I turned the corner and stumbled across a sight so unprecedented, so surreal, that I knew it to be simply had to be true. Adorned in ceremonial dress and brandishing a blunderbuss, none other than famed professor Richard Sugarman, philosopher king of UVM, strutting around a small wire ring with the hot-tempered confidence and arrogant swagger of a seasoned cock-fighting champion. With emotions high and the tension palatable, indiscriminate fellows of all appearances hurled obscenities at one another and spurred on their favored bird. Mesmerized, I could not but respect the gentlemanly approach to the sport; their dedication, humility, and love for their valiant fighters. All this was erased suddenly as the match ended with a very dead-looking piece of poultry. That's when I remembered why cockfighting is very much not legal, and must take place in closed libraries. That's also when I got the heck out of there, and ran as fast as I could up the stairs to the third floor.

Activity seemed to be increasing as the wee hours approached in the library. Everywhere I looked I seemed to hear whispers and footsteps. As I made my way to the most expansive and most secretive level of the BHowe, I expected the worst. Bad shit goes down here during broad daylight—most of the porno-watching, sex-having, and worst of all, studying for intro-level geography exams. If that is what happens in the day, what sort of awful transgressions of taste and decency could I expect in the dark of night?

Contrary to my worries, though, I saw an undeniably

familiar face. The most well-informed beard of all—the greying warlock of the first floor who can be seen digesting entire newspapers on a daily basis, in between checking sports scores and Facebook--walked right by, giving me a beckoning wink. But something was off. Instead of his typical street clothes, Greybeard now had on a thick smoking jacket of burgundy hue, with a yellow and green insignia of cryptic messages embroidered on the breast, and what looked like a depiction of Champ wearing a monocle. I followed him betwixt the endless shelves and began to hear convivial chatter and a pervading feeling of comfort and goodwill.

In the far back corner near the men's room, the land of limitless comfy chairs, tables had been rearranged and dim lighting installed to accommodate what seemed through a cloud of cigar and pipe smoke to be a high-stakes poker game. Around the table I saw familiar faces: Daniel Mark Fogel (of course); Mable P. Jost of the famed Jost Foundation (the only woman at the table); Sugarman again (of course! He has figured out how to be in two places at once. I should have guessed this years ago); Mayor Kiss; Pizzigalli (constructor of all UVM buildings); Ben (but no Jerry); Jake Burton, Birdman (cart train nowhere to be found); and even the old guy who runs the Old North End Variety Store on N. Winooski (I knew something was up with him!). All were wearing smoking jackets of various muted colors, each with the same insignia. Bernie Sanders, obviously abstaining from unscrupulous gambling, was nonetheless the dealer. Brandy and Cognac flowed, served by a smart-looking Jay Taylor in a tuxedo. An unknown pianist plunked away in the corner on a highly-polished baby grand.

But if Greybeard's wink had been one of goodwill, the reactions of the rest of the powerful cabal were not so nice. Everyone at the table (with the exception of Bernie, of course) was packing heat, and their safeties were clearly not in use. DMF fired off the first shot upon seeing me, and narrowly missed. I made for the stairs like a villain, running down their grandiose steps with great alacrity, but the cardplayers did not pursue. I exited through the Cyber Café, upsetting a distraught looking kid with a Sociology textbook in his lap, and ran outside. Never again will I be so foolish as to invade BHowe at night.

get  
inside  
me

news  
bogged down in  
libya  
by jamesaglio

reflections  
shitty landlord?  
by carlyshwer

créatif stuffé  
leroy of the night  
by joshhegarty

advertise for your  
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# the best news team in the universe.



## inbox

Dear **water tower**,

Whilst your Spring Fest article was great I was a tad bit disappointed to see that the girls painting faces for seven hours failed to get a shout out. Sincerely,  
A happily painted face

Dear **water tower**,

As I was walking to work early this morning, I saw an old man in a wheelchair nearing me on the sidewalk. He was proudly wearing an army squadron hat, and he had a small bag of clinking, empty bottles hanging off his wheelchair handbars. As he neared each blue bin on the curb, he slowed his wheelchair and peered into the already picked-over bins. When he passed me, he gave me a warm smile and a wave.

This former army veteran was scouring the neighborhood for a little spare change.

Just a little to think about when you think the only people rustling through your bins are "bums".

-A Burlington resident

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](mailto:thewatertowernews@gmail.com)

## the shit list

by emilyhoogesteger

**The New Terror Alert System.** The department of Homeland Security announced last Wednesday that the color-coded terror alert system it has used for many years will be replaced by a new one that uses only "Elevated" and "Imminent" as threat level options. Yep, that'll help.

**Being Broke.** It's the end of semester! Will that box of Cheerios last you a week? What about that toast you made last week and forgot about? Are you sure that yogurt is really expired? If you patch those pants with duct tape, you can still wear them, right?

**Whiny (Sober) Police.** Members of the French riot police force have been complaining this week over a new ban that prevents them from drinking alcohol while on the job. Really? Because unless they're undercover riot police, this one seems kind of obvious.

**Heritage Tracing (in the White House).** Obama has announced that he plans to visit the 300-person town of Moneygall, Ireland in the end of May in order to trace his Irish roots. Moneygall citizens have been cleaning, repainting, and have even written a welcome song for Obama. Mr. President, is this really the time? Could you not have just gone on ancestry.com? Oh, and a welcome song? Overkill, guys.

# bogged down in libya

by jamesaglio

Roughly a month ago, on 19 March 2011, a coalition of ten countries began military operations in Libya as a result of United Nations Security Council Resolution 1973. Today, the coalition has expanded to seventeen member states and activities range from simply enforcing a no-fly zone to actively deploying planes on sorties across the North African country. What remains relatively unclear, however, is what the overall plan is, as well as the major objective of the mission. As the project extends onwards, advisors have begun using words like "quagmire" and "mission creep" -- words that do not bode well for a swift operation.

The analysts say that this is due to a lack of initial pressure on Gadhafi during the early stages of the operation, which has allowed things to drag on. As Jawad al-Anani, former deputy PM of Jordan said, "This should have been Grenada, not Vietnam." Now, comparison between Operation Odyssey Dawn and Vietnam is certainly hyperbolic, the Libya intervention has still not surpassed the length of the Invasion of Grenada after all, but the point is very relevant. To dissuade people that Libya will turn into a third full scale war, the US government has asserted that their involvement in Libya will only exist in the form of air power and that no ground troops will be deployed. Analysts say that too is risky, however, as precision air strikes without an occupying force of ground forces have

historically led to some of the worst human rights situations of the past fifty years, ala the ethnic cleansings of Mogadishu, Rwanda, and Kosovo.

