

the water tower.

uvm's alternative newsmag



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wt exclusive!

whale washes up on north beach community torn!



photo by emily shwartz

by joshhegarty

Last Sunday night, February 7th, one of the most incredible and unbelievable things to ever appear in Burlington, Vermont washed up on the beach. A North Atlantic Blue Whale, weighing an estimated 150 tons with a length of 91 feet washed up dead on North Beach. If you find this information hard to swallow, I don't blame you. I didn't believe it myself until I visited North Beach and saw it with my own eyes.

There are two types of North Atlantic Blue Whales, each having numbers below 1500. One type, with numbers estimated to be under 500, has been seen often around Greenland, Newfoundland, Nova Scotia and in the Gulf of Saint Lawrence. The Gulf of Saint Lawrence is fed by the Saint Lawrence River, which is fed in part by Lake Champlain. Some hypothesize that this whale may have died previously and then floated to North Beach, however, this proves to be impossible, as it would have to have floated against the current. Also, the level of decomposition of the leviathan shows that it has died too recently to have floated here from the Atlantic, even if such a thing were possible. Therefore, for reasons unknown and in all likelihood, unknowable, this whale swam here and then died in Lake Champlain.

Local forensic scientists have made

attempts to examine the body and determine a cause of death, however since they are not accustomed to working with whales, their tests have been largely inconclusive. They have however determined that it was likely to be some sort of illness of the whale because no notable signs of injury could be found.

This strange occurrence has also raised questions about the capabilities of

"Local forensic scientists have made attempts to determine a cause of death...their tests have been largely inconclusive."

animals to predict disaster. Throughout history it has been recorded that animals behave erratically and sometimes flee their homes before natural disasters. One local beachgoer, Dave McGinley, had this to say, "Well, you know how it is. It's 2010, and well, the rapture is coming. See that whale there; he's a messenger of God. First there was the earthquake in Haiti, then this. And stranger and stranger things are going to happen until we repent. In 2012, the world's gonna end and this is a sign. I'm telling you." Another, Beth Peterson, said, "Well, yeah, things like this are bound to happen. We don't think about the way that our actions

affect whales. We're ruining the sea and the atmosphere, can you really blame this whale for being confused?"

One man, who went only by Z, had this to say, "That isn't a normal whale. A week ago, an alien space craft dropped it here after they did their little experiments on it. We gotta get rid of it soon or the eggs that they planted in its belly will

hatch and we'll be overtaken by aliens. Most people think I'm crazy, but I can prove it." He then left and told me to wait for him to come back with the footage of the whale being dropped in the lake, however I waited for several hours, and he did not return.

Several student groups showed up at the beach to demand that the body of the whale be allowed to decompose naturally and not be brought to waste management plants. One young woman was actually handcuffed for trying to eat a piece of the whale's tail. There was no confirmation from the police about whether or not any arrests were made or charges filed

however.

Local authorities issued a statement on Friday, February 5th at noon, which had this to say:

"North Beach will be closed to all from this point until Tuesday, February 9th, at the earliest. The beach will reopen as soon as the whale remains have been properly removed and the shore has been combed and cleaned to ensure the safety of all."

One police officer, who asked to remain anonymous, had this to say, "Far as I know, we're gonna blow it up. That's how I heard that they rid of beached whales. I don't know any other way it might work."

Although there is one event on record in which a beached whale was blown up as part of the removal process (Florence, Oregon 1970), it is not the most commonly used method. Often they are dragged back out to sea so that they can decompose and be carried away by the current. They are also sometimes buried in the sand of the beach itself. They are on occasion pushed back into the ocean with a bulldozer. In very rare occasions, they are left to decay naturally and then pieces of them are carried off by trucks to bring to plants for disposal. No official statement has been given for how it will be removed, if it indeed has not been yet at the time of this publication. ■

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me

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here comes 2010
by emilyhoogesteger

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inbox

pure and very proud

I just finished reading your article on being Pure and Proud as being more of a fashion statement than anything else, and I'm left a little miffed. It seems as of late that when discussing virginity there are only two populations: those who have sex, and everyone else who must obviously wear a purity ring. Well, I'd like to report that there's a third group: those who abstain not because they made a promise to their fathers to remain pure until their wedding night, but simply because sex means something more to them and would like to wait for a fully committed relationship. It's disturbing to be constantly put in the same category as the Jonas Brothers or Miley Cyrus just because I consciously abstain from sex. It's a private decision that many have made public via the tabloids. I'm not saying that sexual activity should be banned or shunned as it was in the middle ages, but rather it should be seen more as a mature choice that has been made on the part of the individual. I am "pure and proud," I just don't go advertising it, nor will I fall into bed with the next available guy just to make sure I'm not categorized with Taylor Swift. The issue is not an either/or, as the media portrays it, and you're right to say that virginity has now become "glamorized" by celebrities. But, for those who have not become sexually active, it has also become something to almost be ashamed of, especially if only these two points of view are shared. Being abstinent is not something that needs to be shunned. Those who wish to be vocal about their experiences will do so, and the rest of us will quietly continue on with our lives of non-advertisement about our sexual choices, because the categorical options leave us feeling uninspired.

-Sandra Gibbons

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

thewatertowernews@gmail.com

the shit list

with macsmith

Republicans It appears not even the Super Bowl is a partisan discussion in Washington anymore. According to Politico, the Democrats rooted for the New Orleans Saints to win the Super Bowl, while the Republicans went for the Indianapolis Colts. Can anyone else remember a time when Republicans didn't root for New Orleans?

The Tea Party Former representative Tom Tancredo spoke at the opening night of the first ever National Tea Party Convention, taking aim at Obama's socialist agenda and America's "cult of multiculturalism," saying that the president was elected because "we do not have a civics, literacy test before people vote in this country." Unfortunately for Tancredo, if the ability to vote were decided on education, the Tea Party would be rendered almost completely irrelevant.

Male Breast Reduction Surgery has doubled in the last year, according to a British study. Lol.

Sarah Palin After criticizing President Obama for using a teleprompter, the former governor and part time Russia foreign policy expert was caught reading words off her hand in a speech given to at the Tea Party Convention. It's not that we all don't need little reminders here and there, it's that she should be able to remember to talk about "tax," "budget," and "lifting America's spirits."

Virginia Republicans In the wake of Virginia and Washington DC's record snowfall this weekend, the Virginia Republican Party has put together an add declaring that Democrat's efforts to control global warming are ridiculous. The video tells Virginians to call their Democrat representatives and tell them how much global warming they just got. Can someone please tell these people that the existence of snow does not mean global warming is a myth? They're just making themselves look stupider.

the water tower.

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SPORTS BLINK

with michaelcieslak

This Friday, The Olympic Cauldron will be lit in Vancouver followed by the opening ceremony. The events start Saturday. As of now, UVM has two and a half Olympians who will be competing. Veteran Slalom Skier Jimmy Cochran, he will be competing on Jan 27th. He finished twelfth in Torino in 06. Tim Thomas, U.S. Hockey Goalie, will be there but I doubt he will see the ice. He is second or third goalie to Ryan Miller. The third is Cross-Country Skier Kris Freeman. He actually only went to Vermont for one year but he is by far the best chance for a medal so we will take what we can get. Kris is competing in something like five events so look out for him. We should have a fourth, but hockey player Martin St. Louis

got screwed out of the Canadian team. Not that it really matters because Canada could make a second team that would still probably beat the U.S. team. As far as TV favorites go, nothing beats watching curling re-runs after a long night walking around downtown. I have no idea why curling is so exciting after a bunch of booze, but it really is. Also skeleton and bobsled kick ass, for the danger factor. To the dismay of many, there is no equivalent to women's beach volleyball in the Winter Olympics. Figure skating is close, but the music tends to suck and becomes really annoying, which is why the mute button exists. Enjoy the Olympics.

the news in brief

with paulgross

"More people now are doubters than firm believers."

-**Professor Bob Watson**, the chief scientific officer to the British equivalent of the EPA, speaking about alarming new data that the number of climate change skeptics in the UK is growing rapidly. Sadly.

"It was a mistake."

