

# the water tower.

uvm's alternative newsmag



volume 6 - issue 5 - october 6, 2009 - uvm, burlington, vt

they don't know kung foo...as far as we know

## trash ninjas!

by emilyarnow

It's a dark and quiet Tuesday night in Burlington. There you are, sipping your Dobra tea and watching Jon Stewart in your living room, when all of a sudden, you hear the slow, grim rattle of a shopping cart approach your porch; you do not move, you sit and wait. The clinking and clanking of cans send chills up your spine as you peer out your window to see the figure behind this noise. A black vision swoops away, leaving your recycling bin empty. Who is this figure you ask? It's none other than a Burlington Trash Ninja. But what technically is a trash ninja? Trash ninjas are nocturnal creatures. Every day they prey on the unsuspecting recyclables left out by the citizens of Burlington. They especially enjoy the pickings colleges students provide, aka empty PBR cans. "If you throw a beer can in the air on a Tuesday night, you won't hear it hit the ground," Kevin Mara says. But who are these ninjas? Are they merely homeless people looking to redeem some aluminum cans? Are they college burnouts scraping for drug money? Or are they normal people like you and me? **the water tower** sends an undercover team to investigate.

**It's 8:30 P.M.** on Tuesday night, and since trash pick up on North Union Street is tomorrow, this is prime ninja watching time. I wait for the coast to clear and then put out my recycle bin just behind the sidewalk. It's filled halfway, with five beer cans, two empty Sprite bottles, multiple cans of Arizona iced tea and other plastic recyclables. Now all I can do is wait. With a paper and pen in my hand I crouch behind a tree, peering out on to the street. At 8:45, like clockwork, I hear the rattling of cans as my first ninja of the night approaches. To my surprise it is a young man, dressed in all black, with a backwards baseball cap. This ninja has no shopping cart, but boasts a very large black trash bag, seemingly filled with pickings from previous recycle bins. With a flashlight in his hand (he came prepared) he quickly rummages through the pile. I move to get a closer look and make a noise; he turns, startled, and quickly moves down the street with new collections added to his bounty. I walk to the recycling bin to assess the damage. He snapped up the two Sprite bottles and all the beer cans, leaving the Arizona iced teas and random plastic items. I quickly bring out my next stash of cans to refill the empty bin.

**10:00 P.M.**, a new ninja strikes. This man is in his mid- to late thirties, wearing glasses and appears to be clean-shaven with presentable clothes. I am intrigued by this different ninja and address him.

**WT:** "Hello sir, I was just wondering, um, what do you do with these cans?"

Trash Ninja: "I take them down to the redemption center."

**WT:** "To get money for the cans? What do you use the money for?"

TN: "I got laid off from my job and have two kids to support so any little bit helps."

**WT:** "Ohh, I'm sorry, we'll you're welcome to the cans....um, what is the best night to collect cans?"

TN: "Definitely Mondays and Tuesdays, I usually collect six bags in a night."



aaron lopez-barrantes

This ninja had surprised me. He was not the typical homeless man on the street, yelling things and talking to himself. This was a real man who needed to support his family and had to do so by rummaging through college students' recycling bins. I told him he could collect our cans anytime, and he smiled and went on his way.

With a new outlook on the ninjas, I once again refilled the bin with more cans. The previous ninja had also passed

over the Arizona iced tea cans and went straight for the Natty Ice empties. He also had no shopping cart.

**10:30 P.M.:** An older woman ninja approaches the recycling bin. She appears to be in her sixties, with short gray hair. She carries several black trash bags and picks through the heap very quickly. I decided to speak to her but my footsteps scare her away and she hurries down the street. I go outside, again to assess the bin; it is almost empty with no beer cans in sight. I

refill the bin with wine bottles and wait to see what unfolds.

**10:42 P.M.:** Yet another younger man creeps up, attempting to be sneaky. He is careful not to make too much noise and wears very ripped, tattered pants and a white shirt. With caution I approach him on the sidewalk.

*continued as trash ninjas on pg 6*

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inside  
me

news  
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we trust  
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reflections  
an unlikely  
friendship  
by kaleighmulpeter

créatif stuffé  
princess alyssa  
by alextownsend

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# the best news team in the universe.



## inbox

Editor -

As a former graduate of UVM (1974), your "alternative newspaper" interests me, but only if it is really going to be an alternative to the *Cynic*. So, far, I see no evidence of why your publication claims to be such an alternative. Are you going to offer something, to fulfill a quest that the *Cynic* fails to meet? Describe it.

I would invite some investigatory writing about such things as President Fogel's budget process and also such things as the weirdness that a few UVM students are setting up a table outside of Bailey/Howe Library selling cigarette lighters.

-Daniel G. Cohen

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**

## america! love it or leave it

with michaelwhite

If you don't like it, then why don't you just git out?  
If you're not sure, we're here to help.

love it!  
+100

+90 California Attempts to Legalize Weed  
California, Weed and Arnold.  
Do they make better states? +90

+60 John Stewart "QUM" Rant  
Just watch it. +60

+30 Ninety-One-Year-Old Man  
Holds Intruder at Gun Point  
I love this country. +30

0 Public Option Doomed  
Nobody really knows enough about  
health care to actually know if that's  
good or bad -10

-40 "Going Rouge, An American  
Life" Sarah Palin's Book  
Announced  
A page turner...or a picture book. -50

-70 J.K. Rowling Denied US Medal  
of Freedom for "Encouraging  
Witchcraft"  
GWB: "Rarely is the question asked:  
Is our children learning?" -80

-99.9 "Should Obama Be Killed"  
Poll Shows up on Facebook  
I'm going back to Myspace. **leave it!** -100

**the water tower.**  
uvm's alternative newsmag  
uvm.edu/~watertwr

## the shit list

with macsmith

**ANA** The Japanese airline ANA is asking passengers to pee before they get on a flight in order to lower emissions. I'm just wondering...when will lazy people stop asking us to do stupid things like this and just make some more efficient vehicles?

**Chicago** Last week the International Olympic Committee selected Rio de Janeiro to host the 2016 Olympic games. Rio beat out Chicago, which President Obama personally lobbied for; Madrid; and Tokyo. But nobody was surprised. A city full of Cubs and Bears fans never really expect to win.

**FOX News** Holy Shit! FOX News says that 149 million Americans are unemployed. Our workforce is 154 million, so that really won't reflect well on President Obama. Thanks, real news, for telling me the truth about things.

**Michael Bay** Michael Bay has just signed on to make *Transformers 3*. They said that there would never be another movie remotely as bad as the second movie. Michael Bay is going to attempt to prove everyone wrong.

