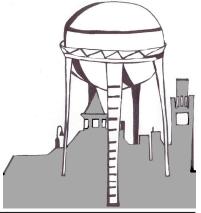
the water tower.

uvm's alternative newsmag



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uvm.edu/~watertwr

rally on the rocks uvm's favorite catamount spirals out of control

by erika**weisz**

It seemed like Rally the Catamount had the world at his feet: Straight-A student, handsome SGA senator, and let's face it: the coolest cat on campus. "Rally was an awesome guy," remembers senior Sylvester Goupin. "He used to walk around with that goofy grin on his face, break into choreographed routines on the steps of the Bailey-Howe, and cheer up all the stressed-out students by giving them hugs and high-fives." Such happy times are a thing of the past for Rally Cat, and now that brilliant smile is more of a sour puss. Once known for his cheer and charm, Rally is now famous his "bad boy" attitude and hard-partying lifestyle.

But what happened to the guy who used to bring his own bowl to Honors College ice cream socials? A source close to Rally's family reveals that the allegations of a fling with the Champlain College Beaver were indeed true. Known for her erratic behavior and promiscuous nature, it was no surprise to Rally's close friends and family when he started experimenting with drugs and alcohol. "We knew something was really wrong when Rally missed a hockey game to go on another Beaver Bender," reveals a source. "That was the breaking point for Rally. Beaver was just trouble."

But the trouble didn't stop there. Falling in with the wrong crowd was just the tip of the iceberg for this fragile feline. Rally's weekend raging quickly spilled into his daily life and had a profound effect on those around him. "It was really sad," says sophomore Mustafa Crudup. "One time he showed up to one of the swim meets completely intoxicated. He started harassing male swimmers about their Speedos and made jokes about their genitalia. When they told him to leave, he urinated in the pool." Unfortunately, this incident was not unique and Rally's outbursts still

"Last week, we were all hanging out at Brennan's, you know, just enjoying Burlington's night-life," recalls senior Melvin Daschle. "I was just eating my Tamara's Chicken Tenders, when there was a huge ruckus behind me. I turned around and I saw Rally, and man, oh man, was he plastered! He must have had his two Brennan's brews because his eyes were bloodshot and he was stumbling all over the pub. He went over to the popcorn machine and took a Sharpie out of his pocket. At first we thought he was writing a motivational message, like 'Go Cats Go,' but when he turned around, we saw that he drew a huge, hairy phallus."

Rally hit rock-bottom after a grotesque display at the Bailey-Howe Library that led to his immediate arrest. Though campus authorities did not provide a detailed description of the crime, they did comment that the incident involved a private study room, an anatomy book, and an entire roll of unbleached paper towels.

Rally's family and friends are beginning to lose confidence. "We thought it was just a phase, but it doesn't even seem like he wants to get better," says a close source. Rally used to be a shining emblem of hope and school spirit. Now he represents the startling impact of partying and how quickly things can spiral out of control.



Rally Cat attempts to charm his way out of a bind. Cops are not amused.

it's an effing CATastrophe!







Top left: A scene of destruction at Rally's now-notorious

Bottom Left: Beaver is spotted mingling with co-eds downtown, while Rally lurks furiously in the

Above: Rally Cat's mugshot: taken shortly after incident at Brennan's.

get inside me

news shame in the old dominion by ben**donovan**

reflections simpson store goes insane by caleb**demers**

tunes **Icd** soundsystem by bridgettreco

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Dear water tower

I love Olivia Nguyen's fashion column this year, "wat(er) you wearing." It's one of the first things I flip to every Tuesday. The fashion so far has been great and I like seeing student photos in your paper.

I just have one gripe. Every morning I wake up and spend about two hours putting together an outfit, doing my hair, and making sure I look my best. How have my efforts gone unnoticed? Honestly, there are about 10-14 fashionable people on this campus and I AM ONE OF THEM.

Find me. Please. I look awesome.

Sincerely, Lady in Red

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

alive - which means you probably shouldn't wait 60 years, considering you just gave

through a monsoon still doesn't constitute a shower.

the water tower.

uvm.edu/~watertwr

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

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New writers and artists are always welcome Weekly meetings Tuesdays at 7:30 pm Williams Family Room Davis Center - 4th Floor Or send us an email

with emilyhoogesteger

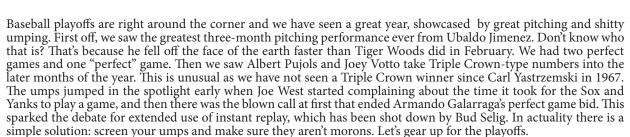
George Doodnaught. Doodnaught, a Canadian anesthesiologist, was charged with sexually assaulting twenty-nine women while they were under anesthesia for surgical procedures. We're really, really hoping that wasn't what he had in mind when he

Bullying. With the recent suicides of Tyler Clementi and others because of homophobic comments and cruelty, it's time for bullying and intolerance of all sorts to get permanently shit-listed. It's the twenty-first century, people - let's value humanity a

Belated Apologies. From 1946 to 1948, the National Institutes of Health sponsored a study to see if penicillin would prevent syphilis – which involved deliberately infecting Guatemalan prison inmates with syphilis. The United States finally officially apologized this week. Apologies are usually better received by people if they're still

Rain! More specifically, biblical amounts of rain that doesn't cease and makes everything smell like cow shit and wet cigarettes. It should also be noted that walking







the news in brief with paulgross

"I won't let any terrorists try to keep me away from enjoying a European vacation."

-Janet Novak, a potential tourist to Europe, responding to the fact that the United States is staged to issue a categorical travel warning suggesting Americans take extreme caution when travelling in Europe. Though the warning will fall short of advising against travel, it will simply indicate that there have been "general threats" made by terrorist groups against Europe. This warning will first be read publicly at Stephen Colbert's March to Keep Fear Alive.

