the water tower.

uvm's alternative newsmag



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beverage breeds unlikely heroes: four loko saves the day.



by caleb**demers**

ome call it "blackout in a can," others call it "really gross tasting," but the caffeinated malt beverage Four Loko may need a new nickname. Ever since the arrival of a new year at UVM, members of the Burlington community have been reporting a slew of odd occurrences. Students that appear extremely drunk have actually been helping people in times of crisis. This new breed of -- dare I say it -- superheroes, may be just what Burlington needs to topple the crime syndicates and wipe the streets clean with the faces of the Queen City's criminals.

n many students just re "another blackout night" after drinking between one and five cans of Four Loko, their evenings may be much more than that. Quentin Black, a resident living on Loomis Street with his two children shared this story: "I awoke in the night and realized Binx, the cat, was missing. I went outside to look for him and found him up in a tree. I am scared of heights so I didn't know what to do." Black continues, "Hearing a noise behind me, I turned to see another drunk college kid stumbling towards me. Great, I thought, just what I need right now. Not." What Black didn't know, was that this drunk individual was indeed what he needed.

"He was so drunk that he seemed to not even notice me. But then he proceeded to climb the tree, which was pretty scary to watch, and put Binx down his shirt. When he jumped to the ground Binx leapt out of his shirt and ran to me. I don't know who this kid was, and I am sure as hell he doesn't remember me, but I thank him and whatever he drank for making my life a little bit easier."

The mystery concoction is a "premium malt beverage with artificial flavors, guara-

was left for us with his hands tied behind his back. What's even stranger is that he was accompanied by an unbound UVM student passed out with a crumpled Four Loko can in his sweatshirt pocket."

Burlington has seen its fair share of vigilantes over the years. "The Champ,"

The surprisingly nonalcoholic taste and high levels of caffeine makes for a cocktail fit for the fist a classic college partier and, evidently, for a new breed of superhuman.

na, taurine, [and] caffeine." It comes in a 24 ounce can and may be purchased at local convenience stores in nine flavors ranging from lemon lime to fruit punch. Not only does one Four Loko cost only about \$3.00, but it also boasts a hefty 12.0% alcohol content. This, combined with the surprisingly nonalcoholic taste and high levels of caffeine, makes for a cocktail fit for the fist a classic college partier and, evidently, for a new breed of superhuman.

Dave Guttered, a police lieutenant from the Burlington Police Department, reported: "Recently we have been seeing local criminals left unconscious or tied-up at the door of the police station late on Thursday, Friday and Saturday nights." The lieutenant continued: "The odd

thing is that they normally appear to have been puked on. One time, a drug dealer

a man that appeared on the Burlington crime scene in the late eighties, was a local favorite. The man was instrumental in the arrests of several hippies that appeared to have been on an acid binge that began the late sixties. He was, however, eaten in his houseboat later that year. No solid evidence supports this, but it is said that the real Champ ate him due to copyright infringement.

Though these mystery heroes have yet to be given a name, and not one has been identified, they all fit a rather common description: they wear flannel shirts and Nikes and display a general "scruffy" appearance. Most importantly, they are always extremely inebriated. Don't let their appearances fool you. Though it cannot be confirmed, and the local law enforcement struggles to acknowledge it, some believe

that these students have assisted in the arrest of over 50 local criminals.

Not all Four Loko drinkers acknowledge (or even have the capacity to know) that they are a part of this growing phenomenon. Carrie G., a sophomore student said: "I first drank [Four Loko] the second weekend back to school and it resulted in a trip to Blackout City so I honestly can't tell ya much."

However, she does know that something intense must have gone down that night, saying: "The next morning, I woke up with a knee that looked like it got attacked by a bear."

Was it a bear? Or an angry criminal trying desperately to escape Ms. G's superhuman grip?

Theodore Ritz, a first year, had this to say about a foggy night that occurred several weekends ago: "Part-way through the night I knew something was really wrong when I looked at my ankle and it was all swelled up after I must have attempted to jump down a stair set in Mercy Hall. Pretty dumb, huh? There were also these weird scratches all over my chest. Maybe I hooked up? I don't even know."

Was it a set or stairs? Or could it have been a certain tree on Loomis St. and a cat named Binx that resulted in his swollen ankle and scratched up chest? What Ritz identified as "pretty dumb" may have just been pretty courageous.

get inside me news election season: the musical

by emily**hoogesteger**

reflections a recipe for sanity by lindsaygabel

i've got my tunes to keep me warm by sarah**moylan** advertise for your club or organization with the water tower. we're cheaper than the other guys. watertowerads@gmail.com

the best news team in the universe.



Dear water tower.

Let me start by saying that I don't live on campus anymore, or even in downtown Burlington. My girlfriend, also a UVM student, and I live in Fairfield , which is about a 35-minute drive away, with my family, along with six dogs, some goats, sheep, a horse and a donkey. We drive out here early every morning and usually get home late at night. When I'm not down on the farm or working my ass off here, I'm likely working it off at the pizzeria/gas station I work at... something I previously never would've thought existed. My life is an exhaustingly busy one and one of the things I look forward to every week is reading your latest issue, which I look for every Monday after classes. I particularly enjoy the articles devoted to poking at on/off campus life, because I think it's important to be able to make fun of the things we enjoy and acknowledge their

Personally if they ditched the Cynic and made your issues twice as long, you would hear no complaint from me (honestly, who cares how the SGA is wasting veryone's time and resources this week?)

So for making my school weeks just a little more bearable, I want to thank

-A very tired junior

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

thewatertowernews@gmail.com

the shit list

with emilyhoogesteger

Yet Another Terror Plot. A woman in Yemen has been arrested after trying to ship a package full of explosive devices. Airport officials managed to stop the bombs before they reached their intended destination (thankfully), and everyone rolled their eyes and said, "Seriously? Again?"

Halloween Haters. Sure, dressing up like the undead Jersey Shore cast or a sexy elephant isn't for everyone. But the rest of us have a right to go out looking like freaks, get our apartments trashed by drunken zombies, and hook up with people covered in

Cholera. The death toll from cholera in Haiti has topped 300, and the number of confirmed cases is almost 5000. Honestly, Haiti had enough trouble as it is, and the only place cholera belongs is on the Oregon Trail computer game.

