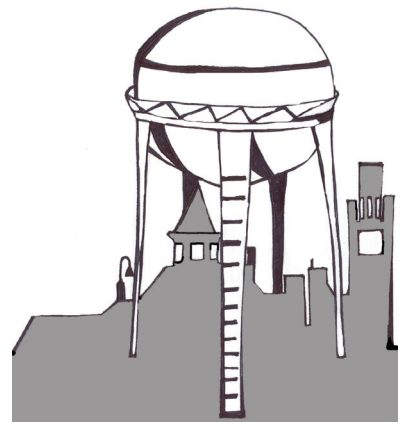


the water tower.

uvm's alternative newsmag

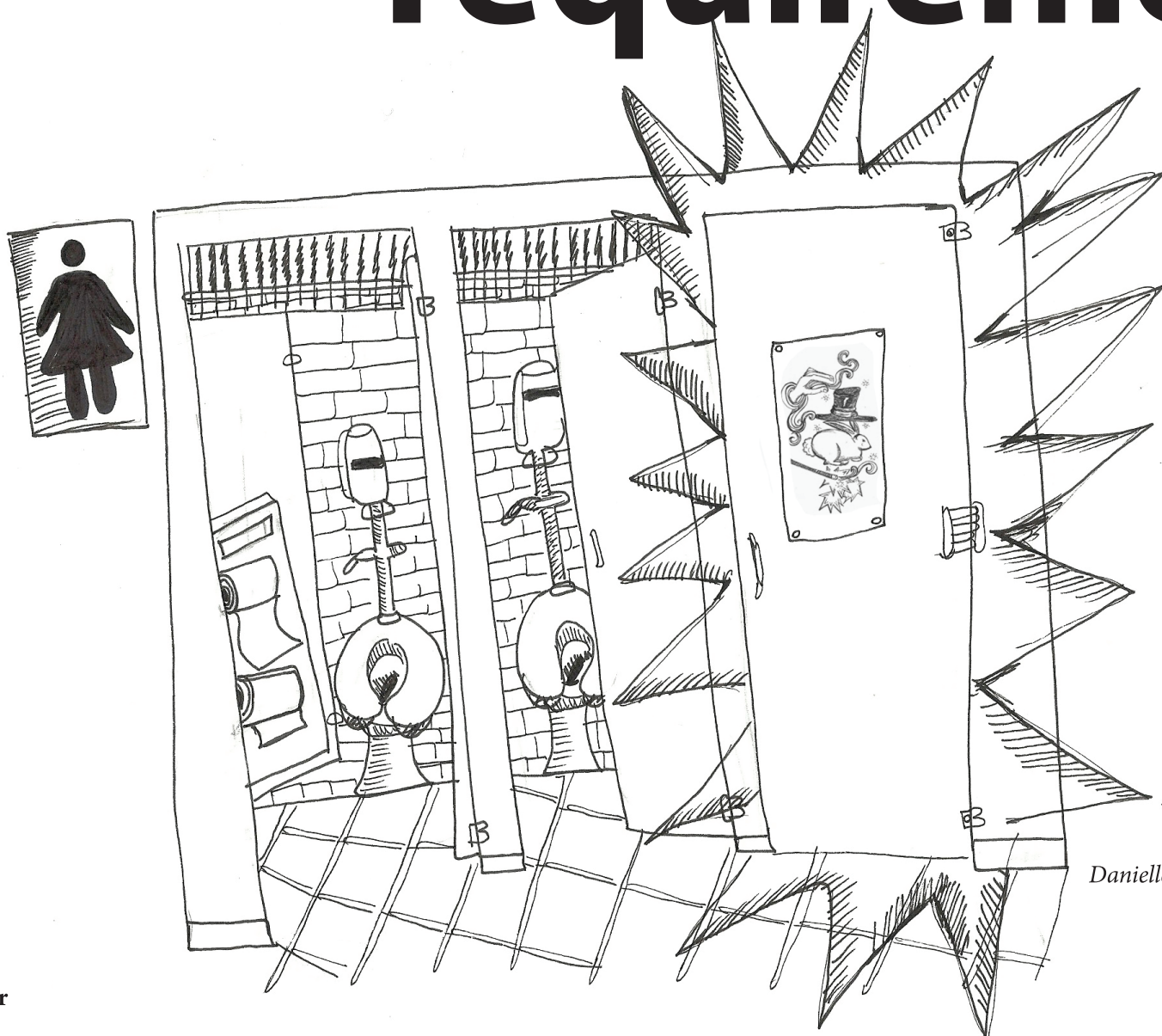


volume 9 - issue 1 - tuesday, february 1, 2011 - uvm, burlington, vt

uvm.edu/~watertwr

- thewatertower.tumblr.com

waterman's (real life) room of requirement



Danielle Vogl

by mollykelly-yahner

Stories abound in the rich history of Waterman. My mom has told me stories of the convenient "Waterman couch" that once was - where students could sleep off a hangover or a long night raging at the Cyber Café, while being just a hallway away from their classes. These glory days are long gone, though. The head custodian at Waterman has remarked of the dramatic decline in lavatory usage since the erection of the Davis Center. She cited features such as the airplane-engine hand dryers, gender-neutral bathrooms, and automatic sinks that have made Davis the preeminent campus choice for doing one's business. Waterman is now making efforts to win back its fans, and its first step seems to have been to implement a big weird Box.

Entering the girls' lavatory the Box immediately imposes itself. It seriously blocks the path to both the sinks and the stalls. It consists of three large panels and a big door, and upon entry it reveals a single chair and a desk stolen from a middle school.

Apparently it was first created as a place for working mothers to breast-feed, which means that UVM has left us, the students, with the task of finding its true purpose. (How many Vermont moms really have qualms about whipping their boobs out?

Not enough to make use of this room all time, that's for sure.) This means that it's like a real life room of requirement.

