

# the water tower.

uvm's alternative newsmag



volume 7 - issue 9 - tuesday, april 6, 2010 - uvm, burlington, vt

uvm.edu/~watertwr

## it's north beach season



*Jp.* lauryn schrom

by colbynixon

North Beach on the first nice day of the year is like a crunchy-granola version of Daytona Beach over spring break. Other than a couple of small differences (they have Girls Gone Wild, condos, and Wave Runners; we have organic cotton sundresses, hookahs, and Frisbees), it's basically the same thing. In both cases, college students swarm the beach en masse, carting down copious amounts of alcohol by any means necessary. (Seriously, have you ever seen the ragtag parade of foam coolers and 30 racks headed to the beach? It looks like a pilgrimage in tribute to Bacchus.) Now that North Beach season is upon us, it's important to lay down some ground rules before you lay down your towel.

The trick is picking out your spot. There are several factors to consider when doing this. What do you want out of your North Beach experience? Do you want a quiet place to do some poetry reading? (In this case, you should probably continue down the road to Leddy Park.) Are you looking to rage hard, or work on your Frisbee skills? Your North Beach goals should determine where you choose to set up camp.

On the left of the bathroom pavilion (approaching from the campground), you will start to see cheery families arrive around 10:00 on any given Saturday. And

why wouldn't they, it's their beach, too. But I am guessing that you probably don't want to be shotgunning Natty Light next to your Poli Sci professor and his 4-year old twins. On the other end of the spectrum is the far-right, a place where the beer flows like wine, and scantily clad students participate in such games as Polish Horseshoes- es-

**"What happens on North Beach stays on North Beach. If you see your English Lit TA hooking up with that sketchy dude, that's probably not something you want to bring up on Monday."**

entially the utopian ideal for anyone who spent their adolescent formative years on a diet of shitty National Lampoon movies. The rest is a sliding spectrum, and there are those who choose to float from one end to another, like a vagabond in pursuit of free beer.

In order to make your stay enjoyable, there are a couple of things to keep in mind. Though it might be warm out, the water is still very cold. In regards to this, first-year Zephyn Whittle, said that, "I can't feel my legs, it's so fucking cold." This is due to the melting snow in the mountains feeding into the lake, and water's

naturally high specific heat. There's about a 10 degree drop in temperature from the parking lot to the beach.

Another danger is broken glass, commonly encountered on the beach. It's advisable that you wear something on your feet, such as the Reef Fanning flip-flops (the ones with the built in bottle-opener),

so not only will you look cool, you will be able to avoid open sores and infection. Don't jump the cliffs. Yeah, it might look safe, especially after that seventh PBR, but Red Rocks is a much safer bet for any and all cliff diving in the greater Burlington area.

What happens on North Beach stays on North Beach. If you see your English Lit TA hooking up with that sketchy dude that lives down the hall from you in Millis, that's probably not something you want to bring up during a study sesh on Monday. When you're finished with your drink, take care of the bottle, can, handle, etc.

You may be thinking that you're benevolent, providing for the homeless who will treat last weekend's haul like the mother lode, but really, the accumulation of empties is very unaesthetic.

This year, though, it seemed as though there was a new sheriff in town, with Burlington Police Department officers patrolling the beach. In previous years, officers would just cruise by in their Crown Vics, actively ignoring the smoky haze hanging over this portion of the lake. When asked what exactly they were doing there this past weekend, they said that they wanted to make sure everyone was being safe and having a good time. This meant making sure there was no underage drinking or over-indulgence. This, as you can imagine, resulted in a fair amount of fines and 30 racks dumped into the sand.

North Beach is a place of excitement and wonder, of discovery and debauchery, and possibly the closest thing you will see to a real beach in Vermont. This short stretch of sand would make you feel like you're at the ocean, if not for the Adirondacks in the distance. You will be able to get the most out of this experience by taking into account the proper precautions and always displaying politeness to your fellow beach goers. Just remember, if you have to piss, you'll have to do it (discretely) in the woods. ■

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## inbox

### about that *other* paper...

Yo **water tower**...

The disturbing quote of the week in *The Cynic* featured one of your staff members and it made me a little p-oed. I heard what went on in the meeting and what provoked Lea to say that and it holds some truth. In my opinion, the student body doesn't care about the SGA because the SGA doesn't act like they care about us commoners. By taking the comment out of context, *The Cynic* is able to make **the water tower** staff look like a bunch of assholes. But they're just jealous! You are one hundred times more loved and I feel like you guys are only picking up speed, too, in the arms race against *The Cynic*. I know, I know, pinning you up against that paper isn't right. I'm sure that you aren't trying to start a print war here but I think both sides are fighting for some sort of title. I say this because I see a HUGE difference between *The Cynic* and **the water tower**. **the water tower** seems to be going for the name of most popular and most relatable newspaper for the students of UVM. It's hard to find a copy on campus by Wednesday. *The Cynic*, on the other hand, seems to be reaching for a title more like "Scholarly Journal" and I don't see people picking it up... ever. It lays in piles all over campus. But, I guess that extra paper is good if you're potty training a puppy. I see **the water tower** as something to read and enjoy while *The Cynic* is something for your dog to pee on. I guess that could be enjoyable... for your dog. And my friend picked his nose and put it on a copy of *The Cynic*.

From,  
Three kids in wing <3

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 water tower.

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## the shit list with macsmith

**Lea McLellan** The editor-in-chief of **the water tower** once again puts her foot in her mouth. We all owe tremendous gratitude to our friends at *The Cynic* for their courageous and honest reporting. In the process of covering the SGA nailing Kofi Mensah to the cross over three dollars' worth of fliers (an event promising to be slightly more captivating and newsworthy than watching golf without Tiger Woods), Lea was dumb enough to stand up and criticize the SGA for arguing for 90 minutes over, well, three bucks. The treachery. As *The Cynic* accurately reported, SGA senators shell out thousands of dollars of their own money (not the students' money) to keep **the water tower** around. Where does she get off thinking that it's okay to criticize people who give us their own money? Fortunately, the brain trust at *The Cynic* has the balls to call it like it is.

**The iPad** No, that large gathering of mouth-foaming, knuckle-dragging white people isn't a group of Tea Partiers. They're just in line for the iPad, which came out this week.

**The Catholic Church** With all of the boy-loving scandals surrounding the Church, Pope Benedict decided to take off this Easter. It is reported that he met up with a Jewish family to see "Hot Tub Time Machine." It's probably for the best. Any sermons about a man "rising" would have come across as incredibly awkward.

**Jack Cassell** This Florida doctor has decided to turn away anyone who voted for Obama or supports healthcare reform. Now while this doctor can't lawfully refuse anyone, for political reasons or otherwise, he is still a giant douche.

**Neptune** Astronomers now believe that Neptune, that shady, shifty planet lurking around our neighborhood's "nether" areas, may have destroyed another planet and stolen its moon. This type of behavior is unprecedented in a solar system that is usually considered a nice, safe neighborhood. Neptune's lawyer has refused to comment. I knew I never trusted that planet.