Oddly enough, the beginning of such genocide would be the exact escalation that would require deployment of ground forces. There is killing of Libyan civilians by government forces currently but the numbers are still low, in the hundreds in cities of one million residents, which is simply not enough to void the risks of a full scale invasion. Among those recently killed are documentarian Tim Hetherington and Chris Hondros, both of whom perished during shelling last Wednesday in the city of Misrata. It is unknown, as of yet, how the various countries of the world will react to the indiscriminate killing of their journalists.

In the long run there are really three broad possibilities. Either Gadhafi's forces will fall soon -- which is unlikely, Gadhafi will hold out for a long period of time, months or even years before being defeated -- much more likely, or the country could divide into different sectors with different loyalties. Regardless of what happens, Libya is worth keeping an eye on, as it is so far easily the most complex of the situations having resulted from the Middle East riots this winter. ■

## glossary

**mission creep**

*noun*  
a gradual shift in objectives during the course of a military campaign, often resulting in an unplanned long-term commitment: *The focus of the campaign in Libya is an awesome example of mission creep.*

**quagmire**

*noun*  
an awkward, complex, or hazardous situation: *The campaign in Libya is an awesome example of a military quagmire.*

**the water tower.**  
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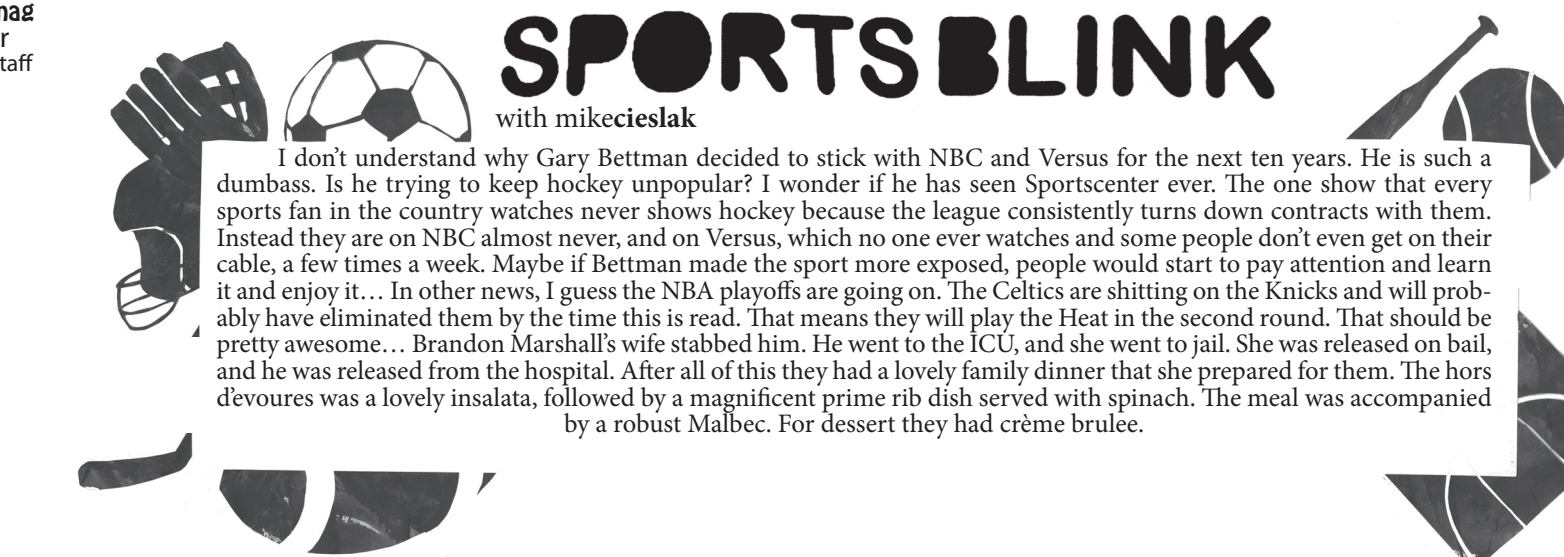
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## SPORTS BLINK

with mikiecieslak

I don't understand why Gary Bettman decided to stick with NBC and Versus for the next ten years. He is such a dumbass. Is he trying to keep hockey unpopular? I wonder if he has seen Sportscenter ever. The one show that every sports fan in the country watches never shows hockey because the league consistently turns down contracts with them. Instead they are on NBC almost never, and on Versus, which no one ever watches and some people don't even get on their cable, a few times a week. Maybe if Bettman made the sport more exposed, people would start to pay attention and learn it and enjoy it... In other news, I guess the NBA playoffs are going on. The Celtics are shitting on the Knicks and will probably have eliminated them by the time this is read. That means they will play the Heat in the second round. That should be pretty awesome... Brandon Marshall's wife stabbed him. He went to the ICU, and she went to jail. She was released on bail, and he was released from the hospital. After all of this they had a lovely family dinner that she prepared for them. The hors d'oeuvres was a lovely insalata, followed by a magnificent prime rib dish served with spinach. The meal was accompanied by a robust Malbec. For dessert they had crème brulee.

## the news in brief

with paulgross

### "Qaddafi is playing games."

-**Rebel leaders in Libya**, on their dictator's continued bizarre, unpredictable, and inhumane behavior. In this instance, Qaddafi and his cronies informed rebels that the military would halt operations in the city of Misrata, in order to protect civilian lives and promote a return to normalcy. As such, many civilians started to behave more normally, say, by leaving their homes. Qaddafi, however, was lying, and the military shot several of them.

### "She didn't do what they say she did."

-**Hollywood producer and friend of Lindsay Lohan, Nathan Folks**, on Lohan's recent sentence to 120 days in prison for violating her probation—supposedly by stealing a necklace. I don't really care about Lindsay Lohan at all, I just think it's important that rich people, also, sometimes go to jail.