"These crazy people were politically manipulated." -Ecuadoran President Rafael Correa, commenting on a recent police rebellion in protest of Ecuador's "austerity law," which basically allows the president to suspend parliament and rule by decree whenever he deems it "necessary." The police were a little upset about this, understandably worried they might be asked to carry out insane marshal law. Though apparently Correa didn't understand their concern, he has agreed to rewrite portions of the law.

Crazy fucks...

"He wanted to be a movie star, ever since he was a little kid."

-Jill Kurtis, lamenting the recent death of her husband, legendary comic actor Tony Curtis. His greased hair and goofily angry expression is, of course, survived in his daughter Jamie Lee, but this gives everyone an excuse to re-watch Some Like it Hot, which is arguably the funniest movie ever made. Rent it.

"We are looking for evidence, the information is very thin."

-Fernando Monreal, Acapulco chief of police, speaking with regard to the recent kidnapping of 22 Acapulco tourists by a Mexican gang. Seriously, it's a bad week for vacations.

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 sometime outlandish opinions so that you don't have to come up with them yourselves. We can romise 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.

oaxaca mudslide: the aftermath

by james**aglio**

After receiving twelve inches of rainfall over a three-day span, a large hill in Oaxaca, Mexico collapsed on Tuesday, September 28, 2010 at around four in the morning local time. The resulting landslide engulfed a small rural town in Santa Maria Tlahuitotepec, burying as many as 300 homes and possibly creating a death toll between five hundred and one thousand. Because the slide occurred in the early hours of the morning, almost all residents of the town were asleep in their homes and are now trapped under massive amounts of mud. Authorities are uncertain, however, as to the exact extent of the damage because Santa Maria Tlahuitotepec is difficult to reach even in ideal conditions; the flooding resulting from the rain has only made it more inaccessible. Despite this, relief workers are already pouring in from outside areas to assist in any way possible, time being of the essence. These workers are both governmental and private, mainly from the military or the Red Cross respectively. All relief workers are finding difficulty traversing the unstable, flooded terrain, preventing an effective response despite swift action on the part of the Mexican government. The official death toll at the time of this writing is eight, with one hundred individuals confirmed missing. Those numbers are only the bodies that have been found or ac-

"Authorities are uncertain, however, as to the exact extent of the damage"

counted for, however, and with a disaster of such proportion in a town as poor as Santa Maria, those numbers are almost certainly far below accurate. Currently, communication lines are essentially nonexistent. Authorities were alerted by Santa Maria official Donato Vargas via satellite phone, shortly after the slide occurred. All standard phone lines are down, preventing consistent and adequate communication between government officials and

UVM students participate in a study abroad program in Oaxaca every year. The large program is a favorite and allows students to hone their Spanish skills and par-ticipate in a variety of cultural experiences to enrich their lives. After having received so much from Oaxaca, now may be an excellent time to give back. Persons of Mexican descent in New York City had already begun relief efforts by midmorning, and are currently mobilizing goods to be sent to the area. All assistance would certainly be welcomed for both survivors and relief workers in the area.

shame in the old dominion

You probably didn't hear about it, but

two weeks ago in my home state of Vir-

ginia, justice went terribly, if predictably,

"And you who philosophize disgrace, and criticize all fear/ Bury the rag deep in your face, for now is the time for your tears." --Bob Dylan, "The Lonesome Death of Hattie Carroll"

by bendonovan

murdered

husband

"the head of this serpent."

bargains identi-

wrong. Teresa Lewis, a 41-year-old woman from Danville, Virginia, was executed after being convicted of conspiring to have her husband and stepson murdered. Ms. Lewis had conspired with two men, one of whom she was having an affair with, to kill her husband for his insurance money, and on the night of October 30th, 2002, the two men entered her trailer through and stepson. The three conspirators were indicted, but the two men signed plea

'the head of this serpent." fying Lewis as the ringleader and stating that she manipulated them into committhan in front of a jury. While advocates of ting the crime. In return they were given the practice argue that it saves time and life sentences. Ms. Lewis received the death penalty. A state prosecutor called her "evil," and the judge stated that she was against the poor and the uneducated, and

I say that justice went terribly wrong, because even a cursory glance into the circumstances paints a very different picture. First of all, Ms. Lewis was, by all accounts, borderline mentally retarded. A state psychologist put her IQ at 72 (69 is generally the threshold for legal retardation), and a psychologist from Duke University said in a sworn affidavit that "her mental age is that of a young teen in the range of 12-14 years of age." Further, her accomplice Matthew Schallenberger, with whom she was having an affair, at one point wrote to a fellow inmate and bragged about his manipulation of Ms. Lewis. "I met Teresa at the Walmart in Danville," he said. "From the moment I met her I knew she... could be easily manipulated. Killing Julian and Charles Lewis was entirely my idea. I needed the money, and Teresa was an easy target." The other conspirator, Rodney Fuller, wrote to a friend stating his plan that executing a woman is somehow worse

and "become a drug dealer." All available evidence shows that this woman was, if not completely incognizant of the consebeing the ringleader of any plot, and probably the victim of manipulation rather than the perpetrator.

I say that justice went predictably wrong because this situation is far from unusuagrees to plead guilty or to testify against

"A state prosecutor called her 'evil,"

and the judge stated that she was

can be used to advance an otherwise weak

with multiple defendants, an opportunis-

tic criminal can use a plea bargain to win

himself a reduced sentence by testifying

against his co-defendants. In an interview

with the History Channel series "Gang-

land," a federal prosecutor once said that

in the justice system, "there are two types

of people: those that cooperate and those that wish they did." Schallenberger and

Fuller clearly had much to gain by point-

ing to Ms. Lewis as the ring-leader. In do-

ing so, the two escaped an almost certain

death sentence and stuck her with the

not wrong with this case. Much has been

made of the fact that this is the first time

in nearly 100 years that Virginia has exe-

cuted a woman, and many called for clem-

ency for that reason. I find the argument

Let me be clear about what is and is

principle blame for this horrific crime.

to use the money to move to New York than executing a man to be sexist, patronizing, and thoroughly undemocratic. If women are to be considered full citizens of this Republic- as they are and should bequences of her actions, hardly capable of then there is no reason why they should be held less accountable for their actions than men are. Justice, as they say, is blind.

