a water tower exclusive:

**Statue Thing caught at Marche with unidentified male lover!!**

S.T. claims that their relationship is purely sexual, but friends say this mystery Marche flame and purported “bad boy” wants more.

**The tangled web of S.T’s sordid love triangle gets more tangled...and sordid!!**

S.T. was spotted with her long-time lover, Mac Smith, in a blow-out fight at the waterfront. Despite Mac’s pathetic attempts to reignite their romance, S.T. is as cold and distant as ever. Friends say S.T. secretly refers to Mac as her “play-thing.” “It’s sick,” said one anonymous source.

**Statue Thing caught at Marche with unidentified male lover!!**

S.T. claims that their relationship is purely sexual, but friends say this mystery Marche flame and purported “bad boy” wants more.

**Loneliness and low self-esteem drives S.T. to develop rampant Church Street shopping addiction!!**

Close personal friends and anonymous sources agree that the Davis Center Statue Thing is officially and completely out of control. Her one-time status as a role model for young girls and puppies leaves Burlington mothers and dog-owners livid. At one time, S.T. was a scandal-free mainstay of the Davis Center stairwell. It is only in recent weeks that her sexy, secret double life has come to light.

Her highly publicized downward spiral of partying, outrageous shopping sprees, as well as her very own sex scandal has left friends shocked and troubled. Her decision to go bra-less has also been widely scrutinized.

Statue Thing refused to comment on this story, but her scorned lover, Mac Smith, gave us the exclusive scoop. “She used to be the sweetest thing. We went apple picking, we did movie night. We stood in the Davis Center together—sometimes for hours we’d stand together. We stood so still. That whore,” said Smith.

Supporters of Statue Thing blame the unidentified Marche lover as her ultimate downfall. He wined her, dined her, swiped his card for her, and made her feel special. “I don’t think S.T. has ever felt so taken care of,” said a close, personal friend. On the flip side, the Marche man is reportedly a notorious “bad boy.” It’s been said that he has led S.T. down a road of credit card bills and crack habits.

“It’s just sad,” said an anonymous source. “Too bad her evil stage mother made her do those Welch’s Grape Juice commercials so early on.”
on composting
Are you just dying to compost after the article two weeks ago? The best (only) way to ensure your compost is getting to the Intervale is to walk it to one of the various loading dock’s compost bins. For example, if you can’t finish your vegan meal from the L/L, tuck your leftovers upstairs past the L/L tutoring center, take your first left and follow your nose into the smelly trash room on your right before the ramp. Head all the way to the back and toss it in the green composting bins, along with any compostable dishwasher. Then pat yourself on the back and don’t slip on the thin layer of spilled vegetable oil coating the floor on your way out.

<3 UVM Eco-Reps

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 news in brief

“Each time they were injured, they blew themselves up.”
-Pakistani government official Sajjad Bhutta on interactions with Taliban fighters. Fanaticism is fucking terrifying.

“Years.”
The response of Steven Ricchiutto when he was asked how long it would be until the market returns to its peak in 2007. The Dow Jones Industrial Average hit a landmark 10,000 points last week, signaling, symbolically at least, that we are emerging well from the recession. Still, apparently, our optimism is not returning any time soon.

“Will we comply with the law.”
-This Louisiana judge is involved in a growing controversy likely to end his career. It all started when Mr. Bardwell refused a marriage license to an interracial couple “out of concern for the future of the children.” Mr. Bardwell insists he’s not a racist and that he has a lot of black friends that he “invites to his house and even let them use the bathroom.” Of course it is a much crappier, less sanitary, separate (but equal) bathroom located in the basement of his house.

Marina Del Rey Police. A man was left dead and rotting on his balcony for a week because everyone mistook him for a Halloween prop. This type of stuff happens every year. Last year a guy was left hanging from a tree for a few weeks, too. I guess it takes that much time for people to realize that Halloween props don’t, in fact, decompose and begin to smell terrible.

the water tower's weekly email newsletter

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The biggest challenge is security.
-A representative of the United States Military discussing the likely necessity for run-off elections in Afghanistan in the coming months. Last election, Taliban fighters threatened people on their way to the polls by purporting to be ready to chop off the finger of anyone who dips his or her appendage in the ink that indicates that one has voted. I think the US would prefer that not happen again, this time.

