

the last issue of the year!

# the water tower.

uvm's alternative newsmag



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uvm.edu/~watertwr

## the sun sets on the class of 2010 and with it goes a piece of uvm



by maxbookman

kelly macintyre

I have a friend from freshman year who claims that he is the first person to have had sex in the Davis Center. That's clearly hard to verify, but he and a lady friend did sneak in there before it was done being built. Even back then, we would all talk about how during senior year, we'd be the only remaining class with cool stories about life before the Davis Center.

Of course, it was hard to imagine that we'd ever actually be seniors, let alone graduates. In the midst of freshman year, college life seems so permanent. Everyone knows that in the abstract future, we're all going to graduate and leave Burlington, but who ever has the time to think about leaving college when there's so much college living to be done first? Some of the most rewarding elements of the college experience have been engaging in those college clichés we've all been trained since childhood to expect. We had to make friends, furnish our dorms, and switch our meal plans. We had to fall in love first, break up first, score a rebound first, go running home for a weekend first.

There was ample partying to do, beer to drink, tequila to puke, casual sex to be had, nights to be remembered (and nights to be forgotten). How could anyone even think of graduating before planning a trip to Montreal at least once, getting written up at least twice, and skipping class for something better at least...well...there

doesn't really seem to be a limit for that.

Somewhere along the way, we all grew up a little bit. Thirsty Thursday stopped being obligatory, asking every single new person you meet, "So what's your major?" and "Where are you from?" became passé, and going food shopping became a regular thing. We came here 18 years old, wide-eyed and naïve. Fresh high school graduates, we thought we had reached the apex of maturity. It takes four years to realize that the incoming freshmen our

parents dropped off in August 2006 were essentially children.

We've all come to understand that being a senior is a state of mind. It means having the wisdom that comes from living somewhere for enough time to know it inside and out. We know which rules can be bent, and we know all the ways to bend them. We each know the best place to sit at the library, and the best place to poop on campus. We know that India House is kind of expensive but the only real Indian food in town, and we know that Burlington Bagel may be a bit of a drive, but truly makes the best bagel you'll find in Vermont. We know that every year, there's going to be some

sort of protest and some sort of injustice students get pissed off about. We also know that none of that really makes a difference.

Eventually, we're all going to make our peace with college and say goodbye. The closure will happen at different times for everyone. Some have made that peace long ago. They're the ones whose post-grad plans include "getting the hell out of here." Then there are going to be those inevitable people who really wish they

had another year. They'll be 27 and still living the dream. But the vast majority of us are going to make our peace sometime between now and when we walk across that stage.

Yes, we're the last to remember campus life before the Davis Center, the last to eat sandwiches at the Round Room, and the last to participate in the Naked Bike Ride before it got creepy and blown up. But UVM is going to lose a lot more than the first guy to have sex in the Davis Center when the Class of 2010 goes home. We are the last members of a different age at the University of Vermont. We're survivors of a time that was gasping for its last breath of air when we arrived here

in 2006 – the end of an era when UVM was just a humble state school where open-minded kids from the northeast who shared an interest in Phish and weed came together to have a blast.

We'll be the last students to know that UVM wasn't always about Spires of Excellence, competing to beat out the next school in college guidebooks. We were here when not having a state of the art student center wasn't that big a deal. We were here when having enough professors to teach classes was more important than having more Vice Presidents than you can count on your fingers and toes. We were here when the Shark Dancing Club met on Friday afternoons to dance to techno music in shark costumes just because they wanted to. Part of the reason I came to UVM was that I wanted to go to a school where it was cool to dress up as a shark and dance just for the hell of it. There is no Shark Dancing Club anymore.

Sure, this all may be an exercise in romanticizing the past, but after all the random hookups, the sexiles, the racing to class to hand in a paper, the all nighters in the Cyber Café, maybe looking back fondly on our college years in Vermont is really the last college cliché we've yet to complete.

So now it's over. That was college. The memories have been made, the times have been had. The sun sets on the Class of 2010. But a little piece of UVM leaves with us. ■

**"We'll be the last students to know that UVM wasn't always about Spires of Excellence, competing to beat out the next school in college guidebooks."**

get inside me

news the year in review (in haiku) by emilyhoogesteger

reflections points-less in paradise by ginamastrogiacomio

créatif stuffé the luck of hunting dragons by alexandratownsend

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# the best news team in the universe.



## a letter from the editors

As Biggie once said, it was all a dream. When we started **the water tower** in February 2006, we thought we were embarking on a short little experiment to bring the UVM community an alternative take on news, life, and things, for as long as you were interested in reading it. We only dreamed that it would last longer than a few semesters, let alone become a staple of many of your Tuesday afternoons.

Here's a special shoutout to our long-time advisor, Greg Bottoms, for staying out of our hair; Professor John Burke, for your occasional tidbits of presidential wisdom; and Leon Lifschutz, the man with all the answers.

We couldn't have done it without our team of our writers, artists, and layout staff. Thank you all for your time and dedication. And of course, **the water tower** wouldn't be much more than some fancy birdcage lining without you, our readers. We've never taken your choice to read **the water tower** for granted, and I hope **the water tower** will continue to have the honor of informing and entertaining you for years to come.

*Mac Smith*  
Editor-in-Chief

The times they are a' changin' at **the water tower**. We have more writers, more readers, more artists, and more letters to the editor telling us to leave Catholics and New World alone. Last year our biggest challenge was keeping our piggy bank full. This year our biggest problem was keeping papers in the stands.

Next year we hope to double our circulation and keep bringing **the wt** to the ever-growing UVM student body. On a sadder note, we will say goodbye to long-time editor-in-chief Max Bookman as well as the original shitter, Mac Smith. We will miss these guys and wish them the best of luck out in the real world.

As for you, our much-valued reader, keep telling us what you like, keep telling us what you don't. And remember, we will want you! OHsobad as long as you wantussobad.

*Lea McLellan*  
Editor-in-Chief

## the shit list

with macsmith

**Wolves** A jogger in Alaska was killed in the first ever modern mauling of a human by what appears to be a gang of loitering wolves. Said a resident of the small town just west of Anchorage: "They come at nighttime, not very far from the village, and they're just kind of watching." Alaska also has strict anti-shoplifting laws in place against wolves, but it might be time to step up these loitering laws as well. While this might lead to profiling, if you're not a wolf about to kill a jogger then you have nothing to worry about.

**Belgium** Belgium's government has fallen yet again (I know you're all paying attention), leaving many to believe that the already miniscule country is on the verge of a split. Such an event, people fear, would give Belgians a "lack of identity." Not true. If Belgium does decide to split, one country will undoubtedly get all of the Belgian identity: their chocolate. The other one? Belgians without chocolate? God help them.

**Arizona** Arizona just signed into law a bill that would allow law enforcement to demand documentation from anyone they deem could be an illegal alien. It is widely agreed on by people with brains that this law will lead to racial profiling and an overall Nazi-like environment. Others believe that Arizona has just taken over South Carolina's role as America's crazy. There's plenty I could say on the subject, but I would sound like a hypocrite after supporting the same legislation against Alaskan wolves.

**America** It is estimated that by 2015, 40% of Americans could be obese. But what can we cut down on? We have so many ridiculous eating habits. Like the KFC Doubledown? It's not even a sandwich. It's just bacon and cheese between two pieces of fried chicken. Slap some bread on that thing, maybe some barbeque sauce, onion rings, jalapeno poppers, *that's* a sandwich.

**Hulu** In a bold and unexpected move, Hulu, aka the place where everyone watches free TV, is planning on charging customers \$9.95 per month for their services. While the website is already making a killing on advertisements alone, this might merely be a social experiment to see how lazy people really are. Pretty soon, we'll know how many people would rather pay money than watch TV shows when they actually come on.