So how do UVMers take advantage? Stressed out underclassmen gaze at the box with hope for a better living situation. Perhaps this gift could be their lovely living space - a home away from home that provides solitude and escape from roommate stress. Bathroom stalls are not usually large enough for this purpose, and this dorm-sized box in Waterman can fit all your clothes, a full-length mirror and

They see the Waterman Box as a sort of indie champagne room: a quiet, clean spot for lines of blow and intimate dancing. No name brands allowed. No panties either.

even several essential decorations - a Chia pet, a Ke\$ha blow up doll, and a poster of Fogel on a brisk fall day.

The tatted, pierced, rebellious rock

stars of UVM see it differently. I mean the people who are responsible for bars staying in business Sunday through Wednesday. The ones who may or may not have put off graduating on time for reasons related to partying. For these people The OP and Finnegan's are too mainstream. They see the Waterman Box as a sort of indie champagne room: a quiet, clean spot for lines of blow and intimate dancing. No name brands allowed. No panties either.

Boys need havens too, especially those groups of boys who live in a house together and pay loads of money to get drunk together. Yep. The Greeks. Hidden from the public eye and hazing hearings, it is here that brothers can make pledges spend a night in the new room, blindfolded and only wearing the UVM dance team outfits. Or something worse. We don't even want

to know.

The old budget cut protesters of 2009 can lock themselves in this room when they are in the midst of protesting another

decision made by the UVM Board of Trustees. The swarming UVM cops will wait outside in fear of being accused of harassment for barging into the girls' room, so the protesters even have enough time to draw up their next plan of attack.

All other uses aside, what are people really going to use the Box for most? In the end, we need to accept that our heads are in the gutter and will be there for the next couple years. This room is perfect for two (or more) people to use. Again and again. In different positions. For those who may not have experienced it, the locks on the DC gender-neutral bathrooms are finicky, and midday sex is risky there. Now, though, the Waterman Box's thick door with a lock, convenient chair, and desk for more creative maneuvers, ensures a good sexual experience and no walk-ins. At the very least it's an easy way to knock Waterman off your list if you're trying to bang in all the main buildings on campus. (Side note: to our knowledge all recent attempts to do complete that mission have failed, so if you do it, tell us, and we'll give you a free T-shirt for being awesome).

How you use the Box is up to you. Just have fun and make sure you keep it clean. Someone might actually want to breastfeed there one day. ■

get
inside
me

news
a swiftly changing
egypt
by bendonovan

reflections
irrational fears
by lizcantrell

tunes
fembots have
feelings, too!
by bridgettrec

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reflections.

snowmageddon 2011 by gregfrance

While many Americans seem to be concerned with foreigners sneaking in through our Southern border with Mexico, they seem to be overlooking the fact that the biggest foreign threat currently facing our nation is the winter weather we've seen so far.

Snow has fallen in places that typically don't receive snow, and in larger amounts than some places are used to. Some cities have been able to see the fluffy white stuff as an unexpected opportunity.

Philadelphia, PA: Though located north of the Mason-Dixon line, residents of this always sunny city seem to have the snow tolerance of their Southern neighbors. More snow has fallen on Philly this year than the city can possibly handle. As a result, the airport runway has remained snow covered and airplanes must have skis attached to their landing gear, giving a new meaning to the phrase "cross-country skiing".

Washington, DC: The nation's capital is whiter than ever this winter, causing some residents to fear that more snow will only cause more problems. Democratic strategists, however, are feeling less fearful of the increasing white stuff falling from the sky because it will likely mean that Sunbelt tea partiers, unable to cope with even the most modest snowfalls, will stay away from the city until the spring thaw.

Atlanta, GA: Snow and ice are rare occurrences for this Southern city. This winter, however, has proved harsh for residents of Atlanta who have already had to cope with two snow/ice storms. Because of this, chaos has reigned in Atlanta on a scale unseen since General Tecumseh Sherman burned Atlanta to the ground during his famous March to the Sea during the Civil War. Tourism agencies in Atlanta have taken advantage of this situation and have begun marketing the city to Northern tourists as a place where "Historic Southern Charm Meets Modern-day Chaos."

New York, NY: The recent blizzards that have crippled our nation's largest city have been seen as an opportunity for some eager entrepreneurs. The ubiquitous, so called "dirty water" hot dog stands have begun selling "dirty snow-cones." They currently come in one flavor - "Urban Yellow" - but promise to be a big draw for tourists.

Detroit, MI: Detroit, the city of ruins, has decided that this year it would capitalize on the recent snowpocalypses across the country by converting many of the abandoned car factories dotting the city's landscape to shovel-making factories. So far, demand has been high and the city's unemployment rate has halved. Due to the seasonality of the snow-shovel industry, officials are encouraging factories to produce garden shovels as well.

Buffalo, NY: Residents of Buffalo are no strangers to snow. Every year Buffalo wins the distinction as the snowiest city in the United States. That is why this year, amid reports of New York's Central Park receiving more snow than its Upstate neighbor, residents have begun to import snow from their friendly Canadian neighbors who were reportedly more than eager to give Buffalo truck-loads of it. ■

