



# the water tower.

uvm's alternative newsmag

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

## the bean scene: open mic night

by staceybrandt

Veiled in a dimness that makes everything ironic and decorated with items from a shitty garage sale, Radio Bean creates the perfect environment for local talent to sing, strum, and squawk their stuff. It's no wonder that when sign-ups for Monday night's Open Mic rolled around the line was literally out the door. Hoards of hipsters and hippies crammed around the sign-up sheet eager to reserve fifteen precious minutes of attention from strangers. I managed to squeeze my name onto the list, and being a first timer, my name was generously pushed to the top: 9 o'clock was my time. I would perform first.

When I am nervous, I tend to yawn involuntarily—probably because I forget to breath and, deprived of oxygen, I must resort to large spontaneous gulps of air to remain conscious. Also, my mouth dries up like one would experience after smoking a pack of unfiltered Camels. Hoping to replenish the saliva-barren hole from which I aimed to produce beautiful sound in twenty minutes, I headed to the bar to for a drink.

So, I went from being the girl yawning inexplicably to the girl nursing a glass of water and staring a little too hard at individuals at the bar. Finding myself among a wildly vintage collage of overalls, suspenders, blazers with patches, mutton chop sideburns, and moustaches curled up Captain Hook style, I was put strangely at ease. Even the smell evoked an earlier era—a time when one needed a candle to read at night and not just to cover up the

weed smell in one's dorm room. It's funny what the Radio Bean crowd can do to one's mental state. The cool chick sitting next to me gave me the sudden urge to dread my hair and get a tattoo sleeve. And a heavily bearded man across the bar made becom-

subsequent performers included a mind-blowing bongo drummer, a man making noises which he called 'hip-hop', and a talented folk-country singer named who performed two outstanding originals. in generic uvm speak, it was all 'mad heady'.

ing a lumberjack seem like a serious career option. Honestly, I just wanted to fit in.

How I managed to stumble or teleport over to the small stage at 9 o'clock, I don't know. All I remember is everyone's eyes gaping at me, waiting for me to say something. This was quite an unusual situation because most times people don't really care what I have to say. But there I was in the

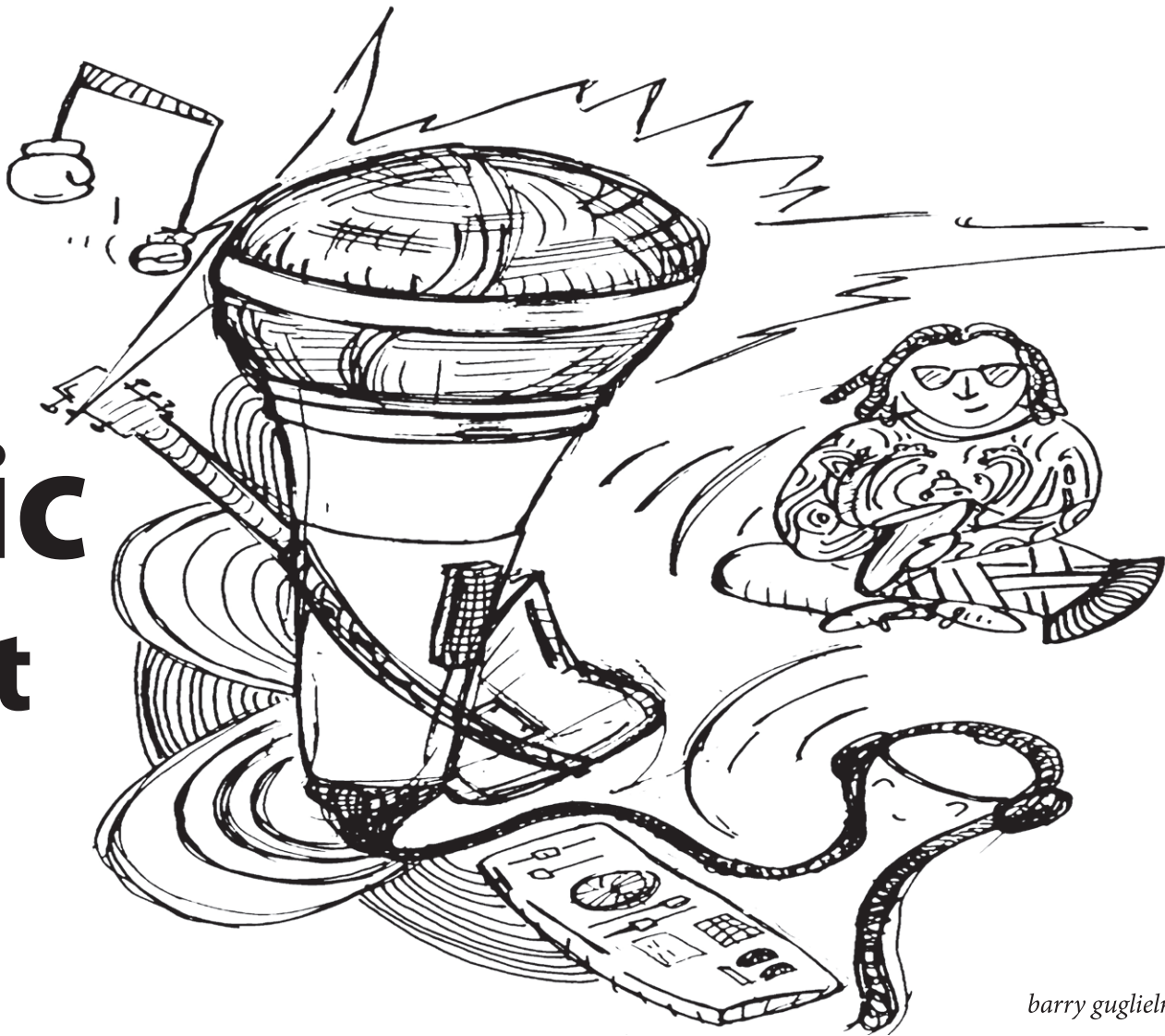
spotlight, an idiot with a microphone, and my words now somehow mattered. Contemplating using an edgy stage name (Cool Jew?), I half-mumbled my intro and began to pluck my guitar strings. People got quiet when I started to sing which made me relax

a bit, but my two-song set felt too short and was over before I could take it all in.

Everything after my performance went smoothly, aside from the sketchy men with bad breath who tried to hit on me. The way people had hooted for me after I played, I could have won an Olympic gold or just used the potty for the first time. In any case, what I had accomplished felt good. The

subsequent performers included a mind-blowing bongo drummer who later collaborated with a resident beat-boxer (they did an impromptu jam session that brought everyone to their feet), a man making noises which he called "hip-hop", and a talented folk-country singer named Will Overman who performed two outstanding originals (Will attends UVM, you should check out his stuff) . In generic UVM speak, it was all "mad heady".

Well, I don't expect everyone to rush downtown next Monday night as it's probably not prime time to get drunk and listen to music (unless you partake in "Messed-Up Monday" like some of the boys in my dorm). Radio Bean does provide a nice escape and a certain warmth for performers and observers alike. People come to hear music just for music's sake. So if you come to play, everyone will be super supportive even if you clearly suck. And if you come to listen, as long as you expect (and can accept) the unexpected, you're in for a good time. ■



barry guglielmo

get  
inside  
me:

liquor and lobster  
by dansuder

mom culture  
by phoebefooks and patrick-  
murphy

sporty threads  
by starahperda

yo la tengo  
by mikestorage



# the best news team inbox in the universe.



Dear **water tower**,

Is this thing on? Is this **the water tower**? Mic check 1, 2, Hoobastank. Ok. Let's mark this note after the mention of "dirty blond(e) paragon." While I can't ever convince the reader that I am the writer of the aforementioned entry, short of reciting it verbatim, resulting in the discomfort of a staff of strangers, you may just have to trust that any other person would not waste their time. I can't explain what compelled me to write this, although it can be attributed to Constance Fingerbottom's ohh soo flattering mention of my corny and poorly structured prose. That's the truth Ruth, but I think those qualities worked to my piece's benefit. Which is where I'm getting at in defense of IWYSB.