We will comply with the law.
-A spokesperson for Britain’s ultra right wing British National Party stating that the party, in compliance with a court order, will allow non-whites to join. You read that correctly. Non-whites. Why would any of them want to join?!

What once was fun now seems like a vessel for harassment.
-Megan McCain, on why she’s going to delete her Twitter account after a load of criticism she received for posting a picture of herself in a small tank top. John McCain is yet to comment, but I bet Sarah Palin thought she looked “dern cute!”

Our generation stands at a crossroads.
-Keith Bardwell

Read the wt.

01 Library - 1st Floor
Davis Center - 1st Floor Entrance
Davis Center - Main St. Tunnel

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 invaluable 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 we 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.

You are the water tower.
**Smashing Skults at the G2O**

by eliywltman

Thuawp, Bang, Ssh. The flash bang exploded, percussive noise for a mere in- stant followed by the dispersal of tear gas. I already had my old snowboard goggles on and then I pulled up my backpack bandana, soaked in vinegar to disperse the noxious and burning sensation of tear gas. The tight ranks of protestors broke apart as a solitary dumpster rolled past pushed by four young men dressed in black. However, the atmosphere of “radical bowl ing,” missed the line of riot cops, donned in Kevlar and carbon fiber armor, armed with wooden batons, tear gas launchers and rubber bullets. The police helicopter buzzed overhead, the all-seeing eye of all matters protest-related.

Next rolled in LRAD, (long range acoustic device), a police tear gas tested with this sound cannon capable of creating a shrieking high frequency noise of up to 140DB. I was glad that roommates’ late night “sleepovers” and subwoofers provided to be a pair of ears. Take “HearNOS” LRAD. The unarmed demonstrators at the G20 summit had the privilege of hearing LRAD’s debut on American soil. Civilians in Afghanistan and Iraq, and most recently Honduras, have already experienced this instrument of sensory overload. The crowd dispersed and marchers were separated through alleyways of Lawrenceville in a general state of confusion. Cops came in caravans of Dodge Caravans, kids in a general state of confusion. Cops separated through alleys of Lawrenceville. The crowd dispersed and marchers were separated through alleys of Lawrenceville.

**Nebraska:**

Nebraska is the true All-American state. There are lots of flags, the roads all run in straight lines, there are no states anyone has heard of, and no one has ever taken a vacation there. Nebraska is the place to go if you want to look for cornfields, corn on the cob, cornbread, cornflakes, corn dogs, corndog, corn muffins, corn cakes, corn doughnuts, corn pone, and rubber bullets. The police helicopter buzzed overhead, the all-seeing eye of all matters protest-related.

**Illinois:**

Straight out of the heart of the Midwest, the state of Illinois is lean and healthy, having recently lost all of its political weight when Senator Barack Obama got a much better job. Other things Illinois has recently lost include a corrupt governor, the 2016 Olympics, and almost every professional sports game ever played. The state of Illinois is nothing, 4% Chicago, and 1% wherever Abraham Lincoln lived.

**Michigan:**

Michigan is home to the city of Detroit, the highest unemployment rate in the nation, the murder capital of the U.S., the headquarters of the bankrupt Big Three automakers, and thousands of abandoned buildings and poorly constructed houses. However, they do have a decent college football team.

**California:**

California is a West Coast state that is governed by the Terminators. California has more coastline than it deserves. Northern California has a large popula- tion of trees and young people who have deforested themselves into thinking they are still relevant. Southern California has a large popula- tion of palm trees and aging movie stars that have all run into thinking they are still relevant. San Francisco is in the middle and has a lot of hills.

**New Jersey:**

There are worse places. Condition: Born in the U.S.A. Minimum bid: Anything. Seriously, we’ll take anything.

**Vermont:**

Vermont is a mountainous state in New England where all the air smells either of weed or cow manure. Winter is eleven months long. Popular sports in Vermont are skiing, snowboarding, recycling, and attempting to contemplate life while playing acoustic guitar. Gay marriage is legal; throwing your apple core in the garbage instead of the compost is a crime.