But is this justice? Teresa Lewis did not die, it seems, because of the murder of her husband and stepson. Rather, she al. Plea bargains, whereby a defendant died because she happened to be less intelligent than her partners in crime. They the door she had left unlocked for them someone else, are a common outcome. saw an opportunity and took it, and she

was simply the last one left, the loser in a deadly game of musical chairs. Teresa Lewis died be-

Approximately 90% of all criminal cases nationally are resolved this way rather tunistic at the expense of the less intelligent. And unfortunately, these machinations appear to be largely detached from money, detractors say that it often works broader questions of innocence or guilt. If we are to put criminals to death (and I'm not sure we should do it at all), it should be case that might not be provable. In cases a punishment reserved only for the most vile one percent of crimes whose circumstances display pure, cruel, calculated evil - evil requiring a presence of mind which Ms. Lewis plainly lacked. I can stomach Nazi war criminals being executed. A borderline retarded woman who didn't even pull the trigger is another thing entirely.

Perhaps it's my liberal, pinko, suburban bluegrass-musician morality talking, but I fail to see the hand of justice in what happened in Virginia two weeks ago. All I see is cold, calculating judicial realpolitik. Teresa Lewis was by no means a good person. But attention must be paid, because for one woman 900 miles from Burlington, all due process, all fairness, and all the lofty principles that usually shape our justice system amounted to nothing but disgrace.

love it or leave it

patrick leene

1. Senate Candidate Christine O'Donnell (R-DE) publicly decries Masturbation. Masturbation plans world-wide protest to join hands... left hands... in protest of discrimination!

2. Stephen Colbert testifies before Congress upon completing one day in position of migrant worker. Stephen Colbert becomes first person in congressional history berated by Congressmen for "wasting time."

3. Burlington named "Most dangerous city for innocent bystanders" after two consecutive weeks of innocents being injured as reported in The Cynic. Maybe staying clear of anyone whom Wikipedia describes as "Rap-core" wouldn't be such a bad plan for society.

Leave it

1. Hell's Kitchen host drives second Featured Chef to suicide since airing on television. Well as he is literally driving people to hell, is calling him Charon too callous?

2. Rahm Emanuel all but announces he is leaving the White House. What we need in the Democratic Party is more energy... and you don't get more energetic than a man with 4 fingers who's still determined to tell you to fuck off.

3. The Jersey Shore is back on TV again. On second thought, could we schedule a Yelawolf concert for their house?





intentional party fouls when hummus is more than hummus

you glare at the unfortunate oaf who is responsible for the mess - and the buzz kill. In a collective moment of disappointment, everyone yells, "PARTY FOUL!"

Despite the kid's clumsiness, he clearly did not intend to dampen the mood. We can hope the embarrassment and personal cock block that followed was a good enough punishment for him.

What if we could take advantage of In the dorms these common party fouls and use them



respective lists of people we would rather cloud" coming from the room at the end not be stuck in an elevator with. These are the people who say all the sarcastic, belittling, bitchy comments meant to bring you down and bring them up. I know that despite your good-hearted, all-accepting nature, if you had the opportunity you might not mind seeing those people em-barrassed, ousted, blamed, or kicked out of a place.

When you're at bars

Tell the bartender the person pissing you off is wasted, just puked on your shoes, and then ordered four more shots - they're guaranteed an escort out. (Especially if you're at Red Square. Not that I have any experience being kicked out of Red Square while sober. Oh, wait. Senior Night. Thanks). Depending on how Harriet the Spy-like you are, you could even pre-plan this mission and bring in evidence to the bar, such as nips (get your head out of the gutter) that you promise you saw your lesser-liked peer downing in the bathroom. Bringing in outside alcohol? Looks like your night will end early,

At a raging house party

Tell the host of the party that your least favorite person just hooked up in her bed, broke it, and then spilled Franzia all over be white. Or, if you are stealthy enough,

Watching the iPod docking station and while no one is looking you can hide one a beer-filled Solo cup crash to the floor, of the host's most expensive possessions (which, knowing college students, will probably be some sort of gadget) and say you just saw so-and-so run off with it! Commence jerk-off's shady reputation, all

Listening to your frenemy's raging house

If you have truly no compassion or pa tience left: Call. The. Cops.

Find the RA on duty and tell him or her that you just passed by Millis 3 low As amazing as UVM is, we all have our and there was a "funky smell and a smoke

of the hall. You're clearly only concerned

cause it might be carbon monoxide. Just

looking out for the health of your dorm

opening act, then point to the person

you'd rather do without and wait for the

your crush how you saved her from a rabid

dog or speeding train, then start spreading

some foul gossip about how your compe-

tition actually has a significant other at

inevitable clumsiness and annoyingness

of people to your advantage. These tricks

will be especially helpful if you plan to en-

So keep your eyes open and use the

Your competition

Scream "Your music sucks!" at the

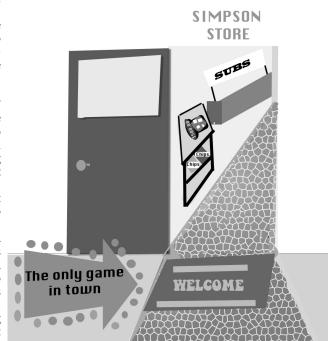
with his simple question. During the room and board selection remain anonymous in process of the spring semester, students were notified before they chose their room that the majority of the Redstone food services would be closed for renovations. Fortunately the Simpson Store remains open and offers fresh subs, hot sandwiches, and extensive salad bar - as well as some grocery items and an exquisite mixer/chaser

sub on the Green that I realized what this

These limited options have forced the with brown paper so staff to step up their game, from offering that eager students hummus as something more than a spread (whatever that may mean) to learning the first name of every student on campus (a in the dining hall. It daunting task as Redstone Campus is the raises the question: most populated area in all of Vermont). I even witnessed one employee manage behind those boarded