-A **spokesperson for the new Afghan police**, explaining why 7 Afghan villagers were shot from afar because they appeared to be insurgents. Now, I understand that the Afghan police have a difficult job to do, and that insurgents a lot of times look like regular people but the single key to success at the mission of finding insurgents is gaining the trust of the people, and so far they're sucking dick at it.

"I deeply regret the pain I have caused to my family."

-**South African President Jacob Zuma**, apologizing for having an illegitimate lovechild with an HIV-positive woman. The thing that makes this more ridiculous is that Zuma is a practicing polygamist who already has 3 wives and 19 children. Not surprisingly, word on the street is that he's a bit of a sex addict. He also told everyone not to worry about his getting AIDS because he "took a shower afterwards."

"I'm going to miss him terribly."

-**Zookeeper Nicole Meese**, speaking about a panda relocated to a different zoo in DC. Why was this in the news?!

"Our hand is still reaching out to Iran, but so far it's reaching into nothingness."

-**German foreign minister Guido Westerwelle** about ongoing negotiations between Iran and the West which seek to create a deal with Iran to trade their enriched weapons grade uranium for Western supplied nuclear reactor fuel (sounds like a good deal, right?). Iran's not really cooperating.

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Or send us an email

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

thought the 2000's were bad? here comes 2010

osama goes green?

by emilyhoogesteger

TIME called the 2000s the Worst Decade Ever, and certainly no one was sad to say goodbye to the last ten years, which brought us 9/11, Hurricane Katrina, domestic spying, and reality television. But that was before we met 2010. Between the Haitian Earthquake, the escalating violence in Afghanistan, and the continued recession, the World is pretty badly fucked up – and it's only February. Citizens of humanity, it's time to face facts. We're doomed, and there's no point in denying it. Luckily, the Watertower is here to help, with a handy 2010 calendar of events leading up to our imminent demise. We may not be able to stop the oncoming apocalypse, but at least we'll know what's coming. Brace yourselves.

February 12 The Winter Olympics in Vancouver. In order to adapt to global warming, wakeboarding and waterskiing replace traditional snow sports, and Jamaica dominates. Record numbers of Americans tune in to watch, but promptly turn their TVs off again when they realize it's not Jersey Shore and that everyone is pale and Norwegian.

March 7 The Academy Awards. Avatar wins everything, proving that with unlimited time and money, you can achieve success. The rest of America, who have neither of these things, throw up their hands in despair.

March 15 Sick of waiting for affordable healthcare in the U.S., thirty million Americans immigrate to Canada. Those remaining in the U.S. begin a petition to take back the American Revolution in order to be covered by the British healthcare system.

April 1 In a massive April Fool's joke, the Census Bureau omits the entire population of Colorado from their calculations. Citizens of Denver are not amused, and the Mile High City stages a giant protest, which everyone assumes is just a massive, badly timed Super Bowl party.

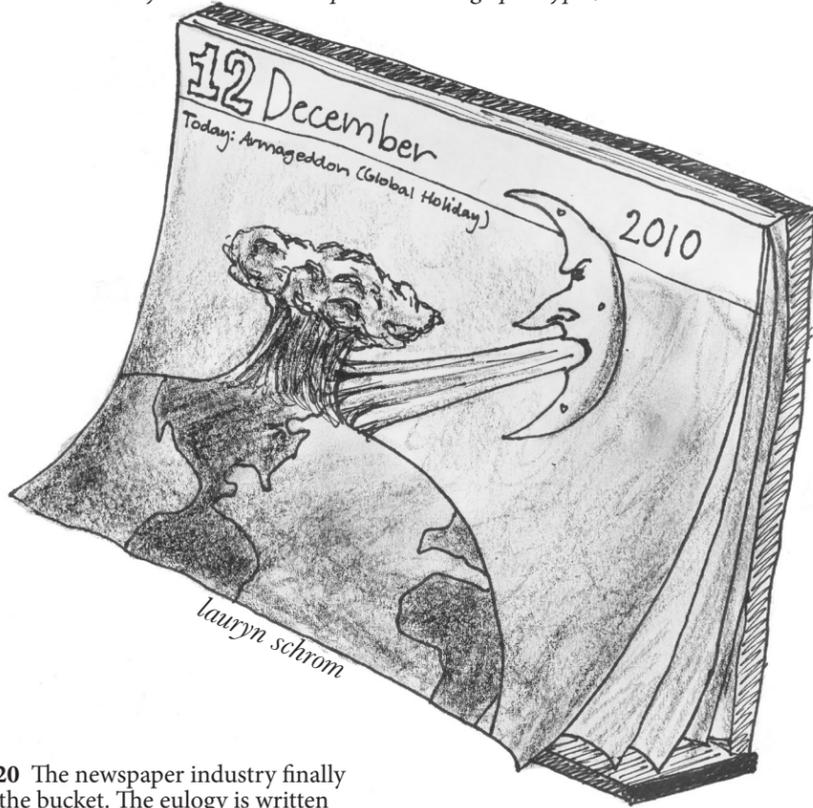
May 4 Airport security reaches such ridiculous levels that the TSA gives up and decides to just cryogenically freeze everyone before they board the aircraft. Insurance rates skyrocket, but complaints about crying babies drop significantly. Skymall tragically goes out of business.

June 20 The newspaper industry finally kicks the bucket. The eulogy is written on an iPhone and broadcast on Twitter. People across the country mourn the loss of newsprint for its important role in litterbox training the cat.

October 5 Hell freezes over, much to the dismay of anyone who has ever promised to do anything "When hell freezes over." Deniers of Climate Change rejoice; the rest of the world anxiously watches pigs to see if they will fly.

November 2 Thanks to the new campaign finance rules, the 2010 Coca-Cola Republican Re-Election Campaign declares victory. The Kleenex 112th Congress prepares to begin.

December 12 Fourteen months after NASA bombs the moon, the moon gets pissed and retaliates. The Earth doesn't stand a chance, and civilization comes to a spectacular end.



by lauradillon

It seems that even Osama bin Laden isn't immune to the trendiness of the green movement. Last week, while scrolling through the New York Times website, I came across an interesting headline: "Bin Laden Adds Climate Change to List of Grievances Against U.S." At first I was surprised because bin Laden and the green movement seem like a strange coupling, but I figured living in a cave must be pretty eco-friendly.

Al Jazeera, a Middle Eastern news broadcaster, released an audiotape on which bin Laden blamed the current climate crisis on the great industrial nations, the United States in particular. I don't normally look to bin Laden for rational political opinions, which is why it was so disconcerting that several of his statements make sense in a weird way.

This isn't to say that I agree with everything he said and he is certainly ape-shit crazy but there are rare (very, very rare) glimpses where he seems more coherent than normal. I, too, think the U.S. made a mistake by not agreeing to the Kyoto Protocol (and has continued to make similar mistakes). I, too, think that the U.S., as a world super power and top polluter, has a responsibility to be at the forefront of the climate change crisis. Bin Laden loses me when he reverts back to crazy talk about bringing the U.S. economy down, but I can't help but think, if even Osama bin Laden recognizes the problem (albeit, in a delusional way), we need to do something about it! Bin Laden seemed a little more interested in bringing the U.S. economy to ruins (which we seem to be doing very well all by ourselves), which makes me doubtful that he is going to do anything about actual climate change. This leaves us to work on the problem.

The Obama administration has renewed my hope that someone might actually do something; however, there remain people in our country that refuse to recognize the

continued as osama on page 6

Advertisement

National Girls and Women in Sports Day is a national event in its 24th year. The day seeks to celebrate the accomplishments and advances of females in sports over the past several decades and to encourage girls and women to continue pursuing athletic endeavors. It also seeks to influence public policy that will allow even more females to enjoy sports. Here at UVM, we are celebrating the day with a writing contest, encouraging our students to express their passions toward sport focusing on the events theme this year, "Stay Strong, Play On."