**China** Did I miss something? Did the biggest, scariest regime in the world just celebrate its 60th birthday with the largest military procession in the history of the world...and we're totally cool with that?

## the news in brief

with paulgross

### "The situation is very grave."

-Christine South, coordinator of the International Red Cross, speaking about the recent Indonesian earthquake disaster that claimed dozens of lives.

### "They now have the United States ensnared in negotiations."

-Former UN ambassador and general pain in the ass, **John Bolton**, the Bush-era diplomat who doesn't believe in diplomacy. Bolton was remarking on the Obama administration's recent announcement that they will soon begin negotiations with Iranian officials, as if, like, the Iranian president threatened that he might throw a temper tantrum if the negotiations didn't go through. As Hillary Clinton said, "Barack Obama could walk on water and John Bolton would complain that he couldn't swim."

### "I have had sex with women who work for me on this show."

-**David Letterman**, who was filed charges against a former mistress who threatened to make his affair public unless he paid her 2 million dollars. This woman is now going to jail. I guess this sort of answers the question about the kind of women Letterman sleeps with.

### "We believe it will be a 'Yes' vote."

-**Mary Hanafin**, Irish Social and Family Affairs Minister, encouraging the Irish public to vote to ratify the Lisbon Treaty. The Lisbon Treaty is a new EU initiative that will improve economic and environmental cooperation amongst EU member states. Ireland is the only country who put ratification to a voter referendum and the ultra-nationalist Sinn Fein is really the only force that might prevent it from passing. The rest of the country wants them to shut up, and vote Lisbon.

### "We are putting the full force of the White House to make sure... that this is a successful games."

-**Barack Obama**, who's decided that since he can't get a health care bill passed, he may as well focus on ensuring that his hometown of Chicago is the host of the 2016 Olympics. FYI, it didn't happen. This guy can't get anything accomplished domestically.

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

### Contact Us

Letters to the editor/  
General email  
thewatertowernews@gmail.com  
Editors-in-Chief:  
watertowereditor@gmail.com  
Advertising:  
watertowerads@gmail.com

### Find Us

Pick us up at one of these locations  
B/H Library - 1st Floor  
Davis Center - 1st Floor Entrance  
Davis Center - Main St. Tunnel (new!)  
L/L - Outside Alice's Café  
Old Mill Annex - Main Lobby  
Redstone Campus - Simpson Hall  
Waterman - Main Lobby  
Online - uvm.edu/~watertwr

### Join Us

New writers and artists are always welcome  
  
Weekly meetings  
Tuesdays at 7:00pm  
SGA and Student Orgs. Office  
Davis Center - 3rd Floor  
  
Or send us an email

**Our generation stands at a crossroads.** As we walk through a world ever connected to a thunderstorm of news and reflection, we risk losing the ability to think for ourselves. **the water tower** is for us non-thinkers. We provide witty and sometimes outlandish opinions so that you don't have to come up with them yourselves. We can't promise that you will agree with everything that we say, but you will respect the tenacity we have to say it. Every once in a while we will generate something that is truly thought provoking. We are the reason people can't wait for Tuesday. We are **the water tower.**

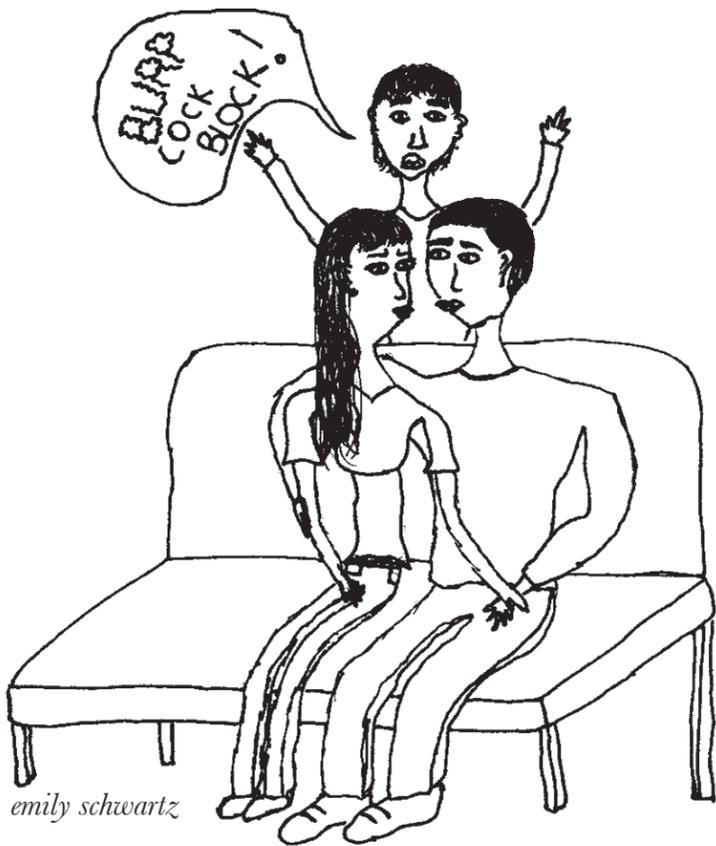


# reflections.



## siblings: the ultimate game killer

by mollykelly-yahner



You are sitting on the couch “watching a movie.” Your arm is in place. The scary part where the zombies finally eat the girl is coming up, prompting you two to get close. You are ready for the eye sex, smile, and kiss that will seal the deal. Here it goes. 3...2...1... bww-poopomp! Did you just fart?! Was that you or your sexy movie date? Oh my god it smells like burning trash. Around the corner, the guilty one appears laughing hysterically with all his friends. Thanks to your brother, the movie night hook up is ruined. Your game is killed.

You may have suffered through this exact scenario, or maybe you have stepped up your game and gone out with your crush in public – where even not present, siblings can damper your romantic life.

You picked up your date in your car – that you share with your sibling.

“Did you just fart?! Was that you or your sexy movie date? Oh my god it smells like burning trash. Thanks to your brother, the movie night hook up is ruined. Your game is killed.”

A magical night awaits you with dinner at Friendly’s, a late showing of *The Hangover*, and creemes to follow. Midway through your evening of shared popcorn and adorable handholding, your phone blows up. You have to go pick up your stranded sibling who totally thought that her BFF Jenna’s dad could pick them up from the school dance, but then he bailed last minute. Now she and her girlies are stranded with chaperones that want to go home. Thanks to your sister, your evening ends short. Buzz kill.

Junior Jacqueline Ciriaco says the strange thing her brother does is death stare the guys who come to her house then answer all questions with curt one word answers.