I believe I live in an arbitrary world, so I'll take away the "good" and "bad" attempts at IWYSB that Fingerbottom mentioned, and delegate them to those that get to the point quickly, and those like mine that don't. See, without dipping too deep into language theory, where the language I have been given is not inherently mine, which means I am never obtaining the full truth of my thoughts, I use metaphor to make up for that lack. I wouldn't advise it for gun debates, but it served its purpose for my IWYSB which, let's be honest, was more like glorified creepin' than hopeless romanticism. Oh, and if by now this is painful for you, the reader, to read, like wanting to kick this guy in the nuts painful as he waxes poetically, don't worry. I'm having my classmate repeatedly kick me in the nuts as I write this.

I don't know who was criticizing the IWYSBs, but I think that they're not viewing it, as Fingerbottom noted, as a forum for us schmucks, where we indulge in fun, shallow fantasies because whatever, we have free time. By no means do we think these endeavors are important, but they do connect to people's hesitations. And I want to back up my straight-to-the-point companions who are under heavy fire, who are much braver than I because they could say it so easily and not hide behind a curtain. They're often blunt. Sometimes messy. Less than stellar, what have you. But they say it: I want you so bad. It captures a moment. The dirty blonde paragon encapsulated a moment where I saw her, note after about two years of tepid eye contact, and I wrapped my head around that fantasy we all have: Is there something there? And I kind of hoped she would see it, even though **the water tower** unknowingly altered one organizational element of it, and get a tiny kick out of it. I don't profess to be able to read people, but I wanted to see those warm, yet sad eyes smile.

Because I consider myself a pragmatist, in all likelihood if she read it and met me, things wouldn't be the same. Most likely very uncomfortable. I speculate that by putting typeface to the screen I've actually cornered myself into anonymity. But she carried herself in a very sexy manner that made me feel like I should take the risk, shit, maybe even someone else would take a chance at meeting her. The clues remain the same, save for the day, which I think now changed to another celebrated and often reheated restaurant chain.

Reading this over I guess I didn't defend much. I was never good at essays, just at creating dead ends. A lot hasn't been covered and much has been cut. But class starts in about 60 seconds and my nuts are really sore. So basically what I'm saying is, don't be like me all the time. Writing's a powerful tool, but I look forward to the day when IWYSB is a stepping-stone to doing.

But until then dirty blonde paragon, I want you so bad.

-the Whale

*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*

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## the news in brief with kerrymartin

**“At least three years of consulting experience relating to the knowledge of the cannabis industry, including but not limited to product growth, harvesting, packaging, product infusion and product safety.”**

-Washington State's Liquor Control Board stating the job requirements for its official marijuana consultant. Although it also asked that applicants have a law degree, stoners from across the nation showed up to apply, including co-founder of High Times magazine Ed Rosenthal.

**“They tried to take away everything that made Timbuktu Timbuktu. They almost succeeded.”**

-Mahalmoudou Tandina, an Islamist preacher whose ancestors settled in this ancient African center of culture and learning in the 13<sup>th</sup> century, recalling the radical Sharia law under which al Qaeda-affiliated terrorists held Timbuktu for ten months.

**“We have doubled the use of renewable energy, dramatically reduced our dependence on foreign oil, and put our country on a path to win the global race for clean energy jobs.”**

-Barack Obama praising Dr. Steven Chu, Nobel Prize winner and Energy Secretary who announced on Friday that he will be leaving his cabinet post by the end of the month.

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

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**Our generation stands at a crossroads.** With sincerity and humor, we strive to make you reexamine, investigate, question, learn, and maybe pee your pants along the way. We are the reason people can't wait for Tuesday. We are **the water tower.**

news ticker: Assad claims Israel is 'destabilizing' Syria. No word on what Assad thinks he is doing to his own country. +++ Sri Lankan Navy rescues 138 Burmese and Bangladeshi refugees from sea. ■

## beijing incorporated into 'desolation of smog'

by coleburton

Over the past few weeks, Beijing has been overrun by thick clouds of toxic smog, blanketing the city in hazardous pollution and lowering visibility to nearly zero at times. All of this pollution is a direct result of China's rapid industrialization in the twentieth century and the accompanying population boom, reaching 20.69 million permanent residents by the end of 2012. In the twenty-first century Beijing's immense populace draws heavily on the power-grid, and nearly 80% of the energy produced in China comes from coal power, a heavy pollutant. This coupled with estimates of ten million cars in Beijing alone in 2011, as reported by the China Daily, means even more air pollution. Chinese heavy industry is also a contributing factor as many plants, factories, and other industrial manufacturers emit by-products of their daily operation into the atmosphere: toxic gasses, particulates, and other pollutants. Their emissions possibly meet Chinese standards, but far exceed the standards of most developed nations, like those used by the United States' EPA. Because of all this it is no surprise that this expansive city makes the smog of Los Angeles look like crisp morning skies over Mount Mansfield.

To draw a mental picture one can just imagine walking along Liulichang Street, a traditional Chinese market area. Traditional shops line the streets, with families selling handmade goods and wares. Except you can barely see any of this because you are walking through some of the thickest fog you've ever seen. Instead of water vapor though, you are moving through a thick soup which burns the eyes and fills the lungs with carcinogenic gasses and particulates. Its a dense and dark toxic cloud descending upon one of the largest, most densely populated cities of the world. The visibility in this hazardous mess has been so bad at points that Beijing airports have even had to delay or cancel flights.

Not surprisingly this crisis is worsen-

ing daily as more and more are repeatedly exposed to toxic levels of air pollution, and those hoping for aid from the government, in the form of stricter pollution controls on industry and infrastructure, are optimists at best. To give some empirical sense of how bad the the air can get here are some numbers. The air quality index used by Beijing at ten am one day read 393, or "severely polluted", while 4 hours earlier, at six am, the Beijing U.S. Embassy's index read a tremendous 517, a reading which is considered "beyond index". So what you have is a level of pollution which is unimaginable on the American index, and you just know its bad when something surpasses the boundaries of American pollution standards. Unsurprisingly Beijing authorities have made some recent, although small, attempts to limit the pollution in the city by declaring they will decommission some 180,000 highly polluting vehicles. They also want to dissuade its population from using coal burning heaters in their homes, a common practice and one factor adding to the crisis.

Unfortunately these measures will only do so much to ebb the environmental disaster of continued Chinese pollution. It appears that Mother Nature is also unwilling to help Beijing residents as there have been minimal winds in and around the city, and weather forecasts don't seem to predict much change. This weather pattern allows the smog to settle and remain in the low lying area where the ancient city is built. Maybe the climate is just trying to wake up China and the rest of the world to the realities of continued pollution with a bitch-slap to the face consisting of this lingering toxic cloud. While it's unlikely that any of the environmental problems facing the world today will be solved anytime soon, even in light of this health disaster happening in a major world city, it may just be best to avoid taking a stroll down the streets of ancient Beijing until this thick acidic soup rolls out of town. ■



katharine longfellow

## the shit list with jamiebeckett

**Applebee's** - An Applebee's employee was fired this week for uploading a picture of a local pastor's receipt, on which a \$0.00 tip was accompanied with the message, "I give God ten percent why do you get 18%?" Chelsea Welch, the former Applebee's employee was surprised she was "fired for 'embarrassing' someone who directly insulted their server on religious grounds." While the whole situation is stupid, this type of shit would happen at Applebee's, whose only redeeming features are Oreo Shakes and fatty-watching.

**Big Oil** - The 2012 Consumer Report is out and Exxon scored another 71 billion dollars of US subsidy funding. In related news, the World Future Council recently published findings from a study assessing the costs of projected fossil fuel consumption. With costs in the US exceeding a trillion dollars, one might want to reconsider future use of tar sand oil, or any oil for that matter.

**World Bank Foresters** - The purpose of UN involvement in the world's rainforests is to prevent their destruction and address rural poverty. Yet the foresters, whose job is to serve the local communities' interests, have continued to support industrial scale logging of endangered rainforests in countries like Cambodia and Indonesia. Do your job, foresters; only UVM kids are allowed to smoke trees. ■

## ur u hell of a guay, mr. mujica

by kerrymartin

Greed is inherently insatiable. In fact, it compounds exponentially: the wealthier people get, the more they know they could acquire, and there are no limits on bank accounts. When it's world leaders that fall victim to this, they perpetrate a feudal tradition of states designed mainly to prop up their leaders. This disconnect makes fair statesmanship impossible. Perhaps it's time to heed the wisdom of the Roman philosopher Seneca: "It is not the man who has too little, but the man who craves more, who is poor."