"Do you want hummus as a condiment to fit seven slices of or topping?" an overzealous employee turkey on a turkeyasked me this past Saturday morning as he bacon sub. Alas, these prepared a 12-inch wheat sub in the Simpvaliant efforts are no son Store on Redstone Campus. I blinked back at him and grunted, "I just want deceased Redstone hummus." It was not until I had enjoyed Unlimited Dining. some fresh air and a delicious hummus It has been de-

scribed as "ghetto" and "grimy." One practiced sandwich technician intended student, who chose to fear of his food being tampered with, put it ty, that place was not good." Yet it stirs up tions to stroll down a hall whose windows have been covered cannot see the renovations occurring What is happening



up doors?

the simpson store goes absolutely insane

The ResLife website states the following: "The upgrades to the dining space ditional restrooms. mechanical, electrical and plumbing upgrades. . . Loading dock and fire protecthe scope of work." A more comprehensive description of the renovations is avail-Coincidently, this excerpt fails to provide the public with any information regarding the actual serts and general ser-

bar, vegan steak house, and Brennan's Imports (offering absolutely nothing grown or distributed in Vermont!).

Although residents of Redstone Campus would go crazy over these new additions, it seems that, if UVM did want to please the students, they would simply have to open a restaurant or dining hall that offered 24-hour delivery services free of charge, all-you-can-eat buffets for the same price as an Odwalla smoothie, nonqueasiness inducing edibles, and a large array of food that caters equally to vegans, pescatarians, strict meat-eaters, Kosher eaters, drunk kids, and the occasional raw

Fortunately, the ResLife website states that the dining hall will reopen in January of 2011, just in time for the spring semester. This is very lucky for those students that live in the Mason/Simpson/Hamilton residence, for it is around this time of the year that students contemplate starving rather than braving the harsh winds and storms of the Champlain Valley. Until then, always remember that if you ever want to have a sandwich that has a condi-Other speculations ment as the heaviest item, Redstone Marinclude: Sloppy Joe ket will not let you down.

We all know the go-to classic ice-break-

er question to ask when meeting someone for the first time. It goes without saying that most of us have asked or been asked: "What's your major?" countless times in our college careers (with approximately our condolences 40% of the total number having occurred

The Question undoubtedly owes its overwhelming popularity to its incredible versatility. Unless perhaps you are one of the flustered few who have no other choice but to mumble "Undeclared" in response, it is virtually a no-fail question that can guarantee you an answer and keep the conversation going. It provides a means by which you can gain useful insight into the speaker's interests and aspirations, as having more-or-less half of a given popuwell as look for commonalities and evalulation hate you. ate your compatibility in a way that is infinitely less creepy than stalking his or her

Undeclared: In other words, you have no idea what you want to do with the rest of your life. But you will. Soon. NOTE: If you are a freshman, this is no big deal. If you are a senior, however, you are a little bit screwed.

Facebook profile. And at the very least,

it can rescue both parties from suffering

those dreaded awkward silences.

Art History: A good alternative when you want to avoid the anxiety of being Un-

thinkers, (2) slackers, (3) formerly Undeclared majors who realized that they actually have less than zero interest in Ar

Classics/Latin/Greek: More than just

a separate academic discipline in the late 1970s, yet college guys still remain as clueless as ever in regards to the complex inner workings of the female mind.

Bio/Chem: The sheer number of undergrads majoring in these and related disciplines (and in the scientific field in general) would be enough to build their own army and possibly lead the largest student rebellion in UVM history. Fortunately, their attempts to do anything and everything are thwarted by having to first go through the entire scientific method.

Education: A noble profession, but be sure to choose your teaching concentration carefully. Your options are as follows: (a) exhaustive kindergarteners with 2-minute attention spans, (b) painfully awkward and hormone-charged middle school drama, (c) impertinent, defiant,

your major



by lindsaygabel

within the first week of our freshman **Human Sexuality:** Forever at the mercy of cheesy one-liners like "Hey, can you tu-

and near-total freedom

and largely unappreciative teenage hooli-

gans with egos the size of small countries,

(d) college kids - essentially kindergarten-

ers in near-adult form, except with access

to vehicles, alcohol and illicit substances,

Computer Science: In this Information Age of rapid technological progression?

Well chosen, my friend. Seriously Political Science: Must possess strong skills in leadership, debate, and problem solving, as well as be comfortable with

Applied and Computational Mathematical Sciences: Yes, the nerd factor is high, but even the jack-asymptotes who get all up in your axes know that they- in the words of MC Hammer- "can't touch

Environmental Science: A UVM favorite. You save that planet!

Social Networking (a.k.a. Facebooking): The most popular unofficial major

Business Administration: Consists of learning how to direct work flow, lead Philosophy: A popular choice for (1) workshops, micromanage, promote synergy, send faxes, remember birthdays, and eat bagels like a Boss.

Reality Television: Proof that you really can make a living doing absolutely nothing. Unfortunately, as far as I know, this major is currently offered nowhere. But then you don't really need a degree Women's Studies: First introduced as for this; not a B.A. anyway, as it's almost

> Advanced Aerospace Engineering and Astronautics using Applied Nanotechnology: When (a) regular gross overachievement just isn't enough, (b) Quaternion Quantum Mechanics gets boring, or (c) you are a robot.

