

the water tower.

uvm's alternative newsmag



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uvm.edu/~watertwr

you don't have to go out... ...to sound like you did



the wt's ultimate party story guide

by drewdiemar

Partying isn't easy. Sure, you usually only do it on weekends. So long as you can sleep in as long as you want, you're usually ready to pile on the alcohol until Sunday, when you can relax all day and begin the preparation for next weekend.

But there are always those nights you're just not feeling a party. You're not really sick, it's not too cold out, but you'd rather just lay low and watch a movie or play some Scattergories for a night. There can't be any harm in this.

Except there is. There's nothing lamer than hearing an awesome party story, and retorting with a plot summary of Back to the Future III. So what to do? Outright lie.

But isn't it tiresome to invent a whole night's worth of events? Not anymore. Simply fill in the blanks of the Ultimate Party Story Guide below with the given choices, or make up your own! Use this guide over and over again; your friends will never discern the difference from their own stories!

So me and some people were hanging out in my dorm/apartment/chillzone, drinkin' some Burnett's gin/vodka/um/whiskey/schnapps/absinthe, got a 'lil bit

tipsy. Fuckin' Kyle/Kelsey/Mike/Emma put on Party in the USA/Don't Stop Believin'/Poker Face and everyone was singing along. I was like, if we're all jamming to that shit, it's time to get moving.

We walked down/up to Fiji/Pike/Sig Ep/Lambda Iota. We didn't know if we were gonna get in, but Kyle's sister is dating one of the guys/Emma flirted a bunch

with the guy at the door/we claimed to be major cocaine distributors/we snuck in through the fire escape. That party was pretty dope/dank/legit/ballin'-ass, there was some 'rut. Me and Mike/some hot girl/some homeless guy were partners, and we won like 7 games in a row/got skunked and hadta troll for a game/skunked this other team and made them run a naked lap/got in fight with these two guys from another team. Anyway, we were there for a while, but we left 'cause the keg got tapped/fuckin' cops busted it/Emma started yakkin' all over the place/Eric got caught pissing in the corner.

So we heard about something on Isham/Loomis/East Ave/Hungerford. This place was mad chill/shitty/ragin' /sketchy. It was a highlighter/whiteout/toga party, and they had a DJ/band/tiger/stripper. I started dancing with this bitty/fratboy/creature/stool, and was gonna make a move but they hadta get a ride home. After I danced, we were sitting on a couch,

and right in front of us, fuckin' Pop/Stewie/Kornbread stands up to go somewhere, and they pissed their pants 'cause they were trying Edward 40-Hands/threw up on the couch and flipped the cushion like nothin' happened/got the party with some freestyle rapping.

So I caught up with Kyle and he said it was proly time to go 'cause someone saw him stuffing beers in his backpack/Kelsey just called her ex and was crying up a storm/Emma was dancing all over a guy who looked like he was 40 and fresh off a "To Catch a Predator" appearance. Yeah, so we rolled/bounced/peaced

back to my place, minus Mike, cause he apparently hooked up with some bitty/got locked in the boiler room/passed out in the process of takin' a dump at the party. I felt about ready to pass out, but first we called in some Wings/Domino's/Chinese/headies. We jammed out/freestyled/chat rouletted with some guy's dick till the shit got here. When the guy came to drop it off, we just grabbed the food/bag and didn't tip him/didn't pay him/paid him all in dimes and quarters/payed for the shit naked. Fuckin' hilarious.

So basically we ate/smoked it all in like 4 minutes. Dude, it was so funny, we gave Kelsey red alert wings when she thought they were Jamaican jerk/packed a bong bowl of Spirit and told Kyle it was the weed. Honestly, the food/nug was unbelievable; probably the tastiest shit I ever got. As soon as it came, the smell filled the hallway- it was unreal. Joe/Eric/Kathryn/Fuckin' Billy came knockin' and wanted in but didn't have throwdowns or cash, usual bullshit. We said if they wanted some, they had to shotgun a Coke/blow a line of salt, and we just gave up our scraps.

Anyways, I didn't get to bed till 2/3/7, slept like a rock/a dog/Terry Schiavo. All in all, it was a pretty fun night. ■

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inbox

on the gender gap

Dear **water tower**,

It looks like you are mistaking a gender gap for a lack of guys you would actually hook up with. This is understandable, because 75% of people that I've met in the past two years I would never hang out with, so I could see why you wouldn't want to sleep with them. Yeah - I bet it sucks when your two options are some poser/ idiot telling you about this Allman Brother's show he went to last summer vs. that guy from your econ class who is just way too nice and forcing awkward conversation, but hey, at least you have the upper hand.

But other than that, the rest of your article was simply your own opinions and was passed off as the opinions and wants of all women. If you go out to a house party on a Friday night expecting to find a romantic relationship then you are an idiot.

Oh, and it works both ways. Do you know how hard it is to find girls at this school who are into raging assholes that drink all of their alcohol and make fun of them?

Chris Connor

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

thewatertownnews@gmail.com

the shit list

with macsmith

Tiger Woods Earlier this week, Tiger issued a lengthy apology for his actions in a press conference. He was then criticized as coming off as insincere and robot-like. Maybe it's because *he doesn't care what you think*. Let the man deal with his wife and play golf. He's not running for president.

Elton John In an interview with the magazine *Parade*, Elton John claimed that Jesus Christ was actually a homosexual. "This is just preposterous," exclaimed all of the other people who believe that Jesus was actually the son of an all-powerful man in the clouds.

Curling We love sports. The more we know about them the more we enjoy listening to the commentators talk different strategies in different situations. What makes curling different is that the sportscasters make no illusions to trying to understand anything. The entire event is just a few hours of collective observation and figuring out what the hell is going on.

Chat Roulette The largest collection of live boners on the Internet.