**New York:**

New York is a city with 50,000 square miles of space available to itself. In this city, you can walk a few blocks to Times Square, the Empire State Building, and the headquarters of the United Nations. In the state, you can drive for seven hours to visit half of Niagara Falls and the town of Lake Placid, where they held the Olympics. Yes, eighty years ago.

**Condition:** Sweet on the outside, rotten on the inside. Minimum bid: $10 billion.

**ahmadinejad a jew? oh, the irony**

by briancoiffi

“Mahmoud Ahmadinejad is a Jew.” As a writer, you really can’t ask for a better story to hit the headlines. Why? Ahmadinejad is the “president” of Iran. That’s right. He’s the guy whose country has mysterious nuclear power plants. He’s the guy who’s a major anti-Semite. He’s the guy who denies the happenings of the Holocaust and wants to turn Israel “into a stinking corpse.” In short, he’s an asshole.

This finding came through the British press, which holds a reputation for diligence and poor dental hygiene. The UK newspaper, The Daily Telegraph, showcased a photo of Ahmadinejad holding up his Iranian identification papers during his March 2008 presidential campaign. London experts viewed the picture and concluded that Ahmadinejad’s former surname is a well-known Jewish name in Iran, and his parents probably changed it for religious reasons. The conspiracy theories are already flying around. One Tehran newspaper hypothesized that Israeli leaders somehow influence the Daily Telegraph to push pictures of Ahmadinejad holding up the documents in question.

The findings about Ahmadinejad’s ancestry are being debated, but if they are correct, it’s sure to be the topic of a new skit on SNL. This is the equivalent of Lou Dobbs finding out he’s Hispanic, and subsequently having Fox News offer him a new job–as the landscape. This is like Pat Robertson finding out he’s Muslim and having Evangelicals chime him out of a “megachurch” in Alabama. Not many comedians would even be able to imagine anything this Ahmadinejad being Jewish is like Carlos Menacea being funny. It seems like it shouldn’t happen. It’s against everything we’re used to. But it doesn’t really matter if Ah- madinejad is Jewish. He’s still a bad guy, either way. Blogger “Inja va anja” (“here and there”) foresees that if Ahmadinejad is in fact Jewish, much of the world’s contempt for the Iranian ruler could be redirected to further anti-Semitism (I’m sure Jimmy Carter would find something to say).

There’s one person who obviously won’t see the humor in this. Mahmoud Ahmadinejad will now certainly be called a hypocrite if the information is true. Scholars, such as Ali Nourizadeh of the Centre for Arab and Iranian Studies in London, say that Ahmadinejad’s strong anti-Semitism could be exaggerated due to the fact that he is hiding his Jewish roots. Noriel says that “He feels vulnerable in a racial Shia society.” Surely many Israelis and Jews around the world will not be pleased with this information either. It’s likely that they would like to distance themselves as far away from this monster as possible, and who can blame them?

**so you wanna win the Nobel Peace Prize?**

by paulgros

Make tokenistic gestures:

- Obama promises change to lots of adoring Europeans
- Arafat signs Camp David Accords
- Nothing changes
- Mikhail Gorbachev bends under pressure and knocks down the Berlin Wall

Escape conflicts:

- Kissinger escapes war in Vietnam
- Obama escapes conflict in Afghanistan
- All out selling our apple core in the garbage
- Don’t close GTM0

Be a famous personality:

- Al Gore was almost President and championed environmental movement
- Barack Obama: Celeb-sident

Create peace:

Not really necessary. What a shame.
"Endless possibilities await of getting up and enjoying a bright, cheery Sunday afternoon. No nervousness about whose bed you woke up in or whom you made out with last night. Guilt free, baby."

Amy Spidel
in his home here in Burlington. He was 58.

Gregory Noonan, died this past Sunday.

local Burlington icon and brewing legend, and was eventually promoted to head-brewer at the Alchemist Brewery in Waterbury.

G20

Protesters in clear violation of everyone's the rights of all those living there. A young woman was detained after holding the door open to her dorm to help fellow students escape the police assault. Bloodied knees,ashed heads, handfuls, rips damaged wrists, tears eyes, ha-drasion, jaw, ball, release. All for what, a plea for social justice? A call for economic equality? Or merely standing on your campus in curious disbelief?