While UVM boasts an impressive ninety available undergraduate majors, space and time restrictions necessitate that the above list highlights only a very select few. Your major was therefore likely excluded for one of the following reasons: (a) it is too well respected to be subjected to sarcastic remarks, (b) there are no classic or interesting stereotypes associated with it, or (c) no one really wants to hear

cops...my back!

consequences. Preferably you will be able to do this at a Yelawolf concert or at an anby hannah**rosenberg**

gry rapper's show, resulting in a black eye for your lesser-liked peer. If that doesn't The police, the cops, the Five-O. Whatwork at least tell security you saw said perever your preferred nickname, the Universon snorting a whole lot of cocaine in the sity of Vermont's finest have been spotted bathroom. No drug zone. almost everywhere lately. They have been loitering outside Bailey Howe at 3:00 p.m. How about when you want to eliminate on a Tuesday - for what reason, we'll never a competitor for a potential hook up and/ know - and they have been cramping our or significant other? There are two paths style on everyone's favorite downtown you could take here. Establish a fake hestreets, at everyone's favorite hours of the roic mission and have your friend dish to

Ever since we returned to B-Town this of order.

when not in a random, dirty basement, and you should be okay.

2) Hit up the Patrick Gym. You know what I'm talking about, that building attached to the hockey rink. Finally! A place where we can swipe our I.D's that won't dock our meal plans a solid \$13.95 for a sandwich and an Honest Tea. Don't be intimidated by the weight room annex or the fact that half the machines are out

year, the cops have been a looming presence, and greatly increased from last year. Eventually you'll be able to squeeze your way in. Having said that, I will not

"Refrain from any public display of crazy when not in a random, dirty basement, and you should be okay."

Coincidence? I think not. For those of you who haven't already heard through the grapevine, the police force has been granted \$93,000 dollars to crack down on underage drinking, as well as an additional \$125,000 for the next four years, according to the Burlington Free Press.

Now, now, don't lose your cool; there are a few things we can still do to ensure that we don't lose out on our very important and well-deserved college rights-of-

1) Be stealth. Make your way down to a party on Loomis or Isham on Saturday nights. Enjoy your brews and some blacklight dancing. Do a keg stand. Talk to people you thought you'd never have the guts to approach, even though you see them everyday at the Cyber Café.

But in order to avoid a legal spat, don't run into the street with an open container yelling about how you just shouted at that guy from your Biology lab, that you are in fact in his Biology lab, and how he displayed a less than desirable reaction.

Refrain from any public display of crazy

condone erasing people's names off the whiteboard, no matter how long you're going to have to wait. You don't want to be that person. A few half hour sessions on the new eco-friendly treadmills and you'll be able to outrun the po-po, and thus will have no reason to worry. Just make sure your footwear is conducive to potential quick getaways when you hit the town.

And finally, 3) Keep your antenna up: You're in college now! Clearly you've got some brains, so use them! Recently there have been incidents of undercover cops busting people with a slap on the wrist and a hefty fine, but it's pretty easy to pick up on an anti-fun, pro-establishment vibe. If someone seems like a narc, chances are they probably have an agenda that doesn't include singing "Sweet Caroline" on the drunk bus, and you should remove yourself from the situation immediately. If all else fails, a police encounter always makes you look like a badass, so no matter what, you'll get a good weekend story - and really, that's all that counts.

by willisschenk For us newcomers, it is difficult to unand large campus map in hand, only to derstand the norms of a new place, and no doubt our ignorance must be an annoyance for those already well-adjusted.

We freshmen are sorry for showing up to your LAX, Soccer, and Frisbee House (wtf?) parties with a bad dude-to-chick ratio; freshmen guys are way less smooth than you upperclassmen and have yet to attract a flock of ladies. Next time, we'll try to remember the "more girls" rule, and we hope that you can teach us your mas-

Our deepest condolences go out to the residents of Burlington; once we figure out a way into those parties, we'll stop walking down the street in giant, drunk, and rowdy packs as you and your children are trying to sleep on a Thursday night.

We apologize to the lunch staff for openly stealing mass quantities of milk, juice and soda in our water bottles, yet we are thankful for the high percentage of foreign cafeteria workers and the resultant language barrier that lets us remain "confused" enough to get away with it.

Sorry to the faculty for interrupting your classes when we come in late, books and notepads dropping from an open bag House?

discover we've entered the wrong room.

Sorry RA's for all the headaches – I guess when we ask you "Hhh-hoowww waaazzzz yyuur, yuuur... daayyyy?" the friendly attempt doesn't make up for the fact that you just watched us vomit all over the stall you were about to piss in.

And to you upperclassmen, sentinels of wisdom: we are sorry for our freshman nature, always scurrying by in disarray with unsure faces, ignorant of all the standards of our new campus home. Upperclassmen - teach us the way of CHILL. Is it in those baggy pants? Is it in that vodka or that beer? Is it in that spliff? Or in that cigarette? How do you perch that smoking butt on your lower lip, drink canned beer, and tell the most fantastic stories - all at the same time? What kind of architect designed your hammock-slung, beach chair-heaven of a porch? Where on earth did you find that Mexican knit poncho? Lend us compassion and we'll lend you just about anything in return, for we are desperate, timid, and typical - we are the

But seriously, what the fuck is a Frisbee



- Raven Symone

trash.

the quim. queeries

the quim queeries is the **Wt's** weekly sex advice column.



Send in your sex and relationship advice questions to the Quim Queeries, no matter what flavor you or your partner might be! Here's our first question, from "Tiling Problem." An agrarian euphemism misspelled, you ask? I think not. I suspect our advice seeker is a math enthusiast referring to Hao Wang's tiling problem! Think you can stump us with your pseudonym? Write in and see!