irrational fears: they're everywhere

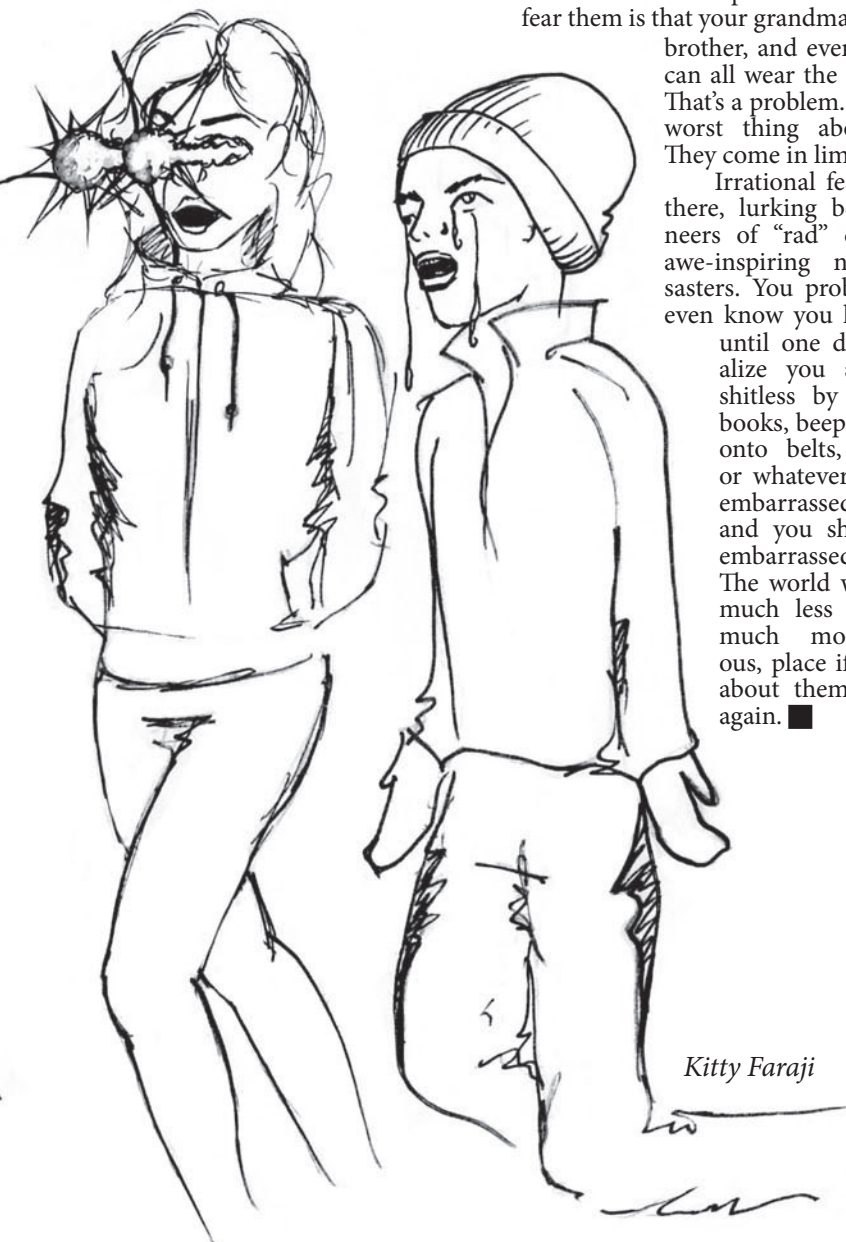
Everyone has fears. Spiders, heights, tight spaces. These are all common (and frankly, quite boring) phobias. It's almost like you can't really be that afraid of them because everyone else is too. The fears we don't talk about are the most interesting. A sampling from my own experience? The ones topping the list are: the color lime green, volcanoes, and Croc shoes. While these seemingly harmless (and downright random) fears may not concern you in the slightest, they

should. Here's why. Let us begin with a discussion of "lime green". I put this in quotations because, seriously, have you ever seen a naturally occurring thing, person, or animal that is lime green? So, to whoever invented it, thanks a lot. Now everywhere I look, from deez ski jackets, to glaring construction vests, and tacky Sketchers Shape-Ups, lime green bombards my retinas. Once, in high school, I was forced to use a lime-green book sock for AP Chemistry. As if mind-numbing equations and atomic structures weren't torture enough, I was about ready to leap out of my seat and rip

the cursed thing to shreds. Not convinced of this color's evil nature? Just try staring at a sample of it for more than ten seconds. I'll admit this sounds more like an irrational hatred than a fear, but I really am terrified of it and its ability to reduce my vision to a sea of neon. I'll be blunt about my next phobia: if they don't already, volcanoes should scare the bejesus out of you. Unimaginably hot magma racing toward you? A cloud of choking sulfuric smoke? That movie "Dante's Peak" starring a pre-Bond Pierce Brosnan? Despite his accent and dashing good looks, I'll pass. Volcanologists (volcanic wizards) might try to calm you by categorizing one of these bad boys as "dormant", but that doesn't put my concerns to rest. It just

means that the great behemoth is taking a breather from its last explosion and gearing up for another. I definitely don't want an invite to that pyrotechnic party. I realize that this will prevent me from ever going to Hawaii, but I am willing to miss out on the hula skirts and great surf to avoid a run in with the great Kilauea. My last fear is that of Crocs. Marketed as being practical for the beach, a hike, and everything in between, they are surprisingly not that useful. You will inevitably get strange sunburn patterns on your feet and you are screwed if you step on a sea urchin. Plus they are just damn ugly. Whenever I see overweight, middle aged women with color coordinated lavender Crocs and handbags, I want to run away and scream for help. Another reason to fear them is that your grandma, your little

brother, and even your dog can all wear the same shoe. That's a problem. What's the worst thing about them? They come in lime green. Irrational fears are out there, lurking beneath veneers of "rad" colors and awe-inspiring natural disasters. You probably don't even know you have them, until one day you realize you are scared shitless by Dr. Seuss books, beepers hooked onto belts, pancakes, or whatever. I am not embarrassed by mine, and you shouldn't be embarrassed of yours. The world would be a much less scary, and much more hilarious, place if we talked about them now and again. ■



Kitty Faraji

b-i-n-g-o!

by lindsaygabel



Malcolm Valaitis

A list of worthy endeavors to accomplish this semester (or at least before you graduate):