Stay strong. Play on!
By Mackenzie Williams

As a Division I athlete, you're always competitive, looking to find that extra edge and win every game of your season in the hopes of making it to the top. Losing a game or two can have negative impacts on a team, but could you imagine losing seventeen? For the 2009 Vermont Field Hockey team, the saying, "winning isn't everything" was something that could illustrate their record at the end of the season. But what it doesn't describe is the sweat, blood, and tears the team put into a tough schedule last fall. Playing ranked opponents and losing games by one goal with less than five minutes to go really shows how strong a team these ladies were. Ask any one of the players and you'll probably hear what a fun season they had and how much each individual learned about not only their field hockey talents, but their personal strengths as well.

These athletes gave it their all during practice and every game. For them it wasn't about the record, it was about daily individual and team improvements. It's hard to have fun when your record doesn't show how successful your team is, but for this field hockey team fun came any time they got a chance to be together. Staying strong as a team in the face of adversity allowed them to make those improvements and not give up. Internal drive to compete kept them going and they never looked back. Although the 2009 Vermont Field Hockey team didn't make it to playoffs, they fought hard from the first whistle to the last in every competition. Do you think just any team could remain as proud of the little accomplishments as they did? Stay strong, play on!

On the Starting Line
By Lindsay Gabel

"Three minutes!"
The announcer calls through his megaphone as I accelerate into one last 50-metre warm-up sprint and return to the starting line of the Chinguacousy Qualifier 3000m race that is scheduled to begin in now less than three minutes.

Two minutes.
The competition casts me sideways glances suggesting – what, exactly? Amusement? Bewilderment? Mild annoyance? Could it be for the reason that I am a senior girl on the starting line of a Senior Boys division race? Probably. Does this faze me? Not at all. I am competing against myself and no one else, striving for that time I need to qualify for Regionals. After all, there is no way I am going to sacrifice all those early mornings, sweltering afternoons, and sub-zero evenings, having endured everything from ankle-deep snow to teeming rain, simply for the reason that the team bus was late and I missed this morning's Senior Girls' division qualifier.

One minute.
No, this race will be no different. At the three-quarter mark, when my lungs are burning and screaming for air, I will question whether long-distance running is really worth it, as all competitive long-distance runners do. But when I come into that final 100-metre stretch, the exhilaration of success only a short distance away, there will be no doubt in my mind that it is indeed worth it – the pain, discomfort, exhaustion, commitment, rolled ankles – and much more.

An official patrols the width of the track one last time; I am poised over the starting line as the starter raises his pistol and everything is still. The race is just beginning, but in my mind, I have already won.

UVM Club Field Hockey
By Samantha Welch

Just as equal as boys are we,
We are the girls field hock-ey
We wear skirts, but don't be fooled
If you oppose us, you will be schooled
Balls and sticks are our thing
Goals are scored by our wing
Our D will stop you, like a brickwall
Mids have awesome control of the ball
At UVM our club is new
But we've acquired quite a crew
In 2009, we got club of the year
And soon the campus began to hear
How awesome we were,
we were really growing
Our skills and effort
Finally started showing
In just four years to nationals we went
Thirteen hour drive to V.A. that meant
Though we tried hard, we lost in O.T.
But 6th out of 81? We'll take that with glee!
Although the founders are now graduating,
The torch gets passed to those still playing
And many years from now, when other
members are gone
UVM Club Field Hockey will always live on

"Stay Strong, Play On!"
By Will Baker

If at first you don't succeed, try try again
Practice makes perfect
Lace 'em up and strap on in
Anything goes when you're playing to win
You sweat, you ache, but keep your
Head in the game; because any mistake is just an
Obstacle you must overcome
Come one come all, lets play together; it's okay to boast
Keep on working, come on I'll show you how
Every chance you get is a chance to make the most
You've got to play it safe to play it again.

National Girls and Women in Sports Day

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chat roulette

the good, the bad, and the masturbaters

by mikewhite

Warning: Reading this article may fill you with the need to try Chat Roulette for yourself. We here at the Water Tower are not to be held accountable for anything that you might see, and subsequently never be able to un-see. M.W.

It's 11:30 on a Wednesday night, I'm doing what I usually am up to at this particular time: trying to find something on the interwebs to distract me from my horrifying phil. logic homework. My weapon of choice this time, Chat Roulette. Chat Roulette is a video chat aggregation program allowing you to have your pick of the usual circa-10,000 person pool. The website contains two boxes, one displaying your own face, the other has your random "stranger." There is also a much used text box next to the video displays, used to combat the ever shitty audio quality of the blossoming website. Above all of the communication tools, you are supplied a "Next" button, which magically erases any memory of whatever revolting thing has appeared on your computer and brings you a fresh new face. Think of MTV's old dating show, see anything you don't like? "Next!"

I think Chat Roulette is a fantastic idea. I believe Google Wave was going for something along these lines, before

it became so fucking confusing that it made me want to throw my MacBook into the syringe pit from Saw 2. A connected world, where communication is possible from any Internet source with one click. The theory brings to me thoughts of global organization and mobilization, something like how Twitter was used to combat the reporting ban on the Iranian opposition riots of 2009. No such luck. At least not yet.

This site has suffered from the same ailment that nearly all clever new Internet sensations have. Creepy Internet predators, masturbaters, and asshole comment brigade. These people, who I refer lovingly as the (ACB) have the divine purpose to scream the first not funny comment and then fist bump with their party of ever-tilted to the side-hat wearing boys before enjoying their nightly circle jerk. But more on my experiences with the ACB later. You will find, in any experience with Chat Roulette, at LEAST one naked man. If this prospect turns you off for some strange reason just don't try it. It's nothing you can control, it's uncomfortable, but it just happens, quite like puberty. Along with the ever daunting threat of running head-long into a dick, you also are bound to find many a 20-something-year-old man alone, searching for what can only be the dick's counterpart on Chat Roulette, the elusive boobs. Now I don't really understand why you would troll around on Chat Roulette, while there are a bountiful selection of websites that will show you any shapes and sizes of breasts, some still feel the need to ask complete strangers to "Show me your tits." Actually, I met two people on CR willing to preform "tricks for tits," one of whom was holding one of those tech decks from 4th grade, the other doing a disappearing ping pong ball trick. If anyone deserves to see a pair, it's these guys.

A slight aside on my experience with the ACB on Chat Roulette: On one particularly odious day, half way through my high school career... South Park came around and fucked everything up, revealing all redheads to be what they really are: day-walking ginger vampires with no souls. Damn you Matt and Trey, you clever fellows. I bring this up because I was born with the unfortunate genetic code as to make my hair tinged red. As if being the tall kid who can't play basketball to save his life was not enough fodder for high school sharp shooters, the ginger bashing began. When I finally escaped the high walls of my high school, I thought I had escaped my "ginger" epithet forever. The ACB on Chat Roulette were determined to prove me wrong. In my first hour session on Wednesday night, I was called out for my obvious lack of soul on six different occasions. I also received several "ginger fags," followed very closely by a "NEXT" on their end. Oh the hazards of Chat Roulette. If you're feeling shy, nervous, self-conscious, or really have feelings at all, the ACB are gunning for you. Most of the time, you don't even get the time to respond, although I did manage to make a break through with one such ACB. The conversation started as most do on CR, you see a room, with some sort of cliché Fight Club poster on the wall, with a bunch of frat dudes sitting around and all of the sudden a "FUCK YOU" emits from your speakers. I responded with "It's nice to meet you frat boys." No one was near enough to hit "NEXT" so I asked where they were from. They very excitedly

answered "Texas!" in the stereo. Figures. But we actually had a nice chat consisting of me questioning their choice of brews: Red Dog. They told me it was 15\$ for a Thirty Rack, which convinced me that maybe my ever-bashing of

all things southern might be faulty, and maybe I should spend a semester in Texas myself. \$22 for a 30 of PBR, REALLY Burlington? When it was finally time for me to move on, I said adieu to my new-found frat boy friends, and I heard one of them say ever-so faintly in the background... "That ginger's kind of cool." The highest of compliments in the dude-bro arsenal, as their usual vocabulary stretches only as far as could be covered in that of a 4th grade spelling bee. And for that I'm grateful, thanks dude-bro, I think you're pretty cool too.

