

volume 10 - issue 4 - tuesday, september 27, 2011 - uvm, burlington, vt

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

"yes, you have the wrong number. **no, i won't blow you."** the **grim** world of online escort services by georgeloftus To whoever is responsible for this: con-gratulations. You got me.

And, unfortunately, yes, the following is

based on actual events. On Sunday, September 18th, at 4:12 PM, I received a phone call from a phone num-

ber I didn't recognize. Given that my name gives me a predilection for curiosity, I answered, wondering what it implied about my Saturday night, and if I actually gave my phone number to that guy who runs City Hall Sliders, or whether that was a dream. A man was calling, and after hearing my distinctly male voice, he apologized, and asserted that he had the wrong number. I told him not to worry about it, hung up, and thought nothing of it.

Four minutes later the exact same thing happened with someone else. And two minutes after that. And two minutes after that. All of these phone calls were from New York City.

At this point, you can consider me puzzled.

By the time of the tenth phone call, I finally worked up the nerve to ask this new caller some questions. He spoke with a strong Spanish accent, so remembering what I could from when I lived abroad, I interrogated the shit out of him. I gleaned that he got my number from a website called www.backpages.com. Not to profile, but I knew this guy had a thick Guatemalan accent, and could not understand anything else other than "queens" and "date". For the record, he should shave his beard.

At this point you can consider me absolutely perplexed.

I did the equivalent of sprinting on my phone. My fingers were tensely hoping to get to the bottom of this mystery. Once at the website, I searched my phone number and got zero searches: I had no idea what the fuck was going on.

And then I got a text: "Hey can u do a \$50 quickie 4 15 mins?" I responded: "I'm not that cheap, sir." My

brain-wheels were turning. This was start-ing to make sense. But not entirely.

Even though the next caller had an Indian accent, he was much more helpful. Since I don't speak Hindi, you can imag-ine my delight when he actually spoke English well. He told me that he got my phone number from the classified escort section of www.backpages.com, an even more sketchy version of craigslist, and that he was under the impression that I was an

... read the rest on page 4

snack attack

by gretchenloft



"When you're alone and life is making" you lonely, you can always go downtown." ~Petula Clark

by dan**suder**

get

me:

inside

Whether you're returning to UVM for your fifth year or you're new around here, you've probably already spent a significant chunk of time in downtown Burlington. Shopping on Church Street, frisbee by the waterfront, shows at Metronome and the Radio Bean, and yes, parties on the side streets – downtown has it all. Except Borders and Old Navy, two of the biggest Church Street retailers, are now the former Borders and the old Old Navy. Now there's only one bookstore and ZERO places to buy two pairs of flip-flops for \$3.50. So what's the big idea? Burlington is

supposed to be a certain way, right? There are supposed to be hippies, coffee shops, didgeridoo-playing weirdos, more places to eat burritos than there are citizens and, yes, a couple of big national stores where I can get cheap clothes and expensive books. But Burlington has changed before, and the sturdy Burlingtonians managed to survive.

For example, Rite Aid purchased the entire Brooks Pharmacy brand in 2007, quadrupling the company's Vermont presence and, to the dismay of at least one of that era's water tower writers, dropping its downtown store's hours from 24/7 to, well, something less convenient. People asked, "How will I fill my prescriptions at 3 AM?" They wondered, "If my art project requires even more tampons and Post-It notes, where will I go at this hour?!" They were worried, but they quickly found their answers ("You won't." and "Um, like, Price

Chopper, probably... wtf?") and moved on. The same thing's happening today. You can still buy books and CDs. There's Crow Bookstore for cool used books, indie comics, and enough Western pulp novels to make John Wayne blush. There's a Barnes & Noble down the road for your plastic-wrapped New Age canine aromatherapy tomes and 30-dollar AC/DC compilation albums. So readers and listeners of the world, cool your jets. Breathe in. Breathe out. You'll be OK.

"But what about my CLOTHES," you whine in your whiniest whining whine. Well, UVM students handily fit into three categories. First option: You never shop at Old Navy anyway. You drive your Beamer to J. Crew or Banana Republic or wherever it is that they sell Polo Ralph Lauren, and that's not going to change. Second option: You never shop at Old Navy anyway. You ride your rustbucket of a used bike to Goodwill or the Shalom Shuk or sometimes even Urban Outfitters, and that also won't change. The third option: You do shop at Old Navy! SHIT! Well, now you just take the bus to their new Williston location, and

you're golden! Nice!

For consumers, then, it doesn't really seem like a big deal. And that's not even taking into account the replacement stores: a bigger, still-local Outdoor Gear Exchange and a Panera franchise in the case of Old Navy and a nobody-knows-but-fingers-crossed-for-something-awesome at Borders. Panera, though, seems to be making everyone uncomfortable. People say things like, "Don't get me wrong, I love Panera, and their spinach artichoke dip is to die for, but really, not in Burlington..." and "Church Street already has sandwich stores up the wazoo, we don't need another one. Especially a national chain." But I think everyone can agree that Panera is a better, more socially responsible company than Gap, Inc., which owns Old Navy. There's more to it, though: beyond the nature of the companies, locals and business-people are worried about things like how the new downtown will affect their stores, whether foot traffic will decrease and so on.

katharine longfellow

They need to take a big ol' chillaxative. had a roommate who was, for a time, a business major, so I know what I'm talking about here. The Church Street Marketplace isn't about Borders or Old Navy, and it never was. Sure, every longer-than-necessary day of walking around downtown without

... read the rest on page 3

class warfare by julien**darmoni**

fogel's package by dansuder and colbymixon

yankee sayings by benbraunstein

the best news team in the universe. inbox 🖂



Hev Colby Nixon,

It's me, the kale eating asshole! Just wanted to drop a line to let you know you're right. You are pretentious. Usually I think your articles are funny; but this week, not so much. Why am I an asshole? I wear Toms, I've drank a glass of dandelion wine or two, kale is my favorite vegetable, and hell yes I walk around barefoot. I would appreciate a little less judgment coming from you. You don't know me, but you think you do. I don't know you, and I won't pretend to. Maybe you're not usually a judgmental guy. But you're perpetuating a judgment zone, where people are what they wear--or don't wear for that matter. And that sucks.

Cheers! Emma Cook

And for the record, the only appropriate time to wear boat shoes, is on a boat.

Hey I'm responding to a dear blank from blank that I read in the most recent issue of the **fower**. [editor's note: tower of what? we have no idea what you're talking about. *that shit cray.*]

Dear Driver who actually likes to use the gas pedal,

go fuck vourself

from a biker who thinks you're an arrogant douche. Thanks,

Brian Zager

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

thewatertowernews@gmail.com

the shit list with emilyhoogesteger

from 2000-2008, Putin has announced ward" in international relations this he will run for president again in 2012, week, after establishing ties with the after taking a short four-year break to serve as Prime Minister and backseat 12,000 people in the middle of the South drive for Dmitry Medvedev. Medvedev Pacific. This came only after Tuvalu rechas enthusiastically endorsed Putin, so ognized the independent states of Os-I guess we know who's whipped in that setia (population 72,000) and Abkhaz relationship

RusAir Crash Navigator: Recent media reports have announced that the navigator of the RusAir plane that crashed in June (by plowing into a motorway) had consumed the equivalent of "one glass of vodka" shortly before the crash. Not one shot of vodka, one glass. Yes, he's Russian, and yes, he probably poured that vodka over his morning bowl of Cheerios, but the dude drove a passenger plane into a highway. He may have been mildly intoxicated

Vladimir Putin: President of Russia Diplomacy: Russia made a "step forcountry of Tuvalu...an island nation of (population 150,000), regions of the nation of Georgia (which borders Russia) that broke away and declared independence after the Russia-Georgia war in 2008, but have since been officially recognized by only five nations besides Tuvalu - one of which is Nauru, the smallest country on Earth - despite the fact that the regions are independently gov...oh, nevermind. Fuck it. How does anyone ever keep track of this shit?

DOWNTOWN *-continued from page 1*

money to spend involved at least one foray into Borders, but it wasn't the other way around. Maybe it's sad, but we're consumers, and most of us don't actually give a shit what it is we're consuming. Old Navy, OGE, potato, potahto. So take downtown's changes and run

with them. Old Navy is gone, but we've got stuff in its place. Borders is gone, it's okay.

by julien**darmoni**

Barack Obama is once again taking heavy, name-calley fire from Republicans who claim his new economic policy (in which the President seeks \$3 trillion in new revenue from a combination of spending cuts and taxes on the super wealthy) is the product of an alleged "class warfare," a contentious political ideology that pits the wealthy, handsome, patriotic Americans



than you.