This is real people. This is not an isolated event in a far off land or. Our human rights are violated on a daily basis as a result of police violence and domest-
cic espionage. I witnessed ACLU legal observers, who were clearly marked with neon yellow baseball caps, subjected to police violence akin to that of tackling an armed robber. College students and protesters who waved their arms in disbe-lief or stress were charged up with charges of assaulting a police officer and resisting arrest. The riot police were, let's use an economic term of globaliza-tion, "outsourced" from nearly every state in the U.S. Their badge numbers were covered up, and there have been reports of independent media reporters having their cameras broken or film/memory cards confiscated. Thus, it has become practically impossible to hold officers ac-countable for excessive force. It's not just at major protest rallies that the police re-send your rights; police misconduct is an epidemic in the U.S. Warless searches of cars and homes, wiretapping in the name of the "Patriot Act," harassment of college students for petty offenses, just to name a few. Let's not forget the murders of Amadou Diallo, Rodney King, or the violent repression of the Civil Rights Movement. Whether you are opposed to UVM and Burlington Police's mani-cal enforcement of noise violations and petty drinking, or have been brutalized by riot cops, I'm looking to see you in the Streets.

Some Vermonters may wear Carhartt khakis and flannel. But at my high school, we still think of Bambi in a Vermont refrigerator.

It's true, Vermonters are obsessed with maple syrup. However, it seems most people think that he was never more than a phone call away.

It's my understanding that he was one of the nicest, most generous professionals that I ever met in a know-it-all, even though he knew it all."

That decided me. I was going to serve that night. Yes, the intermediate class. No, I didn't know anything beyond the basic step and maybe a turn. Yes, I was insane. However, I felt like Swayze, my childhood hero; therefore Johnny Castles from Dirty Dancing (nobody puts Baby in a corner), would have wanted me to go.

Some part of me already kind of wanted to go. I had gone to the Friday night Pitta kick-off of the Latin dance festival with my salsa-crazed friends Danielle and Sam and managed to step on the toes of not all three of my middle aged male partners, but some of the toes of other couples on the floor. I still fondly remember my one other salsa lesson taken five years ago with my best guy friend, and I've yet to see one two three still plays in my head.

"I felt like Johnny Castles (nobody puts Baby in a corner) would have wanted me to go."

Yes, I was already somewhat prepared - but it was Swayze who kept me in the room when I walked in and immediately wanted to learn. People were already dancing and very well. One couple executed a smooth, sexy lift reminiscent of So You Can Dance. I was so over my head.

My feet started instantly abated once class started, however, with a brief isola-tion warm up, quickly followed by basic step and turning. The exercises were pretty easy to follow and the small class size made me feel less embarrassed when I messed up. Soon after, everyone formed a huge circle with partners facing toward and followers facing out. This is the part I still fondly remember my one other salsa lesson taken five years ago with my best guy friend, and I've yet to see one two three still plays in my head.

"Hi, I'm bad at this," I'd say by way of introduction. "But I'm really okay," my partner would smoothly reply. All my partners were genuinely good at dancing, and they were (shocker) all guys, which I definitely didn't expect. What's more, I headed pretty early at the end of a pretty that I didn't even step on any toes! I had so much fun that night, I went to beginner class the next. The class size was easily double the intermediate classes, but Billy and I stuck on the floor. I still fondly remember my one other salsa lesson taken five years ago with my best guy friend, and I've yet to see one two three still plays in my head.

"Hi, my partners would say, "You are pretty good at that!"

"Thanks," I'd reply smugly. "I went to intermediate last night."

It occurs to me that I had my Latin experience in exactly the opposite order: I learned to dance as a beginner - but my partners were all con-fident enough to give me confidence in dancing. It really is all about rhythm and feeling the music, as Johnny would say. Thanks to the inspiration, Swayze, I'll see you on the dance floor!
I am:

I saw:

When:

run 8. Perhaps sometime soon we could go on a date? :)

I saw you at a house party this weekend. I run 5k’s you

I am:

I saw:

Where:

When:

I would like to gaze into those eyes more often!

always have fun together, but we see each other so little.

I saw:

Where:

When:

following and lead us into something amazing.

to your brilliance, yet every moment in conversation

I am:

I saw:

Where:

When:

Can we be little friendlies again?

I thought you were the cutest boy, like.. ever.