We’ve all been in or witnessed a sibling scenario where the same thing happens. Your sibling has an innate ability to “salt your game”, to borrow a popular rap term. No matter what their age or gender may be, siblings continuously ruin your hookups, intended or not.

Siblings are also masters at revealing your most embarrassing moments. Junior Tom Egan says “siblings are always there with an embarrassing childhood memory that scarred you for life. They do it just to be assholes and because they think it’s funny.”

You are chilling at your house listen-

ing to some music and munching on food, when your lovely brother walks in. You and your guest are laughing over the latest episode of *It’s Always Sunny in Philadelphia* and how Danny DeVito will never grow. Somehow your brother connects that episode one of your greatest moments. “Oh I love that episode. Remember when you were searching on Facebook for your summer crush then you saved the picture to iPhoto, then by accident used that as your profile picture and it showed up in your mini feed? That was classic. Alright, see ya. Homework time.”

Your heart drops. How are you related to this wretched person? Where is the loyalty that is established in your common blood? Awkwardness ensues, and suddenly your sexy houseguest needs a ride home because he/she suddenly

remembered the oven is still on.

How do we deal with this defeat? Tattle? Beat them? Kill them with kindness? Relocate? There are many options for alternatives. But it seems that the most realistic solution would be to not bring your dates, hot friends, or any potential hookups around your siblings. Anyone who has a brother or sister knows that an innate characteristic of a sibling relationship is to tease. Is this biological? It is to give us more backbone? Maybe it is something in the makeup of our brains. Whatever the reason, siblings tend to ruin any romantic, hot moments we may have with other people. Whether your sibling makes a fat joke, spills your deepest secrets, inconveniences you, or simply gives off awkward vibes, your brother or sister will not help you get game until much later in life when he or she has been mortified just as much as you have.

The turnaround is also fair play. You can remind your siblings that you too have the power to mess up their dates with awkward interruptions, loud buzz-kill music, and other embarrassing means of retaliating. Maybe you’re too nice to get even. Yet being aware of your ability to unveil your sibling’s strangest mannerisms and most uncomfortable stories empowers you as well.

Siblings cause many awkward romantic situations. You only children out there who may feel like you’re missing out – in fact, you’re spared. ■

## an unlikely (and somewhat inconvenient) friendship

by kaleighmulpeter

It’s Friday night again. Our subject of interest, Lauren, is all dolled up in her spandex dress and fake eyelashes. She does a handful of shots in the dorm, finds a party, and walks into a basement, which must be over capacity by at least 150 kids. In fact, it’s so crowded that her feet aren’t even touching the ground. After a good forty-five minutes of bump and grind, she drags her friend Robin to the front porch for a cigarette break.

She absently asks the porch-population for a light. Immediately a flame appears in front of her cigarette. She glances up to see who the fireman is and suddenly, she’s in love. Boyfriend is (currently) adorable and approachable, so they begin to chat it up for hours (fifteen minutes)... “I live in Harris, I have the COOLEST tapestry. Come check it out!” He takes her offer. How lucky she is to have found true love on a Friday night. Lauren stumbles off the bus, but not before her wing-woman reminds her to be careful. Lauren laughs and waves her off. Between sloppy kisses and frantically thrown garments, her extra long twin turns into a cigarette and beer scented fantasy land.

Fast forward about 5 hours. Dream-guy is lying to her left with one of her fake eyelashes stuck to his cheek. What’s his name again? He’s fast asleep, drooling on her pillow. Not so adorable anymore. She creeps out of bed, throws on a pair of gym shorts and sprints down the hallway into her friend Robin’s room.

“You’ve got to help me get him out of here!” she cries. Robin enters Lauren’s room warily, sees sleeping beauty and cringes, “Ew.” After poking and pushing him for about ten minutes he finally becomes conscious enough for her to frantically whisper, “Listen, I’m sorry but Lauren’s boyfriend is visiting today... you’ve gotta bounce.” He’s up. She helps him gather his socks and t-shirt and sends him on his way.

It is within these precious moments that a special bond has been formed. Lauren and...we’ll just call him Nick... will not likely talk again. They’ll avoid each others’ glances in public, erase each others’ numbers, and run away from each

other at parties. However, Lauren’s friend Robin and Nick will forever treat each other like friendly acquaintances.

Picture this: Lauren and Robin are enjoying a nice hangover breakfast at the Grundle. Lauren has quite the headache. Just when the two of them are discussing the magnitude of this mother-fucker of a headache, who strolls in? Yes. Nick. Robin, seeing her pal Nick, instinctively smiles and waves. Lauren is mortified. Nick walks over, glances at Lauren and, after blushing, proceeds to greet Robin and ask her how her weekend is going. Robin casually asks “Nick, you wouldn’t happen to have any Advil would you? Lauren’s head is KILLING her.” At this point, Lauren is underneath the table pretending that she’s passed out. Nick replies “Nah, sorry. Not on me.”

Nick dismisses himself, and Lauren does not forgive Robin for at least twenty minutes. This is only because she doesn’t understand the strong bond that Robin and Nick formed that fateful morning. Although Nick was in no danger on that morning, he believes that Robin saved him from a thorough ass kicking, and has labelled her as a ‘cool chick.’ Lauren, on the other hand, has been labelled a ‘bitch-slut.’

So, what can we learn from this experience? Perhaps we should re-evaluate our roles as those ‘hooking up.’ What do we really earn when we bring back a stranger to our beds for a few hours of shameful play-time? Nothing really. Maybe a funny story or if we’re really unlucky, an STI. In this story it was the girl who did not stick her hands down someone’s pants who gained a (kind of) substantial relationship.

Lauren, on the other hand, gained nothing but embarrassment. Hooking up is best done when (almost) sober; when you can clearly see who it is, and can think about the consequences of your actions. However, if you’re looking for a way for your friend to make a friend while you get down and dirty, feel free to bring back that guy with the lip ring. It could be fun, right? ■

## snooze blues

by jelenaaleksich

You’re in a land full of free beer, lollipops, and that new Kid Cudi record. You’re about to eat the most amazing looking...beep beep beep. The alarm ruins everything. Of course it always has to happen during the best part of a dream. You s-l-o-w-l-y remember that it is time to get up for your early morning class. Damn it, the cold sneaks up on you, making it even harder to get out from under the snuggly covers.

Snooze. 10 minutes pass by. You’re awakened, once again, to “99 problems but a bitch ain’t one.” You pull the covers off until you are left shivering. This is a foreshadowing to a very sad reality; it’ll only get colder as the year progresses. You get your morning fix – be it coffee, tea, or another drink of choice, and you’re finally somewhat of a person again. However, it’s short-lived and you once again proceed through the day in a tired trance; you really shouldn’t have watched those Entourage episodes until 3 A.M. last night...

