



the water tower

uvm's alternative newsmag

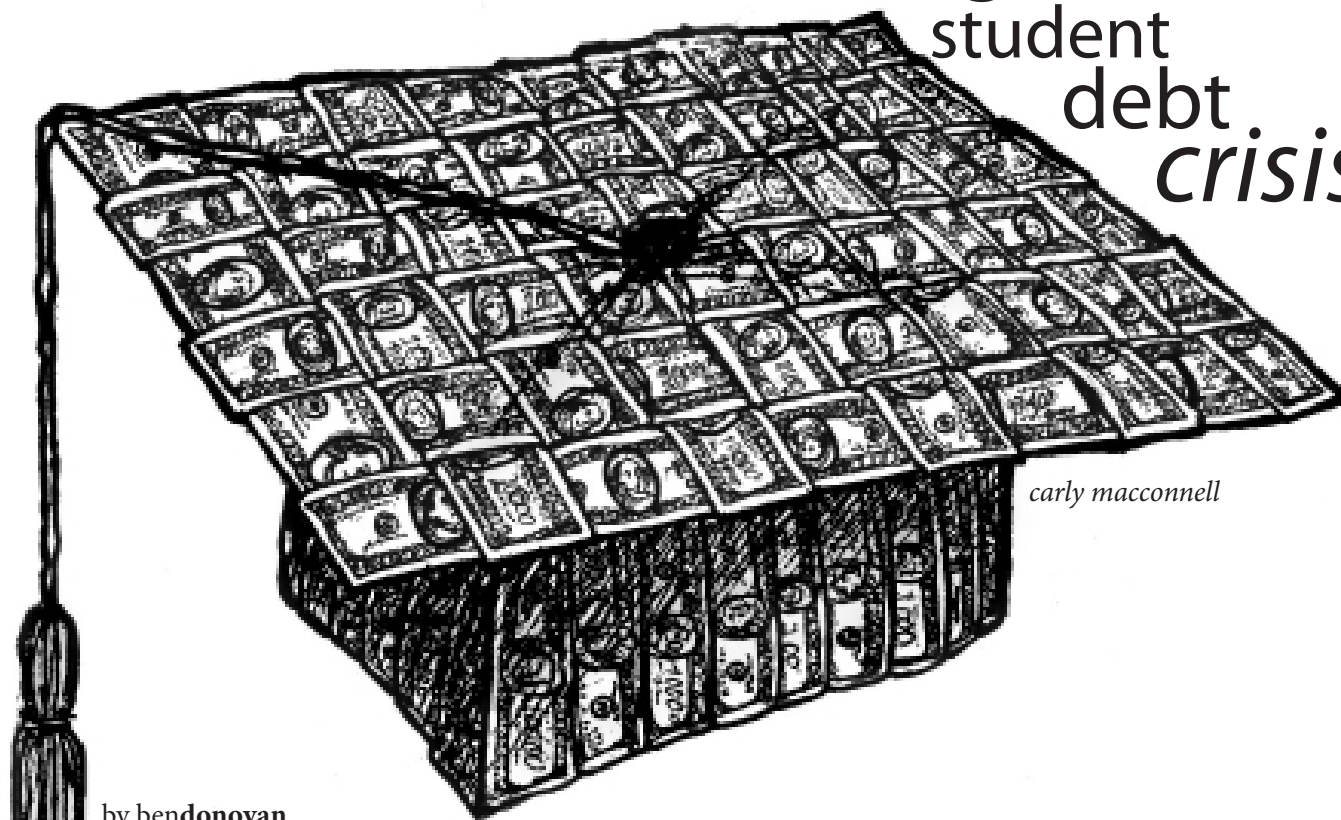
last issue of the year!

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

the greatest shitshow on earth: america's **embarrassing**

student debt *crisis*



carly macconnell

by bendonovan

Let's talk about student loans. Last week, student debt in the United States hit a stupefying \$1 trillion. That's almost \$3,000 per United States citizen. The average American student now graduates \$12,800 in debt. Americans now owe more in student loans than they do in credit card debt; since last year alone, student debt has risen 16%, and it's showing no signs of stopping.

The fact that there is a student debt crisis in America seems beyond debate at this point, unless you're a politician. Right now in Washington, President Obama is haggling with the Republican-controlled Congress over renewal of the Interest Rate Reduction Act, which caps interest on federally-subsidized Stafford loans at 3.4%. That's a significantly lower rate than students would be able to get on most private loans. Unless the law is extended, interest rates on new loans will double starting July 1st, affecting

more than 7 million college students and adding as much as \$1,000 in interest over the life of an average loan.

Democrats want to renew the bill, but Republicans—quick, everybody act surprised!—are refusing to act unless the \$6 billion cost of continuing to sub-

it's hard to watch this unfolding charade without feeling a little like a passenger on the titanic watching the band argue over **vibrato** as the god- damn ship starts to tilt

sidize the low-interest loans is paid for with cuts in healthcare spending. Obama has taken the issue on the campaign trail, hitting colleges across the nation and slow-jamming with The Roots on *Jimmy Fallon* last week. John Boehner called the President's tactics "pathetic"; Democrats responded with a round of I-know-you-are-but-what-am-I. The Republican demand for healthcare cuts passed in the House, amid threats of a veto—all told, another week of goofy bullshit, pretty much par for the course in Washington these days.

If this debate seems stupid, well,

that's because it is. College costs are out of control and are projected to keep rising by as much as 7% annually. States are slashing funding for public institutions, which will force them to raise tuition even more. Pell Grants and other forms of federal assistance are on the chopping block. Meanwhile, our two political parties—both of them full of people who have to be at least marginally intelligently—are basically fighting over whether to maintain the status quo or make it worse.

Seriously, it's hard to watch this unfolding charade without feeling a little like a passenger on the Titanic watching the band argue over vibrato as the goddamn ship starts to tilt. The bill in question is a nice gesture; it will save a lot of college students a fair amount of money in loan payments over the years. But it does absolutely nothing to address the underlying problem of costs—and until that problem is fixed, the student debt bubble is going to continue to grow.