- Watch the sunset from the Williams Hall fire escape
- Participate in a campus-wide snowball fight
- Construct a fort and camp out in Bailey Howe overnight
- Order 2 pounds of Afterburner wings from Wings Over and eat them all in one sitting
- Conquer the Vermonster
- Participate in the Naked Bike Ride
- Go streaking through the Davis Center (bottom floor to the top and down again)
- Join an Admitted Student Visit Day tour and actively participate
- Try every crêpe at the Skinny Pancake at least once
- Go vegan for a week
- Submit something to **the water tower**
- Walk around campus without shoes
- Take at least one really obscure and/or eye-opening class
- Steal your suite-mate's/housemate's room door
- Pay a stranger's parking ticket
- Go to the movies with yourself
- High five everyone you pass on your way to class
- Experience First Friday at Higher Ground
- Write an exam in crayon

the perks of being a water tower(er)

by calebdemers

Ladies and Gentlemen, fine students and professors of Universitas Viridis Montis, what is the **water tower** to you? Is it a place for hard news and raw facts? A place for quick wit and cheap laughs? No, it is where you read the stuff the most revered and remarkable writers and artists print their work. We as **water tower** writers and artists are quite simply rock stars. You may think we are just like any other student at UVM. Going to parties on the weekends and doing our homework when our roommate forgets to ask us to smoke with him, but you are so terribly wrong.

Firstly, let me tell you all about the love life. Let's move on. Have you ever noticed those kids that just radiate chillness? Those kids that are, as they say, steezy, without even having to step on a snowboard or skis? They are cool, but the writers and editors at the **Wf.** do not need that because we have something more. We have the ability to make up words, man. Think about it: cartoonista, towerer, montis. All of these words show up with red lines under them as I write. That is because we made them up. We don't really know what they mean but that is okay, we don't have to. They stand proud among the rest of the words in our articles. Reading those words is like reading one of our articles: it's as if you have entered a new world, a world of letters and punctuation, stories of love and disaster, of drunken brawls and snowballs.

That brings me to my next point, the parties. Ever been to a party and not known anyone but still got in and with a free cup? Welcome to the life of any and all **Wf.** staff. We walk downtown on Saturday night and people seem to bow down before us, beckoning us into their humble abodes. We are served all the PBR and nitros we want, as the homeowners hope they will make it into one of our publications. What they fail to notice is that we never actually use anyone's real name because even if we do take the time to get your quote (which we rarely do), it's probably talking about something that really shouldn't be put on your permanent record (ever wonder why The Ear is anonymous?)

Just because the names are sometimes altered or even made up, this in no way reflects our news reporting etiquette. We here at the **Wf.** take great pride in bringing you the latest stories. Going along with this, we have this certain ability to create the news, much like how Fox News reports whatever they cook up that morning. We, too, have a certain poetic license when depicting certain events. For example, I don't really know who is going to play in the Super Bowl, but if I wanted I could write a story about it right now and it would appear in this very edition, and you know what? No matter what I wrote you would have to believe it because I am the writer and you would never actually believe that we print articles that are partially or entirely made up.

In conclusion, I do not in any way want you to consider joining the **Wf.** after reading this, because if you all joined we would no longer be a superhuman breed. We would be somehow closer to human beings, which would be nasty. No, I merely want you to remember as you scurry from class to class, there are people out there that are just like you--and then there are the writers, editors and artists of UVM's alternative newsmag: **the water towerers.** ■

hair down there?

by emilyarnow

Winter is a tough time for everyone's bodies. Skin is dry, lips are cracked, and everything is frost bitten. But just because parts of the body have been hidden under layers and layers of polar Tec fleece, does that mean both girls and guys have to keep up hygienic practices involving hair in certain places? It's clear that each person has their own preference involving their "pubic maintenance", but what is actually normal? What do girls want and what do guys find appropriate? What the hell do you do with that hair down there?

When it comes to the female end of the spectrum the debate of whether or not to shave is a heated one. "I blame the amount of porn guys watch for the no hair issue," Julie, a sophomore, says. "Its unnatural, and slightly creepy. Shaving everything down there makes you look like a prepubescent girl." While certain girls and perhaps guys may agree on these issues, others actually prefer the "clean" look. "I'm not that picky about girls' areas" but I don't like it running wild," Martin, a junior explains "No one wants to stick their hand in a jungle and get their fingers stuck in the hedges, if you know what I mean." Other dudes seem to

agree... "It shows that a girl can take care of herself, that she's hygienic, although a landing strip once in a while could be fun," Chad, a senior says. "It shows that she's kinky and down to try new things." While the "landing strip" (a thunderbolt, for example) has floated in and out of fashion over the years, the consensus remains that most dudes

"razor bumps are unacceptable... it's just not right."

prefer little to no hair down there nowadays. However, when it comes to the bros themselves where do the girls stand on the issue? Is chest hair sexy or beastly? If a girl takes time to get things "sorted out" pubically, are guys expected to do the same? "When it comes to below the belt kind of stuff obviously you gotta keep it clean, like a crew cut on your balls," Max, a senior describes. "If we expect girls to do it, we gotta reciprocate." Many females tend to agree. "No hair

down there is weird, just like no hair on a girl is weird," Marie, a senior, says. "But lots and lots of hair is gross, that shit needs to be trimmed or we are gonna get lost." But what about other manly body hair? Has the high school trend of shaving one's pecks gone out the window? Or are guys expected by girls to emulate the waxed up male models seen in cologne commercials? "I think it's whatever," Lisa, a senior, says. "Either fully shaved or grown out, but razor bumps are unacceptable on guys chest hair, it's just not right."