The only thing that makes me feel better about this reality many of us students face is that I’m not alone – as I walk around campus, it seems like Central is filled with people imbibing, eating, or popping their fixes for the morning.

According to the American College Health Association, a mere 13% of college students say that they have been able to get enough sleep that makes them feel rested in the morning; Vermont is no exception to this; what about the 8,700 rest of us that aren’t so relaxed?

Next time your teacher doesn’t let you

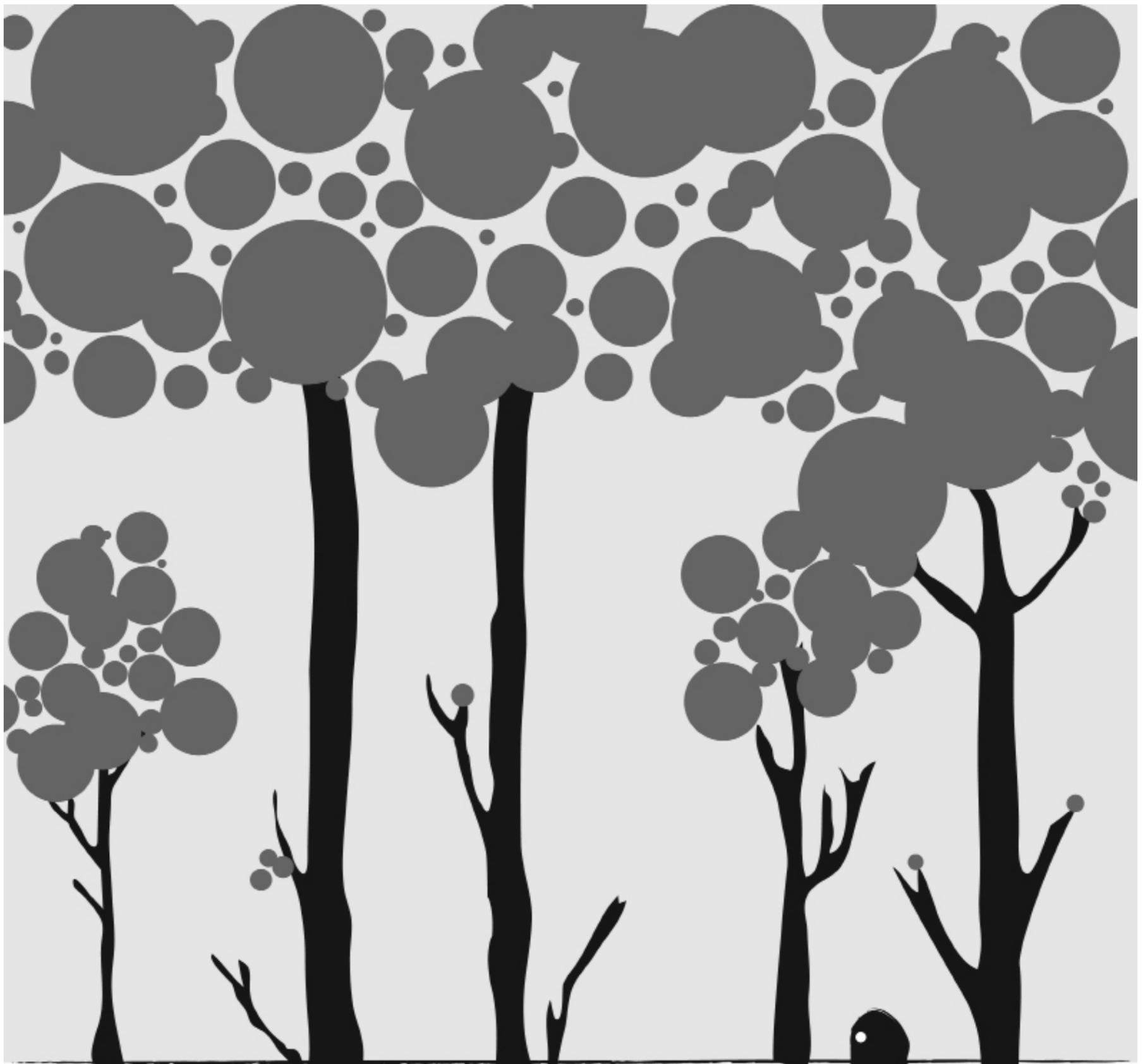
slide with an extended late assignment or your roommate is extra moody, it’s probably because he or she was grading or studying instead of sleeping.

Yet, sleep deprivation is just one of those things that comes along with the college life, like selling your soul to the devil. But we’re all selling our naps for ultimate freedom. Since sleeping is considered essential, there is definitely less time to do other social things like joining the Broomball league or even picking up a gnarly piece at Full Tank.

Imagine living in both worlds, where we could all sleep enough, party enough, and work just enough to get by. Our eight hours of sleep would help us remember more things like: last Saturday night, all the correct answers to that exam, or when the next True Blood DVD will come out. That would be ultimate paradise...

What really happens during those hours when we should be sleeping? Finishing assignments. Sending steamy texts. Celebrating Wasted Wednesday. Going to that must-see concert. Maybe, even trying to find the cure for cancer.

The possibilities are endless to what keeps people awake. That’s why it’s crucial to keep in mind how good sleep feels: warm blankets and countless dreams. As I sit intensely on the third floor of the library, with the loads of work piled up in front me, a few hours look pretty heavenly right about now. Besides, we all look hotter when we’re not zoned out from stimulants or tripping over things to get to where we need to be. ■



SA CONCERTS  
presents

# Fall Fest

featuring

# of Montreal

October 10 • Patrick Gym

\$15 College Students  
\$25 Public

Doors open at 7pm, show starts at 8pm

# trash.



## i want you so bad

someone on campus catch your eye?  
couldn't get a **name**?  
submit your **love** anonymously  
uvm.edu/~[waterfwr/iwysb.html](http://waterfwr/iwysb.html)

From the top floor of the Davis stairway I saw you sitting alone on the news stand. You were next to that Cynical loser, but I know you wanted nothing to do with him. You wanted me. I struggled down the stairs crowded with people moping to their next class or fighting to get some food. I was so close, but so many people blocked my view, and when I got there you were gone.

**When:** every Tuesday  
**Where:** Davis Center  
**I saw:** the water tower  
**I am:** an avid reader

We met a couple weeks ago when I was dancing along on Colchester and you complimented me on my groove. You're a gorgeous blond hippie with a chilled persona, a warming smile, and awesome fashion sense (I'm digging your fedora). I get tense, tongue tied, and boring around you because IWYSB! Let's dance together!