Arguably the biggest step forward in the Presidents ongoing campaign to resuscitate a dwindling economy, the plan increases taxes on higher earning Americans and asks them to shoulder a more balanced part of the financial burden, a policy which some see as being unfairly fair on successful, affluent Americans. Obama's "Buffet Rule," which introduces a minimum tax rate for millionaires that ensures they pay a percentage as high as the people who work for them, has incited vocal detractions from members of the republican party, including GOP Speaker John Boehner, who said in an interview on FOX News last Monday night, "I don't think I would describe class warfare as leadership." The sentiment has been reiterated by several prominent conservatives, among them Bill O'Reilly and Rep. Paul Ryan, who complained in a recent FOX interview it "punishes job creation and those people who create jobs," and "it looks like the President wants to move down the class warfare path." Among those job creators unjustly pun-

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_Special Thanks To UVM Art Department Digital Lab

the news in brief

"The future of Palestine is...linked to the UN."

-Mahmoud Abbas, speaking before the UN general assembly applying for full membership as a Palestinian state. The US is gonna veto it. Which is why it was probably pretty stupid of him to say that the future of his new state is linked to an organization that almost certainly won't accept it.

"Women will be able to run as candidates in the municipal election and will even have a right to vote."

-King Abdullah of Saudi Arabia, announcing a radical change in that country's policies on gender. Apparently, he chatted with ulema (clergy) in charge, and Allah's down with women voting, so long as its just in municipal elections (granted, no one votes in national elections in the Kingdom). In a country where it's still illegal for women to drive, this is a big fucking deal.

"A lot of people judge me by what I wear, say I'm not a good woman."

-Mathira Mohammad, a Pakistani television personality who's making big waves over there by wearing "Western style" women's attire and openly discussing sex, HIV/AIDS, and women's issues in one of the world's most repressive societies. She's pretty cool.

"This is such a beautiful arena, with a lot of tradition both for bullfighters and this national celebration."

-Matador Julien Lopez, speaking about the arena where he will be conducting his last bullfight. Animal rights activists everywhere will be happy to know that the Catalonia region of Spain has officially banned bullfighting, and it looks as though other regions are likely to follow. Now that they no longer have their cultural pastime of brutally slaughtering animals, the Spaniards will have to be satisfied with running away from them, or maybe digging their economy out of the pit it's in.

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join the wt. New writers and artists are always welcome Weekly meetings Tuesdays at 7:30 pm Chittenden Bank Room Davis Center - 4th Floor Or send us an email

ur generation stands at a crossroads. To the right e the perilous cliffs of punditry and pessimism. To ne left is the desolate wasteland of apathy and ignoance. We choose neither. Instead, we brave the trail truth. With sincerity and humor, we strive to make u reexamine, investigate, question, learn, and mayb ee your pants along the way. We are the reason peo e can't wait for Tuesday. We are the water tower.



And just keep in mind, next time someone complains about the big box stores moving in, that a lot of people really like at least one of those stores. Kids from New Jersey come up here and complain about Panera, but then go home to their H&Ms and Targets. It's not fair to those of us who wish we had a Target at all, you know? I get that we should "keep Vermont weird," and I totally agree with the sentiment, I'm just not sure that Panera is the antithesis of that. Hey, weird is as weird does, right?

class warfare: haters gonna federally regulate

If it seemed like John Fleming wasn't making any sense, that's probably because he was too busy making an income instead. As it happens, that's the most profitable way of making things, and something which 9.1% of Americans are apparently unwilling to do. Appropriately, it's those same 9.1% of Americans Fleming fears most will wheel off his congressionally displaced

against working class hobos like teachers, fire fighters, and people who shop at Old Navy. Perhaps the most controversial aspect of the plan is the decision to let the Bush Tax Cuts expire at the end of 2012, a decision that would earn \$800 billion alone in tax revenue and severely impact wealthy Americans' capacity to be more wealthy

ished with extraordinary wealth, Rep. John Fleming appealed to the hearts of people who don't know how hearts work when he whined heroically on MSNBC with Chris Jansing that: "by the time I feed my family...I have, maybe, \$400 thousand left over," a fact which was tragically absent of tragedy, and one which led Jansing to comment: when the average person...who's making \$40, \$50 thousand a year...hears that you only have \$400 thousand dollars left over, it's not exactly a sympathetic position." Hearing this, Fleming retreated nervously into the current Republican non-sequitur talking point of 2011, claiming: "class warfare has never created a job. This is all about creating jobs, Chris. This is not about attacking people who make certain incomes.

money in stolen shopping carts, carting off his wealth like pilfered recyclables and exchanged for schools, roads, jeans from Old Navy, and bus stations.

But just what exactly is this "class warfare"? The concept that Fleming and co. have been so strategically deploying is a relatively ambiguous one. Sometimes it describes situation in which the social classes are divided into two parties: the achievers (or as they prefer to be called, job creators) and the intentionally destitute middle class (or as they prefer to be called, social workers), and then compared and contrasted until they hate each other more than Tyler Perry films hate black people. Sometimes it just means, "How dare you?! But seriously, let's change the subject" as seen in Fleming's interview with Jansing. But scientists think they have it whittled down to what is, at its most basic components, the equivalent of saying: "I know you are but what am I? And don't you dare say rich, if you say rich I am going to be so mad."

In most instances of the word it's a diversionary tactic, a political parlor trick that lends the illusion of simplicity to issues that are tremendously complex. Boiled down, conflicts become easier to market, shed of the social and political baggage that are oftentimes alienating to casual observers. In the case of class warfare, the issue disregards national imperatives (our colossal debt almost resulted in government shut down), social implications (if the revenue doesn't come from the rich, it comes out of education, health care and the rest of middle America) in favor of a political narrative in which the wealthy are unfairly maligned by morally bankrupt bottom feeders (or as they prefer to be called, liberals), cheated out of entitlements they've earned (hanging out with Snoop Dogg), and forced to pay for the mistakes of a society they are indebted to but not responsible for. The simple version invokes outrage, righteousness and the entire spectrum of the emotionally relatable rainbow, while the complex one sounds like Charlie Brown's teacher on downers; dreary, monotonous, and dangerously easy to disregard.





beaver, noun

The one Champlain College student at a UVM party. Derived from the Champlain mascot, wish is - as you probably guessed - a beaver.

uvm athletics to join southeastern conference by tylermiles

The SEC needed another school to join tioned that despite the new revenue com-its conference like a guy needs a prom date ing in from the SEC's lucrative TV deal when all the cheerleaders come down with mono and he has to settle for a less attractive girl with a slight snaggletooth. UVM is that less attractive, slightly snaggletoothed, mono-free girl. Faced with the good possibility that Oklahoma and Texas will remain in the Big 12, the southeastern conference, winners of the last five BCS championships, needed a 14th team to balance out their conference. When the call came in, UVM jumped at the opportunity. When asked what the reasoning be-

hind the move, President John Bramley responded, "I be were the cash be," as he was vigorously desectating the America East banners hanging in Patrick Gymnasium. He also cited the high academic and institutional integrity of the southeastern conference's schools as a reason for the move, after which he cackled manically and yelled "I'm rich biatch!" He additionally men- tors in their pursuit of more money.

tuition will continue to increase at a rate of 4%-6% per year until, in Bramley's words "the sun blows up and life on earth ceases to exist."

When asked about UVM's lack of a varsity football team, the sport for which the SEC is most known, athletic director Dr Robert Corran responded, "So long as we field a team, we get our 1/14th cut, so we'll probably end up paying the Burlington High School JV squad to represent us in football."

The prevalence of shady boosters offer ing recruits hookers and drugs is expected to increase exponentially on campus as UVM joins a "big time" conference.

In other news, the geography department has scheduled a protest for Wednesday afternoon regarding the asinine disregard of their field of study by college administra-

news-etry

by james**aglio**

this week's news in compact and crisp iambic pentameter

on't ask, don't tell is officially gone. one like the Clinton Administration. one like Korea and like Vietnam. tights not outlined by orientation.

hey said it would affect effectiveness. Effectiveness? All I can say is, "Please." They assert their data's correctedness But have they never heard of Sophocles?

sabha sabha

Sabha Sabha jewel of the Sahara, Done with the Mermaid, the rebels seek thee You opened your arms and your gates to them all It is a long dry march from Tripoli.