Russia It has been reported that the Russian Duma is displeased with their delegation's performance. Igor Lebedev, the leader of the Liberal Democratic Party, declared that Russia's poor performance thus far has brought nothing but "bitterness and insult." In a related story, the entire Russian delegation is not returning to Russia. Ever.

calculate this.

with maxbookman

Last Thursday, a deranged man upset with the Internal Revenue Service flew a small plane into a crowded IRS building in Austin, Texas. Everyone from the mayor of Austin, to Democrats, to Republicans, to the White House, made sure we all knew that it was an isolated incident in no way connected with terrorism. But what if he wasn't a white Christian? Calculate this:

crazy white man + use of violence x (innocent civilians) + political message = isolated incident

crazy brown man + use of violence x (innocent civilians) + political message = terrorism

the news in brief

with paulgross

"The term now has virtually nothing to do with the act itself and everything to do with the identity of the actor, especially his or her religious identity."

-News columnist, **Glen Greenwald**, speaking about how the term "terrorist" has evolved in our modern parlance, especially in wake of the recent *terrorist* attack on an IRS building, which no one wants to call a terrorist attack because it was committed by a white man. This, of course, is very reasonable, because terrorists can't be white.

"I have never hit anyone"

-British PM **Gordon Brown**, in his autobiography, responding to allegations that he once struck an opposing campaign volunteer. This is literally the single best thing the goofily unsuccessful Mr. Brown has to say about himself.

"Sometimes 'No!' is just what this town needs to hear."

-Conservative Indiana Rep. **Mike Pence** proudly explaining why it's cool that the Republican Party has douche-ily avoided coming close to a compromise with Obama on any major issue. His doofy friends at CPAC are lovin' it.

! retraction

We are retracting last week's article "The Gender Gap Effect." It has come to our attention that segments of the article have been plagiarized. Appropriate measures have been taken to address the issue. We at **the water tower** value original ideas and would like to apologize to our readers for this unfortunate mishap.

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

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Join the wt.

New writers and artists are always welcome

Weekly meetings

Tuesdays at 7:00pm

Jost Conference Room

Davis Center - 4th Floor

Or send us an email

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

the water tower's unprecedented vancouver 2010 olympics coverage



interview with bob costas

with maxbookman

Max Bookman: Bob, thanks for flying out from Vancouver to meet with me here at the Davis Center.

Bob Costas: It's a pleasure to be here. This is a great student center you got. But I gotta tell you, the line for that New World Taco or whatever is outrageous! I've never waited so long for such a hastily-made burrito!

Max: I couldn't agree with you more, Bob, but lets talk Olympics. The whole state of Vermont is abuzz with the news that Vermont's own Hannah Kearney won the first gold medal of 2010 for the United States in Women's Moguls.

Bob: Oh, yes. Hannah. What a story. Truly touching.

Max: Right. So, you've been covering the Olympics for a while now. For those of us who don't know much about moguls, tell me a little bit about what Hannah had to do to be the best.

Bob: Well, Max, as I said, Hannah's story is a story of trials and tribulations, ups and downs, David and Goliath. In the '06 games in Turin, Hannah came in 22nd place and tore her knee. The critics said she was history. The doctors said she'd never ski again. But Hannah had different plans.

Max: That's a bummer, but...

Bob: I'm not done, Max. This is a truly inspiring story. Let's take a trip back in time. The year is 1986. A few hours after giving birth, the doctor came to Hannah's mother with some terrible news. Hannah was born without any knees. Plus, she had a deadly allergy. To snow. There was an expensive procedure that could have fixed both problems, but then, something even more terrible happened. Hannah's parents both got fired from their jobs. On the exact same day.

Max: Umm...

Bob: Now the year is 1999. Hannah is in middle school when tragedy strikes. One of her classmates sticks gum in her hair...

Max: But let me stop you right there, Bob. Lots of athletes have to overcome personal challenges. I think people want to hear about Hannah's performance on the moguls.

Bob: Oh, of course. Um, she did a fine job on the moguls. But! She couldn't have done it without her fierce determination. Hannah dropped out of high school when she was 15 so that she could practice for 2010. Hannah skied. Every. Single. Day. But then, tragedy struck. The weather got warmer, and all the snow started to melt...

Max: Wait, wait, wait.

Bob: Sorry. It's really not the same without the inspirational background music.

Max: Don't you think what you're doing is just over-dramatizing Olympic athletes' biographies at the expense of actual coverage of the events they've worked so hard to participate in? It makes me question what you think the Olympics are all about.

Bob: Max, over-dramatized bios are exactly what the Olympics are all about. They're about overcoming adversity, they're about glory, they're about the drama!

Max: No they're not. They Olympics is a sporting event. All we want is hot, uninterrupted, Olympic sporting action, 24/7!

Bob: Max, Have you ever watched moguls? Have you ever been to a curling competition? Let's just say if you took NBC's *Law and Order: SVU*, subtracted Ice-T and the one hot girl, and added about five feet of snow, it would still be only half as boring as a Nordic Combined event. If we didn't fill the airtime with something, we'd lose our audience and worse, our Olympic sponsors! Did you know that every time we squeeze "I'm lovin' it" into on-air conversation, McDonalds sends us a pound of free Big Macs?

Max: So you're saying that the Olympic Games, the timeless symbol of peaceful international competition, is now nothing more than another corporate-scripted charade?

Bob: Obviously! NBC spent big money in order to secure sole coverage rights. We have to pay for that somehow. That's why we go to commercials like every 60 seconds. And when we're not showing a commercial, we're probably keeping you hooked with an uplifting inspirational biography.

Max: Well, this has been a truly dismal interview. Thanks again for taking the time to come out here to Vermont to speak with me.

Bob: No problem, Max. I'm lovin' it here. ■

why twelve days of unapologetic nationalism is the future of diplomacy by emilyhoogesteger

Every two years (more or less), people from all over the world gather to wave flags, sing national anthems, and count how many medals they've won - all in the service of global cooperation and international relations. This year, Vancouver 2010 is in full swing, and international friendship is at a level the UN can only dream of. It doesn't make sense, but as countries with fundamentally oppositional government systems put aside their differences for the sake of their respective bobsled teams, it's time to figure out why the Olympics are so good at making us all get along.