I'm citing Seneca second-hand, however. That quote was used by José Mujica, current President of Uruguay, to describe his modest lifestyle. Simon Romero, a New York Times journalist investigating Mr. Mujica's austere existence, was shocked to discover the president in a small, run-down house on the outskirts of the capital city Montevideo, with no servants and only two guards, making himself yerba mate and rejecting the staff and opulence of the presidential mansion for the place where he and his wife have lived and grown chrysanthemums for years. One political opponent called Mujica's house "a cave." But unlike Mr. Mujica, this opponent does not donate 90% of his salary to help the Uruguayan poor, leaving him with \$800 a month.

In addition to selling off a "useless" state-owned seaside mansion, Mr. Mujica has a reputation of radical liberalism in what is already South America's most liberal country. Uruguay boasts comprehensive abortion rights and green energy, and Mr. Mujica has won both fans and enemies by trying to push through same-sex marriage and cannabis legalization. Uruguay also has a long tradition of humble leadership: its Constitution prohibits presidents from holding office for consecutive terms, an acceptable practice in most countries which Mujica shuns as "monarchic;" and although Mujica is an extreme example, he describes the country's recent political history well by saying, "We have done everything possible to make the presidency less venerated."

Perhaps that's why Transparency International names Uruguay Latin America's least corrupt country, and its safest. Maybe it helped that Mujica didn't come from privilege. During the 1970s, Mujica and his wife were members of a militant revolutionary group called the Tupamaros that fought against Uruguay's military regime. However, both were captured and spent many years imprisoned. Mujica spent over a decade in solitary confinement, oftentimes merely a hole in the ground, where he befriended rats and frogs, with whom he would share bread-crumbs. This is a man who knows what suffering is, what hunger and abandonment feel like; who can question his motives for rejecting decadence and devoting himself to his country's poor and needy? Perhaps ten years in a hole should be training for statesmanship: if it purges leadership of greedy, ambitious, and vain intentions as it has for Mr. Mujica, the world would be a brighter place.

But the rich stay rich, and American Dream or not, if you're looking to work in Washington, it helps to have a dad who can pay for private school, pull strings, and send you to your first interview in a \$5,000 suit. And once you're in Washington, if you're not a millionaire already, it pays to befriend one (and then befriend all his friends). Mr. Mujica caused a stir in Montevideo when he showed up to the statehouse on a Vespa. I can't imagine what we'd do with a man like Mujica in 'Merica.

With all this in mind, I hereby state my hopeless plea to de-venerating political positions. But we're already past the brink. Comparatively, America is not even that bad in regards to its leaders' opulence. But there's a lot of frivolous grandeur that's just ingrained in our leadership, and it will remain uncontested. Nations demand a lot from their leaders. But leaders must demand much less in return, or else our democratic ideal—citizens appointing fellow citizens to serve and represent them—breaks apart. ■



# around town.

## a candid conversation

by caito'hara

Most days when walking into Uncommon Grounds, you'll spot a man sitting at one of their tables, drawing with pens and ink. The results are stunning. Inspired by his life, his thoughts, and various readings, the pieces he produces cross the line between reality and fantasy in a way that makes the average person pause just long enough to get drawn in. This man's name is Tim, and frankly he's one of the coolest people I have ever met.

When I first sat down with Tim, I intended for this article to be entirely about his artwork and who he is as an artist. But after talking with him, I can't focus just on that any more. I spent nearly an hour going back and forth with him on everything, from where he draws the inspiration for his art, to why he draws, to the fact that he hates the term "artist" and prefers "art creator," to the current state of society and what it says about the people living in it. In short, topics of all kinds were covered and I don't feel as though I can discuss his art without discussing him as a person.

Tim began drawing and creating artwork as a kid, and has continued with it as a hobby throughout his adult life. He doesn't sell his artwork, nor does he make his art for other people. In his own words, he makes art "just because."

He creates just to please himself, and "what [he] makes is the reward in and of itself." It isn't the popularity, it isn't the potential money, recognition, or fame. It's simply creating something on paper that stirs the imagination, which you can see in his pieces, as they border on the extreme edges of reality and often challenge an outsider's perspective of what is good and what is evil.

**"if you are afraid of making mistakes you are undoing your own creation."**

Throughout our talk, we came back to this idea of not trusting what you see. For example, we as humans, through television, stories, books, and movies, have an ingrained perception of what an "evil" character looks like: sinister, dark, and mysterious. And on the opposite end of the spectrum, we have a perception of what a "good" character looks like: light, heroic, and trustworthy. If you saw a figure dressed in black and in armor, you would likely instantly

believe them to be evil. In his work, Tim sets this idea on its edge. He calls them, "ultra scary-looking good guys." Don't trust what you see. Question things. Good people may not always do the best things, and the best things may not always be good.

Tim enjoys his work. He does it because it is something he loves to do. And when I asked him for any advice he may have for young artists, I received so much more than I expected. If you question why you're doing, then it may not be the best thing for you. If you do something just because you want to, because it's something you love and would do regardless of the circumstances, that's what matters. Art should not be a popularity contest. "If you are afraid of making mistakes, you are undoing your own creation," Tim said. And that's not true about only art, that's true about life in general.

I set out with the intention of putting a spotlight on a local artist. Instead, I got a conversation I won't forget, and ideas that I will continue to ponder. I'm continuously amazed by the conversations I get to have here in Burlington, and the people I am privileged enough to meet. And you will be too, if you just say "Hello." ■



## route 7 liquor: a lobster's paradise

by dansuder

Sometimes, usually on Friday and Saturday nights, Pearl Street Bev gets a little bit busy. I've never been of course, being a lobster, but I hear customers complaining all of the time.

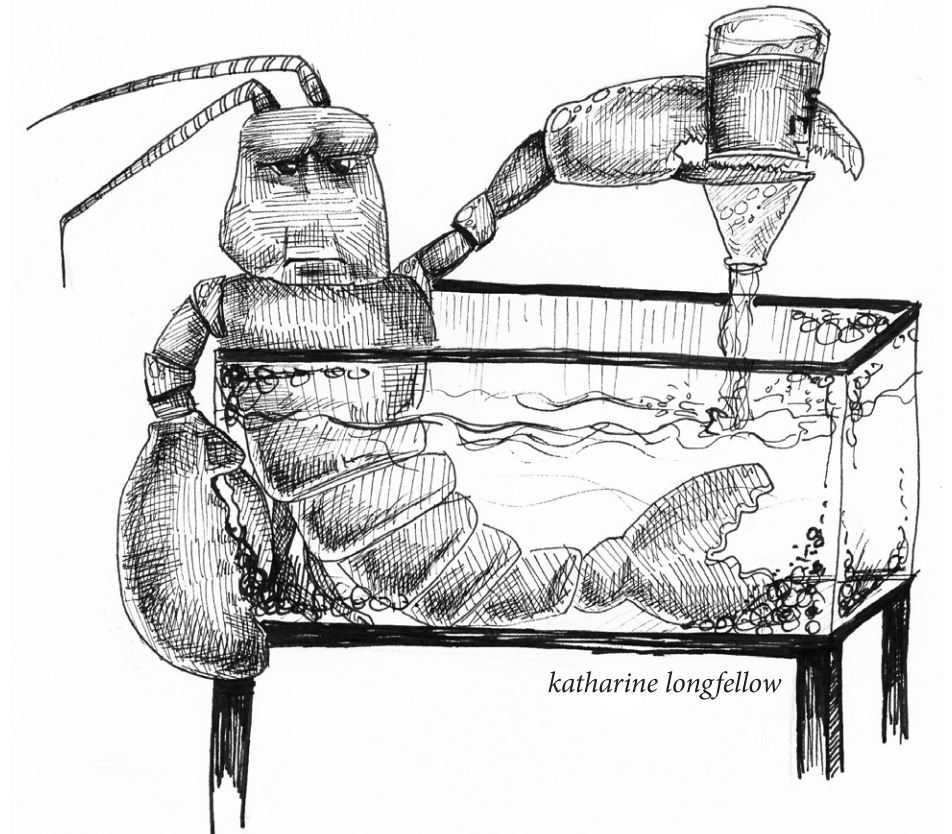
"So many people in PSB right now," they say. "That's why I always come here. Well, that and the lobsters."