...read the rest on page 3

free ipods. but actually.

unexpected electronic dumpster finds

by phoebefooks

Are you tired of digging through compost bins in Brennan's searching for sacred clumps of cold, abandoned sweet potato fries? Tired of being shamefully called out on wearing someone else's clothes that you picked out of MAT's lost and found? (To be fair, that red sweatshirt had been there since last semester and that bitch wasn't even looking for it anyway.) Be tired no more, fellow dumpster divers, **the water tower** is proud to announce the most 21st century hotspot dumpster divers have yet discovered: electronic waste bins. You know those green bins—there is probably one somewhere in your dorm—where you can recycle technological things such as batteries and printer cartridges? As it turns out, you can recycle all types of technology in these bins, including everything from cell phones to iPods to digital cameras to laptops.

Before you put a gun to my head and shout "WHY WOULD ANYONE JUST RECYCLE AN IPOD?" in exasperated discontent, listen to the following. Nowadays it's nearly impossible to sell an old version of an iPod (or any other outdated electronic device for that matter) because if you look on eBay you'll see that everyone wants to do the same. Now that every businessman, construction worker, stay-at-home mom, college student, and 5th grader has an iPhone, they all want to sell their archaic iPods that they originally bought for hundreds of dollars. Today an iPod nano is worth less than \$50. On top of this, people, especially college students, are lazy and do not want to go past the effort of posting that they are selling their iPod on Facebook, so they give up the auction and toss the old hunk o' junk into an electronic waste bin.

This is when the dumpster divers swoop in. As I mentioned, electronic waste bins can be found in most dorms, but also on the bottom floor the Davis Center outside the UVMtv studio, your local Staples or Best Buy, public libraries, and often high schools and middle schools. The best places to check are probably in the wealthiest of areas where yuppy derps are more likely to toss their unwanted technology. At first glance, you will most likely find old cell phone batteries, miscellaneous wires, and unidentifiable devices; however, with persistence you can indeed elicit iPods, cameras, and laptops (all of which one of my friends has discovered right here on campus). Also, you might want to take a second look at those unidentifiable devices because you never know when you're going to stumble upon a pocket sized movie projector ever again.

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get
inside
me:

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remain awesome
by jamesaglio

fun with propies
by katjaritchie

owling
by tylerrogers

summer tunes to do list
by sarahmoylan

around town.

getting personals

by gregfrancese and georgeloftus

We'd say that eight out of ten people who pick up **the water tower** go straight to the I Want You So Bad's, and that half of those don't even bother reading the rest once they realize that cutie from their anthro lecture never wrote about them. Even better than our own IWYSBs are personals sections from real newspapers, particularly *Seven Days*. These are people that have either failed at dating conventionally, or decided they're not going to waste their time

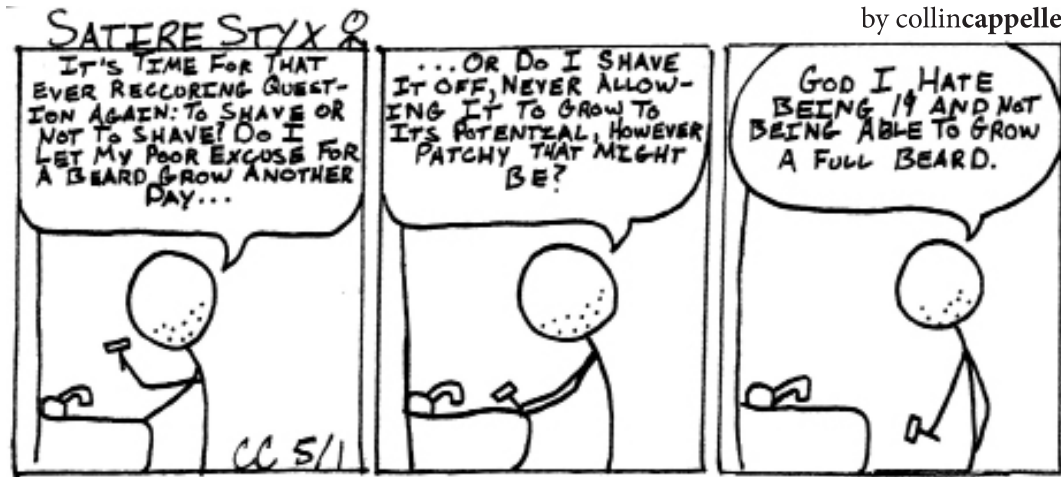
barhopping, because you don't meet good people at bars. In short, they're either uggos, or geniuses. Since no one at UVM is less than a seven, let's try to imagine what a personals section would look like if people didn't try to shove everything into a shitty rhyme scheme. (PS you should totally read *Seven Days*, the personals section alone makes it worth the effort of finding one of their 10,000 stands on campus).

Art History major searching for next object beautiful enough for private collection.

Tell me your eye color corresponds to the shoes you're wearing and that the only thing more defined than your calves is your sense of appreciation for pop art. Looking for someone well dressed that I can take home to parents, but wouldn't mind being slathered in edible paint: I want you to Pollock all over my face. Ponytails a plus. *vitruvian_wom@n*

English Major looking for his smaller half

I want someone who knows how to read and understands the importance of an Oxford comma. You should have a basic understanding of the New School of Criticism and can put up with me cutting you down if you speak improperly; we're in college, dammit, have some pride. Needn't respond if you read less than five books a month, or if you don't wear glasses. *glasses_R_hawwt*



by collincappelle



fun with prospective students!

by katjaritchie

Springtime is upon us at UVM, complete with sandals and lax bro tanks coming out of hibernation, biddies prematurely getting their tan on at any available flat, sunlit surface, and sneak attacks of 40-degree rain every so often. And one more thing—giant fucking hordes of soccer moms, grandparents, and awkward dragged-along younger siblings gleefully swinging their UVM tote bags and causing massive traffic jams in the Marché, all accompanying the prospective students of 2016. Some have affectionately dubbed them “the prospies.” It's Admitted Student Visit season, and while some might see the prospies as out of place or even occasionally humorous (which, don't get me wrong, they totally are) we should really be spending this time embracing the soon-to-be freshman first-year class. By August, we'll all be back and they'll be added to the vast pool of people to get to know. If you manage to get your hands on a prospie by way of an overnight visit, campus tour, or casually plucking one out of the crowd as they shuffle by, here are some ways to get better acquainted with your new little buddy!

Tote them around campus with pride. Obviously your friends are all going to want to meet your new friend of the day! Introduce them to everyone you possibly can, and don't skimp on the enthusiasm or lack of respect for personal space. Might be a little intimidating for them at first, but soon they'll get that they're just being aggressively welcomed. And why stop at your friends? Take them to class, to the Grundle, to campus activities, to Pearl Street Bev runs—let them really get a taste of the whole atmosphere. After all, what better show-and-tell than a nervous high-school senior? And any SGA club leader will pretty much make you their new favorite if you present them with a recruit.

Invent fun ways to transport them through your daily activities. It's gonna take a lot of travel time to get your prospie to experience all the necessary aspects of campus life, and even more when you account for all the people you're going to want to show them off to. You might consider perching them atop your bicycle handlebars, or maybe in the front basket for easier transport. A tandem bike (preferably equipped with long ribbon streamers) would be ideal, but it should work almost as well to pull them in a little red wagon. If you manage to amass multiple prospies, you can get even more creative. You could do the classic college tour backwards walking, or string them all together like a small herd of ducklings so nobody gets lost. With a group of prospies, it might also be a good idea to consider some sort of identifying marker, like giving them all silly hats to wear. Of course, with only one prospie, this might just be fun to do in general.

Put them to work. College is hard! Prospies might have the privilege of getting to follow you around all day, but you've got shit to do—papers, studying for exams, cleaning your disgusting dorm room, trying to get adequate amounts of sleep... things add up. Also, it can only be beneficial to show your prospie the darker side of university life. They're already in prime essay-writing mode from filling out the Common App, so cranking out your English paper should be no problem. And they still have to keep their rooms clean enough to please their parents, so they're probably better housekeepers than you anyway!

Feed your prospies. Much like small children, puppies, or your university-approved pet fish, prospies should be given food regularly. After a fun-filled day of you gleefully dragging your bewildered admitted student through your daily life, make sure to stop by one of UVM's prime dining locations. The first things that may come to mind might be a nice New World burrito or a Falafel Thursday special from the Marketplace, but you want to show your prospie the most authentic food experience possible. Clearly, the best decision is to bring your unsuspecting new friend to the Grundle. Nothing says “college” like some stale pizza with rubbery cheese-like product that's been sitting under a heat lamp for hours, especially when paired with wilted iceberg lettuce or bland, mealy French fries. The inevitable shits that follow are a fact of campus life. It would be irresponsible to leave any prospective student unprepared.

caveat renter

by laurafrangipane

I'm in a bit of a pickle. I took a semester off, ended up transferring, and as a result, yes, I'm a senior who is graduating in December. I'd like to get out of the dorms, and I'd like to think I'm prepared. I'm not a fuck up. I know how to cook. I like to keep my shit clean. I've had my own apartment before. I basically am the most deserving person to live off-campus I know.

The process seemed straight forward, at first. I accosted everyone who seemed sane about finding a place, but ended up not being able to land a roommate. I contemplated, long and hard, about signing that yearlong lease for a 1-bedroom apartment. A long, lonely year. But, it felt like committing to a plan after graduation when life was still so unsure. I didn't know if I would have a job then, where rent money would come from, and the idea of loans kicking in was scary. I pictured finding subletters; I then pictured these subletters burning down my apartment after forgetting their pot volcano was turned on. “Sorry, brah, we burned everything! AND WE WERE SO HIGH!”

I figured the solution was simple: I could be the 20 something punk and I subset somewhere myself. I've now, at this point, done everything short of posting sexxy pixxx of myself on craigslist trying to find a place. I joined UVM class pages on Facebook and messaged countless strangers. Most of the time, I don't get a response.

So, when, blissfully, a craigslist ad appeared for a month-to-month rental, a 1 bedroom apartment that came furnished, including all utilities, internet, and off street parking for \$500/month, I jumped on that shit. I jumped on that shit so hard. I received an email back from John, self-described as a good Christian man. The apartment was totally available!

There was just one small problem. John was away in the Philippines. That was why he was renting the apartment. But no one in America had the key, so I would just have to trust in his good Christian faith that the apartment was intact and matched the pictures.

Okay, I thought, this sounds fishy. And the apartment was super beautiful for the price (marble countertops, say what!?). But I had faith (and I was/am stark raving desperate) enough to fill out the rental application.

He called me 24 hours later. The number showed up on my phone as Massachusetts. Strange, I thought, but maybe it was one of those Internet numbers to make it cheaper to call to America? On the phone, John's voice was heavily accented. He sounded far away and was demanding. He told me that I had to send him \$200 and then he would send me the key to the apartment. I could check it out, and then make a decision. Then, the \$200 would either go towards rent or would be mailed back to me. He said he needed the money that day, by noon. I told him it was Sunday, there was no mail, and my bank was closed: I

Partying, shmartying! Under no circumstances should you expose your prospie to any choice substances or crowded basement gatherings! Besides the potential to get in deep, deep shit, it would obviously be not a fun time at all to have inebriated drunken bonding sessions, add someone new to the bowl-passing circle, or watch them get silly and fail at flip cup. Admitted Students' Day is about displaying the integrity of this fine institution. You'd be better off showing your prospie all the great landscaping that's been done recently, or having a nice little chat about the LEED-certified eco-friendly Davis Center. Compared



caney demars

couldn't cut a check. “No checks!” barked John. “Western Union only!” He said he had gotten burned by bad checks before. Okay— but shouldn't he trust someone who is living in his home enough to take their check?

I told him I could send the money Monday, but I knew, at this point, that I wouldn't. Even if this was legit his demeanor didn't seem like the kind of guy I could trust to fix my overflowing toilet/giant ceiling leak. “Okay,” he said. We hung up.

I Googled his phone number to figure out why he might have been calling from the US in the first place. When typed into Google, about 10 websites showed up listing the number as associated with apartment scams all over America with various names attached. My much smarter friend was then able to trace “John's” IP address to Nigeria. I had been the victim of a Nigerian Internet scam.

Other than my dignity, not too much actual damage had been done. He called persistently for about a week.

Then I guess he sold my phone number to another scammer and now I get fun texts for “Walmart gift cards” and

“even if this was legit his demeanor didn't seem like the kind of guy I could trust to fix my overflowing toilet/giant ceiling leak.”

“mortgage repayments” daily.

I'm still looking for a place, and Burlington's overcrowded housing market isn't exactly helping in that regard. If you're in the same boat: be persistent! Call and email any leads you have, ask friends (and friends of friends), and check out flyers around town. I've basically set craigslist's subset postings as my homepage. If it sounds too good to be true, or if you feel uncomfortable, get out: it probably is. Beware of anyone asking for Western Union transfers as payment, as they're virtually untraceable once sent and you will never see your money again. Make sure the apartment actually exists and you've seen the inside, outside, and the surrounding neighborhood before you sign a lease. Don't give out more personal information than necessary. And don't be afraid to get your parents involved— it seems very unrock and roll, but they've lived in their fair share of crappy apartments before and know what to look for. ■

with those enriching interactions, it would pretty much be the least entertaining, hilarious and totally-worth-it thing ever to do something dumb like shotgun a beer with a ski pole or let them see the real purpose of the amphitheater on Athletic Campus. They need to know what they're really getting themselves into once they embark on their journey through UVM, which is a proud voyage to become responsible, educated individuals who totally don't name dining halls after unsavory male anatomy or finish off each semester with a school-wide naked dash around campus. Obviously. ■

Estudante de português procurando uma pessoa romantica

Se diz que o amor é bom nas linguas italiano ou frances, mas o amor melhor acontece em português. Sou um homem procurando uma mulher que quere usar a lingua português para fazer a poesia mais romantica. Ao fim da poesia podemos ter um romance mais fisico. Pode encontrar-me na Casa Lusófona de L/L. *her_name_is_r1o*

ELECTROTRASH -continued from page 1



Of course, these discarded remnants may have been trashed because they are malfunctioning, scratched up, or because they smell bad (no joke, this happened to one of my old iPods), but that never means they can't be fixed. Often, laptops and cameras just need new batteries, and if you're gettin' it for free, you best not be complainin' about scratches and chipped paint. So take a deep breath, tuck your chin in, and dive. Disregard the shame associated with rummaging through waste, always think outside the realm of identifiable products, and remember to keep your collecting in moderation—I don't want to be responsible for you ending up in a rehab facility drooling cocaine and clutching a broken Dell keyboard with a usb cable tied around your head. ■

barely-urban dictionary

with patrickleene



alumnate (verb): the action of donating money to UVM as an alum

reflections.

dude, where's *my* flocka?

steps to keep
your lighter safe

by jamiebeckett

For many UVM students, their lighter is a trusted companion for all their burning needs, yet lighters do not seem to display loyalty. I often find my lighter cheats on me, leaving my possession only to go home warmly in someone else's pocket. Stoner interactions inevitably lead to a transfer of ownership, and the relative ease with which one can snatch another's lighter means that to this day I have never used a lighter from start to finish. I hate that I can never keep the same lighter, so I have come up with five ways to keep your lighter in your pocket.

1. Write your name on your lighter and stake your claim.

Draw some doodles on it, because who doesn't appreciate a yellow lighter that looks like Pikachu? Sharpie can fade, so for a more permanent job be sure to use puff paint. Be creative with your designs and make sure that everyone knows that your flocka is not to be trifled with.

2. Leave the safety on it. To some this may only be a slight deterrent, but typical windy weather makes the annoyance of the safety ever more noticeable. By the time you have clicked that thing 15 times to spark up, no one else will want your lighter.

Draw some doodles on it, because who doesn't appreciate a yellow lighter that looks like Pikachu? Sharpie can fade, so for a more permanent job be sure to use puff paint. Be creative with your designs and make sure that everyone knows that your flocka is not to be trifled with.

3. Have eyes like a hawk. When your lighter is being passed around, pay attention so when your lighter goes missing you will know whose pockets to empty.



brie toomey

4. Get a mini Bic. While it has been debated for centuries, at the end of the day size does matter, and if your lighter's size is less than impressive, people will probably leave you alone.

5. Invest in a white lighter, because they supposedly have bad juju. I've never witnessed it firsthand, but an experienced friend assures me that he has seen at least five people who have shattered glass or fucked up something after using a white lighter. The danger of these situations will make your friends and foes wonder, "is it worth it to tempt fate by possessing a white lighter?" Thus, the safety and security of your lighter is guaranteed.

6

owling: small bird, *big* trend

by tylerrodgers

I must admit that until very recently, I was unaware of planking, much less owling. Luckily a **wt** correspondent filled me in on the details. My recent discovery of owling happened one night in my kitchen. One of my housemates grew tired of merely sitting in her chair and decided to perch on the chair instead. Another of my housemates (the **wt** correspondent I mentioned earlier) exclaimed, "You're owling!" She received two blank stares from some not-up-to-date-with-the-lingo people.

When she explained that the pose was called "owling" I immediately grew suspicious. Owling? Sure I guess owls strike that pose, but I feel much more likely to see a robin or a seagull do it. I think there was a serious lack of judgment on the coiner of that phrase. Were they roaming through the woods one night when they spotted an owl perched in a tree at which point the most obvious course of action would have been to mimic said owl?

My more-knowledgeable-about-poses friend said that owling was the new planking and she had seen people doing it all over campus. I was still in disbelief so I did some research of my own. To Wikipedia! Okay, so apparently owling can either be in reference to the internet meme which involves crouching "like an owl" in precarious places, or it can be referring to the legal term which refers to the practice of smuggling sheep. I'm not 100% sure, but I think I want the first option. It seems that owling is just one of many revamped forms of planking that has swept across the nation. The first documented owling took place on July 11,

2011 on reddit and now it has spread to UVM. More than the act of actually mimicking the owl, what is most confusing is that the trend is named after the inspiration of the action. This is ridiculous. Instead of owling, why



lauryn schrom

isn't it called birding? It seems like a bird-like thing to do. We should change the name to birding. But...wait a minute...not all birds do this! When was the last time you saw a penguin sitting in a tree shouting, "I bet you can't do this!"? The answer to that riddle is never.

Penguins are not alone in their inability to have trendy poses named after them. Ostriches (ostrichi?), emus, cassowaries, rheas, and kiwis are all flightless birds. And yes I did Google that because I didn't know before. I'm not trying to show you up with my incredible bird knowledge because I don't have any. I can tell a chickadee from a flamingo, but don't ask for much more than that.

Anywho, the point is that this term "Owling" is highly contested in certain social circles. If you are reading this then you too must be interested in coming up with a proper term for this pose, so I have come up with a few possibilities. This has the potential to reshape the world of ridiculous poses as we know it, so there should be some sort of general consensus as to what the new name for this term should be.

So here are the names I submit for consideration: Flying Bird Stance/Pose (harder to say than Owling but it is accurate), Pteroticing (silent P, etymologically this means, "doing the thing that is pertaining to wings"), and my personal favorite: Pugnosing (which is the best fit in my opinion because it means doing the thing that has the characteristic of flight).

So my fellow pose enthusiasts, the time has come to take a stand and rename the pose. Your contenders are Flying Bird Pose/Stance (if this is your choice then make it clear whether you prefer pose or stance), Pteroticing, or Pugnosing. What will it be? ■

how to use your smart phone the smart way

by phoebefooks

So you've got one of them fancy new smart phones and you've already downloaded the essential apps—Weather.com, Facebook, Twitter, Netflix, etc. You may have even downloaded UVM's own mobile app, only to find that it stops being useful once you're no longer a prospective student. (Facts about the Harris Millis?! SoOOOOoo kool!!! Wait where is the Davis Center? Oops I peed myself.) Once you have moved on from this, it's time to download some apps that are awesome, innovative, and actually useful. Check these out:

Find Friends

Locate your friends via GPS and have them locate you as well. Basically, the Marauder's Map. A lot of people think that it's creepy, but friends can only follow you if you accept their requests; besides, isn't it more creepy if you don't want your friends to know where you are? The app is accurate enough to tell which side of the Grundle you're on, but sometimes it glitches and says you're in the middle of Lake Champlain. (So don't take it too seriously because one time my friends flipped out when Find Friends told them I was in Centennial Woods by myself at 1 A.M.) And if you value your independence, do not tell parents about this app.

Cat Paint

This app allows you the convenience of adding a cat to any picture saved on your mobile device. Not only this, but you can add laser beams coming out of the cats' eyes as well, and there are a multitude of felines to choose from so that you can select the perfect cat for the photographic occasion. Goodbye Instagram, hello Cat Paint.

"you can add laser beams coming out of the cats' eyes as well, and select the perfect cat for the photographic occasion."

Blackboard Mobile

It speaks for itself—boring, but convenient. The app is actually very well designed and it calculates your grade percentages for you, which the Blackboard website doesn't even do. Also, unlike the Blackboard website

the app lets you stay logged in, which is SO AWESOME (if you're down with that, that is). Save this one for Fall semester.

Snail Mail

Snail Mail is probably my favorite iPhone game of all time. Yes I'm one of those kids who's had an iPod since tenth grade, so judge me, but at least I know what I'm talking about; Snail Mail has won awards for its grandeur. Essentially, you play a snail that has to race through galaxies, dodging salt and picking up packages to deliver to the base. I only wish that the app would connect with Facebook or Twitter so I could show off my inspiring high score.

Songify

I should apologize in advance, because you will probably get a laughing induced stomachache from this app. Songify lets you autotune yourself or your friends and turn your pathetic raps and jingles into professional tracks, with a beat dropped in the background and everything. They even have YouTube hit Antoine Dodson's "Bed Intruder". Don't be afraid to get creative with Songify and record stuff your professors say (kind of like studying!) and voicemails from your drunk friends. Satisfaction guaranteed. ■

olympic fever: teams to watch

by bendonovan

in the *london 2012*
summer olympics

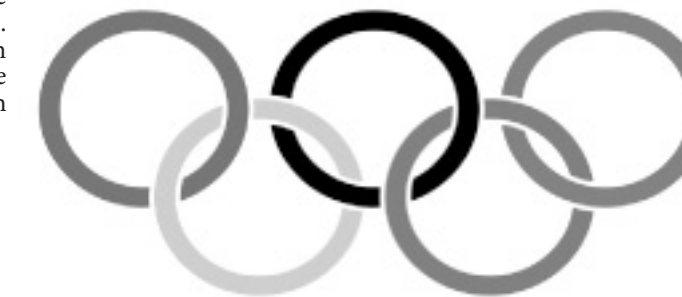
Yes, folks, the 2012 Summer Olympic season is almost upon us. Although we'd love to be able to provide up-to-the-minute coverage of all your favorite events, the water tower unfortunately does not run during the summer. Instead, here's a quick rundown on who to watch:

Serbia—Men's Water Polo

Water polo, always a rough-and-tumble sport, is shaping up to be the grudge-match of the century this Olympic season. Serbia, still smarting from a 10-5 defeat four years ago that relegated them to the bronze, is coming back stronger than ever, with a beefed-up roster that features both seasoned veterans and eager young rookies with a lot to prove.

Team captain Dusko Prlainovic, a three-time Olympic contender who also served in the Serbian army during the war in Kosovo, says he was initially attracted to the game by its inherently violent nature. "When I was in the army, I liked to punch the Albanians," he said in a recent interview, "This was my favorite. Then I am out of army, and I think, what do I do now? The water polo is good. I get to punch the people while I make the swimmings."

Prlainovic said he is excited to go up against Hungary, who won the Silver in 2008, stating, "Hungary, I don't like these fucking guys. We going to step on their heads in the water. Very much fun."



Saudi Arabia—Men's Table Tennis

Just months ago, Saudi Arabia's seemingly unstoppable men's ping-pong team looked like it might be dead in the water, as one member of the two-man team, Ali Sheikh bin Fahdi, threatened to boycott the games due to Saudi Arabia's announcement that it would include women in its Olympic delegation for the first time. "Totes sacrilege, women in sports incites lust, not kool w/ me," Fahdi tweeted in early February, going on to tweet, "Unless God strikes down these apostates, don't expect 2 C me @Londongames."

The standoff ended, however, when Saudi Arabia backed down and announced that it would not be "committing the grievous sin of allowing females to participate in sport," at which point Fahdi agreed to compete.

The team, which has a reputation for an aggressive, close-to-the-net strategy, is heavily favored to win its opening-round match against Ireland. Expect these guys to go all the way.



Possible Spoiler: North Korea—Track and Field

One of the most surprising contenders this summer is the small totalitarian state of North Korea, which is expected to send at least one athlete, Jun Soo-Ae, to compete in the men's marathon. Little is known about Jun apart from official reports from the state-run Pyongyang Times, which indicate that Mr. Jun is approximately seven feet tall and can run the marathon in under 1 hour and 55 minutes. Foreign commentators have disputed this, pointing out that that time is significantly faster than the current record of 2:03 and has never been independently recorded.

North Korean state media dismissed such criticism, calling it "the shrill howling of Western imperialist dogs," and going on to say that Jun's performance "will bury his puny capitalist challengers and show the workers of the world once and for all of the glory of Korean socialism!" ■

7

fork it over.



Well friends, the moment has arrived. The semester is winding down, generating finals stress and jubilant anticipation for summer. A bittersweet wave washes over campus as we celebrate the end of homework and say goodbye for the summer. Okay, the scale probably tips in the favor of "sweet" as "bitter" gets its ass stomped by the overwhelming exhilaration of NO MORE HOMEWORK. Still, it's times like these that I like to sit on my stoop, glass of chocolate milk in hand, and reflect on the year behind me. As I recount the library hours and ragers alike, I'm reminded of the one thing that makes this se-

Cookies. Always cookies. Say no to cupcakes. Cookies are durable, delicious, and will hold up to the US Postal Service and spending months in a box. Cookies.

Something weird. I like to throw in one random artifact into every care package, be it a plastic tiara or a map from a North Carolina truck stop. Being weird is fun.

Something maple-y. We all love Vermont, it's why we're here. For those of us who don't get to spend all our time up in the Great White North, a little taste of that sweet sweet sap is a beautiful reminder of our home away from home.

Rice Krispie treats. Nothing feels more homemade and love-filled than a great batch of these tasty treats. All you need is butter, mallows, and krispies, and BOOM you've got yourself a taste of home. Warning: if your BFF is going to de-worm orphans in Somalia this summer, be aware that these WILL GO STALE VERY QUICKLY.

Cookies. Always more cookies.

Finish it off with some letters, pictures, posters, and more cookies. Always cookies. ■

postal passion

how to show your love with long-distance yummys

by ellieseitz

fashion five-oh.



curtains close on the nixon administration

by colbynixon

You always think that your last article is going to be the best one. I can say this, being an expert on last articles, because this is it. There will be no more Fashion Five-Oh (let's be honest, it's not a terribly creative name) with colbynixon. I'm to graduate in the coming weeks, capitulating my four-year stint here. As such, I'd like you to indulge me as I take a minute to review some of my best hits during my tenure at the wafer tower, before I offer you some last advice.

There have been some true gems among the menagerie of shit I have put out. My personal favorites were the experimental ones, because they were different, they allowed for a new experience, a change-up. I loved every minute of the day I wore jorts in the shower in an attempt to submerge myself in "never nude" culture, and when I decided to go shoeless for a day after insulting the shoeless population of UVM (turns out there are more than you think), it wasn't so bad. I've written some things I shouldn't have, but have no regrets on that matter. This whole gig has been a good experience for me. I love being downtown and getting recognized as a wafer tower writer (shockingly it does happen a lot more than you would think), I love the people I write with, I love lamp. Now, enough waxing poetic, I've got some final thoughts for you- take it as colbynixon's top eleven rules to live by:

- Sweatpants were made for two places, your couch and wherever an athletic endeavor is underway.
- Spandex is good, jeggings are better, yoga pants are best.
- Most stains can be hidden and will not necessarily completely ruin your ensemble.
- That being said, change the afflicted garment as soon as possible.
- Holes in clothing are acceptable when hiking, painting, or engaging in stone masonry, no other time.
- Flannel is always a good decision.
- As are rugby shirts.
- Athletic shorts don't work with button downs, and sneakers don't work with suits (see sarahperda's article).
- Don't tuck your shirt it in if you're not wearing a belt, actually, that should be read as always wear a belt. If your pants don't have belt loops, it's time to reevaluate your decision making process.
- Don't wear proper shoes to the beach- especially if it's on the ocean- you look like a jackass.
- Crocs are ok, Uggs are questionable, but slippers should never be worn outside of the home/residence hall/apartment/etc.

That's about all I have for you. I would like to take a moment to introduce you to your new fashion editor, sarahperda, who is actually quite fashionable, a really solid writer, and apparently shares seven Facebook friends with me. I really like her article this week, and I am sure you will, too. Yours in great taste, and poor decisions, Colby. ■

steppin' out

on campus:

a footwear commentary

by sarahperda

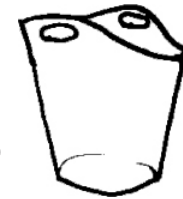
There's one item that most people allocate far more money to than they really should. Everyone has their vices, and whether it's weed or wings we will often find any way we can to feed the habit. My weakness? Shoes. I have over 100 pairs to my name and would rather be robbed of both kidneys and half of my liver than part with any of them. My infatuation often leads me to take note of the various footwear trends that spring up on campus, and there are three I have noticed this season that are slowly taking the campus by storm:

sneakers with suits Unsurprisingly, suits are a rarity on this campus, but they can make even the laziest of bums look dapper for their business presentations or alumni luncheons. From the ankles up, men in suits look as classy as Chuck Bass. Lately, however, I have noticed that many people have been topping off their ensembles with Reeboks or Asics, taking them from the Upper East Side to Mr. Roger's neighborhood. Shoes have an uncanny ability to make or break your outfit, and sneakers are almost always a deal-breaker if you're wearing anything other than gym shorts. If you're going to put the effort into rocking a Ralph Lauren suit, bringing it together with a nice pair of dress shoes surely won't kill you (and for the love of Pete, don't wear white socks with them). If you really insist on opting for more comfortable shoes, at least wear Chuck Taylors and pull the Fall Out Boy-circa-2004-classy-but-edgy card.

mismatched shoes I originally thought the first few people I saw donning mismatched sandals and sneakers were night owls struggling to make it to their 8:30 classes at least semi-conscious; however, mismatched shoes are apparently trending on campus. Whether they're simply different colored flip-flops or neon Converse sneakers, shoes are opting to become swingers this spring, rather than stick with their intended partners. I'm not sure how I feel about this one yet, but so long as we don't start mixing stilettos with ballet flats, I suppose the trend is acceptable if you possess the confidence that goes along with it.

unnecessary socks I'm certain that nearly everyone on this campus grew up watching Rocket Power at some point, thus we should all know exactly what a shoobie is. In the off chance that this word is completely foreign to you, a shoobie is someone who looks unbelievably out of place at the beach due to their insistence on simultaneously donning socks and flip-flops. To the best of my knowledge, very few people are guilty of this specific offense, but I have noticed an alarming amount of students wearing socks, whether they be white or patterned, with their Birkenstocks and Sperry's. While this might not make you an overt shoobie, you are certainly walking on the fine line. I realize the weather has not been particularly accommodating to sandal season, but do not attempt to find the happy medium by using your socks as a wind barrier. If your feet are cold, just wear different shoes; don't be a shoobie. ■

trash.



i want you so bad

All-American boii, you are so fine
I see you now and then and want you to be mine
You're tall and sexy as hell, especially on that broomball rink
Next time I see you, give me a wink
Come over to Harris/Millis one day and goals won't be the only thing you're scoring
I promise your night won't be boring
Green Mountain boii, show me how Vermont strong you are
We can bang in the woods, bed, or car...
Or maybe after one of your bike races
Because I can see us going places
Let's take this further than just the broomball team
I WANT YOU SO BADly to make me scream
When: broomball
Where: on the ice
I saw: a hunky, deep-voiced man
I am: a blonde babe

Saw you at a party in a Handy Court basement
If I was Catholic, for you I would have given up Lent.
There was too much eye contact to be ignored
"Come over here!" in my head I implored.
Your striking blonde hair tied up in a ponytail,
Chacos on your feet, the way I like my males.
Hope that the psychedelic music didn't erase your memory too much,
Maybe one day I'll find you again and we'll do more than get lunch
When: last Saturday night
Where: one heady party
I saw: a golden-haired stud
I am: a girl that got too shy

You are about to move away
I hope this poem makes you stay
With your incredible butt cheeks and your ginger hair
I find it incredibly hard not to stare
If I set Chicago on fire, you'd cover for me
At UVM you're the only face that I see
You're just like Chuck and Blair, only hotter by far
Reading *The Hunger Games* is best, outloud, in a car
You're fantastic as Stacy or even Third God
Watching you perform leaves me simply awed
Even though a Wendy's is where you were born
I would never look at you with scorn
Because of course I've given you all I have to give
And when it comes down to it, It's How I Live.
When: every Day
Where: under the heated blanket, RTT
I saw: fatboy
I am: ferg

I know your name and you know mine.
We speak the same tongues, one language divine.
We've hung out before, briefly time flies each time that you go, I cling to surprise.
Look,
I think we're friends, and I think we'd be cool if we walked by the lake and sat, talking of course about our favorite cats.
I'm slightly old fashioned and it's sad in this century knowing that you might not dig me.
but hey-- schools not over just quite yet.
It's true that I want you. so. bad.
When: MWF
Where: tu sais où
I saw: une blonde
I am: un gar

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

We've had our share of rendezvous,
Each one has made me fall harder for you.
You're the manliest man I've ever touched,
Your touch is something of which I can never get enough.
You turn me on like no other
And I love what you do to me under the covers.
I love the fact that I can get in your pants
But what I truly want is a real chance.
Don't take this the wrong way-
I'd jump at the chance to be in your bed any day.
But it ain't just the booze and the lust
(Though both of those are kind of a must).
You might just be the man of my dreams
'Cause you got my heart bursting at the seams.
We won't be close for much longer
But my feelings just keep getting stronger.
When: not enough
Where: around
I saw: my jack skellington
I am: your sally

Hey you,
Yeah you.
Those brown knee high boots you got on are really cute.
I have ones just like that... or well I used to.
Until you came into my dorm room and stole them.
Give them back.
When: Between 4/17 and now
Where: MAT
I saw: my shoes
I am: furious

It's the end of the year
It's ever so near
I don't give a fuck
I just want some luck
These last few days
Will fly by in a haze
Then it's home for the summer
I feel the opposite of bummer
I'll see you all again
You hot mountain men
When: all the days!
Where: all the places!
I saw: all the boys!
I am: a gal

To that certain coy blonde lass
Whose beauty none could hope to surpass,
I write this now because I want you too.
Who knew it would be so hard to find you?
I'd drop my number if not for calling pranks
So instead, call me Aidan Cruickshank
So if upon my face you would look,
Feel free to add me on facebook.
For a work of art worthy of the Louvre,
My pants I would most certainly remove.
When: that saturday
Where: in hamilton
I saw: nothing for two weeks
I am: curly haired with glasses

the ear

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

City Market

Kid: What can you do with these fiddle heads?
Employee: You have to boil them first to kill all the toxins before you cook with them.
Kid: Oh shit son, should I spit it out?
Employee: Yea you should (takes kid to back area)

Centennial Woods

Girl 1: The sweet nectar of my hairy armpit sweat.
Girl 2: The sweet nectar of your hairy armpit sweat?
Girl 1: It attracts all the butterflies!

What Ales You

Girl: He was wearing a seersucker jacket at night! I really wanted to be like, "look bitch, take him back to that garden party or yacht race you found him at and leave (blank) alone." But then Lauren kicked him in the knee.

Dewey Hall

Girl 1: Well, if this doesn't work out, I'll just become a prostitute in Reno!
Girl 2: Okay..
Girl 3: It's okay, because it's legal there!

Outside Harris Millis

Guy on cellphone: So I just bombed a math test pretty hard and I really wanna forget about it. You up for visiting the moon with me today?

Late thursday night on willard

Sloppy girl on Willard: why do they call it handy court? everyone knows guys like blow jobs better than handies. why don't they call it blow job court?

On Pearl St

Girl 1: You're going to need to zumba the FUCK out of zumba tonight. Do you understand me!?
Girl 2: I understand!
Girl 1: Then you are ready, my child.

Outside L/L

Girl 1 to Girl 2: Whenever I see guys I've hooked up with walking around campus I just want to pounce on them.

Outside the Marche

The cat lady to a group of friends: Meow meow meow meow meow...

MAT

Guy 1: Why do gay guys hit on me?
Girl: I guess you're just really attractive.
Guy 2: Yeah, isn't that a compliment?

Redstone Unlimited Dining

Friend 1: Dude, I took like a 16 inch shit this morning. It was glorious.
Friend 2: YOU TOOK A 16 INCH LONG SHIT! You should probably think about switching to points

North Union St.

Girl 1: I'm gonna get so many notebooks! I'm gonna get moleskins of all different sizes!
Girl 2: That's a lot of mole skin. I think you need to consider the moles.

Davis Center

Girl: I'm worried that I won't be able to get my socks off because they're plastered to my feet...with sweat.

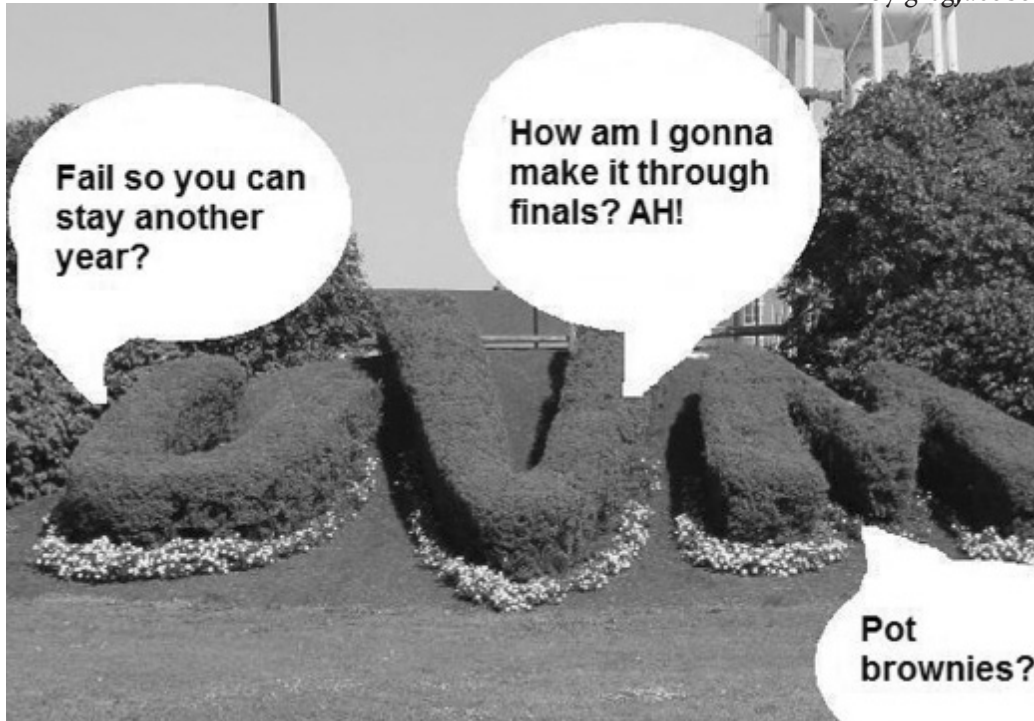
Marche

Girl 1: I have like 90 points left. Is that a lot?
Girl 2: Oh yeah, that's a lot.

cat litter.



by gregjacobs



campus awesome (not crime) log

by gregjacobs

On Thursday the 26th, a student held the Waterman doors open for another student without tiring. She was given two extra credits by the registrar.

Saturday the 21st a group of students were caught by campus police replacing deteriorating bricks on Old Mill. They were told they could continue as long as the bricks were locally-sourced.

Monday the 23rd a male wearing a green sweater was seen helping a turtle cross Main Street by Living and Learning. They then continued on their separate ways.

Four people were reported to have group hugged another person who had just been friend-zoned. The individual felt much better.

Friday the 20th a young man was reported peaking into the windows of an apartment on Buell Street. He was locked out and was trying to wake up his roommates. Later it was determined that his keys were in his pocket.

A young woman frantically flagged down a UVM police cruiser to tell them their left tail light was out. She then handed them a piece of paper that said "FINE- \$200" and walked away.

The person who stole **the water tower** stand from Waterman returned it with a plate of cookies to the SGA desk. (We wish.)

end of the year stress relief

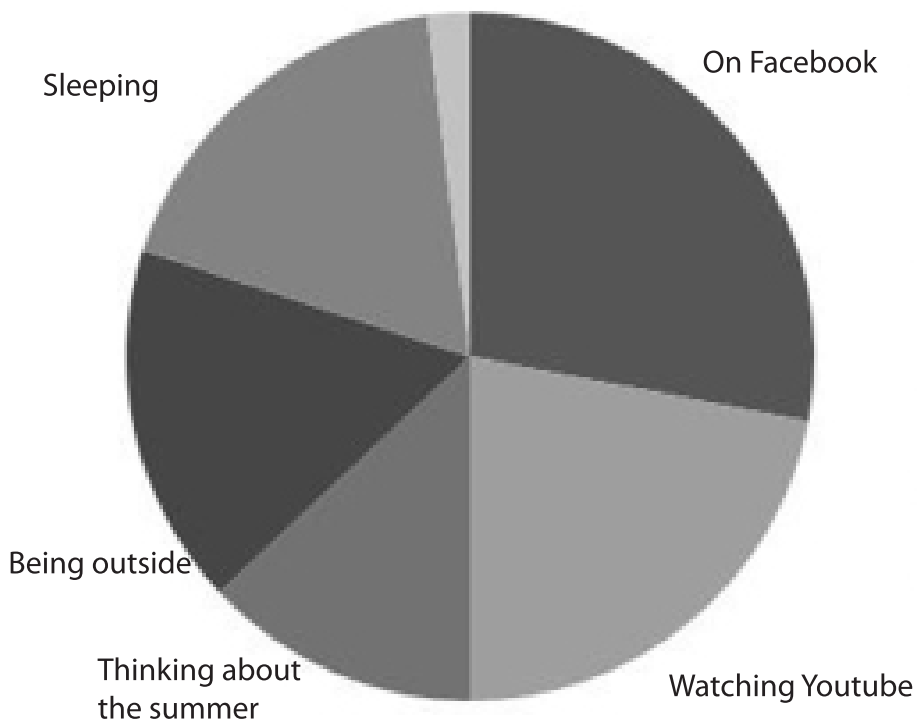
bang head here



time spent during finals

Actually doing work

by gregjacobs



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