**When:** Tuesdays and Thursdays  
**Where:** Philosophy w/ Don  
**I saw:** a woman  
**I am:** a man

I'll miss your 90s outfits, but you're still supercute. Girl, you're one of the most amazing people I know. Also your dedication to dendrology is hot. Can I help you with your next painting project?

**When:** any time I can  
**Where:** on the grass, in the sun  
**I saw:** a woman  
**I am:** a woman

I commented on your sweatshirt as I held the door for you. Turns out the school name on your sweatshirt is also your last name. We walked together a little ways and then departed at Brennan's. You seem super nice. Can we please be friends?

**When:** last Tuesday  
**Where:** The Davis Center  
**I saw:** a man  
**I am:** a woman

## eats. madera's mexican done south of the (canadian) border style

by colbynixon

"Where's a good place for Mexican food around here?" the tourist on Church Street asks. You're stymied; you know of good Italian, Chinese food, pizza places, and even a nice little spot on the waterfront that sells crepes, but where can you find good Mexican in Burlington? "Uh, Boloco, I guess," you reply, not really sure of yourself. The true answer would be Madera's Restaurante & Mexicano Cantina. Located at the bottom of Main Street near the train station,

Madera's is a bit of a hike from campus, but don't let that discourage you.

On a recent Friday night, I had my first Madera's experience. Upon the conclusion of my long trek from UVM to the waterfront, I was greeted with the essence of Mexico, one of warmth and invitation. Madera's is both that warm and inviting, with low lighting and real "south of the border" motif. Although my party was not seated immediately, due to its large size (twelve people) and the fact that it was a Friday night, the servers made it well worth the wait. After being seated, we were given three baskets of tortilla chips, along with refried beans and salsa.

I decided on an item off the appetizer list, the Nacho



anna speidel

Supremo, with the addition of shredded pork. I thought for an appetizer the price tag was expensive (at \$8.50), but when I received my meal, I was surprised by just how many Mexican toppings can be thrown on tortilla chips. The guacamole was fresh, and the salsa was solid, too. The pork was definitely a good choice, though I'm sure the chicken option would also have been quite swell. Though I thought my hunger was near insatiable, the nacho plate bested me that day and I could not

bring myself to finish the last of the chips. One of my dining companions also ordered off of the Appetizer Menu and got the Pollo Fundido, with delicious, hearty chicken complemented by a medley of cheese, avocado, and peppers, served with warm tortillas. She thoroughly enjoyed it, and highly recommended it, for its vibrant flavor.

The service was slower than the waffle line at the Grundle, but that made sense when I thought about how large our party was, and it didn't really bother me at all. If I had wanted fast Mexican food, I could have gone to Boloco. I would highly recommend Madera's for its ambiance and flavorful menu. It's about as authentic as it's going to get in Vermont: Though we may be south of the Canadian border, we are a long haul from Mexico. That is why Madera's is my pick of the week and receives **four out of five WT's**.



## the ear

overheard a conversation in b-town?  
was it hilarious? dumb? inspirational?  
tell **the ear** and we'll print it.  
uvm.edu/~[waterfwr/ear.html](http://waterfwr/ear.html)

### In Williams Hall:

*Guy:* Yeah, the best thing about going to UVM is it doesn't really matter what you wear in public. Someone's gonna look weirder than you.

### At Brennan's Pub:

*Dude Bro 1:* Dude, I'm so glad that girl almost got kidnapped last month.

*Dude Bro 2:* Dude, why?

*Dude Bro 1:* 'Cause now when a hot drunk chick is walking home from a party, I can be like "Yo, you don't want to get raped--I'll walk you."

*Dude Bro 2:* Dude...

### Simpson Dining Hall:

*Some Girl:* Oh my god, you were hilarious last night! You immediately started groping that girl's boob, and she was like, "I have a boyfriend!" and you were like, "...I know."

### On Main St. by the Davis Center:

*Freshman Guy:* I have to join clubs 'cause otherwise I'll just end up chilling with friends and doing drugs.

### Overheard Phone Conversation:

*Girl:* Umm...our drug dealer has a crush on me...

## h.t.h.d.t.e.h.t.s

(how the hell does this even happen to someone?)

has anything ever happened to you  
that made you wonder  
**how the hell does this even happen to someone?**  
let it all out. it's good for you.  
uvm.edu/~[waterfwr/hthdtehts.html](http://waterfwr/hthdtehts.html)

I got blackout drunk one night this weekend, and my friend let me stay in his dorm for the night. He brought in one of his floormates' futon for me to sleep on. Apparently I got sick in the middle of the night and woke up in my own filth. I tried to clean it up but only managed to make the spot look less colorful. I had to return this futon to a kid I had never met before with a big ol' puke stain on it. I went back the next day and gave him 100 bucks. HTHDTEHTS

I was at a party Saturday night and stepped out to the back lawn to talk with one of my friends. Somebody decided to take a piss off the second floor balcony. Guess who got in the way of his stream. HTHDTEHTS

## trash ninjas

continued from page 1

**WT:** "Hello sir, I'm writing an article for my newspaper at school and was wondering if I could ask you some questions?"

**TN:** "Uh, sure."

**WT:** "Why do you collect our cans and what are the best cans to collect?"

**TN:** "This street is good for a lot of cans; the beer cans get the most change."

**WT:** "What do you do with the money?"

**TN:** "Stuff, uh, buy stuff."

My last question had shifted our conversation and I could tell this ninja would like nothing more than never speak to me again. I thanked him; he swung his trash bag over his shoulder and strutted down the street into the night. Once again I refilled the bin and retreated to the porch.

**10:50 P.M.**, a man with no hair wearing a tired, old flannel bounded up the street with shopping cart leading the way. The rattle of his collections could be heard all the way down the street, and eager to see this man in full view I sat on my porch waiting. He finally approached my house and began to loudly and quickly pick through the bin, throwing plastic milk cartons and solo cups on to the street as he searched for cans. With as much courage as I could summon I approached this seemingly "crazy ninja."

**WT:** "Hello sir, I was just wondering what you do with these cans?"

**TN:** "mumble, mumble, mumble, government, mumble, mumble, plastic"

**WT:** "Uh, um, do you take them to the redemption center?"

**TN:** "Damn plastic, mumble, mumble, mumble, CHEESE! mumble"

Needless to say this interview was going nowhere fast; I retreated to the porch to watch him throw my plastic recyclables all over the street and then slink away into the night with his shopping cart full of new products.

