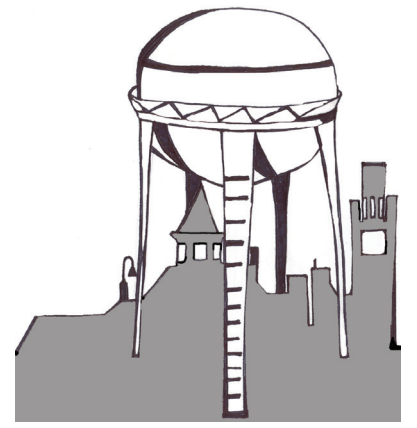


the water tower.

uvm's alternative newsmag



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

why we hate this town and this school and everyone in it

(psych)

by alexpinto
and mollykelly-yahner

One of the apparent hallmarks of our generation is that we exist under a veil of irony. A deflating, sarcastic, shrug-off attitude seems to be generally winning the day among us kids, at least in the eyes of some older observers we've talked to. And for better or worse, that attitude is often reflected in this paper. Sometimes, though, and perhaps not often enough, we have occasion to sit back and consider everything there is to appreciate about our community. Because for all of the b.s., all of the politics of the university, and all the people that help make our bad weeks worse, in the end, we absolutely love it here, and wouldn't have it any other way.

The question is why—what makes this place so great?

Of course, we can always point to the brochure-fodder. The mountains, the lake, the hiking, the skiing. Yes, they're awesome, but they can also be found in countless cities and towns. So too with the classes, facilities, professors, and other school-related minutia: when it comes down to it, a school is a school, and a good school is a good school. Maybe this is one, maybe not.

No. What makes UVM great is something other than the physical and institutional realities. Having put in our share of visits to other colleges over the past few years we can confidently say that it's all about the people—there's something unique about the collection of characters that comprise our community here atop the hill in Burlington, Vermont.

Perhaps it's the fact that as a group, we just don't quite seem to fit. Take the big school/little school dynamic, for example. At small liberal arts schools in rural towns there develop very open, idiosyncratic, and just plain crazy student cultures that brim with collective energy and creativity. Spend a night at Middlebury College and you will run across some of the most outrageous behavior imaginable—indeed, it's hard to picture something like a crowded,

full-out naked party happening in an L/L suite, much less there being no negative repercussions from it. But community cohesion as strong as those at small schools comes at a cost: it can be suffocating, making it feel like there's no outlet for those who are "different," and it can become routine after the first year or two of exploration.

Conversely, large schools and city schools offer cultural variety: more niches, more scenes, and more opportunities for dissent if you aren't into the same activities most of your peers are. But again, that variety and choice does certainly diminish the collective *joi de vivre* that comes from being holed up on a college campus and forced to get creative when it comes time for fun—in a big city nobody has to stop doing their own thing.

...something that makes you stand back and think, even if momentarily, 'yep—this is UVM, and it couldn't possibly be anywhere else.'

Where UVM fits in this dynamic is brilliantly liminal—we manage to walk the middle line. We enjoy that creative energy begotten by a close-knit community of like-minded individuals, but we still participate in the many alternative scenes that come part and parcel with the big state-school population. It would seem that we succeed in doing the impossible by having it both ways.

To put it differently, unlike some other big schools, our counterculture, well, *isn't*: it's also the mainstream. The generic college image-set found in movies and TV—the stereotypes that are proven true to an almost shocking extent at some schools we've hung out at—simply do not pervade here. A friend of ours who visited recently

from a school in Maryland said he was floored by the variety and uniqueness of an average evening here: the quality live music around every corner, people actually drinking beer for the taste of it, the funky theme parties, and not simply pong game after pong game played until the sun comes up. Most importantly, absent from Burlington scene is the sort of contrived, curated, astro-turfed "culture" that college bars and clubs attempt (often successfully) to create, that results in you feeling like you're at some sort of bizarre all-inclusive resort for kids who like getting blackout drunk, everyone partying under the watchful eyes of those who profit off of them. Instead, in Burlington, we students mix into the cross-section of our town—we routinely rub shoulders with students from other schools, older people, musi-

sity. Instead, there's an affirming legitimacy here—some kind of "X" factor that is hard to pin down—something that makes you stand back and think, even if momentarily, "yep—this is UVM, and it couldn't possibly be anywhere else."

And lest we forget: all that wouldn't exist without the city around us. We've come to realize over time that Burlington is the real deal. Sure it's a bubble—a very liberal, fairly wealthy, highly educated bubble—but not to the detrimental extent that some college towns are, where kids emerge blinking as if in harsh light when they are thrust out of their zone and into a big city. Here the balance is nearly perfect: living downtown puts us out into the world, outside of the explicit boundaries of our school—but at the same time, the sheer amount of art and music and food and energy to be found in this tiny city means that there's definitely something special going on here, something that makes us feel like it can't possibly be real life.

Is Burlington/UVM the only place to find the all qualities just described? Not by a long shot. There are plenty of awesome communities in this big ol' world that are tolerant, vibrant, and youthful just like ours. But there are also plenty of places that aren't. This city and school might not be for everyone, but as far as we can tell, there's a helluva lot of different types of people that seem to be able to find their place here, be comfortable, and thrive in the community. The common thread is respect: we celebrate our differences—even champion them—not sweep them away under a rug of bland, whitewashed, mainstream American tastes. Watching a guy in a nice suit carrying on a conversation with someone wearing clothes made out of hemp on Church Street is not merely novel—it's an index of our community's open attitude. It's why we're proud to call Burlington, Vermont our home, and why we'll miss it so so badly when we leave.

get
inside
me

news
libya coverage
by jamesaglio
and mattlauro

reflections
oscar!
by erikaweisz

tunes
radiohead, duh
by jeremyklein

advertise for your
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the hipster girl hookup

a beginner's guide

by anonymousbro

So you're a square or a bro and you wanna fuck those arty girls, but realize that you're too mainstream to hit that shit? Don't fret, we got you covered with 8 easy steps to getting that alt chick into your bed.