I really hate when they talk about us like that, like we don't have feelings or identities. We're not just any old crustacean, you know? We're goddamn lobsters; red, fierce, and powerful lobsters. And we do feel pain, at least according to some new research out of Queen's University in the UK... but I'm getting ahead of myself. Besides, you have bigger concerns, like, "how is this lobster writing?" or "I didn't even think lobsters could speak English!" or "Lobsters don't live in liquor stores!" Well, mes amis, you've got another thing coming.

Out on Shelburne Road, if you drive far enough, there's a store. It's got a sign that says "Route 7 Liquor" or something like that, and it's my home. I live in a tank there, with some other lobsters, like Ricky and Sarah and Margot. Margot's a cutie, but again, I'm getting ahead of myself.

Inside the store, I can see and hear the customers discussing the liquor, beer, deli sandwiches, and, sadly, lobsters that they plan on buying. I hear that the selection is decent, and I know they have things that PSB sometimes does not. Buffalo Trace? They have it. A bazillion different kinds of vermouth? They have them. Pearl Street Beverage does not.

"There are, like, no lines here!" I often hear young hoodie-clad men saying. "I'd be standing in line for days at PSB!" Indeed, I've noticed a distinct lack of long lines, even at peak weekend hours. People may come for the wide selection of booze (the beer selection is solid, too!),



katharine longfellow

but they stay for the lobsters.

For example, the other day I was flirting with Margot, like, "Hey baby, I hope our negligible senescence allows us to stay together forever," you know, just spittin' that lobster game, when I heard someone talking.

"The lobsters are talking to each other!" said a little human child.

"They sure are," said an adult. "I bet they're talking about how delicious they'll be for dinner tonight. I'll take that one --" the voice said, and a long, slender hand stretched before my eye, pointing a finger at Margot. " -- and... that one." This time, the finger aimed straight at my chitinous carapace.

That finger, sentencing me to an unceremonious end

**"people may come for the wide selection of booze (the beer selection is solid too!), but they stay for the lobsters."**

with my true love, had traveled a couple of miles from downtown, in the heart of winter, to escape. It escaped the long lines of Pearl Street Beverage. It escaped the youthful yet blasé workers of that store and discovered the intriguing and aged vendors of Route 7 Liquor. Here, that finger is rewarded with praise, as the man behind the counter says, "Oh yes, good choice!" or, more thoughtfully, "Hmmm, nice selection..." At Route 7 Liquor, the finger has found liquor, lobster, and love.

Margot and I were pulled from the tank, thrown into a bag, and taken several miles, where we were unceremoniously dumped into a pot of boiling water. We were consumed simply, with butter and a white wine selected from the myriad of options at Route 7 Liquor.

I'll always remember my time in that tank as some of the best days of my life. Ricky and Sarah and Margot, sure, but also the wide selection of liquor, the availability of a deli, and the lack of huge throngs of college kids were features that made the store wonderful. So go in, say hi to Ricky and Sarah, order a sandwich for me, and try not to wonder too much about how a dead lobster wrote an article. ■

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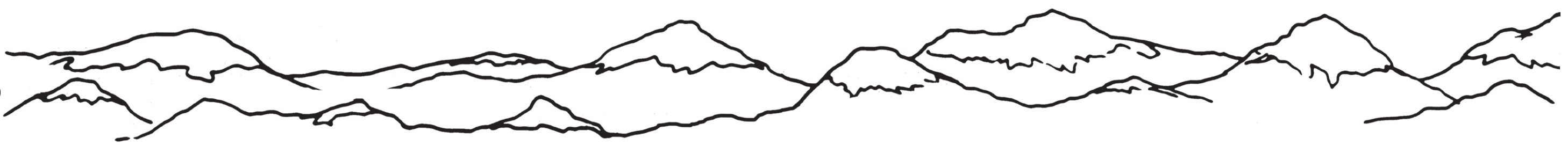
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## the *stare* from across the room

my  
unadulterated  
**fear**  
of paul newman



by craigpaste

In the ever-twisting vortex of uncertainty that is the world of this naïve, yet adventurous adolescent, the encroaching gloom of silence pervades. As such, I can no longer hold myself within the bounds of silence, but must loosen these chains and allow my true feelings to burst forth into the pliable minds of my peers. So permit a passive question worthy of a long and drawn-out rant of an answer: "What is Newman's Own?" I don't understand what the theme of this product brand is or is supposed to be, the source of its inspiration, or from whence it came.

Pretend your first encounter with a product under the flag of Newman's Own was mine and take yourself back to a spotless, buttery-smelling, suburban home in which a lovely and substantial professional homemaker oversaw a playdate with your reluctantly close-knit friend group. I say reluctantly because, while we're pretending, it is downright unhealthy to delude oneself into believing that you or your friends had the slightest part in organizing the get-together. The true culprit? Why, that aforementioned portly mother-of-your-friend; she concerted the whole thing! The weapon of choice? None other than the sickly-sweet nectar of juvenile socials, that is to say, Newman's Own Lemonade. And so I declare unto you, Sir Newman, the very first of your strikes: forced socialization, and at oh-so-tender an age!

Let us use this line here as a grace period, and take a hint from sitcom theme songs, fast-forwarding to a time when hanging out isn't initiated by the wayward worries of someone's mother. You've hacked and slashed a good portion through high school, joined a sports team, and are off to the reason you joined said sports team: the team dinner. Whilst the

**"the saucy face plastered on the near empty jar of newman's own cabernet marinara stares you down underneath its condescending beret and duo of moustache and smirk."**

dramatic tension rises between girls and carbs, you sense in the crowd a fierce pair of eyes penetrating into the back of your neck. You turn. Nothing. Only bros playing Xbox and girls getting anxious over their love/hate proximity to the Oreos. But again you sense that drilling gaze. Again you turn, only to chide yourself for sensationalizing a slight feeling. Still it persists, and with one more turn you finally realize; the subsequent sharp twist over your right shoulder confirms your fears. The saucy face plastered on the near empty jar of Newman's Own Cabernet Marinara stares

you down underneath its condescending beret and duo of moustache and smirk. It matters not who he thinks he is, because you are part of his macabre dance, waltzing without the knowledge of this ubiquitous brand's origin.

Years later, within the confines of college, you, and other choice guests, may be invited over to an acquaintance's abode. To end the initial heavy-handed conversational phase, the host brightens up the gathering by producing a bottle of speech-slurring sunshine. To your horror you recognize it as Newman's Own Cabernet Sauvignon. Thus the night abruptly ends, as you become grossly intoxicated with questions regarding the existence of Newman's Own products: Was that lemonade from those wee years really His Own lemonade? Why did He never get around to drinking it? What if He stole the lemonade and has been lying to you about it for the entirety of your life? I can only proffer a single drop of advice to remedy your situation: To the question "What is Newman's Own?" respond curtly with "We just don't know."

Disclaimer: If you or a loved one has been rendered uncomfortable by the omnipresence of Newman's Own brand products, take solace in the fact that the company donates 100% of its post-tax profits to charity, and is a gleaming example of modern philanthropy. Surely, one need not enjoy the cartoon image of his beaming face to acknowledge this. ■

## seven minutes (or so) in heaven

by rebeccaaurion

Get your mind out of the gutter, people. I'm talking about YouTube. Sort of. I'll be frank with you, lovely readers; I spend way too much time on the Internet, pretending that I don't have roughly 87,000 things due the next day. One of my favorite ways to waste time is watching webseries. These little nuggets of awesome are great for a few reasons. Perhaps you don't have time to watch an entire episode of Parks & Rec, but still want some entertainment. Webisodes are usually less than ten minutes long, and the options can range from spoofs of your favorite full-length TV shows to original storylines featuring truly creative characters. So to get you started, but mostly just to brag about how cultured I am, here are some of the best webseries the Internet has to offer, in my not at all humble opinion.

First up is "Gayle." Let me start by saying if you're not watching this weekly YouTube series written by and starring Chris Fleming, then you're making awful life choices. Fleming stars as Gayle Waters-Waters, the most hilarious, manic, and intense homemaker you'll ever come across. "Gayle" takes housewife stereotypes and blows them to extreme proportions in a way that I've personally never seen before. Gayle is frightening at times (I'm never going to recover from her topless tree climb to retrieve an essay), but the show is so well written it's absurd. Nearly every line is quotable, and the show features such charms as Gayle snorting ground up Kashi Go Lean Crunch, a treasure chest filled with couscous, and a granola making ceremony that really cannot be described in words. I'm not kidding, stop what you're doing and look this one up. You'll never look at Chobani the same way ever again.