### "We wanted to do something magical"

-**Stupidly wealthy investment banker John Belitsky** on why he and a friend paid NYC cab driver Mohammed Alam \$5,000 to drive them the 2,500 miles from New York to Los Angeles. The trip included a pit stop in Las Vegas, where Belitsky won \$2,000. According to his Twitter apparently he woke the cab driver up with a "shower of 100s" the next morning.

### "Should the Iraqi government desire to discuss the potential for some US troops to stay, I am certain my government will welcome that dialogue."

-**Admiral Mike Mullen, chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff**, regarding the future of the 47,000 troops that remain stationed in Iraq. The plan has been to withdraw all of them by the end of 2011, but Adm. Mullen supposedly is giving the Iraqi government the opportunity to ask the US to re-think that strategy. This Iraqi mission "Enduring Freedom" has really come full circle: first we were gonna "shock and awe" them, then we were gonna rebuild their country and now they are in charge of our military policy.

**Join the wt.**

New writers and artists are always welcome

**Weekly meetings**

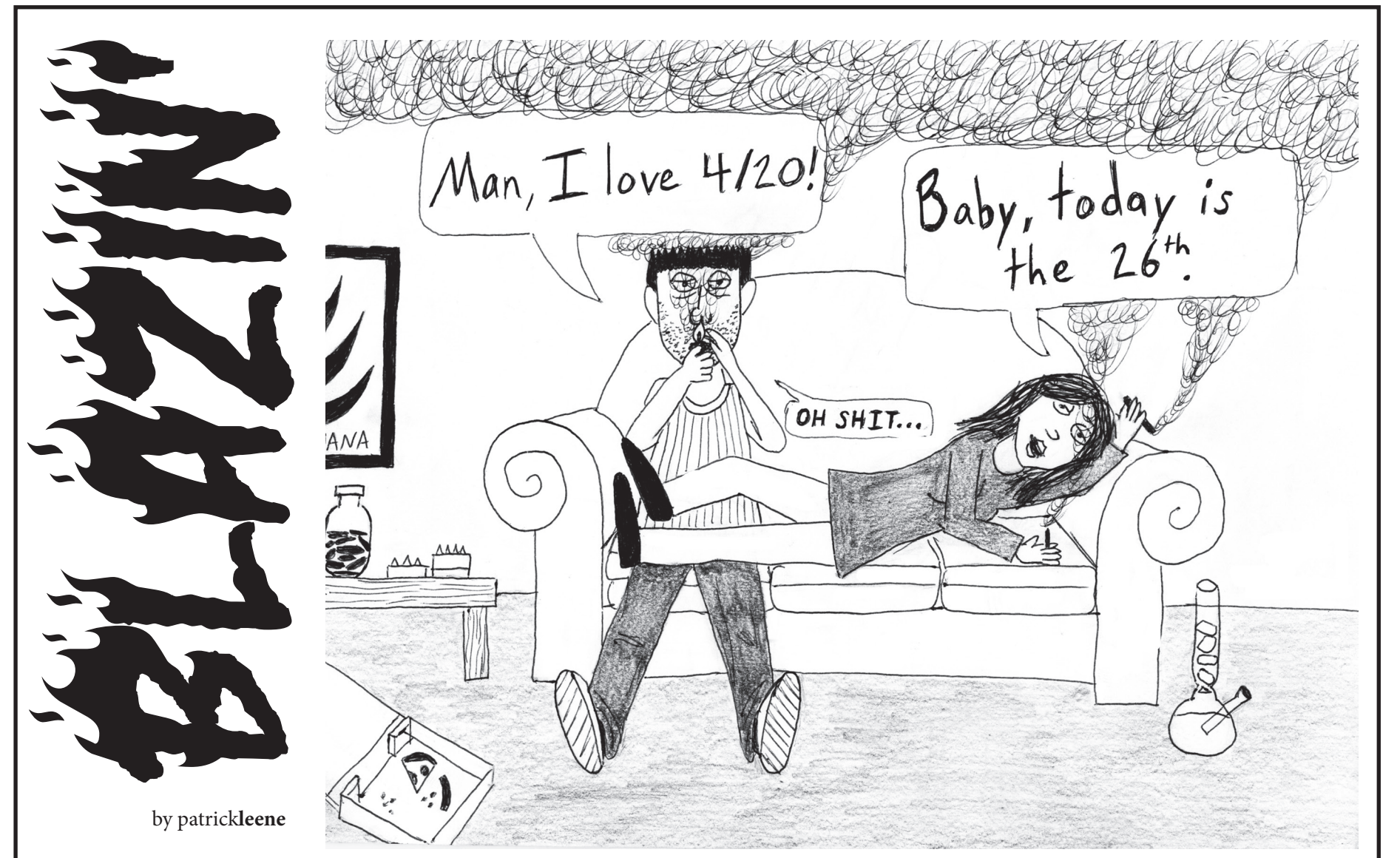
Tuesdays at 8:00 pm

Chittenden Bank Room

Davis Center - 4th 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.**



by patrickleene

Accessories, Sunglasses, Leather and everything you wear!

## Vintage Clothes



Get cash or store credit for your gently used to retro and funky clothing. Now taking consignment every day.

73 Church Street Burlington, VT (Above Ken's Pizza) 802-399-2070

## mis quotation of the week



"Well, judging by the nucleon and appropriately charged pion, it looks like we've got a decayed Delta baryon on our hands."  
- Manny Ramirez



## top five things to do to admitted students:

1. Pretend to be one, befriend a fellow admittee, and over the course of the day get more and more insane.
2. Keep saying things like "well, ever since the whole platypus incident last year..."
3. Send them to a non-existent place, such as the William Jenson Philosophy Grotto.
4. Tell the parents that their daughters will be very well taken care of.
5. Offer them and their rents a sweet discount on their drug of choice.

# where are they now?

by lizcantrell

What ever happened to some of America's most beloved, hated, and fascinating personalities from the last ten years? A look at some highlights from their recent endeavors: from the scandalous, to the innocent, to the just plain ridiculous.

**Monica Lewinsky:** That infamous blue dress earned her more than just a bad rep as America's number one slut: it got her a sweet gig doing Jenny Craig commercials starting in 2000. And in 2005 she left the U.S. for the London School of Economics, eventually earning a Masters in social psychology. Seriously. I guess it does pay to have friends in high places.