Dear Bliss and Mab,

I have the world's awesomest fiancé, and we are excited to breed together once we are married. There is a big problem though: it's physiologically impossible for us to have sex. My vagina is too narrow. When we try, my anatomy gets literally torn (super ouch!) and we still don't succeed. We love each other enough that we still want to spend the rest of our lives together even if we never get to have sex, but that would really complicate reproduction, and would also

If a surgery exists for this, it can't possibly be covered by any health insurance plan. (I haven't actually tried to find one - I'm understandably afraid of what I might get if I typed any search term containing the phrase "vagina widening" into Google.)

Do you have any advice for us?

Sincerely, Tiling Problem"

I took the liberty and risk of typing "vagina widening" into Google for you - and behold, among such gems as "My Girlfriend's Vagina Has Widened Recently. Is This A Sign Of A Larger Penis?" there were actual results for medical conditions. (+5 points to that Internet dude for blatant insecurity and beating around the bush - so to

First of all, we are not medical authorities. Please, please, please, go to your doctor, the Women's Health Center or Planned Parenthood. That goes for all of you out there: if something hurts or itches, if that's not how your junk normally functions or if, as in this case, how your junk normally functions is Just Not OK - see a doctor. The Women's Health Center is awesome and understanding (and it is also the cheapest place around to get

emergency contraception, people).

If you have concerns about finding a supportive doctor, look up the Vermont Diversity Health Project at http://vdhp.org/. It is a resource for finding LGBTQfriendly providers, and even if you are just kinky, poly or have an alternative lifestyle, I'd say they would have a higher probability of being open-minded. A door already opened a crack is a lot easier to push open all the way. Check it out!

That being said, a similar search - "vagina dilation" brought up www.vaginismus.com, the #1 site for discussing causes of, treatments for, and many other aspects of painful sex. While the site seems a bit heteronormative and marriage-focused to me (since when is unconsummated marriage a symptom?), it is very informative and could help you figure out what to ask your doctor.

Your signoff seems to indicate a logical, computational mind, so perhaps you could think about it this way: You don't do a math problem over and over the same way and expect a different result - you have to change something. In our bodies, repeated pain can cause an expectation of pain and a conditioned response, creating the same answer over and over - and possibly intensifying the prob-

Enlist your awesome fiancé (congratulations!) in working on this together. If your doctor tells you vaginismus is the problem, it's not all bad. Almost all the studies I could find stated that over 90% of patients saw resolution of symptoms with non-surgical treatment - some studies up to 100%. Huzzah!

So, Tiling Problem: don't worry, Hao Wang's tiling problem may be uncomputable, but with a little help, you should be lying tangent to your fiance's curves soon.

Good luck!

Bring on the Queeries, Bliss and Mab

quimqueeries@gmail.com

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

4th floor of Lafayette, in the Hall

Guy: The first line of my speech was 'suck it to me.'

Outside of Lafayette

Guy wearing an I'M PARTYING sweatshirt: I've given up

Dinner at the Grundle

Guy 1 to Guy 2: I am fully prepared to cum on your face.

Simpson store, in line for sandwiches

Girl: Why do they call him Mickey? Guy: Its not really something I should tell you.

Girl: Oh right, come on. Guy: So he cut a whole in a Minnie Mouse doll...

The fourth floor of Lafayette, in the hallway Guy talking inexplicably loudly: So the beginning of my presentation is 'suck my D***.'

Davis Center Marketplace

Girl: Okay Mr. I-drank-a-whole-bottle-of-cough-syrupin-ten-seconds.

Hickock basement

Well dressed boy (whispers) to cute girl: We gotta get out of here, I just farted.

Random partygoer: Dude, someone just shit their pants! Everyone out!

L/L Fireplace Lounge

Crying 3 year old boy: I just wanna poop in the Davis

Guy: Every time I clean my ears I have an ear-gasm.

Lax Bro: I'd rather eat placenta than do math!

3rd floor davis center

Bro to Fellow Bros: Dude, do you remember the time we used that ATM on acid?

Friday morning, 1st floor Library

Girl 1: So how was last night?

Girl 2: I have a huge cut on my ass.

2nd floor, bailey howe library Guy 1 (on the phone w/ bro): Basically, I just need you to find out if she pooped in my bed or not.

Davis Center Marketplace, Thursday evening

Guy #1: So he was sodomized by a hookah? *Guy #2*: No, he was just blowing smoke out his ass.

couldn't get a **name**? submit your love anonomyously uvm.edu/~watertwr/iwysb.html

we got a little rowdy at wiz at night i think about our one little kiss i wanna do more with you last night we almost did but it was too late come over to my dorm sometimes you know where i live (or just shoot me a text) When: Thursday

Where: at the wiz concert I saw: a sexy man I am: a hot girl

I noticed you in our intro to Animal Science class and saw you again in our lab later. You looked so damn fine in your short blue dress and tan boots. You even made the coveralls look good, but only when they were on you. I really want to know your name and maybe we can go

When: Every Tuesday and Thursday Where: Intro to ASCI Class and Lab I saw: a hottie in a blue dress I am: a dude hoping for the best

I am: a doting admirer

Walking past my window with style so great. Taylor, what I would do to take you on a date. yell "Hey Taylor," you respond with a wave Although we both know Taylor is not your name, The joy it would bring me to take you on a date, Taylor, meet me at my window, we'll be forever mates. **When:** on the reg Where: walkway to WDW I saw: a taylor lautner imposter

For those of you who've never been The subject of a poet's pen I dedicate these lines to thee A little poem made by me. Though no one wrote twelve lines for you It doesn't mean they didn't woo Through spoken words or actions done Or gifts given or stories spun. Though you may think that no one cares
The things they say--the thoughts they share Instead proves that their love is true For this poem was made for you. When: Every day