Gadhafi supposedly hides within, Wanted by the ICC at the Hague. Wanted for crimes committed against men. Seen by enemies as a blight, a plague.

The stronghold did not manage to hold strong, Like Jericho's walls to Joshua's horn. Although the battle was hard fought and long, It is not yet done, not yet time to mourn

For in Libya yet much must be done. The city's theirs, they've a country to run.

Now our warriors can be finally free They deserve it, they who this country save They that allow this place always to be The land of the free because of the brave

It's a brave new world out there to be sure, Proud to be an American the more.

reflections. uvm: breakin' records and takin' names since 1791

by shannonward

leave your room.

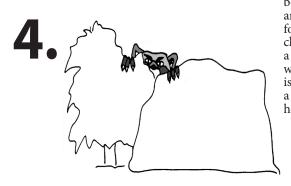
Last year, UVM tried to break the Guinness World Record for biggest game of hide-and-seek. I can't help but think, why bother? UVM has broken a ton of world records already. I have composed a list of a few:

Most Awkward Incidents Involving Long Boards. You know that thing when you're walking and someone is coming at you, and so you move to the side but they move to the same side and then you move to the other side but they do too? It's awkward enough when it's two people walking, but if one or both of them are on a long board, shit gets real. If you go a whole day at UVM without almost getting hit by a long board, then you obviously didn't

Most Batshit Crazy Weather. You know you go to UVM when you watch The Day After Tomorrow and think "oh yeah, that could happen".

Most Students on Listservs who do not want to be on Listservs. We all make resolutions to be more involved, so when Activitiesfest rolls around we sign up for everything. Hey, maybe we'll find a new passion! OR maybe we'll realize that we've overbooked ourselves and though we'd like to kid ourselves into thinking we can handle Extreme Rugby Člub, we haven't actually done any physical activity since gym stopped becoming mandatory. And since we can't figure out/are too lazy to remove ourselves from the Listsery, our inbox will be full of unwanted e-mails we are too lazy to delete.

Most Rally Cat Sightings. It may be hard to believe, but did you know that UVM has the most Rally Cat sightings in the world? The elusive animal has



been seen at sporting events, fairs, and has even been known to pose for pictures with students. Skeptics claim that Rally is nothing more than a UVM student in a suit, but anyone with any real sense knows that Rally is a North American catamount in a jersey, with a passion for college hockey

Most Disgusting Bike Seats. Next time your friend lets you borrow his bike, take a moment to think about it. At the end of every semester, a disquieting number of students

D free themselves of their clothes and ride their bikes in the buff. Socially hilarious, sanitarily horrifying.



Most People Wearing Shorts in 3+ Feet of Snow. The day after an epic blizzard that left a fresh layer of razor sharp ice on top of the freezing Ο. snow, and the wind chill from Lake Champlain is like the fucking breath of Satan if Satan were cold; there is always that one guy. You know who I mean. Roughin' it in khaki knee length shorts and Teevas, legs bright red, plowing through the unplowed walkways to class. You'll wonder why, but then forget about it because you're just too fucking cold.

Most Cat-Related Items Per Capita. Seriously. This place has more feline • paraphernalia than a crazy old cat lady.

Most Wings Eaten Per Capita. If your textbook isn't covered in wing sauce from falling asleep on it before cleaning your face, then you obviously did not put in a solid night's studying.

art by kitty faraji

Though these categories are not recognized by Guinness (yet), UVM definitely holds the blue ribbon in all of these and more. Be proud, and stay unique!

Ο

WRONG NUMBER-cont. from page 1

uninhibited twenty-one year old named Lori from Queens. Now I had something to search for, but not before getting another

"Hey, do u mind if I cum inside you?" to which I responded: "I'm a 215lb 21 year old man. Neither of us would appreciate that." This is what the Classifieds section read:

"Hello gents LORI.., here seeking mature professionals who deserve and appreciate the royal treatment. I offer Non-rushed sessions that are unforgettable I'm totally independent !! I take pride in catering to you call now and I'll be sure to make your night memorable......(my phone numphone ber).. ...(mv number) INCALL OR OUTCALL...I CAN ALSO BE SUBMISSIVE...".



I know what you're thinking, her sentence structure is terrible, offering no break in pace and her grammar nis girl is allergic to commas, and

self-respect

And yes, there were pictures: the "girl" offering her (my?) services was attractive. Even still, this was increasingly becoming less fun for me. I tried skyping with my mom on my phone (my internet was out on my laptop) and was interrupted no less than five times by prospective "Johns". Awesome

At this point you can consider me irate. And then another text: "Hey what r ur rates?" My reply? "50/bj but i use my teeth. All of them." Shockingly, he didn't respond after that.

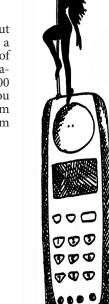
Between Sunday at 4:12 PM, approximately seven minutes after the post went live, until 11:22 PM Monday night, I received a total of 29 phone calls from as many callers, and six very implicit text messages, asking about me, my traveling "range", I guess you would call it, and if I s, to say the least, atrocious. It's like was in need of a more reliable driver to get me to my clientele.

After maybe the fifteenth hour it had been going on too long to stay mad. I drank beers while laughing at the volume of phone calls I got while talking to my sister on the phone. I smoked a few cigarettes later that night while on the phone with my brother and I swear I could've heard my friends laughing from four houses down even hours after telling them. Later that night I wrote an email to www.backpages. com asking them to take my "ad" down and within hours it was gone and away. I was laughing, I thought it was hilarious after three beers. At the very least I have a new way of telling people I hate them: post an ad of them as a free-spirited escort with a penchant for deepthroating, and offer their phone number. Classic.

To whoever is responsible, congratula tions: you got me.

Át this point you can consider me amused. But on a side note, go fuck yourself. If you were looking for ransom, I don't

have money, but what I do have is a very particular set of skills, and a circulation of about 2500 people to cut you down in front of. I'm amused, yes, but I'm hardly fucking happy.



eliza carver

by robin**tucker**

participants into a iam? very elaborate excuse.

by dan**suder**

People are jealous of Fogel's package. Hell, I'm jealous of Fogel's package. It's a big package, certainly, and everywhere I go the media tells me "size matters" here and "bigger is better" there. But now everyone's talking about this Fogel thing, and I'm confused. To be sure, Fogel's package is one of the hairiest situations we've seen in some time, so let's flesh it out. It is, I'll admit, one of the bigger pack-

a lot of flak.

Think about it. This man has touched every member of the UVM community over the past decade, and his package

water fower water pong...

by sarahperda

by the wayside.

did you say, "planking"?

the *new craze* no one really gives a shit about ¹

Maybe you have heard this term, maybe you have a vague idea of what it means, or maybe you are an expert and run a whole blog about it. For those who didn't make plank-ing their main form of entertainment this summer, let's just start by clearing the air and busting some myths about this word: 1. No, it does not have to do with walking off the edge of a pirate ship. 2. No, it is not a sea organism (that's plankton). So what IS this word, this phenomenon, that has turned into a popular pasttime and, at times, gotten its

To help describe this odd new trend, I turned to the omniscient Wikipedia, as I always do in times of need. According to whatever middle school boy spends his evenings writ-ing Wiki definitions, planking consists "of lying face down in an unusual or incongruous location, [...] mimicking a wooden plank." Whaaaat? Exactly. Junior UVMer Adrian reports that, "It's fun. Until you fall." Sophomore UVMer Kemar thinks it's stupid, "If I wanted to lay dead like a carcass I would do it on my bed!" According to the IBTimes, seven doctors and nurses were suspended from work after playing the "Lying Down Game," while on duty. Sounds to me like they got caught napping on the job and made up a

If you still don't understand what this activity really entails, you may as well move on to bigger and better things, because the world already has. Planking is officially out. If you want to be part of the next new trend you should look out for "Owling," and "Downward Dogging." Beware: night animals and yoga poses are not always what they seem...

i'll show you mine if you show me yours: two takes on **fogel's package**

ages I've ever seen. I've seen many packages over the years, and Fogel's leaves me breathless. It's just phenomenal, really. I can't even wrap my head around it. I try, but its immense grandeur forces me to come up for air. I just don't understand why people are being so hard on Fogel. Judging by the size of his package, he is a god among men. He ought to be respected and revered, but his ivory tower is taking

clearly reflects that. His was not a flaccid leadership, and his package is similarly powerful. His was not a limp administration, and his package is swollen with his well-deserved pride.