(But it's better if you sing that line)

We learned that you can always depend on the kindness

Last year, I played a crazy Southern belle

by brittanyromar

Sakura Bana has three key ingredients that keep their loyal customers coming back for more: location, price, and their extensive menu. Conveniently located on Church Street, Sakura Bana is the perfect place for tourists and students alike.

The décor of Sakura Bana is not a comforting one. In fact, I would compare the restaurants interior to a low budget movie or television set. With the monochromatic walls and tables and the uncomfortable wooden chairs, you might think the owner had the intention of making Sakura Bana a take-out restaurant rather than a wine and dine experience. In fact, without the minimal “Japanese-esq” art hanging on the walls, and the unwelcoming, dowdy “tastami” seating (sitting on pillows on the floor) you may not even know that they are eating in a Japanese restaurant.

The service is also below acceptable. The wait staff is unfriendly, slow, and not even knowledgeable about their own menu. When asking for a white wine recommendation, the waiter recommended the Bella Sera pinot grigio. Not only is the wine taste like fermented apple juice, but I also found the bottle of Bella Sera at a gas station 45 minutes later. The wine selection was bare and rare; it can be found at a lower price at your local Mobil.

If the décor and wine selection hasn’t bothered you enough to leave (I would stick to sake), then you might be intrigued to order off the menu. In fact, the only two waiters worth giving a good review are the food and the prices. The sushi and sashimi are cut fresh and the menu has a wide variety of rolls for great prices. The majority of their rolls range from $2.75-$6.50 and they have great lunch specials that combine the cooked food with sushi and sashimi. When ordering off the menu I would highly recommend a tuna dish. Sakura Bana is known for their tuna and tuna styled rolls. The Fire Maki roll (tuna and Asian chili sauce) is made just right and leaves your palate feeling refreshed due to the kick in the chili sauce. For you shrimp lovers, the Crunchy Shrimp tends to be a favorite on the menu. The shrimp, avocado and crunchy tempura not only has a great taste, but also a gratifying texture.

The décor may be not noteworthy and the service is definitely not up to par, however if you are dying to fulfill that sushi craving, Sakura Bana is the best in its class. I give Sakura Bana three out of five water towers! My final recommendation: since it’s a small price to pay I would recommend ordering in advance and taking your food away!
cops and robbers
by joshgarty

Previously, a judge was threatened and demands were made.

The next day 10:15 AM, Judge Stephen’s chambers

“I’m sorry Stacy, but their lawyers are saying wrongful arrest. There are no witnesses and the arresting officer used excessive force. I have to release them.”

District attorney Stacy Miller, good stonied. She couldn’t believe her ears.

“Judge Stephens, you can’t be serious. They’re lucky to be alive. One of them pulled a gun on him. We can fight that.”

“I’m sorry, but we really can’t. You know their lawyers. They could get DNA evidence thrown out! He couldn’t have been more specific.”

“What do you get out of this?” she attacked, knowing the answer.

“That’s an awfully inappropriate question to be asking a judge. Now if I were you, I’d walk out of these chambers right now and pretend I never said it before I make a motion to have you disbarred.”

She was gone. Judge Stephens pulled out his cell phone and made a call. He left a message, as vague as possible.

“It’s done.”

11 AM, precinct 52

Stacy walked into the precinct. She looked around and did not see any decent officers. Then Jim walked out of his office screening, holding an envelope.

“What the fuck this left on my desk? Which one of you!”

There was no answer. Again he yelled.

“I want to know who the fuck left on my desk! No answers, huh? Well who ever it was, it’ll be in the trash. And you can tell that bastard the answer is no.”

He stormed back into his office. Stacy followed.

“What the hell was that about?” she asked him.

He threw the envelope at her. It was filled with hundred-dollar bills.

“...and there was a note,” he said, “telling me it’s time to learn how to play along. I can’t stand this crap. There are maybe six good men in this whole building. How the hell can we keep this up?”

“I don’t know, Jim. But we will.”

She sounded like she would cry.

“Jim, then get Pitt and Abrams out,” she muttered weakly.

“God damn it! Pitt pulled a fucking gun on me. He’s lucky to be alive and he’s walking. Fuck! What piece of shit judge got them off?”