Next is "The Guild." If you've ever played World of Warcraft, Dungeons and Dragons, or are just obsessively in love with Felicia Day and spend too much time on your computer (guilty), then this series is going to resonate with you. "The Guild" is currently on its sixth season, airing mainly in the

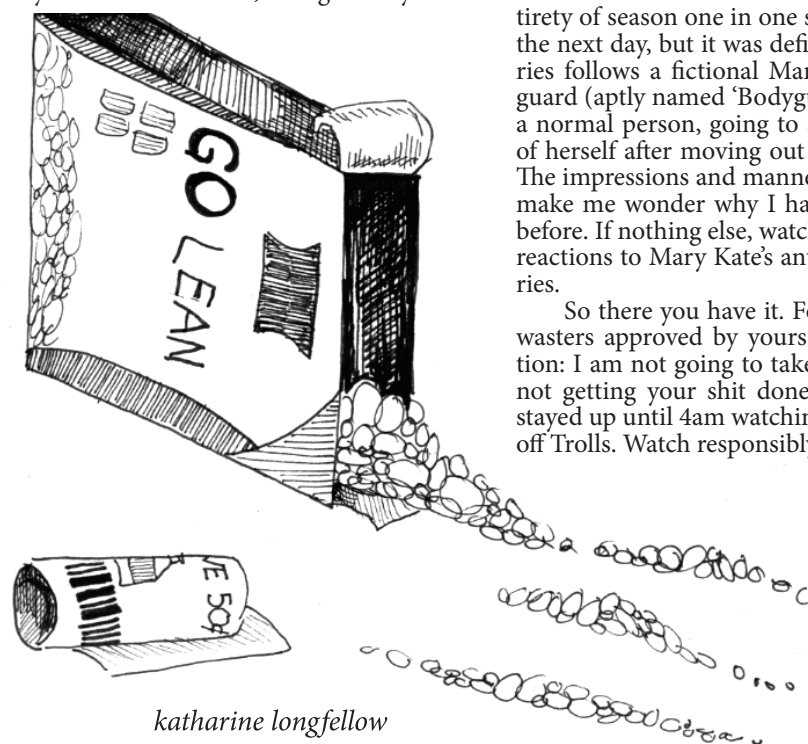
summer/fall time. Day stars as Codex, a member of the Knights of Good Guild in an RPG game similar to WOW, but the game itself goes unnamed. Seriously, they go to a convention in Season 5, and there's a giant banner that just says "The Game." Codex is a bit of a shut in, choosing to spend her time in the game rather than her real life, but it all kind of goes to hell (and gets wonderful) when the Guild members decide to invade her life offline. If you enjoy nerd humor, well-developed characters and the occasional cameo by Neil Gaiman and Nathan Fillion, then give The Guild a shot.

"Burning Love" was one of the great highlights of my summer. If you've ever even watched an episode of The Bachelor, then you're already aware of how ridiculous dating shows are. Co-created by Ben Stiller (really, do I need to keep going? Aren't you sold already on that? No? Alright...), this series spoofs dating shows expertly. The main

character, Mark, "the bachelor," is a rather inept fireman (hence the title) who searches for love amongst a plethora of ladies who each represent a stereotypical woman who would appear in a real dating show. You have the religious girl, the obsessive stalker, the girl who runs around naked the whole time, the pregnant one, and my personal favorite, Agnes, who introduces Mark to her grandson during their one-on-one date. Instead of roses, the women are given hoses (Because of the fireman thing, get it?) as symbols of his love. The best part about this series, however, is that everything that happens, seems entirely plausible, no matter how ridiculous. As someone who has admittedly watched too much Bachelor and Bachelorette, I can say with certainty that a good majority of the shenanigans on "Burning Love" ring true. If you love dating shows, despise them, or just want to see them get knocked down a peg, Google this shit.

Last up is "Very Mary-Kate." And in case you were wondering, yes, I'm talking about Mary Kate Olsen. I had a friend who made me watch the entirety of season one in one sitting. I was exhausted the next day, but it was definitely worth it. The series follows a fictional Mary-Kate and her bodyguard (aptly named 'Bodyguard') as she tries to be a normal person, going to school and taking care of herself after moving out of Ashley's apartment. The impressions and mannerisms are spot on, and make me wonder why I haven't seen these actors before. If nothing else, watch it for Bodyguard. His reactions to Mary Kate's antics really make the series.

So there you have it. Four new excellent time wasters approved by yours truly. A word of caution: I am not going to take responsibility for you not getting your shit done on time because you stayed up until 4am watching Frost Mages fighting off Trolls. Watch responsibly. ■



katharine longfellow

# mom culture on the rise

by phoebefooks and patrickmurphy

"It's Time." Time to begin, the new hit single by Imagine Dragons comes on the radio and you shamelessly rock out while cruising up 89 in your eco-friendly hybrid vehicle. You and four other friends are carpooling back to school after winter break. "Hey could you pass me something to eat from the front?" one friend calls to you. You slide her a baggie of trail mix and some of the celery sticks you packed beforehand.

You, my friend, have just fallen victim to Mom Culture. Thousands of us are starting to realize our tendencies to behave more like our mothers: jamming to light rock music, carpooling whenever possible, and exploiting any way to save money. We are beginning the slow transition into the next stage of our lives in which we adopt the traits of the generations above us to ease into true adulthood. This evolution into pre-motherhood is evidenced by our growing concerns about our health, our indulgence in music that's softer on the soul, and our thriftiness—all things our younger selves formerly saw as lame.

First of all, there's our concern for health and fitness. Rarely does a day go by when one doesn't observe a group of lululemon-clad yogis making a beeline to the gym. We love yoga, and jogging, and pilates, and ellipticals, and in general just trimming down that extra belly fat. Our previous exercise routines consisted of team sports, gym class, and maintaining a more energized, active, and youthful lifestyle—the kind of lifestyle that makes Moms pull their hair out and subsequently run to the yoga studio to de-stress. We now do the same thing.

Furthermore, the sugar-craving days of our yesteryears are over. As each day passes, the appeal of broccoli, spinach, and even kale grow stronger and deeper in our hearts. Additionally, we feel the unreasonable compulsion to put these vegetable mixtures, perfectly portioned, into plastic baggies—a motherly staple. And where do those veggies come from? If not the locally sourced produce section of City Market, then your own backyard, dammit! Mom's don't hide their affinity for garden-

ing—they've got entire magazines devoted to that shit—and neither does the average UVMer.

Music is a universal thing that everyone loves, however different age groups gravitate towards specific genres. Moms have their own category, and we call it "Mom Rock." Mom Rock isn't necessarily limited to rock 'n roll, but anything your average Mom rocks out to would fall under this label. We're talking Natasha Beddingfield, Maroon 5, Gavin DeGraw, U2, or the occasional indie hit that just goes too far (i.e. Gotye's "Somebody that I Used

**"occasionally moms like to kick it up a notch, as we all do, but still avoid any overly dirty lyrics or invasive beats. nelly answers these prayers with hit single, 'hot in here,' although most moms will tell you this is by the black eyed peas."**

to Know.") You can't deny that when your roommates are gone and one of these Mom Rock hits just happens to come on shuffle, not only do you refrain from immediately skipping the song, but you can't resist the overwhelming urge to sway your hips to that smooth groove. Occasionally Moms like to kick it up a notch, as we all do, but still avoid any overly dirty lyrics or invasive beats. Nelly answers these prayers with hit single, "Hot in Here," although most Moms will tell you this is by the Black Eyed Peas. In general, anything that Kidz Bop has covered can be found (somewhat ironically) on a Mom's iPod mini.

No one likes to pay full price for anything, but Moms have turned frugal spending into a competitive sport, and we are the newest entries into this tournament of coupon clipping and discount shopping. Mackelmore may take claim to revitalizing the thrift-shopping trend, but the exodus of shoppers from U-Mall to Goodwill can be better explained by the influence of our mothers than mediocre gringo rap on the radio. How many times has your Mom tried to give you a coupon for a place only relatively close to your actual destination as you leave your home? "Oh you're going to Sorrento's for pizza? Well can you pick



lauryr schrom



# fashion five-oh.



## athletic attire:

# the fashion of professional sports through the eyes of a narp

by sarahperda

According to my research, Super Bowl XIXXXVVVNMVIXNM (I'm sorry, who the fuck is literate in Roman numerals besides jamesaglio these days?) is on its way. Admittedly, I know nothing about the Ravens, 49ers, rules of football, or even what sport's season it is right now. I do, however, know that people are choosing "their teams" in the completely wrong manner. People should not be basing their preferences on geographic location, talent, or sport persuasion, but rather on the color, fit, and overall sexiness of the uniform. If you feel the need to unconditionally support a team, don't you want to make sure you look good doing it? Rather than getting yourself in a tizzy about who dribbled what puck into whose field goal, you should consider what the most important issue at hand is: which is the most fashionable of the professional sports.