1. Have a project going on. Girls are super social and want to be a part of something bigger than you. Thus, you need to be doing something that satisfies their urge. Whether it's promoting a concert, a DIY art installation, or a shitty band, if you build it, they will cum [sic].

2. Have loot. Girls are girls. No matter how many times they claim to reject materialism, those drinks aren't going to pay for themselves. Always have enough cash so you have an excuse to leave somewhere with a chick. "Oh you wanna get out of here and get a slice of pizza?" Now you have a chick alone and you just made a spontaneous date for like \$10. Beware though of paying for too much stuff, especially before you fuck a chick, because then you can fall into the "generous friend" category and that will leave you both broke and not laid, which is the worst ever.

3. Have drugs. You don't need to be an addict but definitely have a little box at your house with weed, some stimulant (coke or adderall), a depressant (Xanax), and a flask of whiskey. Once you figure out a girl's choice of poison at a party, casually drop that you have a bag/pill/joint at the crib if she's down. Let her bring one friend if necessary, which will make her feel more safe knowing she won't get murdered at your crib. More than one friend or a male bring-along = you're not hooking up tonight. ABORT! ABORT!

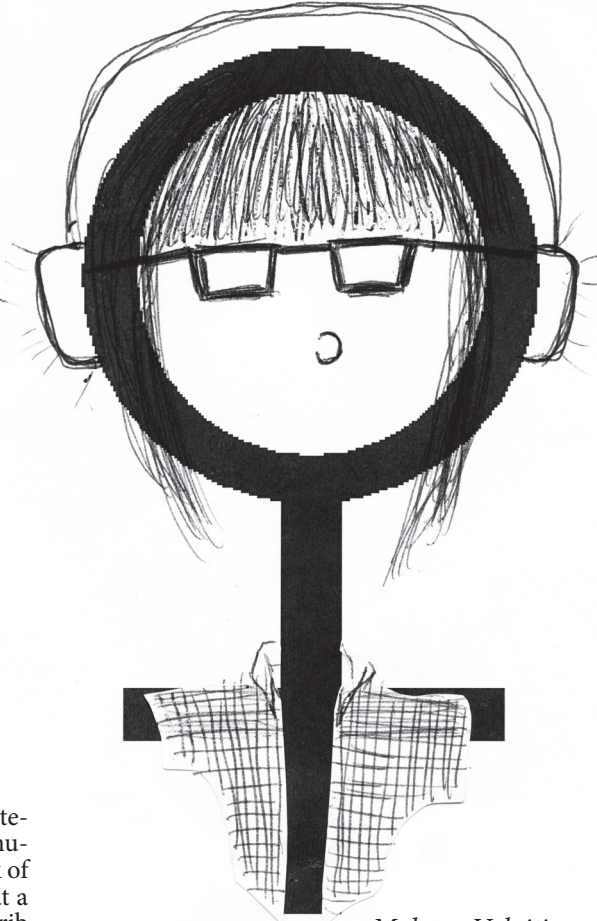
4. Groom to look like "us" not "them." Burlington is full of idiot college kids who look like their parents have been dressing them all their lives, so when they finally get the freedom to pick their own wardrobe, they come out with socks and sandal combinations that make vaginas get Sahara-Desert-dry. Be a big boy and read vicemagazine.com, streetboners.com, and other hipster publications, learn the look and recreate it. Make sure not too go too overboard; something as simple as a proper pair of shoes and some decent cut jeans will put you light years ahead of your college competition. When you look like "us" chicks will let you fuck "us."

5. Have tea. Bitches love that shit. It shows you're sophisticated and love simple pleasures. Get green tea to show you care about antioxidants and some peachy stuff to show you're comfortable enough with your masculinity to drink something that bros think is "faggy." Have one decaf and one caffeinated and make sure it costs at least \$10 per package. Fair trade is best.

6. Be funny. This is not to be confused with being a clown. Clowns are monkey-men that do tricks for girls and then are dismissed. Clowns do not get laid. Clowns hang out in the friendship zone. Instead learn the ability to crack jokes about whatever's going on around you. For example, if a drink is good, say, "This mango juice is so good, I want to fuck it. But since it's mango juice and I'm a man, I can't. Now I know what Romeo and Juliet must've felt like. Unrequited love is the worst!" This is good because you referenced Shakespeare (so smart!), used "unrequited" (so eloquent!), drink mango juice (so cosmopolitan!), and you want to fuck fruit (so irreverent!).

7. Go to the right spots. There are different sub-genres of hipsters around Burlington that you'll find at different spots: Hipster Bean = disheveled hipster girls (scrugg beard and tighter pants). Esox and Manhattans = Skate, metal, snowbro hipster girls (buy gear at Maven). 3 Needs = hippy hipster girls (wear a gem). O.P. = shitfaced hipster girls (bring pendant, wear vintage).

8. Befriend hip gay dudes. Arty girls always have some of these bros around because they dress well, party a lot, and won't try to finger fuck them, so when they finally get the freedom to pick their own wardrobe, they come out with socks and sandal combinations that make vaginas get Sahara-Desert-dry.



