

# the water tower.

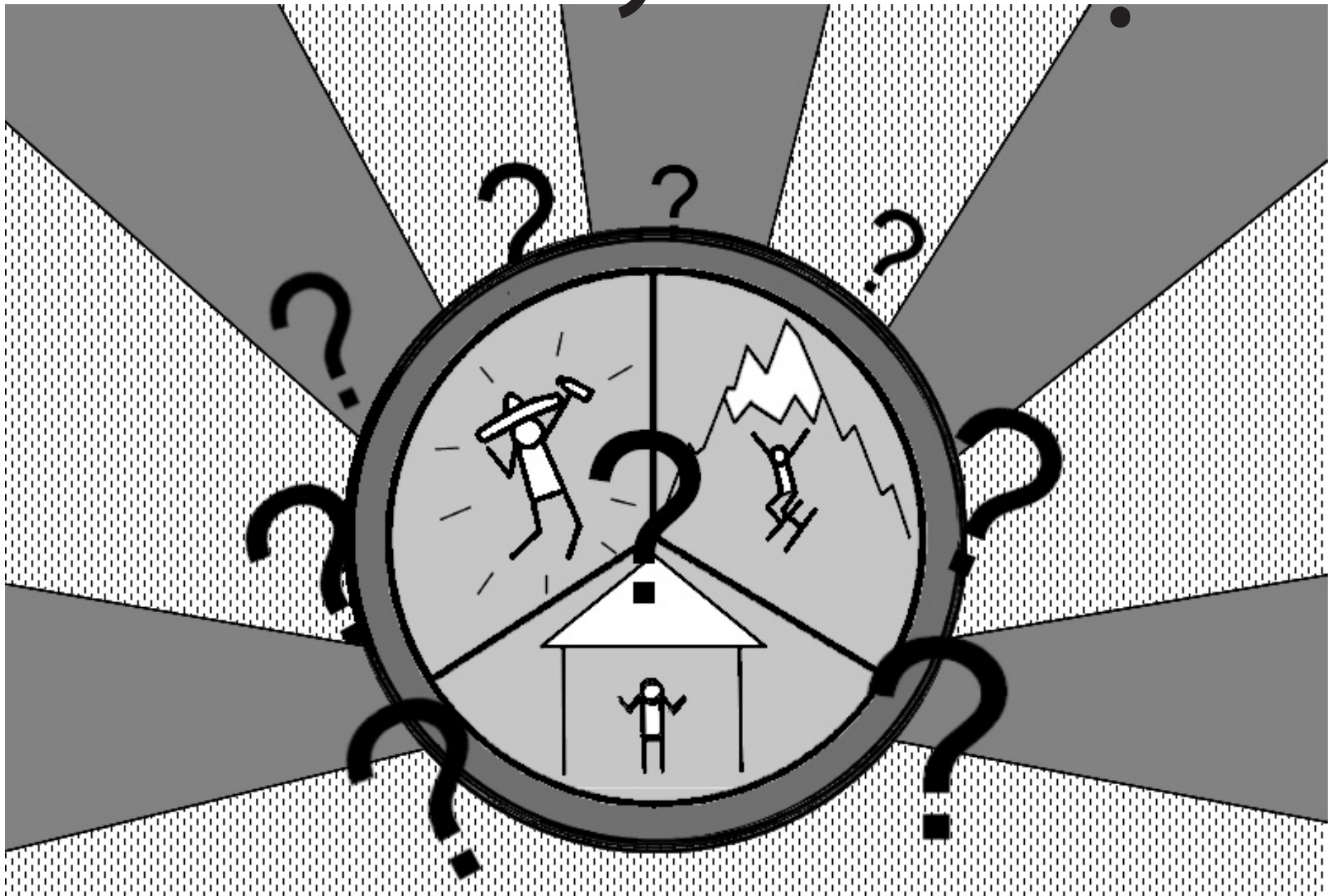
uvm's alternative newsmag



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uvm.edu/~watertwr

## spring break is here what are **YOUR** plans?



by maxbookman

malcolm valaitis

Spring break starts Friday and you don't have any cool plans. Talk about weeeak sauce. There is going to be a lot of pressure on you this week as you field questions about your plans from everyone from the cashier at the Marketplace to the kid on your floor who you don't really know but just brush your teeth next to awkwardly sometimes.