What worries me most, though, is this word "severance" that both sides of the argument are flailing about like a wet noodle. SEVERANCE?! They're severing WHAT ?! This package is epic, the stuff of legend, and they're going to... sever it? My god. This is not your average Joe Bobbitt we're talking about, this is President Daniel Mark Fogel, and his package deserves respect, or at the very least, preservation. A package like this only comes every so often, and it should be embraced, not shunned.

Oh. Wait. We're talking about... money? Not...? Oh. OH.

Fuck Fogel.

it's coming. get ready to play.

.

Mark Fogel's package is quite impressive. Clearly, Ms. Rachel Kahn-Fogel thought otherwise. Financially speaking this is also the case. It is well known that President Fogel will be receiving \$410,000 durlearned this by reading The Cynic, The Burlington Free Press, or Seven Davs, who initially broke the story. You may also community for the last several years. The ridiculousness of this situation is on par with the Scopes Trial, or even an episode of the classic sitcom *Night Court*. I'm per-sonally not impressed with the size of President Fogel's package, but it does not nearly shock or upset me as much as the news that Vice President Michael Schultz

> from UVM. President Fogel does not deserve \$410,000 to go get his life sorted, but you have got to feel bad for the guy- he did get cheated on, and that sucks no matter who you are. My question is, why is Michael Schultz, the man who tempted (intentionally or unintentionally) Rachel Kahn-

is also receiving a large severance deal

The venerable Mr. Suder seem to be un-

der the impression that President Daniel

Fogel to stray from her marriage, and ultimately cause this scandal, being paid \$150,000-\$220,000 over the next year, for not working? Not only that, he will be receiving a letter of recommendation from Gary Derr, (the guy who sends you excessive amounts of e-mail), he will be leaving ing his leave, and will pick up a \$195,000 the university in good standing. This is salary upon his return to the university sometime in the future. You would have akin to Spiro Agnew resigning and being written a letter by Carl Albert, saying he was fit to continue working in the politica realm. Not only will he be able to retain all benefits through 2011 (including access have read that people are sickened by the thought of UVM spending more money to Bailey-Howe and the fitness center) on a man that has been resented by the vear or until he finds another job, the university will also pay for Schultz's children's tuition. This is the same guy who was have ing an affair with the President's wife.

I guess we should not be shocked by this outcome. Sadly, it seems that those who manage to completely screw up can walk away unharmed. Look at Goldman Sachs- despite the number of times the company has erred, ultimately they get a slap on the wrist. Sure, Michael Schultz did not walk away from this with his job but I'd happily take his salary and not work for a year. I'm not impressed with either Mr. Śchultz's or President Fogel's packages- it makes you wonder what Ms Kahn-Fogel ever saw in them.

nautical nonsense

Many years ago when the Power Rangers ruled the world and your Lisa Frank trapper keeper was your most prized possession, waking up early on Saturday morning was not a burden but rather the highlight of your week. Saturday morning cartoons have always been a staple for the 10-and-under crowd; however, this traditional lifestyle may soon go

A recent Boston Globe article reported that a University of Virginia study has linked watching just nine minutes of Spongebob Squarepants (less than half of an episode) to short-term attention problems and learning disabilities in children. 60 four-year-olds were randomly assigned to watch either Spongebob or Caillou or to draw pictures for nine minutes and were given mental function tests immediately afterwards. Those poor souls assigned to the Spongebob group performed "measurably worse" than others and were thus dubbed the duds of this experiment. Education fanatics are absolutely elated, believing this exceptionally scientific study proves their argument that television is detrimental to brain development. Nickelodeon, conversely, is insulted that anyone would believe that its creative genius is anything but mentally stimulating (the four-year-olds in question were

not available for comments as they were busy participating in another study testing their motor skills following a game of high-speed versus low-speed ring-around-the-rosie).

While watching too much television-particularly shows like Spongebob that require few to no brain cells to comprehend-is not exactly conducive to fostering young Einsteins, no four-year-old is going to wake up on the weekend and stick his nose in a Tolstoy novel rather than watch cartoons. The key to encouraging normal development and be haviors? Moderation. Letting kids watch these shows day in and day out is simply rearing meat sacks with a collective IQ of 12. However, kids who are utterly banned from watch ing TV tend to be somewhat...socially inept. While Spongebob is not inspiring America's youth to cure cancer or end world hunger, it is not singlehandedly destroying them, as this study suggests either. As fascinating as the four-year-old mind is, perhaps our tax dollars could be put towards solving the aforementioned issues rather than seeking justification as to why young children have short attention spans. They're just kids let them act that way while they still can.



reflections. is my **donut** the world

by sarahmoylan

breezy autumn afternoon. Life was simple; life was good.

Until I smelled it.

It came out of nowhere, yet it seemed to instantly permeate the campus surroundings. I curiously examined my environs, giving Cook Commons and Williams a good once-over in the hopes of determining where the source of it was located, but it was no use. So, I continued with my day and headed back to my safe haven at University Heights, hoping the smell of it would soon fade and become nothing more than a puzzling olfactory memory. And it did. Sort of.

Two weeks later, the familiar scent of *it* returned while I was strolling through the same spot on campus. Days later, I smelled *it* once again. And again. And again! I became frustrated, confused, tortured. Each time, *it* smelled stronger, sugary-er and cinnamon-ier than it had the last time.

That's right. It was the smell of apple cider donuts, and *it* was stalking me on Central Campus. I'm no expert on apple cider donuts, but as a regular consumer, I know one when I smell one. The mere scent of an apple cider donut brings about a very specific sensation: my nose

gets wind of the unique sugar-cinnamon-apple combo, my tummy rumbles, my face smiles, my salivary glands begin to salivate, and (usually) my mouth finishes off the whole experience by taking a nibble of the chewy, sweet

It all started three years ago. I was but an unsuspect- donut and emitting a squeal of orgasmic delight. But this ing freshman, strolling about Central Campus on a clear, time, my mouth couldn't take that final step. I was left pining, pleading for a bite of a seemingly invisible donut. The



agony! What had I done to earn this terrible punishment? To make matters worse, no one else seemed to smell of the phantom donuts was solved. the phantom donuts. "Is it me, or does this place smell like apple cider donuts?" I asked my friend one morning as we

walked to class in Angell Lecture Hall.

"I think your nose is hallucinating," she replied, shooting me a look of bewilderment.

Well, if she can't smell it, I must be insane! I thought, vowing never again to mention the smell to anyone. After all, I didn't want to alienate my friends just because I smelled donuts at random! I can learn to live with this, I decided. People learn to live with chronic pimples, premature baldness, and terminal diseases. I can learn to live with the smell of cider donuts.

I did just that for two and half long years. The scent waned and waxed, but I went about my life, taking exams and making friends and and doing all the things that normal college students are supposed to do. But secretly, I always longed to understand: why does Burlington smell like donuts?

My dorm rooms and off-campus apartments had typically shielded me from the ever-present arousing aroma, but this June, I moved into a new apartment. It's pretty far down on North Prospect Street-about halfway between Pearl Street and Riverside Ave. I lived there for a couple of months with no troubles but it wasn't long before I noticed the donut smell wafting into my bedroom windows. I've had it! I thought. Now this smell has intruded

the comfort of my own home! I decided to go for a bike ride to clear my thoughts and escape the smell. I whooshed down North Prospect, turned right

at Riverside, and pedaled as fast as I could towards Winooski. I just needed to get away from that smell! But it was getting stronger, and stronger-

And then I saw it. Koffee Kup Bakery. 398 Riveride Avenue, Burlington, Vermont. Thousands of deectable donuts are born here each day and shipped to donut-lovers at area supermarkets and convenience

marts, leaving only their sweet scent behind. The mystery

by benbraunstein

damn kids are saying.

by colbynixon

head away in disgust.

1:51- on my way to physics, I notice that I'm not noticing myself being barefoot anymore- that is until I step on a small rock and hobble my way to class.

need help? ask the *cat lady*

by thecatlady

My life is over! No one likes me! Why can't I feel my hands! How do seahorses have sex?! Why do I scare children? How much wood can a woodchuck actully chuck? If Sally is selling seashells can I have some even if I don't live by the seashore? Why are oranges called oranges and why isn't the sky white? What do I do if I stepped in dog poop, have class, and smell like dog dooders? How can I meet more guys? Where are all the girls in the dining halls?! How can I make more friends when I'm living off campus and I'm 29? Have any of your questions gone unanswered? Just ask me, the cat lady! Send your pressing queries to thewatertowernews@gmail.com.