## SPORTS BLINK

with michaelcieslak

The University of Vermont winter sports season is officially over. Overall, we had pretty freakin' good year. Three NCAA tournament appearances and two individual National Champions. Men and women's basketball made it into the field of 64: the men's team got screwed and ended up with a 16 seed-- they should have been a couple seeds higher-- and ended up having to play Syracuse... we all know how that went and don't need to talk about it. The women's team also got screwed winning their first round game against Wisconsin, but they had to play Notre Dame in the second round in South Bend. This kind of defeats the whole purpose of the tourney. Men's hockey was also in the NCAA tournament of 16 teams, losing to a very strong Wisconsin team in the first round. This could be the second year in a row where UVM men's hockey was knocked out by the eventual national champion and Hobey Baker winner. Wisconsin is heavily favored in their semi-final matchup and Blake Geoffrion of Wisconsin is one of three Hobey Baker finalists. Also, congrats to Marqus Blakely and Franz Bernstein. Franz won the national championship in the men's 20k freestyle in Nordic, and Marqus won the NCAA men's slam dunk competition. If you get a chance, please check out Marqus' dunks-- he put on quite the show. Great season, Cats!

## the news in brief with paulgross

### "The elections will take place as envisioned."

-A Sudanese election commission official, **Abdullah Ahmed Abdullah**. It's pretty fucking hard to have an election in Sudan, a nation deeply ethnically divided and just getting over decades of civil war. It's even harder when the election includes a referendum to separate the oil rich South from the desperately resource-poor north. April 10th-13th are gonna be pretty sketchy days for the whole country.

### "It is a likely possibility."

-A South Korean defense minister, when asked whether a North Korean torpedo might have caused the disappearance of a large South Korean warship. The North Koreans aren't saying anything. It's worth noting that this is how the Spanish-American War started.

### "I shudder when I think of the harm that was caused to abused children."

-**Dr. Rowan Williams**, Archbishop of Canterbury, speaking about the Irish cover-up of massive amounts of sex abuse that was rampant in the Irish Catholic Church. The scandals never seem to end for the Catholic church.

### "Anime is a prime example of why two nukes wasn't enough."

-A clever remark that was the Facebook status of New Hampshire State Senator **Nick Lavasseur**. There was a bit of a uproar from folks who found this comment to be a bit insensitive to the thousands of Japanese who are still being born with birth defects from American nukes. As one blogger wrote, "Is Dragon Ball-Z really that bad?!"

### "I started crying, like, a lot."

-12 year-old NYC student **Alexa Gonzales** who was handcuffed and put in a police cruiser for "destroying school property." Her crime? Scrawling, "I love my friends Abby and Faith" on her desk in green sharpie. The school called the cops. WTF?!

**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**.

# swollen head disease

americans are fat, but our heads are fatter.

by emilyhoogesteger

Let's face it, Americans are a pretty unhealthy bunch. We eat too much, exercise too little, and keep mini fridges full of pizza next to our TVs so we don't have to worry about making that long trek to the kitchen. Most people who know how to put two and two together agree that solving the obesity crisis would prevent a lot of the weight-related diseases that are filling hospitals and draining budgets. Duh. But there is another national health crisis that we've been ignoring for far too long: the epidemic of self-importance.

There have been egotistical jerks around for as long as anyone can remember, but never on a level like we have today. Selfishness is a particularly dangerous disease because all sectors of the population are vulnerable to it, and it can be spread by interacting with an infected person, through the media, or even simply by living in a culture where it is prevalent. Cases range from mild (standing in the express lane at the grocery store even though you have a cart full of items) to severe (angrily sending back your imperfect entrée six times at a restaurant without once thinking "This waitress is a human being and I am probably making her life hell"). Almost everyone infected with self-importance shares one common symptom: the amount they think they know about something is inversely proportional to how informed they actually are. While this may seem like a bizarre phenomenon, scientists studying the issue have confirmed that it is indeed true. "Pompous assholes think they are the ultimate authority on everything," one study reports, "They know what they want

and they can't understand how anyone else could deny them that."

If that isn't proof enough, evidence of this disease is staring us in the face from all sides:

- Enviro-hypocrites who scold you for not recycling your yogurt cups and preach about alternative energy, all while driving a hummer full of disposable plastic grocery bags. Seriously?

- The numerous protesters at recent health-care rallies who insist government-supported healthcare is going to hurt their Medicare - which is government-supported healthcare. Zero points for protesters who don't do their homework.

- The people insisting on boycotting the Census because it invades personal privacy. Because personal insecurities are more important than civic duty?

These dangerous delusions are evidence of just how truly ill our society is. Decades of mass consumption and keeping up with the Joneses have led to a very unhealthy nation: one where we're more worried about the size of our wallets than the happiness of our neighbors. With an epidemic this bad, the only way to fix it is institutional change. We have a long way to go, but with any luck, the future will bring better healthcare, a healthier country, and a cure for our appallingly swollen heads ■

# history's best leaders

you thought barack obama is the man? here's some perspective

by georgeloftus

**King Kong** He lives on an island full of natives who were brave enough to set up camp on a rock that's shaped like a giant skull. Proving cream truly does rise to the top, King Kong is an ape who became king, which arguably makes him more successful than the iPod. Everyone on the island does whatever he wants and when he wants it. They even tied up Naomi Watts for him. You try and convince someone to tie up Naomi Watts for you. I dare you.

**Queen Frostine** "What? Queen Frostine? No! What about King Kandy?" Look at the board of Candy Land, really look at it. There's twin blonde kids running through a magical land where everyone is standing out in front of their houses holding candy... isn't that everything your parents told you to avoid? Queen Frostine is the only one who looks like she has powers and might actually belong in a fairy tale, making her the least sketchy person on the board. And she's queen of frosting. Double plus.

**Abraham Lincoln** Yeah, yeah, Lincoln held the Union together, abolished slavery, and was assassinated in cold blood. That's awesome, but more importantly, this is a guy who wrote 268 words that third graders everywhere memorize and don't appreciate until they're 17 and actually learn what the words mean. Not only did he write one of the most important speeches in the past 200 years, but anytime someone wears a top hat, they're dressing as Abraham Lincoln. Or the Planters Peanut guy.

**James Marshall** This relatively unknown president is the only one in American history to prove how badass America is with his own fists, and on top of that he's good looking. Seriously, he looks just like Harrison Ford in *Air Force One*. Okay, well, he actually is Harrison Ford in *Air Force One*. After giving an impassioned speech against terrorism, his plane is taken over by Kazakistani nationalists, forcing him to systematically take them out, which he does. Luckily for the world, a camera was there capturing the whole thing and now there's physical evidence that demonstrates how fucking tough we are. We. Americans. Have I mentioned America rocks?