While the debate about how much or how little hair one should rock rages on, it is important to have perspective on what this hair means for us. "I think people should just respect one another and their bodies." Rick, a junior, explains, "Everyone has a preference, and everyone has hair. Make sure to take care of it normally and there won't be a problem. It's just hair!" So, like all things, trends in hair come and go and twenty years down the road merkins (fake pubic wigs) may just become the hot new fad. But until that day comes, hopefully everyone can agree to keep things down there hygienic, pretty and interesting. ■

trash.



i want you so bad

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

You live in Africa
Not sure why
You're an Engineer
Beautiful but as smart as a rich guy
You have beautiful blonde hair
You're jit-su skills turn me on
All I wish is to tell you that I think you are the "mon"
Hope you realize that I don't think of you as just a friend
I love to help you with Physics but here is where the friendship ends
Would you like to go on a date Thursday night?
When: Last night
Where: Physics Class
I saw: Beautiful blonde
I am: Shy sweet guy

I see you in harris/millis and the gym,
All this working out is wearing me thin.
I can tell you're Irish from the color of your hair,
With both of our bodies we would make quite the pair.
I know that you look at me in my spandex,
How about you slip into something more comfortable like a latex?
When: I see you flex
Where: no one will know
I saw: you stare
I am: not so subtle

We've been playing this staring game for far too long,
The way we eye-fuck is completely wrong.
In the library I know you're not studying for class,
I know what you're thinking, I have a fantastic ass.
In line at marche you do a double take,
Next time you don't say hi, just think of all the sex that's at stake.
When: we have sex, I don't care
Where: do it
I saw: you stare, and I know that
I am: ready to get down

I get to see you in logic class every MWF, if i'm lucky, i sit next to you. If you're the boy with the sweetest intentions and I love boys with sweet intentions, then logically, i must love you right? Come over with that sexy flannel and Ray Bans (complete the hair that just skims the top of them that I've told you is too long!) I always see you wearing and help me figure out if my argument is logically correct
When: everyday
Where: as much as possible
I saw: the perfect man
I am: sorry for often being illogical

I know this may seem
A little bit weird,
But I just can't resist
Your adorable beard.
You light up the Marketplace
With your charming smile,
But, sadly, I haven't seen it
In quite a while.
I miss seeing your face when
I go to Ben & Jerry's for a scoop.
I've got a sweet tooth,
And I'm craving you.
When: Random times throughout last semester
Where: The Davis Center Ben & Jerry's Scoop Shop.
I saw: A tall cutie with glasses and a beard
I am: A fun, spunky artist who's ready to mingle

You dress so fine
Girls gotta get in line
Glasses so thick and trendy
Gets my knees all shaky and bendy
Your anal-linguistics get me puckering
At sigma phi
we shall hopefully be fucking
Vermonger
When: last saturday
Where: sigma phi
I saw: a trendy waterbury boy
I am: ready for anal cleansing

Next semester, inevitably, we part
Though I might not miss those inky farts
(Marche doesn't sit well with cephalopods, I know)
Across the ocean I will go
To the homeland of your father.
The distance will surely be a bother.
But when I said "I love you" I meant-it(-cles)
So please remain my consensates.
I'll wait forever to stay with only you.
I want to make half-monster babies with you.
When: perpetually
Where: hither, thither, and you
I saw: A tentacle monster
I am: A futanari

I HATE YOU
SNOW
YOU
MOTHER FUCKER
When: Saturday night
Where: UVM campus
I saw: flakes of white
I am: the general public

attention readers!

IWYSBs will be read on WRUV 90.1 during *Mr. Green Genes Presents: The Night Society with Mr. Green Genes Wednesdays 6-8pm*

Our last name rhymes with Mug,
And your love is my drug.
Your eyes are so green(ie),
And your roommate's name is Mean(ie).
You are so handsome and tall,
I absolutely love how you play ball.
You were in my dream,
And play on a stellar team.
Please don't think I just want to score,
Even though your picture is on my door.
I want you so bad number 31,
We could have some dirty fun!
You know me pretty well,
But please don't tell.
When: Game time
Where: da court
I saw: you ball
I am: your #1 fan

Hey number fourteen,
Or should I say Shaloom?
I'd love to chahall at you
Cause you're 1/2 black and 1/2 Jew.
Was that you I saw in Pilates?
Come to yoga and we can tangle our bodies...
You're the baum on the court
And I might be kinda short
Cause you're six foot three -
Got a foot plus one on me,
But I don't really care,
So come up if you dare.
Find me on the second floor
If you really wanna score.
When: there's 2 minutes on the clock
Where: Muscle Milk Convention
I saw: your phatty
I am: Barbara Streisand

1st time in Bailey Howe, third floor
Sorry for being such a bore
2nd time in the Marche
We chatted from registers across the way
The atmosphere was rush
But still you made me blush
I might be ordering from Leonardo's a lot
But if you don't get the job, then maybe not
Maybe we can meet once more
Far away from the quiet floor
When: Mondays around 11
Where: let's try the 1st Flr
I saw: intriguing man
I am: curious

Woah, who's that I see?
A fine hipster boy in skinny jeans and a slouchy beanie..
I walk behind you on the way to class,
Trying not to think about how I want to grab that ass..
And then you turn around,
Oh man did I think that out loud?
When I look at your face my heart stops,
And I have a sudden urge to call up the cops.
You may think that you look steazy
but your molestache makes me queasy..
I've got nothing against some sexy scruff,
But you boys have gone far enough.
There's nothing wrong with a bearded man,
But you look like you own a free candy van.
So here, let me give you a tip,
If you want to get some shave that 'thing' above your lip!
When: Pretty much every day
Where: Unfortunately everywhere
I saw: Sad boys with sadder mustaches
I am: All those girls dreaming of clean shaven faces

How did I fail to notice you before this year?
A girl with your beauty should have been more clear.
Vermont does not feel as cold as it should
At times when you are wearing your brown coat with fur-lined hood.
Living and Learning is where I see you most
For I also love Alice's and often hear you order toast.
Never before have I felt the need to stare
At anyone's long, blonde, extremely curly hair.
Before we crossed paths my life was incomplete
Right next to the writing center I always hope we'll meet.
Unsure of your name, but not of my love,
Bold as the sun in the sky up above.
Unfortunately, you're almost a grad
So I had to write this,
'cause I want you so bad!
When: Not often enough
Where: Here and there
I saw: A toast-eating, blonde writer
I am: Not letting you go unnoticed

Vintage Clothes

Accessories, Sunglasses, Leather and everything you wear



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73 Church Street Burlington, VT (Above Kens Pizza) 802-399-2070

the ear

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

The Marche
Biddy 1 (to Biddy 3): Can you just be a normal human for a minute and eat something more than an apple?
Biddy 2: I want chicken strips.