Sure, you can settle with "I'm just going home. Probably gonna spend a lot of quality time with my cat," or, "me and my sister are hitting up Alice and Wonderland, it's gonna be sooo trippy," but come on, that's totally lame. What you need is to do something interesting. Something exciting. Something cool. Or, as Ah-nold would say, "yoou need to pahmp ahp your spring break!"

The problem is, it's too late to actually make great plans, so you're going to have to lie.

Not sure what to say? Well you're in luck. Your friends at the water tower are great at lying. Now you will have something to say to that kid in your English class who has been bragging to you all week about his Girls Gone Wild internship at Playa de Mama in Punta Cana. Come to think of it, that kid is probably lying too.

### Don't even think about saying you're just staying in Burlington.

Burlington gets pretty empty when all 10,000 of us catamounts clear out. Campus is a ghost town and there's nobody around to chill with. Your options are either skiing or smoking pot on your couch watching Family Guy reruns on TBS. But! What if you were selected to become a member of an elite environmental hazard clean-up team charged with removing the remains of the beached whale that washed up on North Beach two weeks ago? You can say that they were trying to keep the whale alive, but after Shamu ate that girl at Sea World, the authorities decided it would be best to blow it up. Your mission: Picking up charred whale chunks and sticking them in a giant wheel barrel. Now those are plans to brag about.

### Make "Oh, I'm just working at my old job for a week," into "Oh, I'm just working to save the refugees in Haiti."

Aw, you're just a hard-workin' college student trying to make a little extra cash to pay off those student loans hanging over your head. You thought you would just call up your boss from your sum-

mer job at Hollister and tell her that you would like to spend a week folding seagull-embroidered polos and inhaling unhealthy quantities of the H.Co. cologne that permeates the entire store (and the 50 square foot section of the mall outside the store). What a snooze! Instead, say you're getting paid to go to Haiti to help feed all the starving refugees. They'll need the help, especially now that all the cable news anchors have hightailed it to Chile to cover the new devastating earthquake on the block.

### Going back to Massachusetts to watch your little brother's hockey tourney? Make it Vancouver instead.

There's nothing sadder than when someone talks about their lame spring break plans and then tries to look on the bright side with something even lamer like, "but my little bro is gonna be in a three day hockey tournament, so that should be pretty cool." No, dude, that's not going to be pretty cool. Pump it up by changing your thirteen year-old brother into to a twenty three year-old Olympian brother. He just finished up his Olympic service with Team USA and

invited you out to Vancouver to party with him for a week, hardcore Canadian style. And you know how crazy those Canadians get.

### Turn a family trip to Florida into a classic Spring Break partyfest!

So you're going to the Sunshine State with the fam to visit grandma and grandpa. The warm weather will be a nice change, but that's right about where awesomeness will end. Florida, despite everyone's first reaction, really isn't the same thing as St. Thomas or Jamaica. Especially if your old folks live in shitty Pensacola. It's not exactly going to be bikini central. But you're not going to tell anyone about any of that. Instead, say you're going to where the real spring breaking is at. The Caribbean. Say you're going to St. Thomas with some friends from home for a week of classic Spring Break drunken debauchery, destruction of property, and fornication with strangers. Wow, that's original! Just kidding, it's what everyone does, but that's alright, people will believe you. After all, why would anyone lie about their spring break plans? ■

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thorns: part two  
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## new world strikes back

We saw what was posted in **the water tower** about the five things one can do while waiting in the line for New World, and we'd like this response to be considered:

1. Catch up on the phone with friends/family.
2. Make friends with others in line.
3. Read the menu and be ready to place your order.
4. Think about how much you love the peanut sauce.
5. Feel good about supporting New World, a truly local business.

On a side note, our long lines are indicative of how customers continue to come back. We offer exceptional service considering the extremely high volume of people coming to our little corner, not to mention our employees are human beings too and are subject to the stresses of a high volume work place. We do our best, and then some. It's unfortunate all of that hard work is fodder for jokes.

Sincerely,

*New World Tortilla, Staff and Management*

*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

NBC If NBC has been covering the Olympics at all, it's only been for ice dancing. I'm pretty sure.