**Ari Gold** A down and out talent agent at the top of the food chain was betrayed by his partner and forced to start his company from scratch. Not only did Ari rise like a phoenix from the ashes but he went on to create the Miller-Gold Agency, which would eventually reincorporate the Terrence McQuiewick Agency and become the top agent of the biggest talent representation firm in the world. Gold went from operating out of a coffee bean to owning a fleet of G5 Gulfstream jets. He's abrasive, racist, sexist, and every other kind of "ist" you shouldn't be, but he wears it well and gets the job done. He turned Vinny Chase from a celebrity strictly appearing at sweet sixteen parties to the lead in a Scorsese remake of *The Great Gatsby*. He's a miracle worker. ■

# international frenemies

what lindsay lohan can teach us about foreign policy

by sarahanders

We all know that Secretary of State Hillary Clinton is a woman. We know this because President Barack Obama is constantly talking about the cracks she has put in the glass ceiling, and only a woman would be impractical enough to have a glass ceiling (see: Sandra Bullock in *The Lake House*). Because she is a fellow member of the sisterhood, I have crafted some foreign policy advice for the US that I hope she will understand. After all, every woman has a frenemy. Maybe if Mrs. Clinton had spent more time watching *Mean Girls* and less time yelling at the Prime Minister of Israel, we could have world peace by now. But probably not.



big tori

**The UK** OMG, could the UK be any more annoying? It was flattering at first, but now she's cribbing your style, your hairdo, even the way you talk! Unfortunately for you, you need this girl to do what you want, like invading multiple countries. But that doesn't mean you have to be too nice to her. A public snub—like Obama "forgetting" to shake Gordon Brown's hand earlier this year—will let everyone know who's the boss! So sure, let her follow you around, but don't sit too close in the cafeteria.

**Russia** Russia is that one friend who is convinced that everyone is in a conspiracy against her. The best way to handle this pal is to smile and nod, and avoid any form of provocation. After all, you can insist all you want that your missile shield is "defensive," but she will still accuse you of trying to steal her boyfriend. After fights, elaborate gestures (think "reset buttons" on your friendship) are much appreciated, as are constant compliments. (Think: "Wow, that dress looks bangin' on you!" or "Gee, Putin, did you get those strong quad muscles husky racing in Greater Siberia?") Also, do not under any circumstances accuse her of being undemocratic, imperialist or an enemy to your way of life. She hates that.

**China** China is a straight-up bitch. We all have that friend who we hate, but can't do anything about it because she's got all the power: like 95% of your funds are actually her money. So you just suck it up while she bullies ethnic minorities and funds genocide, because she throws all the best parties and has all the cool allies. Your best chance with this Queen Bee is to pull a Lohan and make her fat, like Lindsay does to Regina in *Mean Girls*. That's right: the only way to level the playing field is if China suddenly becomes just as obese as the US. McDonald's, anyone?

**Iran** Let's face it: Iran is that one friend who is completely insane. She lies, she cheats, she's delusional, and she builds nuclear weapons when she's not supposed to. But deep down, all Iran really wants is to be loved. The way you deal with this crazy is to say: "Iran, I heart you. And I know you are better than the oppressive behavior you've been exhibiting lately." It's PSYCH101: chances are she'll break down in tears and do what you want. Who needs sanctions?

**Mexico** Mexico is your younger sis who hates constantly being in your shadow. I mean, how would you feel if all your teachers were always like, "Gee, Mexico, when the US was in my class she was awesome at busting up drug cartels."

Why can't you be more like your sister?" You were a jerk to her when you were younger, but it's not too late to change the relationship. Treat her like an equal, stop deporting her citizens, and for the love of God, try to stop entering wet T-shirt contests every time you go to visit her. You two just may work it out.

**Israel** You guys were so close, and everyone thought you'd be BFFs. Lately, though, something has changed. For some reason, stuff she used to do that didn't bother you—like buildings lots of settlements on other peoples' land—is really starting to get on your nerves. Worst of all, she hates your new crew, and refuses to party with the Islamic countries that you've started to chill with. It's sad, but you're going to have to give her back the friendship bracelet and re-neg on the arms deal. You've grown apart, and the friendship might be over. Don't worry: you'll always have the freshmen memories! ■

## ΑΔΠ & ΣΦΕ Swing-A-Thon!

April 10<sup>th</sup>-11<sup>th</sup> (2pm-2pm)  
On the corner of Main St. and South  
Union St.

Come support the Ronald McDonald House with Alpha Delta Pi and Sigma Phi Epsilon! The Swing-a-thon is a 24-hour charity event. All are welcome to swing by to support the Ronald McDonald House, enjoy music, and delicious food. The Ronald McDonald Houses around the world offer families a place to stay in close proximity to hospitals, while their children are hospitalized. We would love to see you there!

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# reflections.



## hanging up the keys

by leamcleveland

## why a banana peel will never get the best of me again

Sometimes I feel like I don't quite fit in with my fellow Vermonters. I take no pleasure in nine-degree weather. I don't eat venison sandwiches or drink microbrews out of mason jars while knitting my own underwear out of yarn.

But those things are all stupid, untrue stereotypes anyway, right? As a flatlander from Connecticut just looking to find my Vermont niche, I am comforted by the knowledge that Vermonters and I have one fundamental thing in common—we both don't know how to drive.

Now let me be clear—I am not the one saying that Vermonters are bad drivers. Not once have I mentioned that they drive too slowly, as if they really have nowhere in particular to go. Not ever have I complained that they give maple leaves and field mice the right of way. Hey, I'm with you Vermonters, if that jerk from New York wasn't riding your ass so hard, maybe he wouldn't have rear-ended you when you stopped to let that jaywalker cross Main St. a hundred feet in the distance.

But then again, my approval doesn't mean much. I am a bad driver too. A lack of depth perception paired with the fact that I have absolutely no sense of direction leaves me completely screwed. I don't want to let my future children play soccer because I'm afraid I'll have to drive them and their little friends to games. My long term solution is to move to New York City where the biggest draw is the public transportation system.

Despite my ignorance regarding the rules of the road, I continued to get behind the wheel. That is, until this semes-

ter. After taking out my neighbor's parked Saab in our driveway a month ago, I made the personal decision to leave the ole' set of wheels at home with my family and trade it in for a new set of wheels: my bike.

Life without a car is more or less the same. But every so often when I look out my window at my empty parking spot, I can't help but reminisce about the days when it was just me and the open road... (cue flashback)

Highways were the worst. One bright, sunny, sweltering day in August, I was driving to Boston to see some friends.

It was a simple, two-hour drive that became a four-hour nightmare.

Things started out alright. The windows were down on my tiny, 1994, obnoxiously teal Mazda Protégé, (which isn't nearly as fancy as the accent marks imply) and my hair was whipping and forming snarled knots around my sweating face. Sitting in a puddle of my own

butt sweat on the Mass Pike was not a fun, liberating road trip decision. The Protégé did not have air conditioning.

Like most people who find themselves on a solo road trip, I had to keep myself occupied.

kelly macintyre



I blasted music over the roaring and rattling of my car (which begins to shake when the odometer passes 60 mph) and sang along to such classics as "I Like Big Butts" and "On the Road Again." Eventually, like every normal person who is in the midst of a longish road trip, I decided to eat a banana. How could I have been so stupid? After enjoying the potassium-filled snack,

I proceeded to throw the peel into the woods—compost on the go, right? Wrong!