## the water tower.

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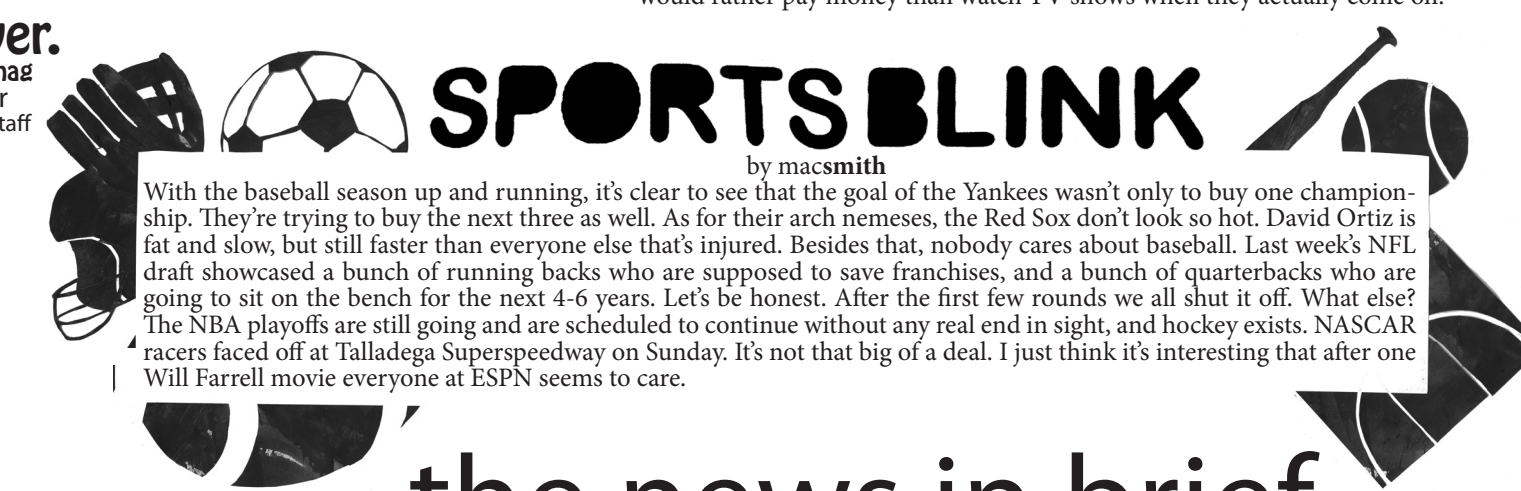
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## SPORTS BLINK

by macsmith

With the baseball season up and running, it's clear to see that the goal of the Yankees wasn't only to buy one championship. They're trying to buy the next three as well. As for their arch nemeses, the Red Sox don't look so hot. David Ortiz is fat and slow, but still faster than everyone else that's injured. Besides that, nobody cares about baseball. Last week's NFL draft showcased a bunch of running backs who are supposed to save franchises, and a bunch of quarterbacks who are going to sit on the bench for the next 4-6 years. Let's be honest. After the first few rounds we all shut it off. What else? The NBA playoffs are still going and are scheduled to continue without any real end in sight, and hockey exists. NASCAR racers faced off at Talladega Superspeedway on Sunday. It's not that big of a deal. I just think it's interesting that after one Will Farrell movie everyone at ESPN seems to care.

## the news in brief

with paulgross

**"This is the most oppressive piece of legislation since Japanese internment."**

-**Alfredo Gutierrez**, former majority leader of the Arizona state Senate, speaking on the new piece of extremely tough immigration legislation just signed by Arizona's governor. The legislation essentially allows police to demand immigration papers from anyone they want, if they have reasonable cause to believe that they are illegal. The state says this law won't be used for racial profiling, but it seems unlikely that a dude in a pick-up truck with a "Welcome to America—Now Speak English!" sticker, will be asked, "Papers, please."

**"What Trey and Matt are doing is stupid...and they will probably end up like Theo van Gogh."**

-**Zac "Abu Talhah al-Amrikee" Chesser**, a Virginia native who converted to Islam and began making radical posts on the website RevolutionMuslim.com (now shut down) culminating in a death threat aimed at the creators of South Park for their depictions of the Prophet Muhammed (dressed in a bear suit) in a recent episode. Comedy Central says that part of the episode will be cut in future airings. The craziest thing to me is that Chesser is still living with his mother and brother. I bet he's grounded for a little while.

**"We're making some serious money."**

-A quotation from internal e-mails sent by **Goldman-Sachs execs** about how they were making bank off the real-estate crisis. The practice that Goldman-Sachs was engaging in is called short-selling, and basically what you do is buy a really crappy asset that you know is gonna fail, and then take out insurance on it for way more than it's worth. When the asset crashes, your competitors from whom you buy crazy insurance, like AIG or Bear Sterns pay you *millions of dollars*. Some executives may be going to jail for this.

**"Secretary Geithner encouraged them to move quickly."**

-A statement from US Treasury Secretary, **Timothy Geithner's office**, on the Secretary's recent talks at the IMF where he urged European leaders to act quickly in order to save Greece from its impending debt crisis. See, unlike the dollar, which is hard pegged to a bunch of currencies around the world, the Euro is really based on nothing but faith. Greece spent way more Euros than it had, and if it defaults on its debt, people will lose a lot of faith in the Euro. This will fuck Europe. Greece:Europe :: AIG:US.

**"I would like the firing squad, please."**

-Death row convict **Ronnie Gardner** who recently asked that his death sentence be carried out by firing squad rather than by the typical modern lethal injection. Utah, the state where Gardner is in prison, is the only state that still allows execution by firing squad, though no one's made use of the option in the past 14 years, and those convicted after 2004 don't get the choice. Utah's gotta be a crazy state, right? Mormons, mountains, and machine guns, I guess.

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

# still haven't pulled that schedule together?

If You Like: **Food**

"I took Ethics of Eating with Tyler Doggett, and it was my favorite class of this entire year. It's an interesting subject that covers everything from carnivores to factory farming, and Tyler is really into it. And he's *hilarious*. It's a lecture class, maybe a little less than 200 people, but he knows every single person. If you switch seats, watch out, because he'll stop in the middle of his lecture to be like, 'Hey Bob, how come you moved back a row today?' or, 'Can everyone please just take a second to stare at Sandra and her new haircut?' He doesn't have an attendance policy, but you would be a fool to miss his talks, which include (beyond the subject matter) his eccentric wife and sons (all with weird names). He doesn't wear shoes, but he always wears socks."

If You Like: **Music**

"Rhetoric of Reggae is a great way to 1. Understand the roots of UVM's most popular music to listen to while stoned. 2. Fill three credits while doing relatively little work. Let me be clear. If this class were any more chill, every student would need his or her own personal space heater. The structure of the class is designed mostly around student-TA relations. TA groups meet outside of class to share journal entries, discuss reggae, listen to awesome music, and just hang out. You'll learn more than you think you might. Attendance isn't mandatory, but there's hardly a class you'll want to miss. Tuna (also, a guy who calls himself "Tuna" teaches the class. Think about it.) is incredibly knowledgeable and is always there to help his students. There is a very miniscule 15-20 page paper that you need to write, but I'm sure you'll manage. It's part of the experience and (gasp!) you might learn something. Don't pass this class up before you graduate."

If You Like: **LGBT Stuff**

"Anything with Ellen Anderson. I took LGBT Comparative Politics and Sex and Politics with her and she's just awesome. She's funny, insightful, and really good at respecting everyone's opinions while we discuss some very touchy subjects like rape and prostitution. Plus she's super smart like whoa."

## "they can suck my balls"

by georgloftus RAs spill the beans on working for ResLife

Me: "So, what do you have to say about ResLife?"

Female RA: "They can suck my balls."

I've lived in the dorms for two years and I've never had a problem with an RA. To be honest I never understood the hatred my friends in other complexes had with ResLife, because I usually drink in my room, and never had an issue. Maybe I've just been lucky with the four RAs I've had, but I doubt it. When I drink I'm just as loud, careless, and irresponsible as everyone else, so it had to be something else. And then I figured it out. I'm not writing this because I hate RAs, I'm writing this because RAs hate RAs.

"The first thing they tell you in RA training is fake it 'til you make it." A few nights ago as I was getting back into the lobby of my building, I was approached by a group of upset RAs. They asked if they could tell me about ResLife so people would know how it really is, and last night I got to ask them any question I wanted. I was expecting them to say things like "You have no idea how rotten these little shits are, we do what we have to, we're not the bad guys, blablablablah." No. It was more like "My job sucks ass, no one should do it."

It became infinitely clear within two minutes of speaking to them just how much they felt shortchanged by their employer. It's one thing for a student caught smoking pot to have a chip on their shoulder, but when the staff of an entire three-building complex has something to say about it, it's pretty bad. Between superfluous meetings, "financial aid", and a vague job description, I decided it would be better to be caught by an RA than to actually be an RA.

**"In taking this job, we've basically become indentured servants to the school."**

One thing I didn't know about working for ResLife is when you become an RA they can take away scholarships and grants that you've already received. "I had a grant for \$10,000," said one RA. "They took it away. They said 'Oh, you're an RA, you don't need this anymore.'" Another added, "For out-of-state students, this is our scholarship."

That same RA went on to say, "I tried quitting. When I went to get the grants I had lost from taking the job, I was refused, and forced to stay with a job I hated." An RA who took the job simply because he wanted the experience summed it up in a way everyone agreed with: "In taking this job, we've basically become indentured servants to the school."

If nothing else, I always thought ResLife presented themselves as a team. The key ingredient being the diversity they flaunted proudly, allowing them to understand and relate to any possible situation, I mean what else are all those boards praising equality for, right? No. "There are some RAs who get around doing their work because they're 'diverse.' Either that, or an RD will feel like a failure for letting them go."

Immediately brought to my attention by the group, was article 8 of the Resident Advisor Contract (2010-11). The beginning of Article 8 states, "The Resident Advisor shall fulfill all requirements stated in the Resident Advisor Job Description," which makes sense, asking Advisors to do the job that'd been assigned to them on a written contract before signing the agreement. The Article goes on to say however, "and other duties as assigned." That tacked on provision basically makes any given RA directly responsible for any situation that comes up in their building. I was told a story about an RA being reprimanded for ignoring a duty outlined in this "job description". The task? Removing a used condom from a toilet seat.

Another thing that shocked me was actually how powerless RAs really are. "Aside from acting belligerent, unless we see you with a bottle in hand, we can't bust you." Instead of hearing about how I shouldn't smoke in my room, an RA described, in detail, the easiest ways for me to smoke in my room. Raise your hand if you knew what a sploof was. Yeah, four other people, me neither.

Article 10 allows RAs to spend up to 3 weekends a semester off campus, only after clearing it with their immediate supervisor, even when they're not on duty. While they're on campus they're required to sleep in their rooms. "I couldn't sleep over at a friend's room even if I wanted to, it's like they need to know where I am."

The hairs that rise on the back of your neck, passing that group of RAs on a Saturday night when you're probably under the influence, isn't their fault. If the group I spoke to is any indication of how all RAs feel, then they probably hate their nametags more than you do.

"Although they make you take a class, have you sit through countless hours of training, and have you sign a contract that apparently outlines every detail, you're never fully prepared for the emotional strain of dealing with such a flawed system." ■

UVM registration is awful in itself, but the worst is not finding at least one cool class to lighten your load or make your week a little more interesting. **the water tower** feels your pain. We asked our staff writers to list some of the coolest classes they've taken at UVM for all types of people and interests. If you still need a great class, you have the whole summer to try and fit one of these in your schedule.  
by juliectritsimilios

If You Like: **Religion/Asian culture**

"Intro to Asian traditions (REL021) with Cuong Mai is a great class for both religion majors and people who are just interested in taking a religion class (as well as fulfilling the D2 requirement). The class covers Hinduism, Buddhism, Daoism, and Confucianism. The expectations/grading are really straightforward and the material isn't too difficult. Mai is a great lecturer who definitely knows a lot about the subjects and has a weird, but entertaining sense of humor. Lectures fly by. You can tell everyone loves the class."

If You Like: **Animals**

"Companion Animals' Care and Management is an awesome class even if you are not an animal science major. ASCI 006 is a 3-credit course, with no prerequisites, that is open to anyone with any major. It is taught by Patricia Erickson who is a really great teacher. One of the first things she said to us was, 'New England doesn't get a lot of powder, so if there is a huge snow storm on a Tuesday or Thursday, I will not be here and you are welcome to join me on the mountain.' This course is easy, as she says it is a 'fluff course'. One of the best things about it is that we have special visitors every couple of weeks that we can play with! She will even buy an animal if she cannot find someone to borrow that specific type of animal from."

If You Like: **Politics**

"Intro to International Relations with Travis Nelson is a fantastic class regardless of whether you're a political science nerd or not. Fulfilling the Social Science distributive requirement, Travis's lectures give you a clear, fascinating look at the way the United States interacts with other nations and general policies and theories of international relations. All reading assignments are relevant and will help you get a better understanding of the world around us. I took this class Tuesday/Thursdays, and we all know an hour and fifteen minute class can be torturous and feel like a lifetime. I did not look at the clock or my cell phone once during class- that's how good it is. Beyond the interesting class material, Travis is personable, hilarious, and always willing to go the extra mile to make sure you get what is going on. You'll leave the lecture feeling smarter and in a great mood, guaranteed."

## the year in review

by emilyhoogesteger (in haiku)

### Swine Flu

Pigs are the scapegoats  
It will be the next Great Plague  
Wash your hands often

### Healthcare Reform

Endless bickering  
Town hall meetings fill with yells  
Will we have the votes?

### Winter Olympics in Vancouver

Canadian pride  
Alpine skiers have big egos  
Let's all watch curling

### Obama wins the Nobel Peace Prize

Prestigious award  
Won by dude fighting two wars  
At least he's not Bush

### Earthquakes

Haiti and Chile  
Richter gets his money's worth  
Rebuilding needed

### Iceland's Volcanic Eruption

Can you pronounce it?  
Eyjafjallajökull  
Europe is not pleased

### New US/Russia Nuclear Arms Treaty

Cold War is over  
Keep lots of bombs, just in case  
Shake hands, act like friends

### Massachusetts Senate Election

The Dems lose a seat  
Red Sox fans don't like sports gaffes  
Sign of things to come?

the wt. presents:

## ask a socialist

If paying attention to politics has taught us anything this year, it is that Barack Obama, besides from being a pussy Muslim Kenyan terrorist, is a no-good dirty socialist. So that got us thinking. If President Obama is such a socialist, UVM's socialist community must be ready to get the revolution started, right?

We asked UVM senior Ben Silverman. You may not know him, but you've probably seen him standing in front of the library, handing out fliers or selling \$1 copies of the Socialist Worker (oh the irony). What he had to say shocked us:

**Ben:** "Personally I've never seen 'Comrade Obama' at any of our meetings, but to be serious, no, Obama is not a Socialist. His politics are far to the right of Franklin D. Roosevelt and FDR was the self-admitted best friend that Capitalism ever had. At best Obama is a moderate Democrat, which is about the same as a moderate Republican. He escalated the war in Afghanistan, aided in the bailout of Wall Street, and his lukewarm Health Reform Bill was essentially identical to what the Republicans were proposing back in the '90s. Obama is the president of the world's largest economy and the world's largest military and is carrying out those tasks to both the CEO's and the general's satisfaction." ■



# points-less in paradise

where the eff did my points go?!

by ginamastrogiacono

It's that time of year.

You're craning your neck at the register after the precious Market-place worker has swiped your card to check how many points are left. It's an inevitably disappointing amount.

How could this have happened? Remember the first week of the semester when you swore that you would follow that recommended budget for your meal plan? OK, scratch that, you never even knew until this moment that a budget plan existed. You just wanted some chicken fingers and a lemonade, is that too much to ask?

But no. You've got to endure the judge-y looks of everyone in line behind you, scoping out your financial situation. Their feelings are written all over their faces. Simple comments that are conveyed through the eyes such as, "What a fat ass" and, "Did she really need that second cookie?" Ok, fourth. Shut up! Midterms are stressful!

Don't panic - here are some tips on how to keep your tummy satisfied without any points while finishing out the year:

**Use your blocks**  
Take that trip to Cook Commons or the Grundle, and LOAD UP. This is where tupperware containers are going to come

**"You could have a square shaped baby hiding underneath your t-shirt...a baby named Cheerios."**

in handy. Who's to say that you didn't need five bowls of cocoa puffs? And lettuce...and rolls...ok, some cheese too... Dress appropriately for the event. Pants with extra pockets are always a plus, and can even manage the individual cereal bowls if they're big enough. Consider stuffing your bra, or pretending you're preggers. Oh yes, you could have a square shaped baby hiding underneath your bulky t-shirt...a baby named Cheerios.

**Check out the free events**  
It might not be for a program at L/L that you even want to join. "Oh yes, I'd love to join the non-important program - I love talking about things that don't matter at all!" \*swipes ten free cookies\*

So what if you're not pre-med? Hit up the Atrium for the free food and t-shirts that are usually in the lobby! Feign interest by nodding and smiling, and don't forget to distract from your wildly flailing hands hitting up that free buffet.

**Hit up Mom and Dad** - It's about time they sent you a care package. Or just some straight up cash. They'll be saving money on not having to send a package by just sending you the envelope. Yeah, you follow that logic? That makes sense.

**Grocery Shopping**  
Providing that your parents come through with the dough, take a trip. Make it a family affair! Make something for dinner with your roommate or your suite. Make sure to pick a dish that will last for days and days to come. Pasta is always a good option. Or maybe by this point, you've gotten crafty with your Grundle and Marche swiping skills, and you'd like to take it pro in the fruits and veggies section - I'm not saying steal, but if there happen to be 10 bananas that don't make it to checkout, that would be a crazy coinkidink. \*\*\*Note - if you're going to be taking this tip to City Market, you might want to consider Dumpster Diving instead of grocery shopping. Because those prices be crazy.

If worse comes to worst, the old standby method of mooching off your friends and performing acts that will cause them to further hike-up prices at the Marche are tried and true standbys. ■

**4**

# the final countdown

## essential study tips

by lizcantrell

Cue ominous music, sleep-deprivation, and fingers anxiously dialing Adderall dealers. Finals season is almost upon us, and everyone's starting to feel the crunch. As we close the chapter on second semester, it's important to keep in mind that finals aren't the "be-all end-all" of your academic career. I mean, if you

fail, you'll be fine: you don't need a college degree, what with the economy soaring high and all. That said, some of us probably want some extra security that we're going to fly through, or at least survive, these meddlesome exams. I have composed a list of basic study tools and tricks to always keep in the back of your mind, presumably where you store everything else you (didn't) learn this semester.



loren teetelli

**Wikipedia:** for fast, semi-accurate information that you can re-word to sound well versed and give your paper that special touch. The stuff on the site is true enough to pass for common knowledge, but not enough to be considered a legitimate source, so stick whatever you find in the middle of your paper, where it will likely not be seen or scrutinized.

**Your friend's notes, or just a friend:** nothing beats studying with a buddy, considering that you hardly ever get anything done except bash your professor and complain about your lives. Added bonus: if you have a thing for them, it will be late at night, and one thing will probably lead to another...if not, at least you have summer vacation to escape the embarrassment of a failed pickup.

**Hitting on/flattering your professor:** This is a classic any amateur can try, but keep it simple and don't go overboard. Stick to lines like "I read your article in (insert scholarly publication here) and I thought it was particularly interesting how you drew an analogy between Keynesian theory and today's global economic transformation" (or some bullshit along those lines). If

you're a little more daring, complement their outfit/office/teaching style and show a little skin. I wouldn't recommend actually crossing any legal lines; it might backfire when you find out they're married/engaged/celibate/not interested/ all of the above. **Talking through the material out loud:** Everyone appreci-

ates a free review session, especially on the third floor of the library. When you go through four months' worth of info out loud, people will flock to you and praise you for being so bold and willing to share.

**Alcohol/drugs/both:** You're so much more fun when you're drunk or high, so studying should work the same way! Studies show alcohol has a positive correlation with student success, since all students who graduate col-

lege have had at least one drink in their career. Additionally, you might be so overwhelmed by your workload that you'll just need a break and might feel tempted to party. You can beat the urge to get drunk by taking the preventative measure of already being semi-under-the-influence. Bonus: people will be impressed by your readiness to party whenever, wherever, and you'll probably acquire new friends to celebrate the end of finals with.

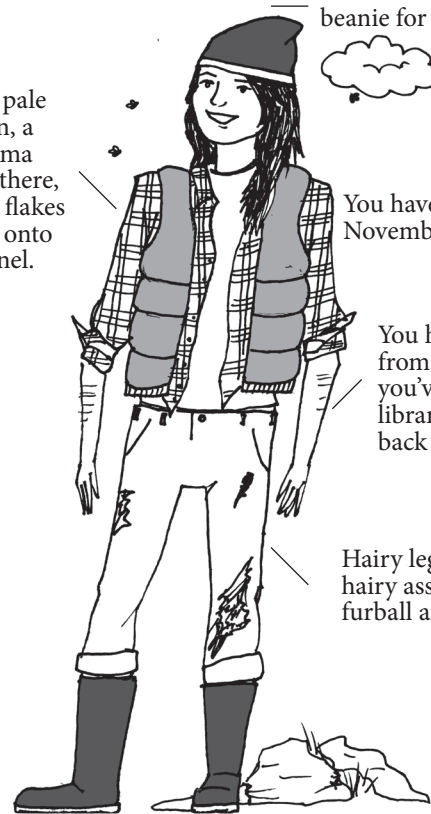
On a serious note, there actually is a really cool study tool on the web called "Quizlet". It's like flashcards without the trouble of writing them out- you simply type them in, use other people's definitions, or share them between friends. You can create "sets" and test yourself in a variety of ways, and it keeps track of words you missed and what you should work on. It comes in really handy for mass memorization for things like psych and bio, plus it's free! All that's left to do is remember these tips, get a liter of coffee, find a comfy nook in Bailey Howe, and hit the books. You'll thank me when your GPA hits a record high. ■

# spring fashion as the weather gets hotter....so do you

with olivianguyen

## before

You have pale white skin, a little eczema here and there, with skin flakes shedding onto your flannel.



This is what you call "birds nest hair." It's messy, frizzy, dry hair with splits ends. You probably haven't gotten it cut since last spring. Let that frizz baby free! It's been hiding under that beanie for too long.

You haven't washed that flannel since November. You lazy person you.

You haven't detached yourself from your puffy for so long that you've been using it as a pillow for library/car rides/class. Put that shit back in your closet.

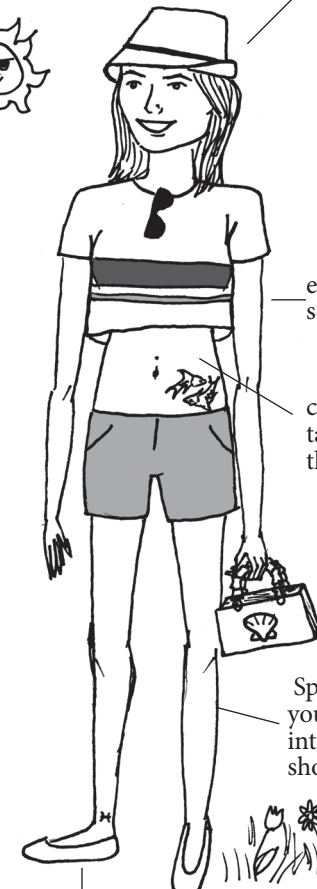
Hairy legs, hairy armpits, hairy ass. You're just a wittle furball aren't you, little guy?

Is there a swamp on campus that I don't know about? Are puddles on campus really that deep? Really now?

## after



Short, airy light hair and highlights to brighten your face. Shades and a little straw hat to top it off. Looking super fly.



Tan skin makes everybody look 10X sexier. It just does.

It's beach season!! Now you can get your belly button pierced/tattoo from that sketchy guy on the Jersey boardwalk for \$5.

Spring cleaning! Time to wash your flannel and throw it back into your closet and dig up shorts and dresses weeee!!!

Flip flops, leather sandals, flats, heels, bare feet, the list is endless!

# top 5 fashion mishaps to shit on '09-'10

with colbynixon

As the academic year draws to a close, many people like to sit back and reflect on a lot of things- the new friends they've made, the laughs they shared, and the nights they don't remember. I like to look back and reminisce about all the styles and clothing options I have utterly shit upon this last year. So don't get off that toilet, I am going to join you, and we can shit on things together.

**5. The Shress-** you may remember this get-up from last semester- the shirt that is too long to be a shirt, too short to be a dress, but is apparently a functional clothing option when worn with a belt and leggings.

**4. Athletic Shorts w/ Button-Down-** a classic that has also (unfortunately) not diminished in popularity since it was last mentioned in this column. Characterized by basketball shorts and a typically wrinkled button-down, this is something seen all too often in the Burlington basement scene. Just remember, guys- don't grind too hard- it's only mesh.

**3. Knock-Offs-** so over break you went down and visited your aunt in New York and she took you to Canal Street. You ended up with over fifteen handbags and only spent \$100.00! Let's just hope that the glue used to keep the label on holds longer than two weeks.

**2. Uggs-** 'nuff said.

**1. Sweatpants-** Sweatpants are such an easy target, and so popular, that it is simple to just rip on them for four hundred to five hundred words. Think about it, it's not often you hear someone step out of class wearing sweatpants saying, "Damn, I feel like a million bucks."

As I think about the close of the school year, I am saddened that I will not be able to project my opinions onto you for four whole months. I do look forward to summer and what terrible travesties are to come in the fashion world.

# surfing the stars

summer scopes

with lizcantrell

**Capricorn, December 23-January 19:** You spend the summer conducting a research project for a professor involving cow manure.

**Aquarius, January 20-February 18:** You find true love this summer. The stars suggest you will have a Vegas wedding, honeymoon at Graceland, and eventually divorce in New Jersey.

**Pisces, February 19- March 20:** While working at a fast-food restaurant, you slip on some grease and dislocate your collarbone. You are denied accident coverage and spend the remaining vacation broke, physically and fiscally.

**Aries, March 21-April 20:** The stars predict that you will pick up a new hobby, possibly involving the analysis of grasshopper migration patterns.

**Taurus, April 21-May 20:** You attend the world yo-yo championships. This gives you a case of chronic indecisiveness, which means you can never make a decision again.

**Gemini, May 21-June 21:** You discover a love of fried dough and spend \$300 on a fried dough machine, which you keep by your bed for immediate consumption.

**Cancer, June 22-July 22:** This will be a quiet, relaxing summer for you. This is because all of your friends have awe-

some jobs, internships, or trips planned, and they leave you behind to rot in your hometown.

**Leo, July 23-August 22:** You find out that you never completed a requirement from high school and thus failed to legitimately graduate. You must enroll in summer school to catch up, and your student status at UVM is indefinitely suspended.

**Virgo, August 23-September 22:** You invent a new ice cream flavor, sell it to Ben and Jerry's for \$1.3 million, and live the high life.

**Libra, September 23- October 22:** You fulfill your lifelong dream of operating your own hotdog stand in New York City. Beware of hungry animals that escape from the Bronx zoo.

**Scorpio, October 23-November 22:** You should take some time to discover who you truly are this summer. Soul-searching will put you in touch with your emotions, and you will make a guest appearance on Oprah discussing your newfound "self".

**Sagittarius, November 23-December 22:** While at the beach, you step on a sea urchin. The fact that your foot swells to the size of your face isn't your biggest problem, it's that the urchin in question was endangered and the Sierra Club hauls you to jail for environmental negligence.

# if i grow up

by erikaweisz

It's finally here: graduation. You thought this time would never come! It seems like just yesterday you were sweating your tits off at Freshman First Year Orientation, listening to perky O.L.s tell you that "actually, not a lot of people at UVM drink," and binge eating Grundle waffles, promising yourself that when the school year started you'd stick to fat-free yogurt. Four years and fifteen pounds later, though, it's time for you to roll up your Bob Marley poster, pack away your tapestry, and become a functioning member of the real world.

But wait—that doesn't sound like fun at all! You like waking up at noon next to a dreadlocked stranger with no recollection of where you put your keys (or your finger... gross). It would be imprudent to abandon such a glamorous lifestyle. A college education should focus on teaching you how to avoid the terrifying real world, not encourage you to perpetuate its nine-to-five, fluorescent lit, business-casual oppression. So as you prepare to enter the real world, stop.

Forget your finals; this is a time for fun, a time for partying. You were never destined for academic greatness. The last time you got an A was in high school gym class, and that's only because Coach Pervey had a massive boner for you. Save

your energy for more important things, like walking back to campus on a Saturday night, carrying a 30 rack to North Beach, and passing something fatty to the left.

And the workforce? More like the jerk force! (ha!) You should not waste your time working for the man. You can be a babysitter, for like, ever. Beg for money. Forge an identity and take out a sweet loan. Sell drugs to kids, to politicians, to your n00b friends. Donate unfathomable amounts of sperm. Seduce a wealthy, impotent old guy. Open a lemonade stand. Blackmail your relatives. Do everything in your power to guarantee everlasting mad money while exerting as little effort as possible.

Don't want that white picket fence tomorrow? Don't get involved in a relationship. Now is the only time of your life where it's completely socially acceptable to have sex with up to 12 people in one night. Go crazy! You're young, you're sort of decent looking. Use what you have before it sags, wrinkles, starts sprouting unfortunate hairs, or just falls clean off.

The moral of the story? Graduation doesn't have to mean a lifetime of cubicle work, broken up only by thoughts about your years of involuntary chastity. Get creative, get rich, and just don't get a job. ■

# a letter to my former self

by drewdiemar

Dear Drew,

I understand you're not too pumped to start college. That's ok. Really. It's probably good that you don't get too excited. Your life for the next year is going to consist of staring at Call of Duty or Facebook until your eyes melt. You will see way too many beautiful girls pass by. Your parents will call you enough to make you question your newly attained freedom. And don't look for the weekends to solve your problems. Those are tiring, repetitive affairs, consisting of way too much waiting around in places you don't want to be: waiting for other people to arrive, for someone to receive a text, for things that shouldn't affect your night. Then there's the hurrying, the anticipation, the flawed belief that wherever you're going is where you want to be and the sooner there the better.

**"I understand you're not too pumped to start college. That's ok. Really."**

Yeah, you'll spend a lot of time wondering what this place and time are all about. Don't. It won't be too long before you start picking people out of the crowd who didn't go to your high school. It won't be long before you start placing faces to names, finally to people.

Every once in a while, look around. Just walk outside and look. I can't promise where you are will always make you happy. I can promise that you're about to laugh harder than you ever have in your life, about to discover how much better people like you when you don't bitch about classes and other people, which you've always been too talented at for your own good. New friends will lead to new circumstances. You always whine about how all the kids longboard just cause all the other kids longboard. Soon you'll figure out that it's actually really fun.

Basically, you should be looking forward to shedding your stance against the world. You deserve to feel good about yourself, so you might as well. It is true that at the end of the year you will look back and say, "What the fuck just happened?" But then you'll sit back and think about it and say, "Oh yeah, that's what happened." You may never figure out if you were in the moment all the time, if you truly made the most of your first year at college. But eventually you'll stop wondering.

Best of luck,

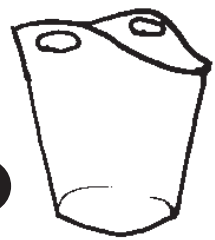
Drew ■

# wtf, uvm?

After two years at UVM, some things still make me stop and wonder: What the fuck, UVM?

1. **Off campus busses** cut through central campus on the way to Trinity on weekends, but not weekdays.
2. There are **showers** in the Davis Center. And people use them.
3. **Dave the bus driver** will not - under any circumstance - open the back door of the bus at night.
4. The **Naked Bike Ride**.
5. People go to a place called **"The Grundle"** for their food.
6. The **"Green House"** housing has air conditioning.
7. There is **WiFi** on the green, but not in the classrooms and residence halls.

# 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

We had class together every Monday, Wednesday, Friday  
You're so damn hot I really must say.  
Then one night I saw you out  
And I was drunk enough to shout.  
We made out on the street  
It sure was a treat.  
This year is your last  
But don't go so fast  
Find me one more time  
And I'll make sure it's sublime  
**When:** Last semester  
**Where:** Italian class  
**I saw:** A sexy senior  
**I am:** A forward freshman

Dear Dude with grey hair,  
So you're in my orgo class,  
And every day when you pass by me  
I go "It's the Dude with grey hair!!!"  
Just thought I'd let you know  
That I'd love to kidnap your grey hair!  
**When:** Every MW  
**Where:** In orgo  
**I saw:** Dude with grey hair  
**I am:** A girl who has no grey hair :(

Damn girl!  
When we get dressed up, all I wanna do is undress you  
once more. That riding crop makes my toes curl with  
anticipation... and when we dance together, I know it  
was meant to be. We can nibble on each other anytime!  
(The only problem is, every time we hook up, I start to  
laugh...) Won't you whisper sweet rhythmic verse in my  
ear til the morning comes?  
**When:** Every steamy dreamy day  
**Where:** In my bed, in your bed, during class  
**I saw:** A sweet sip of Irish Coffee  
**I am:** Waiting in purple flannel and fangs

I met you once on a Saturday night. You took my breath  
away with your sand colored hair and sky blue eyes. I  
couldn't help but notice how big your arm muscles were.  
Every time you put your arm on the arm rest, my heart  
skipped a beat. Maybe we can talk about Pogs again.  
**When:** Saturday night  
**Where:** Billings  
**I saw:** A beautiful blonde man with blue eyes  
**I am:** A sweet little vixen

From a kitchen to a pool table  
A tree then my room  
I've told you things I never told anyone.  
That itch you have to go west? I have it too.  
We fell asleep in my bed, and I felt like myself.  
Can we hand out again?  
**When:** Thursday night  
**Where:** My room  
**I saw:** A cool guy  
**I am:** Kinda shy

I met you in ENVS 001 class,  
and I showed you my dog socks that were really "bad  
ass."  
Dancing at formals was a lot of fun,  
however The Beatles and candles in your room had my  
heart won.  
Christmas break came and second semester too,  
and now it's almost May and I still feel blue,  
oh how I want to walk through Strawberry Fields For-  
ever with you.  
**When:** Last semester MWF 10:40-11:30  
**Where:** Marsh Life Science  
**I saw:** Great potential  
**I am:** The girl in the blue scarf

An anonymous message conspicuously taped on the  
TA bench. Interesting approach. Sorry those days are so  
long, but it will all be over soon...and it sounds like you  
don't mind. If unshaven nerds in glasses and labcoats are  
your thing, you are in a compelling minority, I would be  
more than happy to brew you sometime, but you will  
first have to tell me the difference between an ale and a  
lager. Then you will be speaking my language.  
**When:** The longest days of the week  
**Where:** Bio-safety level two  
**I saw:** A reason to write  
**I am:** Into making my own rules

## last call edition

It seems like everybody wants someone so bad this week. We're not surprised, considering that this week is your LAST CHANCE to hook up with that cutie from chem. (Of course, you could always just reveal your secret love in person, but why would you when you can write a weird little poem in the WT instead?)

Good luck with your last-ditch efforts people. **the water tower** is rooting for you.

Hey Mr. blue jacket and glasses,  
Didn't we both use IDs as bus passes?  
Black pack, I thought you looked clever  
Maybe we should get together  
**When:** last Saturday  
**Where:** Main St/UHeights bus stop  
**I saw:** A guy waiting  
**I am:** A girl waiting

In a film plot fairytale you taught  
me how to ride your bike, strapping  
the too-big helmet close to my chin.  
But our classes taught us to avoid  
the obvious; now it's several months  
later and I understand bellatedly  
just how much I'm into you.  
Cliches be damned.  
Let me take you for a ride.  
**When:** Last fall  
**Where:** Parking lot downtown  
**I saw:** Hazel-eyed sparkling BB  
**I am:** Missing you

WANTED:  
3-5 down-to-earth, funny, party-loving young men.  
MUST LOVE:  
Sarcasm, raunchy jokes, mad good food at all hours, and  
Bailey-Howe when necessary. Off-campus residence a  
plus.  
NEED NOT APPLY:  
Music snobs, those easily scarred by wild weekends and  
cheap liquor, or social moochers.  
\*looking for a group of guys to round out our regular  
crew\*  
**When:** Whenever  
**Where:** Anywhere between So Prospect and Battery  
**I saw:** still looking...  
**I am:** A ginger in rare form, a busty queen of sass, a  
dancer with a wild side, a fast talking social butterfly, a  
bodacious Bostonian

I saw you in the cyber cafe,  
From you my eyes did not stray.  
Damn that Carhartt flannel was bangin',  
Girl on you my mind has been hangin'.  
You are so fine,  
And that bod I want to intertwine.  
You asked me a question about nutrition,  
But all I could think about was turning your ignition.  
From the moment our eyes met,  
I only thought about making you sweat.  
You put other girls to shame,  
When the love of my life you became.  
**When:** All day ery day  
**Where:** Outside lafayette MWF  
**I saw:** A slammin blonde with rock hard quads  
**I am:** A killer whale

You were studying for your community ecology exam, I  
was studying for my heat transfer exam. I gave you my  
business card...you should give me a call.  
**When:** Monday evening  
**Where:** 4th floor of Davis Center  
**I saw:** A blonde girl  
**I am:** Interested in you

My friend gave you his business card. If you're not inter-  
ested in him, but you're interested in me, you can give  
him a call and get my info.  
**When:** Monday evening  
**Where:** 4th Floor of the Davis Center  
**I saw:** A blonde  
**I am:** The Board Man

We're both stuck along the British Isles,  
Being staff writers together has given me smiles.  
You have tea and crumpets, and I eat potatoes  
We can reminisce about when we discussed theories of  
Plato's.  
I know you know think I'm a slut, but no bother, it's  
grand  
With you I want to have a one life stand.  
When we meet, I'll hug you and caress your plaid  
And maybe I'll tell you: I want you, SO BAD  
**I saw:** A Dashing Beach  
**I am:** A Darling Peach

I can tell math isn't your relative max  
You seem more like a sports guy - maybe lax?  
That's okay with me-I love differentials,  
and between you and me, there's so much potential.  
If you need extra help, just give me a call-  
I'll let you integrate me, without letting your grades fall  
**When:** A few times a week  
**Where:** Class  
**I saw:** A confused cutie  
**I am:** Willing to help :)

you were dancing on the chair all night.  
you were so the life of the party.  
you were wearing purple dress.  
you might be pint sized,  
but i think you could handle me. :)  
**When:** saturday night  
**Where:** North Union St  
**I saw:** total babe  
**I am:** in love

You taught me how to take massive bong rips  
You made sure I didn't pass out on your basement floor  
You never found out how many times I puked in your  
bathroom (shhh)  
You always stole me free beeahz at the hottest parties  
You never stopped making fun of me for being a mass-  
hole  
You two men have been inspiring forces in my life:  
Go forth with life after the **WT** (because it will be bor-  
ing)  
I love you (like my BROTHAZ)  
**When:** all day, erry day  
**Where:** the 802  
**I saw:** 2 young studz  
**I am:** Your gurl fo' lyph

call me crazy, but i knew it was true  
when your ipod changed from rap to Baloo  
whenever i can't sleep i run into you  
we talk sometimes 'till my insomnia's through  
you talk about leaving, perhaps for a year  
i wish i could too, to make everything clear  
but if that's the case i don't know what i'll do  
can't you see i've got feelings for you?  
**When:** At night  
**Where:** everywhere  
**I saw:** A connection  
**I am:** kinda quiet

Today I wish you a happy birthday  
And there are a few things that I'd like to say...  
Your warmth wraps around my cold body like the sun  
The case race is long over and you have won--  
Words cannot describe how much I love you  
Let me know if you feel the same way too  
**When:** erry day  
**Where:** B&K's room  
**I saw:** a shark  
**I am:** A penguin

You found me and I'm yours.  
I really wish that were true.  
**When:** you sing  
**Where:** on stage  
**I saw:** a Top Cat  
**I am:** Just a girl in the audience

I see you a lot playing pool.  
I think you're really cool.  
You're tall, blonde, and handsome.  
You're holding my heart ransom.  
I'm always there, studying by the fireplace.  
I'd like to meet you. Anytime, anyplace.  
Give me a chance, don't be shy.  
Next time you catch me staring, come over and say hi.  
**When:** you play pool  
**Where:** In the Davis Center  
**I saw:** a skinny, rugged blonde  
**I am:** a huge dork that's hoping this will work

I read the I want you so bad you wrote me last week, it's  
hanging on my wall. I was the one eying you at B-nan's.  
Don't think I forgot about your smile or our eyes meet-  
ing. If you want to smile (or more) again I'll be at brens  
Tuesday evening.  
**When:** last week or so then in the **WT**  
**Where:** Brens  
**I saw:** cute smiley baby  
**I am:** sexy half smiling man

Why just stick with two...when you can do three? :)  
We're an adventurous duo, searching for some fun.  
If you're a cute girl with an eye for an exciting adventure,  
shoot us an email at sbeachgirly696@yahoo.com.  
We promise you won't be disappointed...  
**When:** soon  
**Where:** Our room or yours...  
**I saw:** A beautiful girl  
**I am:** A cute girl and sexy boy

I'm a bit older than you, but that doesn't mean much  
We don't hang out much but I'd be down to chill more  
You may not remember who I am  
But hit me up if you wanna hang  
**When:** Tuesday/Thursday  
**Where:** 10am  
**I saw:** A cute wakeboarder  
**I am:** An anonymous admirer

# 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 thewaternetnews@gmail.com by Tuesdays at 4:00.*

## end of the year

by justinlandau

The end of the school year  
Is approaching so fast  
I pray to the gods  
That I'll be able to pass  
Pulling all nighters  
In the cyber café  
When the weather's so beautiful  
In this month of May  
Rushing around to find a computer  
Is always a bitch and a half  
And when someone beats you there  
Hope they don't point and laugh  
So good luck with your finals  
And have a great summer  
Don't do too much nitrous  
Or you'll surely be dumber

## packing up

by hannahmelton

friends  
and lovers  
and boxes  
will reopen  
during uncertain  
moments in time  
freeze  
and sometimes we forget  
what we stored away for later  
in refrigerators  
and cerebrums  
there are  
left over  
over looked  
over thought:  
of return.

## when wooks attack

by daniellevogl



## German Bear Wiestling

by alextownsend



## slade: a year of hippies

by henrykellogg

Once a life-changing year is over, it leaves one wondering how you possibly did all the things you did, and how you could ever live without them. When I was called one fateful day in late August by Res Life asking me if I wanted to move into Slade, I was pretty nervous. I had applied the year before but gotten wait-listed so I hadn't really give much thought to it until I was called and told I had 24 hours to decide. I called an acquaintance of mine then and a best friend now, Mike Venmen, who had lived in Slade last year and was going to live there again. I asked him his thoughts. He said I should live in Slade because "it was like nowhere else." I decided to take the plunge. I showed up in September with a head full of fears and a heart full of hope, ready to meet whatever I could find.

It was not five seconds after I got out of the car that I knew everything would be alright. When he saw me, Earthronica Nathan Joseph rushed up to me and gave me a big hug. "Welcome home," was all he said. After I'd settled and the group met to discuss the rules of the house, I was asked one very important question "How do you feel about full frontal nudity?" After that, I knew the year was going to be great. And then it flew by.

It all seems like a blur looking back on it now, from naked dance parties, to cider making, to 12 days in a row where Brus-sels sprouts were for dinner, to when we decided as a house to boycott the clothes dryer. All the memories are distinct and yet it's all gone by so fast. Playing swords in front of the library where people look at you strangely because they don't know what you're doing but you can tell they wish they were having as much fun as you. Sleeping in the front lawn and renting out the Outing Club cabin just to get away from it all. The friends I've made I know I'll keep my whole life. All of these things could not have existed without this place.

So what, then, is Slade? Is it a small special interest housing option on Red-stone campus? Well, maybe, but it is also so much more. Slade is a way of life. A radical form of free love DIY where you decide exactly how you want to live your life and do the best to make it happen. But instead of doing it yourself, you do it with friends and make your life merry in everything you do. A place where you can snuggle with pretty much anyone you live with. A place where creativity runs rampant and the basement that started Phish is a place to jam out any time--you don't have to be good.

Although I will leave this house next year, I will carry it with me in my heart. The lessons of acceptance and caring that the house has taught me will live through me and be a part of who I am wherever I go. If ever you have the opportunity to choose to do something that will completely change your life and perspective I suggest you do it. Because you will never know that you were a caterpillar until the day you become a butterfly.

# cat litter.



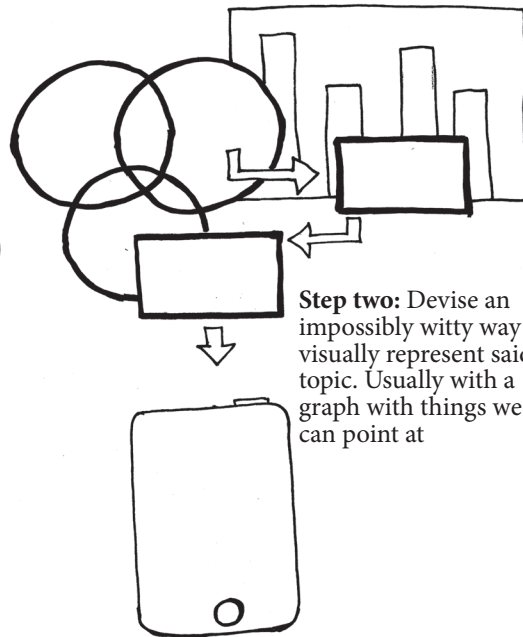
# anatomy of a clever visual joke



①

Step one: Come up with a topic that's both relevant to the reader and cool to make fun of

②

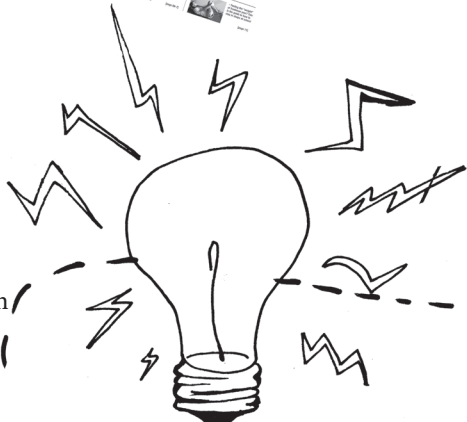


Step two: Devise an impossibly witty way to visually represent said topic. Usually with a graph with things we can point at

Step three: Realize we already covered that topic a few weeks ago

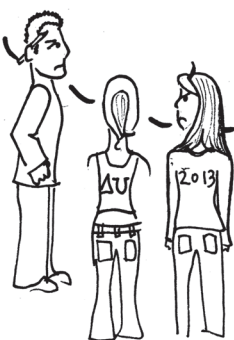
③

Step four: Eventually, come up with something that demonstrates how edgy and against the grain we really are



Step five: Oops, turns out that topic is too offensive to ResLife, New World Tortilla, Freshman, Greek Life, the SGA, or Police Services.

⑤



⑥



Step six: Fuck it, let's just talk about drugs and boobs again.

All year, our readers have been foaming at the mouths, demanding that we release our super secret formula for coming up with all of these phenomenal Cat Litters. Normally, we would have to decline. Our secrets are our secrets, ya know? But after numerous death threats, we've decided it's safer for everyone in the UVM community to finally know how we do it.

by mac smith, max bookman,  
greg francesca, miriam rosen,  
henry kellogg, lauren katz  
artwork by kelly macintyre

# tunes.



## the water tower's official springfest coverage mstrkrft and ila mawana

by jeremyklein

Another year, another Springfest in the proverbial books. This year featured performances by The Fancy Drifters, Ila Mawana, Theophilus London, Ingrid Michaelson and MSTRKRFT. Various DJs also performed in between the sets of the main acts. There was also a hot dog eating contest, which SGA president Kofi Mensah dominated by wolfing down eight hot dogs.

Ila Mawana, a reggae band from Boston,

was the first performance I caught. At this point in the day, the event was still pretty sparsely attended,

and everyone who was there was seated on the grass for the duration of the performance. The performance itself was neither great nor terrible, with no spectacular individual performances by any of the members, amounting to just a generic reggae sound. The band was definitely into it though, which made it more enjoyable. The audience however, didn't find Ila too hot, which is surprising because UVM kids usually love reggae. Despite this, the band's lead singer still professed that it was an honor to play in front of the UVM crowd. And on top of that, when the band started handing out free copies of their CD, a huge crowd of people formed to get one. Chalk it up to either laziness or a penchant for free stuff on the part of the crowd.

"If you were looking for something more than infectious beats to dance to, you were probably disappointed when you saw two guys standing there, pushing buttons and smoking cigarettes the entire time."

As mentioned above, various DJs kept the crowd entertained between sets on the main stage. So it only makes sense that the entire event was headlined by two DJs. MSTRKRFT is one of the more renowned electronic music acts, perhaps only behind Daft Punk and Justice. There are really two sides to whether this performance can be considered a good one or not. MSTRKRFT live is about the music itself, not the performance of it. So if you were looking

for something more than just infectious beats to dance to, you were probably disappointed when you saw two guys just standing there, pushing buttons and smoking cigarettes the entire time. But, if your only goal was to go crazy and dance until the concert was over, you probably had an amazing time. It's safe to say that the majority of those in attendance fall into the latter group, as people were going, to put it gracefully, ape-shit the entire time. The craziness was not without its hazards though, as there were more crowd-surfing failures and wipe-outs than I care to mention. Dangers aside, the crowd stayed firmly into the performance until the very end.

This was the second Springfest in a row headlined by a duo who only play instrumentals. Will the trend continue at Springfest 2011? We can't say. (Get it?) ■

## theophilus london and ingrid michaelson

by sarahmoylan

After Ila Mawana came DJ Craig Mitchell, whose beats were so thunderous that you could literally feel them (it probably wasn't a welcome sensation for any residents of nearby Buckham Hall looking to recover from a Friday night hangover). Anyways, Theophilus London came next. London is a skinny, spunky Brooklynite rapper and was surprisingly good! His rap was quite melodic, and his upbeat tunes combined elements of soul, pop, and funk. It wasn't long before the largely flip-flop and sundress-clad audience (there was even a dude wearing a skirt!) was on their feet, dancing and grinding away. If anything, the show proved that Theophilus London is someone to watch out for in the future. Plus, Theophilus is a really awesome first name.

After another subwoofer-laden DJ reprieve came the great Ingrid Michaelson. Her laid-back singer-songwriter tunes were well-received by the entire audience—even the guys. She promised them that "your penis will not shrink" if they sang along with her songs. Michaelson had a commanding stage presence and remained vocally impressive throughout the entire performance. She sang, played the organ, and played the ukulele (not all at the same time, though), showing a great range of musical ability. But for me, the highlight of the show came from a fellow audience member: a (very) intoxicated girl, upon hearing "The Way I Am," shouted, "Oh my god! I love this song, I have it on my iPod! Who does this song?" Ahh, you gotta love Springfest. ■

## your weekly WRUV music review



by nyikobegu

### MGMT - Congratulations (Columbia)

If you're only interested in MGMT's new album to find the next "Kids" or "Electric Feel," you will not find it. However, if you have been longing to hear MGMT defiantly explore the psychedelic tundra, "Congratulations" is for you. After the hyper-commercial success of their debut album, *Oracular Spectacular*, it could be argued that with *Congratulations*, MGMT has redefined their sound with a more mature approach in hopes to be taken seriously as artists. I would have to argue that as experimental and "redefined" as their sound may be, it is not exciting or even innovative.

This is not a question of accessibility, but more of responsibility. I fully support the exploration of artistic creation and even the refutation of previous work, but I cannot support MGMT in their latest effort in musical exploration.

For Fans Of: The Flaming Lips, Pink Floyd

### Redwing Blackbird - The River Skinned A Bear (Glass Museum)

New Hampshire freak-folk natives Redwing Blackbird return with their sophomore release, *The River Skinned A Bear*, an album rich in instrumental dynamic, tender lyrical content, and brilliant vocal harmonies. The album opens up with "Papa," a light and quick lullaby that moves like a sunset into the sprawling darkness of the following song.

The beauty of the album truly lies on heartfelt songs like "Argentina," and "Someplace Small." Eric Gagne sings with a warm and intimate tone about his simple desires of family and companionship, "moving someplace small with you when I'm out of my head, just to raise a family for when I'm dead." Gagne and Austin Wright trade off lead vocals throughout the album in which their voices serve as radiant compliments to each other.

The album is a superb representation of RWBB's ability to create delightfully complex songs about basic human desires.

For Fans Of: Iron & Wine, Bill Callahan, Bonnie "Prince" Billy