Where: Everywhere I saw: Anyone who ever wanted a poem about them I am: A poet

Every time I look at you Reminds me of what I once knew Inside my heart I know that thee Ne'er did even consider me. Lo', maybe when my days are gone Often--I guess--I'd look back on For there were opportunities To talk and act and kiss and please Under the great, vast, starry sky. Sadly, instead, I said goodbye When: Wednesday nights Where: Redstone green I saw: a beautiful girl I am: a romantic guy

Vintage Clothes Accessories, Sunglasses and everything you wear THREADS www.downtownthreads.net Exclusive sales and discounts for facebook fans of Downtown Threads 73 Church Street Burlington, VT (Above Kens Pizza) 802-399-2070

You think you are all that in that silly blue hat. You're in a frat; I'm so down with that. Your name is made up of two letters and so is mine. Damnnnn I think you are pretty fine.

When: Last week Where: In the library sipping hot chocolate with whipped cream and sprinkles I saw: a sexy man

I am: wanting to be the sprinkles to your hot chocolate

fashion five-oh.

wat(er) your threads with olivianguyen

for its superior fashion sense. That's why when fashion-forward ladies and gents choose to rebel against flannel and push the campus fashion boundaries, the wt likes to give them a little nod of approval.

We're not the fashion police. (Though we're tempted to fine people still wearing Uggs this winter.) We're just here to give UVM campus fashion some much-needed TLC.

Name: Grace

Spotted: The Art Hop

Why we like it: Grace was spotted at the Art Hop showing her very own artwork, proving that classics and clean lines always look sleek, no matter how funky and quirky your surroundings are.





Name: Philip

Spotted: Outside the Bailey Howe

Why we like it: Why hello James Dean...The Wf. always likes a man who knows how to dress.

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 thewatertowernews@gmail.com by Tuesdays at 4:00.

untitled

by sambeatt

Study me and you will find A mind declined by the divine A body sullied by fast food A soul content A silly fool

A product of the NewSA Where liberty and justice play As ideals lost amongst the herd Replaced by lust, envy and greed Sincerely Yours. The Capitol Steed

Past and present Blue and Red How ya livin' Good as dead

As good as talking heads may deem I've fit the bill and creased the seam





cat litter.



the **Wf.** nightlife pocket survival guide

We at **the water tower** don't want anyone to have a disasterous night. Clip out this handy guide and you'll never have to worry about doing stupid stuff ever again!

about to leave? did you:

_make your bed? _roll a J?

_put away bottles?

Ε

Α

R

TRINIT

_Memorize a witty ice-

breaker?

_Queue up Transporter 2? _Jam to "We No Speak

ATHLETIC

REDSTONE

KKD, Mr. Mike's.

Manhattan,

Ahli Baba's

Americano?

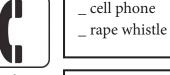
Nectar's,

Giro Man



658-6558

your ex:



_ keys

ID

Wings Over: 863-9464 your roomate:

your pot guy:

your lawyer:

your booty call:

DO NOT CALL

pocket check:

_ condom

_ light

_ trinket (to trade for a cigarette)

_ water bottle (who the hell has a flask?)

_ flask

drunkometer



(mark X in each blank after you finish a drink, and follow the instructions as you arrive at the requisite numbers)

____1.__2._3._4.__5.__6.___7.

1: eat something.

2: no more hard liquor.

3: if you're still pregaming, time to make moves.

4: hit on someone. you're in your prime.

5: go to the bathroom and look good and hard in the mirror.

6. stop hitting on people.

7. get home while you can.

tunes.



too cool for...

UNIVERSITY PL.

SO. PROSPE CT

does being hip make bands worse?

by sarahmoylan

Recently a friend and I were enjoying a Friday night out at Muddy Waters when a three-piece honky-tonk band started jamming in the front. The three guys, some middle-aged dudes in Hawaiian shirts, were having the time of their lives strumming and singing away. They caught the attention of nearly everyone at Muddy Waters that night, and their energy was infectious. They flew through tunes at a breakneck speed, disallowing time for inter-song small talk. They clearly were only interested in playing their music and nothing else. I didn't catch the name of the band until the tail end of the show, when the bandleader mumbled, "Thanks for coming out tonight, we're the Whiskey Lickers."

Something about that show struck a nerve with me. It had been a surprisingly long time since I'd seen a band truly enjoy performing music as much as those Whiskey Lickers — they had no inhibi-tions, didn't really care what they looked like, and just wanted to have a great time playing music. They were honestly goofylooking — un-ironically oversized glasses, ill-fitting shirts, and their hair really could care about being cool.

Maybe that's the problem these days bands are far too obsessed with being cool. It seems like all lead singers are more interested in being sharp-dressing scenesters than talented vocalists, all bands need to have fancy Mypace pages and big merch tables at their shows covered in American Apparel tees and vinyl versions of their lat-

est EP (retro is in!). I'm not saying that this stuff is necessarily a bad thing — music is a catalyst for development in other aspects of modern culture, like art and technology. But sometimes, it seems like the music itself gets lost in the shuffle.

The good news, though, is that being cool and being an engaging, talented musical act are not mutually exclusive. Case in point: Broken Social Scene, one of the hippest, most talked-about indie acts around, nailed it at their Higher Ground performance last week. Sure, they looked cool— their show was not without a complex lighting scheme, elaborate stage layout, or indie-approved wardrobe selection (band member Brendan Canning was wearing oversized glasses too, but the trendy Urban Outfitters kind) — but they also put on one hell of a great show. Performing for no less than two and a half hours, Broken Social Scene presented their impressive technical proficiency while delivering a dynamic, enthralling live performance. From the bouncy, vivid "Texico Bitches" to a moody interpreta-tion of "Looks Just Like The Sun," BSS didn't hold back. "We're just gonna play our guts out for you tonight!" exclaimed singer Kevin Drew at the beginning night. And he was telling the truth.