### the mls jersey

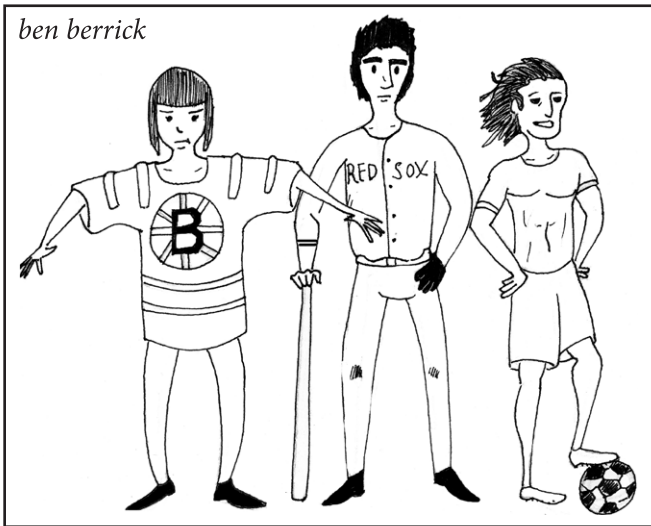
Because in the United States we do not believe soccer is a real sport past the college-level, I essentially know nothing about what their professional jerseys look like. I do, however, know that these (generally) European bad boys are infinitely sexier than anyone the US has ever produced. To heighten this, the flowy fabric of these shirts is designed to conform to their bodies just so, while the wind blows through their perfectly coiffed hair as they soar down the field towards the goal...mmm. Seriously, WHY does the rest of the world get enjoy this level of sex appeal in sports while we watch the Michelin men romp around completely covered up? No qualms here, boys, you just keep doing your thang (and call me, maybe).

### the nfl jersey

Football jerseys scream, "I love America, here's to hot dogs and a Natty Light!" Though football jerseys come in the second most unflattering shape of the bunch (outdone only by hockey), this is somewhat offset by the fact that football jerseys come in the largest array of colors. Put your team-pride on the backburner for a day and support a team whose colors complement your skin tone or bring out your eyes; Patriots' Blue is flattering on everyone if you'll just give it a whirl!

### the mlb jersey

How precious are baseball players? They're so cute in their little button down jerseys and knee socks; they even tuck in their shirts and wear belts! As if to answer my prayers that fashion and sports would one day coincide, baseball uniform designers (do those exist?) often pair neutral jerseys with accents of color. Minus the fact that these fuckers have a tendency to pop steroids like they're Pez, baseball players are, undoubtedly, the most wholesome and stylish athletes in these United States. Fans should take a cue from their idols: splashes of color against a neutral background will always make for one handsome devil; Jeter is incredibly famous for a reason, gentlemen, and it's not because he can simply toss a ball to and fro. ■



### the nhl jersey

Though hockey often boasts the most attractive players, these athletes sport the most shapeless, unflattering jerseys. You know who looks irresistible when they're swimming in their own clothing? No one. Furthermore, the logos are kitschy, the hues are often heinous, and strangely, stripes are an extremely overused pattern. Now that the NHL is back in action, it's time for a fashion intervention: out with the man-dresses and bulky padding and in with some nice spandex shirts outlining those chiseled abs. Or at the very least, let's tone down the stripe usage on those jerseys. No one needs extra attention on how wide Americans are becoming when they choose to watch sports rather than partake in them.

### the nba jersey

This selection is the most tastefully tacky of the group. If you buy one that is large enough, it can serve multiple functions: you can wear it as a G or a floozy, depending on if you pair it with baggy jeans and Air Force Ones, or too-high heels and a lacy bra underneath. Who knew being a sports fan could be such a multifaceted hobby?

# fork it over.



# eating and drinking: a beginner's guide

by jamiebeckett

It is Friday again. You and your friends have had a long week and are ready to go downtown tonight. After making arrangements with your twenty one year old friend, you and your pals now have this evening's beverages. Before you wrap yourself in a beer blanket and bundle up to catch the drunk bus, there are a few things you should consider. Things such as the amount of food and water you have consumed lately have huge impacts on the progression of your evening. While some believe that if they eat a huge meal before they drink they can consume an unholy amount of booze and be fine, this is often not the case. Food does create a foundation in your stomach for liquor to be poured on which absorbs much of the fluid and slows down the digestion processes. Some foods work better than others, however. Carbohydrates are best for this, and a slice of two of bread can do wonders for those trying to sober up. The quality of food

also plays a large role. No one wants to see the aftermath of the Grundle's clam chowder and your Burnett's binge-drinking experiment. Literally no one. This is how you lose friends, and you better make it to the toilet, asshole.

If you are anything like me and no amount of careful

**"drinking is a fun social aspect of college life that combines poor decision making and probably illegal activity."**

planning can prevent the occasional night of belligerent intoxication, there is still hope. I can proudly state that I am part of the 70% of UVM students who when choosing to drink alternate their drinks with water. While I am not as diligent as that, I make sure to drink water throughout the evening to prevent dehydrated dry heaves in the

corner of some stranger's basement. If you find yourself to be the drunkest person in your group at any point in time, I always recommend finding the nearest water fountain or sink and attempting to drown yourself in it. Water is essential for the digestion of alcohol, and drinking water now can do wonders in preventing tomorrow's hangover.

Drinking is a fun social aspect of college life that combines poor decision making and probably illegal activity. This fusion can get students in a lot of trouble with each other as well as Res Life staff or the pigs. Responsible drinking is essential in preventing such gloomy outcomes. Friends

who head downtown together need to look after each other, ensuring that everyone gets home safely. Ultimately it comes down to the individual and his/her actions which hopefully don't endanger him/herself or others. Hopefully taking the time to eat a solid meal before a night of partying can help keep your head on your shoulders. ■

# 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

You're busy—very busy—with your Mock Trial, your extra- and curriculars, And so it's hard to see you, kiss you, talk, feel, know, have, those kinds of particulars. I know the spiel: how you're dealing with shit And want independence, not to commit. I can respect that; don't think I don't get What you're wanting. It's not that. That's not it. But I do like you a whole goddamned lot; I know you and I both like what we do. It's hard not wanting to be what we're not, But I'll defer that and just ask you to: Be my date to the Ball, my Valentine. Be my something, anything. Please be mine. **When:** Fridays **Where:** S. Williams **I saw:** a Philosopher Queen **I am:** the Court's Fool

A little freshman I was when I first met you, Who knew that our hearts were one made of two. Your eyes caught mine in the basement of 246, I would only dream to be on your radar of chicks. A special thanks to Mary and Jax, Without them, my best friend I would lack. I thought about you all of September, You didn't notice me until late November. The Fiji formals was the first time we dated, When I received the invitation, I was more than elated. The thought and desire of being so exclusive, Made my feelings all the more conclusive. A boy of blue eyes and baseballs and bats, I never knew I could love a man of so many hats. In such a long time, the happiest I've felt, The butterflies you give me still make me melt. I want you to know that I couldn't imagine, What it'd be like if our love starting saggin'. My best friend, my boyfriend, and everything more, Thinking of you just rattles my core. You hold me together, my love, my glue, I never want to live a day without you. **When:** a year ago this week **Where:** in my heart **I saw:** A Smooth Tiger **I am:** A Mumbly Mow

You substituted in our Statistics class, All I noticed was your fine ass. You were so very cute dear TA, Oh, how I wish you would be gay. I've got a little crush, please don't sue me. Let's snuggle up and watch an old Disney movie. Then I'll make a man out of you, Let me show you something new. Mulan Princess or Moulin Rouge, I would bet that you are huge. I may not have learned how to find that z-score, But since you left, I have been craving more. **When:** the day Aleong was gone **Where:** stats 141 **I saw:** my Hot TA **I am:** Still Distracted

remember to check out the overflow  
on the blog!  
thewatertower.tumblr.com

I see you more days than not

# 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

### Saturday Morning Brunch, Simpson

*Lax Bro 1:* Dude, You need to get drunk and get laid, get your game on man.  
*Lax Bro 2:* I did that last night, now I'm hungover, and pretty sure I have a new disease.

