

the water tower.

uvm's alternative newsmag



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uvm.edu/~watertwr

how i infiltrated admissions and what i learned



lauryn schrom

by maxbookman

They're telling the truth, but definitely not the whole truth, so help them God. Everyone has a vague perception that the admissions tours for prospective students are generously rosy. After all, we've all been through one. But if a current UVM student actually, say, went undercover on an admissions tour, would he be surprised with some of the things that are said about UVM?

I was.

I'm a political science senior, but last Tuesday, I was a high school junior named Adam Bookman, and I was very interested in coming to UVM for college. My disguise was one of those concealing furry Russian-ish hats and some oversized sunglasses. I looked ridiculous.

The tour began with a DVD intro to UVM, screened in the beautiful Admissions office on the corner of South Prospect and Main Street. The video was a series of cuts through a diverse array of college students doing the things high schoolers think college students do, like flirting with girls, looking through microscopes, and reading big books.

After the DVD was over, we were introduced to our peppy tour guide. Over the hour that followed, she backwards-walked us from Admissions, to Lafayette, to the library, through the Davis Center, up to Harris-Millis, and back to Admissions. The tour was fun, informative, and full of lies. There were never lies as blatant as "UVM is a school in Texas." They were more difficult to catch on to. Some instances of dishonesty could be expected from the Admissions Office, but others aren't so forgivable.

Happens, but not often

Tour guides are the only "real" UVM-ers prospective students get to interface with, so kids expect what the guide says to be true, without any fine print. But at some points, our guide made uncommon occurrences at UVM seem like they happen all the time.

When walking past Chitty/Buckham/Wills, our guide shared an adorable anecdote about her freshman year RA waking the entire floor up for a delicious Sunday breakfast that she had apparently slaved over all morning. It was probably a true story, but come on, it's not like that really ever happens. ResLife is known by most students for its restrictive policies and unrealistic standards. Your RA is far more likely to go Benedict Arnold over your

illegal toaster oven than cook you some eggs Benedict.

Dishonesty rating: Mild

Then, as we stood in front of a typical classroom on the second floor of Lafayette, our guide proudly pronounced that every class over 80 students must break down into smaller components. To the unsuspecting high schooler, that sure sounds like there are no classes at UVM with more than 80 students. What she meant was that professors with classes over 80 students are encouraged to find ways for students to interact in smaller, more intimate settings. Professors usually respond with a half-hearted group project, and many simply ignore the request.

Dishonesty rating: "Oh, I didn't get your text. Weird..."

Incomplete picture

At times, something was said that painted a favorably incomplete picture of UVM. When I asked what people do for fun on Friday and Saturday night, our guide enlightened us with a laundry list of speakers, programs, club activities, and events. Sure, there is a vibrant community of UVM students who regularly participate in the wholesome on-campus activities offered by the university on weekend evenings. But there wasn't even the slightest mention of the number one thing countless UVM students do on weekends: go downtown and party! This omission is all about shedding the university's pot and party reputation, and reflects the administration's puritanical distaste for anything associated with alcohol. *Dishonesty rating: Push-up bra*

Things started getting a little more serious at the Bailey-Howe. After learning the ropes of the Cyber Café, circulation desk, and print kiosks, my fellow prospective students were told that there is no problem finding a seat and power outlets during finals. "It's very easy," announced our guide. Come again? Maybe she's only been to the library at 8:00 in the morning during finals, because at any other time, that statement is shoddier than Bailey-Howe's WiFi. The Bailey-Howe was built around when Bill Gates and Steve Jobs were hitting puberty, and the skyrocketing need for laptop plug-ins has become a problem during finals. *Dishonesty rating: There are WMDs in Iraq.*

Uncommon opinion

Some of the sneakiest ways to stretch the truth presented themselves when our guide answered a subjective question with an opinion that is not common among UVM students. Outside Harris-Millis Dining Hall (no use of the G-word, obvi), our guide was asked how students like the food. "I think it's pretty good," she quickly responded, "There are tons of options, so you never get bored." It is safe to say without further discussion that, no, that's not everyone's opinion. *Dishonesty rating: I did not have sexual relations with that woman.*

When we discussed the basics of class registration, I had to actively restrain my jaw from dropping. Despite the unprecedented influx of new students overcrowding our classrooms, Admissions is still telling those interested in UVM that it is very easy to get into the classes you want to get into. "If you don't get in," added our guide, "just talk to the professor and he'll usually let you in or point you to another professor who will." Could someone please tell me where they hide these wide-open classes and accommodating professors? They're certainly not in the College of Arts and Sciences. Maybe they're in the College of Colby College, a quick five hour ride from Central Campus. *Dishonesty rating: Spilling the bong water and not telling.*

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inbox

reactionary piffle!?

I found Paul Gross's article on France's ban on burqas a fine example of reactionary piffle. First of all, the French are not trying to rob these women of their cultural identity. They are trying to exclude a specific item of clothing that, in the last decade or so, has become a symbol (in the Western world, anyway) of extremism and, yes, the oppression of women. It's just as how Germany banned the swastika, in spite of it being part of their history.

In addition, there is a practical and legitimate end to outlawing the burqa and niqab. In a world where crime (to say nothing of the potential threat of terrorism) is always present it is perfectly reasonable to require that everyone, regardless of race or cultural subset, at least keep their faces visible. Keeping one's cultural identity is fine, but not when it jeopardizes public safety and security.

As someone with very specific religious convictions, I feel I should be the last person to advocate making compromises of conscience. But as Mr. Gross points out, the burqa is not required in Islam, so why can't Muslim women make do with a headscarf, or even the chador (a garment that covers everything except the face)? That way they can keep their unique religious and cultural identity and help to create a French society that ensures both diversity and public security.

-John Ferriss

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

thewatertowernews@gmail.com

the shit list

with macsmith

The Pro Bowl Millions of people tuned in last Sunday to watch football. They then all turned it off when they realized the Super Bowl isn't until this Sunday.

The iPad Last week Steve Jobs unveiled Apple's latest product: the iPad. The possibilities with this thing are seemingly endless. It's really going to revolutionize the way people look douchey in public.

British Doctors Scientists at Kings College have recently concluded that there is no proof that the female G-spot exists. French doctors refute this, however. According to the French, who are historically much better lovers than the British, as much as 60% of women have a G-spot, and they criticized the British for being too totalitarian about women's sexuality, adding, "Just cuz *you* can't find it doesn't mean it doesn't exist! *Booyaa!*"

Osama Bin Laden The world's most hated man has taken a stance on climate change, declaring that the US has not done enough to combat global warming. Fuckin' great. Now, if we reduce emissions, the terrorists win. There's no good way to do anything anymore.

CBS CBS, this year's broadcaster of the Super Bowl, has refused to air an ad for ManCrush.com, a gay dating website. The justification is that the viewers might get confused after watching three hours of 250 pound men in skin tight clothing wrestle each other to the ground. It's just better to play it safe and show beer commercials with big tits.