I whipped the peel out the window with all the force I could muster, so that it would reach the narrow strip of greenery that separated the highways. Too bad the window was only rolled down half-way. The peel slammed against the lower half of the window and bounced back to slap

me in the face. Shocked and confused, I swerved dramatically into the next lane.

After swerving back into my correct lane, I thanked my lucky stars that I had not hit another car. As I was happily pondering my good fortune, and looking towards the sky yelling, "Thank you spirits above, thank you!" I missed my exit.

The Mass Pike does not forgive those who miss their exits. I had to pay the toll twice, leaving me with a cup holder full of change to power me through the rest of my journey. At this point in time, mother nature sought revenge against my litterbug ways. The sky turned black, thunder roared, lightning cracked, rain fell down in sheets, and I began to cry.

Since I couldn't see anything through all the rain, I had to slow to a 40 mph crawl on the highway. After two hours of driving, I finally got off my exit. The toll was \$2.05. I hastily manually rolled down my window. I was disheveled, sweaty, rained-on, and my hair was knotted and crazed. I looked at my cup holder of pennies, nickels, and the odd rogue dime. I scrounged up the coins in my hand, looked the guy straight in the eye and said, "I think that's about right." I forced a demented smile.

He looked at me, then down at the coins in his hand silently. He nodded. And I was back on the road.

As my bad driver stories piled up, I realized that not everyone is cut out for the whole driving thing. But now that I'm car-free, I have something else in common with my fellow Vermonters: my bike and I have hopped on the living green bandwagon. I keep my real motives to myself. ■

## the art of sugarcoating phoning your parents

by drewdiemar

Parents are a simple, manageable folk. Talking to them on the phone shouldn't occur more than once or twice a week, because parents feel like you need to remember everything they tell you. And no matter how much you love your parents, they shouldn't be on your mind when you're drawing a penis on your friend's whiteboard, or rolling a cigarette, or drawing a penis on the skylight over Cook, or getting a penis drawn on your face.

So when it comes time to speak with them, it's important to keep some things in mind. First of all, you love them, and don't want them to be pissed at you (or to be pissed at them) until next time you speak. So try not to upset them. They should be proud of you for going to UVM, after all, and they want to have a pleasant conversation as much as you do. However, this can only be achieved by drastically refining your natural speech.

Using your natural speech as a guideline, as in what you would tell a close friend, it's easy to figure out how to relay information to your parents. Below are examples of what sort of translation needs to happen almost instantaneously in your head. Remember, keep it simple, stupid. You don't want to get into any subject too deeply, because that could gradually dissolve your cover, strip away the layers of euphemisms until your parents learn the worst-case-scenario: the bare truth.

**If you tell your friends:** Dude I haven't been to class, not high, since, like, November. Wait, what month was 9/11? Yeah, September. Hehehe. **Then you should tell your parents:** Man oh man, classes are flying by. Like a blur. Must be 'cause they're so fun.

**IYTYF:** There's this girl/guy in my poli-sci, sits like four rows in front of me. Nice face, tight ass. If we're not boning within two

**4** weeks, it's prolly cause I'm gay. **TYSTYP:** There's this girl/guy from my poli-sci, who I've been talking to recently.

ly. Nice face. Of course, it's too early to know what's gonna come of it.

**IYTYF:** I have no idea what the fuck happened to my money. I just can't resist Wings Over when I'm high, cigarettes when I'm drunk, and vodka when I'm sober. **TYSTYP:** I think I might need a bit more money. I mean, price of textbooks...

**IYTYF:** Yo, I'm getting an article published in the next **water tower!** **TYSTYP:** Also, I'm getting an article published in the school paper!

**IYTYF:** This party blows. The keg's almost tapped, and everyone left the dance floor except that girl and guy making out against the wall. I'm barely even drunk anymore. **TYSTYP:** I'm not too into the parties. They're so crowded and dirty, and everyone just uses them as an excuse to get drunk.

**IYTYF:** Walked all the way to Trinity today. Then I had to get a book from the library. Fuck my life. **TYSTYP:** I had a pretty productive day today. Got some exercise in. Went to the library for a little while. It was nice.

**IYTYF:** I aint joinin no lame-ass club! Why? Why? So they can teach about God or buttsex or something? Fuckin' third-grade shit man. Third-grade shit. **TYSTYP:** I was thinking about doing some extracurriculars, but I really don't have the time. Maybe next semester.

**IYTYF:** I think my roommate's pissed at me. I just don't get it. Maybe he/she found out about how I didn't empty the fridge before break. Or the baccy juice I spilled on his/her chair. Or how I broke his/her guitar. **TYSTYP:** My roommate's been kind of a jerk lately. Probly cause he/she's a Republican! I know, right!

**IYTYF:** I was soooooo wasted last night. **TYSTYP:** I'm soooooo tired today. ■

## showdown at the sheraton

by kylekelly-yahner

The crowd is restless: Couples are clutching each other's hands anxiously. 12-year-old kids cannot contain their excitement. They tug on their parents' clothing asking the same question, "When is it gonna start, mom!?" The parents attempt to answer their children while steadying their video cameras. Across the room a group of college students start yelling nonsense cheers in anticipation. This crowd is typical for a sporting event. However, UVM Mascot Rally Cat is nowhere to be found, there is no hockey rink, and no basketball hoop-- tonight, the main event is Mixed Martial Arts- "Showdown at the Sheraton".

Christopher Johnson hugs his trainers and training partners. The referee checks Chris's gloves, mouth guard, and shin guards. Chris then takes the center of the ring, touches gloves with his opponent and the fight is underway.

Mixed Martial Arts, commonly referred to as MMA, is a polarizing sport. MMA combines various styles of fighting, such as Brazilian and Japanese jujitsu, judo, boxing, muay thai and wrestling. MMA fighters and promoters believe mastering the various fighting styles is an art. Opponents of MMA characterize the sport's mixture of fighting styles as no holds barred fighting or "human cockfighting". These assumptions could not be further from the truth.

Mixed Martial Arts is heavily regulated and supervised. Contrary to popular belief, groin strikes, small joint manipulation, biting, eye gouging, and kneeing a downed opponent are illegal. The goal of MMA is not to inflict the most damage, or survive the most damage. Mastery of MMA is shown through an efficient combination of fighting disciplines used to defeat an opponent with minimal damage.

Chris slips under a right cross that misses him by inches. Chris paws his left jab measuring the distance in-between himself and his opponent. He has found his range and lands his jab repeatedly. His opponent's only defense is to close the distance. They are now in a Muay Thai clinch, hands wrapped around the back of each other's necks to control their opponent's body movement. Chris shoots his

right leg out and plants his foot behind his opponent base leg, and throws his shoulder towards the ground. His opponent is instantly airborne and lands flat on the canvas. Chris takes mount position. His opponent is unable to escape the strikes Chris lands from this dominant position and the referee stops the fight declaring Chris Johnson the victor by TKO at 1 minute 21 seconds into the first round.