Dear Cat Lady,

Last week I was off campus sipping causally on some fermented grape juice when out of nowhere, a lax bro slammed into me, dumping the entire goblet full on my white dress! What can I do to remove the stain? Or do I have to trash it and start shopping for a replacement?



Sincerely Stained and Helpless

Dear Stained and Helpless,

I am terribly sorry about the dress. Those lax bros sure can get rather rowdy. Have no fear, however, because I have the cure to get that dress looking whiter than the confederate party! Fermented grape juice can be quite the task to be rid of however it is possible. OxyClean is by far the best option for cleaning the mess on the dress. Cleaning is quite straight-forward if you follow the bottle label and make sure you buy the blue spray Oxy-Clean (not the powder). You could also flush the stain with water and apply white vinegar, dab again, and let it sit for several minutes. Flush it again with water and the stain should have rid itself of your beautiful garment. However, if the stain is STILL THERE and OxyClean and the vinegar have failed you, you may need to find yourself some crazy ingredients like ammonia, powdered non-chlorinated colorsafe bleach like sodium percarbonate... but let's just hope that OxyClean worked its magic enough to re-glamour your gown! Best of luck.

Sincerely The Cat Lady

lwater tower water pong... it's still coming. are you ready yet?



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

wtf is with these yankee sayings? a critical look at new england lingo

As a first-year from Atlanta, Georgia, I am quite an anomaly. Sure, there are some kids from Pennsylvania and Maryland, and occasionally a Midwestern state, but almost no one from the South. I spent 7 of the first 8 years of my life in New York, so I like to think of myself as a Northerner. However, I have found in my first three weeks at this school that I do not exactly resemble a Northerner. as far as regional differences go anyway. But I don't resemble a Southerner, either - I still refuse to say "ya'll" - so I'm kind of a lost soul, I guess you could say.

Don't get me wrong, the people here aren't that much different than people I find in Atlanta. People tend to overplay regional differences in the U.S. However, I have found that people here often use different words than what I am used to. Below I will analyze this lingo, not necessarily from the perspective of a Southerner, but from the perspective of someone who just doesn't know what these

What's good? – Apparently, this means the same thing as "What's up?" I can see the logic behind the expression, especially being that it's not as open-ended as a simple "What's up?" but I have a legitimate problem with this expression: Most of the time, when people ask me "What's

eyelashes* But seriously, I have no idea what this expression has to do with "Thank you." Urbandictionary says it's a less-gay way for a guy to say "thank you." Yeah, because makes sense that I've heard so many random people use it it's so flamboyant to show gratitude nowadays *rolls eyes* Mad – Of course I have heard "mad" been used before,

especially as a adverb meant to resemble "really." But I've never heard people use "mad" as an adjective for a volume. "Wow, there's mad people out there" as opposed to "Wow, there's a lot of people out there." C'mon now, that just sounds uneducated.

Wicked – I have also heard the word "wicked" before. I've just never heard people actually use it normal speech. I also never knew that it was commonplace slang among Bostoners. Ironically, I haven't heard many people use it up here in normal speech, either; it's usually just my professors who say it.

Dank - Úrbandictionary says "dank" is an "expression frequently used by stoners and hippies for something of high quality." Now, I understand using "dank" in reference to weed, but using it to refer to anything of high

up?" I say "Nothing." If people ask me "What's good?" and I say "Nothing," they'll think I'm depressed or something. **Good looks** – Gosh, you really think I'm perrrty? *bats ter all, UVM has the greatest concentration of stoners in the country (I can't cite generalizations, so eat me), so it since I got here.

Down - I doubt this word, which is used to signify agreement or endorsement or whatever (I'm sure most of you reading this will know what I'm talking about, so I'm not gonna go out on a limb here), is restricted just to Vermont and the greater New England area, but I can't say that I've ever heard this word being used in such great quantity before I arrived here. So, take that as you will Personally, it sounds too bro-tastic for my tastes, but obviously, that's just me.

Jeezum Crow – Perhaps the only slang word here that is local to Vermont, "Jeezum crow" is a nicer way of saying iesus christ." However, it doesn't seem to be very popular with college students, and honestly, that doesn't surprise me one bit. It's a lot more fun to say "Jesus bleeping christ." The only time I have heard this being used while up here is on the city bus by a mother of a young child.

fashion five-oh.

what your (lack of) shoes says about you part deuce

Last week I was checking **the water tower** e-mail, and to my surprise, there were several letters regarding my last article ("What your (lack of) shoes says about you"). One was even in the form of a reverse I Want You So Bad, which among other things, called me a douche. Honestly, I had no idea that many people even made it this far into the paper. Anyway, these letters were not terribly positive, and I do feel badly if you have been personally insulted by my article. One letter brought to my attention

that I may even be fostering a culture of judgment, and chances are that's probably true. Generally speaking, I agree, I can be a douche. But this week, I decided, hey, if these people feel so strongly about the subject, I'll give this shoeless thing a go. So, on Wednesday, September 21, I did not wear shoes from the time I woke up until 4:30 in the afternoon. The only exceptions were bathrooms, eateries, and my racquetball class. This is how my day went:

8:15- walked to my first class barefoot, and I'll be honest, walking through the Davis Center barefoot was a little strange, but no one paid me any mind.

8:30- get to my first class, looking down at my bare feet I realize I need to clip my nails. My classmates take notes on the lecture.

9:31- show up for racquetball class, put shoes on for the duration, and take them off afterwards.

10:43- get to the library, and upon getting to the second floor, I received my first strange look of the day. Some dude is just hardcore staring at my feet before turning his

2:54- on my way to my last class, there's a series of people that I generally see- my buddy Mike, then there's a kid that I only see at parties, followed by this really cool girl I recently met, and finally my friend Nick. And generally, I want to see them, but not today. What will they think of my shoelessness? Will I have to explain my lack of footwear? Fortunately, I only run into my buddy Mike, and let's be honest, I don't have to prove anything to him. He still talks about the time I got hammered and danced on a table with a group of girls freshman year.

4:00- I walk back my abode slowly, and surefootedly. I manage to avoid the glass on the walkway in front of me, and finish up my commute.

4:30- I finish with the grand experiment

So, I managed to make it through nine hours of shoelessness, and guess what- it doesn't suck. I can see the appeal of not wearing shoes, and don't get me wrong, I'm not hating on anyone's lifestyle. I love kale, though I prefer swiss chard, and now I can appreciate why you might choose the shoeless option. Ultimately, for me, I'm go-



the **triple take:** thoughts on *impeccable blahs*

Say hi to your mom! Be your own pet! Panic at the disco! Clap your hands say yeah! The heyday of these and other bands making the most of verbs in the command form was in 2005 and 2006—which may not seem like it was very long ago, but it was. Here at the **WI**, we long for the days when bands eschewed clever, wordplay-inspired monikers (like Dum Dum Girls or Best Coast) in favor of names that just told us what to do. That's why we've decided to go back into the vaults and review Say Hi To Your Mom's 2006 vampirey concept piece, Impeccable Blahs, for the Triple Take this week.

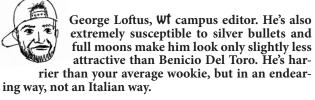
Our guest judge this week is Your Mom, who suffered a blow in 2007 when Say Hi to Your Mom shortened its name to Say Hi.



Your Mom: neither a werewolf nor a vampire!

You know, I don't really care about what's on this album or what it's supposed to be about. Vampires, werewolves, zombies-- I really don't give a shit about any of it. I'm just really disappointed that you guys don't seem to care about saving "hi" to me anymore. I mean, are you kidding? I gave birth to you! I went through 56 long hours of labor just to bring you into this world! It was a breach birth, and they wouldn't even give me an epidural! Yeah, that's right, I did all of this for you, and now you won't even say "hi" to me? This is a disgrace.

art by kittens faraji



First things first: Lyrical prowess and technical mastery of instruments aside, this album doesn't deserve to be recognized even in a publication as marginalized as the water tower. Content is king, and the smooth, creative themes of vampire obsession almost predating that Katherine Meyer hiccup we're still reeling from today just barely do enough to make this album worth listening to more than once. Vampires think they're so fucking cool, when everyone knows Werewolves are the best examples of what can only be described as "non-vaginas". I'm calling you out, Robert P., you, and everything tangentially related to vampires sucks assholes.