**Keenan and Kel:** These guys were Nickelodeon's resident goofballs. After "All That" and "Keenan and Kel" wrapped up in 2000, Keenan went on to do a stint on SNL, but Kel has largely fallen off the radar. All we can say is, if there was an Orange Soda Lifetime Achievement Award, Kel would win, no questions asked.

**Lance Bass:** Never quite as sexy as J. Timberlake, Lance settled in as the loveable, spiky haired blonde. What's he been up to since the days of N'Sync's reign as pop kings? While everyone was obsessing about his sexuality, he was doing some pretty cool stuff. In 2002, he began training in Russia for a reality show called The Big Mission in which contestants competed for a spot on a Russian space mission. When that fell through, he did a few cameo appearances in notable films such as I Now Pronounce You Chuck and Larry. His autobiography, cryptically titled Out of Sync, was released in 2007. Rock on Lance!

**Bob Dole:** Famous for referring to himself in full third person form as "Bob Dole", Dole is mostly known for his political career. Since his retirement, he's done commercials for Viagra (ew), Dunkin-Donuts, Visa, and even a Pepsi ad with Britney Spears. He also found time to publish Great Presidential Wit: I Wish I Was In This Book, a ranking of the presidents in terms of humor. He probably didn't get many laughs for that one.

**Vanilla Ice:** Not much has been going on for him since "Ice Ice Baby", besides a brief resurgence in the spotlight on VH1's The Surreal Life. The reason to include him in this list? His real name is Robert Van Winkle and his two daughters are named Dusti Rain and KeeLee Breeze...two of the best/worst celebrity kids names ever. ■



Lydia Shepard

# shitty landlords: which type do you have?

by carlyschwer

The typical Burlington apartment consists of chipping paint, retro wallpaper, and shoddy, asbestos-filled basements. Yet we pay an arm and a leg to live in these sub-par establishments. Why? Because the slumlords of Burlington can get away with it.

Living in Burlington comes down to basic economics. As we all know, the demand for housing within 10 or 15 walking minutes of campus is greater than the supply. Therefore landlords are able to charge prices inflated far above those in the surrounding area, knowing that students (or their parents) will pay it.

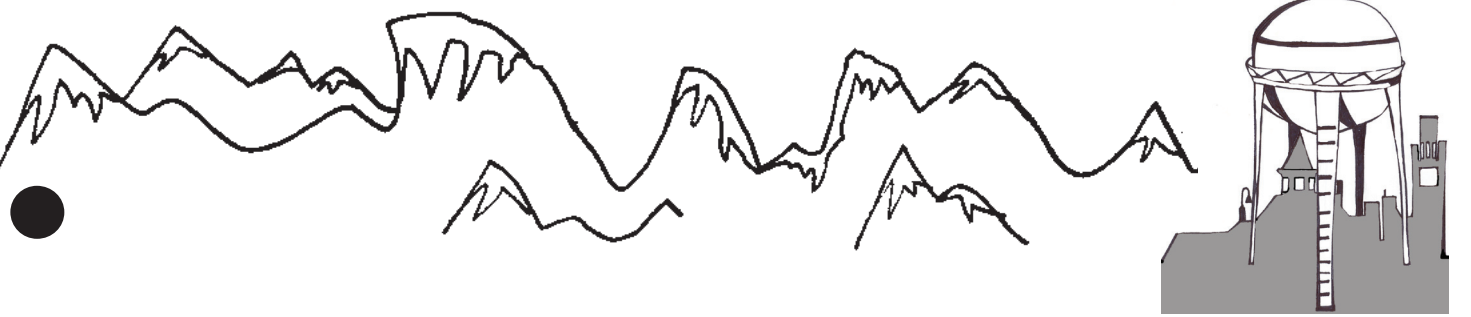
On the one hand, I understand why landlords wouldn't want to invest money into an apartment when renting to college students who are likely to trash it. Yet failing to accommodate for our basic human needs is just downright illegal. But what can we poor college kids do to stand up for ourselves? Bringing your case to court is too costly and reporting them to the Health Department is out of the question for fear of losing your security deposit, which seems to be able to be taken away for even the most mundane reasons.

Last week, I took it upon myself to read the renter's handbook of regulations, which revealed some interesting findings. Mold infestations, failure to remove lead pipes, and not replacing faulty or outdated smoke and CO2 detectors are just a few issues present in many Burlington apartments which not only cause health issues but are also blatantly illegal.



Vanessa DeNino

# reflections.



# uvm tweets:

instant access to what you need to know!

by gregfrancese

UVMMSGA: Stressed 4 finals?! #UVMMSL handing out free Earth themed stress relief balls! VOTE 4 ALIZA!

UVMMSL: STRESSED FOR FINALS?! HANDING OUT FREE STRESS BALLS ALL WEEK IN DC ATRIUM! FREE COFFEE EVERY DAY @UVMUDSMRKTPLCE DURING FINALS WEEK. ALSO, ON WED STOP BY CATAMOUNT STATUE FOR FREE SOCIAL JUSTICE T-SHIRTS! CUPCAKES TOO!

UVMResLife: Think. Care. Act. FREE T-SHIRTS EVERY DAY DURING FINALS WEEK! STOP BY YOUR FRONT DESK 4 DETAILS!

UVMUds: USE YOUR #UVMMSL COFFEE MUG 4 FREE COFFEE REFILLS EVERY DAY DURING FINALS WEEK! VISIT ANY DINING HALL THIS WEEK 2 RECEIVE FREE #IMODIUM!

UVMMSGA: 5.8% TUITION INCREASE?! BOYCOTT TEACHER EVALS! VOTE 4 ALIZA!

UVMMSGA: ONLY DO SCANTRON PT OF TEACHER EVALS! VOTE 4 ALIZA!

UVMMSGA: CORRECTION: BOYCOTT SCANTRONS! THX #PrezKofi. VOTE 4 ALIZA!

UVMResLife: FREE CONDOMS - C YOUR RA.

UVMMSL: THINKING ABOUT SUMMER? CARE ABOUT SOCIAL JUSTICE? ACT ON FREE SOCIAL JUSTICE FRISBEES IN THE DAVIS CENTER THURSDAY AFTERNOON!

UVMUds: @UVMMSGA: VOTE 4 ALIZA!