Malcom Valaitis

reflections.

walk it out

by timrobinson

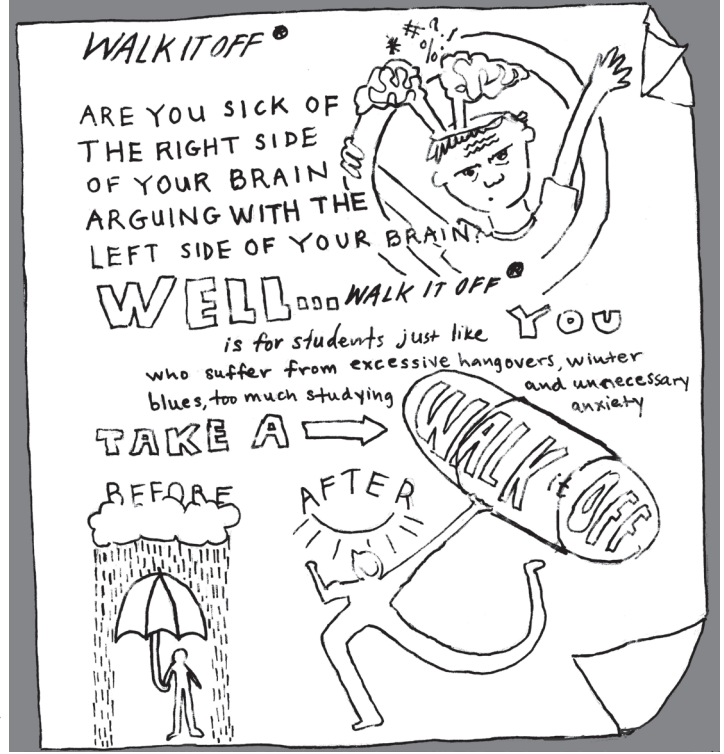
"Coach! I think I just broke my toe!"
 "Are you bleeding?"
 "No, but it hurts like a sonuvabitch."
 "Eh, walk it off kid, you'll be fine."

Yelled by coaches and resented by players everywhere, this age old axiom has been around the block a time or two. Employed in situations where the circumstance normally calls for a trip to the hospital or at the very least some aspirin and rest, "walk it off" has become the medical cure-all of the American sports team. Consequently, this phrase has led to more than a few injured athletes hoofing it in hopes of relief from their pain.

In hopes of relieving the winter blues, this doctor is prescribing you a hefty daily dose of walking it off. Headaches, depression, television overdose, and yes, even exhaustion can be cured by walking it off. Walking can help you sleep better, improve your self-esteem, and can help control joint swelling and pain from arthritis! I'm not sure that last one applies to any of you but it helps prove the point: walking is the wunderkind of the DIY medical field. No pills, no guilt, and definitely no experience necessary. Administer daily for at least an hour and you will find yourself feeling better and going to some unexpected places.

Why does this treatment work so well? Well it's pretty simple. It gets the blood flowing, it gets some sunshine on your face, and it gets you out there meeting new people and seeing new things. No matter where you walk, you are guaranteed to experience more stuff than you will sitting on your ass watching TV. Humans, being the social creatures we are, need to interact with people or else our brains start trying to interact with themselves. Your left-brain tries to talk to your right-brain but, let's be honest, they'll never get along. Right-brain is just too random and freewheeling for left-brain to put up with. Social isolation can lead to anxiety, eating disorders, addictions and substances abuse not to mention talking to yourself in the shower, which is probably the weirdest thing you can be caught doing (maybe). All of these things can be prevented by just getting out and socializing, feeding that primal instinct to talk and laugh and connect with other people.

After spending months and months and months indoors while it's been colder than Dante's hell, it's tough to break the routine of class, class, home, eat, sleep, shit, sleep, repeat. Just taking a walk is simple though: put on shoes, step outside the door, pick a direction and continue walking until you're tired or have to do something else. Walk to some woods, walk around said woods, and walk home. Maybe you'll see a deer or a cool looking bird, maybe you'll meet a friendly hobo who teaches you how to play the banjo, who knows! The possibilities are endless and you'll only find them if you're out there ready to stumble upon them. ■



Eliza Carver

crosswalk civility

by gregfrancese

Driving sucks. Not only can it be bad for the environment, but it's expensive and finding parking in Burlington is on the verge of impossible. Walking sucks too. It takes a lot of time and energy to walk up and down College Street, sidewalks look like ski slopes in the winter, and you run the risk of getting hit by a car while crossing the street. This last point – the real possibility of getting hit by a car while crossing the street– could be avoided if there were more crosswalk civility.

Pedestrians, especially Burlington's pedestrian elitists who pride themselves in ditching the car and scoff at any driver who dares to invade their piece of road designated by a strip of reflective white paint, need to pay more attention to basic principles of science that don't prevent two ton cars or trucks from being stopped by a 150 pound person. Drivers, who always seem eager to demonstrate their superiority over the pedestrian by rolling into a stop and parking in the crosswalk, should realize that all people standing on a street corner aren't looking to whore themselves out, but maybe they are patiently waiting to cross the street. More importantly, the use of the middle finger by pedestrians to demonstrate anger at the guy who parks his Jeep in the crosswalk does little to help paint themselves as the Earth-loving, patient people they are for walking instead of driving. But don't be offended if you are driving that Jeep and find yourself in the way of a pedestrian because you can put your two ton, all terrain vehicle in reverse or sit there and gloat over the fact that you were able to give a pedestrian the sense of entitlement they crave while crossing the street. ■

the semi-return of the redstone market

by jahaladudley

Redstone residents: our suffering is finally over! Instead of waking up an extra fifteen minutes earlier in order to stop by the Marche or the Marketplace for breakfast, Redstone Market is once again available to fill our rumbling stomachs with those coveted breakfast sandwiches. That's right, Redstone Market has switched its hours to better meet our hunger needs. After our brand new and shiny Redstone dining hall was finally opened (and wake up calls from grumpy construction men with heavy machinery ceased) it was bad news for point users on Redstone campus. No more foot long snacks!

just do me sex advice for you!

by tit&twat

Remember months ago when **the water tower** had a sex column? Well, those bitches backed out on us! So we're starting fresh to death with two NEW sexperts: Tit & Twat! Most of us have all kinds of questions about sex... What is a peen? Where is the condom store? Can I put scrunchies up my butt? So we're here to help. Just email us at wtjustdome@gmail.com with your question and a sexy pseudonym, and we'll be sure to answer it each week in the **Wt**.