Increased Geographical Knowledge

Americans are famously ignorant of the rest of the world. We can't find Canada on a map, we point up at the sky when someone asks us which way North is, and we assume Dutch people must be from somewhere called Dutchland. But thanks to animated TV map graphics during the Parade of Nations, we are reminded that Turkey is not just a food, Georgia is not just a state, and Colombia is more than just an outdoor gear manufacturer. For obvious reasons, international relations get a huge boost when both countries have heard of each other.

Politically Correct Celebrations of Heritage

The Olympics are all about showcasing a unique national identity - which for many countries translates into showcasing an indigenous culture that has not been prevalent for hundreds of years. Despite the heavy irony of the fact that the national governments now celebrating native cultures are the very same institutions that oppressed those cultures in the first place, honoring your roots is never a bad thing. After watching ancient ceremonies and sacred legends played out in the form of a multi-million dollar modern light show, it's impossible not to feel a little cultural pride.

Compelling Personal Stories

Underdog stories, especially when accompanied by dramatic music and narrated by Morgan Freeman, are one of the most powerful emotional manipulators known to man. After hearing the story of a Swiss speedskater who grew up an orphan and worked seventy hours a week at the ice rink just to keep skating, even the most hard-hearted viewer will feel a deep affinity for the country of Switzerland just for producing such an admirable individual. If all each nation needs is one hero to present to the world, tyrannies and dictatorships will stop ruffling so many diplomatic feathers.

Mandatory Sportsmanship

One of the biggest differences between the Olympics and the real world is that in the Olympics, you're not allowed to be mad if you lose. In wars, if you lose, you're allowed to vow revenge on the winner and hold international grudges for hundreds of years. In the Olympics, you just have to grin and bear it, all while acknowledging that your life's work has come to naught and the hopes of your country have been shattered. You have to wave happily and shake the winner's hand. Then you have to give up four more years of your life training in obscurity, just for another shot at a place on the podium. In the real world, this is the equivalent of the King of England telling George Washington, "Well played Sir, that American Revolution."

Utopian Athletes' Village

The ideal example of forced diversity in action, the Athletes' Village is essentially a giant college dormitory full of people living their dreams. Athletes from across the globe live, sleep, exercise, and sample global cuisine together in one massive utopian complex. Border disputes and religious wars are replaced by new friends and photo scrapbooks. Everything is written in as many languages as possible. Everyone is good-looking, well-dressed, and incredibly fit. For two weeks every two years, we're allowed to believe this is actually the way the world could be. ■

sri lanka shines on

by lauradillon

Hark back to the glory days of the Bush administration. The United States was at the forefront of the spread of democracy, both a noble and righteous cause. Over the past years, we have watched liberalism blossom in the Middle East, and witnessed the beautiful flower of democracy flourish in Iraq. But, perhaps the greatest example of democracy is found on the island nation of Sri Lanka.

The Democratic Socialist Republic of Sri Lanka has been a shining example of democracy, with universal suffrage for decades. The country has faced some minor setbacks, including a quarter-century of a civil war between opposing ethnic groups, but they didn't let that hold them back. Last May, despite their kick-ass name, the Tamil Tigers succumbed to the national majority. With the end of war, came an even brighter vision of democracy. The Sri Lankan people picked themselves up, dusted off the dirt, blood, coffee grounds, and put the whole mess behind them. Last month, they held their first post-war presidential elections. The incumbent president, Mahinda Rajapaksa won the election by 17 percentage points, defeating his main opponent (who happens to be the general responsible for winning the war). The elections were a perfect example of how democracy should work...well, there were a few minor cock-ups. It was reported that the United States government may have been handing out some money during the campaign. The US denied the involvement, because the US would never dream of interfering in other nations' domestic affairs. There were a few other problems such as candidates not being allowed to vote, biased press coverage, and the representation of the Tamil minority, but other than that everything was swell. The real

problem came after the election, when the opposing candidate, Sarath Fonseka, and some of his campaign team were hauled off to jail. Some people fear this is a sign of troubles to come, corruption already rearing its ugly head in the new administration. What such critics have failed to note is that the administration claims the arrest had nothing to do with the election and more to do with some itty-bitty war crimes. If the President says it, then it must be true. If we can't trust our elected officials, then whom can we trust? By questioning the validity of the arrest, the media and dissenters are undermining the legitimacy of the elections and the honesty of the president. The Sri Lankan media should take a page out of our book and stand behind their government without question. It worked out pretty well for us during the Iraq War.

Besides, Fonseka was the loser. Democracy is all about representing the people, and the people didn't want him, so what's the big deal? The majority has spoken. It seems that the intellectual elite is becoming too picky about their government; it's not like they arrested the winner. Bangladesh elected a democratic party, that wasn't allowed to take office, and you don't hear them complaining. Sri Lanka should be happy that the right guy is in office.

If anything, this arrest strengthens the democratic system; it will inspire candidates to give their best. In the United States, the loser can simply go back to their house in the Hamptons and write an inspirational biography. A little healthy competition never hurt anyone. Maybe if candidates faced higher stakes (like a little time as someone's prison bitch) they would bring their A games. ■



reflections.



i hate being a feminist

by julietcritsimilios

A response to *The Cynic* article "Playing for Both Sides of Feminism"

UGH! I hate being a feminist. Even today, I have vivid recollections of my mother explaining to me how awful it was to be a feminist, but I had to do it.

I realized that even though I believed in the principles of equality, empowerment, and voice, I still knew that being a feminist was totally going to suck balls.

In a world where women are showcased to be totally hot and totally great, it's really hard for me to maintain my core values because I also want to look really hot and great!

I have to admit that, even as a staunch feminist, I sometimes play for the other side.

I sometimes do things I hate. I act in ways that I sometimes totally despise, and then get totally grossed out at myself!

For example, everyone knows that being a feminist means that you have to be totally U-G-L-Y. That's right! All feminists have hairy underarms, don't shave their legs and especially don't shave their vaginas. Feminists are not allowed to wear make-up either. All the groups that encourage women to embrace their sexuality in beauty and brains are made up! Those are not real feminist groups. I never fall for their tricks and heresy.

Sick, I know.

Could I do something better with my time than sit and be ugly? Absolutely.