UVMMSGA: ACCT HACKED. Sorry #UVMUDS

UVMUds: #MARCHE CHICKEN TENDERS - GET 'EM WHILE THEY'RE HOT!

UVMResLife: #iPAYResLife - new iPhone app lets u pay unassigned damages on the go!

UVMMSL: EARTH WEEK SUCCESS - 1300 FREE RECYCLED PENS GIVEN OUT, 25000 SHEETS OF RECYCLED THINK.CARE.ACT NOTE PADS HANDED OUT!

UVMResLife: @UVMPolice: 25 KILO of weed on WEDNESDAY alone! CONGRATS! ■

# will and kate plus... two billion viewers

by emilyarnow

What will YOU be doing this Friday at 4am? For most of us, the answer will be sleeping, or maybe doing a very early walk of shame. However, for those who have been anticipating this date since November, we will be glued to our television sets watching the Royal Wedding. Called the event of the century by journalists worldwide, Prince William, the future king of England, will tie the knot with fellow St. Andrews alum, fashion icon, and all around girl next door, Kate Middleton. Some British fanatics like me have been covering every piece of information about the event since its announcement: the dress, the cake, the guest list. This kind of wedding extravaganza just does happen that often. "I am personally thrilled to witness this historical experience," Kelly Davin, a senior says. "I'll be up early in the morning with a pot of English breakfast tea and some crumpets!"

In general, celebrities have a mass cultural following, and historically those in the spotlight tend to give ownership of such monumental personal events to the public. Having been in the media all his life after the death of his adored mother Diana, William's wedding and kingship has been a topic of conversation since his birth, so why have Americans waited to tune in until now?

"I think it has to do with Kate," Ellen Miester, a sophomore, explained. "People love her, like they loved Diana. She's beautiful, young, seems down to earth. I feel like I know her." Others feel similarly. "It's their love story which has kept me interested. She's a normal girl, they met in college, dated for a while, she broke up with him and then they got back together. It's relatable and kind of a Cinderella story at the same time," Kelly Davin states. While Kate, her background, and their courtship story strikes a chord with female members of the audience, some of us see this wedding as a real-life fairy tale. "She's becoming a princess! Every girl wants to be a princess!" Vivienne Greer, a freshman, says. "I can't wait to see the crown!"

Having no royalty of our own in this country, many romantics and monarch enthusiasts see this celebration as an escape into the Old World, an ancient piece of tradition in a constantly changing and jaded society. "I still don't understand why they even have a queen," Olivia May, a sophomore, says. "But it's kind of cool and unique. There's something timeless and elegant about it; a spectacle almost."

While many are caught up in the glitz and the glamour, others seem to have little interest. "I'm happy for them," Rosa Levitan, a senior, explained. "But I don't really care." Others agree. "The media makes everything so crazy, and I hate sitting through my family's weddings," Klara Burnbaum, a senior, states. "So why would I want to watch someone get married who's British that I don't even know?"

However, whether you're a fan or just a spectator, the fact still remains: this is the wedding of the century, and a historical event (remember Kate and William's children will be ruling the UK one day). So set your alarms and turn on BBC America's special broadcast and sip your tea; this will be one for the ages. ■

# beware "the ice"

by hannahgroedel

You have all probably heard of this rampant phenomenon before. And yes, although it may seem like its heyday is over, and yes, it may seem like it only happens within the bro circles, but it can happen to you. It will happen to you.

Welcome to the world of the Ice.

I couldn't even begin to name all of the clever stunts that have the potential to be borne, because from the moment of instigation, the game is on - full force.

## 2. sleazy apathetic

- It appears as though your landlord has not renovated the apartment since 1979.

- You call him/her to come by on Monday and he/she comes over on Friday... of the following week... unannounced.

- When something in your apartment breaks, your landlord will replace it with a hand-me-down from his house and buy himself a new one.

- You have lived in your apartment for two years now and he/she still doesn't remember your name.

- Your landlord either does not know how to use technology or just chooses to ignore your phone calls and/or emails.

- Your carbon monoxide detector goes off for weeks and your landlord doesn't respond to the issue.

- You have had to take lukewarm showers in the dead of winter because your landlord refuses to fix your broken hot water heater.

- Your driveway is in such a poor state that your car bottoms out every time you drive on it.

- You have "snow removal" included in the lease yet have to shovel your car out of the driveway every day because your landlord is too cheap to pay for the snow to be removed more than once a month.

- Your landlord requires you to be present to show the house to prospective renters because he/she is too lazy to drive into Burlington.

- He/she charges rent comparable to a NYC flat or a beachfront apartment in Santa Barbara.

- He/she is completely loaded, yet bitches about reimbursing you for trivial items, such as paint.

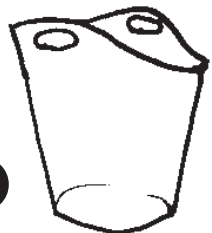
- He/she is too lazy to pay to carpet a room so instead finds random pieces of carpet laying around; your room has become multiple carpet colors.

- He/she verbally stated that he/she will not rent to males.

- He/she will not install better locks or front porch lights after having multiple break-ins.

- He/ she refuses to turn the heat on until late October even though the requirement is anything below 55 degrees. ■

# 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**

Every day I see you. I watch you speak. Your succulent lips smoothly spraying saliva throughout the air. I want to be that air. I want to bathe in everything you expel from your body. I hear you're on SGA. Are you running for reelection? If so, I'd love to get on your caucus. I promise you I'd come whenever you wanted.

I wish I could sign your legislation. I'd be willing to lobby my position. And if you really needed it, you could filibuster all over my face.

If you ever become president, I'd be the only student body you would need.

People tell me that you're in the SGA Office late on most Saturday nights. I'd love to meet you there. Maybe I could take you to the area of refuge and release some of your stress sometime? I'd rip off your sweater, and then you'd rip into my cherry. It's too bad you're probably gay.

**When:** almost every day

**Where:** the sga office

**I saw:** prey

**I am:** a predator

You were my outing club leader.

If it was just you + me that would've been neater.

Your beard makes me swoon

and just looking at you drives me over the moon.

You like to wear flannel

and sometimes you have a mustache shaped like a handle.

I facebook stalked and you don't have a girl

So Mr. America can you give me a whirl?

I went to monday meeting and was surprised to find...

there were many many more of your kind!

Outdoorsy, hot and toned.