Broken Social Scene proves that it's possible to be cool, popular, and passionate about music. Still, though, I wish there were more Whiskey Lickers-esque bands out there: bands that don't really give a shit about the scene, exclusively caring about the music they produce: pure and simple.

SEEKING: UVM'S BEST BAND (/ARTIST/WHATEVER)

We know you secretly play guitar. We know you and your friends have five tracks on myspace with 11 listens. We know you want to be the next bedroom laptop maestro to start selling out the Music Hall of Williamsburg. And you, yeah you, we know you rap in front of the mirror Eight Mile style when you're high and nobody's home. So show

Even if you're not-so-underground and you already have stickers on all the lamp posts on campus, send links to your myspace, youtube, fileshare, etc, to **thewatertowernews@gmail.com**, or drop a CD at our desk at the SGA. We will take all music at face value, regardless of genre or recording quality, and reward originality above all. You've got all fall semester to get submissions in, and in the spring we'll run a front page, magazine-style profile and interview with the winner, and reveal our other favorites

The contest is open to all current students, grad or undergrad; non-Music Department faculty and staff; and even very recent grads who are still based in Burlington. Multiple projects from the same group are ok by us. Give us everything you've got. Don't be shy, you might just be UVM's best!

oh yeah. this is happening.

sleigh bells and lcd soundsystem mesmerize at the memorial by bridget**treco**

Memorial Auditorium was the perfect venue, with enough space to allow the moshers, the ravers and the shy headboppers in the back to each have their own space to groove. The dark and looming building on Main Street was the ideal place for underage kids and legal beer-drinkers alike, with Magic Hat stands in the basement and a spacious upstairs area with bleachers to chill out on between sets. The venue created an all around positive experience for its concertgoers, no matter what their choice of poison was for the

Sleigh Bells: Alexis Krauss is a hottie. There's really no denying that, despite the criticisms some may have of the Brooklyn duo's live performance. The set list was packed with all but two tracks off the band's first full-length LP, *Treats*, but they were kind in not tiring out the audience with too long a set before LCD's arrival. Launching into more hardcore-flavored favorites like "Riot Rhythm" and "Infinity Guitars" early, the oddity of their act was saved for later. With "Kids," there was a questionable choice in Krauss' intermittent vocals over the voice recordings of the actual kids. Unfortunately, the awkwardness of the pre-recorded material only got weirder from that point on.

There's no case to be made that Sleigh Bells doesn't sound amazing live. But therein laid the problem: there was no divergence from their album recording, with no discrepancies or flair thrown in whatsoever. Some may argue that this isn't a flaw; others will proclaim that the overwhelming amount of pre-recorded material was just plain irritating. With guitarist Derek Miller by her side, Krauss inarguably steals the show, but it's to the point that you forget Miller is even there. When they slowed down the set with the beautiful "Rill Rill," Miller politely stood backstage— but the music kept on playing. While Krauss is passionate, sexy and undeniably badass in every way, you can't help but feel bad for the guy.

Despite the straightforwardness of their act, the music — prerecorded or no t— does sound incredible, and inspires various types of hipster dance moves and gentle head banging. The duo ended their set with their first release, "Crown on the Ground," and they did not disappoint their fans there. Krauss, in her American Apparel leggings and neon green sneakers, invited the crowd to join in her riotous chanting. The rebellion in her voice is inspiring, and the piercing wails of Miller's guitar only tempts you with more dancing. Sleigh Bells created the perfect environment for their headliner, and you can't hate on them for that.

LCD Soundsystem: It's been almost eight years since I first heard "Daft Punk is Playing at My House" on the first season of The O.C. I was in high school, and frontman James Murphy was still a young 32. Now, rather pudgy in a slovenly, un-tucked button-down shirt, the man looks old enough to be my dad. Sweating profusely, without the sex appeal of most frontmans, Murphy still managed to be absolutely mesmerizing at the head of his sevenpiece band. Opening with "Dance Yrself Clean" from his latest release, entitled This Is Happening, Murphy launched into serious command of his group. After greeting the crowd, he lunged onto "Drunk Girls," a seemingly awkward choice from the voice of a father figure. Nevertheless, he nailed the tune with total conviction. The light show was on-point with anyone who decided to roll that night, and the overall delight that LCD seemed to take in playing for everyone was downright endearing. "We love your city," Murphy smiled. The rest of the group nodded. "We rented a bunch of bikes and just biked all over the place. It's a great town," he added.

With the heartbreakingly pleading "I Can Change," also off their new disc, a desperate Murphy was entirely convincing. He jumped into a standing addition of percussion while the hot Asian chick (Nancy Whang) beside him rocked out on keyboard and synth. The energy of the auditorium was on a high — various intoxicants aside, the gratefulness of the band combined with the gleeful dancing in the crowd provided the most positive atmosphere for old favorites such as the aforementioned "Daft Punk" and "All My Friends." Not stopping for their slow jams, LCD were wise to keep it upbeat for the devoted ravers in the audience, plowing on to spectral grooves from Sound of Silver like "Get Innocuous!"

After a short water break, the group returned for their three-track encore, with Murphy continually proclaiming that he needed to do "just one more." The audience met him with unrelenting energy, a minor moshing sesh in the thick of the crowd, and moves that could only be produced by psychedelics. But the love was genuine and totally sober. Burlington had waited long enough for this sparsely toured favorite to hit Vermont. The band obviously enjoyed the attention and relished in the fact that, in the electronica scene, they are both a foundation and a classic. The appreciation shined through Murphy's vocals and the childlike grin on his aging face.