I could have been donating my resources, working extra hard on a project, updating my resume, or investing online. But everyone knows that there are nooooo feminist organizations that will do any of those things. Everything in the whole darn world is run by men, and feminists can't apply for any jobs that focus on female success, education, or independence. So we just sit there, ugly and action-less.

Also, everyone knows that feminists do not ever like men to take them out because it is w-r-o-n-g WRONG. Feminists always pay for themselves, even if they want a small slice of pizza or a drink from a vending machine. We also hate it when men hold doors open, ask things politely, say "after you," pull our seat out for us, or do anything to aid us. We are women! Hear us roar! We do not need you to help us or take us out on nice dates, because that would be romantic and feminists absolutely hate romance. Yuck.

I am not offering a solution, because I'm not sure I have one.

I am merely coming out and saying it. I am a feminist that has no idea what the fuck a feminist is. ■



free speech censored in residence halls

by taylordobbs

One morning a few weeks ago, a UVM police officer knocked on my door and courteously requested that I take down a **water tower** comic strip that my roommate had posted there in the fall. The officer explained that she personally had no issue with the comic strip, but that the UVM police often get calls about such things, and that it's quite a hassle for them to respond to these calls, traveling



all the way to the residence hall just to ask a student to remove something from their door.

I didn't want to embarrass myself by arguing an invalid point, so I took the comic down. The incident kept bugging me, though. The more I thought about the comic and why it would be considered offensive, the more it seemed like asking me to take it down was over the line. Later on, I approached Brian Hooks, the Residence Director on Trinity Campus, and asked him about what had happened. Mr. Hooks explained to me that while free speech is a very sacred and important part of the University's philosophy, ResLife is trying to "create a welcoming and inclusive atmosphere" for students to live in. ResLife director Stacey Miller was very helpful in clarifying the issue, explaining that ResLife has an official "posting and solicitation policy," but that

policy "does not necessarily pertain to the situation" of a comic strip posted on the outside of a student's door. Miller referred to this type of posting as "external posting" and stated that "while [ResLife] is in the process of adding specific language to our Terms and Conditions about external posting, (i.e. on room doors and outside of windows) this language is not in our current housing contract."

This means that your outward-facing marijuana leaf poster, the awkward sexual comments on your whiteboard, and the comic strip you cut out are governed by what? Nothing but the discretion of whatever ResLife staff or UVM police officer happen to walk by your door. Of course there are those clear-cut cases of the classic but never tired five-second phallus drawing, which is considered sexual harassment and serves no societal function other than to remind you why you bought that white board in the first place. Many cases, however, fall into the vast grey area that spans between a pornographic image and a politically correct and informative bulletin. Satire especially is almost entirely within this grey area because it is, by definition, "the use of humor, irony, exaggeration, or ridicule to expose and criticize people's stupidity or vices, particularly in the context of contemporary politics and other topical issues." In essence, it depicts something ridiculous in a way that emphasizes how ridiculous it is. This is where University policy is completely lacking in any sort of specific language or guidelines. In many cases, an edgy joke is made in order to drive home a real and relevant issue. There is currently zero protection for student free speech in the dorms in our housing contract. In a living environment where so many people with varying social and political ideals are in constant contact, this is a gap that University policy can not afford to have.

But hey, since there's no policy, I've finally got a good place for that new poster. I hope my floormates like leather... ■

the anatomy of a lecture

by gregfrancesc

It's 8:30 and your coffee is too hot to drink, but fuck it, you don't need those taste buds. This class couldn't be any earlier, and your professor couldn't be less entertaining. Fortunately, there are tons of other opportunities for entertainment in your 100-person lecture. You sit in the same seat every class and can always count on constant sources of amusement.

It's the beginning of the lecture and miraculously, you've gotten there early. You're not alone. Crucial location of yourself in the next five minutes could very well define how the rest of your morning goes. As you walk into the cavernous lecture hall, your eyes, unable to adjust to the lights that burn brighter than the sun, squint and quickly scan the room for a place to sit. You decide to go near the middle of the room, behind two girls discussing their weekend. After five minutes, you've learned more about the places the girls' friend in front of you puked this weekend than you will about the Mexican political system. Two minutes into the lecture, your eyes wander over to the clock and you happen to spot your first source of distraction – the girl two rows in front of you with the white MacBook. Some kids bring their laptops to class to take notes, but not this girl. She's doing some early morning shopping. A pair of boots, jeans, and a dress later, she moves on to Facebook. As the droning voice of your professor continues, you can't help but focus on the screen in front of you.

Suddenly, the professor stops talking and here comes your second source of leisure – a kid that asks a stupid question. "So do you think the invention of the taco was a reaction to the killing of Aztecs by the Spanish?" "Jesus Christ, what a fucking idiot," the kid behind you mutters under his breath. His comment is supported by a laugh from his frat bro sidekick. Because your professor is trained to do so, she moves on without answering the question bluntly. "Probably not," she says. You get a solid "Duh" from the kid behind you. So the lecture gets back on topic and you, unable to pay attention for more than two minutes, look up at the clock. You've already wasted twenty minutes and managed to scribble down the phrases, "Cinco de Mayo – victory against the French at Puebla," "mestizo majority," and "Taco probably not a reaction to Aztec killings by the Spanish." Nice.

As you regain attention, you continue taking notes. You're diligent and refrain from looking back up at the clock. You take a sip of coffee while continuing to write, verbatim, what the professor says. "Mexican constitution rewritten in 1917 under—" but then you stop writing because you can no longer hear the professor as the girl in front of you decided to start talking over the professor. "And then like I was like, 'I told him to leave because I was too drunk for sex then...' Do you wanna get breakfast after this?"