Immediately after the stoppage Chris helps his opponent up, and they both shake hands smiling and wave to the crowd. The mutual respect between fighters separates MMA from senseless violence. "They're shaking hands before the fight and hugging after the fight. There's so much respect. Only a fighter knows what it takes to be a fighter," says jujitsu practitioner and MMA enthusiast Justin Rodriguez.

MMA is not focused on a fight's bloody ending but rather on the means, the efficient practice of a discipline. The separation between MMA and other sports is the techniques used in that manner.

"Instead of throwing, catching, we are punching and kicking," says jujitsu practitioner Brian Hamel. The stigma that plagues MMA is the common misconception that each punch and kick is thrown with bad intentions. This emotion of malice cripples the ability to execute proper technique. If the fighter can only envision the brutal knockout he wants to land on his archrival then he is no longer focused on the opportunities for landing punches and kicks. Malice makes him focus on the moment with the least amount of offensive opportunity--at the end of the fight. This strategy will not bring success. It is similar to a quarterback who focuses on the end zone and not the receivers in front of him.

Burlington, Vermont is not a fight town like Las Vegas and this serves to benefit Mixed Martial Arts. The families and friends of fighters in the audience take pride in MMA as a sport and not a spectacle of violence. The challenge the MMA faces is to win the minds of those who see two fighters as vehicles of violence rather than trained athletes, and that's something worth fighting for. ■

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# EVENTS

tues.06: BEYOND MIDNIGHT (FILM)  
7pm. williams 301

weds.07: UVM SKATES  
8.45pm. pick up at dc oval

thur.08: LGBTQAPRIL CRAFT NIGHT  
5.30pm. allen house

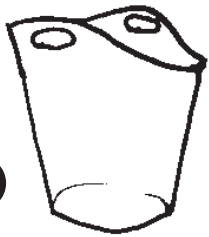
fri.09: LIFE ON HOLD (BAND)  
8pm, brennan's

sat.10: FRESH (FILM)  
5pm, billings lecture hall

sun.11: INT'L FILM & FOOD: ITALY  
6pm, I/I fireplace lounge

[uvm.edu/bored](http://uvm.edu/bored)

# trash.



## the ear

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

9:35 235 Marsh Life Science

**Guy 1:** So how many boobies did you see?

**Guy 2:** Quite a few

**Guy 1:** Good for you man

*Davis center first floor, night before St. Patty's day:*

**Drunk Girl #1 (on the phone):** We're... we're at Davis

now. No, no, I meant... \*long pause\*... the Davis Center.

**Drunk Girl #2:** Why the FUCK is the word FUCK not in my T9? Do they not know that that is like a major word?

*By the diaper after the giant snowball fight:*

**Belligerent drunk girl:** SUCK MY FAT TITS!

*Outside the Marche:*

**Camping Bro:** And then you have sex in the woods, and it's like really good

*Simpson Lobby:*

**Girl 1:** Can you imagine if you had 2 vaginas?

**Girl 2:** I think you would know if you had 2 vaginas. I know a girl that doesn't even have 1 vagina.

*Davis Center:*

**Bro 1:** So you raw dogged a rando?

[laughter]

**Bro 2:** I'm putting that in **the water tower.**

**Bro 3:** They won't put that in **the water tower...**

*Monday 10:30am. Outside student entrance of hockey rink:*

**Girl to group of girls:** Ok what's a movie with, like, two people that are, like, dumb- but, like, funny?

*Outside Mason:*

**Bro 1:** Yo dude, that girl you hooked up with last week-end was pretty hot

**Bro 2:** HA! Yeah...maybe if she dropped like 40 pounds! (both laugh obnoxiously loud)

*Rowell:*

**Guy:** Frank, just because you're Indian doesn't mean you have to believe in karma.

## i want you so bad

someone on campus catch your eye?  
couldn't get a **name**?  
submit your **love** anonymously  
uvm.edu/~[watertwr/iwysb.html](http://watertwr/iwysb.html)

your beanie's red  
your jacket's blue  
not so into english...  
but i am into you!

**When:** TR

**Where:** MLK memorial lounge

**I saw:** a south african STUD

**I am:** so bashful (a girl)

You call yourselves the attractives. I want you all. Please jump me.

**Where:** everywhere

**I saw:** you know

**I am:** a fellow attractive?

I know you're a ramblin' man, I understand your itch to move, especially toward that cool mountain air. I'm a shy gal, but I just want to take a walk or two with you. You could be my Samwise Gamgee and I could be your Rosie, for a little while. And then you'd go your way and I'd go mine.

**When:** Usually Tuesdays, sometimes Thursdays

**Where:** Downtown

**I saw:** a ramblin' rambler

**I am:** a shy gal

You are one of the hottest people I have ever met... and then I found out you are my professor.

**When:** All semester

**Where:** Mechanics of Solids

**I saw:** Perfect butt in Carhearts

**I am:** pretty lady

I have one leg

You have two

I really hope you're not a dude

**When:** Monday

**Where:** **the water tower**

**I saw:** Your "I Want You So Bad"

**I am:** The attractive boy with one leg

Every Tuesday and Thursday Morn  
I see you, but I'm always torn.  
The way you squeeze those tomatoes gets me going  
I always make sure my big breasts are showing.  
Oh Salsa Man you have my heart  
I'm just waiting for a conversation to start.  
You give me butterflies, every time you cut those chives  
And that sour cream would make me scream.  
Oh brave Salsa Man come to me  
I swear I won't let you down, you'll see...

**When:** bright and early

**Where:** New World

**I saw:** The Sexy Salsa Man

**I am:** The Salsa Lover

Dear Mexico,  
I think it's time we have international relations.  
Love,  
Ecuador

**When:** Monday, Wednesday, Friday

**Where:** Lafayette 311

**I saw:** big blue eyes

**I am:** awestruck by his beauty

You were standing there looking fucking hot  
Waiting for your free cone while I was not  
I'm not gonna lie, I was staring  
A blue t-shirt and white baseball cap you were wearing  
I wish I could have at least gotten a name  
Perhaps you're interested in having a new flame?  
Please reply to me soon  
All night we could spoon  
We could potentially share a cone  
If you would only let me call you my own

**When:** free cone day

**Where:** ben & jerry's @ the dc

**I saw:** a hottie with a body

**I am:** enamored

## fashion five-oh.

with [julietcritsimillos](http://julietcritsimillos)

## duck boot swag

Have you ever seen a fellow UVM-er trudging through puddles and other nature-induced heaps of stuff that is wet, large, and shoe destroying? Have you ever wished you could be them? Have you ever looked at this fellow student with arduous longing, wanting and needing to be able to be cool as they are, with their careless attitude about the weather? Well, you can. With Duck Boots.

As Burlington enters into the lovely season of Spring, your winter clothes will move slowly to the back of your closet, but don't carelessly throw all those winter clothes into boxes just yet. Trusty Duck Boots will seamlessly make their way into spring. Burlington will slowly melt with March's "in like a lion" reputation and mud season in Vermont will ensue. Duck boots will help you trudge while still offering something ballet flats and boat shoes cannot: Duck Boot Swag. Whether it's through snow banks or puddles, DBS gives you the ability to walk however you please down Burlington's rarely dry streets while silently saying "I don't give a fuck." It's like driving a monster truck while walking-- you push through whatever, whenever.