Do Kegel exercises (vaginal exercises) really work?

Oh, weird you should ask that—I'm clenching my vaginal walls right now! For those who aren't familiar with the term, Kegel exercises are exercises that strengthen the small muscles surrounding the vagina and bumhole. And they do work! Women with bladder problems are often encouraged to take up a Kegel regimen to avoid problems associated with frequent urination. But unless you are pregnant or you pee constantly, you are probably more interested in the SeXy aspects of the coochie clench. Practicing Kegel exercises regularly can lead to more intense orgasms, increase arousal, increase blood flow to the vag, and apparently they can even help you to have a more toned and super-lubey vagina! Ooh la la!

No one wants to have a weakling vaginne.... wussy pussy, whiny vagynny, or wimpy wazoo...I mean, it's all just too obvious! You can do Kegels virtually anywhere at any time; friends and bystanders will be none the wiser. You probably want to start this instant. First, make sure you are working the right muscles. Next time you find yourself urinating, try stopping the pee flow midstream. As fun as it is, don't make this a habit—it's bad for you. Now that you know which muscles to clench, empty your bladder and try holding the clench for 10 seconds at a time and then rest for 10 seconds. Repeat this 5 times. Now try clenching for one second and resting for one second. Do a set of 5 rapid clenches in succession.

Ta da! Your brand new, strong, toned, lubed-up, sexy vagina is closer than you ever dreamed.

I'm a first year living in the dorms and I have a LOT of sex toys. How am I supposed to clean them when I have to share the dorm bathroom with others?

First year? You're too young to be doin' it! Just kidding, of course. We expect all UVM students to have been sexually active since birth! Naturally, sex toys are going to be part of the question, whether you're gay, straight, bi, tri, or Kornbread. Living in the dorms can be the pits, and having dirty sex toys can be even worse than the pits.... you know, the STI-pits. As long as you're not opposed to getting up at 6am on Saturday mornings, you should be all set— everyone's going to be too hung over to be up at this time! Set an alarm and mark it on your calendar each week. Grab some antibacterial soap from your own collection— Mason Hall's generic dispenser-soap isn't going to cut it. Put your dildos in a bag and reel 'em in! If you're worried about the janitorial staff judging you should they happen to stroll in, don't be. I'm sure they've seen weirder things going on at there. At least you're not boning in the bathroom! Or maybe you are. Whatever you choose to do, just keep that shit CLEAN! ■

in case you missed it: toy story sweeps oscars

by erikaweisz

Best Screenplay: Toy Story 3. The script's subtle allusion to the salience of blind faith in our culture makes us question whether the power of love can truly trump the forces of evil. Lines such as "Where's your kid now?" and "There's a snake in my boot!" rip viewers from their comfort zones and command them to confront their own mortality.

Best Visual Effects: Toy Story 3. Did you see that fire death scene in 3D? I did. My hands were so clammy that the popcorn was drenched in sweat (I told my friends that it was just extra butter). (Natalie Portman's rash was acting up again.)

Best Foreign Language Film: Toy Story 3. The powerful combination of the Spanish language setting on Buzz Lightyear's space suit and the end credits song "Hay Un Amigo en Mí" (Gypsy Kings) established a multilingual appeal and managed to successfully jerk tears.

Best Director: Lee Unkrich, Toy Story 3. For me, it was the brilliant action-packed opening scene segueing into the nostalgic "home movie sequence"... as Unkrich so eloquently said in his acceptance speech, "This is not only a victory for me, but for pot smokers everywhere!" (Natalie Portman continued to claw at her rash until she broke the skin, or did she????)

Best Supporting Actress: Barbie, Toy Story 3. Barbie looked stunning on the red carpet in her Fashion Fairytale ball gown. In her acceptance speech, Barbie thanked Skipper for the late night conversations about hopes and dreams. (Fellow nominee Winona Ryder was reportedly seen stabbing herself in the face during the speech, muttering "I'm nothing, I'm nothing!")

Best Actor: Lots O' Hugs Bear, Toy Story 3. His chilling portrayal of the terrifying Lotso rivals Anthony Hopkin's Hannibal Lecter in *Silence of the Lambs*.

Best Actress: Jessie, Toy Story 3. There wasn't a dry eye in the room as Buzz Lightyear accepted the award on behalf of his beloved Jessie, who is still in the intensive care unit of Sunnyside Day Care after a tragic accident with the Easy Bake Oven. (Natalie Portman pulled a black feather out of her nasty blood rash, or did she????)

Best Film: Toy Story 3. Woody and Buzz walked on the stage, arm in arm, while an orchestral rendition of "You've Got a Friend in Me" chimed throughout the entire Kodak Theater (Natalie Portman ran on stage, tore the Oscar from Woody's plastic fingers and stabbed him repeatedly in the abdomen... or did she????) ■

spring scopes

by lizcantrell

With spring break just around the corner, it's time to start thinking about what your plans will be. Consult the stars and leave your worries behind.

Aries, March 21-April 19: Expect a dull, meaningless break with long nights spent reading about the history of the armadillo.

Taurus, April 20-May 20: You will need to bring 3 feet of blue yarn with you on vacation, and possibly a copy of Reader's Digest. Plan accordingly.

4

-ye West arrested for shoplifting in Minneapolis sporting goods store +++ Political pressures force blue collar workers out of Wisconsin; nobody left to cut nation's cheese +++ Living/Learning approves "Exploring The Kama Sutra Through Social Justice" program +++ Content's of Lil Wayne's cup revealed: Four Loko, soy sauce and heavy cream +++ Walk it off! ■

5

trash.



i want you so bad

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

I'll never forget your seafoam eyes, or the way the sig ep guy's let you pass by. You stashed your jacket and dragged your friend to the basement, i followed in amazement. Only to see you get upset when your "guy" was getting it on with someone else. Without thinking you went up and called him out. The way you scared him was really hot. I tried to say hi but you were already heading out the door, hopefully you and that guy are no more?