With no more cans, bottles, or Arizona iced teas to put out, I closed my journal and headed upstairs to watch the ninjas from my window. A few came and went, peering into the bin, quickly realizing it had been previously been picked over. They all looked the same, with big bags in tow, some with flashlights, some with shopping carts. Although my study into the world of trash ninjas did not change the fact that they came every Tuesday to my house, it did enlighten me as to who these ninjas really were. Yes, some are crazy hobos or are looking for easy ways to make some money, but some of them are fathers who have lost their jobs and need to make ends meet. These ninjas we college students see, hear and even speak to every week are people just looking for a break, and I guess if there's one thing I learned it's that if I can give them some peace with my trash, if only for a little while, then any ninja is fine by me. ■

# créatif stuffé.

Feeling a little *créatif*? *Wishing Vantage Point* was published more than once a semester? Well now you can submit your creative writing, short stories, poems, drawings, black and white photos, and any other *créatif* things to the water tower's new section, *créatif stuffé*. Send your submissions to [thewatertownnews@gmail.com](mailto:thewatertownnews@gmail.com) by Tuesdays at 4:00.

## senioritis hits hard

by lauryschrom

Dr. Ian Bartlett, a tall, handsome man of about twenty-nine, downed his thirty-second cup of coffee and picked up his clipboard as yet another drooling high school student was wheeled into St. Asclepius General Hospital on a shiny silver gurney. Her parents were hovering at her side. He was ready and eager to attack the twenty-seventh case of senioritis to have hit the area in the past week.

Dr. Bartlett was the hospital's chief expert on the disease known as Lethargic Shock Disorder, once classified as a mental illness, but which now was considered a full-fledged physical health risk and GPA killer. The street name of the disease, of course, was senioritis. It plagued high school-age students every year, from roughly April first to the very end of June. Dr. Bartlett and his team of specialists were the ones who ran the show in the emergency room.

Now he went over to case number twenty-seven, a blonde girl recently accepted into a top-notch university. He ordered more coffee and wielded his pen over the clipboard like a sword.

"What's going on with her, Nurse Fields?" he asked the attendant in his best deep, authoritative tone.

"It's LSD, sir, we're sure of it."

"The drug? Mary Fields, you know we don't—"

"—No, no, not the drug, sir, the other one—senioritis!"

"Nonsense, Mary, you're nowhere near qualified enough to make such a diagnosis. What are her symptoms? Check her heart rate for me, will you..."

Mary frowned. "Drooling, vacant stare, laziness, fatigue...and she's being rather uppity with us, too—" The girl on the gurney rolled her eyes and put on an expression that seemed to say "yeah, sure" and "whatever" all at once, then took out a nail file, started a manicure and began to ignore them both.

Bartlett sighed impatiently and marked something down on his clipboard. "Do you have anything I can possibly use? Her transcripts, perhaps?"

"Yes, right here, sir."

Bartlett snatched the precious documents from the woman and stared at them eagerly, his face suddenly going aglow with interest.

"Well, will you look at that," he breathed. "That's what I want to see! Such results!"

He was met with several blank stares and a cough or two, to which he frowned at his colleagues with disgust.

"Don't you all act interested at once," he muttered. "But look at her grades—they've all dropped like rotten apples from the tree!"

At the back of the gathering crowd, two of the residents sat down at a table and began to play a game of portable chess. Bartlett was evidently in one of his overzealous moods. The girl on the gurney gave a sudden, involuntarily loud burp and sat up, looking vacantly around.

"Mom said if I got in I could get motorcycle lessons," she declared to the room in general. "And I did! I did! So tell me—" she burped again "—where are my motorcycle lessons? I swore I'd pay attention to the people and they don't understand it's not like it's a high school class!"

Nurse Fields ran forward, a sedative in her hand, which she gave to the girl with some difficulty.

"What people?" she asked the girl's parents, confused.

"Teachers. She just won't listen to them," her mother said. Their daughter, meanwhile, stuck out her tongue at them.

Bartlett looked at the girl with pity, then raised the poor thing's second semester grades high in the air and began to read them off, one by one.

"Look—History—ninety-eight to eighty-two, Physics—eighty-eight to seventy-six, and English—ninety-five to sixty-eight, ooh, that's a low one—yes,

people, there's no better indicator than this, these low grades are the direct result of the disease we call senioritis!

"It's awful!" somebody at the back of the room declared.

Dr. Bartlett turned to the young patient's parents and Nurse Fields.

"Have somebody prescribe this girl some bed rest, notify her university and the guidance counselor, and get some coffee in her. That's very important. And give her a big lecture when she wakes up. That's the only cure, I'm afraid."

"Hopefully she'll make it through this," Nurse Fields said worriedly.

"Yeah...she will, I think."

At that moment, a nurse from another part of the building burst into the ER. He was wheeling a different gurney, and immediately began shouting hysterically at anyone who could listen.

"I need a doctor! There's a kid here who's sick!"

Nurse Fields stepped over to the gurney and looked at the chart of the young woman who was on it.

"It's H1N1, sir," she said, turning to Bartlett. "Swine flu."

Bartlett stepped a tiny bit closer to the new gurney.

"She doesn't look like a swine to me," he said. "Give her two Ibuprofen, send her home, and tell her to call me in the morning."

The two residents who had been playing chess before looked up at each other and rolled their eyes.

No wonder kids these days can't wait to go to college," one said to the other. "High school senioritis can seem like a real pandemic!" ■

## disconnection

by hannahmelton

you'd rather die than downgrade to windows ninety five

or use a home phone connected to your wall and connected to your community to which wireless has created an immunity

to be disconnected is not to be but in truth, it is to be free

from the extension chords filled with your life recharge your batteries without recharging your own what will happen once all the fuses have blown?

life is nothing but one giant dead zone.

## a night of studying

by ariellemuller

So much work, it's due tomorrow. Where's my book? I'll have to borrow. Readings weigh upon my shoulders, Text books feel like heavy boulders. I'll be up til 3:00 at least. Furrowed brow, forehead creased. Coffee cups and Red Bull cans, Droopy eyes, shaky hands. Heart is racing faster, faster, Professor has become my master. Sun is rising, light of day, Can't read my writing! What's that say? Study guide, my brain's now fried, I may have cried, no more pride. Open laptop, just one look But spend two hours on Facebook.

## princess alyssa and the shocking shower experience

by alextownsend



The following is a true story. Names have been changed to protect the innocent.

Once upon a time in a kingdom down the hall, perhaps in a dorm where you live, there lived a lesbian princess named Alyssa. Everyone in her kingdom loved the princess, for she was a fair and just ruler who never spoke a cruel word against anyone. However there was one whose devotion to Princess Alyssa was greater than anyone else's.

"She decided to allow him to be her lover, despite his unfortunate lack of mammary beauty and his possession of some rather unsightly dangly bits."