OK, I can't lie to you, this album is fantastic. Soft electric melodies permeate most tracks, accompanying an already addictive ensemble of traditional guitar riffs, bass slides, and subtle but pertinent drum beats. In particular, the tracks "Snowcones and Puppies" and "Blah Blah" do the heavy lifting when it comes to demonstrating the band's strengths; catchy and addictive songs that you don't feel particularly bad for listening to loudly when other people can hear. "Sad But Endearingly So" and "Prefers Unhappy Endings" showcase the band's other strength: a genuine understanding of the works of meter, internal rhyme scheme, syntax, and the progressive relationship between a line delivered and the one that comes after it. No stone here is unturned, while a dated album it nonetheless is an excellent example of what this writer can only describe as flawless execution.

Greg Francese, Wt staff writer. He's also an irony-loving vampire trying to act human in this crazy world who likes taking walks under a subtly lit night sky. During these walks, he likes to listen to his portable record player, inevitably discovering new bands

before you do, only to dislike them as soon as you hear them. He likes the term hipster almost as much as he likes garlic.

Say Hi to Your Mom first vibrated my ear drums a mere week ago, but let me tell you something: they sound like something I've been familiar with for so long already. Why? I have no answer to that question. Instead, I've mindlessly worn away the needle of my vintage portable record player with the album Impeccable Blahs. I've listened to it so much I practically smell like it. Get it? No? Well, I think what I'm trying to say here is that catchy doesn't even begin to describe this band's sound, which isn't music, but probably hypnosis.

Because I want this band to be liked by slightly fewer people than my romantic vampire counterparts, I'm going to tell you what I don't like about this album and why. First of all, what's with the album artwork? An overwhelming pink background does nothing to attract the masculine consumer I work hard to uphold on a nightly basis. Secondly, you would think an album with the addictive quality of bloody heroin would have a name more thrilling than something synonymous with faultless mediocrity. Actually, fuck it, this vampire knows when it's time to retire to his coffin, and this album has done me like a cross in the heart. Vampire clichés aside, this album is so great, you'll love it more than the next album I'll be breaking to you.

the tragic enema of the kingdom state: revisiting 6th grade favorites

by jennymudarri

I've watched at least twenty episodes of Law and Order: SVU over the past few days and there's really no telling when I'll stop. I'm not sure what keeps me coming back – Ice T's catch phrases? Perhaps it's Olivia Benson's ever-changing hair? Whatever it may be, I'm addicted like a balding shoe-salesman with a foot fetish. When I sit down in my thinking chair and think, I can't help but find myself trying to answer a question that really might not have an answer at all: how do people go from helping old ladies cross the street to hanging them by laces taken from their orthopedic shoes? This very same question can be applied to music – why do great bands go from really cool to really lame?

The first concert I ever went to had the line-up of my 6th grade dreams: Blink-182 and No Doubt. I vividly remember listening to Enema of the State over and over on my Sony Psyc Walkman, trying desperately to memorize the lyrics to "The Party Song." Blink-182 was my favorite band of all time - with Tom DeLonge's lip ring, Mark Hoppus' pinchable cheeks, and Travis Barker's mysterious, dark demeanor - they had me at first belch. I remember thinking that these guys were so goofy that it was

8

cool, whether it be because of their flawless Backstreet Boys impersonations or because they had naked

loved them more than my checkered Vans, and the last thing I ever wanted was to see them change.

No Doubt was also riding on that same boat to punk-paradise for quite some time. *Tragic Kingdom* was addicting from start to finish (except for "The Climb," and I suspect that no one really knows what that track was doing on there). It was new and exciting, and Gwen Stefani was always doing push-ups and wearing a bindi – it was lifferent! And different was good. Different is good. To this day, I still find myself listening to Tragic Kingdom on long car rides, hopelessly imitating that 80s synth noise "Just a Girl." The bleach-blonde, sports bra and track-pant-wearing monkey in my brain clapped his hands and jumped for joy at the sound of Gwen's quivering voice, and I didn't want that to go away any time soon.

So where are they now? What are these iconic bands that I once knew and loved doing today? After Mark left Blink-182, Tom started side-project and ultimate let down, Angels and Airwaves. I threw up in my mouth when I both heard and saw the video for "The Adventure." Who convinced him that it would be a good idea to wander around an open field like Scott Stapp in a Creed video? It felt like a trip to Hades -Tom was Satan, and I was his humble min-

midget-clones of themselves. Regardless, I ion, sentenced to an eternity of pure pain a collection of L.A.M.B. fashion dolls (if and suffering at the hands of his wretched

We can't forget about our good friend Gwen, either. She started her own clothing line, L.A.M.B. (which stands for Love, Angel, Music, Baby ... what else could it stand for that makes so much sense?!) and groomed a posse of Harajuku Girls for the spot light. I have to say, I was most thoroughly disturbed when she chose to propel her career into the hazy stratosphere of pop by featuring the one and only, Akon, also known as the 15-year old groping songstress

Yes, yes I know, these people are all now in their 40s with children and grown-up lives, but that doesn't mean they have to totally abandon what made them so successful in the first place. Show me where heart-wrenching lyrics like, "She'd teach me about modern art/And I'd show her it's okay to fart," are on any of the later Blink albums. Instead of farts we have, "Will you come home and stop this pain tonight/ Stop this pain tonight." Come onnnn, now. That's not what I grew up loving. If I wanted to hear something sappy and mushy-gushy, I'd listen to Taylor Swift.

Meanwhile, Gwen's racking up the nominees for 'Best Pop Vocal Album' and 'Best Rap/Sung Collaboration' while working on

you don't believe me, look it up, it's TRUE... and creepy). And if that didn't make your skin crawl quite enough, our old pal G-baby decided to launch a perfume called 'L'. I'm sure you can assume what the subsequent perfumes were called – I'll give you a hint, they spell out the name of a furry little white animal. Let's just remind ourselves of other creative celebrities who have put out perfume lines; Britney Spears, J-Lo, Paris Hilton...the list of geniuses is never end-

Everything that once made these bands so cool has been on the steady decline for some time now. No one can say for sure what made Blink-182 and No Doubt cross over to the dark-side - be it a change in taste or a nudge on the shoulder from their music producer, Mr. Moneybags. The bottom line is, what once was, is no longer goodbye Dickies and tube socks, goodbye pink hair and belly shirts, hello commercial radio and the big bad world of MTV. Who knows, maybe Blink's new album won't sound like overproduced garbage, and maybe No Doubt will surprise us with something ska-inspired - prove me wrong guys, but I'm waiting with a barf-bag in hand, just in case. 🔳 🕻

trash.

Once upon a time,

I wanted you so bad Your ging flow and J-crew style made me mad But then I came to realize you're a douche and hate on my homies that don't wear shoes You're probably too much of a pussy to put this in You'll claim that the language is as vulgar as a sin So just keep on running around in your tight ass shorts And writing the fashion five oh with your **water tower** cohorts

Well I guess that's it so...cheers!

When: that one time Where: that one place I saw: don't act like you don't know I am: that one person

next.

i'll play it cool and wait for your text. When: a wonderful weekend night Where: your bedroom I saw: a great guy I am: not usually like this

We met one rainy day in the summer, I can't get you off my mind; you're such a stunner! You have looks to die for and humor so great, When I see you my day gets better, could this be fate? Your smile is contagious, even more than Swine Flu, I want to hold your hand, what I'm saying is true. When: On lucky days Where: Oh, here and there I saw: A dazzling man I am: A lovestruck biddy

Chelsea, Chelsea. Tell me you love me. Chelsea, Chelsea. Are you feeling me now? Chelsea, Chelsea. I think it's about time we get down. Get down. I want more. When: Exactly a year ago Where: Everywhere I saw: Do I need to say it again? I am: saying your name in my sleep

But forget it, I'm not done here. Looked at my poem, I see nothing is wrong. I just trolled you all with my favorite theme song. **When:** My childhood I saw: fellow 90s kids I am: the fresh prince I am: perfectly fine

don't forget to check out even more IWYSBs on the blog at thewatertower.tumblr.com (hint: like us on facebook and the blog posts will **automatically** show up on your feed)

i want you so bad

I'll be frolicking barefoot and eating kale with my hippie

I made up my mind to give in to your charm it was stupid to fight it, you meant me no harm. but i should have resisted, i had too much fun then it happened again, oh what have i done? though i hope it continues, i don't know what happens

I whistled for you, and when you came near You had "fresh" all over you, pure beauty in the mirror If anything, I could say that you were so rare, We pulled up to my house about seven or eight. And I yelled at you, "Yo, I'll see you later!"