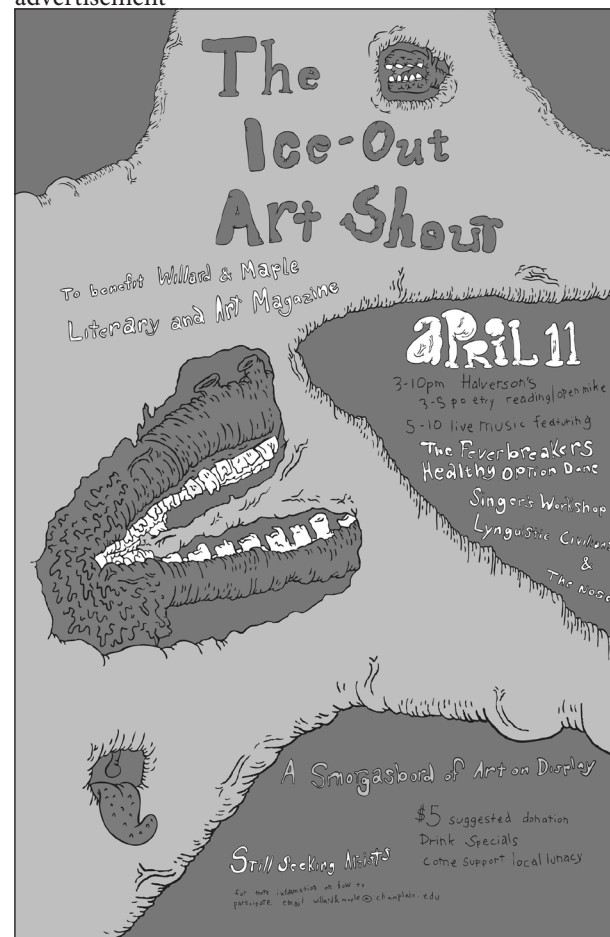
DBS makes a distinct clomping sound due to the weight of the nonchalant shoe upon the ground. It gives you a cooler walk, and puts other shoes to shame. Whether they're the classic LL Beans or the new styles that have come out of the winter woodwork, keep your

6 Duck Boots out of storage to get to class quicker while looking like a total badass. ■



kelly macintyre

advertisement



**The Ice-Out Art Shout**  
A Smorgasbord of Art on Display  
To benefit Willard & Maple Literary and Art Magazine  
April 11  
3-10pm, Halverson's  
3-5 poetry reading/open mike  
5-10 live music  
\$5 suggested donation

# 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](mailto:thewatertownnews@gmail.com) by Tuesdays at 4:00.

## the loneliest one

by laurynschrom

The night that Donny broke up with Catherine she did not react badly. She only stared up at him with her piercing gray eyes and let out a small sigh of some forlorn emotion that he could not see written on her face.

"Very well," she said, "we'll break up, but first I need you to answer me a question."

Donny just looked at her, his face blank. He never knew what to think of Catherine. Until today, she had just been his current girlfriend in a long line of past girlfriends, one out of roughly twenty over the past few years. The other nineteen had put up a fight. Yet instead of crying or shouting or protesting in any way, Catherine just sat there in front of him, waiting for him to ask what her question was.

"Okay," he said, "what do you want to know?"

Catherine half smiled in his direction and fiddled with one of her hair curls, which had been formed by a roller an hour earlier.

"Who's the loneliest in the world?" she asked, and then she yawned and rubbed her hand over her eyes, causing her heavy makeup, so painstakingly applied earlier that day, to smudge. "That's all I have to ask. Send me the answer by midnight and I'll consider us over."

"You're serious, right?" Donny asked, hardly able to believe she wasn't yelling at him. He had never gotten off the hook so easily before. Catherine nodded.

"I thought I could change you," she said; then, smiling, she rose and kicked off her Ugg boots, the better to walk along the waterfront a while longer. "Good night, Donny," she said.

"You don't want to come back with me?" he asked, but she did not lift her head; it looked as if she hadn't heard him.

He got up by himself and caught the bus back downtown, then began to wonder about what Catherine had asked. Well, she was it, obviously. The answer was her. He had just broken up with her, so she was lonely. Yeah, that was it. Donny turned his head to stare out the window of the vehicle until he saw his stop, and then got off.

The streets themselves were nearly empty, odd for a Friday night. Donny had never seen the town this dark. He headed in the direction of home, hoping to see some group of friends of his that he could catch up with as they went out to spend their night on the town. He ran into no one. Above him, the once-pleasant breeze had begun to hiss its way through the trees, following him up the hill. Donny shivered. At the waterfront the air had been balmy. What, he wondered, had brought about the change?

On a dark side street he located his house, the one he rented with some friends who were not home. He fumbled for his keys while the building stared down at him, its windows dark, as though it were itself a large, lonely, soulless creature that was frighteningly empty and cold.

Donny finally got the door open and raced through the shadows up the stairs, throwing his keys and his cellular phone on the floor of his room. Once inside, he shut the door and sat down on his bed in the encroaching gloom. He flipped open his computer just before turning on the small desk light to help fight away the darkness. It was nearly midnight.

As Donny opened his email to write to Catherine, he heard the long, forlorn cry of a siren into the night. It disrupted the crows in the trees outside, who flapped and ruffled their wings before flying off past his window in a great hurry. Donny jumped, and, had she been there, would have reached for Catherine, but instead found himself quite alone. And then the answer the Catherine's question came, moving slowly to him through the oppressive darkness.

The loneliest one in the world...it was him. ■

by alextownsend



## the great king wilhelm

by joshhegarty

It all started several years ago. A dragon came to the castle and killed our beloved King Edmund, leaving the villages without rule and in a state of chaos. However, I had tried to carry on with my life as normal. I continued to farm my crops and hunt wolves in the woods. I continued to court my beloved, as we planned to marry as soon as a new king was named. But everything changed on one fateful day; as I was in the forest chopping wood, the dragon reappeared.

As I returned to my home with a few days' worth of firewood, I saw the dragon and a horde of trolls doing battle against my fellow villagers and what was left of our Honor Guard. I instinctively dropped the wood and charged towards the beasts and quickly found that I had dropped my axe upon the dragon's neck. As its head rolled by my feet, the fighting paused for an instant as all gazed upon the fallen beast. The village's courage was renewed and in a flash the troll's heads were felled and placed on pikes on the outskirts of town as a warning to others who would seek to destroy us.

As an unexpected consequence of my bravery, I was carried off to the castle and named the new king. "All hail the great King Wilhelm, dragon-slayer," they cried. I took to the throne with great enthusiasm. As a boy, like all boys, I suppose, I had dreamed of being king and now these dreams had been made a reality. But I quickly found that being a king was not all that it seemed to be.

Edmund's former advisors crowded around me in the throne room, introducing themselves, stating their duties and pledging allegiance to me. But as they stated their jobs, I found that all things were accounted for.

"And if these are your jobs, what am I to do?" I asked the friendliest looking one.