Near Billings
Guy: I could totally fuck a goat and be okay with it.

Simpson dining hall
Biddie 1 to Biddie 2 (while doing a weird dance): I can already feel the music flowin through my bones!

Pearl and North Winooski
Girl: Oh, that guy who I thought was Irish but was really Native American?

Marsh 235
Hippie Chick: Last night I went to bed with a sweater on and this morning I woke up naked.

Biology 002 Lecture
Biddy in Bio: Ya, now that I see he's such a coward I'm noticing other things I don't like about him. Kinda short, kinda an alcoholic.

301 Williams
Professor: So should we review Thursday or Sunday?
Dudes: The Super Bowl's that Sunday
Professor: So we can't do Sunday. Never would have known that. Thank you straight guys.

Cyber cafe
Girl holding a wafer tower: I literally want to marry this newspaper. Like if it was a person, I would date the shit out of it.

By the physical plant
Bro: Dude, you are just such a lazy ass bum!

Classroom in Lafayette
Professor: What are some examples when media is not free?
Student 1: The Pentagon Papers
Student 2: Are the Pentagon Papers the same as Wikileaks?

UHN, 4th floor
Guy: Are you seriously so uncultured that you don't know what curium is?

L/L
Girl 1: 12-year-old boys look at porn.
Girl 2: What?! But...I didn't!
Girl 3: We're girls.
Girl 1 (turns to only guy in group): Can I ask you a question?

Dirty9ine hickok place
Visitor: This is a lot to take in, I mean seriously, this place...like how much crack is smoked here? look at the walls...holy shit.
Bro 1: Sorry for partying.

Redstone Store checkout line
Snowboarder guy singing Colbie Caillat: It starts in my toes and I crinkle my nose, wherever it goes, I always know...
Girl: Really? Really you're going to do this right now?
Guy sings louder: that you make me smile, please stay for a while...

H/M halls
Guy: Yeah, I don't know what was wrong... maybe she just hasn't been fucked in a while, ya know?

At the Mercy drunk-bus stop
Guy 1 to group: You know when you're banging a chick, but then you stop banging that chick, and you see her in class or something.

Redstone dining, Wed. night
Chick: dickface computers never get my order right!

DC pool tables
Hippie girl to preppy girls: "You guys make me feel like I'm missing out on anal"

fashion five-oh.



it's a bird, it's a... hair wrap?

by mollykelly-yahner

Girls, you remember them from when you were young: the colorful strings tied around your hair, sometimes bejeweled at the bottom. Hair wraps were an iconic trend during the 90s that most girls were obsessed with. And now, they're back – with a hipsterish twist.

With a quick hair flip in a basement, in the corners of the 1st floor of Bailey Howe, and in the openings of downtown art exhibits, you can see them: hair feathers. Known to the fashion world as “feather-

heads”, these trendy Burlingtonians sport different kinds of bird feathers for various personal reasons.

A senior Philosophy major says, “ I wear my feather just next to my right ear so I can hear my bird spirit better.” Her feather is short and hidden beneath her black hair.

Whether your hair feather is more of a personal statement, or a fashion exploration, there is a style out there that complements you. Most UVMers who sport this new trend can be spotted with smaller

black and white feathers, interwoven in their locks.

Others sport long multi colored feathers that are more prominent and noticeable. As long as the feathers come from farm-raised happy birds, this trend gets the green light.

For adding some spunk to your tired, one-color look, or spicing up a fun night on the town outfit, these colorful feathers can really bring your look together, leaving people saying: Caw caw, caw caw. ■

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 thewatertowernews@gmail.com by Tuesdays at 4:00.*

german bear wrestling with alextownsend

Last week on GBW: A strange woman crashed into Aarram, a young waiter, and promptly proposed to him!



the accident

(a true story)

by joshhegarty

89 sure is dark. Even with my high beams and fog lights on, I can barely see a thing. Is it snowing? I can't even tell. Yeah, it's definitely snowing. How fast am I going? 77ish. I should slow down. I'm starting to slide. Shit. I need to slow down. Too late. I'm sliding more. I'm spinning.

If I ever thought I've felt panic before, I didn't know what panic was. I scream, “Fuck!” or I think it very loudly. I'm not sure which. I'm sliding into the right lane. I can't slow down. I hit something. The windows shatter. I'm in the air. I'm spinning or rolling or flipping. I can't tell at the time. Later I see that the car has flipped over.