Continued as anatomy on page 6

advertisement

CALENDAR

tues.23: WII TUESDAY: SPORTS
2.00pm, brennan's pub

weds.24: VOICES BIRACIAL STUDENTS
8.00pm, harris-millis lounge

thur.25: HADAG NACHASH CONCERT
8.00pm, davis center ballroom

fri.26: BSU EBONY FASHION SHOW
7.00pm, davis center ballroom

sat.27: TOP CATS FEBRUARY SHOW
8.00pm, davis center ballroom

sat.27: MOVIE BOONDOCK SAINTS II
8.00pm, billings lecture hall

uvm.edu/bored

winter woes a manual for survival

by lizcantrell

On a scale of "one" to "fuck this", how much do you hate winter? Most of us fall somewhere in the middle. We grumble about the blistering winds during frigid walks to class and curse the sky when it dumps pounds of frozen water on our heads, but we also smile fondly when we catch a glimpse of snow-capped mountains or sip a delicious hot cocoa. The truth is, all of us have a love/hate relationship with winter, and we need to understand each part of the season in order to handle it with minimal frustration. Class is now in session.

December: Everyone loves this time of year because, well, it's that time of year. Santa comes to town and delivers mounds of presents under your tree, or you get eight days of gifts. Either way, the holiday season rocks: it's not too cold, there's always a feast, and everyone's generally in a jolly mood. The only downers? Family photos in matching outfits, Aunt Ethel's fruitcake, those awkward people from high school, and that depressing song, "Christmas Shoes." However, for the most part, December kicks most of the other months' asses, so celebrate the one decent part of winter with good cheer.

January: Back to school, back to the realization that the shorts you packed will never see daylight again. This is when bears hibernate because it's too damn cold, when piles of homework rival the piles of snow, and swine flu and SAD help you down for the count. Check out the faux sunlight lamps in the Davis Center and get your dose of Vitamin D; you're going to need it.

February: Short, quick, and pink.

February is a breeze; everyone's in love/looking for love (although some are hatin' and breaking up) and basically it's over before you

know it, kind of like the New Year's resolutions you made back in January. This is also the time when we anxiously await the predictions of our trusty groundhog, Punxsutawney Phil. For some reason, it always sees its shadow and prophesizes six more weeks of misery. No shit guys: it's scared out of its mind and wants to crawl back in its warm cave. We should do the same by sitting back, watching the Winter Olympics, and eating our weight in Valentine's candy.

March: A bitter, bitter bitch. March teases you, makes you think spring is here with few balmy temperatures and some flirty sunrises. Then, without a warning, she slaps her icy hand across your face and you feel the full force of winter's wrath again. Temperatures reach unbelievable lows and, if you can believe it, we get more snow. The best way to combat the hatred we all feel for March is to become hermits for 31 days and wait it out with *Finding Nemo*, a pina colada, and thoughts of Hawaii.

April (yes April is still winter in Vermont): The glorious mounds of snow have turned into a slushy mesh with the arrival of spring showers. Don't expect flowers to follow. Do expect mass panic, as people still haven't grasped the concept of umbrellas/rain coats/boots and often walk blindly outside into a downpour. And no, your Uggs do not do better in the rain than they did in the snow. April is best suited for attempting to swim to class, as long as you wear a floatie for safety and style.

After these whopping 151 days of hopelessness, we finally hit spring. While it's still 45 degrees out, everyone's in flip-flops and throwing Frisbees on the quad. Rejoice, rejuvenate, and remember these tips for next year. ■

trash.



the ear

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

12:30 in Bailey Howe:
Girl 1: plan b or condom? plan b or condom?
Girl 2: let's go to brennans!
Girl 3: i'm gonna throw up!

The Grundle, Saturday morning:
Grundle-goer: (going up to Lucky Charms dispenser) I wish they had a 'just marshmallows' setting.

Cook Dining hall:
Math guy 1: Dude I stood up to an applied math major today!
Math guy 2: Holy shit!

On the street:
Guy 1: Dude. Next time, naked bike ride + viagra.
Guy 2: Everyone will think bike seats get me off.

Outside pearl st. beverage:
Inebriated bro-dude: Dude, I woke up in L/L this morning, and the only way I knew that girl was from that gay kid who dances to britney spears.

Bailey Howe:
Dudeguy on cell: no, dude, she just, like, bit my eye!

Walking past the library:
High hippie guy talking to his equally high hippie friend: Man, I totally just saw Jesus go by on his long-board!

Friday by Davis Center:
Girl 1: It wasn't one of those cute little hookups, you know? It was like... ARRRGGGGHHHH (raises claws)... You know like...
Girl 2: Godzilla?
Girl 1: Yeah.

UHN Front Desk:
Girl: Cherries are like the best fruit ever.... Could we get some toilet paper?

i want you so bad

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

You walked outside and said it was a beautiful day, I think you're beautiful and want you to come my way.

When: last Tuesday morning
Where: outside Wright
I saw: a guy
I am: your new friend?

You seem like you rock hard! I need to meet you! You live 3rd window from the end.

When: Most Lucky Days, Especially Weekends
Where: From My Patterson Window
I saw: A Sexy Bod in Wright 4th Floor
I am: A Patterson 4th Floor Hot Dude

we lived on the same floor this year. i'm a bootylicious blonde. you, a pseudo-hippie concert goer. meet me in the davis center tunnel elevator wednesday at noon.

When: all last semester
Where: davis 4
I saw: a burly vermont native
I am: a katherine heigl lookalike

you missed my chalkboard expression so here's my confession: i met you this fall and wanted to call but you left before i could try. since then i've been waiting and contemplating and i'm not this kind of guy. so be at billings this friday at noon and you'll see why.

When: not enough
Where: around
I saw: a girl
I am: a guy

You're the biggest mind-fucking asshole douchebag i've ever met. yet, i still want you ohh so bad.

When: here and there
Where: over yonder
I saw: 6
I am: 9

we danced close all night it doesn't need to be serious, i just wanna get close again txt me

When: last thursday
Where: Rasputin's
I saw: a sexy guy
I am: a girl

neon paint on your body. you make me feel oh so naughty. i've wanted you for sooo long. but loving your "sister" is soo wrong. perfect body. perfect lips. you make me wanna swing my hips. hiding my love is such a job. because all you do is make me throb.

When: all the time
Where: everywhere i go
I saw: neon beauty
I am: booty poppin blonde!

misquotation of the week



"What!?! I hate bagels!"
-Larry David

anatomy

continued from page 4

There's a part of you that wants to tell her to shut the fuck up. Then there's the other part of you that decides that because it's not even 9:30 in morning and your coffee sucks, and you just can't wait to get out of this fucking place so you can squeeze in a nap at the library before your next class, it's not worth the effort. Speaking of naps, you can clearly see that the kid on the other side of the lecture hall is having a great nap right now. You envy him and look up at the clock. Five minutes before there are just five minutes left. You cheer yourself on, "You can do it!"

The next ten minutes seem to crawl by, but fortunately great talent surrounds you. The kid next to you has managed to create a new geometric shape, while his neighbor drew ten soccer balls, each with accurate shading. Six minutes left and your eyes wander over to the girl who's been texting on her Blackberry for the past twenty minutes. Past her, you can see the empty bag of chips and bottle of Coke sitting on one of the lecture hall desks. For the next 30 seconds you try to figure out what qualifies someone to design a desk that's so small even a notebook can't fit on it.

Your professor, unable to talk over the sound of backpacks being stuffed, concedes defeat and you escape the harsh grip of the lecture. This feeling, though immeasurably painful, will return on Wednesday; but you can't think of that right now because you're free from 8:30 lecture. ■

fashion five-oh.

with olivianguyen showing a little too much leg. and butt. and vajayjay.

Ladies, and maybe some gentlemen...? I know you all have a pair of leggings. In today's fashion scene, how could you get by without them? This trend has some staying power. They come in every single color you can imagine and the material ranges from cotton to nylon to pleather. They can be worn with tunics, short dresses, skirts and UVM's all-time fave--the coveted flannel.

Yes, leggings are one of campus fashion's biggest trends. However, with every seemingly fool-proof fashion choice, there are still ways to mess it up. For instance, does this usually versatile fashion staple really work Vermont's frigid winter? Is the high risk of sporting a cameltoe or an epic wedgie all around campus really worth it? **the wt** investigates.

You're walking to class, it's twenty degrees out, and you see a girl wearing hole-y leggings under a mini skirt. A strip of her bare ankles peeks out above her flats. Isn't this girl freezing?! Isn't the 30 mph wind eating the flesh off her thighs?! With material that is basically as thick as an eyelash, leggings and tights are not the warmest attire.



sam csapilla

hide that booty! (Unless you like to attract creepy gazes directed towards your buttocks which is flouted for all to see.)

Seriously, please cover it. Sadly but truly, most people don't have perfect butts. People don't want to see every bump, plane, and crevice of your tightly wrapped ass in a pair of leggings. And lets face it, it's not only your ass that's being put on display, but also your coochie. Be polite and hide that camel toe, no one wants to see that. It's just plain nasty. ■

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.

thorns

by duskpeña

Part One

"Helen!" His voice echoed throughout the abandoned streets of Manhattan. He knew eventually something from the darkness would hear him and hunt him down. He prayed for it every step of the way. He continued to head toward Central Park where the darkness had spread from since the beginning. In his heart he knew she would be waiting for him there, vulnerable, afraid, and alone.

He still had a distance to go, but he could make out the streets of Lexington from where he stood. The irritable crunching beneath his boots made his spine shiver with each step he took. This was once his home. Manhattan wasn't the most beautiful or even the safest city he knew, but it was still his home and now it was...dead. It was the only word that came to mind as he watched the decayed buildings tumble down. The cars left behind in the streets were covered in vines with the floral scent of roses. Glass windows from the shops were smashed in, revealing empty shelves and empty counters. The sky was covered in a grey film that stretched for miles and miles. It wasn't the rubble or the decay that made him sick though. It was the fact that he was alone.

He recognized each building. He and Helen used to take quick photos of them whenever they strolled down the avenue toward the park. It had been years since the darkness engulfed the city, but it felt like only days. Every day he would wake up anew, with no memory of the day before and gradually begin to remember as he'd stumble across the rubble.

When the memories seeped in, oozing and pulsing, bringing only chaos and remorse, he'd cry and beg the darkness to finish him off, or bring Helen to him so he could kill her already. The rage made him immune; it fueled him, removed his hunger, and filled him with the courage to take another step.

Xavier, a name that seemed foreign to him by now, walked onward until he saw the strip of Evergreens that boarded the entrance to the park. His heart skipped and drummed along his chest. He ran.

He imagined Helen's long black hair that snaked down to the curve of her back. Her soft green eyes, her pale pink lips, and the milk white skin he'd kiss every morning since they had first made love.

"Helen! I'm coming Helen!" Xavier shouted, "I'll kill you, Helen. I'll kill you. You did this Helen. This is you! I'll kill you, Helen."

Xavier marched forward. He marched through the entrance, ignoring the moans and crackling of the trees as they parted for him. He ran down the ramp toward the zoo, passed the booth, and into the penguin exhibit where she would sit down and observe for hours. She'd sketch the little gentlemen and create stories, personalities, and adventures for each one she saw.

He knew she'd deserved better than this city. She always had. She deserved better than writing articles for a magazine she didn't even read. She deserved better than the studio apartment they'd rented down in 77th street. He promised her he would get her out. One way or another.

The exhibit was covered in large vines, as thick as his neck, pulsing with life. The roses were all missing. They always were. Then he remembered her voice, and what she had said to him a few days before the darkness took over.

"Thorns are beautiful too," she had muttered, "It just proves that everything that's worth keeping has a price to pay. Roses are worth it, and if you want them you have to accept their thorns." Xavier had stared at her, watching her clip the roses from their branches. He had wrinkled his brow, shook his head, and continued to study for a chemistry exam he knew he was going to fail.

The vines spread forward, rushing past him and exiting the exhibit.

"The darkness," he whispered.

The thorns slithered toward him. Xavier turned around and ran as fast as he could out of the exhibit.

The thorns responded to his fear and gathered around him, creating a thick wall of blackish-green vines that slowly closed him in. Xavier looked around for an exit, the beating of his heart feeding the fear. He collapsed to his knees and curled into a ball. A square shaped box bulged from his front pocket. He removed the box and saw that it was pack of Marlboros he'd forgotten about.

He remembered the lighter he kept in his back pocket, small, silver, only a quarter filled, and used it to light the

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the polar neighbor

by laurynschrom

Woe to us
Go lock the door
A Polar Bear moved in next door!
He ate my aunt last Friday night
Some thing about this isn't right!

The fact he's here is such a shame
He doesn't even have a name
Though he never wanders far
It's only 'cause he has no car.

I asked him why he needs to stay
And he answered right away:
He said, "The reason that I've moved this year is very simple—listen clear:

I had a condo, very nice,
But it fell right through the ice!
I thought it best to move down South
Where I could work to improve my health—

The land is great, the hunting nice
Humans have a special spice
That seals don't have,
I hope you know...

Kid—you're MY dinner, and I'm your show!

cigarette. He lied on his back and held the cigarette between his two fingers. A thin vine slowly moved toward his face, wrapped itself around the end of the cigarette and snatched it from his hands. "You never did like it when I smoked," he sighed. He spread his arms wide and allowed the vines to wrap themselves around his wrist. His legs remained far apart, enough for the vines to wrap around his ankles as well. They lifted him up off the ground and held him firmly in midair.

"Drop him," a soft voice ordered. ■

i will defend our love

by adammaher

So, here we are again. Oo, it's been a long time my friend. Moving Heaven and the earth just to heal these wounds, the only way, I'm sure, is in your room.

Who was I to think, that I would never be on the brink, and who would've known I would still call this place home. So let's go back to where it all began, descend into the darkness, come on, I will hold your hand.

'Cause life can get so damn dim, until you find your laugh again.

So trust in what I say tonight, and I swear you and I will take flight. But we won't go to the moon, that seems uninspired, We'll fly alone, forever with no destination at all.

So here we go again, Till the death, I will defend our love.

'Cause life can get so damn dim, until you find your laugh again.

lost in a land of metaphors

by alextownsend

I am lost in a hallway of nothings and maybes. A smile hovers before me and it's... What's the word?

There go my thoughts again, spiraling down.

I follow on them like stairs.

I stare

But I can't see.

I don't know what they are or were.

There's the smile again and it's all flooding back.

I try to get to the waves but they run away.

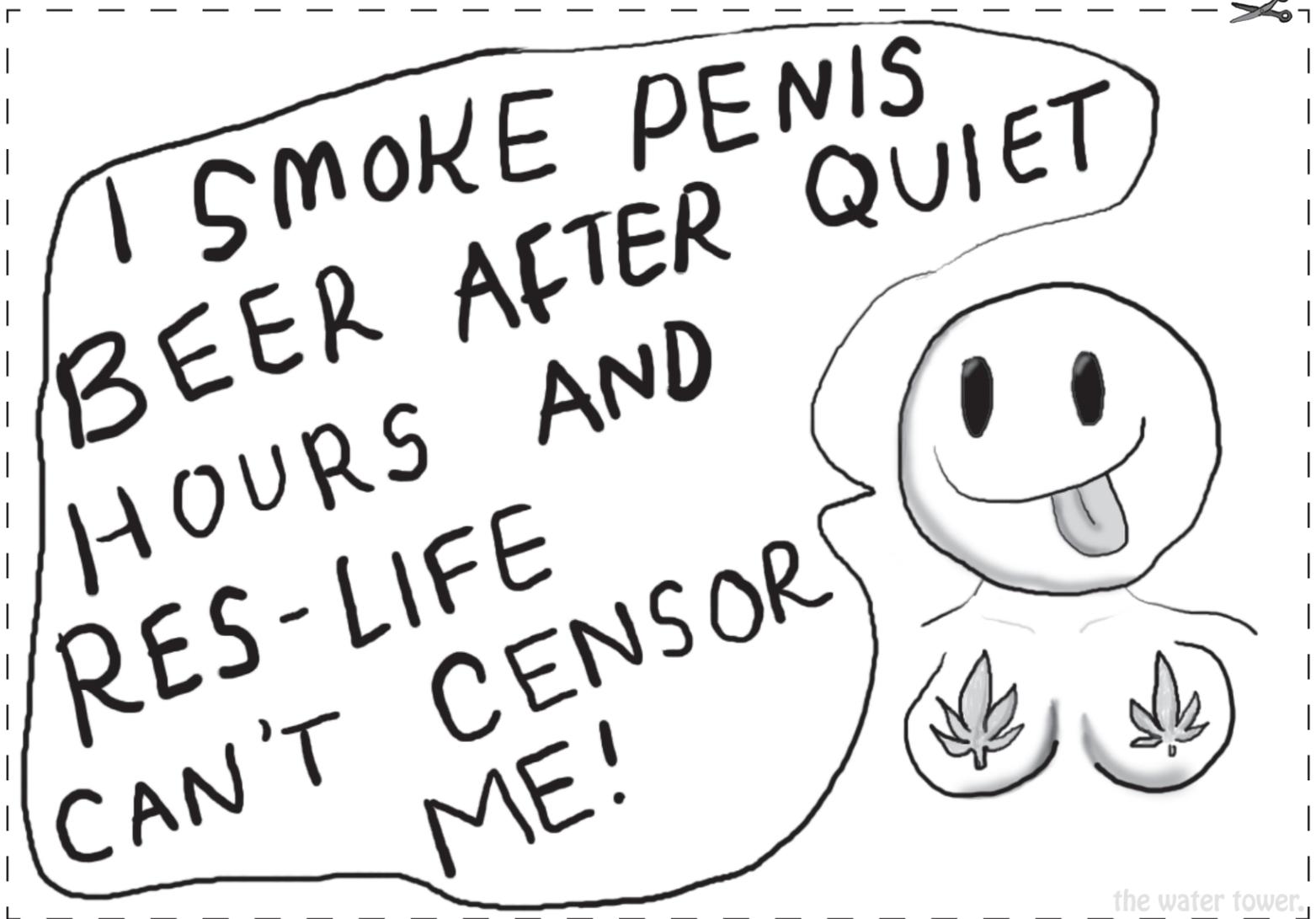
Lost. I feel lost again.