"You are King. You make all laws and decide how they are to be enforced. You decide on policies of commerce and war. You decide on matters of religion and taxation. Your job is the greatest of them all," he replied.

"But how am I lawmaker and regulator when one amongst you is Lord of Legal Policy and another is Lord of Enforcement? How do I decide upon rules of commerce and war when there is a Master of Commerce and Economics and a Chief General of War? How do I work with matters of religion when there is a High Priest of the Kingdom and a whole squadron of tax collecting officials?" I asked.

"Your excellence, I assure you, we exist solely to advise you. No one man can be master of all forms of knowledge, you see. We wish only to provide you with all relevant information and the best possible interpretations. This way your judgments will always be without error," he said to me in a tone so sincere that I believed his words for far longer than any reasonable man would.

Soon they made me give speeches proclaiming new farming policies, which I would never have used, because they were thought to be best for the kingdom. I was blamed when they failed to increase yields. I declared a war, which I did not think necessary, and I was praised when we were victorious. My advisors brought up the idea that I should have a bride. When I mentioned my beloved, I was told that I could not marry her, as it would not be best for the kingdom. I begged and pleaded, but eventually I was convinced, although I can't recall how, that I should marry another.

And so I did. But as I do not love her, I have yet to be able to make myself lie with her. My advisors hound me about my need for an heir. They tell me that if I will let myself, I will fall in love with my bride, as she is the loveliest princess on this side of the mountains. I've yet to be convinced, and I hope I never will be. Although, I feel it is nearly a certainty that I will some day give in. I can only hope that if that day comes, I bear no sons. I would wish this crown on no man, especially not one of my own blood, and I truly pity the next to bear it. ■

## coalition to end land mines!

by adam Maher

This girl I know started a coalition to rid the world  
Of an unfortunate weapon that to this day kills little girls  
As they run, sing, and play  
In the battlefields of yesterday  
Chasing butterflies in the spring  
With dreams to be a princess one day  
And she is not alone in this fight  
To find world peace think I just might...  
Geneva 54 wake up world think!  
The future of planet earth is on the brink!  
Of all the lives we lose at the expense wealth and power  
Radiation is not the only long lasting effect of waged wars  
There must be something more for men than just to kill each other  
Acting as though still on a playground hiding under cover  
Pride will come before the fall, it's up to us to do this  
International law will only work when we admit our hubris  
So just think of what we can accomplish with our minds as one  
Walking out into the darkness, searching for the beam-ing sun  
The land of mines that is so real, callous, raw, and hidden  
will never end unless my friend we start a coalition to end the land mines!

## the egg is held

by arielwengroff

The egg  
Sat diminished  
By farmers  
Wrinkled hands.  
Separated from  
A mother-to-be  
Permeated thoughts  
Sat within fragility,  
A transitional process  
I bought for 79 cents.  
Cracked and spread  
Along tips now too soft,  
Held too long,  
I felt calm  
With warm yolk  
Under my fingers.  
The way embryonic death  
Could coat my skin,  
A retreating organ  
Manipulated by layers  
Of decadence.  
Color blind, the yellow  
Meant nothing as it laid  
Against my wishfully  
Olive skin, Hoping  
To soak lost moments  
From arrogance, Praying  
I hope you never let go.  
That the yoke will stick  
Forever and that in the layer  
Between decay and not-yet  
The air of this moment  
Is held.

## empty faith

by lizzcantrell

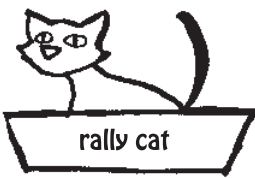
like a child to a cotton candy machine,  
you spin dreams  
in midair  
the tiny pillows,  
the fibers in your mind,  
are thick with white cotton clouds  
you cling to your gossamer prayers,  
holding out for the sweetness of that  
crystallized candy  
but nothing you know is real  
you do not live here  
you dwell way up high, in castles in the air  
and I regret to be the one who tells you so

## a scroll of songs

by ahmadsahli

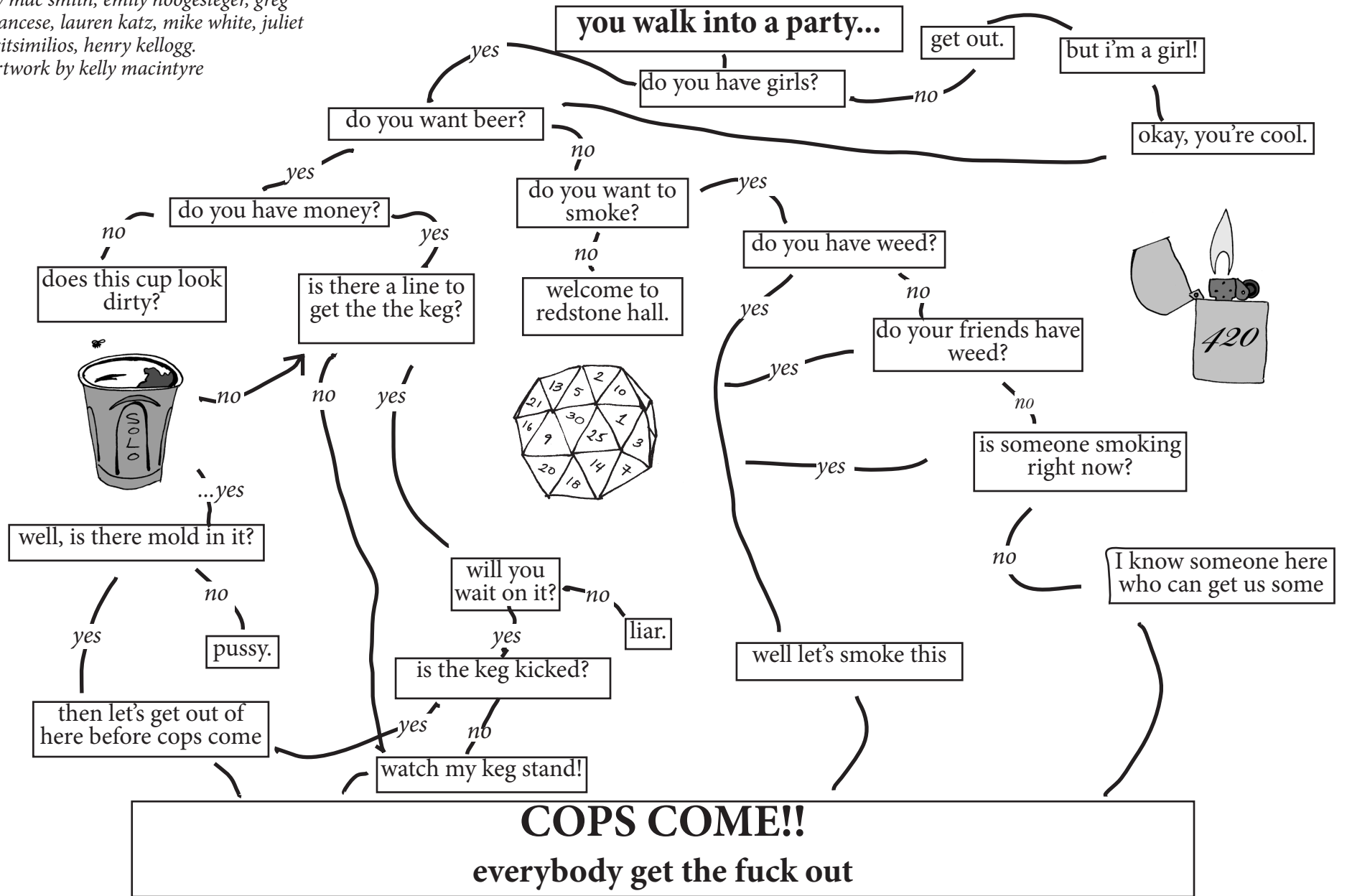
This scroll of songs chronologically documents the indecencies and pleasures of a past,  
I smile at the rekindled memories, and juvenile confidence I held,  
Shame of what was – I frown on the inside,  
Because I'm wary of what is yet to come,  
The aforementioned – again,  
The things I will walk towards with my head held high,  
Only to find myself where I was before,  
Unhappy with my sense of direction--,  
I don't know how to work this fickle compass I have.