Where: West Philadelphia, Born and Raised

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

Dear Treasurer of SGA, I fear that I have something to say. My club's funds are low, I'm sure you must know and I know you could make it ok. So here's what I'm proposing: You could maybe catch me posing In your office with no one to stop us Your supplemental funds exposing I am offering to trade you sex for club funds. When: Whenever You Want Where: The SGA Offices I saw: A man who could help me I am: Horribly in debt

You infect me like a virus, I think we should try us. This is more than I planned But I won't demand When you are ready can I be your man? When: As often as possible Where: Desire St. I saw: Someone fine I am: Waiting

Vintage-garbed girl, With your hair brown curls I want to know you, And man, what I can show you. Your eyes betray a fierceness, That fits with your classy dress. I hope you read the water tower, Which this poem empowers. When: MWF Where: Art history I saw: A hot vintage gal I am: An athletic looking hippie

Your red, orange, and blue body drives me crazy. I miss you more than I love daises. You used to be my friend's roommate But I guess you're gone now, it's no longer fate. You hung on the wall just like a picture, Your color combo is just the right mixture You stole the party, taped to my friend's chest, My love to you I have never expressed. Your bright orange beak gets me so hot, I want you so bad...like a lot. When: every night until you were stolen Where: the white house I saw: a sexy hunk of bird I am: longing for petey

Dear Conch, You still are the shit, and I want you even more this week. I hope you saw my waves of love to you last week. Feel free to write me a message, put it in a bottle, and send it off to me!

When: Wednesday Night Where: U-heights South I saw: Conch I am: Loving your smile, l am a surfer



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

Sunday night, front desk

RA 1: İ need some sexual puns for the posters to get people to come to our sex talk. *RA* 2: Umm...Come eat a vagina.....cookie. *RAs*: hahaha RA 3: You don't even need consent to come.

Outside Pearl Street Bev. Friday Night

Girl: Is that a hooker? *Guy*: No... that's a freshman.

Marsh 235 *Bro:* This lecture hall is like a rape dungeon

Outside the Death Star Guy 1, looking over at the mountains: look at this beautiful

view! *Girl 1, looking down at her phone:* yeah it's awesome. *Girl 2, also looking down at her phone:* it's sweet!

Redstone path near Southwick Tuesday night *long-boarder bro 1 to bro 2*: dude I'm not gonna get that fucked up this weekend cause I'm like tryna have sex with a girl

Outside the Davis Center

Biddy: Wait.... What's engineering??

Redstone Green Bro: hey look, NARPs! Girl: What's a narp? Bro: you know...NARP...non-athletic regular person..

Henderson's Cafe

Bro 1: Every time I hear that song all I can think of is a bunch of chicks being like "yeahhh fuck boys I'm ridin" solo with my shades on" and I'm like "fuck that I want ass" Bro 2: Dude...you do NOT listen to Jason DeRulo ..

AASU Game Night, L/L I'm so good at Mahjong, I can smell your tiles!

Saturday Night in front of Christie Wright Patterson Bro 1: Well I don't even really care about tonight, I already have a girl who will have sex with me.

A couple of seconds later after being badgered by fellow Bro 1: I mean, I could have sex with two girls in one night,

but I am not that much of a prick.

Simpson dining

guy 1: Snowboarding is definitely more pleasurable than *guy 2:* Yeah dude, but anal sex?

guy 1: Oh yeah...never mind.

Troll Hole, Russell Street Man 1: We should can our own beef.

B-H 1st floor dumb bro: does involuntary mean "not voluntary?" less-dumb biddy: yeah, I think so

That hot L/L classroom *Girl*: Are you hot? *Guy:* You tell me.

fork it over. off-campus survival guide: food staples

by lindsaygabel

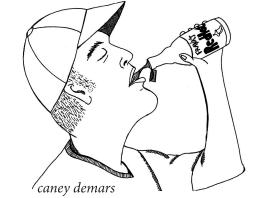
haps the greatest of these is adjusting to life without struc- under a dollar, befitting the lesser known phrase: if sometured meals that require no more planning or ability than what is needed to stroll into a dining hall. Provided below is a handy list of necessities for those who find themselves floundering in this strange and unfamiliar realm of food preparation. As a general disclaimer, this article, however useful, offers very little in the way of sustenance. Or substance for that matter.

• Hot Sauce: A highly effective and time-efficient method of flavoring meals that have turned out to be depressingly bland or uninspired is to exploit the incredible transformative powers of hot sauce. The correct execution of this technique is twofold: (1) obtain a bottle of hot sauce, and (2) proceed to absolutely drown all things edible in it. The goal is to make things taste nothing like they are supposed to. Essentially, if you can tell whether you are eating beef, potatoes, or broccoli, you are not using it effectively. Also, rule of thumb dictates that cooking ability should be negatively correlated with hot sauce strength. For example, if you cannot make toast, you should probably use Extreme Jalapeno strength and possibly add jalapenos.

• Ramen Noodles: In the process of gathering vast amounts of research for this article, I had my first meal of ramen noodles (ever) and am now convinced that they are about 10% noodles and 90% salt. Thus, if you strive to ingest your daily sodium intake in a single meal or if you simply want to achieve maximum dehydration in minimal amounts of time, then these scrumptious noodles are for you. What they lack in nutritional value, however, they

thing is really bad for you, be sure to eat large quantities of it

• Cereal: If you have no culinary prowess to speak of but strive to incorporate diversity in your diet, look no further



than this miracle food. You can eat it for breakfast, lunch, and dinner and never get tired of it, because there are a million varieties to choose from. I mean, you could have a fullcourse meal of Kashi, Fiber1, Raisin Bran, and Froot Loops (plus milk) and get sufficient amounts of protein, fiber, vitamins, and dairy intake plus satisfy your sweet tooth all in one convenient and relatively inexpensive meal. What is more, should plain white milk become too boring and

Living off-campus definitely has its challenges, and per- make up for economically, as you can usually score four for unoriginal, Lucky Charms and Trix will always be there to introduce an exciting new shade of purplish green. Will the wonders of cereal never cease.

• Spices: Similar to hot sauce, spices are great when you want things to taste nothing like they might otherwise, including that casserole you just whipped up that has the taste and consistency of soggy rubber. While a "one flavor fits all" approach works when cooking with hot sauce, different spices are only compatible with certain foods. Naturally this adds a good degree of complexity and general confusion. When in doubt, I stick to the Fullest Four Rule, which is such that I add spices from whichever four jars are the fullest (which is, again, most economical). This strategy operates under the principle that the more spices you add, the greater the likelihood that at least one will be compatible with the particular food being prepared. It also gives the appearance of culinary know-how and provides you with a completely original recipe, because I guarantee you that no one else is going to make oregano-allspice-basilpepper chicken.

• Jell-O: If you can boil water, you can make Jell-O. Not only is it cheap, tasty, and entertainingly mobile, but it also requires only three ingredients: hot water, cold water, and a packet of Jell-O. What is more, the opportunities to add variety to your diet are endless: it comes in green, red, orange, rainbow, fruit-infused, is probably one of the only foods that comes in blue and can be flavored with hot sauce. In short, it is a miracle food, and nothing says appetizing like a gelatinous neon mass of nothingness.

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how to deal with the beast of in-class hunger

by gretchenloft

It's the middle of your class. You've been diligent for the first half, taking in important details and taking notes that (if you ever decide to actually go over again) could inspire an A-plus essay or even an award winning novel. You have been so focused in fact you have missed the slow creep of invisible evil that will soon have you clenched in its claws. Then, without even a warning of a lightening flash, comes a low rumble of thunder from deep in the pit of your stomach. As you quickly reach up a hand to stifle the sound you are instantly frozen in fear. All at once the facts hit you- your breakfast this morning was but the butt of your roommate's bread dipped hastily in a jelly jar, washed down with a cup of coffee that burnt your tongue. You have had three classes in a row with no lunch to speak of. The time is now 1:22. There are 23 minutes of class and you are about to die- of hunger that is and now your class becomes an epic struggle between you and your stomach. You have lost completely your ability to take notes or focus and instead are coaxing yourself through each painful minute, waiting for the time you can sprint out of class and be first in line for one of Pam's life saving sandwiches. Although a sandwich will be the perfect solution after class what about for the present? Gotta stay strong to keep on taking those infernal notes. Avoid this nasty situation which you have now found yourself in with this simple solution- snacks. Just because you haven't gotten a set 'snack time' since grade school does not mean it ever went out in style. Here are 10 awesome treats to silence the roar of the beast inside

1. Nuts- buy in Planters bag (beware crunch factor in tiny class) or check bulk sections and stock up

2. Granola bars- partial to the chewy ones because they make less noise, personal fav goes to peppermint Luna bar

3. Pretzels- instantly satisfying, spice it up with some hummus or ball out by bringing the chocolate covered ones

4. Chocolate- may not completely kill your cravings but is an excellent sweetness motiva-

5. Fruit- gotta be careful with this one. Finding the perfect balance of crunch and juiciness is hard, don't want evil stares or sticky hands. Tested recommendations- Oranges, bananas, cherries, grapes, mango

6. Yogurt- makes zero sound, tastes awesome- add #5, #4 and #2 to create an epic orgy in your mouth

7. Smoothies- takes forethought of making/buying/bringing but will certainly sustain you three times over

8. A Henry Street breakfast sammy- any time of the day will have you bringing the class down with newfound energy

9. Avocados- I've avoided vegetables on this list because of noise factor (shout out to girl sitting six rows down and ten seats across whose carrot munching can certainly be heard from the moon) but avocados are boss, excellent nutrients, awesome color and they even include a pit to throw at the carrot girl

10. Last but not least, saved for the very best of best snacks (insert drum roll here)... **a PBn'I**. That's right. Best snack known to mankind. My personal fay combo is extra crunch PB and raspberry J. But it doesn't have to stop there.



There are endless amount of excellent jellies, not to mention any number of ingredients to make your PBJ special. For example- nutella, bananas, fluff, honey, hell even bacon can be appropriate here. So live it up, slice it in diagonal form as an ode to your mom and childhood and slap hunger hard in the face with a scrumptious snack!

créatif stuffé. no milk this ungodly maze by josh**hegarty** by georgeloftus

The search for Gods leads me in circles. I climb up a landscape of Escher's design, Leading me deeper down into a hole, The farther up the mountain I climb. I'm looking for the clear blue skies. I'm looking for the cosmic signal. I'm looking for assurance, Face to face with the divine. But the face will not reveal itself. The search for Gods leads me far away From anything like an answer. And although I open my mind, The doorways go unused. I wander into the maze of argument, And the walls shift all around me, Rendering my trail of thread useless. But perhaps, with due effort I will find the exit from this labyrinth, And see that the magic was all in my mind. Or perhaps I'll find the Minotaur, And face the divine with certainty and dread. But most likely, I think I will wander, Following arguments best as I can Until my faculties fail me, Leaving me without answers in life, But, maybe to find them in death

le voilier by julian**van**der**tak**

Humanity frequently misses the value of rest. Those who don't need it have truly been blessed with the absence of cruelty on its courier's behest. The mystical dust that He keeps in his chest is sweetly venomous and comes so cruelly when its master's convenience is at its best. When tasks are most arduous and absolute necessities. He aparates into sight, with a pinch distresses me and steals my focus with blurriness that blinds me. But when the moon is most high and the gift most desired

and the sheets are still cool, but the mind still on fire, He hides deep with his vessel in the bowels of the sea.

comes with poor fortune the vertexes of his cycles to and fro to the arms of his beloved Dawn.

the shores of the boundless oceans when He could simply sail adrift in the arms of his joyous Reverie? There is naught left but to try and

Be mindful of his Dawn and sweet Reverie, His daughters whose finest of revelry

- when their object of spite is mercilessly thee. When you set afloat in the waters of dusk, wise Reverie creeps in the waves of obscurity to toy with cerebral tides and disrupt equilibrium between real and absurdity. The possibilities within her boundless visions inspire fooling notions unknown to stable reason; to act upon these is to fruitfully season our time with Dawn - before dusk - with hope, to which the rest is all but trite treason. The words that flow from within her bosom only show along the Father's deepest tacks,
- an attempt to harness Mother's wind and steer him back

But why her poignant embrace? Why reach to trudge and labor upon the beach, Does the Sandman not need his own respite? All must bask in this momentary fright that is reality, when Dawn lives and dies just at the peak of her catharsis of ultraviolet light

enjoy Dawn's jovial yet torturous rays, and await again the return of the evening tides, to His calm ferry to the arms of sweet Reverie: the end of all days in the circus of the mind.

"I can't believe we're out of milk."

Paul's eyes roll up from his book, mildly interested in what she had to say. It's still hard for him to focus. He takes his glasses off and rubs both of his temples with his right hand

"Is there really no fucking milk left!?"

"Relax Kylie, we'll get milk later when I get out of work, ok?

"How the fuck am I supposed to make my coffee without any goddamn milk!?"

'Well I didn't know you were still drinking coffee...'

"Of course I'm still drinking coffee! How do you expect me to get through a day of bullshit classes without any caffeine in the morning, Paul!'

"Don't you dare call me that!'

Silence ensues. Paul makes her coffee anyway. 'She called you that,' Kylie thinks to herself.

She slams the refrigerator door shut. This time Kylie's eyes roll and without a purpose she backs away from the milk-less refrigerator and turns around. She walks upstairs, annoyed and frustrated. It's been over a month of awkward conversations. Mostly forced dialogue exists between the two in this little two-bedroom house they share. In spite of Kylie's screams when there's no milk for coffee, this house is silent.

He prepares his briefcase and makes sure his tie is straight in the mirror by the front door. A healthy, handsome man, Paul still can't bring himself to smile.

Kylie approaches the top of the stairs with a full bag and her hands in her coat pockets. While chewing gum she has a distant face that rings of indifference. She struts down the stairs lazily, squeezing every possible second she can before her real day begins. Paul is waiting uncomfortably as she takes her time getting to the front door. His leg shakes.

After they both get in the car Paul waits for Kylie to put her seatbelt on. She realizes and reluctantly obliges. He begins to back out when a speeding car nearly takes off their bumper. After slamming on the breaks and throwing his hand out the window apologetically Kylie's eyes let out a sarcastic roll. Her heavy sigh breaks the silence.

And then the silence returns.

Having driven three houses Paul slams on the breaks one more time as a neighbor ignorantly pulls out, effectively cutting them off. This pushes Kylie over the edge. With

black coffee she doesn't plan on drinking in her hand she turns to Paul with a look of exasperation and disbelief. "What a fucking cunt!"

"Kvlie.

"No, Dad, SERIOUSLY! What kind of ignorant twat just pulls out so recklessly like that, fuckin' bitch!

Kylie rolls down the window.

"Kvlie...

"WHERE'D YOU LEARN HOW TO DRIVE, MRS. HIB-BARD, YOU FUCKING IDIOT!" Paul, shocked, rolls up her window. His face is stern but

eventually melts into a quiet discontent. A scant six minutes go by before someone cuts Paul off again in town and six minutes and three seconds pass before Kylie calls someone a cunt again. Angrily, assertively, and surprisingly, Paul cuts

real day begins." off two lanes of traffic to get to the Stop N' Shop gas station on the other side of the road. Horns roar. Kylie is scared. Paul's face turns into distilled melancholy.

"Dad?

"She **struts** down the stairs lazily,

squeezing every possible second

she can before her

"Shut up. Stay in the car."

Paul returns three minutes later with a half-pint carton of 2% milk in his hand. He gives it to Kylie borderline ag-gressive. Paul sits there, his hands cautiously at the two and ten position on the steering wheel. His face descends from melancholy to utter defeat.

"I miss her too, Dad."

"I know you do, sweetie, it's not that."

What is it then?"

"You sound exactly like her... Especially when you call me Paul, and it breaks my heart."

Paul puts the car into drive and continues to her school. Three more cars cut him off on the way but neither reacts. Both sit there in silence. Kylie drinks her coffee. They pull up to the side door by the gym. She opens the door and puts one foot down before stopping and turning around. e smiles.

"You know, you look like her too." Kylie smiles even more. "Thanks, Dad." Her face turns strong.

"Try not to say cunt so much, though, okay, sweetie?"

"Deal." Her smile comes back.

Paul's smile comes back too. She may be gone. But never forgotten.

view from 2nd floor apartment by laura**frangipane**

I'm getting tired of wearing the mind

as the tree whips

along past my bedroom window, branches bare from the season of fall, the wind scrapes, like bruised veins on

a human's form, skin from nurses using IVs like crayons, not drawing anything, just exhaling

rotting in the alley? I think of picking it up but I don't

the winter coming, which hide the neediest trees

whose coffee cup sits

and I won't. It's the grey everywhere-

how when you rake the leaves you hide them from the grass, which might have wanted them.

The tree scrapes the window. sick of this mind and the cold. the first wind, and their weight to the ground. ľm I liked carrying away the leaves



TIRED OF BEING UNEMPLOYED? WISHING YOU WERE UNDERVALUED AND IN DEBT?



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