My friends are so jealous, we each want our own.

I'm not much of a poet

and if my writing doesn't show it

I really want you. SO BAD.

Mr. America please give me a shot

I'll give you all the Ben and Jerry's you could possibly want.

**When:** Monday night Meeting

**Where:** Outing Club House

**I saw:** a hot rugged outdoorsman

**I am:** hoping you see this..

although we danced together last weekend thinking about you now still makes my knees bend your brown hair, your great body and especially your smile to stop dreaming of you would be futile your lips were soft and your hair was sweet kissing you was like a treat

you asked me four times if I remembered your name

and each time my answer was the same (no)

now you see why my thoughts are of you

its even starting to affect my schoolwork too

but I don't care if I fail a class

because right now I just miss that...hiney

so even though I won't tell you who I am

im still hoping that we can do it again

wherever we meet it doesn't matter

but maybe we can do some naked laps in your bedroom after

**When:** last weekend

**Where:** springfest

**I saw:** a nice hiney

**I am:** impressed

We spoke before seder about how, every week,

you look in the WT, a gentleman you seek.

Well here it is girl, this one's for you.

I want you so bad cuz you're one fine lookin' Jew!

**When:** last tuesday

**Where:** DC

**I saw:** a disappointed girl

**I am:** your afikomen

Every minute passes, each I find fruitless.

Admiring your resplendence; beauty touched

Not even by the hands of Hestia or Hephaestus.

Do I dream this poem finds you.

Rendering my efforts not useless.

Epic poetry might be more appealing, but,

With this acrostic, please find no hubris.

Simply know I can work with what little time is left.

**When:** Rarely

**Where:** Mostly in dreams

**I saw:** True elegance

**I am:** In awe

You have blue eyes and long blond hair

You are cuter than a teddy bear

Your skin is fair and your smile is always there

I think I heard your nickname was little barbie

So call me and I will be your Ken

**When:** every single day

**Where:** Bradley Street

**I saw:** A hot barbie

**I am:** Your ken

I see you frequently on the the first floor of Bailey-Howe. Occasionally we make eye contact and smile. Your dark, round glasses look sexy on you. Wanna study together sometime?

**When:** all the time

**Where:** 1st floor Bailey-Howe

**I saw:** a tall, dark, and handsome someone

**I am:** cute but shy

*remember to check out  
the IWYSBs we can't  
fit in the paper at  
thewatertower.tumblr.com!*

A few weeks left it's time to be bold  
I don't want to regret this when I'm old  
Eyes downward cast to your books  
Wish I could be the subject of your looks  
The leaves of my thoughts you flutter  
If you were to speak to me I'd probably stutter  
Dark hair and eyes are incomparable  
So sweet and sexy it's almost unbearable  
From long hair to short, bearded to clean  
You're the most attractive guy I've ever seen  
The third floor of U-heights North I'd climb  
So you could be the Corona to my lime

**When:** all the time

**Where:** harris millis dining hall

**I saw:** human perfection

**I am:** too afraid to say hi

Ever since that night you told me how you felt

I haven't stopped thinking about how you made me melt.

Although you have a girlfriend and you live next door

I find myself simply wanting more.

It seems to me like you feel trapped

But you have options you may not have mapped.

We have both thought about what was said that night

However I was hoping that you might

Think a little more about just what could be in sight.

**When:** All the time

**Where:** Our house

**I saw:** a quiet crush

**I am:** crushing back

I see you in the cyber

You're hotter than a viper.

Although you're not a car

I hope your lovin's up to par.

Your crazy dreams

Upon your head

Make me want to kiss you instead

Of writing a paper.

Oh, I love how your body tapers.

There's one thing that I ask,

And for me this is no task.

Could you like a female?

**When:** Random days

**Where:** Cyber on the regs. Once jammin' out on South Pros-

pect

**I saw:** A sexy dreaded mama

**I am:** An intrigued lady

Your skin glows like an albino monkey, blossoms big as

the mosquito in the purest hope of spring.

My heart follows your kazoo voice and leaps like a

giraffe at the whisper of your name.

The evening floats in on a great buffalo wing.

I am comforted by your thong that I carry into the

twilight of sexbeams and hold next to my penis.

I am filled with hope that I may dry your tears of

cum.

As my clitoris falls from my socks it reminds me of

you.

In the quiet, I listen for the last ahh of the day.

My heated hands leaps to my panties. I wait in the

moonlight for your secret bed so that we may look

as one, hands to hands, in search of the magnificent wet

and mystical brothel of love

**When:** last night

**Where:** my bed

**I saw:** Charlie Sheen

**I am:** Charlie Sheen

I would like a little more,

Than a look when I walk in the door.

I know we're stuck in Communist Russia,

but please smile.

You sit in the front row, constantly raising your hand,

while I sit silent in the back with my red skate shoes on,

tapping my heels together wishing I was somewhere warm

with you,

being the one to make you smile.

**When:** since 1917

**Where:** Russia

**I saw:** someone cold

**I am:** waiting for a real thaw

why are you so

gosh dern cute

with yr janglin'

keys & messy hair?

i wish we could go

on a little date

where you'd play

yr drums and i'd

sit there, gawking,

admiring you &

your punk rock ways.

notice me darlin'

i'm right here,

staring at you

all day

every day.

**When:** a few days ago

**Where:** bailey-shmaley

**I saw:** a cute grungy boy

**I am:** a sorta-cute sorta-grungy grl

# 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 front of Morrill Hall**  
**guy to girl as she drives away:** "Remember me! I taste like hashbrowns!"

**Loomis St.**  
**girl:** "he's so tall i was afraid he was going to have an insanely huge penis and i'd go running for the hills"

**Outside the Davis Center**  
**girl:** No I know this for a fact. Cool points divided by two equals hot points. That's what he said guys use to rate girls.

**McAuley Lobby**  
**girl 1:** I don't understand why guys like to jizz on girls' faces.  
**girl 2:** I've never had a guy here at uvm want to do that.  
**girl 3:** really?  
...awkward silence  
**girl 1:** Maybe you have a very jizzable face.

**Marsh Life Sciences**  
**Asian Guy to Girl 1:** Hi!  
**Girl 2 to Girl 1:** You have a Chinese friend?  
**Girl 1:** Oh yeah, that's Asian Mike.