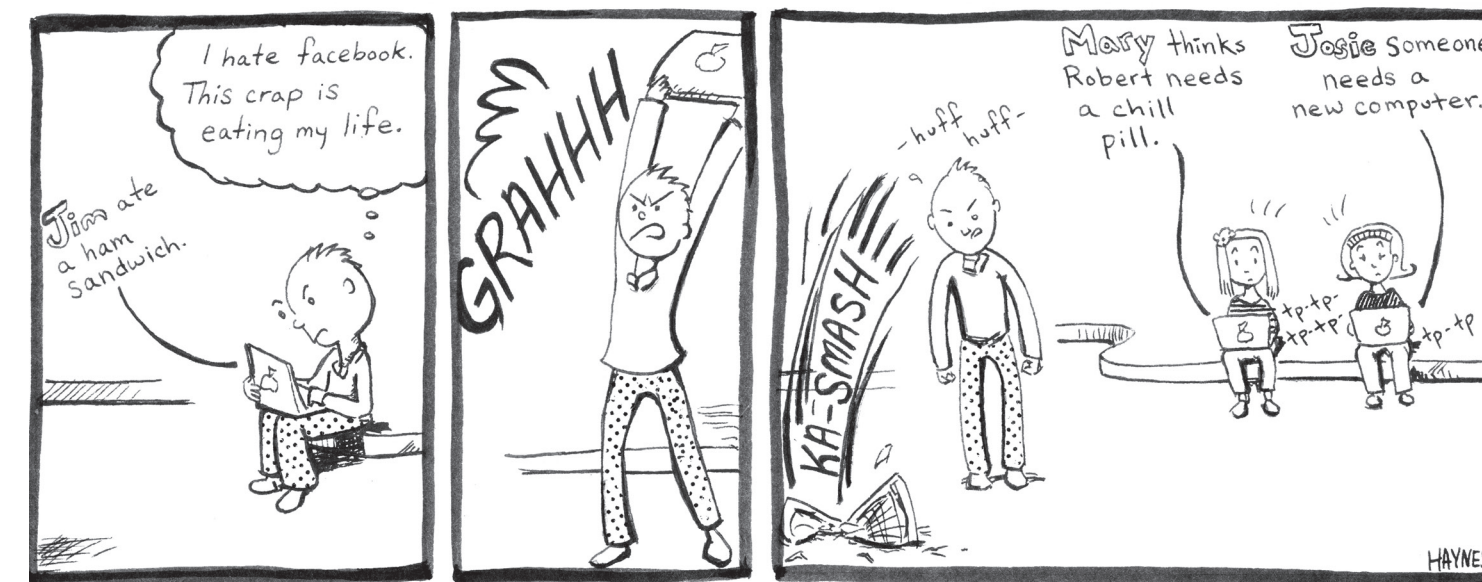
Panic subsides. This is a new feeling. I recently learned a lot about death, courtesy of Professor Ashooh. Epicurus argued that we should not fear death. It is nothing to us because when we are present, death is not. When death is present, we are not. I said I didn't fear death. I said it every time I was asked. Fearing death and wanting to continue living aren't the same thing.

While I'm in the air, my world is a hurricane of ice and glass. Visually, it's just like in a movie, when the villain's car rolls over and the camera cuts to the driver's perspective. That's what I see, except this isn't a movie. I don't see a bright light. My life doesn't flash before my eyes. This is a near death experience, but it doesn't seem to fit the description. I thought it would just be a death experience. I don't suddenly regret everything I've never done. It's a strange feeling, knowing you're about to die. It seems Epicurus was right and I wasn't a liar. I'm not afraid. I don't remember blinking. I've never been more certain in my life.

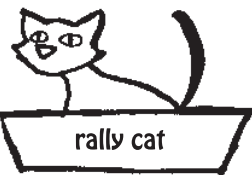
I've never been more wrong in my life. The car lands. Inches from my face is the ground, hidden behind a sheet of glass covered in spider web cracks. I'm hanging from my seat, suspended by my seat belt. I've never seen a seat belt so tight before. I'm surprised to be alive. Survival instincts kick in and within seconds I decide that I have to get out of the car, in case the frame collapses. I'm on a clock because I have to assume the worst. The belt won't release.

goldfish apocalypse

by brittneyhaynes



cat litter.

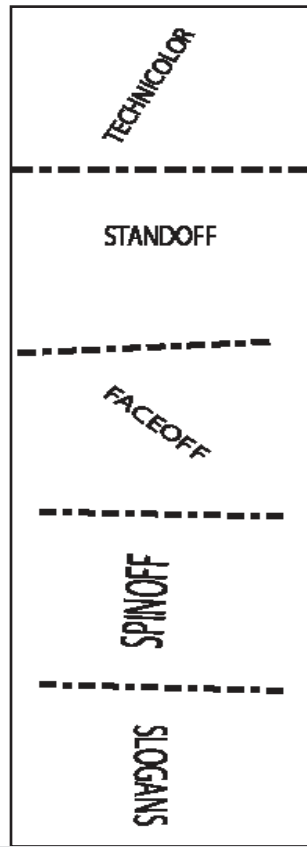


cat litter:
by drew diemar, willis schenk,
ryland tinsley, and caleb demers
artwork by malcolm valaitis



Game Play:

1. Cut out each beer can (mini-game)
2. Players sit in a circle around a table. On the table are three solo cups with a third of a beer in each one, and a hat, with the mini-games inside.
3. Player 1 draws a mini-game from the hat. Player 1 goes, next person is to his left, loser is first who can't continue. For type 2 everyone goes at same time.
4. Player 2 draws next but bitch does not participate in the challenge. Whoever loses now is deputy.
5. Player 3 draws next, as bitch and deputy sit out. Whoever loses this challenge is honorable mention.
6. After three mini-games, bitch, deputy, and honorable mention each grab a cup.
7. Everybody else says, ready, set, go, go, go! On the first go, honorable mention drinks his cup and places it on the table. On the second go, deputy drinks, and on the third go, bitch drinks.
8. Whoever is last to put their drink on the



- table loses the round. He must take the empty beer can, remove the tab, and place the can on an even surface.
9. Whoever loses the next round must place the empty can on top of the last one.
 10. Whoever is first to knock down the Beer Tower is grand loser.

Technicolor: Whoever drew this card chooses the color. Everyone touches a different object in the room of that color.

Loser: whoever is last to touch said color.

Standoff: Everyone stands on one foot with their hands over their head.

Loser: whoever's other foot touches first.

Faceoff: Everyone makes a face.

Loser: first person to stop holding a face or laugh.