“Does it matter Jim? Any of them would have done it.”

“...What are we gonna do! The whole damn system’s down.”

“We just keep trying. What else can we do?”

She handed him the envelope. He threw it in the trash.

8 PM, Joe’s house

Joe and his men were sitting around a table, amongst the crowd were James Pitt and Henry Abrams. They had gathered for their weekly poker game. Now before we start, we have some business to attend to. We have to deal with Jim Sale and Stacy Miller.

They’re on a crusade and they won’t be bought. Now who has any ideas for what we should do next?

A face in the crown responded, “Sales got a family. We could kidnap his son, threaten to kill him. That should work.”

“Tired, I am Dave.”

He cleared his throat.

“Now, Miller might be more difficult. She doesn’t have any family. How should we handle her?”

There was silence. A door opened, awkwardly and loudly, and a man in a brown jacket walked in. Joe looked at him and said.

“Well, Steve, you’re late. Redeem yourself. District attorney Stacy Miller, how do we deal with her?”

Steve smiled and said, “You kidding?!” paused, laughed, and continued, “Her and Sale are fucking. We can blackmail her and Sale too while we’re at it.”

“Is this a hunch? Or do you have proof?”

Jim told me so himself. He trusts me. Thinks I’m one of the good guys.”

Joe laughed.

“You are one of the good guys Steve. We’ll need some hard evidence of course, but you just made my day. Tomorrow night, you, Frank and Henry start tailing her for evidence. Dave, you, Pitt and Robby do the same with Sale.”

Joe cleared his throat again as he brought out the cards. All around the table, dark faces were smiling.

“Alright, that’s enough business for now. Let’s play some poker.”

untitled
by hannahmelton

art(?)
fills museum walls
hang themselves
up on Tradition
while proud parents
plaster refrigerators
with visions of
tomorrow, every child is left behind
today
standardized tests measure:
A) Creativity
B) Critical Thinking
C) Intelligence
D) None of the above
are correct answers
are not found in
percentages are not people
were not born to fill in bubbles burst when
that’s the only coloring they do
and all they know of tone is their skin
rather than their voice
is just as important
as Malcolm’s as Castro’s as Billy’s
witnessed strange fruit
still dangles from family trees
are unable to dislodge their roots are watered down
but teachers can renovish them
by hannah
cap(e)
students
run out to recess
with
big ideas:
change
is not cents/sense-less.

waking up
by alextownsend

I love the moments first thing in the morning when I’m just waking up. I can’t remember who I am then, what I have to do that day, what tests I have to take, or what people I promised I’d meet up with that I don’t really want to see. Most importantly, I don’t remember what it is I’ll say when I wake up.

I have a nice body, it’s pretty even. I’ve got curves where people like to see curves, smooth skin, and breasts that people have complemented so often that I wonder if they know there’s a person attached to them. It’s a great body, but it’s mine and I would kill to get rid of it all.

Ok, maybe that’s a bit much. What I’d kill for is to get rid of the feeling I have every day, the feeling that I’m in a disguise. Every morning I wake up and I put on my make-up, my vids, and my cute mini-skirt or short of the day like a good little girl and I feel like I’m going around in drag. I want to be wearing baggy jeans and loose sweaters. I want to look casual, not all cleaned up and ready for a date. I don’t even need to own a brush. I want to not feel like I’m telling a lie every time I introduce myself as Natalie.

I told my best friend, an ultra-prissy girl I love to hate, about once, about how I feel like I was born into the wrong kind of body. I told her that I’ve always felt like a sometimes kind of feeling, but now she thinks I’m just some sort of butch lesbian in denial. She didn’t tell anyone else about it, but she’s stopped hanging out with me too. I haven’t told anyone else since. I just went back to the lipstick and mini-skirts.

I’m not gay, I know that. Hell, sex in general is the farthest thing from my mind these days. But what is it that I want? It’s only in the morning that I can let myself think about it. Then I can imagine that when I pull off my sheets I’ll see a smooth, flat chest, one that I don’t have to bother hiding under a shirt. I’ll be bigger than I am now, taller and with more muscle on me. I dream that I’ll get up and throw out all of the make-up and hair junk that’s cluttering my shelf and replace it all with a stick of deodorant and a razor blade.