**Outside of Simpson Fine Dining**  
**girl 1:** He is so 90s!!!  
**girl 2:** Yeah, he totes belongs in the 90s!!!  
Both girls laugh into the distance...

**From outside of the Fleming 101 men's bathroom**  
**Bro 1:** AH FUCK YOU MAN  
**Bro 2:** aaahahaha April Fools

**Between Central and the Davis Center**  
**boy 1:** and it was a slapshot right in the mouth like gaarararar  
**boy 2:** thats how i like to treat my girls...they never know when theyre gonna get a mouth full...yaaa know?  
**girl:** oh ya, i know...

**Davis Center Stairs**  
**Biddy 1:** How do you say "shalom", but like "goodbye"? You know like, in the shalom language, but instead of "shalom", "goodbye".  
**Biddy 2:** Good question...probably like "sha-bye"  
**Biddy 1:** Yeah...that sounds pretty good!  
**When:** 1:00pm, March 31st

**WDW lobby**  
**BRO 1:** Dude, are we still doing sunshine rule?  
**BRO 2:** What's that?  
**BRO 1:** We can't do any work as long as the suns out  
**BRO2:** Oh yeah, for sure.

**Downtown open mic**  
**Girl:** My back hurts  
**Guy:** People say I have magic fingers  
**Girl:** Well I got a magic finger too.  
(holds up ring finger as though she was flipping him off)  
**Guy:** You're engaged?  
**Girl:** Yep  
(they both turn back around and don't talk to each other ever again)

**The Grundle**  
**biddie 1:** lets make it a goal to hook up with a minority before the end of this year.  
**biddie 2:** we should get credit for that. like it should satisfy our diversity requirements.

**Redstone**  
**Girl:** On a scale of 1 to death, it would be the Black Death.

**Radio Bean**  
**Hipster:** Pfft, I can't stand all these UVM kids, trying to act like hipsters, please. Go back home to mommy and daddy's house in the hamptons.

**Outside Library**  
**Trustafarian:** It's Friday, Friday Gotta Get Down On Friday!  
**Girl 1:** Omg that song is so annoying!  
**Girl 2:** I'd rather listen to Phish than that fucking song  
**Trustafarian:** WOAHH WOAHH WHAT DID YOU SAY!

**Davis Center**  
**girl:** "I definitely had a 'Damn, titties!' moment with my philosophy professor when another girl walked by."  
**When:** Wednesday

**Cook Unlimited**  
**Guy to friends at lunch:** Don't tell anyone, but I put a little fruit punch in my water... It gives it a little kick.  
(Friends are silent for a couple of seconds before laughing hysterically)

**Athletic Campus Circle**  
**Bro 1:** Dude, let's go to friendly's this friday.  
**Bro 2:** I LOVE their honey bbq chicken sandwich!  
**Bro 1:** I know! It's ... orgasmic. If it was female, I'd want to have an orgasm with it.

**DC Fishbowl**  
**Guy:** I don't know how much you know about chicken anatomy, but chickens use that one hole for EVERYTHING.

# fashion five-oh.



by colbynixon

## the water bottle: a practical statement

Upon entering UVM, every student is given a key card, a biodegradable reusable bag, a huge folder of papers (the irony is stunning), and a water bottle. At various functions throughout the year, UVM gives out at least \$10,000 worth of water bottles (this figure is a rough estimate). You would think that because of this, every student would have the same water bottle. This is most certainly not the case, and even those who have those ubiquitous green Nalgene look-alikes or the ever-enduring Sigg knock-offs have found ways to personalize them. Sophomore Erica Bareuther says, "I love my stickers on my Nalgene so much, that even now they're faded white, I can't bring myself to get a new one." And that's the thing, water bottles can and do last forever, provided you don't lose them. Water bottles are so omnipresent on UVM's campus that they have unconsciously become part of our fashion. The proliferation of brand names in the market is a testament to this. For your enjoyment, **the water tower** has provided a brief guide on how to better incorporate water bottles into your daily get-up. ■

### 1. Sticker it up→

and not just the UVMSSC, Outing Club, and UPB stickers, throw on something unique, you know like a Jay Peak or Stowe sticker, cause no one else will have those, right?

### 2. Wash your water bottle →

remember last Friday night when you filled your Klean Kanteen with Wild Turkey? Well it's Monday morning now, and that lingering taste of whiskey isn't what you were looking for in your 8:30 BSAD lecture. Just take the five minutes to use some soap and hot water, and your experience will be so much better.

### 3. Look for quality that won't kill you→

I may be still rocking my BPA filled Nalgene from 1995, but if it's time to invest in new container, your best bet is something with fewer carcinogens.

# 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 créatif stuffé. Send your submissions to thewatertowernews@gmail.com by Tuesdays at 4:00.*



by thomsencummings

## the witching hour

by joshhegarty

They are made solely of our dreams.  
Their lips look full, but draw no breath.  
The sound they make is the cry of the wind.  
They are not the ones that we lost and love.  
From the shadows, they spring at midnight  
With a familiar likeness to chill one's bones.

Their call draws the marrow from your bones.  
And surely, you must have drifted into dreams.  
But when the clocks proclaim the hour, midnight,  
You may find it quite hard to catch your breath.  
A dread feeling takes hold, fear with a dash of love,  
As the windows quake from more than just the wind.

A terrible noise over takes you, unlike the wind  
It seems akin to the rattling of chains and bones,  
As you once again see the face of one you love  
Something only heard of in the best of dreams.  
Finding yourself wordless, and without breath  
You pray the hour could forever be midnight.

The clocks betray time and still read midnight  
For hours, the windows have felt the gusts of wind.  
You see that your dearest is also lacking breath  
And the dread returns to chisel at your bones.  
A realization begins to suffocate your dreams;  
You cannot hold the ghost of one you love.

No matter the strength of your heart's love  
The clocks cannot forever stand at midnight.  
And soon you must truly fall into dreams  
With lullabies of thunder, rain and wind.  
This lover, although not made of flesh and bones  
Draws quickly towards you, to kiss with frozen breath.

The warmth and strength comes slowly to your breath.  
The dread feeling is conquered by your love.  
But there is still a chill within your bones  
For the clocks run quickly away from midnight  
And this figment disappears into the wind  
To be seen again, but only in your dreams.