Suing Preschoolers. A judge recently ruled that a four-year-old Manhattan girl can be sued after she rode her bike in to an 87-year-old woman while racing another fouryear-old. The old woman suffered a fractured hip and died several months later of complications from the injury – but have we really reached the point where we're prosecuting people too young to read the words "I'm suing you"?

SPORTSBLINK

want to talk about golf. I know that no one gives a shit about golf, but this is kind of funny. While playing in a tournament

in China, Ryuji Imada somehow managed to earn a 26-stroke penalty, shooting a 97. The penalty occurred because of a

misinterpretation of a local rule at the Blackstone course. Imada's response in the press conference was, "I'm an idiot"... YA

THINK!? How is it that you are a professional athlete, making millions to whack a little white ball around, and you don't take

the time to read the rules of the tournament? This marks one more time where a player was "boned" because of the inability to read the rules. A prime example is **Dustin Johnson's** faux pas at Whistling Straits. Here is what I think: the ability to read

is a lovely thing. It can lead to an endless amount of fun and adventure. Letters make words, put words together to form

sentences, and scan left to right. If you can't read, you should not be able to play golf on the PGA Tour. OR if you don't have the wits to tell someone to read the rules for you, again you should not be able to play on the PGA Tour. That's all I have to

the news in brief with paulgross

"We do not want anyone to interfere in Yemeni affairs by hunting down al-Qaeda."

-Yemeni President Ali Abdullah Saleh. A Yemeni woman was building a bomb that was designed to safely pass through airport security

and detonate on an airplane. The Yemeni government only discovered this information due to the contribution of American and UAE

intelligence officials. This woman was a member of al-Qaeda. Something tells me the US doesn't give two shits about Yemen's sovereignty.

the water tower.

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Within a decade, they expect this technology will allow to grow full seems like financially ruining a four-year-old for life is a strong -size livers for people on donation lists. This is the kind of research that Republicans hate, because it "destroys" life...

> "I'm actually doing a rap album with Jay-Z." -Kanye West, via Twitter. This is gonna be insane. Too much arrogance and clever metaphors for one guy to handle.

Special Thanks To

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read the wt. B/H Library - 1st Floor Davis Center - 1st Floor Entrance Davis Center - Main St. Tunnel L/L - Outside Alice's Café vatertowereditor@gmail.com**Old Mill Annex** - Main Lobby Redstone Campus - Simpson Hall join the wt. 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

"We are excited about the possibilities this

research represents."

-Professor **Shay Soker** from Wake Forest University, speaking about

recent developments in laboratory research whereby scientists have

grown entire (miniature) human livers using embryonic stem cells.

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 urselves. 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 car promise that you will agree with everything that we say, but you will respect the te-nacity we have to say it. Every once in a while we will generate something that is trul hought provoking. We are the reason people can't wait for Tuesday. Ve are the water tower.

"There is no bright line."

New York Supreme Court Justice Paul Wooten, explaining why

Juliet Breitman, a four-year-old-girl, is going to be sued for strik-

ing an old woman with her bicycle. The woman eventually died

from injuries sustained in the event, which is tragic. But it hardly

iran goes nuclear and we're not sure how to feel

by james**aglio**

Iran has gone nuclear. After years of delays, the Iranian government says that it has begun to load fuel rods into the core of the reactor located in the city of Bushehr. The rods are going to be slowly injected into the core over the next two months until there are one hundred and sixty three of them in total.

Iranian authorities are heralding the power plant, which will supply one thousand megawatts of electricity, as a leap forward for Iran that will improve the lives of its citizens. The project has been in development for longer than most of its leaders have been in power, having been started by German investors in 1975. Following the Islamic Revolution of 1979, however, the Germans disassociated themselves from the project. A contract was once again made, this time with the Russians, in 1995 to finish the project by 1999, but was delayed several times. As per the original contract, Russia is both providing and disposing of the fuel.

One of the major reasons for the excessive delays has been the vast amount of pressure against an Iranian nuclear program by the west, headed by the United States. American authorities are opposed to nuclear development in most parts of the world, especially ones as volatile as the Middle East. The main fear is that the

Iranians are covertly creating a nuclear arsenal under the guise of a power plant. Iran has ardently denied any such plans. A second, but equally dangerous, concern is that with one nuclear power in the area, even a benevolent one, it would be easier for militant groups to acquire nuclear materials and use them for violent purposes.

On the one hand, such skepticism on the part of the United States government is understandable, as nuclear technology has the power to wreak vast amounts of devastation. It is slightly hypocritical, however, to say that another country cannot utilize technology that the United States depends on, especially considering that only one nation has ever intentionally killed citizens with nuclear weapons. If the power plant operates success-

fully, as all indications thus far have predicted it will, the quality of life could be improved exponentially for many Iranian citizens and the country as a whole could potentially make vast infrastructure improvements. If something goes awry, however, whether due to a secret weapons plan, militants proliferating nuclear materials, or even an accident à la Chernobyl or Three Mile Island, the region and indeed the world could very easily take a turn for the worse.

ohmygov.com presents:

instances of congressional waste this season

with alex**pinto**

- 1. Earmarks. For example: \$485 million dollars for the development of a Star Warslike fighter jet engine that Defense Secretary and most Pentagon higher-ups agree is unnecessary. The engine is really cool and cutting edge - though millions of struggling Americans whose taxes are paying for it may not have the same words.
- **2.** The Steven Colbert hearing. Yes, he's funny. Yes, his entertainment program plays a solid role in the media landscape by levying criticisms of TV news. No, he does not need to capture the attention of a Congressional subcommittee when they could be getting things done.
- **3. NOT passing a climate change bill**. Senators Kerry, Graham, and Lieberman have been working hard for months to put together a bi-partisan bill that ended up fizzling out days before it was to be introduced in September. Good intentions and man-hours wasted by partisanship, as usual. Whatever opinion you have of the issue, if lots of time and effort is spent by elected officials and goes for naught, something is wrong.
- 4. Enacting no less than four individual laws related to the naming of United States Postal Service facilities across the country. Post offices are federal property, of course, but ought their naming require the attention of two houses of elected officials and the pen of the president at a time like this?
- **5.** Adjourning Congress for October's recess a week earlier than planned. Hundreds of tasks are on congress' agenda, including important bills relating to taxes and regulation that will affect the economy. But our public servants have decided to devote their energies to campaigning to stay in office rather than dealing with the legislation for

elephant's ass theatre company election season: the musical

Here We Go Again	Barack Obama
My Vote Is Bigger Than Your Vote	Democrats/Republicans
Is Anybody Out There?	
Ode To The Powdered Wig	The Tea Party
I Didn't Mean To Say That/Oops, My Bad	
You've Got To Be Kidding Me	
į	