It's not all bad though- you may find someone who loves your favorite movie, goes to school with a cousin, or lives in McCauley. I'm speaking to you Krista, Coco, Tanna, and Goldberg. And in very, very, VERY rare instances you can have a really interesting conversation with someone. In one such Chat Roulette session myself and Ben, my roommate, talked for twenty minutes with

two art school students from New York. Originally they were wearing a two person Snuggie,

and for that I hated them, as I hate all people with Snuggies. Once we convinced them to take off their ridiculous attire, they turned out to be genuinely interesting. They showed us some of their artwork, which was quite good, we traded stories about all of the creepy people we'd seen, and showed off our tattoos. We even signed that all-binding contract of acquaintance- we friended on Facebook.

Even if real conversation isn't your general cup-a-tea, here are some other things we have encountered on Chat Roulette:

- A man who wanted his mustache rated on a scale of 1-10. *8 by the way, very impressive.*
- Having a toast with sports-watching bros.
- Several much-too-soon "Tits-for-Haiti" signs. *I'm looking at you Ski and Snowboard Team.*
- Three guys smoking weed. *Nice form on the water bottle bong.*
- Dipping dudes. *Skoal is classy indeed.*
- Some chick from New Zealand.
- A guy interested in boxing through the cameras. *Float like a butterfly.*
- A girl with a bra on her face. *No idea what that was about.*
- An asian man who said "Whoa white people." *Whoa white people indeed.*
- Lots of people using Photobooth's effects, to general hilarity.
- A guy asking to see my "teeth" and commenting on hygiene. *Whatever floats your boat.*

The possibilities of Chat Roulette are not endless, the enjoyment and not-piss-your-pants in laughter, the people are not extraordinarily friendly, exciting, attractive, or even pleasant. But there is something special that keeps you on Chat Roulette, the hope that maybe you could meet someone intriguing, someone really worth your time on a chat site. But more likely, it's just a guy jacking off. That's why while it's fun for now, I predict a quick exit of the Chat Roulette trend. It's not the next Myspace, Facebook, or Twitter. But if you're looking for a quick laugh, Chat Roulette is really a site to see. ■

alone on valentine's day?

you're not alone!!!
(yes you are.)

by erikaweisz

- Snooki:** Despite all of the boner-inducing cooter flashes, she never managed to lock it down on the Jersey Shore. Maybe if she didn't have a rental fee...
- Ashley Olsen:** Sucks to be the ugly twin.
- Helga Pataki:** After spurning Arnold's attempt at V-Day kindness, Helga will probably spend the day locked in her closet with a very special gum shrine.
- Brad Pitt, Angelina Jolie, and Jennifer Aniston:** The Bermuda Triangle of love triangles.
- Gollum:** The way he eats fish.... it's fucking disgusting. What a terrible date that was.
- Burger King:** Sure. You love it 364 days of the year, but your bucket-o'-lard significant other knows that Valentine's Day is for fine wine and drink. Applebee's it is!
- Tiger Woods:** Correction—he's not with his wife, but he's probably not alone.

by georgeloftus

I remember the first time I fell in love. She cheated on me. I don't really want to talk about it.

The second time I fell in love? Yeah, that went a lot better. Let's talk about it.

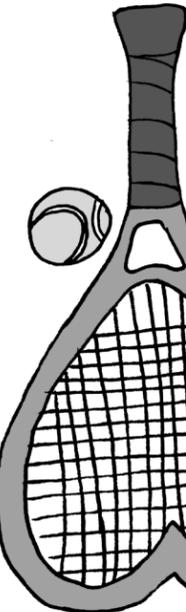
It's actually kind of awkward. It happened during my first serious relationship. After waving goodbye to my lady friend, I went inside and turned on the TV. For the first time, Direct TV had unlimited court coverage to the French Open, one of the world's most important tennis matches and with that, 24/7 replays of that day's match. I was on the tennis team at my high school, but never had such access to the sport before. I had no idea what the gods looked like. And damn, they looked good.

One in particular looked good. He was a left handed Spaniard who destroyed. There was no competition, not even from Roger Federer, the world no. 1. The best in the world was felled by a 19 year old.

His name was Rafael Nadal and he stole my heart.

He doesn't fit the convention of the sport, and that's probably why I'm sporting such a beast of a mancrush on him. What's a mancrush? A mancrush is when you're a guy and you want to live with another guy and bake cookies with him. You don't think it's weird to drink tea on rainy Sundays over a friendly game of UNO and he's your first choice for a guest to your sister's wedding. It's someone whose company you genuinely enjoy unconditionally. It's just awkward because you think they're good looking. I'm into girls but I am more than secure to say Rafael Nadal is fuckin'

smoking. Tennis is a sport for people with well-coiffed hair. Nadal wore man capris



kelly m

capris that fit his body after every point he had. While most people wear that that retained the tradition of the sport, Nadal wore a sleeveless shirt that showed his fucking arms... Those

my date with val

by gregfrancese

My interview with Valentine's Day was anything but romantic. As I sat in the restaurant waiting for her to arrive, I tried to picture what such a well-known, yet completely mysterious, woman would look like. In my head, I pictured a beautiful woman wearing a red dress and red lipstick. When she arrived (more than 30 minutes late), I realized how wrong I was. Valentine's Day was hideous. Her lipstick was smeared all over her face. If it was red lipstick, I couldn't tell because of the jaundiced tone of her skin. She reeked of stale cigarette smoke. Her hair looked as though something got stuck in it. As she approached me, I urged myself to remember that you shouldn't judge a book by its cover. "Fuck that adage," I thought; it's supposed to be Valentine's Day, not a hooker from Craigslist. About ten steps away from the table her right heel snapped from the weight of her body. As she fell, I hoped that my reputation tonight would suffer less than hers. I ran over and helped her up and we sat down to begin the interview.

Without apologizing for being late, she began, "You got some booze 'round here?" I called the waiter over and she ordered some Grey Goose and tonic. While she gulped down her cocktail, I sat there wondering how such a hideous woman could inspire such a romantic holiday.

- WT:** Valentine's Day -
- VD:** - You can call me Tina like erryone else does.
- WT:** Okay, Tina. How did the image that most people associate with you come into being?
- VD:** I dunno, really. I never understood it, myself, but I've always decided to go along with it.
- WT:** So, the images of Cupid, romance, chocolates, and roses have no historical meaning to you?
- VD:** Nope, I really can't understand it either. If Hall-mark saw me during my daily activities, they'd probably rethink their investment on Valentine's Day. I wake up at 10:30 every morning, usually hungover. I smoke two n a half packs of cigarettes erryday. Get drunk off of cheap

tions.

ush'd

bangin' spots

by gregjacobs

douchebags, peo-
air and cardigans.
s. He wore man

sure he wrestles bears when he's bored. His biceps are bigger than my head. He's my hero.

Every time he won a hardfought point he wouldn't just do a fist pump, he'd start the lawnmower. He could control the crowd with his uncanny ability to read his opponents and systematically exploit every weakness they had, and that's just awesome. Watching him play was almost a waste of time; you knew he was going to win, it was just a matter of how embarrassing he was going to make it for the other player.

He won that tournament in 2007. For the third time in a row. He won it again the next year too. He won Wimbledon, the most prestigious tournament in 2008 where he edged Federer, the 5 time champion there, and he edged him again in 2009 at the Australian Open. Nadal was finally no. 1, and I was as giddy as a schoolgirl about it. In fact, if my girlfriend slept with him I probably wouldn't get mad about it for at least a week.

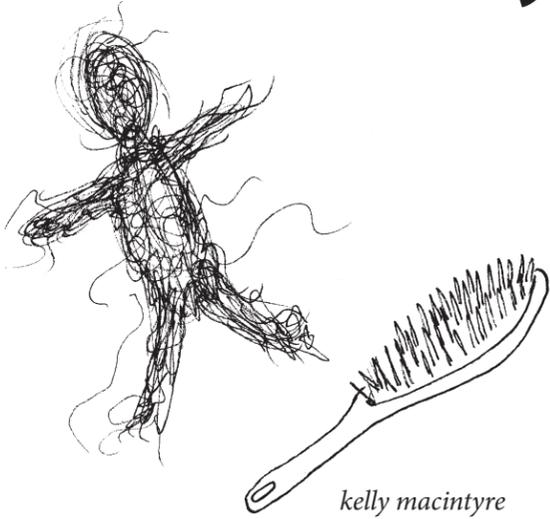
I actually got to see him play once. I skipped classes last semester and drove down to Queens to watch him play in the semi-finals at the US Open. I feel really bad for the people around me, because as soon as he walked out from the tunnel, I shit my pants. I got to see everything I had on TV. I saw him do stuttersteps before returning a serve, eat a banana between sets, and I got to hear the roar of his grunt as he bashed the shit out of the ball. He yelled so loud my ears got boners. I also saw something I'd never seen before; I saw Rafael Nadal lose.