When: last friday
Where: sig ep party
I saw: a girl with a K tattoo
I am: hoping to learn your name

bikes with flair seeking skirtbike who are you?
we think you're sexy.
are you looking for a good time away from your studies at the library?
do you want to go on a mustache ride?
or a wild romp down the Causeway?
ever considered riding a tandem?
When: every day this week
Where: railing outside the library
I saw: a skirtbike
I am: handsome purple fixie, dashing blue bike, alluring green trek

I met you on a speed date, We are both from the same state, I thought you looked cute, I was the one in a suit, Sometime we should talk, Or chant a Rock Chalk, Lions, Tigers, Bears, Oh My! Meet up with me and baby we'll fly.
When: Thursday
Where: Speed Date
I saw: A Jayhawk
I am: Classy.

attention readers!

IWYSBs will be read on WRUV 90.1 during *The Dinner Table with Casey the "X-Man" and Rob Gordon* Mondays 6-8pm

Puerto Rican papi got us going berzerk That way you make our bodies bails, shake it, and work.

A celeb of the gym-world you move so good, I'd be your solo dance partner if I could. Your classes're madd packed to the brim This Zumba Angel can commit no sin. You dance way better than the average man Of yo booty shaking we're all a fan. The way you switch yo hips is just too much Every zumba-mami's got a major crush!!
When: Mon and Wed classes
Where: da gym
I saw: one fine instructor
I am: a Zumba fan

I was on the phone with you and really enjoy your glasses. I like to creep on you over the phone but could never tell you. Hope you feel the same way. Maybe at this party tonight we will hit it off, it's close to your place and mine so that's not an issue at all. Come walk with me.
When: saturday late night
Where: East Ave
I saw: a hot RA
I am: interested friend

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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

Friday Night, Christie
bro: I JUST WANNA FUUUUCK

UHeights South, Friday Night
girl: can you tell I have herpes?
guy: ...yea...
girl: no but seriously if you looked at me would you be like "ewwww"?

Millis
cop: We are only doing this because we've got nothing better to do.

Saturday Morning, Simpson
bro 1: Dude how'd it go with that girl last night?
bro 2: It was lame, man. I left my dick at the party.

Simpson Store
guy (referring to his bag of chips): Well, if I don't get laid tonight, this will be my substitute.

WDW
guy 1: It's so nice out today!
guy 2: I know, dude! I'm only wearing three layers.

Between DC and Library
girl yelling on the phone: Mom! It's obviously getting infected, WHAT DO YOU WANT ME TO DO?!

Outside Living and Learning
dude 1: So President's Day is probably the best thing the presidents have done for us.
dude 2: Word.

Buell Street Kitchen
hipster: So, are you glad you bought Pietro's Flashlight?
bro: No man, it doesn't even feel good.
hipster: Does it feel better than your hand?
bro: No way. I love masturbating. There is something tried and true about the hand.

Redstone Dining Hall
girl 1: How do I look?
girl 2: Wayyy too classy, take it off.
girl 1: Oh shoot, you're right.

fashion five-oh. essence of a biddie

by colbynixon

What makes a biddie a biddie? Is it her attitude, her manner of dress, her taste in music, a love of Smirnoff Ice? No one really knows for sure, but as they are the most rapid and superficial social group, a great place to start would be to assess their style of apparel. It is not only what they wear, but how they wear it. My 57 year-old aunt wears oversized sweaters, and so do biddies, only my aunt doesn't throw on spandex, tear out the collar and belt the damn thing with the expectation that guys will be all over it. As it bears mentioning, there is diversity among biddies, but all are essentially variations on the theme. Much like the blog, "Stuff White People Like," **the water tower** will examine "Stuff Biddies Like."

uggs: Biddies love Uggs, as they are both warm and fashionable, right? A real, authentic biddie will have at least three different pairs of Uggs in varying styles and colors, especially that one that looks the color of (and is as tasteless as) the pink zinfandel they drink.

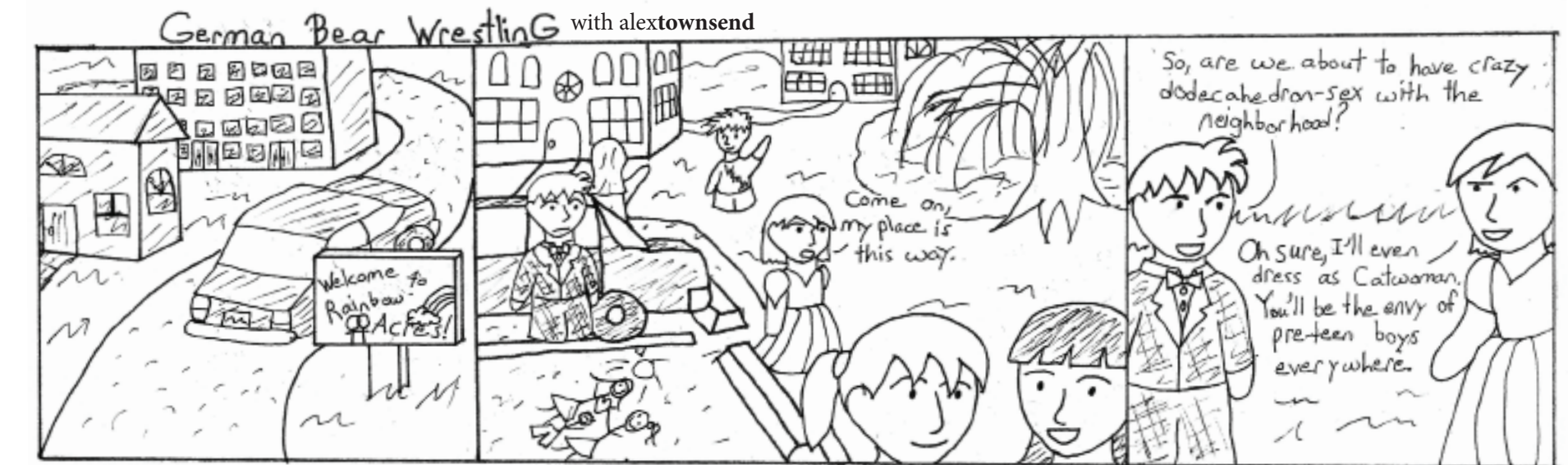
spandex: This only makes sense, when considering who actually wears Uggs with jeans these days (that would be "cool moms"). The biddie will only wear her Uggs with spandex, typically black, but on the occasion of a "bright and tight" themed party is known to clean out American Apparel with her parents' credit card.