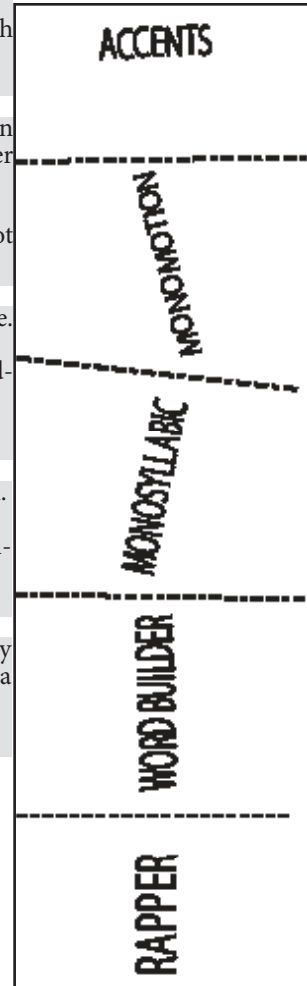
Spinoff: Everyone spins a coin.

Loser: whoever's stops spinning first.

Slogans: Say any slogan for any company, next person says a new slogan.

Objective:

Don't knock down the beer tower!



Accents: Choose any sentence out of this **water tower** and read it with an accent. Next person: must say the same sentence with a new accent.

Monomotion: Make a motion, next person: makes all motions that came before and then adds his or her own motion.

Monosyllabic: Say a monosyllabic word, next person: says all words that came before in order and then adds his or her own word.

Word Builder: Start with a letter, next person: continues word without ending it.

Rapper: Spit a line, next person: continue the rhyme or flow.

tunes.



fembots have feelings, too!

robyn's reign as dancehall queen, and other tales

(three reviews of three acts at last monday's higher ground dance fest)

by bridgettrec

natalia kills

U.K.-born sex songstress Natalia Kills has been slowly securing her place in the pop world ever since she was signed to Lady Gaga's label, Cherrytree Records. Her forthcoming full-length LP, *Perfectionist*, contains three surefire hits that, while comparable to Gaga's sound, are amplified with Kills' live presence as a Megan Fox-lookalike. Now, wouldn't it be a dream come true to hear Fox croon beautifully instead of gabbing away in Michael Bay movies? Personally, I'm biased, seeing as I've been a Kills-diehard (pun intended) since the beginning. But with radio-friendly hits like "Wonderland," "Love is a Suicide," and "Mirrors," you'll be one too. Kills started her 3-song (too short!) set with an unplugged interlude of "Mirrors," the first single off the forthcoming record. Kills came complete with a duo of clone-minions (lookalike dancers) to back her up on the three tracks. The effect was simultaneously creepy and titillating. On "Wonderland," Kills gives her most memorable line: "I don't believe in fairytales / But I believe in you and me." She's sexy yet composed in her next two numbers, and expresses her gratitude in being there: "Ten years ago I was trying to get tickets to Robyn, but couldn't afford it. Probably spending my money on weapons or something."

diamond rings

Picture the ultimate androgynous hipster: complete with pink wife beater, white skinny jeans, half-shaved blonde gay-hawk,

and rainbow eye shadow. Toronto-based crooner John O, a.k.a. Diamond Rings, most likely got some style lessons from Mr. Bowie, circa Ziggy Stardust. While not quite that outlandish in his tunes, Rings' gender-ambiguous look made his deep singing voice come as quite a surprise. Opening with "Play by Heart," Rings began with synth and a drum loop, as well as his own rather brave dance moves that were so awkward, they were cool. His first

"I remember singing 'Show Me Love' in my pajamas at age 8 upon first discovery of its place on the 'Sabrina The Teenage Witch' soundtrack."

full-length release, *Special Affections*, debuted this year on several best-of lists. While his stuff is decidedly "out there," it remains somewhat accessible in his more dance-heavy numbers, like in "Show Me Your Stuff," a tune Rings encouraged the audience to dance to as a warm up for Robyn. Rings played an hour-long set of about ten tracks, all from his LP, providing good quips intermittently. Pulling out his guitar for the first time, he remarks, "I've been on tour with Natalia and Robyn for a few dates now, and I'm the only one who has one of these." He showcased his guitar know-how on "Something Else" and "Wait & See," probably two of his best tracks. There were echoes of some eighties synth pop a la "Don't You Forget About Me" on tracks like "It's Not My Party" as well as "On Our Own." Rings' multiplatform skills were impressive, his songs sweet and his stage presence rather endearing. A

great antecedent to the crazy energy and sentimental cuteness of Robyn, Diamond Rings was an act well picked and is certainly worth a listen.

robyn

After an anxiety-ridden 45 minutes of set-up, the dancehall queen finally appears, along with her interesting band of

"Dancehall Queen" was our first warning from her, as she reminded us that she runs this thing, and she "really don't want no hassle." Robyn's seemingly endless energy, enthusiasm and cute dance moves were probably the most inspiring parts of her performance. She gave the general sense that she was incredibly happy to be there. With a career spanning 14 years, including brief stints of popularity in the U.S. and a continuous following in Europe, Robyn has secured a killer reputation all around the globe. We're still awaiting her major take-over of American pop, seeing as she is the electronic, European version of Gaga herself. But perhaps older and wiser, Robyn's tracks are appropriately more self-assured ("U Should Know Better"), with the same "other woman" sentiment as some of Gaga's hits ("Call Your Girlfriend"). Her biggest U.S. hits came later; first with "Dancing on My Own" and then the highly-anticipated "Hang With Me" on her second encore. She ended the 90-minute set with a slowed-down "Dancing Queen meets Dancehall Queen" mash-up, and finally with her 1996 hit "Show Me Love." Personally, I remember singing that song in my pajamas at age 8 upon first discovery of its place on the "Sabrina The Teenage Witch" soundtrack. It was beautiful to have our journey with Robyn come so full-circle. Her talent and rep is well deserved as an ever-humble, genuine lover of live performance. But in this cold hard world, you gotta check yourself. Don't forget that this bitch is on top, and don't fucking tell her what to do. Konnichiwa bitches! ■