But then I wake up before my thoughts can go much further. I know who I am, who I have to be. I’m not some weirdo and I’m going to live my life the way everyone’s told me to is right. I mean, what else is there? My parents would freak if I… Anyway, it’s almost time for class and I’m not sure I should work. “Alright, that’s enough business for now. Let’s play some poker.”

Feeling a little créatif? Wishing Vantage Point was published more than once a semester? Well new can take the form of poems, drawings, black and white photos, and any other créatif things to the water tower’s new section, créatif stuffé.

Send your submissions to thewatertowernew@gmail.com by Tuesdays at 4:00.

photograph by juliet critsimilios
The Fifth Business is, but at the very least he or she knows it "is sexual. Those who attended the Of Montreal concert at the gym this past weekend may also know that The Fifth Business is a local indie band that is not about to bust out a Milky Cyrus cover or a Hello Kitty guitar (at the same time, no less). Indeed despite the reflective, heavy tone of their original tunes, TFB is wary of taking things too seriously—as they are wont to warn you not to. Cold Desert Kings of Leon told me you love me that I’ll never die alone/hand over your heart/let’s go Cold Alex Young Frostbite on my fingers/ and it slowly gets into my heart/every night feels like winter/every second we’re apart Cold Cold Heart Norah Jones A memory from your lonely past keeps us as far apart/why can’t I free your doubtful mind and melt your cold cold heart Cold Love Foreigner You’re as cold as ice/you’re willing to sacrifice our love/you want paradise/but someday you’ll pay the price of montreal glitter glued my chest by thomasjanuary

They can be an acquired taste. Of Montreal is the brainchild of front man Kevin Barnes, a dynamic hybrid of Freddy Mercury and David Bowie, who has developed into an indie-pop icon with his last two releases. The band headlined UVM’s Fall Fest last weekend, and brought a metric ton of glitter and the best five-show around to the Patrick Gym. The band launched past initial audio problems and straight into three songs from their newest release. From there they went into one of the older live favorites called “The Party’s Crashing Us Now” and the show really kicked off. BP, the guitarist sporting a pink, feathered set of angel’s wings, flexed his guitar muscles and laid down a sharp melody that just about sparked a mosh pit on the floor. The crowd immediately took to the set and didn’t take long for every wide-eyed patron to start jumping and screaming with the music. During the whole show, performers leapt around the stage in surreal costumes, wrestling and playing with the band. The animated background images didn’t miss a beat, throwing up spinning tiger heads and spaceships, superimposed over trippy patterns and designs. Barnes and company played a set that spanned both their newer and older albums. They played numerous bits of “Hissing Faun,” including two of the show’s highlights, “Fargee Falls for Shugge” and “A Sentence of Sorts,” as well as some highlights from earlier discs such as “My British Tour Diaries” and “Leconnial Fures for Shuggie” and “A Sentence of Sorts,” as well as some highlights from earlier discs such as “My British Tour Diaries” and “Leconnial.

Mike: Yeah, you wouldn’t know. [laughs]

Mike: Well we’re trying to play as many shows as possible right now, up until December, both in town and out of town.
The band played a relentless hour and a half and had the crowd eating out of their hand from the first song. There hasn’t been that much fun, or sweat, in the gym since the last time the basketball team won. Keep up the solid bookings, SA.

The average UVM undergrad may not know what The Fifth Business is, but at the very least he or she knows it "is sexual. Those who attended the Of Montreal concert at the gym this past weekend may also know that The Fifth Business is a local indie band that is not about to bust out a Milky Cyrus cover or a Hello Kitty guitar (at the same time, no less). Indeed despite the reflective, heavy tone of their original tunes, TFB is wary of taking things too seriously—as they are wont to warn you not to. Cold Desert Kings of Leon told me you love me that I’ll never die alone/hand over your heart/let’s go Cold Alex Young Frostbite on my fingers/ and it slowly gets into my heart/every night feels like winter/every second we’re apart Cold Cold Heart Norah Jones A memory from your lonely past keeps us as far apart/why can’t I free your doubtful mind and melt your cold cold heart Cold Love Foreigner You’re as cold as ice/you’re willing to sacrifice our love/you want paradise/but someday you’ll pay the price