### Party downtown, Friday night

*Drunk Girl (at party trying to pick up Frat Bro):* I knew you were trouble when you walked in!  
*Frat Bro (in excited high pitch voice):* I LOVE T-SWIFT!

### iPhone texts

*Bro 1 to Bro (auto-corrected):* You know a lot about health right?  
*Bro 2:* A little why  
*Bro 1:* I just swallowed a huge amount of cum. Will that make me sick?  
*Bro 2:* Why the fuck are you swallowing cum? Dude that's fucked up. You're dating my fucking sister.  
*Bro 1:* \*\*\*\*GUM ...I am not gay

### Running on Main Street, Wednesday morning at 7:30

*Runner 1:* Let's watch out for these old ladies.  
*Runner 2:* Ok.  
*Old Lady:* Oh my, such skinny bare legs.

### Harris 2 Hallway

*Girl 1:* My New Year's resolution is going well...I feel really hot, I lost like 10 pounds.  
*Girl 2:* Really, what are you doing now?  
*Girl 1:* Well, I worked out hardcore to lose it, now I just have sex like 3 times a day because it burns a lot of calories.

### Harris Millis lobby, Monday night

*Girlfriend:* Guess what happened to me in class today?  
*Boyfriend:* What?  
*Girlfriend:* I took off my sweatshirt but my shirt came off with it too, so I accidentally was sitting there in my sports bra.  
*Boyfriend:* Really? Were you wearing the pink one?  
*Girlfriend:* No, I was wearing the black one.  
*Boyfriend:* Didn't we buy that one together?  
*Girlfriend:* We did, but this was a different black one.

### Cook seafood dinner

*Girl (at dinner to table):* EEEEEWWWW, Jake is horny right now...he has a boner.  
*Jake:* NO I DON'T!  
*Girl:* Yeah you do! I see it!

### Girl on phone outside the DC, Tuesday morning

*Girl:* Mom, I'm so flat.  
*Mom:* ...  
*Girl:* Yeah, my butt needs some padding. Can I get butt implants?

### Beginning of Yoga, Sunday night

*Yoga Guy:* I shouldn't have ate before I came here.  
*Yoga Girl:* Why?  
*Yoga Guy:* I really need to fart and these positions are not helping. Tooo much downward dog...  
*Yoga Girl:* ...

### Gym Lobby, Tuesday afternoon

*Girl:* I love my new headphones...they block everything out!  
*Girl's Friend:* Really? I want a pair!  
*Girl:* Yeah, I now can go into the bathroom and let it rip! I have no idea what everyone else is saying! I love it!

### Last Tuesday, Cycling Club Meeting

*Girl:* Why do you like cycling?  
*Girl on Cycling Team:* It's orgasmic...all those bumps in the road...

### 9 am Thursday, Angell Lecture Hall

*Overly-caffeniated Chem professor to class:* This atom is the sacrificial lamb, it is forced to give up electrons!

### Late night, Hamilton Stairwell

*Young Lady 1:* It's gonna be, like, NO degrees tomorrow.  
*Young Lady 2:* C'mon, it's gonna be SOME degrees...



# tunes.



## i got it! new album

by michaelstorage

Yo La Tengo released their thirteenth album, *Fade*, a couple of weeks ago, the first since 2009's *Popular Songs*. This band has long been called "the ultimate critics band" due to the creativity and diversity they express in their albums. Many times fans can listen to 10+ minute jams of different varieties ranging from low-key dreamy sequences to noise pop. The band also reminds many of the Velvet Underground, and this is part of reason for critics' adoration. *Fade* is another fantastic installment in their body of work, perhaps their finest.

Attention: this album should be listened to in its entirety. Throw it on while you are doing your homework and play it from beginning to end. It is a piece of work in and of itself, not a mere collection of individual songs. *Fade* consists of ten intricately connected songs that lead into each other beautifully. Yo La Tengo consists of three members, and the main vocals come from married couple, Ira Kaplan and Georgia Hubley. The two sound like Lou Reed and Nico, respectively, and each entice the listener with beautiful blended vocals to accompany simple guitar melodies.

As dylanmccarthy mentioned two weeks ago, the cover of *Fade* looks suspiciously like a nugget of ganja. Maybe you should take the hint and partake before you listen (more specifically before you attend their concert on February 12th). If you would like to investigate this nugget in greater detail, go to youtube and watch the video for "Before We Run." In the video the illustrious nugget changes vivid colors before your eyes. To the delight of hipsters everywhere, no Yo La Tengo video has more than 1 million views. And the video for one of

their most commercially successful songs, "Sugarcube" is satirized and dubbed over with spoken word throughout.

*Fade* resonates with its audience by presenting catchy guitar riffs and fantastic bass lines. "Ohm" is a fantastic opener and stands as the longest song on the album, which is uncharacteristically short for Yo La Tengo. "Is that Enough" presents another terrific song, blending Kaplan and Hubley's voices together. In the third song on the album, "Well You Better," James McNew whips out a catchy bass line that compels the listener to bob their head. Last, but not least, stands "Before We Run" where Georgia Hubley sounds more Nico-like than ever before. Listen to this CD!

The arrival of this stellar new album signifies the coming of something even better, a tour. Yes, Yo La Tengo will be stopping at Higher Ground during their extensive US and International tour. Burlington is lucky to have them, as Higher Ground rarely books the types of bands your average indie rock fan adores. It is difficult for Burlington to attract the same type of popularity as a stopping point for tours, and generally has greater success booking electronic music shows to appease us college kids. If Burlington wants to be considered a "big city" as debated in a previous issue, it needs to book a consistent level of shows. In fact, the last indie rock show I saw at Higher Ground was last winter when other New Jersey band Real Estate played in the show-case lounge. Catch this show because it is sure to be a good one; not too high energy but definitely the chilliest show you will experience this year. ■

## in the strangeland: keane live at the flynn

by rebeccalaurion

You know your favorite band? The one that you can't go a day without listening to, whose music never fails to bring you out of whatever awful mood you're in? The one that changed your life without you even realizing it, and who you can't resist going to see live? Yeah, that's Keane for me. For those of you that remember my article last semester about Keane's fifth studio album *Strangeland*, you'll recall that I had purchased my tickets for their concert on the 29th down at the Flynn, and that I had high expectations for the event.

Those expectations were exceeded. I'm sitting here in my dorm, having just returned from the concert. It's been over an hour since the music stopped, but I'm still shaking, my throat sore from screaming myself hoarse singing along with Tom Chaplin. This is the fifth show of theirs I've seen, and I have to say, it only gets better. So if you were looking for a negative review, my dear reader, I would kindly ask that you stop reading.

There's nothing quite like seeing your favorite band play live, especially when the songs being played were ones that have been a huge part of your life for almost half the time you've been alive. For me, seeing Keane live is nothing short of a religious experience. I always walk away moved to the core, and more often than not with drying tear tracts down my face. Seriously, "Bed-shaped" kills me every time, and tonight was no exception. For anyone who was there that night, and saw a blonde girl sobbing her heart out in the eighth row? Good chance that was me. Hi, nice to meet you.

A quick word about the opening act: If Youngblood Hawke isn't already on your radar, get them on there immediately. I've never seen such enthusiastic, 5-person drumming in my life. I'd gladly see them again any day of the week.

As for the main act, I'm sure you can guess what I'm about to say. Everything I've come to love and expect from Keane shows made an

appearance: amazing vocals, high-energy performances, and truly beautiful lighting effects. However, one of the great things about live music is how different a song can sound. Particularly in the case of "Neon River," little nuances about some Keane songs can get lost in the digital recording, which are already wonderful to begin with. From the opening number, "You Are Young," to the closing encore "Crystal Ball," every song was a true delight. And I'm not the only one who thought so. Nearly everyone was on their feet and dancing, singing along to the tracks I've loved for years.

The previous times I've seen Keane have been in the Bank of America pavilion. While those experiences were amazing, seeing the band in a more intimate setting like the Flynn made me listen to their music in a different way.