Hello dear smile. It is quite true, "We're all mad here." Wherever here may be.

cat litter.



Need a new door decoration? ResLife is known for its ambiguous free speech policies. We can't put our finger on exactly why they would find this offensive. Let's see if ResLife can!



the water tower.

tunes.



the davis center's underground music scene

by sarahmoylan

Music has been blasting in the Davis Center Tunnel for... a while now (who's counting the months?), and while the Tunnel Tunes (the music is actually a live feed of WRUV-FM, UVM's own student-run radio station) seemed to meet a bit of hostility at first, a small and informal survey of my friends suggested that the music is now getting greater appreciation by regular tunnel commuters. Personally, I'm undecided. Thus, instead of a strictly anti- or pro-Tunnel Tunes stance, I've decided to diplomatically list both pros and cons and let you, the reader, decide your point of view.

Pro: You could hear something new!

Here's the great thing about WRUV: each semester, it gives over 50 amateur DJs the chance to spin all different kinds of tunes, 24/7. It's also home to a huge musical library that includes lots of new, cutting-edge artists across all genres. That means that on any given day, you could walk through the tunnel and hear indie rock at noon, metal at 2, world music at 4, or hip-hop at 6. If you're starting to get sick of the musical choices that your iPod has to offer ('cause let's face it, 5,000 songs isn't nearly enough), then the tunnel's eclectic offerings might help you broaden your musical horizons.

Con: You don't really want to hear something new!

Okay, so we're all for broadening horizons and experimenting with new music, but maybe the tunnel isn't really the right place to do that. After all, when it's 8 in the morning and all you really want to do is listen to *your* music on *your* iPod on the way to class, it's sort of a hassle to have to turn up the volume on your iPod to avoid your music clashing with whatever is playing in the tunnel. Musical experimentation is perhaps better left to creeping your neighbors' iTunes libraries back in the dorm.

Pro: You might be inspired to dance!

The tunnel's eclectic music and trippy, color changing lights make for a rave-like atmosphere on the way to class. As a friend recently told me, "Whenever I go through the tunnel and I hear that weird music, I always feel like I should do some sort of weird interpretive dance!" I like this idea - after all, who couldn't use a spontaneous dance party to lift us from these midwinter blues? If only the tunnel had a disco ball...

Con: You might be inspired to dance!

Again, when it's 8 in the morning and all you really want to do is just make it to your first class, the combined sensory experience of strange, loud music and absurdly bright and colorful lights can be a bit overwhelming. And while a tunnel dance party might be feasible on a quiet Saturday night, there's too much congestion during the tunnel's peak weekday hours.

Pro: You get to hear your friends on the radio!

I think this might be the greatest aspect of Tunnel Tunes. As a student DJ myself, I know that the tunnel is the only time most of my friends will ever have a chance to hear my show. It's great exposure for us college DJs; now I know that somebody besides my parents is listening to my show!

Con: Who listens to the radio for only 30 seconds?!

Here's the biggest problem with tunnel music—unless you awkwardly hover near the awkwardly placed benches in the tunnel, you probably will spend less than thirty seconds at a time walking through the tunnel. That's not long enough to hear an entire song, no matter the genre. Maybe what we really need is a longer tunnel...how about an underground route from Davis to Waterman? ■

shuffle.

with julietcritsimilios

mardi gras

Drinking as soon as you get up, beads, parades-what could be better!? The 15th annual Mardi Gras Parade held by Magic Hat is this Saturday, February 27th. Festivities begin at noon, so hopefully you'll start early.

Madi Gras Mambo The Hawketts *Down in New Orleans/where the blues was born/it takes a cool cat/to blow a horn*

Louisiana 1927 Aaron Neville *It rained real hard and it rained for a real long time/six feet of water in the streets of Evangeline*

St. Louis Blues Bessie Smith *Feel tomorrow like I feel today/I'll pack my trunk, make my getaway*

East St. Louis Toodle-Oo Duke Ellington

Carnival Time Al Johnson *You bring a nickel and I'll put in a dime/honk it together now and we can drink some wine*

Louisiana Blues Muddy Waters *I'm going down in Louisiana/Baby, behind the sun/Well you know I just found out/My troubles just begun*

Mardi Gras Day Dr. John *The big bass drum led the big parade/all on a Mardi Gras day*

That Was Your Mother Paul Simon *Well I'm standing on the corner of Lafayette/State of Louisiana/wondering where a city boy could go*

New Orleans Joan Jet and the Blackhearts *Take a stroll down on Basin Street/and listen to the music with the Dixieland beat*

your weekly WRUV music review



emilylozeau, brianreid, & nyikobeguinn

Overnight Lows - City of Rotten Eyes (Goner)

Dirty garage punk. I'm getting grungier and grungier listening to this. This CD doesn't let up. Pure energy for 12 solid tracks. I can totally see these three in a musty basement inciting a mosh pit. For the grunge factor, there is also a lot of thought that went into this; it's more than noise, but it's really well composed, too. Get excited, give it a listen.

For Fans Of: Ty Segall, The Black Lips, The Okmoniks

Past Lives - Tapestry of Webs (Suicide Squeeze)

Post-punk quartet from Seattle featuring former members of The Blood Brothers. Some chaotic riffs and wild drums, yet maintains strong vocal harmonies and hooks.

Dinosaur Bear - Dinosaur Bear Cassette EP (Self-Released)

Brooklyn-based art noise pop debut cassette EP features songs expected to be released on their debut full length later this year. With former member of Animal Collective Deakin, and members of Flowers of Flesh and Blood, we expect big things in the near future.

For Fans Of: Animal Collective, Radiohead, Wavves, GWAR

Hot Chip - One Life Stand (Astralwerks)

Chock full of synth textures, hard hitting snare hits, major-to-minor key blending, and intriguing male vocals. The album tends to downplay some of the group's previous club-thumping explorations and focuses more on subtle orchestral spacing to allow for greater emphasis on lyrical content. Overall, One Life Stand is perhaps the most serious and mature effort from these Brit-based dance-floor fiends.

For Fans Of: Phoenix, Metronomy