Intermission

l	Battle Of The Attack Ads	Instrumenta
	Americagodtroopsrightsfreedomhopeta	
	Stop Bringing Me Into This	
	It Could Be Worse	
	(You Can Always) Recount!	
l	You've Got To Be Kidding Me (reprise)	Δ1



wikileaks: blowing the whistle

by jonathan franqui

Earlier this year, Wikileaks recovered and revealed a video of an Apache attack helicopter in Iraq firing on unarmed civilians. The video was shot from the camera on the Apache and includes audio of the pilots inside. The helicopter, which was referred to as 'Crazy Horse 18' was on a routine patrol mission when they confused the cameras of two Reuter's journalists for weapons. The pilots soon began to panic and quickly opened fired on the journalists and their crews. While this in itself is somewhat understandable -as they were jumpy and fearful of being attacked in a hostile country—the video then reveals the same helicopter gunning down several civilians who are clearly unarmed and attempting to help the journalists. All the while, we are treated with the disturbing dialogue of the pilots who seem to get an odd satisfaction out of the attack.

Many of the shady escapades which have transpired in Iraq during U.S occupancy have been brought to light by Julian Assange and his crew of journalists through Wikileaks. Assange, founder of government-despised Wikileaks (a website which continuously reports government secrets and sensitive data), is once again exposing the scandals in first world

licopter video, it hit the main stream media quickly, and the public was outraged. The pilots in question have since been detained but their fate is unknown as of now. countries. This time however, the burden The company has proved itself quite skill-

"The video then reveals the same helicopter gunning down **several civilians** who are clearly unarmed and attempting to help the journalists."

of guilt has been removed from American shoulders and shifted onto Russians.

Ms. Hrafnsson, a spokesperson for the website, claims that "Russians are going to find out a lot of interesting facts about their country." While the Russian government dismissed these claims, they would do well to remember the military secrets the company dug up on America several months ago.

When Wikileaks posted the Apache He-

ful at sniffing out the loose ends of rather embarrassing and shocking government scandals. Many speculators believe that the information Assange and his crew have gathered has to do with Russian business elites. Stanislav Belkovsky, president of the Kremlin-connected Institute of National Strategy, claims that "Most Russians believe that political leaders and others have siphoned off billions of dollars into foreign accounts." If the information con-

tained in the Wikileaks files has anything to do with this, the Russian government and their foreign conspirators could find themselves in a tough spot. Even with the strict control of Russian journalism and news, this story could prove to be too big to keep quiet.

The carnage doesn't end in Russia however. Ms. Hrafnsson was quoted at a press conference in London saying that Wikileaks would soon be turning its focus on "despotic [tyrant] regimes in China, Russia, and Central Asia". Wikileaks in the past has released information on Guantanamo Bay's brutal operating procedures, the collected secret 'bibles' of Scientology which includes controversial practices of the church, Climate Research Unit emails which discussed how to use global warming statistics deceivingly, and the Australian internet blacklist; the government's list of banned websites due to content.

With these exposures in mind, it seems foolish of the Russian

government to dismiss the claims of Julian Assange and his group.



reflections.

so you want to be different

by robintucker

Hey guys, good news! The daily struggle to remain "cool" and "original" is officially over. Follow these simple steps and you will be the social deviant of the

1. When showering in the morning, introduce yourself to the bathers beside you and don't let the conversation die until you leave the bathroom—ask them about their majors, their families, and/or their shaving methods. Hey, friends are friends, no matter where you meet them.

2. When you get on a nearly empty bus, slide into the seat right next to a lone person in an empty row and ask her questions. It is especially effective to do this when she has her iPod headphones in. If she doesn't answer, just whip out your own

"Ask them about their majors, their families, their shaving methods. Hey, friends are friends, no matter where you meet them."

tunes and start jammin' in your seat. If there is even the slimmest chance of starting a dance party, you've got to go for it.

3. In the couple minutes before class starts when the teacher asks how everyone's weekend went, don't just mumble and nod like everyone else—he really wants to know how your weekend went! Tell him (and effectively the whole class) about the five-page paper you wrote on Sunday and the cutest dog ever that you saw on Church Street. Don't forget to mention the sore throat you think you had last night and how you definitely think you are coming down with something because this morning when you woke up your throat was coated in snot

from sleeping on your back.
4. See that longboarder heading toward the library steps? After him! It's about time you put your speedy legs to the true test. If he weaves in and out of people—so do you! wave to the audience on the step as you zoom after him toward the DC.

5. The Marvelous Mirror of the Marché (MMM). Yes, that is its true purpose. Walking to class everyone sneaks furtive peeks at this conveniently placed mirror as they shuffle past, checking that their skirts are not too short and that their hair is just windblown enough. They pretend they see someone in the Marché eating breakfast and that their reflection is invisible to them.

Oh no, no. No pretending for you. You know you're wondering if your shoes really are too tall with these tights as you approach the MMM. So get halfway through the walk, then stop and turn. No fake smiles to people inside, no sneaky peeks. Walk up close and fix your hair, check your teeth, step back and examine your shoes. Don't forget a last glance backwards when you finally leave.

A step down from the common pint is in some way or another.

this breakthrough news story is a cover up for a deeper, darker story that has gone untold for far too long.

Talk to any longtime B&J's addict, and

they will try and butter you up on the subject. "It's sooo good man, let's go get a pint right now." Try and talk to those in charge, and they serve you a free pint with a smile, distracting you from the problem at hand.

Although the company claims that this change is an attempt to focus more on their mission statement - social and enviconmental activism - the truth of the matter remains that Ben and Jerry's had to remove their "All Natural" label for a much more sinister reason: Ben and Jerry's uses highly addictive substances.

ning on empty, or just need a pick-me-up before class, work, dinner, lunch, breakfast, studying, going to the bathroom.... the cone is your so called 'bump'. (Please don't try to make these at home! I have seen some underground cone making, and I must warn you, it has never turned out as good as the dealer's product.)

If you are looking for quantity, you may have heard of the "Vermonster": I was told by a local pint junkie that if you are trying to have a party and get everyone fucked up and sick to their stomach, this is the way to go (all for around \$30-\$35). This 20-scoop deep dish of pleasure and pain contains "1 fudge brownie, 4 bananas, 3 cookies, 4 toppings (customer's choice), 4 ladles of hot fudge, whipped cream, and



"The truth of the matter remains that Ben and Jerry's had to remove their "All Natural" label for a much more sinister reason."

blease acknowledge one of the biggest issues Vermont and all B&I lovers have ever faced. I am inspired by this topic having lost all of my friends to this addiction. I hope this can help save you from yours.

With the recent sellout to the Unileer corporation we have seen the goals of this once-beloved sponsor of Vermont's favorite pasttime drift away from serving smiles, to serving addictions. As the product has gone 'sour' (the name for a very dangerous highly addictive commodity), we must acknowledge that the company is trying to milk Vermont (and the WORLD!) for all its worth.

In order for you to be a safer consumer or abuser) on the streets, there are key facts you need to know surrounding the dessert that has been filling the stomachs of billions.

First off, you have the standard pint. Anyone on the street can tell you it's not hard to get a good pint around this town; nowever, because of our location and our culture, some consider us very lucky. B&Js products seem to be sold on every corner (with a gas station), in every super market (always on sale at Price Chopper), and everywhere in between. Even the liquor they know how much a person will pay for a good "pint." These days, a heady pint runs you anywhere from \$3.66 to \$4.99.

The facts are out there; now, I ask you to marshmallows all adding up to 14,000 calories and 500 grams of fat." WARNING: ANY ATTEMPT TO TAKE THIS BEAST AS IS, WITH LESS THAN 4 ADULTS, WILL RESULT IN OVERDOSE. IF you find your self in this situation please contact your local stoner for backup, or just

Now that you know some of the sizes and places to get them, it must be understood that the act of 'pinting' is highly contagious. In a group of addicts, once one abuser even brings up the idea of 'pinting,' the entire group tends to uncontrollably scramble to the nearest provider. If you don't believe me stand outside City Market or Pearl Street Beverage (PSB) around closing time and you will see what I mean.

Late night, last minute pint runs are very common among these abusers (probably because they are too stuck on their couch recovering from the last night's binging). But you can always catch a flock of these people on any given night scrambling dealer to dealer.

For any addict who truly needs a fix and finds themself willing to kill for it, your local Murder Mart (the Mobil on Main Street near Mr. Mikes) is open 24/7.

So how does this happen? How would store's are selling it - marked up - because the government allow this to be? Well to counter your questions with a question: How did Rick Ross get all that crack? Open your eyes people, we're all hooked

By this point in the semester you are most likely drowning in an endless sea of papers, exams, and class presentations. It is no surprise that the overwhelming stress of it all is often enough to render you temporarily, certifiably insane. But fear not my fellow students, for strategies for coping with this academic epidemic are conveniently provided in the following very simple recipe. While heeding the recommended proportions below may not save you from the inevitable all-nighter you will spend jacked up on caffeine writing that 12-page paper, it will hopefully help you avoid the inevitable breakdown more than once.

Stop. Stressing. Regardless of anything anyone may tell you, one failed exam or less-than-desirable grade on a term paper is not the end of the world. This does not apply, however, if the above occurs sometime around December 21st, 2012. Then it's just ironic.

Get your 6-8 hours (note: this does not include the time you spend passed out and drooling on your books or laptop).

1/4 cup socialization:

Locking yourself away from the outside world for extended periods of time can be detrimental to your mental health and very quickly transform you into a hot mess. Grab lunch with friends, check out events around campus, go people-watching on Church Street (= hours of free and harmless amusement) anything to keep you from cracking under pressure and falling into spirited conversations with a volley-

When the library chair begins to meld to your jeans, use this as an excuse to ditch your notes and get moving. An increasing number of scientific studies support positive correlations between exercise and learning/knowledge retention. So go for a walk, jog, run, bike, longboard - heck, swim Lake Champlain if you're up to it.

Pretzels, cheese and crackers, Wings Over, cantaloupe, sushi, hummus - whatever strikes your fancy.

1 tsp. time management: While this is a nice concept, realistically, both you

and I know that there is no way either of us are going to make this work as a regular stress-busting strategy. I mean, it's college - time management is a foreign concept.

dash of mindlessness:

Don't forget to take a moment or two to mentally check out and clear your mind of all intellectual thoughts. This can be accomplished by listening to music, napping, meditating, staring into the distance, or watching Jershey Shore.

1 pinch of indulgence:

Chocolate, new clothes, concert tickets, Ben & Jerry's, whatever - you've earned it.

*Optional: 8 cups coffee (or caffeine substitute)

Makes one serving. For best results: CHILL.

ben and jerry's: not so natural by zachsarkis I am sure you have all heard by now: Ben and Jerry's had to stop advertising as the quick fix cone. Only a few dealers in town hold this product...and if you're runtown hold this product...and

within the UVM community in recent weeks, and this disturbs me. There have been dogfights on the CBW green, swordfights

about professors' complete disregard of the feelings and rights of lobsters and students' disgustingly laissez-faire attitude toward infant bunnies. On a recent Monday night, I discovered the source of these attitudes. I learned why both students and faculty think violence is the answer. The reason, of course, is intramural broomball. The game's rules ban physical and mental battery, but it seems

like the rules only exist to be

broken. "To say that there are not enough helmets for all of the players is an understatement. It's like saying Lady Gaga is a little popular, or that maybe – just maybe – there are some extra 'Vote for Kesha' posters floating around campus."



The players lined up on the ice, and hastened to get in their pseudo-strategic positions. Every team has their own idea of what makes a good broomball team, from the positions people play to how long each player stays on the ice. There's never any common ground between two teams' strategies, except that violence and yelling are of the utmost importance.

With the ref's whistle and cheers from the bench, the game was afoot. From the very beginning there were body-checks (forbidden), cross checks (forbidden), slashing and elbowing (both, of course, forbidden) Regardless of the blatant of fenses, the penalty box remained empty for the duration of our game. Why? Were the refs being bribed? With cash? Or worse, bribed with meal-plan points?

The referee also consistently ignored the loud and obnoxious profanity. "Hey, what the fuck, asshole?!" was a common refrain as members of both teams were repeatedly slammed into the boards. Snide comments like, "What now, little seagull?" and "Oh, did poor baby muffin seed get a boo-boo?" were much too common. Really? "Little seagull?" "Muffin-seed?" If any insults deserve a 2-minute penalty, those do.

And all of this for what? Our game that night ended in a draw. Zero-zero. I think we were too busy thinking of kinda-clever

comebacks to yell and methods of inflicting injury to focus on the points. The teams also walked away with an equal number of scrapes and bruises. I limped for four days after the game, consumed an ungodly amount of Advil, and spoke with others who suffered similar fates.

The thing is though, as we left the ice late that Monday night, someone said, "You know, a tie is really best. It's not about winning or losing, it's about having fun!" And someone from the opposing team replied, "Yeah, we really shared a great college experience tonight! Thanks, everybody!'

But in his eyes I could see his bloodlust, his hatred, and the sad realization that two weeks stood between him and the next gory battle for intramural broomball supremacy.

At 11:20 pm, people started entering Gutterson, and statements like, "I have a fucking BCOR exam tomorrow and I'm playing broomball! Shit!" and "Dude, that rocks!" echoed around the rink. Then, as the one work-study recipient left at UVM checked everyone's IDs, people began to grab helmets and it got nasty.

To say that there are not enough helmets for all of the players is an understatement. It's like saying Lady Gaga is a little popular, or that maybe - just maybe - there are some extra "Vote for Kesha" posters floating around campus. Even if you do manage to secure a helmet, it will be more uncomfortable than your eighth grade attempts to seduce Lindsey Hamilton. As such, there is an

Securing a helmet that fits properly quickly escalates into

the paradox

We (and by "we" I mean guys, and I guess a few girls) have all been in that situation where you enter a party with your crew, do a visual scan, and the first thought that pops into your head is: "Where are all the girls?" Unfortunately for you and your bros, you have found yourself at a sausage fest, testicle festival, or penis party.

There are no girls around, you're not on the pong table, and you don't feel like talking to your friends who you've been chillin' with all night. You begin to think to yourself, "Why didn't I get into that frat house?" Then a realization occurs, an epiphany sent from the gods. It's the Party

The reason you and your bros did not get into that frat is because you had no girls with you. The reason you're in a party overflowing with dick and devoid of women is because they let in people like you. People who had no girls with them. The fact is, you want to be at a party to further your chances of getting laid, but you can't get into a party where there is a decent chance of getting laid. So you go to a party that you can get into, yet this party cannot provide the opportunity to get laid.

If the party you are at now had girls, you wouldn't be there, though girls are what you want. It's ironic, it's paradoxical, and the only way out is through making friends with some girls. Men, if I have any piece of advice to give in order to help you in your long odyssey for a piece of ass, it's this. Befriend a girl. Make her your wingman.

the campus bitchfest

by jonathanlott

I'm not one to often complain about the goings-on at UVM, but I have an issue with blackboards. I don't mean the website professors use to avoid confrontations with their students, but real, tangible blackboards. Teachers make screeching noises when writing on them, and they're often so messy that it becomes a chore to decipher what's written on them. Furthermore, they damage the image of UVM as a progressive school with

equipment from the 19th century.

It's time we upgrade to whiteboards, guys. Let's let go of the 1950s and pay a little more to get up-to-date boards in the classrooms. It's not like they're expensive; I'm not asking for smartboards in all the classrooms (but that's because I also hate smartboards). I just want to get rid of blackboards. Come on Fogel: stop paying for unnecessary construction and adopt whiteboards. It's time for a change.





submit your love anonymously uvm.edu/~watertwr/iwysb.html

There's been an awful lot of yearning; your desires have been burning. So you've all been submitting, and we've had to keep omitting all the pleas that haven't been fitting. And as we save them for the next week, some people decide to start their critique of how the paper doesn't print each confession! The staff picks and chooses at its own discretion! But readers! readers! This is not true! With so many submissions they start to accrue! We promise to try hard to get to them all, printing the oldest ones first so as to avoid a brawl. So hold your horses! And don't resubmit! (or we'll print it twice and you'll be really embarassed) Just enjoy this week's IWYSBs with your banana split. When: every Tuesday when the paper comes out Where: in your copy of the water tower I saw: eager readers with budding love I am: your friendly Wt layout staff

Gradually you became more and more beautiful to me. As a guy in a class filled with girls, I probably already seem creepy. 'What was his motive?' But I can't help it, you stand out.

At first you seemed weird because you always gave off a blank stare. Your blonde hair is short and unique. Your body is perfectly proportioned, and so cute in those sweatpants. But the biggest turn on of all, is the way you move... so gracefully...keeping that blank stare.

When I see you dancing I quickly turn away. I don't want to be caught staring. If I get the chance to ever talk to you, I just hope you are as nice as you look.

When: Tuesdays and Thursdays Where: Modern Dance Class (give away) I saw: No Blink Girl

I am: There are only 4 guys in this class. The tall one.

And I wonder ... do you know just how attractive you are?

Nose-piercing girl: You were in my CDAE class last year

and other than the eye contact that we regularly made, no words were ever spoken. I saw you again outside the library recently and those sexy eyes were as welcoming as

ever, but I couldn't muster up the strength to approach you while I was at the height of a coffee and cigarette. You know me and I know you,

next time I see you I'll start the conversation. Same place and time? When: Last Wednesday

Where: Library/everywhere I saw: A gorgeous, nose-pierced, high boot wearing girl I am: a slightly stoned admirer

You tried to kiss me when you were drunk I said no, but still think you're a hunk.

When: don't remember/every day Where: our hallway

You are dating my roommate, I have a girlfriend, but they don't need to know. We both like to cook and eat ice cream. You sleep only a few feet away. How about rolling over to my bed some night? We can eat a pint of Ben & Jerry's, and do everything

PS Heaven's foursome is always in play! When: Almost everyday Where: My roommate's bed I saw: Your hot lips...through your pants I am: aroused, one bed over

There was a shit ton of lazers

Some fog A whole lot of womp womp womp Then a girl with jet black hair Dark red lipstick interrupted by lip piercings A fucking solid stare You stopped me mid head smash I have no idea who you are or your name Ive seen you in waterman before You don't look like the rest maybe we will collide someday

When: Some Thursday ago Where: Datsik @ metronom **I saw:** aspark to the senses

I am: just another thunder cloud First time I saw you you were in the aisle seat jet-setting back to the 802 from JFK. Your striking blue eyes caught my attention over awful airplane snacks. Didn't think I would see you again but we crossed paths a second time at the gym. Next time say

hey, I hear third times a charm. When: within the past month Where: Jet Blue and working up a sweat at the gym I saw: a fit, blue-eyed hottie am: a redhead looking for mile high affection

<u>attention readers!</u>

IWYSBs will be read on WRUV 90.1 during Mr. Green Genes Presents: The Night Society with Mr. Green Genes Wednesdays 6-8pm

I saw you prowling down the aisle Prettiest girl I seen in awhile I know that I am just a cashier But I swear I'm sexier then I appear I want to take you on a date I hope my lunch break isn't too late I'm sorry I missed the apple picking My hangover wouldn't stop ticking Please will you give me a second chance I'm ready now for a legit romance When: Lunch break Where: K-mart

You popped in for a dance party, but I was in the other room and didn't make it out in time. We should meet up and have a dance-off. Fountain in front of Waterman, this Wednesday at 3. Bring some tunes. Maybe other people will join in. No homo.

Where: My place I saw: A dancing kangaroo I am: a green man

I saw: Hamilton RA

I am: Marky Mark

I wish I could take you to dine, Maybe downtown to eat at a pizza place divine, But alas I know I can't make you mine, so for now know that I wish I were thine. When: when giving you a welcome gift I saw: A Phi Beta Phine I am: Forever anonymous

Your eyes shine in the early morning light. Your muscles bulge under all the layers. your technique is flawless. Nothing says sexy like sweaty power tens. The nine of us...we make a mighty

When: Every morning before the sun rises I saw: a babe filled boat

Your curly blonde hair excites me when I walk into the door of that williams lecture hall

we laugh about the slideshows full of tiny penises we barely ever go to class but when we are both there my heart skips a beat

come see my penis next weekend

When: Every MWF (well sometimes) Where: Art HERstory; do you see what I did there

I saw: a sexy foreign girl

I can't help but stare when you walk in. I see others do the same, and yet you don't seem to notice. Must be you don't know how adorable you really are. Four years and only a few words exchanged, but I keep waiting for more. Maybe one of these days our paths will cross and I'll finally get the chance to say the words I have running through my head when you breeze by me. When: four long years

Where: all over I saw: a marvel I am: biding my time

Lately all of my time has been gladly spent with you. Our friendship keeps growing as we become more close. I can tell the pain inside you evaporates When I embrace you in my arms, or grasp your hands. My emptiness and hopelessness also melts away. I wonder if you will possibly want more one day. But if not I would be content just to hold on to you forever. When: As often as possible

Where: Anywhere **I saw:** The perfect woman I am: A fuzzy bastard

Although I know that you're taller than me, I'll take and make an exception for thee. Sadly, only, you're in one of my classes, You've got a hot body and real

cool glasses. You host the most of my film class' screenings, 'Thout you, it's true, that class has little meaning. I'd dare to stare, but then I'd seem too creepy, Besides, inside Dave's class I'm always sleepy.

When: Wednesday nights Where: film class I saw: a cute girl I am: a hopeless romantic

Late night check-outs an excuse to shop. I go for a sugar fix... to see my eye-candy: just to get a glimpse of you. but I can't meet your eyes, you make me blush. When: every night... Where: city market I saw: mesmerizing lady I am: frequent visitor



tell the ear and we'll print it

uvm.edu/~watertwr/ear.html In line at New World Tortilla:

Girl 1: The jalapenos make you really have to poop? Girl 2: It was like fire coming out of my asshole!

A hallway in UHeights South:

Dude 1: Dude, that was serious bro-verload. Did you hear how many times that guy said bro? Dude 2: Yeah man, but it wasn't that kind of bro. It was like

Walking by the Catamount:

Girl to friends: And this weekend we're going to be together for four days... (wails) and I'm going to have my period!

Professor: So what is it that you like about *Grey's Anatomy*? Student: I just enjoy watching high-tension medical dramas

Bailey Howe Library:

Dude: The last time I was high me and my friend listened to

In the Grundles

Bro to other Bro: I'm telling you to just sext her, it will be less

UHeights North 1:

Girl 1: Tell him I don't miss him! Tell him I just fucked a guy! *Girl 2*: ...you're talking about a weasel.

Girl holding a pumpkin: I can't wait to carve you little man!

Harris-Millis Lobby:

Freshman Bro to other Freshman Bro: I feel like our inner bros all came out last night!

Wing Fourth Floor:

Guy: Dude, I think I have brain damage from this weekend.

Girl: So apparently I broke a glass table last night... with my

Outside the Fishbowl in the DC: *Bro 1:* Haha, dude look there's a D&D game going on. *Bro 2:* Oh man, do NOT fuck with the D&D kids!

Walking outside L&L: Bro 1: We need to try and get un-aggressive. *Bro 2*: I'm working on it, man.

First floor of Bailey Howe:

Girl: Last year my roommate showed me a picture that she had drawn while I was sleeping... it was on the third day of school.

Guy: I hope I don't get dishonorably charged from the navy this

Outside the lacrosse locker room: Lax bro: Dude! Last night I passed out and this morning when I farted it smelled like semen.

Williams Family Room:

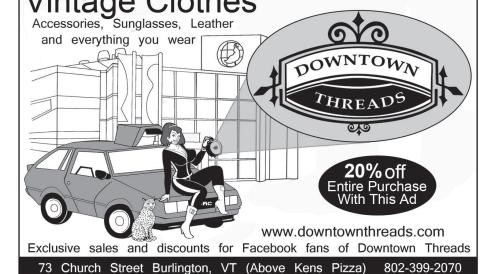
Guy: If you could tattoo anyone, where would you and what Girl: I think the nike symbol on my brother with 'just do it'

underneath. Guv: Where? Girl: His butt.

Girl 2: Well then there ya go.

Girl 1: How do you know I'm not a lesbian? Girl 2: Well are you attracted to women? Girl 1: No..

Vintage Clothes and everything you



fashion five-oh. canadian couture with colbynixon

how to style yourself in the fashion of an urban French-Canadian.

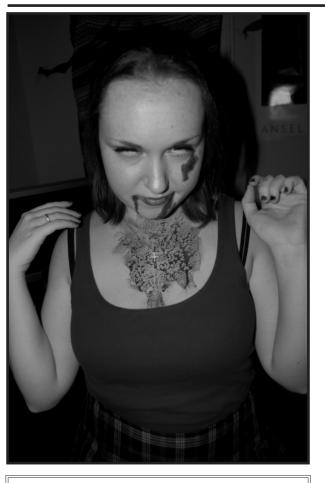
Montréal is a great place to go for any number of reasons. Good shows, clubs, the Casino de Montréal, Olympic Stadium, the Botanical Gardens, or McGill may all lure you to the Great White North. All you need is a passport, right? I mean, technically yes, a passport will get you across the border, but once you're there, unless you speak flawless Quebeçois, you'll be instantly judged as just another one of those "drunk American college kids," (which to be fair, you probably are). That is why I'm here to give you some tips on

The faux-hawk → this hairstyle is key to having a good night out. If you're in a club, chances are 97% of the dudes in there will be rocking the faux-hawk (the other 3% will be attempting to pull off a variation of the mullet, popularized by the ever-relevant Rod Stewart). So if you want to up your game, I would suggest going down to Rite-Aid and picking up some extra-hold gel on your way out of town.

Scarves → for both men and women, the scarf screams old Europe. The less functional, the better- you don't want to come off as provencial, so you'll have to rock the

Canadiens Jersey → always a good decision, just don't go to Toronto in it.

The pea coat → this classic outerwear choice will have confused fanny-packed tourists coming to you, spitting terrible French, asking you, "Ou sont les toilettes?" To which you reply, "I'm sorry, I don't speak French."



Name: Jennifer's Body (above)

Spotted: The Graveyard

Why we like it: Slutty and bloody? Yes. This definitely works. Why you may ask? There aren't enough sluts on Halloween that bring the "spooky" factor into their costumes. How many Strawberry Shortcakes and Alice In Wonderlands (stereotypical short booty dresses) did you see? and how many "spooky" ghost sluts did you see? Probably zero. Unless, of course, too much "slut" was going on and you saw things you wish you never saw. That may have spooked you, but it still does not qualify as a "spooky slut."

Name: Courtney Love (right)

Spotted: Rehab

Why we like it: It's a classic. There's a little Courtney Love in all of us, but the PBR 40 and the "hot mess" smudged lipstick really bring out what we like to call the "classic ho" factor in this ensemble.

wat(er) your threads



Sad but true: UNM isn't exactly known 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: Treasure Chest (below)

Spotted: On the Black Pearl

Why we like it: Treasure chest box! Bringing in creativity and craftsmanship to a Halloween costume is respectful and original. The gold jeweled shirt, gold chain necklace and earrings match the gold glitter on her treasure box. Box costumes like the robot and Rubik's cube can be difficult to maneuver, but this ensemble is just perfect because it doesn't hinder the entire body. You can twirl and dance all night long in this getup without whacking your friends! Pure gold!



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.

hug a philosopher today

There is a well-known stereotype about philosophers be repulsive or, to put it nicely, unapproachable. that deserves a second look. People generally think

philosophers all have briar pipes that are puffed prodigiously while poorly trimmed goatees (or bushy mustaches) are stroked in thoughtful ways. Their hair is twisted into frazzled bundles, a sure sign that it has been the unfortunate victim of its owner's frustrated handling. Their tweed blazers show signs of neglect and their eyes seem fixated on a point in space where nothing particularly interesting seems to be happening. Yet the face seems consumed in thought- thoughts so complex and esoteric that one would think no one would bother to think them at

all. To the outside world this philosopher would seem to

Well, the truth is that this attire and attitude is sure to keep other people at bay, and this is how philosophers

"This attire and attitude is sure to keep other people at bay, and this is how philosophers like it."

like it. It's hard to think deep thoughts when people on the street keep trying to say hello or wish you a nice day. Just when you are about to find a way around that logical flaw in your argument that proves that metaphysical cats

can fly (to catch metaphysical mice of course), someone tries to ask you the time or offer you a free sample at the grocery store. It's too much sensory input! It will ruin the purity of the thought!

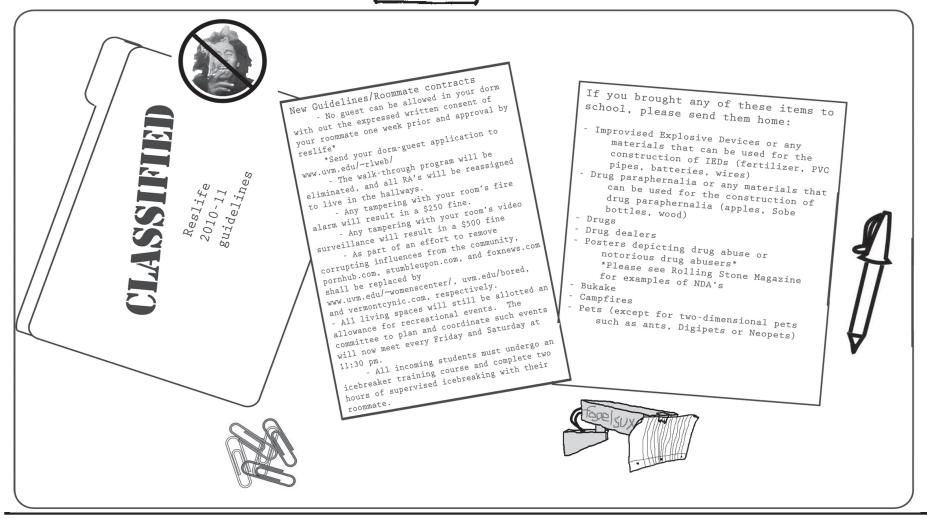
If it seems standoffish, you're probably right. The hard fact is that these thinkers answer the tough questions that might help solve some pretty tough questions. So go ahead, hug a philosopher today! They might not hug you back, they might try to push you away, but get in there and give them a big warm one. Maybe you'll be the little spark of humanity that helps

remind them whom they're pondering for.



cat litter.





tunes.



sufjan stevens' age of adz: long awaited - up to snuff?

know, the first ever

pairing of full-scale

orchestration and a

vocoder."

by jeremyklein

One album for every state in the union; that is what the ever-ambitious Sufian Stevens promised us with the very appropriately named "Fifty States Project." His third and fifth albums used the states of Michigan and Illinois, respectively, as

focal points for their songs. Michigan and Illinois were both well received by critics (as well as the public, with Illinois topping several "best of the decade" lists). However, with the daunting task of an album for

each state on Stevens' ulation over which state would be the next to get the Sufjan treatment.

Unfortunately, despite the hype, nothing new materialized.

So much time passed that fans probably would have been satisfied with a notefor-note cover album of Bruce Springsteen's Nebraska. 2010 marks the end of a five-year period without a proper followup to *Illinois*. Stevens has released music in the interim, but they have either been not completely made up of original songs (Songs for Christmas), outtakes from a previous album's recording sessions (The Avalanche), an orchestral suite (The BQE), or not a full-length release (All Delighted People EP.)

Finally, news came that Stevens' longawaited LP, containing completely all-new material, would be released in October. But we would not be getting "Wyoming" or "South Dakota," or any state for that matter. Instead, Stevens would give us the

The album opens in his familiar territory with "Futile Devices," as gentle guitar picking accentuates Stevens' soft, whisper-like voice. After ending on a quiet, understated note, the next song, "Too Much," begins with a surprising splash and clang of electronic noises. Electronic sound plays a huge role throughout *The Age of Adz*—but I'd be wary to label the album as "Sufjan goes electronic." Instead, then electronics complement Stevens' already established sound—"Too Much" is electronic-based, but also contains a horn section. "I Want To Be Well" mixes glitchy electronics with

a choir chorus. "Get Real Get Right" contains, as far as I know, the first ever pairing of full-scale orchestration and a vocoder. Then there is "Impossible Soul," a song that, at twenty-five minutes long, makes up one-third of the entire album's length. The song is made up of several sections, ranging over various styles. One utilizes auto-tune, one utilizes cheerleader-like call and response, and one features a completely different lead singer (Shara

Worden of My Brightplate, there was spec- "it contains, as far as lest Diamond). With about three minutes to go, the song fades out- only to fade right back in with a section that echoes the earlier "Futile Devices," both

lyrically and musically.
While this reprise gives the album an allencompassing, full-circle sentiment - and even though the track is one of the better ones on the album - its length definitely raises some issues.

The Age of Adz is comprised of eleven songs, seven of which are over five minutes long. Stevens likes building his tracks to a climax, but the building process causes there to be some tracks in the middle that just drag. At those points, it seems as though the album may fall apart, but this is eventually salvaged by its final two tracks. Stevens has always had trouble with simplicity and brevity, yet he appears to have no qualms that the length of his releases may intimidate unfamiliar listeners. If Stevens were not so obsessed with making each album of epic lengths, he may have even been able to put more of a dent into the Fifty States Project before becoming disillusioned by it.

But the positive aspects of The Age of Adz outweigh the negatives. Cut out some of the filler in the middle, and it could have been truly an epic in not only Stevens' ouvre, but in the modern indie "canon" as well. The great songs will be remembered, the not so great ones probably forgotten, and Sufjan Števens will remain the respected artist that he is.

Top Tracks: "I Walked," "Age of Adz," "Futile Devices" ■

i've got my tunes to keep me warm

by sarahmoylan

As the penultimate month of the fall semester falls upon us, the weather is getting more frigid by the hour. You might think that the only way to combat the cold temperatures is by wearing lots and lots and lots of (and even more) clothing, but fear not: there are ways that music can keep you warm, too.

1. Listen to songs you would normally associate with the summertime.

By revisiting summertime music favorites, you can trick your brain into thinking it's July again! Personally, I think surf music is choice—and who doesn't have at least one song by the Beach Boys on their iPod? For a modern alternative, try a surf instrumental by Los Straitjackets. Or you can stick to artists with beach inspired names, like Surf City or Wavves!

2. Get funky to electro at a Metronome dance party.

It's always too hot in there, which can really suck in the summertime—but come the cooler months, it feels kinda good. Burlington is home to a surprising number of competent club DJs, so you can carelessly dance the night away. And at the end of the night, there's nothing like a freezing cold breeze on your sweaty body to keep you awake for the walk home.

3. Wear yo clunky headphones!

Yeah, they might look ridiculous (or really cool, if you have an affinity for hipster culture), but big headphones keep your ears 100% warmer than those diminutive little earbuds—not to mention the sound quality is far superior. For the classic "winter hipster in Vermont" look, try layering your clunky headphones atop a loose-fitting knit hat.

4. Burn lots of CDs.

Oh, wait...this type of burning actually won't keep you warm at all.

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

A reminder that our contest is open to pretty much anyone afiliated with UVM, and submissions will be taken throughout Fall semester. Submit online by sending your stuff to thewatertowernews@ gmail.com, or dropping a hard copy at our desk in the SGA. Fame and fortune are guaranteed for the winner!!!

wt obituary compact disc: 1978-2010

by gregfrancese

After losing a long battle with popularity, the Compact Disc passed into eternal rest last Thursday. She was surrounded by her loving friends the DVD and Blu-Ray and was reportedly "at peace" with joining her friends the Vinyl Record and the Cassette on the shelves of used music stores across the world.



Known for her colorful glares and high quality sound, the Compact Disc lived a life of ups and downs. Born out of a Japanese lab experiment in 1978, she was perhaps best known for her mysterious personality that could only be read through the use of a laser. By the 1980s, the Compact Disc began her rise to popularity when it was revealed that she could store sound of a higher quality than her bulky, less sophisticated cousin the Cassette. Her popularity was severely impacted, though, by the introduction of the MP3 computer file and Apple's iPod. The iPod could store more music than thousands of Compact Discs, rendering her somewhat obsolete.

After struggling to compete with the new technologies, the Compact Disc decided it was time for a life of retirement. Recently featured as the next hipster obsession, the death of the Compact Disc will forever find its place in the realm of the alt-world.