the north face: Remember parents' weekend? That is literally the weekend of highest volume sales for The North Face store downtown, and the only reason that ridiculously overpriced store is in business the rest of the year. Each year on that first weekend in October (during a time I call "the great sadness"), a fleet of SUVs with Jersey and Massachusetts plates invades Burlington, with the second stop (after Three Tomatoes, of course) being The North Face store so that every biddie can get her jacket for the long, harsh Vermont winter. Biddies are apparently unaware that such brands as Mountain Hardware and Arc'teryx make equally as good and comparatively priced jackets (though sadly they have recently discovered Patagonia).

This is only a small sampling of what biddies like, and although nearly comprehensive, there were a few things left off the list due to space constrictions. To see other "Stuff Biddies Like," please visit our blog in the upcoming week. If you are not a biddie and enjoy some of this "stuff," I hope I have not offended you with this article. If so, feel free to write in to complain (a favorite biddie "pastime") at thewatertownnews@gmail.com. Be sure to leave your number, just in case we need to, um... follow up. ■

créatif stuffé.

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



calling all artists

we want your poems, cartoons, drawings, short stories, black and white photographs, (and even your) "artistic entities that cannot be confined to the strictures of conventional media."

send them to thewatertownnews@gmail.com, and find unparalleled fame

all-nighter: part 4am

by ilanacopel

blueberry cranberry potion keeping me awake
and yet i want to sleep
strange tales of siberian banishment reach my ears
wind chimes, wind chimes
somewhere off in the dark
through the open window they are ringing, singing
delicately clanging metal rods
not so delicate pull-tab atop a psychoswirling can of poison
i pour the electric blue down my throat
letting it coat my tongue
carbonated fuel
i could fly, fly
if only i drank it when my eyes were open
as it is i sit, sit
and write
wind whistling in the post-moon pre-dawn dark
the room is quiet but for the windchimes and the wind and the tapping keys and the hum of some electric beast
i can feel the bitter bubbles slide down to my stomach
a direct contrast with the smooth feel of the aluminum in my hand
i am an invincible young fool
i care not for the giant warning X on the side

fluorescence - sittin' in english class
by mattlauro
Bathing in perennial fluorescence
Dilution of the skin under
Pale lighting, pale paneling, pale
A cupboard of blank slates,
Stacked one after the other
All the little toys in a row
The scribe, the pauper, the teacher
One in the same
Solitary, voluntary
Slowly does he engrave
(Though given his wages, some would denote him a slave)
Following a good find,
Slowly carving, engraving
The dealer, pushing the opium of the mind

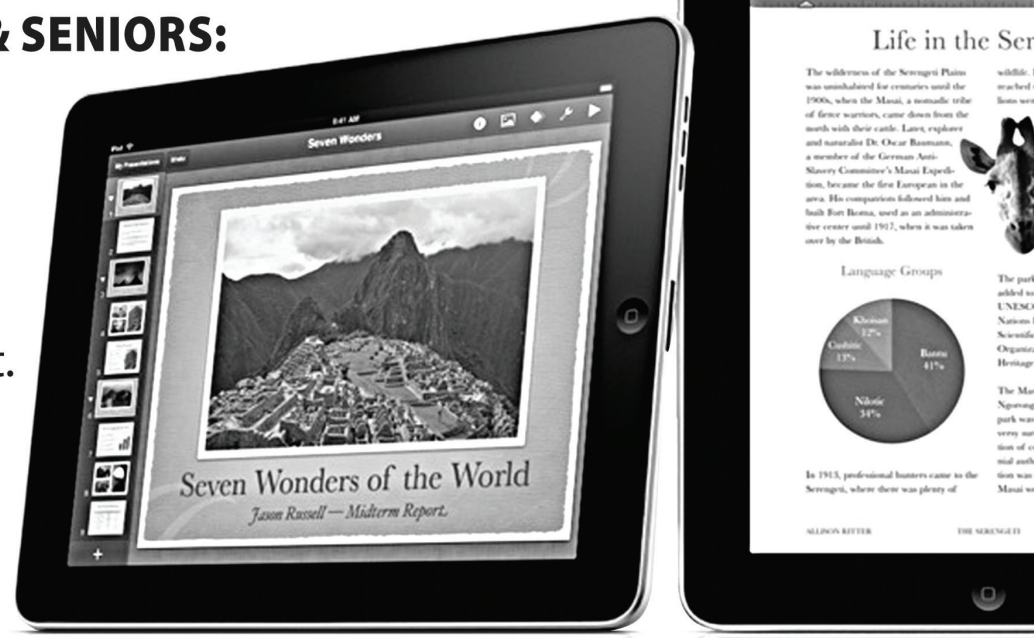
A slam,
A crash
A shattered hourglass
Seventy-five minutes melt from the clock into oblivion
What does it all mean?