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sportsblink

with michaelcieslak

The Super Bowl is set and should be a shootout. It is going to be interesting to see if the Colts can get pressure on Brees. Dwight Freeney, Indianapolis's leading pass rusher, has been out of practice with an ankle injury. In other football news, Kurt Warner retired. Then he will unretire, play a year, retire, then unretire and have the best year of his career. Phil Mickelson has been accused of cheating. Not on his wife though, sorry, Tiger, you're still the dog. But someone seems to

think Lefty's wedges are illegal. (I know no one really cares, I just wanted to make that joke about Tiger.) John Daly also thinks he is done playing golf and he will go back to the life he has always dreamed of... Drinking too much Jack and passing out outside of a Hooters. In the Winter X Games, Shaun White continues to amaze everyone. After smoking his face on the lip of the half-pipe in practice, he went on to win Gold. Next week: Olympic special.

the news in brief

with paulgross

“There is no flag large enough to cover the shame of killing innocent people.”

-The late **Howard Zinn**, influential left-wing American historian and scholar who died last week. May he rest in peace.

“It's been...a bit more than we bargained for.”

-46 year old American tourist, **Karel Schultz**, on waiting to be airlifted out of Macchu Picchu. A mudslide in the area made the popular Peruvian tourist destination inaccessible by car, making it necessary to airlift over 2,400 tourists from the Incan ruins. It's never cool to laugh about natural disasters, but imagining wealthy American tourists all excited to be at Macchu Picchu getting airlifted into South American helicopters...

“This isn't about a lie or a conspiracy.”

-Former British PM, **Tony Blair**, being interviewed about his role in the Iraq war. During this interview, he lied about not lying.

“This creates and defines an entirely new category of devices.”

-Apple CEO **Steve Jobs** unveiling the company's newest awesome-looking and mediocre-functioning gizmo—the iPad. It basically looks like a giant electronic picture frame that you can do lots of cool shit with and it's also a computer and probably does your laundry too. Steve Jobs does it again. I wonder how long it will take to jailbreak.

“Not true.”

-During the State of the Union, when Obama called the Supreme Court out for their shitty ruling in Citizens United vs. FEC, some of the normally stoic Justices lost their composure and **Samuel Alito** in particular was seen shaking his head and muttering angrily. Obama accused the court of overturning a hundred years of case law, which actually may be untrue, but when the court fucks democracy over as big as they did in Citizens United, Alito should swallow his pride.

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L/L - Outside Alice's Café

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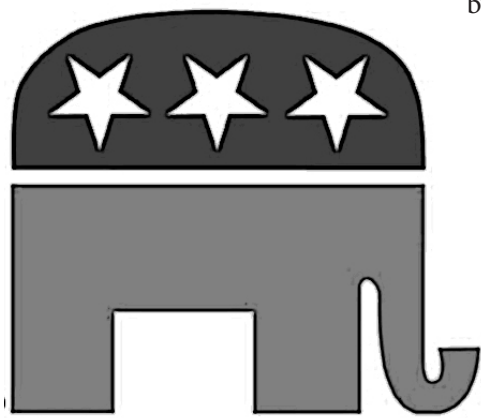
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Or send us an email

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**.

WANTED: SUPPORT FOR 2010

by gregfrancese



- Are you sick of change?
- Has the past year been too productive for you to handle?
- Do the words "Scott Brown," "status quo," and "elephant" make you smile?

More specifically, here's what we're looking for:

- Semi-qualified individuals that can, on a moment's notice, throw off an entire overhaul of our health-care system.
- Males, at least 50 years of age, preferably white (minorities will be evaluated on a case-by-case basis), able to defend America from socialism, taxes, and an eminent Mexican invasion.
- Chevrolet pickup truck owners. Truck must emit "rugged American" vibes (terrorist hunting permit sticker, American flag license plate, etc.).

For more information contact the United States Republican Party. Democrats need not apply. The Republican Party of America is an equal opportunity employer.

admissions

continued from page 1

Lie by omission

Many of us know from middle school that Mom gets mad when you get sent to the principal for trying to bite off someone's finger and then don't tell her about it when she asks, "How was your day?" because she never actually asked you, "Were you hungry for some fingers today?" Some of us, apparently, never learned that people find omitting important facts to be deeply deceitful.

Take TAs, for example. My fellow prospective students left Burlington thinking that TAs do not teach classes at UVM. They are under this impression because our guide proudly told us that TAs do not teach classes. True, they don't "teach" "classes," but they sure do grade papers and exams. And they do teach labs. A lab isn't a class when you look it up in the dictionary, but they sure do feel like classes when you are walking your freezing ass through Centennial Woods at 8:30 in the morning with no professor in sight. *Dishonesty rating: Sir, you never said you didn't want pubic hair with your side salad.*

The worst lie by omission, however, came while we were standing in the model dorm room in Harris. After letting us know that the entire room was decorated by Bed Bath and Beyond (catalogues available on the way out), we were told that there are three types of living situations at UVM: "There's traditional singles, traditional doubles, and suite-style." Nobody asked if it was possible for three grown people to be shoved into a room a Mini-Cooper couldn't fit into and be told, "Live." So no one ever found out. I kept waiting for our guide to bring up forced triples, because, after all, it's kind of, like, a big deal to force three people to live in a double, especially when it has become the University's favorite way to admit students beyond capacity. But soon the tour was over, and it was never brought up. Ouch. *Dishonesty rating: I only married you because I lost a bet. And I've been banging your sister for the last three years. My name is actually Fernando. And I have crabs.*

Final Rating: A little better than a used car salesman

Of course, it is ridiculous to expect a college admissions tour to tell you minutia, that the stairs are creaky and the chicken patties are kind of rubbery. The Admissions Office is just trying to put the best face it can on the product it's trying to sell. But when that product costs over \$30,000 a year, a little more honesty on the big things wouldn't hurt. ■

united states socialist republic: back in the ussr?

by emilyhoogesteger

Last Wednesday night, so-called "President" Obama gave the State of the Union Address, in which he detailed his socialist plans and described how he will welcome terrorists to our shores and declare himself president for life. Despite the fact that hints about America's fascist future were only thinly veiled, there has not been so much as a single Tea Party in protest. This stunning lack of outrage among the American people is a sinister reminder that Obama's minions and hired hypnotists have already infiltrated our towns and brainwashed our citizens.

The speech was so full of communist propaganda that it was practically a love letter to Karl Marx. At one point, the President spoke of "a worker who decides it's time she became her own boss" – a blatant reference to the Russian Revolution of 1917 and a clear indicator of exactly what horrors will befall this country under the reign of Czar Obama.

The President claimed that the American people will work today to build the infrastructure of tomorrow. But what infrastructure is that? Today, we work long hours maximizing our personal profit at the expense of others and then slave

the fierce urgency of now

by melaniekartzmer

Soledad O'Brien's visit could not have come at a better time. While UVM invited her to help commemorate Martin Luther King Jr.'s legacy, the tragic coincidence of Haiti's earthquake occurring just a couple of short weeks ago truly helped drive home her message of equality and justice. As a CNN news anchor and special correspondent, Soledad spoke eloquently about her background and experiences creating award-winning documentaries, *Black in America* and *Latino in America*. She also discussed her coverage of Hurricane Katrina and the earthquake in Haiti, a devastating blow to such a fragile country.

Soledad quoted MLK in his "I Have Been To the Mountaintop" speech where he calls for his audience to develop a "dangerous unselfishness." This is an unselfishness that causes others around you to stop and wonder what's in it for you, when really you are acting solely to serve others, as Soledad explains it. This message can be used as a call for relief efforts in Haiti, a call asking people to give of themselves and serve others, maybe in a way that they have never experienced before.

"America can no longer stand idly by, and you can be part of that change"

As privileged students at the University of Vermont, we have an opportunity to rise together as a community, and donate in some way to Haiti. And it cannot be next week, next month, or next year. It has to be now. As MLK says, there is a "fierce urgency of now." Today there are children on the streets dying. Today there are elderly without their medication and parents with no water to give their kids or drink themselves. The earthquake destroyed Haiti's infrastructure, but their country was failing long before that. America can no longer stand idly by, and you can be part of that change. Soledad spoke of a philosophy her mother firmly believed and expressed often which is, "The way it is, is not the way it has to be." Just because you may have never donated money to those of another country, or do not know anyone living in Haiti, does not mean that's the way it is always going to be. It is so easy to be caught up in the worries and responsibilities of your own life. It is so easy to turn a blind eye, but your time or money can be the vehicle for change. In the spirit of the great leader, Martin Luther King Jr., make that change, develop that dangerous unselfishness, and serve your fellow human in any way you know how. ■

over dinner with business associates at a five-star restaurant, but tomorrow we will wake up to find ourselves living in slums, our wealth redistributed and our hard-earned bonuses denied to us.

Just one year ago, this nation stood at the top of the world, a shining beacon of denial, brutishness, and idiocy. Twelve months later, we've fallen farther than we ever have before, watching in horror as our socialist leaders force us to spend money on healthcare instead of war. And

"tomorrow we will wake up to find ourselves living in slums"

they won't stop there. In his State of the Union address, Obama said that the bank bailout was "about as popular as a root canal", but don't be fooled - the President is a known root canal enthusiast. Communism is coming to America, and President Obama will enforce it with an iron fist - or rather with his giant gay military. Run for your lives! ■

ron paul 101

by briancoffill

Most of you probably think you know everything about Ron Paul because you know that he's for drug legalization, specifically marijuana. This is something widely known by young people, especially the Groovy UV student body. But this ambition of Paul's is only the surface. The Texas Republican is viewed in many ways: libertarian, crazy, old, cool, smart, or a hilarious feature of the movie 'Bruno'. Whatever your opinion of Paul may be, it's clear that he's become a fascination with people (and fanatics) across the country, and has slid into the political spotlight in the last few years. Here are some things you probably didn't know about Paul:

He's currently working on a crazy 'Audit the Fed' bill, which is a bill that would make money 'sound' and 'commodity-backed.' And pundits and politicians alike have no clue as to what the commodity is. It could be gold. It could be your granny. It would also let Congress meddle in the affairs of the nation's independent central bank. You don't have to be a political science nerd (I swear I'm not) to figure out that this would be a bad thing if you were to look at, well, really anything Congress has ever done.

Almost two years ago Rep. Paul introduced a bill officially called 'H.R. 5843: Act to Remove Federal Penalties for the Personal Use of Marijuana by Respon-

"Paul introduced a bill officially called 'H.R. 5843... in short, it would legalize marijuana"

sible Adults.' In short, it would legalize marijuana. This bill, aside from its obvious implications, was a sound piece of legislation, and it's more impressive than the 2,500-page healthcare bill. Paul's marijuana bill is bipartisan. He's a Republican, and it is co-sponsored by seven Democrats and a second Republican. The healthcare bill didn't get any Republican support. Also, the bill wouldn't cost an obscene amount of money for the government. If it was manipulated correctly, I'm sure Congress could even find some way to generate revenue for the government due to legalization. The bill met an early demise and never came close to being law.

Ron Paul has introduced a more recent, toned-down bill called H.R. 5842, which would allow patients to receive medical marijuana, free from prosecution, nation-wide. Paul's not just a hippie or a stoner. In fact he claims to have never even used marijuana. He's a doctor, and knows that marijuana can provide relief for a number of illnesses.

Finally, in April of 2008, the House of Representatives passed a non-binding, essentially empty and meaningless resolution that condemned China's treatment of Tibet and Tibetans, mainly the imprisonment of nonviolent protesters. The resolution passed 413 - 1. Congressman Paul was the lone vote against the resolution. Paul stated that it wasn't the job of the US Congress to manage other countries' internal disputes. This vote serves as a great metaphor for Ron Paul: standing firm (and usually alone) in his beliefs. ■



reflec

pure and proud

virgins of the world unite!

by katedonnely

dr. Alfred Kinsey debunked the myth of the American virgin in 1953 with his book *Sexual Behavior in the Human Female*. My baby boomer parents were in turn the generation of “free love.” So how the hell did I wind up in an era where the Jonas Brothers, Miley Cyrus, and Bristol Palin are trying to sell me purity rings? The sexual revolution has taken a terrible turn for the worse, as today virginity is being glorified by the mass media. It has taken something as complicated and private as sexuality and transformed it into a hollow commodity that is being marketed to young people.

For those of you too busy fucking to know what purity rings are, they are rings that are usually accompanied with a religious vow to remain abstinent until marriage. They are worn on your ring finger until it is replaced by your wedding band. The purity ring also gives you permission to be terrible at sex for the first time, as God watches down from Heaven smiling

The Candies Foundation embodies this startling turn in sexual pop culture. It use sexpots like Jenny McCarthy and Hayden Panettiere to promote its message of teen abstinence. Candies is also the same company that sells miniskirts, heels, and thongs to tweens, with Britney Spears as their current clothing model. In May 2009, Sarah Palin’s famously knocked-up daughter, Bristol, was named Candies Teen Abstinence Ambassador (yes, this actually exists). The mission statement on their website is to prevent teen pregnancy, but nowhere do they mention any effective methods of birth control aside from abstinence. The only tip they’ve posted for teens is that it’s best to just wait. Advertisements for the

“Purity rings give you permission to be terrible at sex for the first time on your wedding night, as God watches down from Heaven smiling.”

Candies Foundation can be found in any teen magazine. Young women can even purchase a little pink tank top from Candies that says, “I’m sexy enough to keep you waiting,” but it seems that the “just wait” mentality is far too simple an approach for a topic as complicated as sex.

Lately, there has been a strange trend among young pop stars such as Miley Cyrus, The Jonas Brothers, Selena Gomez, Demi Lovato, and Jordin Sparks; not only do they all sport purity rings, but they also tell pre-pubescent kids and tweens how great it is to be “pure in the eyes of the Lord.” These celebrities have a tremendous influence on our youth and our culture as a whole, as purity rings are more popular now than ever. The hypocrisy of these stars marketing abstinence is overwhelming-- they sing racy lyrics, dance and dress provocatively, and yet they preach abstinence to their young fans.

It’s absurd how young teen icons parade themselves on the red carpet and talk about virginity as if it were as conventional as discussing the weather. It’s endlessly frustrating to see Miley Cyrus look right at the camera in her skimpy outfits and tell me that abstinence is the way to go... I wonder just how pure Miley is in the eyes of the Lord.

Young stars have glamorized virginity to the point where it’s become as shallow as a fashion statement. They’ve put it up on a huge pedestal as if it’s just an awesome goal to strive for, or as if it’s an admirable characteristic to possess, when in reality it’s simply a personal decision that should be kept private. These celebrities are so young they probably don’t understand their own sexuality, let alone the sexuality of their fans, so it’s wrong for these icons to impose their ideology on their young followers. The media is reenforcing this crazy message of virginity, hyping these stars to be good people just because they aren’t sleeping around.

Lucky for Dr. Kinsey, he wasn’t around to see the day when virginity was being packaged and sold to the youth as something cool or trendy. Let’s hope that this new wave of glorifying virginity goes the way of the trucker hat and people will finally see it for what it really is: a stupid fad. ■

4

leave me be wishing weirdos away

by erikaweisz

don’t panic,” I tell myself, as I pray to the Blessed Virgin, Moses, Jesus, Allah, and Michael Jackson that I can catch the last airport bound train. I’m sweating like Richard Simmons as I sprint along the platforms in Amsterdam’s Central Station. Platform 3, 4, 5A, 5B, 6, 7, and am suddenly jerked backward when one of my titanic suitcases gets caught against a row of luggage carts. I yank on my wretched purple suitcase with all of my might. I struggle and struggle, but it’s wedged between two carts in such

a way that could only be interpreted as a “fuck you” from above (probably from MJ).

“Let me help you,” an unfamiliar voice offers. I look up into the face of a stranger, who

gestures toward my bag. With one, calculated maneuver, the bag is released, and up above, Michael Jackson yells cries out “Hee!” in a terrible rage. I thank the man repeatedly, reach to grab that purple piece of shit, but he doesn’t hand it over. “Let me help you,” he repeats. “Yeah, right,” I say to myself, “like I’m going to let some strange Dutchman aid in the transportation of my most valuable possessions. Without my consent, he whisks my bag off the ground. I chase after him until we reach platform 7, where he tosses my two bags on the train, helps me on board and says, “Good luck!”

Maybe it’s because I’m from New England, maybe it’s because I’m a female, maybe it’s because I was in a foreign country, but when this man offered to help me, I couldn’t help but assume that this man had an ulterior motive. And perhaps it extends past situations where helping is involved, because I essentially drop to the ground, curl up in fetal position and start rocking back



malcolm valaitis

as they are, but for reasons beyond me, some people are more likely to strike up a conversation with a stranger than others.

Taking a step back, I know I have had my fair share of creeping out those who

are just minding their own business. In a lecture hall, everyone is so wrapped up in his or her own work that the moment they are interrupted by another person, they go into cardiac arrest. Sure, there’s the usual buzz of preexisting friendships at the start and end of any class, like pudgy blonde who sits behind you talking with her uninterested friend about the guy she got to third base with at DC Delirium, but there is no room to strike up a conversation with a stranger. Even conversation starters like, “Heh, this is so boring, heh heh,” are met with raised eyebrows, and, occasionally, a person is so affronted by your breach of the no-contact contract that he or she will sit as far away from you as possible at the next lecture meeting. Whether we are the creep or the crept-upon, stranger interactions leave us cringing with a newfound awareness of how socially stunted we can be. ■

the library? yeah, we got one.

by cassiejenis

if you are like many fresh-err, students here at UVM, the first semester after the summer break can bring some fairly rude awakenings. Specifically the part when you get your final grades and you actually bombed your ARTH006 class so hard the teacher wrote F+ with an ironic little smiley face next to it. Well, after you stop regretting spending so much time in that particular sketchy basement, take my advice and get your butt to the library stat, partner.

The library? Yeah, we got one. You know that building behind those stairs you and your friends sit on to look cool in the heat of the first week before winter sets in? The ugly one? Maybe you are familiar with the café

“Let me be your guide to the strange and fascinating library. I am to the library what a spelunker is to a cave. I like to explore all up in that shit... like it’s your mom AYO.”

inside it, but the rest of the interior draws a blank?

Let me be your guide to the strange and fascinating library. I am to the library what a spelunker is to a cave. I like to explore all up in that shit... like it’s your mom AYO. I can tell you how to get around the impassable wall of books on the second floor to the comfy chairs in the periodicals section (stay to the right, then turn left). I know the secret back staircase to the hidden alcove on the third floor (instead of turning left go straight wayyy to the back). I’ve even been to the special collections section... it’s tucked in the back of the basement level.

Now, before you protest with your friend’s horror stories of that time he dropped a pencil on the third floor during exam week, let me give you a run down of the library rules. Oh wait, there basically aren’t any. There is someone literally sleeping on the floor behind me as I write this. So if you were wearing a light-washed pair of jeans, faded green tee shirt, have very closely shaved

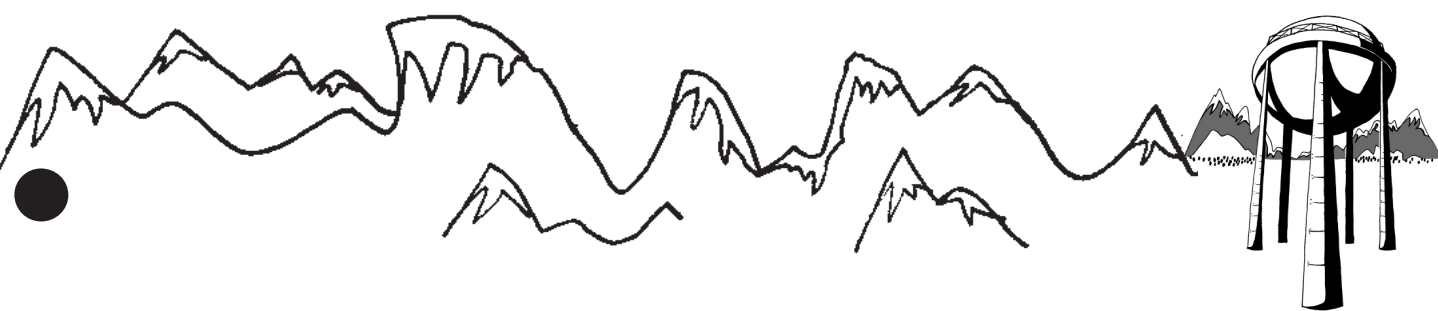
red hair and a beard, an orange backpack and are a man and happened to be very tired on Wednesday the 27th at around 4 in the afternoon, this one’s dedicated to you, champ.

Sleep if you want, eat if you want, heck, let’s get a game of Twister going. Sure, maybe playing beer pong through the rare books rack isn’t going to fly, but if no one complains about you playing hopscotch in the history section, do it! I’ve been on a scavenger hunt and taken pictures lying on top of a bookshelf with my friend pretending to eat a poetry anthology. I then crab walked across the floor and accidentally ingested antibacterial soap. No big.

For the actual workers out there among you, order a peppermint hot cocoa with a shot of espresso from the cafe and find your section. The frats and sororities are generally first floor, which is the loudest and rowdiest. Second floor is for people who like to pretend to be serious workers, and if you feel like you might need a quick nap, check out the periodical section and curl up next to Red Beard guy. The hidden nook in the back of the third floor is great for those who generally carry around 20 sided-dice and wear wolf moon t-shirts. The rest of floor three is generally for scary people who will not tolerate any distraction at all. Or hey, you could be really awesome and hide down in the basement... but you run the risk of never returning. That floor is scary.

Any way you slice it, the library is a great way to get serious work done, surf facebook between classes, or apparently catch some much needed sleep. See you around, Red Beard! ■

tions.



FACISM: WHAT'S WRONG WITH EVERYTHING

by macsmith

by now you must have seen the inspiring graffiti by Living and Learning that encourages, nay, inspires us to fight one of the worst things that have ever existed in the history of the universe: Facism.

We must thank this brave soul for finally giving a name to something that for many a generation has had none. Facism is like gravity. It has always been around, we just had to put a name to it. We have all yearned to define what Facism has become in our everyday lives but have thus far come up empty. We now know, and we must end it.

But what is Facism, do you say? Is that even a real word? Did this person actually mean to write "Fight Facism"? Hardly, and it is naïve of you to think that way. For those of you who don't know what Facism is, let us first explore what it is not. Facism is not that jubilant feeling you get when you see a fat kid trying to tie his shoes. It is not the satisfaction you get when someone speeds by you on the highway, only to be found pulled over by a cop three miles later because he has gone over the divider and killed everyone on the other side. It is definitely not the feeling of self-importance you attribute to yourself when you talk about your black friend from home, conveying the message to all your friends that you are inherently unracist. Who knows? Maybe you don't even have a black friend!

Facism is much worse. It is much darker. It's more like when you feel your stomach drop because your professor just caught you drawing a giant boner on a desk in your economics class. It's the cold shiver that runs down your spine when you're in prison and Bubba and Python lovingly caress your backside in the showers in heated anticipation for what is to come. Facism is forgetting that you didn't plug the toaster in before dropping it into the bathtub where your dog bathes, completely un-awares. It's that sinking realization that, no matter how many times you stealthily watch your roommate sleep,

protecting her from the gremlins, she'll never love you and appreciate you like you do her. Fuckin' bitch.

Many people throughout history have been moved by Facism to do terrible things. Like that time when Franklin Roosevelt started a war with Japan because they made fun of his puny little polio legs. Or the time Rosa Parks refused to get up from her seat on the bus, even though it was one of those priority seats reserved for disabled people? Facism. Or when George Washington cut down his father's cherry tree after one too many games of Cuddle Bunny gone awry.

Sometimes Facism affects you in your everyday life, like when all you need is three cents to buy your Hentai

video and there are no more pennies in the little tray at the video store. It can also be the judgmental eyes of your new neighbors when you have to tell them that they just moved in next to a sex offender. Or your fucking hellishly senile old fuck of a landlord who keeps hounding you and hounding you for rent even though you fucking told her that you don't get paid until the fucking first of the month and she's just gonna have to deal with it and shut the fuck up. That's

definitely Facism. Who cares if you're three months behind? It won't matter soon enough anyways after your little trip to the hardware store for a sledgehammer and a shovel, if you catch my drift.

One day I hope to live in a world where Facism doesn't exist; where everyone can just get along and these horribly awkward situations don't have to persist. That's why we must fight it until the very end. And when that glorious day comes when Facism is no more, we will all have a giant party with a bonfire twenty stories high. Then we'll all ritualistically commit suicide. Because, once Facism is no more, is there really a point to living? ■



photo by kelly macintyre

ni hao! my name sweet-smelling, elegant barley

by leamcclellan

So you actually speak Chinese? Like, you can read all those squiggly symbols and stuff?" Yes, I say. And those squiggly symbols? They're called simplified Chinese characters, my ignorant little friends. Their eyes shine brightly with awe and wonder as I demonstrate my knowledge of Chinese vocabulary. "See these characters here? This means 'to expediently realize all of one's wishes,' that one there means 'market development department,' pretty cool eh?"

What I don't tell them is the truth. What I don't tell them is that I've been studying Chinese for three years, spent three months studying the language in the actual country of China,

and I still pee my pants every time I see my professor on campus. "I like your outfit today, did you get Professor Huo's email about signing up for the one credit speaking class this semester?" she will say to me in her native tongue. I respond by turning a dark shade of red and sputtering out something like, "Okay, okay. I gave her... I told her I have many many class. Many many. I don't have very a lot of time. Thank you for my pants skirt, okay okay?" She looks at me. She seems confused. Ashamed.

Another common response I get when I tell people I speak Chinese is, "Wow, that is going to be pretty useful! Huh?!" They look at me knowingly, but remain vague as to why this language will inevitably come in handy. I suppose they have visions of me in a business suit, shaking hands with Hu Jintao and/or the CEO of Toyota. I would tell them that Toyota is based out of Japan, but why bother? I don't want to shake hands with either of these people. I have no interest in business or foreign relations in China. My decision to study Chinese at UVM came about mostly because I like to eat with chopsticks and drink green tea. You can imagine my delight when one of the first phrases we learned in our Beginners Chinese Reader was, "I like to drink green

tea." Not to mention, on the first day of class we all got Chinese names—mine was *Mai Ya Fen*. How fun! I figured I would take the semester-long class and fulfill my language requirement. Who knew? Maybe I'd even learn the characters for chopsticks by the time I was done with my little foreign language foray.

Halfway into the semester I realized that I would have to take three Chinese classes in order to fulfill the language distribution requirement. After completing the

"I suppose they have visions of me in a business suit, shaking hands with Hu Jintao and/or the CEO of Toyota. I would tell them that Toyota is based out of Japan, but why bother? I don't want to shake hands with either of these people."

three classes I figured, why not minor in Chinese? And then, hey, why not just go to China! Since that fateful decision I've been quarantined in a Beijing swine flu facility, peer-pressured into eating duck tongue and cow face, and I'm currently struggling to memorize the characters for enter into partnership; pool capital. And that fun Chinese name my professor gave me? A few months ago I looked it up—my name means, "elegant, sweet-smelling barley." Awesome. All my classmates got much cooler names like "pretty happy happy" and "defender of the north." Then again, for all I know I translated my name incorrectly. It's very possible that *Mai Ya Fen* actually means, "fancy stink wheat," which admittedly would be better, but still isn't great.

So why do I keep studying this difficult and frustrating language? Well there are two possible answers to that question. The first answer is that I'm some sort of insane, Chinese-speaking, masochistic freak. The second possibility, and the one that I'm going to go with, is that I kind of like it. My Chinese language journey hasn't been without its high points. For instance, in China, people on the street would compliment me on my complexion and tell me how pretty I was, which doesn't happen nearly enough in Burlington, VT. Sure, more often small

children would laugh and point at me screaming, "Foreigner! Foreigner!" but who's really keeping track?

And then there was the time—that one momentous occasion when I proved to myself, and a certain Chinese male concierge, that I could indeed speak his language. This exchange was a somewhat of a language breakthrough for me. You have probably heard of those heartwarming stories... Typically people explain how they were in France buying a baguette and suddenly after

months of struggle and homesickness something clicked. The baguette-buyer could understand all the people in the cafe jabbering in French about the pros and cons of brie. The planets aligned and the whole world suddenly made sense. My story was kind of like that...but better.

I was alone at a hotel in Beijing, ready to catch my flight back to the US. A friendly bellhop told me to wait in the lobby and he would get my luggage. I nodded and smiled. Behind the desk, the haughty concierge chuckled and nodded in my direction. "*Ta bu shuo hanyu. Ta mei ting dong*" (she doesn't speak Chinese, she doesn't understand), he snickered. In a brief, but fierce display of confidence, I turned to face this douchebag. I looked him straight in the eye and said four simple words. "*Wo ting dong le*" (I understand). His cheeks burned with the fiery breath of a provoked dragon. He forced out a punctuated giggle and ran into the back room.

After that, I knew I couldn't quit Chinese. Yes, it's difficult. Sure, I spend hours memorizing words like "king of folk songs" and "set off fireworks" which I promptly forget after each vocab test. True, upon graduation there is a chance I might never utter the words "ni hao" again. But there was a sense of satisfaction in saying, "I understand." There was a sense of true accomplishment when that concierge giggled and scurried off to the back room. I can't just throw that away. ■

trash.



i want you so bad the ear

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

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

When I first met you,
Oversized jersey,
Tight jeans and all,
I wished I had asked you to pump up your Reeboks
Just a few more times.
I can only imagine that your clothes are as big as
What's underneath...

When: A night to remember
Where: At the dorm
I saw: A hot guy
I am: An even hotter guy

We may have never met but you took my brownies. You owe me. I want them so bad.

When: Last Friday
Where: Grant St.
I saw: Mystery Thief
I am: The guy whose brownies you took.

i asked for your opinion
on what drink I should buy
white raspberry, green tea, kiwi pear
you didn't give an answer, I need a reply
I want you so bad, this is the only way I could tell
We could drink all night, if you give me your cell :)

When: thursday night
Where: the marche
I saw: a man
I am: a woman

I've seen you wear your white blazer before. It looks good, but honestly? It would look better on my floor.

When: thursday morning
Where: in front of the library
I saw: a man
I am: a woman

I overheard you while you were running at the gym the other night. You said you ran to LFO. Chinese food makes me sick, but we should get Italian sometime.

When: thursday night
Where: the gym
I saw: a hottie on a treadmill
I am: a moderately good looking man

At Rite Aid:

Girl: I don't know what skin color I am.

On line at New World Tortilla:

Random girl: In my puke I threw up five dollars... it was a crazy night. I don't know what was going on.

At the Atrium:

Dude: All life rests in my nuts.

At the Radio Bean:

Older Man: There I was lying in bed with two beautiful naked women with fifteen naked people watching...

At the Atrium:

Girl: Why don't I just pull out all my hair and bleed for a week?

In University Heights:

Random Kid: You're so flexible. You could be a porn star.

On the Redstone Path:

Hungover Guy 1 to Hungover Guy 2: Dude, I can't believe you got so drunk last night that you forgot you were a vegetarian!

Outside the Marche:

Confused slut 1: If I DON'T like a guy, I just make out with him.
Her Equally Confused Friend: I know!!

Tupper Kitchenette:

Guy washing dishes (pulls pan up to his nose and smells): This smells like a sponge from art class. You know what I'm talking about.

South Willard around 2 A.M.:

Drunk kid on the phone with his friend: Duuude, are there biddies there? Apparently the answer is yes, and kid takes off at a sprint down the street to find said biddies.

the water tower's supplement to this week's campus safety alert

In an effort to capture and condemn this heinous assailant, **the water tower** is releasing additional information to supplement this week's campus-wide safety alert. Our team of criminal profilers has reproduced the attacker's entire image in order to provide students with the details necessary to identify this vicious predator.



fashion five-oh.

with julietcritsimilios

jeggings ... what the hell?









The fashion world has had many crazy things that people have worn and regretted. Bell-bottoms, patched leather jackets, fanny packs. The newest trend, however, is something that no one really knows how to feel about, probably because no one really knows what the hell it is. Jeggings. Jeans that look like leggings? Leggings that are jeans? Acid washed? Dark dyed? Denim blue? Apparently these confused garments are leggings that are meant to look like jeans, with fake but real looking

"They lie. They cheat. They have elastic waists."

pockets and typical jean stitching. They lie. They cheat. They have elastic waists. For the record, if you don't look good in skinny jeans, why on Earth would you want jeans in legging form? Painted on clothes are not hot, even if you're model thin. Who invented these, what are their intentions, and why do people make such hot trends from something Lindsay Lohan only wears? Let's steer clear of indecisive celebrities (Is she sober? Is she straight? Is she even an actress?) and their therefore confused attire. Because when someone asks you what you are wearing, you should have a real answer. ■



emily schwartz

-  The man smiles with his eyes in a manner that suggests affiliation with Tyra Banks.
-  He is speculated to be in his late twenties, but the deep-set wrinkles on his forehead indicate a long life riddled with hardship and tragedy.
-  His pointy ears and unfortunately rectangular chin are characteristic of the Vulcan species.
-  He can be easily identified by his eyebrows, which have been plucked within an inch of their lives.
-  Students should be aware of his suspiciously smooth and pursed lips, a trait that distinguishes him as a sensitive, selfless lover.
-  The dark circles under his eyes imply that he hasn't slept since Y2K was a threat, so no hour of the day or night is safe.
-  His shoddily spray-painted hair and mismatched outfit insinuate that he resides in a place with no mirror access.
-  Most importantly, do not look into his luscious, chocolate eyes, as his seductive gaze will render you helpless.

by kellymacintyre and erikaweisz

créatif stuffé.



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

in the woods—a fairy tale

by joshuahegarty

Anthony was an adventurous boy. He liked to build forts, dig holes, climb trees, and look for treasure in the woods. Every summer, his parents would bring him on vacation to their summer home in Cape Cod. He didn't like his vacations very much because he had no friends to adventure with. When he was 12, he met a cat on the beach, which he named Matthew. Matthew was a very kind cat that would join or lead Anthony in beach adventures. He had a grey coat with white speckles and a pair of mismatched eyes: one green, the other brown.

One day Anthony followed Matthew into the woods and as they were running on a path, Matthew disappeared. Surprised, Anthony stopped running. He thought that he ought to turn around and found that he didn't know which way would

lead him out of the woods again. He noticed a path up ahead and followed it into a clearing, thinking that all paths must lead out eventually.

As he entered the clearing, Anthony saw a sleeping fox perched upon a tree stump. Having never seen a fox before, outside of picture books, Anthony approached it slowly in hopes to get a better look. Suddenly, the fox woke up and began to growl as if preparing to attack. Anthony, having no intention of being attacked by a fox, tried to return to the path, but when he turned around, he found that it was no longer there.

The fox rose and looked Anthony square in the face. It began to yelp, as if to say, "Follow me," and then ran off on a path that had not been there before. Anthony followed cautiously, fearing that this new path would disappear if he didn't. He tried to keep his distance from the fox.

After a few minutes, the fox stopped running and rolled itself up into a ball, as if to take another nap. Out of the trees, a great beast appeared, tackling Anthony. It had the head of a wolf and the body of something similar to a man, but too large and hairy. The beast held him to the ground with so much force that Anthony thought his arms would fall off. He closed his eyes as the wolf-thing began to growl. Anthony was sure that he was about to die, when suddenly the weight of the monster lifted off of his chest.

"Sorry about that," said the beast, far more eloquently than any one could have expected.

Anthony started crying.

"Oh, please don't do that. I'm a nice guy, really. I just wasn't expecting your kind of visitor," he continued.

Anthony tried to pull himself together and opened his eyes.

"What are you doing here anyway?" it asked.

"I lost my cat," Anthony whimpered out between tears.

"Well then, let's help you look for it. We could all do for some more company," he paused as if there was a lump in his throat. He continued, "After all, you can't leave."

"What do you mean I can't leave?" begged Anthony.

"Well, you see, it's the nature of this forest. It's a magical trap and its prey has sprung it. It can't open until I've killed the prey," he explained, as if it were obvious.

"What are you saying? Prey? Magic? There's no such thing as magic. I just want my cat back so I can go home," Anthony replied, dumbfounded.

"Ok, sure. There's no such thing as magic. The world is flat. I'm not a werewolf. And you can leave," laughed the beast, "Just saying things doesn't make them true."

There was a silence, almost a painful one, broken by Anthony asking, "Well, how can I get home?"

"I have to kill whatever it is that set off the trap," replied the beast.

"Why? I don't understand any of this. Tell me what's going on," Anthony demanded.

The beast began, "Ok, well, it's kind of a long story. Let's walk and talk."

They started to follow a new path and the wolf-beast continued, "As you can plainly see, I am a werewolf. There used to be a great deal more things living on this planet then there are now: elves, dragons, dwarves,

monsters, merfolk, wizards, the list goes on, but that was a long time ago. And it came time for us to go, so most of us did, but some creatures refused. These are the things that people are thinking about when they talk about ghosts, ghouls, boogiemen and

things like that, and they still terrorize this world."

"So ghosts exist?" interrupted Anthony again.

"Yes, of course they do," continued the monster, "So they wouldn't leave like they were supposed to. And this was a problem. So some wizards made these traps. They're baited with innocence and sincerity and hopefulness because these mischievous creatures can't resist such things. This forest is one of them. Once a boogie comes in, nothing can get out again until it's dead. That's just the way it works. My fox here, Ralph, and I are here to hunt and kill them. Once they're dead, the trap opens up again. So once we find it, you can leave."

"So my cat is stuck here too? We should find it before you stop the monster, that way, it's got to be in here," said Anthony.

"Sounds like a plan, Kid," replied the wolfman, "by the way, what's your cat like?"

"Well, his name is Matthew, and he's mostly grey, but he has some white spots. And he's got one green eye and one brown eye and he likes to climb trees and he's the best."

They heard a sound, similar to a crow call far off in the distance.

"That means one of two things: either the monster found one of our lookouts, or one of the lookouts found our monster," said the werewolf as he put Anthony on his back and Ralph on his shoulder. Then he rushed off toward the sound. They soon stopped upon a dead blackbird, half eaten. The Wolfman grabbed it, pulled off a few cat hairs, and picked up a scent.

"I think I've found your cat, but I'm afraid the monster might have gotten to him first. I'm sorry," said the Wolfman. Then he ran off again, following his nose, the surest way for a werewolf to hunt. Suddenly, they came upon some sort of running creature in a clearing. It looked like a man, except that it would not be right to describe it as one. It wore something like a robe that did not seem to end. The werewolf put Anthony on the ground and lunged at the monster. Like a flash, it was on the ground, robe torn, dead.

The wolfman returned to Anthony and said, "I was right about your cat. The monster got him. I'm sorry." Ralph jumped off of his shoulder and onto Anthony's leg. He nibbled gently at his pant leg, as if trying to console him. Anthony smiled, bent down and started to pet him.

"Let's get you home," said the Wolfman as they walked off towards his home.

Behind them lay a dead monster, pale and half naked, with a broken neck. Its eyes were wide open staring blankly towards the sky, with one eye that was green and another that was brown. ■

"Sorry about that," said the beast, far more eloquently than any one could have expected.

lip balm

by elizabethcantrell

she slicks on her lip balm
chapped
broken raw
bleeding
wanting

to be clean.
she can't ever have
too many
thin layers:
a coating

to hide
to cover
to gloss

over imperfections, nervous habit
brief peppermint relief
but all she is left with is
residue

untitled

by stephaniemachado

Damaged, dazed, disoriented
Burying your thoughts in my skin
Hands that reach to touch me
Will never find their way in
The eyes that seek out something
Something they can't quite find,
Leave a hole in my heart
They leave me behind
This was never about me
Not my aches, my struggles, my laughs
It was about your selfish motives, I knew
But never asked
So our story ends here
Freshly woven, yet already in rot
And I am flying down this road
Unwilling to be forgot

floating on a sugar river

by elizabethcantrell

floating on a sugar river,
my fingers picked up
traces

tracing lines
rivulets running down
my palms

palms facing up
waiting to be taken
into your hands

hand me your dreams
and i'll play them back to you
slowly spinning, turning, turning

turn away? why?
what more should i expect-
brush away my

hands
fingers
palms

all of which give me away
and lead you the same

GERMAN BEAR WRESTLING with alextownsend



cat litter.



groovy dictionary uv

Brick (adj)
A word that describes the feeling you get when you step outside and you want to die. It's colder than cold. It's brick.
Other acceptable uses are "brick city" and "brick nacional"
synonyms: freezing, frigid, frosty, frozen, bitter.
"Dude, it's so brick-out that my nose hairs froze"

Grundle (n)
Dining hall located between Harris and Millis Halls at the University of Vermont. Nobody actually knows if it gets its name from the area of human anatomy, or the other way around.
Synonyms: Dining Hall, Eats, Take 5 Spot, place you go if you're constipated

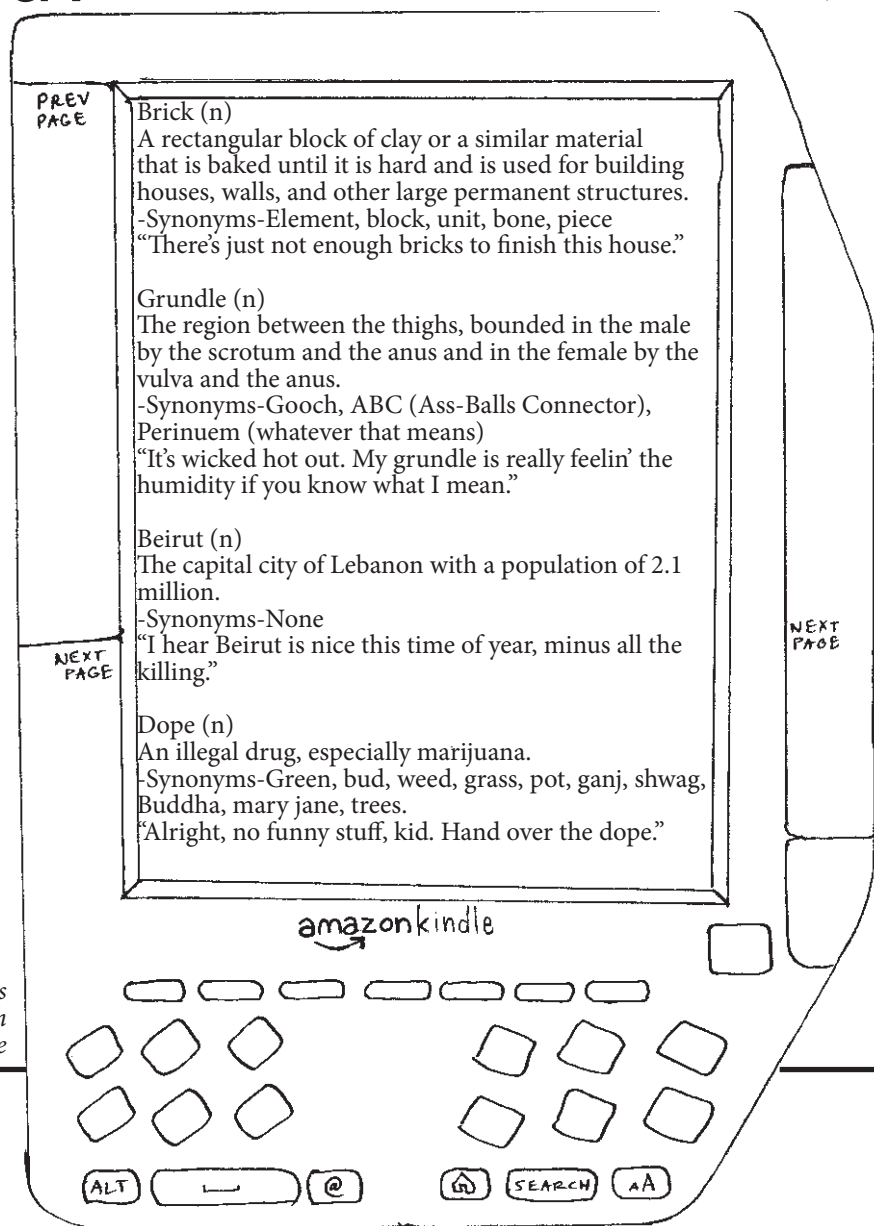
Beirut (n)
The name of a game played with cups and balls. More commonly known as 'beer pong', the game is called Beirut by a group of stuck up stubborn suburbanites residing just outside Boston and New York City
synonyms: Beer pong, pong, Rut (pronounced 'root')
"Everyone knows that if you don't sink a single cup in Beirut it means a naked lap around the house."

Dope (n)(adj)
An illegal drug, especially marijuana, but it can also mean other things. Dope describes a state of mind that can be either tranquil or excited and everything in between. What makes it dope is whether or not the person is content with their state of being.
synonyms: awesime, heady, chill, sweet, bomb, dopeskag, ill
"But officer, I was going to enjoy seshing this dope blunt to the face. Can you come back later?"

at uvm

real world

cat litter: by juliet critsimilios and mac smith
artwork by kelly macintyre



tunes.

the no headphones experiment



by sarahmoylan

Day 1: A lot of people are addicted to coffee. I, on the other hand, am addicted to my iPod. A lot of people claim they can't make it through the day unless they start off with a ridiculously supersized cup-o'-Joe. And when you see these people on an unfortunate coffee-free morning, haggard and heavy-eyed due to lack of caffeine, you realize that they really can't make it through the day without getting their fix of java. Likewise, I'm wondering: Can I make it through the day without listening to my iPod? I'm not so sure. That's why I've devised an experiment. Tomorrow, I am going to leave my iPod locked safely in my dorm room all day long. This will be the first day in a very long time that I will go to all of my classes completely iPod-free. And I'll report back to you regarding the results of my experiment. But before I do that, I'd like to come clean about my musical addiction. Hi, my name is Sarah, and I'm addicted to music. I love music of all kinds. I guess you could say that indie rock is my genre of choice, but I genuinely like to dabble in music of all varieties. The real problem, though, is that I like to be immersed in my music all the time. If I'm walking by myself from U-Heights to the Marche, I bring my iPod. Angell to Cook Physical Science, I bring my iPod. Harris Hall to Millis Hall, I bring my iPod. I like to go all out and wear the big, bulky headphones that sort of make me look (and feel) like a magnificent asshole, but they make the music sound impeccable (and they keep my ears warm in the nippy Vermont weather). Anyway, I'd like to take this time to state a hypothesis for my experiment. I believe that a lack of iPod will cause me to be unusually irritable during the experimental period. To be honest with you, I'm not looking forward to tomorrow. It's going to suck. I have an 8:30 A.M. class, and without my morning pick-me-up of, say, the White Stripes, I'm not really sure how I'm going to last.

I think I'm already beginning to empathize with the coffee people. **Day 2:** This morning got off to a horrible start. I'm overtired (a late-night fire alarm interrupted my slumber), hungry (I never have enough time to eat before my 8:30 class), and iPod-less. It's also positively frigid out here, and my aforementioned earsies are suffering without the warm protection of my big headphones. (So that's why people wear hats!) I see a girl walking to class with the telltale black headphone cords extending from the depths of her fuzzy hood, and I am jealous. I wonder what she's listening to. I'd like to be listening to Beck, or maybe Spoon, or maybe Feist, but I can't, because I'm doing this stupid experiment. This is going to be a long walk to Old Mill. I secretly hoped that my No Headphones Experiment would afford me quiet peace and time for internal meditation. Without music blasting in my ears at all times, I thought I could enjoy the sounds of the birds and the dull roar of conversation as hundreds of students migrated to class. I was wrong. There are no birds in Vermont in the dead of winter. And at 8:30 in the morning, everyone seems too lethargic to talk on their way to class. No wonder I always have my iPod on. Things don't get better. I'm nervous and jittery and I can barely make it through English. The walk to Southwick for Jazz History is a nightmare. By the time I make it back to the dorm at 3:30 or so, I'm wiped out. I'd like to either relax on my bed and listen to my iPod (I can't, because I'm doing this stupid experiment) or just nap for a few hours (I can't, because I have to finish this article). Somehow, though, I manage to make it through today, and here's my scientific conclusion: I always wondered what would happen if I went iPod-free for a day, and (in support of my hypothesis) I've learned that it blows. Tomorrow I will go back to jamming out to my iPod on the way to class, and dozens of others will sip their shmega-caffeinated coffee, and all will be right with the world. ■



your weekly WRUV music review

by brianreid & andrewseier

Yeasayer - Odd Blood (Secretly Canadian) Sophomore release by (wicked awesome) Brooklyn band. Twisted psychedelic pop music with tons of effects and layers. At times, they are reminiscent of David Byrne if he used crazy jungle beats. *For Fans of: David Byrne, Animal Collective*

Various Artists - The BYG Deal (Finders Keepers/ B-Music) Early psych, prog, space. Okay here's the deal: the BYG label, created in the late 60's, was a French free-jazz/psych type dealio. They had a ton of progressive artists working with them and a web of collaborations. This album is a collection of rarities from these prog/psych rock artists including Alice, Gong, Vangelis (composer of Chariots of Fire OST), and more. Chock full of prog pop, psych wanderings, and history, this album memorializes and saves some very important/influential music.

The biggest surprise for me was the track by **Inter-Groupie Therapeutic Elastic Band**, probably a fake recording name. I haven't been able to find any other recordings under this name, but the track "Floating" is a gem of gems in my book; and of course Gong comes through with the usual (or unusual) Canterbury scene sound. Also Freedom, which is a spinoff of the fantastic psych group Procol Harum, has a great, more standard rock track.

shuffle.

with julietcritsimilios

Winter Olympics Playlist

Lets get ready to shred, skate, ski, luge, curl, and most importantly, kick every other country's ass.

America-Nas Blessed *The lord is a G he gotta be/who's the God of suckers and snitches/the economy*

Win-David Bowie *Seems you're not trying to lose/since I'm not supposed to grin/all you've gotta do is win*

American Pie-Don McLean *But February made me shiver/with every paper I'd deliver/bad news on the doorstep/I couldn't take one more step*

The Gold Medal-The Donnas *But that's what made me want the gold medal/it's where I got my heart/but not where I left my heart*

Vancouver-They Might Be Giants *She doesn't ride a motorbike/she says it doesn't fit her/but she always wears a monocle*

Party in the USA-Miley Cyrus *Put my hands up, they're playin' my song/now I'm gonna be ok/yea/it's a party in the USA*

Winter Olympics-Afternoon Naps *Once in Cleveland/the snow on your eyelids/feel of the warm sun*

American Tune-Paul Simon *We come on a ship that sailed the moon/we come in the age's most uncertain hours/and sing an American tune*

R.O.C.K. in the USA-John Cougar Mellencamp *Said goodbye to their families/goodbye to their friends/with pipe dreams in their heads*