# cat litter.



your saturday night in flow chart format

by mac smith, emily hoogesteger, greg francesse, lauren katz, mike white, juliet critsimilios, henry kellogg.  
artwork by kelly macintyre



# tunes.



## "congratulations" to mgmt

by jeremyklein

MGMT experienced a meteoric rise in popularity following the release of their first full-length album. "Oracular Spectacular" was certified gold in the United States (500,000 albums sold, a pretty impressive feat nowadays), and ended up on many critics' best-of-the-year lists. The band would go on to open for their first musical legend in Paul McCartney, and sue their first European president in Nicolas Sarkozy of France. Fast forward to a week ago when, in response to a leak of their new album "Congratulations," MGMT decided to put the entire album up on their website, (whoismgmt.com), for free streaming.

Now, any discussion of "Congratulations" cannot begin without first mentioning the album's artwork, which is, simply put, radical. It features a surfing cat, panicking as he is about to be swallowed by a giant wave in the shape of another cat's head. And all of this is against a checkered pink and blue background.

The album itself finds the band delving more into the more laid back sound of songs from "Oracular Spectacular" like "The Handshake" rather than those that acted as the album's singles. It's far more psychedelic rock than it is synth pop. So those wanting to hear "Time to Pretend 2: Electric Boogaloo," be cautioned, as you won't be getting anything like that. The band themselves have stated a desire to not release any singles so as to make the album one people hear in its entirety, rather than knowing what the best songs are out of the gate, and just listening to those.

But despite their retreat from what made them so popular in the first place, the guys in MGMT have still crafted a damn fine album. The opening track "It's Working" sets the sound for the duration of the album. Surf rock sounding guitars, driving bass and drums, touches

of various types of keyboard and vocals accented with reverb and echo abound throughout. "Flash Delirium" is perhaps the closest thing "Congratulations" has to a potential single, seeing as it has already been released as a free digital download, and has a total trip of a music video to go along with it. The song is perhaps a little too out there, though, for the mainstream audience as a whole, featuring several distinct sections, each with MGMT putting their psychedelic stamp on different music styles. It also features a flute solo, which is something that only Jethro Tull fans may be able to handle. "Siberian Breaks" finds the band venturing into almost progressive rock territory. The song is over twelve minutes long, and features shifts in both tempo and, like "Flash Delirium," shifts in musical style. "Brian Eno" is an ode to the godfather of ambient music and legendary producer of the same name. It basically boils down to singer Andrew VanWyngarden's realization that no matter how much he tries to innovate, he will always be a step behind whatever Eno is doing. The album features an instrumental titled "Lady Dada's Nightmare," which can presumably only be about the nightmare that is Lady Gaga. The album closer, and title track finishes up with the sound of people clapping, which may be a little self-serving. But in regards to the music on the album, it's an applause well deserved.

With "Congratulations," MGMT seem to have circumvented the proverbial sophomore slump, coming into their own musically. It shows that they will not be held down by what they have done before, and makes it interesting to wonder in what direction they might go next. ■

## on the rise: the all mighty dollars

by georgeloftus

I don't have ovaries, but the first time I heard The Almighty Dollars, I think I dropped an egg. Consisting of UVM's own Micah Plante, Adam Mcgrath, and Cameron Smithgall, The Almighty Dollars are everything that you're not hearing on the radio. They don't want to ride on your disco stick, and they don't have a feeling that tonight's going to be a good night. God bless them.

Take the best elements of Pearl Jam, Neil Young, Brand New, and OAR and you'll start to scratch the surface of what makes The Almighty Dollars great. Young's skewed perspective, Pearl Jam's confident, heavy riffs, Brand New's gift with syntax, and OAR's ability to be appropriate for every situation.

I spent a little time with the band last week. We talked about movies, music, authors, and it became infinitely clear within five minutes that these are the kind of people you would want to hang out with. After the small break, they cut back to practice, and were nice enough to let me stay.

The front man is Micah Plante. Not only does he belt out songs he wrote himself, but he plays a guitar that he made himself as well. Impressive, right? The most striking thing about Micah is his inability to stand still. During every second of performing his passion is obvious. He's constantly rocking back and forth allowing the music to pass through him. Calling it excitement would be an understatement. For him, it was transcendental.

The first song that sticks with me is "30 Years of Trouble." It was a rough play through, but it was far and away my favorite track. Almost every song is about love but what gets me with this one is it's honesty. "He's been looking at 30 years of trouble/and he might just be better off without the girl". It's a genuine, melancholic love song with an abundance of heart.

On drums, backup vocals, and the occasional songwriter, is Adam Mcgrath.

I watched him fumble his Snapple bottle and spill on the front of his shirt. It took him two tries to pick up the cap. It's important for you to know that so you can understand how different he is holding drumsticks. After watching him play, I'm not sure time affects him the way it does me. Every move he makes is deliberate and calculated and operating on a higher plane: he could hit the snare forty times before you get a chance to ask him what he had for lunch.

The next stand out track was "I Don't Want a Revolution." While "30 Years" relied on the strength of vocals, "Revolution" shines in its cohesion. Working together, every element of this song works to create an optimistic tone that is missing in today's music. You'll play it in your car, when you do homework, and when you're playing Hold 'Em or Kings on a Thursday night.

And then there's Cameron Smithgall. Sweet, sweet Cameron. Imagine the most unsuspecting person, ever. Someone you can rely on, who will always say the right thing, and more than that, someone who means it. It's weird seeing someone so complacent one moment and the next shred his fingers on a bass faster than I can drive a car. With a guiltless smile, he plucks away on the strings keeping every ounce of wonder and awe in his eyes. He truly appreciates the music he and his friends create.

The Almighty Dollars will be playing at Radio Bean on March 27th, and again April 20th. They're currently in negotiations to both play at Brennan's and have their LP, "Love Songs for Ghosts," distributed by Growing Vermont (fingers crossed). ■