Where we are, no time
Merely the essence. ■

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tunes.



'the king of limbs' reminds us why we'll always love radiohead

by jeremyklein

This past Valentine's Day—a day that aside from being Valentine's Day, was just like any normal Monday—came with the announcement that a new Radiohead album was imminent, this time to be released on the upcoming Saturday for download. It would be entitled *The King of Limbs*. In typical Radiohead fashion, a fresh blog post read, "It's Friday... it's almost the weekend... it's a full moon... you can download *The King of Limbs* now if you so wish!" As with *In Rainbows*, by self-releasing via the Internet, Radiohead have created a communal listening experience, where many listeners are all hearing the songs for the first time. This sort of thing has become a rarity in today's Internet-frenzied world, as many will download early leaks of albums while dedicated others wait until an actual physical release date for their first listen.

Here's the short version. If you like Radiohead and have somehow not downloaded or heard *The King of Limbs* yet, please go listen to it. You will like it. Hell, you might even love it. But if you have never, ever liked Radiohead, *The King of Limbs* is unlikely to alter your views. The album is only eight tracks—clocking in at about 37 minutes—and is essentially split into two halves. The first half is made up of more experimental and free-flowing tracks. The drums and guitars (if present at all in the former) are quick and frantic. Thom Yorke puts on his signature wail, and lots of noise looms in the background. Album opener "Bloom," though not containing any discernable guitar part, fits this mold well. It begins with a classical piano-sounding intro that quickly begins to loop continuously throughout the rest of the song. An electronic drumbeat and a short pulse of electronics enter before giving way to an organic drumbeat, one that does not really fit in time with the rest of the song. Later they incorporate strings and brass orchestration, further adding to the already chaotic atmosphere. It's fitting that the first words sung are, "Open your mouth wide," as it is certainly a lot to digest upon first listen. "Feral," the album's fourth track, takes the experimental, avant-garde feel to the highest degree. It has the same vibe as "Bloom," but does something more interesting with Yorke's vocals—his words are cut up, processed, and turned into just another electronic instrument in Radiohead's internalized orchestra.

"Lotus Flower" is equal parts experimental and melodic, and acts as the bridge between the album's two halves. It blends both styles together well, and embodies—if it truly exists—Radiohead's definable sound. (Also see its enjoyable music video featuring Yorke dancing wildly while singing. It's ridiculous and

They could release an album made up entirely of blues standards or Hall & Oates covers, and we would still hail them as the geniuses of their time. That's part of what makes Radiohead so great; no compromises, no bullshit, they just release top notch music.

hard not to enjoy.) The final three songs may be the most melodic songs Radiohead have maybe ever put together. A standout from this group is "Give Up the Ghost," which sounds borderline Neil Young-esque. The song is relatively simple in theory (Yorke singing, gentle acoustic guitar plucking, orchestral backing), yet it remains something all its own. It begins with the vocals, "Don't haunt me / Don't hurt me." This eerie warning is looped and lingers throughout the song in the background, as the track builds and builds before fading out into a ghostly electronic loop.

Radiohead has become synonymous with unpredictability. We never really know what to expect with each record, but at the same time, we don't really care what "type" of music they seem to put out. You can't put a name to it; it's an amalgamation, undefinable. It's become implied that everything Radiohead produces will be great, or at least better than the majority of everything else out there. The greatness of something as experimental as *Kid A* has earned them our infinite trust. They could release an album made up entirely of blues standards or Hall & Oates covers, and we would still hail them as the geniuses of their time. That's part of what makes Radiohead so great; no compromises, no bullshit, they just release top notch music. Their unpredictability has gone so far as to transcend what they do musically, finding its way into how we, the dedicated Radiohead fans, access and listen to their music (see the "pay-what-you-will" model of 2007's *In Rainbows*).

1997's *OK Computer* has come to be regarded as a modern masterpiece. 2000's *Kid A* completely confounded all expectations as to what a follow-up to *OK Computer* would sound like. Despite this, *Kid A* proved that Radiohead were more than your average band. They were damn talented musicians. But the short runtime of *The King of Limbs*, along with vocals like, "If you think this is over, then you're wrong," ("Separator") have lead some (Internet trolls, my roommate, and the like) to believe that this release is not actually the full LP, and that more *The King of Limbs* material may come out at a later date. Frankly, whether or not this comes to fruition does not matter. If they release another eight songs, great—but if this is truly it, accept it. We have another great album from one of the best bands on the planet. Stop being so greedy.