This was the young Prince Bobby, an ambassador from a distant land. He was immediately smitten with the lovely lesbian. He quickly attempted to woo her. This did not work, for obvious reasons. Still, the two became the best of friends. They were inseparable and understood each other better than any two beautiful royal people ever had. Because of this Alyssa soon came to love the young prince so dearly that she decided to allow him to be her lover, despite his unfortunate lack of mammary beauty and his possession of some rather unsightly dangly bits.

One day Princess Alyssa invited Prince Bobby to join her in a magical cleansing box that rained, that they might sate their love. The encounter was a truly enchanting one. The lovers felt their pulses racing. Prince Bobby felt as though his heart was so filled with delight that it might burst from his chest. This turned out to be a slightly more serious problem for the princess.

As they held each other close within the raining box Alyssa's angelic bosom suddenly jerked forward into the prince with the force of a football being through point-blank by a body-builder. Young Bobby worried that he might have a bruise.

"My darling," he said, "why is it that you have thrust yourself into me so? Have you seen an unsightly insect of some

sort?"

The princess was silent for a moment, thanks to her shy and maidenly ways; however, she then recovered her breath enough to issue such a torrent of profane language that the prince's ears went red. She then fell out of the magic rain box and collapsed upon the floor. Prince Bobby suspected that something might be wrong.

"Fuck! My defibrillator's going off! Call

an ambulance!" Princess Alyssa screamed in agony as she clutched at the stitches in her chest.

Hurriedly Bobby carried Alyssa to her royal bedchamber, alerting the entire kingdom to their princess's distress and also to the fact that neither of them were wearing much. He then quickly sent a carrier pigeon to the local emergency healers.

Once the princess was within the medicinal palace the magic healers tried to understand what had caused Alyssa's helpful heart machine to send waves of bitter agony searing through her every nerve.

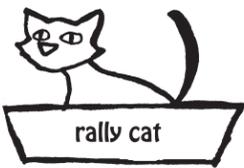
"You say you were in a shower. Were you exercising beforehand, because you really should cool off before you..."

The princess coughed and turned a most dainty shade of crimson. "No, I... er... well I like to save water you see. So I thought if someone else and I..."

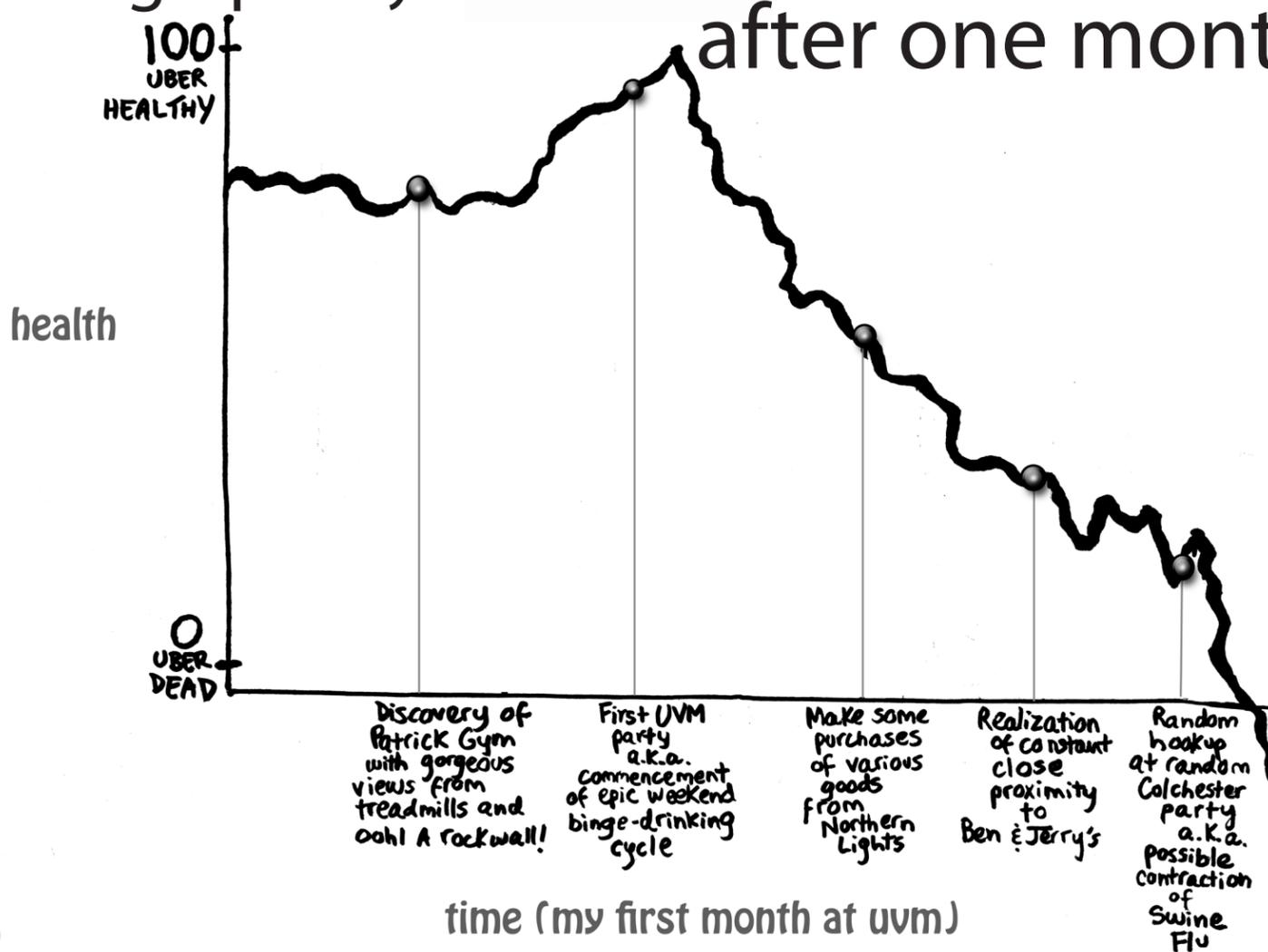
The healers watched her expectantly. "...Foreplay."

And so it was that the princess was given a certificate to provide to all of her educational instructors and the officials of her realm inscribed with the words 'shocked during sexual foreplay'. Alyssa was somewhat amused by this (as was her dean at a later date). ■

# cat litter.



## infograph: my overall health after one month at uvm



cat litter:  
by arin lustberg  
with contributions from  
nac smith and kelly macintyre

# tunes.

your weekly WRUV  
music review

## shuffle.

jewish playlist



by brianreid & meghanoretsky

### Mum - Sing Along to Songs You Don't Know (Hostess)

Mellow, minimalist, indie pop. Makes nice use of vocal harmonies, a broad range of percussion and string instruments.

### The Drums - Summertime (Twenty-seven)

A Brooklyn duo with synths and guitar. Really upbeat, catchy, summer surf-pop.

### The Pains of Being Pure At Heart - Higher Than The Stars EP (Slumberland)

Mid-late 80s early 90s jangle pop. Reminiscent of The Cure, The Pastels, and My Bloody Valentine.

### Girls - Album (True Panther Sounds)

Elvis Costello-esque vocals with San Franciscan summery pop music

with julietcritsimilios  
Don't shvitz all over, but some of the most important Jewish Holidays have already passed us by. Even if you didn't celebrate Yom Kippur or Rosh Hashanah, you can still live it up with awesome Jewish American musicians. Oy.

**One Day Matisyahu** *It's not about win or lose/we all lose/when they feed on the souls of the innocent/I've been praying for/for the people to say/they don't wanna fight no more*

**Don't Rain On My Parade** Barbra Streisand *But whether I'm the rose of sheer perfection/a freckle on the nose of life's complexion/I gotta fly once I gotta try once*

**Copacabana** Barry Manilow *Still in the dress she used to wear faded feathers in her hair/she sits there so refined/and drinks herself half blind*

**Uptown Girl** Billy Joel *She's been living in her white bread world/as long as anyone with hot blood can/and now shes looking for a downtown man/that's what I am*

**Gumboots** Paul Simon *I said hey you know breakdowns come and breakdowns go/so what are you going to do about it that's what I'd like to know*

## of montreal hits uvm for fall fest 2009

by bridgettreco

If you're any kind of UVM hipster, you're already familiar with Of Montreal, the prolific indie-pop-psychedelic band from Georgia. But assuming you're not totally in the loop, you should know some background about the band before they rock your face off in Patrick Gym next week.

Ever heard that strangely catchy tune on the Outback Steakhouse commercials? You know, the one with the little stick figures dancing and enjoying steak in Australia, singing, "Let's go outback tonight"? Well, that's an adaptation of Of Montreal's most popular hit from their 2005 album *The Sunlandic Twins*, a song called "Wraith Pinned to the Mist and Other Games," which proves that though their content and themes are out of the ordinary, Of Montreal's music is no more difficult for it.

The first time I heard the band was during The O.C.'s reign of television, with songs appearing on their soundtrack such as "The Party's Crashing Us," and "Requiem for O.M.M." At this time, I dismissed Of Montreal as being one of those indie-pop bands that will either sell out to the mainstream or just fade into obscurity. But as their success grew and Barnes' stage-persona wowed fans across the globe, it became obvious that Of Montreal was something remarkable.

Led by flamboyant frontman Kevin Barnes, the group has put out over twenty albums, EPs, and compilations in the last decade. Barnes is the type of straight, married man you don't meet every day—he wears women's clothing and possibly underwear, sports a glammed-up face full of makeup and generally appears to have just stepped out of the movie *Party Monster*. While it's unclear whether or not Michael Alig (the King of New York's Club Kids) has served as some inspiration to Barnes' look, it's quite obvious that his love of theatre and comedy has influenced his on-stage persona. Barnes experiments during sets with interludes that include skits, sword fights and bizarre interactions with the band. Since their second-to-latest album's release, 2007's *Hissing Fauna, Are You The Destroyer?*, Barnes no longer appears on-stage as himself—instead, he asserts himself as his feminized, glam-rock alter-ego, Georgie Fruit. In

several interviews, Barnes has described Fruit as a "black man in his forties who has undergone multiple sex changes." It's this type of gender-obscure and sexually ambiguous presence that contributes to Of Montreal's distinctive psychedelic and surrealist quality—a trait inimitable by other indie-pop bands in their class.

Of Montreal pushes the boundaries on what is expected of this branch of indie pop, with just enough synthesizing and harmonized crooning to please the ear, and just enough weirdness that you won't feel put off by the tongue-in-cheek aspect of some of their more radio-ready tunes. On "I Was Watching Your Eyes," Barnes sings, "I wanna write something beautiful, something so beautiful that I just can't sing it, without getting that incredible feeling, the one that just overwhelms my senses."

Some out-there tunes like "Rapture Rapes The Muses" are reminiscent of bands like Franz Ferdinand, but have their own distinctive quality, a mix of synthesizers and high-octane major-chord arrangements that will only lift your spirits. Other tunes like "Girl from New York" are sad, acoustic tracks that lament on failed relationships—"I tried to talk about it over breakfast, but you made a joke out of it." They're heartbreakers that evoke a dismal familiarity, with Of Montreal's own one-of-a-kind spin.

So what does it mean to have this out-of-this-galaxy, gender-bendingly experimental group on our campus? Well, take a look at most of the bands we've had in the past. Ziggy Marley, Talib Kweli, Ratatat, and Chromeo—music that in the normal world would be "edgy" or "different" but in the UVM bubble is decidedly mainstream. While Of Montreal is hardly an obscure indie band these days, their quality of baroque-pop and neo-psychedelic music points us in a whole new direction. Even private schools like Cornell University are known to hire yawn-inducing acts like The Pussycat Dolls and Asher Roth. Does our state-school status automatically make us susceptible to a slew of mainstream pop artists? Of course not, because we're UVM. We're not like all your other state schools, baby. We're decidedly different—which is why we're going for the androgynous and sexually experimental sound of Of Montreal. As Barnes croons on "Disconnect The Dots"—"It's so beautiful... our lunacy." ■

## dance band of the week: the bloody beetroots

with alexpinto

If there's any anger or discontent brought on this week by the first shivers of imminent cold weather, a proper outlet should then be on the darker side of the dance floor. The Bloody Beetroots are "the bastard son of the Misfits and Daft Punk" and do not disappoint in fulfilling the implications of that seemingly deadly combination. It can be harsh to listen to, ponderous and heavy, brimming with tension, and ultimately aggressive. But seriously awesome. If your idea of dancing is half-fighting, this is what you want. Or if you're just a fan of Justice.

Perhaps all that is a bit of an overstatement since they (he, really—DJ Sir Bob Cornelius Rifo) does err on a lighter, more-Daft Punk and less-Misfit style, and forays a little into hip-hop crossover. But Beetroots is at its most unique and stimulating when its punk-tinged. See "Warp 1.9," "Proxy Who Are You," and "Awesome" (with the Cool Kids) and prepare for destruction. Also Beetroots will be in Montreal on Halloween, if you can both get tickets and survive the show it would be an all-time great.