He hasn't won a grand slam in over a year and you know what? I still fucking love him. It's easy to love the winner. Somehow, Nadal makes it infinitely easier to love the loser. ■

macintyre

so awkwardly that
d to fix a wedgie.
ar athletic polos
"sophisticated" tra-
dal answered with
howed off his huge
arms. I'm pretty

entine's day



kelly macintyre

booze erry night. Fall asleep on the couch to reruns of "The George Lopez Show" and wake up and do it all over.

WT: So Tina, you say that you're not a romantic at all, right?

VD: Yes.

WT: Interesting. So does the romanticization of you ever anger you? I mean, the point of Valentine's Day, is to share it with someone you love, right?

VD: I really don't care. I gotta pay the bills too, right? If folks wanna make a good time outta me, by all means let 'em go ahead and do it.

As our interview ended, I finally understand that the Valentine's Day I thought I knew was nothing like the disgustingly smelly, butterfly tattooed, scantily clad mess of a woman sitting in front of me. We parted ways soon after, but as she was waddling out of the restaurant, broken heel in one hand, cigarette in the other, the reasons behind me hating Valentine's Day began to change. Should I really allow Valentine's Day to define for me what is romance? Certainly not. ■

What do the scents of decaying roses, cheap chocolate hearts, and simmering jealousy remind you of? That's right kiddies; it's almost Valentine's Day! Now, with Cupid shooting arrows all over the place, many of you will be ready to dive into the deepest reaches of your closet and put on your lingerie, PVC, or furry costume. However, when that time comes, you might find that your roommate has beaten you to it and left you with no access to a bed. Fortunately, if you and your special friend are DTF (I'm looking at you, Christie 3 lounge) this weekend, **The Water Tower** is happy to provide you with a review of these awesome places to get it on.

The Drunk Bus

-Pros: Great chance to hone your balance and make use of that exhibitionism fetish.

-Cons: Rent-A-Cops don't see much real action.

The back stairwell in Bailey-Howe

-Pros: The library is finally exciting. Also, stairs make unique positions possible.

-Cons: Getting banned from the library would suck... On second thought, no it wouldn't.

The bushes on Redstone Green

-Pros: Possible contact high.

-Cons: It's pretty chilly this time of year.

Against your RA's door

-Pros: There's probably a condom immediately available.

-Cons: Do you really want to give your RA even more blackmail material?

Skype

-Pros: The risk of getting pregnant or catching an STD is pretty low (malware doesn't count).

-Cons: Carpal Tunnel Syndrome

The shower

-Pros: You've all thought about it.

-Cons: May set off your internal defibrillator.

Church Street

-Pros: For those feeling lonely on this special day, paid services may be available at certain times.

-Cons: They don't take Cat\$cratch.

Behind the Catholic Center

-Pros: The Pope wants you to have good sex.

-Cons: He'd rather you used Skype.

The Williams fire-escape

-Pros: Amazing view of the sunset.

-Cons: Your fear of heights. "I'm so sorry; I swear this never happens to me." ■



kelly macintyre

surfing the stars lovescopes

with lizcantrell

Capricorn, December 24-January 19: You are compatible with the sand flea, which is not a zodiac sign. Thus you are not compatible with anyone. Thus you will always be alone.

Aquarius, January 20-February 18: Lucky you! Your significant other pops the question... "Pizza or Chinese?" Not what you were hoping for was it?

Pisces, February 19- March 20: Roses are red, violets are blue; your love interest is drunk and so are you! Make it a night you'll never forget; hopefully you'll wake up tomorrow without regret.

Aries, March 21-April 20: You are known to be overly emotional and needy, and on Valentine's night you sob endlessly while watching "Sleepless in Seattle" alone.

Taurus, April 21-May 20: You actually have a wonderful, blissfully pink Feb. 14th filled with lace doilies, sugary treats, and crappy poems. Well aren't you special?

Gemini, May 21-June 21: You are the sign of the twin. The person you lust after falls for your twin. Tough love.

Cancer, June 22-July 22: Your hot lab partner from anatomy and physiology asks you to be their study buddy...you should take them up on that.

Leo, July 23-August 22: You experience a random Valentine's Day hookup complete with "Cupid's Arrow" glittery pink condoms. Yeah, you were that desperate.

Virgo, August 23-September 22: Someone you've always thought of as just a friend starts to seem like something more...the stars approve. Everyone else won't.

Libra, September 23- October 22: Someone tries to pick you up by quoting "Bedrock." You should just walk away.

Scorpio, October 23- November 21: Add some excitement to your Valentine's Day by planning a romantic surprise for your special someone, because they definitely will not do anything for you.

Sagittarius, November 22-December 23: Um....well, at least your parents sent you a care package. ■

trash.



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

You were a UTF for Psyc 1 in the fall of 2008. You made me look forward to getting up at 7:45 every Tuesday and Thursday. You work at Brennan's. We've been in a lot of the same psyc classes. Maybe some day we'll have coffee and discuss theories of attraction?

When: quite often
Where: rowell, BLH, brennan's
I saw: An unbelievably cute woman
I am: A boyishly handsome man

At first it was a joke,
Seeing you everywhere I went
Then you were at the naked bike ride
and I liked what I saw
I knew it was true
when you seductively whispered the lyrics
to fergalicious in my ear,
while groping my left breast at a party
You just cut off your red locks
and it looks damn fine
Oh ginger; wont you be mine?

When: First semester
Where: Everywhere
I saw: a fire crotch
I am: a firefighter

You failed time and time again to have us remember everyone's full name, but we still remember yours. Tuesdays are just not the same without you looking so good in your lab coat and loving organic chemistry. You said you'd be our TA again this semester, but I guess you are just a good leaving group...

When: every tuesday last semester
Where: cook A338
I saw: Bromide
I am: Hydrogen

We met you both on the first day
You were roommates
And so were we
The first time you grabbed our rears
We engaged in shinshi shinshi
We claimed we weren't tired
but if you sing us to sleep
In the same place we met
Our secrets are yours to keep

When: We were lovers
Where: Chitty
I saw: Two angelic vocalists
I am: Two fat friends

We both speak Spanish, you're in my class.
And looking at you makes the time go fast.
I sit in the corner, and you sit en frente,
I wanna get to know you absolutamente.
Your gorgeous blue eyes are driving me loco,
¿Podemos coquetear un poco?

When: every T-TH morning
Where: waterman
I saw: my Don Quijote
I am: your Dulcinea

I hate plastic bags & you hate nuclear power.
You asked me about my snowbird tee, but I told you I didn't ride.
We enjoyed mad Cabot and a furnace that wouldn't shut up.
If you're down, let's start some revolutions.

When: Radical Environmentalism last semester
Where: Hills
I saw: a rail-riding, belize-traveling, hot piece of lovin'
I am: a RSNER babigurl

I'm trying to hook up in the library before I graduate.
Must be stealthy, quick and agile. Any takers? email:
bailey.howe@yahoo.com

When: before May
Where: 3rd floor
I saw: you: male
I am: me: female

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

On the path between the DC and the library:

Girl 1: We're walking on the wrong side of the path.
Girl 2: I live to defy social norms.

Computers in the BH (on Facebook):

Biddy #1: "Ya, he's not really your type" (referring to a frat bro)

Biddy #2: "Ya I knowwww! 'Cause my type is fine!"

Golden gloves, Saturday night at the auditorium:

Rowdy fan to overly cautious ref: "Hey ref, why don't you put a little Vaseline on that trigger finger?!"

Wilks dorms- through the walls. Friday 9:00am:

Girl: (general screaming and bitching)

Male: chuckle.

Girl: DO YOU WANT TO SEE MY VAGINA?! DO YOU WANT TO SEE MY VAAGIINAA?! GET OUT OF HERE!

Crowded bus on Thursday afternoon:

Business School-esque Boy: You going out tonight?...I've never missed a Thursday, or a Friday, or a Saturday. Sometimes I miss Wednesdays. I'm switching from beer to liquor though. Less calories - I need to be healthier. I could shave off a good 20 lbs by switching from beer to liquor.

Jeanne Mance Hallway:

Boy one: I had wild dreams last night.

Boy two: What?

Boy one: It was like Spartacus meets High School Musical.

osama

continued from page 3

reality of the situation. Living in Vermont, we don't have to deal with many of these morons, but they are out there, and some of them are even elected to our government. Senator Jim Inhofe took it upon himself to fly to the 2009 Copenhagen Summit to preach his belief that global warming is a hoax; luckily no one seemed to care what he had to say.

Depending on to whom you talk, the Copenhagen Conference was either a great success or an epic fail. The 192 participating nations were able to come to agreements concerning the reduction of greenhouse gases, but they were only agreements. The accord wasn't formally accepted, nor is it legally binding.

Climate change has been recognized as one of the most complex issues facing the international community, and there is certainly no simple solution. The Copenhagen Conference demonstrated this very well. World leaders seem to be looking around at one another, waiting for someone else to take the economic risk and make the first move.

Bin Laden didn't grace us with his opinion of the Conference, but I imagine he wouldn't be satisfied by our progress and I couldn't blame him. Someone needs to grow a pair! The longer our country fails to take meaningful action on the global warming crisis, the longer Osama bin Laden makes a semblance of sense. That's just wrong.

Contact your state representatives and tell them how you feel about climate change. ■

the existential wt

What ales you?
What about what ales me?

fashion five-oh.



with julietcritsimilios

Oh, Valentine's Day, a time of love and sex and chocolate and...sex. Whether or not you have a bf or you're just waiting to score with a drunken hottie at a V-Day bash, this is probably the only holiday (besides Halloween) where breaking out some extremely sexy duds is totally appropriate. Which lingerie you choose to don on February 14th says a lot about you.

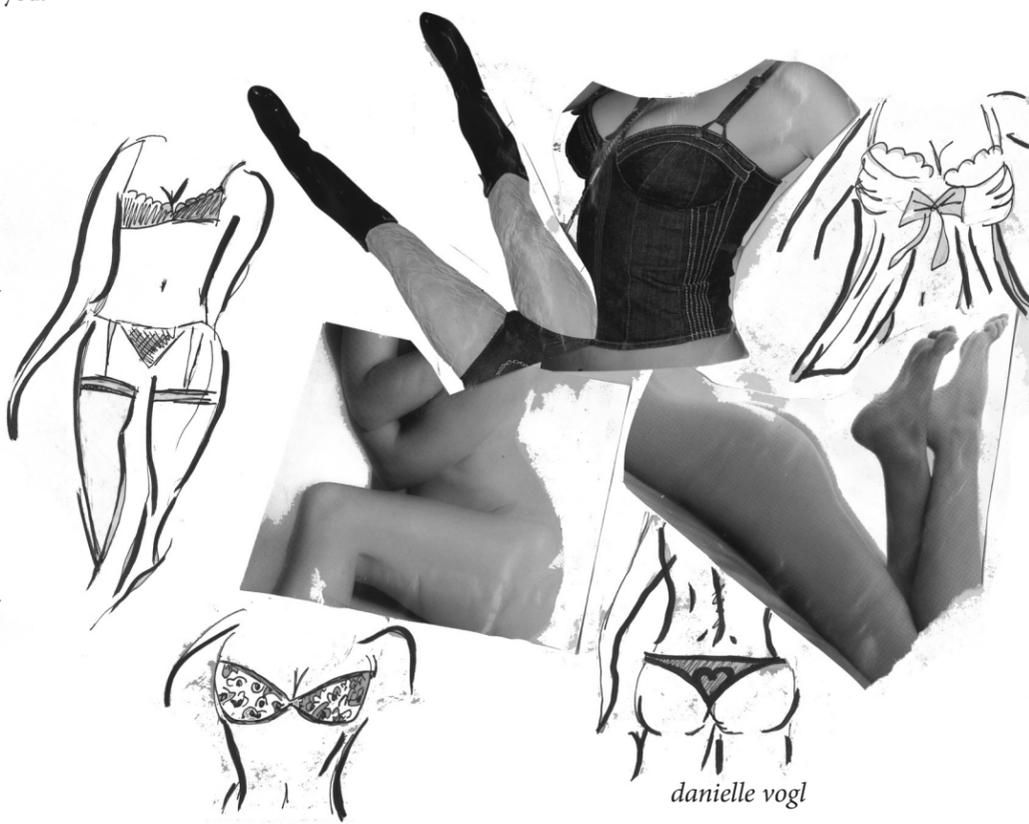
White, Lacy Lingerie-
You're (like a) virgin. Who wants to be touched. For the very (first?) time.

Red Lingerie-
Red is totally sexy and totally stays in with the Valentine's Day theme of red and pink and hearts and love. Omg you LOVE being in love and you LOVE Valentine's Day.

Leopard Print-
You're sassy but only in the bedroom. Shh, we won't tell anyone. (Unless you look like you're straight out of the trailer park with that print underneath a wife beater...then you're just dressed up for the wrong thing).

Corset- You've been slacking on your ab workouts and need something to help you out while the lights are still on. Or you need to make your boobs look big. Or you hate breathing.

Garters- You're a tease. Because garters and all their counterpart accessories take forever to take off. You go girl.



danielle vogl

Edible Underwear- You're a raunchy hoe...and your boyfriend's a fatass.

See-Through Lingerie- Seriously? Why bother?

No Lingerie- Either 1. All that stuff from Victoria's Secret was too expensive, 2. You believe in less is more, or 3. You were frugal and smart enough not to buy something that's going to be on the floor more than on you.

créatif stuffé.



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

a hunt for love

by moniqueseit

Rebecca stared out the raindrop speckled window, which happened to be blurring the spectacular view that usually provided her with a daydream worthy outlet. The rain was coming down in sheets of bitter-cold, jellied bullets; in other words, it was nearly impossible to venture outside without getting pelted by an angry Mother Nature.

She thought to herself cynically, "Well, rain seems appropriate for Valentine's Day. Thank god I am NOT one of those hallmark card junkies who adores this god-forsaken stupid holiday." Rebecca sighed loudly and let her head droop over the desk. She searched the faux-wood lines for a distraction, but Rebecca could only see that girl's face. Her name was Jade.

Rebecca sighed dreamily. Even though Jade and she were the best of friends, even though Jade lived right down the hall, she seemed unattainable. Rebecca's dreamy thoughts of her were interrupted by a letter shooting out from the gap under the door. Rebecca delicately picked up the letter. Rebecca's eyes widened with disbelief as she read it aloud:

*"I am well aware of your disdain for Valentine's Day
But for too long I believe we both have kept our
feelings at bay
So here's your chance, go along, and play this game with
me
Otherwise you'll never get the opportunity to see
Who it is that I may be.
Your task: In your top drawer you will find your first
clue."*

Rebecca quickly opened her top drawer. She found a red rose sitting atop her mess of pens and pencils. "A rose? That's it?!" Rebecca exclaimed. Suddenly she noticed a small piece of rolled up paper poking out of the rose. Rebecca swiftly pulled the paper out, careful not to damage the petals.

*"First clue: I love your smile, particularly when you eat
your favorite food. So go down to the falafel stand that you
love most, get yourself some food and you will find your
next clue."*

As she stepped outside, Rebecca noticed the rain had ceased and the sun had come sneaking out, spreading warm rays all over her face. The sunshine guided Rebecca like the yellow brick road down the wet sidewalks, leading her to the falafel stand. Rebecca approached it, presenting her situation very timidly to the man behind it. He grinned and handed her a falafel wrap with a note attached. Rebecca smiled back, feeling her heart beat powerfully beneath her chest. She opened up the second note, and read:

*"You once told me that you used to go down to the
waterfront and talk to the ducks because you knew they
would never tell anyone your secrets. Go there to visit
your old friends and find your next clue."*

Rebecca smiled, remembering those days when she felt like a funny, lonely, first-year. She had told a few of her friends that story so she knew it was one of those people, but who was it? Rebecca wandered slowly to the waterfront. There was a man sitting on one of the benches, dressed in all black. Rebecca looked out over the frozen lake; there would be no ducks to say hello to today. Suddenly, Rebecca became aware of footsteps coming towards her. The man in black handed her a rose and smiled. The clue was hidden in the center again, showing only a little white but just enough to grab without damaging the beauty of the rose:

*"Go back home, and you will see that home is where the
heart is."*

Rebecca looked up to quarrel with the man, but he was gone. She felt the hope drain out of her as she wandered back towards campus. Upon arriving at her dorm, she whipped open the door and trudged upstairs. Before she opened the door to her room Rebecca noticed a light from inside.

"I didn't leave the light on..." she thought to herself. Carefully she opened the door to an explosion of floral fragrance. There were white roses everywhere. Rebecca slowly walked inside, sitting lightly on her bed. Her mouth hung open, in awe of so many white roses in one small space. Her thoughts were interrupted by the familiar tinkle of laughter coming from her door frame.

"Wow, do you have a secret admirer or what?" giggled Jade. She skipped between the rose petals on the floor, gracefully diving onto Rebecca's bed. Rebecca didn't know what to say. Here was the one person she loved the most in her life, sitting in Rebecca's room, amongst a gigantic present from someone Rebecca didn't even know. What would she think? Jade grabbed one of Rebecca's cold hands and gave it a squeeze, "Aren't white roses your favorite flowers?"

Rebecca looked down, turning a little red, and smiled. She looked at Jade's hands, and noticed red scratches all over them. Rebecca leaned in close to get a better look at Jade's hands, and as she did, Rebecca could smell the faint spices of the falafel stand. A million thoughts ran through Rebecca's head, and she couldn't help but feel a bubbly excitement rise from the depths of her heart.

Rebecca looked up at Jade and smiled. Jade looked her in the eyes and smiled back, "You know, I have always loved your smile, and I have secretly always loved you."

And...you know how it goes from there. ■

bark with drops of honey

by georgeloftus

We haven't been sitting for even a minute when your shoulders shrug defiantly and then concede to gravity. We admire each other with gentle looks and warmer smiles, yet the initial stare is the only measurable acknowledgement you give me. It's too soon to say if this little get together was a mistake or not. We're not used to seeing each other, not like this. Now you're looking to the left and that's a shame.

The pleasantries come out first, the hellos, the how have you beens, and this conversational preamble keeps back the things we really want to say. A small amount of time passes and the weight of our words begins to increase as formality gets forgotten. Walls come up and suddenly topics become taboo. Invisible boundaries we both staunchly defend illuminate the cracks in our character. We haven't been sitting for even five minutes. You look down at the scratches on the table and that's a shame.

Your trepidation makes me smile. The shyness you pretend not to have is now the most obvious thing about you. I know your secret and that terrifies you.

I try to let you know with a kind smile that you don't need to worry but you shake it off with a quick change of subject. Our pasts are open books. Shame disappears between us as we simply are who we project and you let your eyes drift to the steam of your coffee. The strong divide we felt earlier is completely removed with an inappropriate laugh but that's exactly what it is; inappropriate. We've been sitting forever but it hasn't even been ten minutes.

I'm going insane. We're tethered together in the most obvious and sincere ways but I just want you to look at me intently one more time.

There's something in the way you arrange your insecurities that makes them so easy to pick apart. A strand of hair falls from behind your ears and suddenly you're reminded of a trace femininity you try to abandon everyday. A hangnail on your right hand drives you crazy and gives you something to chew as you count the people with scarves on their laps.

Your eyes dance completely outside your head and catch the clock. I can't forgive the ways you wander.

It's already been twenty minutes and as your muscles tighten your voice shifts into something frivolous. You sell me your goodbye almost half convinced there's only air and noise between us and I'm forced to believe that maybe there is. The vibration on your thigh prompts you to check the time yet again and now you know where you're needed next. You give me a hug. Any question that our relationship is superficial quickly fades. Very simply, you have a lot on your mind.

You ask to do this again sometime when you notice the light outside has finally changed from red to green. You leave your gaze by the window and that's a shame. You clearly don't know what it's like to look into your eyes. They're like bark with drops of honey. ■

just one couch cushion over

by henrykellogg

Somewhere between a beautiful sunrise

And being thrown down a set of stairs

Trapped inside the fortress of your big brown eyes

I stutter stumble and look away.

What do I want to say to you?

I don't want to say anything

I want to take you on a Persian magic carpet ride across the bluest ocean

I want to snuggle with you on the sandiest sand and

Howl at the moon light together.

So you sit there, cordial polite

I look at you, smile then look down

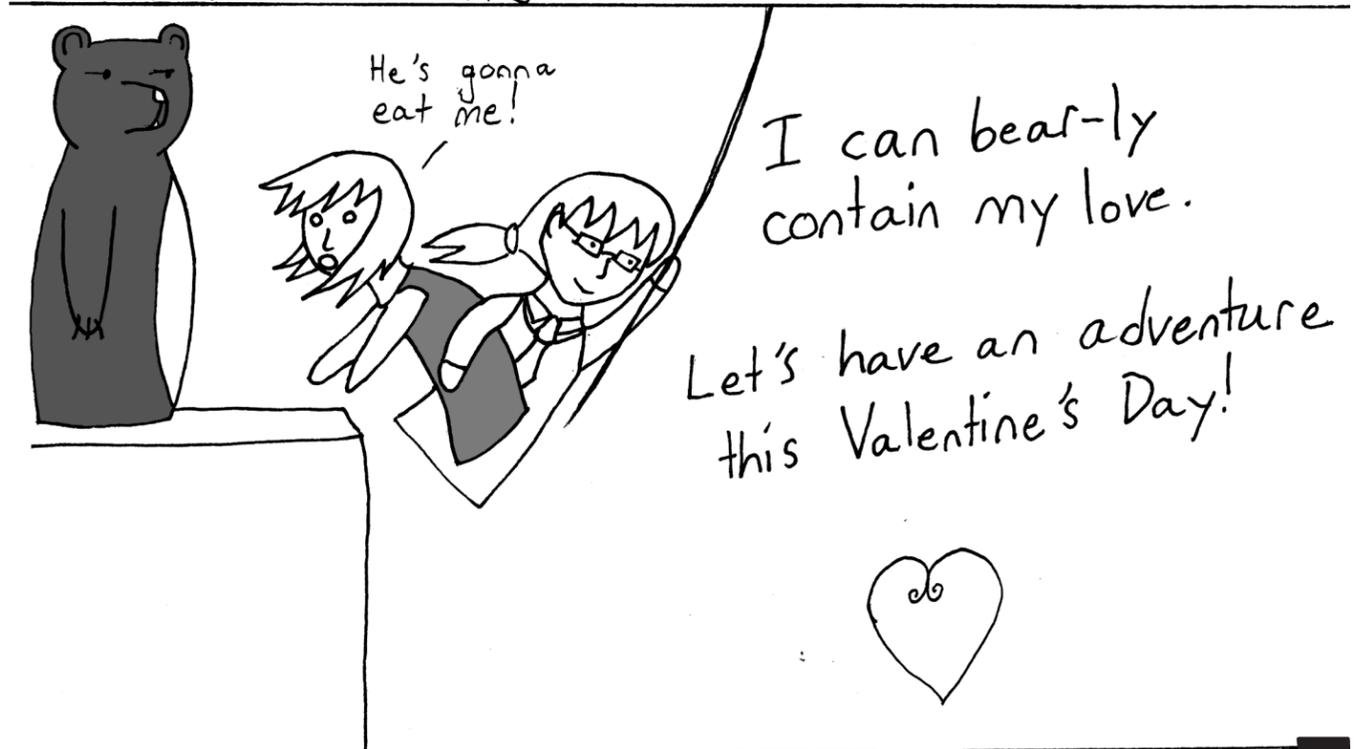
Just one couch cushion over

You're a thousand miles away

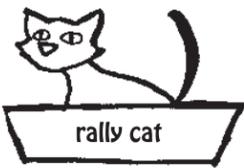
But a Journey of a thousand miles begins with one step

And you're worth every one.

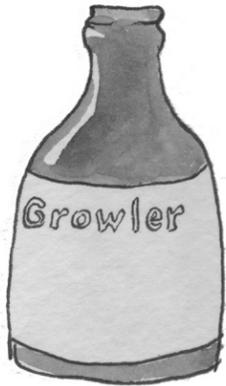
German Bear Wrestling with alextownsend



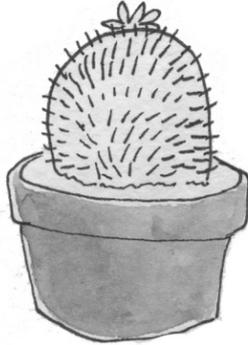
cat litter.



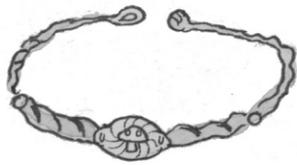
the vermonter's guide to giving valentine's day gifts



V-Day Classic: Champagne
In VT: Vermont Pub and Brew Growler.
It tastes like cranberries, and it's like, 12.4 percent alcohol. Totally heady.



V-Day Classic: Flowers
In VT: Cacti.
It's like a flower, but it lasts through the winter.



V-Day Classic: Jewelry
In VT: DIY arts and crafts.
Buying local, homemade jewelry. is forever.



V-Day Classic: Teddy Bear
In VT: Vermont Teddy Bears only.
Vermont don't fuck around with its teddy bears.



V-Day Classic: Perfume
In VT: Ganja.
What could possibly smell better? And get you high?



V-Day Classic: Lingerie
In VT: Warm outerwear.
Nothing is hotter than staying toasty.



V-Day Classic: Chocolates
In VT: Trail mix.
Life is like a bag of trail mix. Plus, it has protein!

this week's cat litter by:
mac smith, mike white, juliet critsimilios,
henry kellogg, lauren katz

tunes.



hey grammy's, WTF?

shuffle.

by julietcritsimilios

The music scene in 2010 is looking a little grim, and nothing solidified that more than, ironically, music's biggest night. The Grammy's this year brought forth many perplexing questions with its performances and guests, but perhaps the most prevalent question of all is: will music still be this bizarre next year?

WTF # 1: Since when is all TV 3-D?

A tribute to Michael Jackson was obviously needed at the Grammy's, even if they had to wait all this time to compile a strange medley of stars to belt out one of his tunes. The "Put 3-D glasses on now" commandment in the left corner of the screen during the performance left normal people everywhere with headaches at their supposed 3-D video along with the song. Yeah, Avatar was great, but who keeps the glasses? And, if Jay-Z looked dumb in them, why the hell should we have them?

WTF # 2: Why is Beyonce having an identity crisis?

We get the whole Sasha Fierce dual identity situation, and it did make for a good album. But Beyonce and her hair-gravity need to stay away from things possibly beyond her realm. Like Alanis Mosisette. She can shake it and pop it but lord knows good Canadian indie-pop music needs to steer clear from bootylicious-ness.

WTF # 3: No Kanye?

Even President Obama thought that Kanye West was a "jackass" at the MTV awards in regards to the Taylor Swift incident. Although Kanye was a jerk, he still made a multitude of great recordings over the past year, with performances, awards, and acceptance speeches to prove it. Kanye, however, was a no-show at the Grammy's, possibly because he knew his Hennessey drinking problems would have prompted him to gallivant on stage and admonish poor Taylor. As far as egos go, this is huge for Kanye, as the Grammy's are the most important awards in music and he decided not to

come, possibly out of respect to his fellow recording artist. Still, as Taylor explained in a recent interview, his lack of outreach to apologize might be worse than not showing up at all.

WTF # 4: What's with the performances?

The best part of Grammy night (along with seeing how weird Lady Gaga looks) is seeing the stars perform live; however, the performances seemed to be way overdone or peculiar on most accounts. Pink's performance leads the pack with her belting a song while hanging wet from a dangling thing above the crowd (ew). Lady Gaga was thrown into a pit of fire and then emerged with her probably soon to be BFF Elton John, playing on a Siamese cat-like piano. Taylor Swift did a weird banjo version of "You Belong With Me" with Stevie Nicks, who couldn't have belonged less to that song in her all-leather rocker girl outfit. Mary J. Blige was confusingly paired with Botticelli, who probably would have sounded more beautiful by himself. Jamie Fox had an awkward "opera" intro to his song and then brought in Slash to play some chords to a song that very poorly pairs with rock. The list goes on. Is this what our society likes? Crazy performances full of wet and/or fiery singers? Collaboration is one thing but awkward pairings seem to be another.

While the Grammy's had some other upsets, (who thought Kings of Leon would have beaten out Pa-pa-pa-poker Face!?) the dramatics of it all left music's "biggest night" more aberrant than awesome. According to the Grammy's website 52% of people polled were excited about the performances, but the production of them seemed to take away from the music of it all. The way our music scene is going, it seems artists with flashy outfits and fire are awarded performances more than those who show raw musical talent (Norah Jones, anyone?). Whatever happened to just sitting on a stool and showcasing what all of these people are supposed to have-a voice. ■

with julietcritsimilios

the grammy's

The Grammy's had some good nominees this year, but lest we forget all the old throwbacks that were on the radio way before the new decade.

Joints and Jams-Black Eyed Peas
Through a nation we build off the musical field/or a visual thrill/we do what we feel

Our Song-Taylor Swift
Sneakin' out late tapping on your window/ while we're on the phone and you talk real slow/cause it's late and your mama don't know

Crazy in Love-Beyonce
The way that you know what I thought I knew/it's the beat that my heart skips when I'm with you

The Remedy-Jason Mraz
I say that the comedy/is that it's serious/ this is a strange enough new play on words

Pon De Replay-Rihanna
Let the bass from the speakers run through your sneakers/move both your feet and run to the beat

Can't Knock the Hustle-Jay Z
Getting down for life that's right you better learn/ why play with fire/burn/produce g's like sperm

There You Go-Pink
And I was right when I thought/I'd be much better off without you/had to get myself from around you

Basket Case-Green Day
I am one of those/melodramatic fools/neurotic to the bone/no doubt about it

Eh Eh-Lady Gaga
I have something/that I love long long/ but my friends keep on telling me that something's wrong/then I met someone

your weekly WRUV music review



by joesussman and emilylozeau

Fucked Up - Couple Tracks (Matador)
Couple Tracks is a Matador release of collected rare 7 and 12 tracks which have been released all over the world by Toronto's hardcore scene kings. The album kicks off with Fucked Up's first single back in 2002 called No Pasaran. No Pasaran, a commentary on the Spanish Civil War, truly outlines Fucked Up's political exterior and is backed up by incredible buzzsaw guitars and Pink Eye's fitting fearsome scream. Listening to the album you can almost feel the spit coming out of Pink Eye's mouth and landing on your face, and every single track after the first one kicks just as much ass. The album transitions from their earlier harder tracks to their fun poppy hardcore. Some notable tracks include covers by The Shop Assistants (I Don't Want To Be Friends With You) and Another Sunny Day (Anorak City). A personal favorite is Teenage Problems, a summer teenpunk classic. Overall, Couple Tracks is the perfect definition of the past decade of Fucked Up: screaming, distorted, sweaty fun.

Schooner - Duck Kee Sessions (Cy Tunes)
Soft, dreamy male and female vocals. Beach House-esque but more straight forward sounding. Maybe even a little bit of twangy-alt. rock on a few tracks. A mix of the usual suspects (drums, keyboards, guitars) with some interesting noise-traffic waves and birds in the background. Refreshing.

For Fans Of: Beach House, Edward Sharpe and the Magnetic Zeros