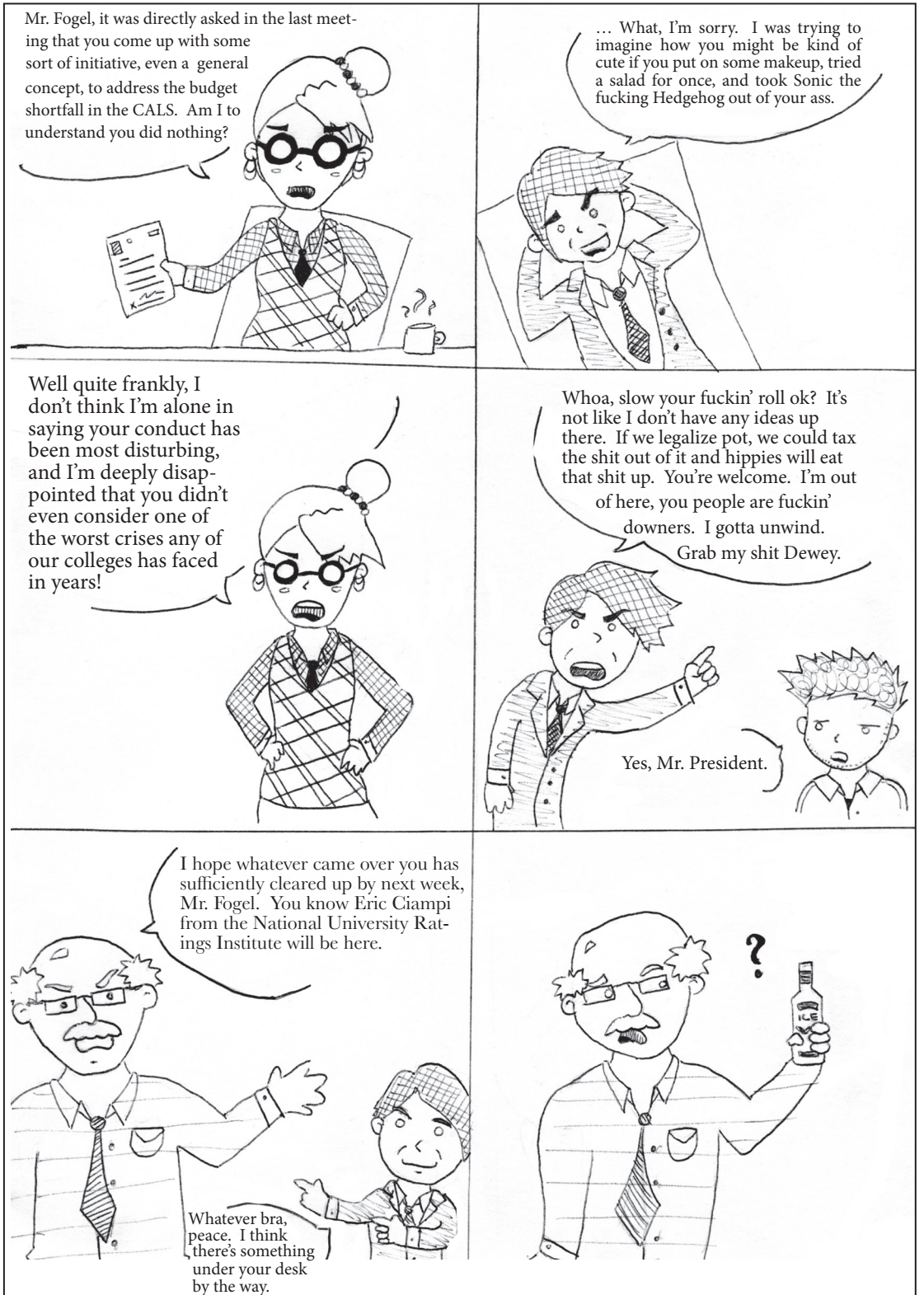
cat litter.



the adventures of president brogel and dewey john

cat litter:
by drew diemar
artwork by katie gagliardo

In our last installment, President Brogel had inadvertently been zapped by Professor Camus' latest invention, the Mentality Switching Raygun, when his trusted but klutzy sidekick, Dewey John, spilt a bottle of bootleg Coca-Cola on the now defunct laser. The president passed out, and when he woke up with Dewey at his side, he possessed the mentality of some bro who had snuck into Camus' laboratory to steal a scale.



Mr. Fogel, it was directly asked in the last meeting that you come up with some sort of initiative, even a general concept, to address the budget shortfall in the CALS. Am I to understand you did nothing?

... What, I'm sorry. I was trying to imagine how you might be kind of cute if you put on some makeup, tried a salad for once, and took Sonic the fucking Hedgehog out of your ass.

Well quite frankly, I don't think I'm alone in saying your conduct has been most disturbing, and I'm deeply disappointed that you didn't even consider one of the worst crises any of our colleges has faced in years!

Whoa, slow your fuckin' roll ok? It's not like I don't have any ideas up there. If we legalize pot, we could tax the shit out of it and hippies will eat that shit up. You're welcome. I'm out of here, you people are fuckin' downers. I gotta unwind. Grab my shit Dewey.

I hope whatever came over you has sufficiently cleared up by next week, Mr. Fogel. You know Eric Ciampi from the National University Ratings Institute will be here.

Whatever bra, peace. I think there's something under your desk by the way.



by emilylozeau

shilpa ray and her happy hookers - "teenage and torture"

Shilpa Ray may be ass-kicking crazy (or at least she sounds like it), but she's also insanely talented. With a voice cool and disaffected—perhaps the product of many a pack of cigarettes—her business is rock. The product: a consistently awesome album of percussion bumping full-throttle garage jams. Clap your hands and don't wash your hair, the race for queen of cool is on (by the by, her hookers are dudes, which makes her even cooler). Every song is a rhythmic standout, strong in the vocal yelps and croons, and equally effective in their bluesy melodies. In a way, she's the real life reincarnation of Gilda Radnor doing Candy Slice and the Slicers. If you haven't already heard of these gems, listen up yo!

If You Like: Beat the Devil, The Kills, Blondie, The Black Keys
Play: "Hookers," "Heaven in Stereo," "Venus Shaver," "Liquidation Sale," "Erotolepsy"

the luyas - "too beautiful to work"

The second release from Montreal-based the Luyas—although you may as well say they orbit around the moon—sends echo-feedback-ambient rock back to Earth via the paper cup and string method. This album also sends artists from Arcade Fire and Owen Pallett into rotation into space, which may put more spotlight on this band. But quite honestly, they should need no help. Ever since I heard their tune "Dumb Blood," their innocent, space nonsense has stuck with me. Singer Jessie Stein's high-pitched, angelic vocals play off the harsh background noises, as if they're bouncing around the walls of a cave. They even employ a string instrument called a zither—how more intergalactic could you be? Their music is as beautiful as the title suggests. You'll put down your biology homework and be transfixed by the sweetness that's practically dripping out of the jewel case.

If You Like: Galaxie 500, Stereolab
Play: "Tiny Head," "Moodslayer," "Cold Canada," "What Mercy Is"