And as you lay your bones to bed, your lungs try to refuse breath  
You crave more than simple dreams; you thirst for love.  
Because the hour midnight only taunts you with the wind. ■

## leroy of the night

by joshhegarty

Who am I? My mother calls me "Tommy." My boss refers to me as "Mr. Bosco." But the criminals of this city know me as Leroy of the Night, their enemy, scourge, and ruin. I patrol these streets, searching for my nemesis, those that prey on the innocent. Those that would take and hurt and destroy. I'm here to save the soul of this city and each night I feel the subtle change in attitudes, as criminals have begun to run at the thought of encountering me. And they should be afraid.

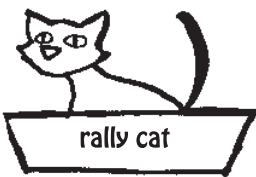
On my first night on patrol, I saw a man with a knife robbing a convenience store. From the shadows of the parking lot, I tackled him as he exited the store. He got up and started to run from me, but I pushed him into the street, where a passing car ran over his foot. He fell, and I returned the money to the store clerk. He was grateful to have the \$76 dollars that had been taken. He said to me, "Wow, you're a real hero." It felt as if something flowered in my soul. I knew that this was the path I needed, the road that would lead us all out of the darkness.

Since then, I've patrolled every night. Most nights, the criminals elude me, but when I find them, I punish them the way their fathers should have. The purse-snatchers, I trample until they pray that I stop. The drug dealers, I beat with the nearest object at hand. Pimps and petty thieves learn to walk away from their ways as they relearn to walk. At every bust, the helpless laud me as a hero. The media paints me as a villain, attacking innocents on the street. But they don't see what really happens. They don't see the truth.

Last night, the corrupt bastards of the police force cornered me. As I was beating an attempted mugger in the head with a two-by-four, I saw the blue lights. I tried to run, but a fascist crime baron by the name of Officer Clemens tackled me, handcuffed me and took me into Police Custody. I arrived at the police station and he brought me into a small, private room for questioning.

Clemens leaned in, inches from my face and asked, "So who the hell are you, buddy?" "I am Leroy of the Night, sworn to save this city from depravity."

# cat litter.



cat litter:  
by drew diemar, willis schenk,  
ryland tinsley, and caleb demers  
artwork by malcolm valaitis



## Wasting Light: tunes.



### Or How I Learned to Stop Worrying and Enjoy the Foo Fighters (again.)

by jeremyklein

Once upon a time, I would have told you that the Foo Fighters were my favorite band. Songs that were equal parts powerful and catchy were enough for me. Plus, all of their music videos ranked (and still do) as some of the best that I had ever seen. “Big Me” was the first song I learned to play in full on the guitar, and I wore my Foo Fighters sweatshirt with pride. Life was good.

But, as my interest in music expanded, and I began discover new bands, I came to a troubling realization: the Foo Fighters, the band that had a large part in getting me into music, were really nothing special. The songs on a Foo Fighters album basically boiled down to on the one hand, the singles, and on the other, the filler. And while the singles were generally great songs, the filler felt uninspired and served only to do as the name implies: fill up space so as to achieve an acceptable album length. Even their singles seemed to decrease in quality with each subsequent album. Their songs were losing the edge that made the band so enjoyable early on in their career, and were instead beginning to sound like the classic rock bands that influenced them— except they sounded less like a classic rock band in their heyday, and more like a classic rock band past their prime, trying to stay relevant by releasing new albums. Acoustic, folksy songs included on albums to break up the monotony felt uninspired, and failed to do anything but reaffirm that the Foo Fighters had become a modern rock AC/DC: formulaic.

Obviously, my own opinion on the band’s recent output had no impact, as they continued to be nominated for the “Best Rock Album” Grammy, and sell out shows all around the world. But as I got into bands like Talking

Heads and Pavement, I became an Indie snob, laughing off the very idea of a guitar solo. The Foo Fighters had effectively dropped off my radar. Needless to say, I was a little shocked when I happened to come across the details of the next Foo Fighters release. The next album of the best-selling, stadium playing, world famous band, entitled *Wasting Light*, was recorded in front man Dave Grohl’s garage. In addition, it featured Grohl’s former Nirvana bandmate Krist Novoselic on one song, and was produced by former Nevermind producer Butch Vig. So, three out of the four people responsible for the most important rock album of the past twenty years were working on an album in a garage (probably one of the more punk rock places to record an album). My interest had certainly been piqued. I became hopeful that the band I once loved,

“I became hopeful that the band I once loved, the band that had made me start to enjoy music, would put out an album that I could enjoy as in the days of old.”

the band that had made me start to enjoy music, would put out an album that I could enjoy as in the days of old.

They did. *Wasting Light* is by no stretch of the imagination the greatest album of the year, or even the best Foo album. It is however, their best in a long time. Perhaps their retreat back to the primitive nature of the garage was just what the band needed, a reminder that they are, in

fact, just a band. “White Limo” is a stand out track from the album, finding the band giving its most “going all out” song since their first album. Dave Grohl scream-sings his way through, while the guitar remains distorted and driving behind him. If nothing else, the song just comes as an unexpected breath of fresh air from the band’s tendencies. Unfortunately, “White Limo” is really the only song to fully embrace the rough-around-the-edges garage aesthetic. Despite this, the songs still sound way more inspired than they have in recent memory— once again, being equal parts powerful and catchy. “Rope,” and “Walk” perfectly exemplify this, as songs that will have their place among the better-known Foo Fighters material, and hold their place in countless stadium show set lists. Also of help to the album is that the band cut the acoustic crap, allowing for no break in the album’s flow of being an absolute rock album. Overall, there are about five or six songs on *Wasting Light* that are truly great, while none of them are truly terrible.

Perhaps most importantly, *Wasting Light* has gotten me to not care anymore, and just embrace the Foo Fighters for what they are: a good rock band that is capable of producing truly awesome songs. Their first two albums (Foo Fighters and *The Colour and the Shape*) are great albums, and songs like “Everlong” and “My Hero” will go down as some of the best rock songs maybe ever. So even as my taste continues to grow, I can’t abandon and forget where that taste originated. The Foo Fighters might not be as innovative, or even as good as everything else I listen to, but I can always count on them to provide me with four minutes and eleven seconds of musical enjoyment. Time to dust off the old sweatshirt. ■