*"whether it was the acoustics, or the fact that i could literally see the sweat running down their faces, i was catching little moments in the songs that i hadn't really noticed before."*

Whether it was the acoustics, or the fact that I could literally see the sweat running down Tom, Tim, Richard, and Jesse's faces, I was catching little moments in the songs that I hadn't really noticed before. And the set list was something out of a dream.

Keane mainly chose tracks from their newest album, *Strangeland*, and their first, *Hopes and Fears*. Coincidentally, these are my two favorite albums. A few songs were selected from their other three, and in my opinion, were the correct ones. However, my only problem was that I wished they had replaced "Sea Fog" with either "Again and Again" or "The Lovers are Losing." But hey, I can't really complain.

Overall, the experience was amazing, and one I'll cherish until the next time they decide to roll into town. Though if Tom Chaplin is to be believed, Burlington is more like their home in England than any other in our country. So maybe it'll be sooner rather than later. A girl can dream, right? So what are you waiting for, reader? Get out there and explore one of the best bands that Britain has to offer! And who knows? Maybe next time you'll be in one of the front rows like I was, having the musical time of your life. ■

## this week in tunes

by dylanmccarthy

Lady Gaga says that she is the 'Queen of the Universe' while under oath

Yes the female Marilyn Manson has found herself in court again. This time, former assistant Jennifer O'Neil who holds that Gaga owes her upwards of \$400,000 for nearly 7,200 hours is suing her. Now it could just be me, but I see no reason why her seat at the throne should even come into question during such a minor lawsuit.

The Strokes announce their new album, *Comedown Machine*

It's scheduled for a March 26 release. After the lukewarm reception of 2011's *Angles*, fans are hoping for some serious lightning in a bottle from the garage rock aficionados. You can listen to their new track "One Way Trigger" and judge for yourself.

Frank Ocean and Chris Brown brawl over a parking spot outside of an L.A. studio

As you might imagine, both parties claim the other struck first. However, Chris Brown's story claims that when he tried to shake hands with Ocean, the latter went for the sucker punch instead... Certainly doesn't sound like the Frank Ocean I know. The real tragedy is that Ocean must perform one-handed at the Grammy's due to a finger wound obtained in the scuffle.

Insane Clown Posse covers House of Pain's hip-hop classic "Jump Around."

This is just ridiculous. What's the goal here? Is ICP trying to seem like an actual hip-hop group? If so, that ship sailed a solid decade ago. Please guys, just stick to wondering about magnets, and how the fuck they work.

Thom Yorke composes the soundtrack for an all male runway show.

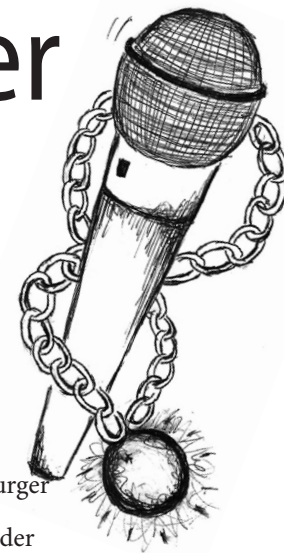
There's nothing wrong with a male fashion show, but there is something hilarious about watching some of the hippest pretty boys I've ever seen strutting down the runway to Yorke's mellow beats. No, I wasn't there. You too can find the video. ■

# créatif stuffé.



## the cipher

with kerrymartin



Stretch out those hip-hop hamstrings, U'Vemcees, because it's time to bring your rhyme-slingin' back to the water tower. When you work hard and play hard all week long, nothing puts your mind at ease better than lyric therapy. This week, we fry Brennan's. Next week, we burn True Love. The week after, we remember George W. Bush. Send your raps to thewater-towernews@gmail.com with the subject "My flow is too grimy, Ganges River" or something to that effect. Once again, best rapper of the semester gets a \$25 gift card to Boloco!

Watch me kill this rhyme, how many points is it for murder? Brennan's is about to get burned worse than their grass-fed burger I'm pissed off right now cuz I just got served the wrong order I've stolen so many mason jars the manager thinks I'm a hoarder I'm gonna blow a fuse if that line doesn't get shorter I'm about to cross the line like that cashier crossed the border That lady is very foreign, but their food is grown local I was high when I wrote this rhyme, now Brennan's food got me so full When it comes to their meals, they come in huge portions I'm on my way to the clinic for a food baby abortion I was feeling like a beast, but now I'm tired from the feast Eating all these rappers, but now it's time that I peace. ■

by refined rhyme-slinger MC Birm the Sperm Spitter

## september 3rd

by lizzcantrell

I raise the spoon to your mouth, slack because muscles are failing, and lips peeling from dehydration.

I watch ice splinters drop into the open slit. Your tongue struggles with the cold, and tiny tears blot the inside corners of your eyes.

I can see that you are embarrassed. I talk you through lunch, since you only eat for me.

It takes a long time for you to swallow the soup. the thickening powder makes it clump like the mottled surface of the moon.

I cannot stop staring at the hollow space at your throat. an ancient crater, into which your mind has also gone.

In the corner of the room, Uncle is praying. A man of God whose hands are folded in idleness.

I go outside to watch the inevitable storm gather. The clouds move from thin gray wisps into a tower of charcoal, like burnt marshmallow.

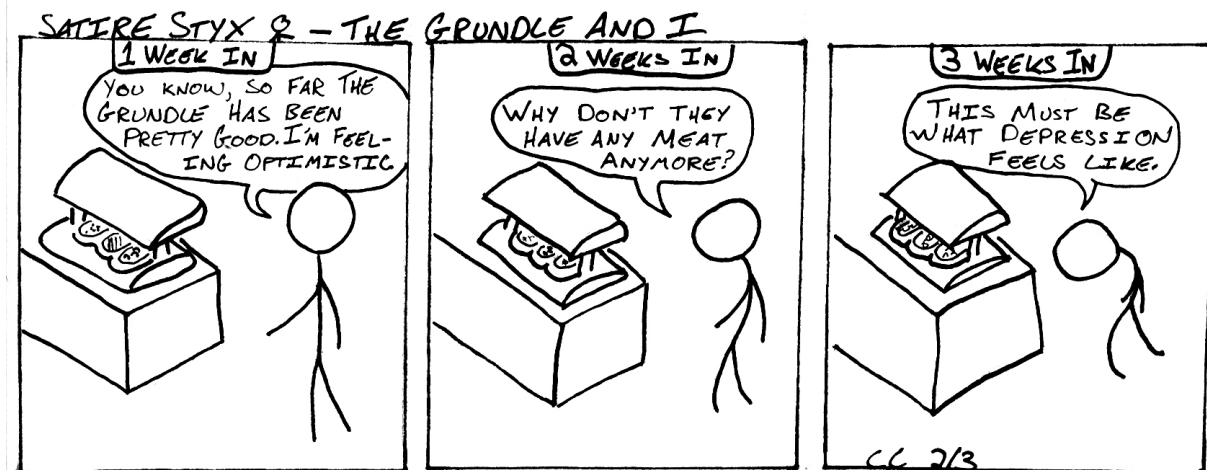
I regret to say I never knew you the way granddaughters are supposed to, and when I get your diamonds, I will feel undeserving.

Today is your birthday, and I am wondering if 77 years is too long, if this is how it ends. ■





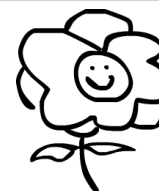
# cat litter.



on the web at [www.satirestyx.com](http://www.satirestyx.com)

We're still accepting submission for the Cata-Sutra VD edition. So if you want your name in the paper, submit some kitty love poses to [thewatertownnews@gmail.com](mailto:thewatertownnews@gmail.com)

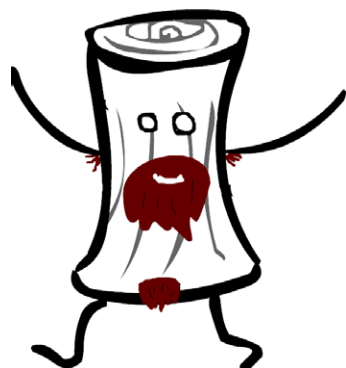
## Tip o' the Week



Don't fart when you have diarrhea; you'll need to change your pants.

## Fun with Math

The Natural Log:



Log-A-Rhythm:



An Underdamped Function:



An Overdamped Function:

