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

The trick is picking out your spot. There are several factors to consider when doing this. What do you want out of your North Beach experience? Do you want a quiet place to do some poetry reading? (In this case, you should probably continue down the road to Leddy Park.) Now that North Beach season is upon us, it's important to lay down some ground rules before you lay down your towel.

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

In order to make your stay enjoyable, there are a couple of things to keep in mind. Though it might be warm out, the water is still very cold. In regards to this, first-year Zephyn Whittle, said that, "I can't feel my legs, it's so fucking cold." This is due to the melting snow in the mountains feeding into the lake, and water's naturally high specific heat. There's about a 10 degree drop in temperature from the parking lot to the beach.

Another danger is broken glass, commonly encountered on the beach. It's advisable that you wear something on your feet, such as the Reef Fanning flip-flops (the ones with the built in bottle-opener), so not only will you look cool, you will be able to avoid open sores and infection. Don't jump the cliffs. Yeah, it might look safe, especially after that seventh PBR, but don't. You will just cruise by in their Crown Vics, actively ignoring the smoky haze hanging over this portion of the lake. When asked what exactly they were doing there this past weekend, they said that they wanted to make sure everyone was being safe and having a good time. This meant making sure there was no underage drinking or over-indulgence. This, as you can imagine, resulted in a fair amount of fines and 30 racks dumped into the sand.

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

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

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the best news team
in the universe

about that other paper...

To watertower...

The disturbing quote of the week in The Cynic featured one of your staff members: "I gave a little p.o.d. a beer, and that went on in the meeting and what provoked Lea to say that and it holds some truth. In my opinion, the body doesn't care about the SGA because the SGA doesn't act like they care about us students. By taking the comment out of context, The Cynic is able to make the watertower staff look like a bunch of assholes. But they're just jealous! You are one hundred times more loved and I feel like you guys are only picking up speed, too, in the arms race against The Cynic. I know I, know, pinning you up against that paper isn't right. I'm sure that you aren't trying to start a print war here but I think both sides are fighting for something of the same title, I say this because I see a huge difference between The Cynic and the watertower. The watertower seems to be going for the name of most popular and most reliable newspapers for the students of UVM. It's hard to find a copy on campus by Wednesday. The Cynic, on the other hand, seems to be reaching for a title more like 'Scholarly Journal' and I don't see people picking it up... ever. It lays in piles all over campus. But, I guess that extra paper might have caused the disappearance of the Three kids in wing <3. I see the watertower as something to read and enjoy while The Cynic is something for your dog to pee on. I guess that could be enjoyable. For your dog. And my friend picked his nose and put it on a copy of this. From, Three kids in wing -3

Sometimes reading the watertower 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 watertower.

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

SUDAN... sucks.

"I shudder when I think of the harm that this war (which was started by political reasons or otherwise, he is still a giant douche. I knew his plan was to start another war-- and an unpopular one at that-- but I didn't know it would be this bad. It's even harder when the election is nigh..."

"It is a likely possibility..."

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

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

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

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

the news in brief

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

- With Paul Gross

- "Animie is a prime example of why two nukes wasn't enough..."

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

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

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

Our generation stands at a crossroads. As we walk through a world ever connected to a hothouse of noise and distraction, we risk losing the ability to think for ourselves. The watertower 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 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. We are the watertower.
swollen head disease - history's best leaders

James Marshall
This relatively unknown president is the only one in American history to prove how bad America is with his immortal words taken over by Karakistani nationalists, forcing him to systematically take them out, which he does. Luckily for the world, a camera was there capturing the whole thing and now this physical evidence that dem onstrates how fucking tough we are. We. Americans. Have I mentioned America rocks?

Air Gold
A down and out talent agent at the top of the food chain was betrayed by his partner and forced to start his company from scratch. Not only did Air rise like a phoenix from the ashes but he went on to create the Miller-Gold Agency, which would eventually reincorporate the Ter rence McGrawery Agency and become the top agent of the biggest talent representation firm in the world. Gold went from operating out of a coffee bean to owning a fleet of G5 Gulfstream jets. He’s abrasive, racist, and even more egotistical than usual because all sides:

Why can’t you be more like your sister?” You were a jerk to her when you were younger, but it’s not too late to change the relationship. Treat her like an equal, stop deporting her citizens, and for the love of God, try to stop entering wet

And if you don’t believe me, just look at the fighting tickets prices.

The people insisting on boycotting the healthcare. Zero points for protesters - Enviro-hypocrites who scold you for not buying your style, your hairdo, even the way you talk! Unfortunately for you, you need this girl to do what you want, like invading multiple countries. But that doesn’t mean you have to be too nice to her. A public snub—like Obama “forgetting” to shake Gordon Brown’s hand earlier this year—will let everyone know who’s the boss! So sure, let her follow you around, but don’t sit too close in the cafeteria.

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

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

Mexico
Mexico is your younger sis who hates constantly being in your shadow. I mean, how would you feel if all your teachers were al ways like, “Gee, Mexico, when the US was in my class she was awes ome but now you’re drug and alcohol addict?”

Israel
You guys were so close, and everyone thought you’d be BFFs. Lately, though, something has changed. For some reason, you used to do that to didn’t bother you—you like buildings lots of settlements—in other people’s land—and really start getting on your nerves. Worst of all, she has your new crew, and refuses to party with the Islamic countries. And that’s part of the reason, stuff she used to do that didn’t bother you—like buildings lots of settlements on other peoples’ land—is really the relationship. Treat her like an equal, stop deporting her citizens, and for the love of God, try to stop entering wet

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T-shirt contests every time you go to visit her. You two just may work out.

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S
ome times I feel like I don't quite fit in with my fellow Vermonters. I take no pleasure in nine-degree weather. I don't drink coffee or drink mason jars out of mason jars while karaoke singing in the middle of the woods. But those things are all stupid, un-
true stereotypes anyway. Right? As a flat-
lander from New York City, I kind of feel like I'm trying to
find my Vermont niche. I am comforted by the knowledge that Vermonters know in
one fundamental thing in com-
mon—we both don’t know how to drive. No
one's asking you to go somewhere, you’ve got
a friend who knows where it is, so he
just tells you to drive to it. Now you might
be saying that Vermonters are bad drivers.
Not once have I mentioned that they drive
too slowly, as if they really have nowhere
in particular to go. Not ever have I com-
plained that it’s so gnawing loud that you
have to hold your arms around your head
and more. And my friends, and 
the worst-case-scenario: the bare truth.
If we're not boning within two
minutes of the time, I'm gone. Must be 'cause they’re so fun.

The crowd is restless. Couples are clutch-
ing each other's hands anxiously. The crowd is restless:

They tug on their parents’ clothing asking
for their children while steadying their
own. They're so crowded and dirty, and everyone
is getting a pets drawn on your face.

Meanwhile, the sun is slowly setting. It
was a simple, two-hour drive that
became a four-hour nightmare.

The parents are a simple, manageable folk.

Parents are a simple, manageable folk.

Despite my ignorance regarding the
MMA I have been so stu-
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the um-1,000,000-

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

uvm.edu/~watertwr/ear.html

9.35 235 Marsh Life Science

Guy 1: So how many boobies did you see?
Guy 2: Quite a few
Guy 1: Good for you man

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

Drunk Girl #1 (on the phone): We're... we're at Davis now. No, no, I meant... 'long pause'... the Davis Center.

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

By the diaper after the giant snowball fight:

Belligerent drunk girl: S**CK MY F**T TIFS!

Outside the Marche

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

Simpson Lobby:

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

Davis Center:

Bro 1: So you raw dogged a rando?
Bro 2: I'm putting that in the water tower.
Bro 3: They won't put that in the water tower...

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

Girl to group of girls:

Girl 2: Ok what's a movie with, like, two
Girl 1: Perfect butt in Carhearts

Campus Bro:

Guy 1: The attractive boy with one leg
Guy 2: A shy gal
Guy 3: So bashful (a girl)

Rowell:

(both laugh obnoxiously loud)

Bro 2:

...end was pretty hot

Outside Mason:

Bro 1: Yo dude, that girl you hooked up with last week
Bro 2: HAY...maybe if she dropped like 40 pounds!

Boyfriend:

Guy: Frank, just because you're Indian doesn't mean you can't give a name!

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

Guy 2: So how many boobies did you see?

Girl 2: I know a girl that doesn't even have 1 vagina.

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

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

When: Usually Tuesdays, sometimes Thursdays
Where: Downtown
I saw: a ramblin' rambler
I am: a shy gal
You are one of the hottest people I have ever met... and then I found out you are my professor.

When: All semester
Where: Mechanics of Solids
I saw: Perfect butt in Carhearts
I am: pretty lady

I have one leg
You have two
I really hope you're not a dude

When: Monday
Where: the water tower
I saw: Your "I Want You So Bad"
I am: The attractive boy with one leg

I wish I could have at least gotten a name
A blue t-shirt and white baseball cap you were wearing
Waiting for your free cone while I was not

Even though I wasn't I
Where:

Downtown

I saw: a ramblin' rambler
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I really hope you're not a dude

When: Monday
Where: the water tower
I saw: Your "I Want You So Bad"
I am: The attractive boy with one leg

You give me butterflies, every time you cut those chives
Waiting for your free cone while I was not

Every Tuesday and Thursday Morn
I see you, but I'm always too late
The way you squeeze those tomatoes gets me going
I always make sure my big breasts are showing
Oh Salsa Man you have my heart

I'm just waiting for a conversation to start.
You give me butterflies, every time you cut those chives
And that sour cream would make me scream.
Oh brave Salsa Man come to me
I swear I won't let you down, you'll see...

When: bright and early
Where: New World
I saw: The Sexy Salsa Man
I am: The Salsa Lover

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

When: Monday, Wednesday, Friday
Where: Lafeyette 311
I saw: big blue eyes
I am: astruck by his beauty

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

When: free cone day
Where:

Ben & Jerry's @ the dc
I saw: a bottle with a body
I am: enamored

I am enamored
the loneliest one
by laurynschrom
The night that Donny broke up with Catherine she did not react badly. She only started up with him her piercing gray eyes and let out a small sigh of some forlorn emotion that he could not see written on her face.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

He got up by himself and caught the bus back downtown, then began to wonder about what Catherine had asked. Well, she was obvious. The answer was her.

He had just broken up with her, so she was lonely. Yeah, that was it. That was why he had his head to stare out the window of the vehicle until he saw his stop and then got off.

The streets themselves were nearly empty, odd for a Monday. He ran into no one. Above him, the once-pleasant breeze had turned on the small desk light to help fight away the gloom. He flipped open his computer just before his cellular phone on the floor of his room. Once inside, he turned on the idea that I should have a bride. When I men
tions my beloved, I was told that I could not marry her, because they were thought to be best for the kingdom.

New farming policies, which I would never have used, were enforced. This way your judgments will always be without all relevant information and the best possible interpreta
tion of the Kingdom and a whole squadron of tax collecting among you is Lord of Legal Policy and another is Lord of Enforcement? How do I decide upon rules of com
parisons. This way your judgments will always be without all relevant information and the best possible interpreta

Your job is the greatest of them all, " he replied. They are to be enforced. You decide on policies of commerce and war. You decide on matters of religion and taxation. Your title is the greatest of them all," he replied.

Edmund's former advisors crowded around me in the throne room, introducing themselves, stating their duties and pledging allegiance to me. But as they stated their jobs, I found that all things were accounted for. And if these are your jobs, what am I to do? I asked the friendliest looking one.

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

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

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

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

And so I did. But as I do not love her, I have yet to be made myself with her. My advisors bound me about my need for an heir. They tell me that if I will myself, I will fall in love with my bride, as she is the

I don't know how to work this fickle compass I have. The things I will walk towards with my head held high,

Because I'm wary of what is yet to come,

Shame of what was – I frown on the inside,

Cynicences and pleasures of a past,

you dwell way up high, in castles in the air

and I regret to be the one who tells you so

So just think of what we can accomplish with our minds

Of all the lives we lose at the expense wealth and power

Geneva 54 wake up world think!

To find world peace think I just might...

And she is not alone in this fight

As they run, sing, and play

This girl I know started a coalition to rid the world

of wars

Of all the lives that is so real, callous, raw, and hidden

The way embryonic death

Could coat my skin, a retreating organ

Meant nothing as it laid

Color blind, the yellow

Meaning nothing as it laid

Against my wishfully

Under your fingers.

The way embryonic death

In each other

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 stuff!

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

the egg is held
by arielwengroff
The egg
Sat diminished
By farmers
Wrinkled hands. Separated from
A mother-to-be
Permeated thoughts
Sat within fragility,
A transitional process
Of 79 cents.

Cracked and spread
The eggshell too soft,
Held too long,
I felt calm
With any volk
Under my fingers.

The way embryonic death

The eggshell

Coal could coat my skin, a retreating organ

Manipulated layers
Of decedence.

Color blind, the yellow

Meant nothing as it laid

Against my wishfully

You bring to your gossamer prayers

Holding out for the sweetness of that

Crystalized candy

But nothing you know is real

You do not live here

You dwell up high, in castles in the air and I regret to be the one who tells you so

collaboration to end land mines!
by adnamaher
This girl I know started a coalition to rid the world
Of an unfortunate weapon that to this day kills little girls As they run, sing, and play.

In the battlefields of yesterday
Chasing butterflies in the spring
With dreams to be a princess one day
And she is not alone in this fight
To find world peace think I just might...
MGMT experienced a meteoric rise in popularity following the release of their first full-length album. "Oracular Spec- tacular" was certified gold in the United States (500,000 albums sold, a pretty impressive feat nowadays), and ended up on many critics’ best-of-the-year lists. The band would go on to open for their first musical legend in Paul McCartney, and sue their first European president in Nicholas Sarkozy of France. Fast forward to a week ago when, in response to a leak of their new album "Congratulations," MGMT decided to put the entire album up on their website, (woshugmgmt.com), for free streaming.

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

The album itself finds the band delving more into the more laid back sound of songs from "Oracular Spectacular" like "The Handshake." But in regards to the music on the album, it’s far more psychedelic rock than it is synth pop. So while wanting to “Time to Pretend: 2 Electre. Ronggaolove” be cautioned, as you won’t be getting anything like that. The band themselves have stated that they will not release any singles so as to make the album one people hear in its entirety, rather than knowing what the best songs are out of the gate, and just listening to those.

But despite their retreat from what made them so popular in the first place, the guys in MGMT have still crafted a damn fine album. The opening track “It’s Working” sets the sound for the du- ration of the album. Surf rock sounding guitars, driving bass and drums, touches of various types of keyboard and vocals accented with reverb and echo abound throughout. "Flash Delirium" is perhaps the closest thing to "Congratulations" has to a potential single, seeing as it has already been released as a free digital download, and has a total trip like video to go along with it. The song is perhaps a little too much for the mainstream audience as a whole, featuring several dis- tinct sections, each with MGMT putting their psychede call stamp on different music styles. It also features a flute solo, which is something that only letho Twin fans may be able to handle. "Siberian Breaks" finds the band venturing into almost progres- sive rock territory. The song is over twelve minutes long, and features shifts in both tempo and, like “Flash Delirium,” shifts in musical style. "Brian Eno" is an ode to the godfather of ambient music and legendary producer of the same name. It basically boils down to singer Andrew VanWyn- garden’s realization that no matter how much he tries to innovate, he will always be a step behind whatever Eno is doing. The album features an instrumental titled "Lady Dada’s Nightmare," which can pre- sumably only be about the nightmare that is Lady Gaga. The album closer, and title track finishes up with the sound of people clapping, which may be a little self-serving. But in regards to the music on the album, it’s an applause well deserved.

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

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

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

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

The Almighty Dollars will be playing at Radio Bean on March 27th, and again April 20th. They’re currently in negotia- tions to both play at Bremen’s and have their LP “Love Songs for Ghosts” dis- tributed by Growing Vermont (fingers crossed). ■