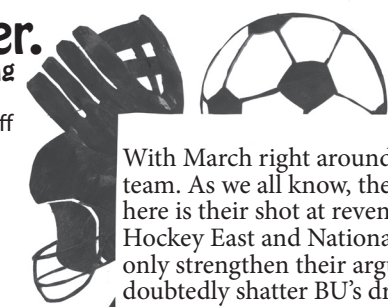
**Pennies** Pennies are getting an upgrade. The tails side is now going to feature a union shield with thirteen vertical stripes and a scroll reading "one cent." This is the latest idea to come from that secret government department devoted to reminding us that the penny unfortunately still exists.

**Canada** This issue of **the wt** was put together before the gold medal hockey game between USA and Canada on Sunday, but whatever happened, I'm sure that Canada sucks more.

**Jim Bunning** The Republican Senator from Kentucky has been single-handedly blocking a routine procedure that would prevent 1.2 Americans from losing their unemployment benefits. When asked about his motives for paralyzing progress and putting millions at a huge disadvantage, Bunning said, "I don't really have any, I'm just a really old white guy from the south."

**David Paterson** The Governor of New York has decided not to run for reelection due to some kind of weird abuse scandal we don't really fully understand. But it's ok, because he kind of sucked anyway.

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# SPORTS BLINK

with michaelcieslak

With March right around the corner, the "madness" is building with UVM sports teams. Let's start with the men's hockey team. As we all know, their hearts were broken in the Frozen Four by eventual National Champions Boston University. Well, here is their shot at revenge. This Friday and Sunday the Cats will host the Terriers, with massive implications in both the Hockey East and National tourneys. UVM is currently tied for ninth in the PWR rankings and a sweep of BU would not only strengthen their argument for remaining in the top ten heading into the Hockey East Tournament, but would undoubtedly shatter BU's dreams of returning to the National stage. Should UVM drop both, they could be at risk of missing the Hockey East tournament, and surely the National. Men's Basketball is almost making a strong push for the National tournament. Obviously, they were going to have to win their conference tournament, but it surely is not out of the question. Wednesday they play Stony Brook in the Patrick Gym. A win over Stony Brook would give them a shot at first place, which would mean home court in the championship game if they make it, which is obviously huge. So my point here in only talking about UVM sports, is because I have witnessed some suspect fandom at the games and I feel the need to get everyone (the four people who read this article) excited for these games. The suspect behavior I saw was at a recent hockey game. During a weekend in which we took 1 of 4 points against a weaker Merrimack team, I saw people exiting the rink, when it was tied 2-2 with less than four minutes left. And *then*, I saw more people leaving with two minutes left in OT. *What the f@#\$!* An overtime goal in hockey is one of the most exciting things ever. Why the hell would you pass up the chance to see one so you can beat the traffic? Even if you don't like the sport, which is hard to imagine because you have already sat through two hours of it, stay and cheer on the team. Especially this week, if you go to the games, stay for the whole damn thing and cheer loud.

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**Weekly meetings**

Tuesdays at 7:00pm

Jost Conference Room

Davis Center - 4th Floor

**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.**

## nbc vs. colbert

by gregfrancese

Nation, we've got a problem. The socialist institution, National Broadcasting Company (NBC), has moved in on something we all hold dear - the Winter Olympic Games. After spending more than \$820 million for the rights to everything "Olympics," NBC has made sure words and phrases like "Vancouver 2010," "Winter Olympics," and "coverage" are not used in the same sentence by anyone else. Additionally, any indication of rings in the traditional Olympic logo formation is grounds for a lawsuit.

Perhaps the most qualified person to deal with this oppression of American free speech is Stephen Colbert, unofficial spokesperson for our great nation. If NBC has the rights to the Olympics, Mr. Colbert has the rights to anything American. The Quadrennial Cold Weather Athletic Games are an important part of American diplomacy. Vancouver, though not a part of the United States (yet), has served as center stage for one of the greatest representations of America's diplomatic and athletic authority. Winning gold medals and dropping bombs is something the world knows we're good at. This is about more than just the Olympics, though. Mr. Colbert's Vancouverage represents the growing shift away from networks like NBC for news and entertainment.

Over the past decade, shows like *The Colbert Report* and *Daily Show* have been attracting more viewers. These shows, as you probably already know, combine news with entertainment. Some people don't have enough patience to sit through Bob Costas' narration of the Quadrennial Cold Weather Athletic Games; it is neither informative nor entertaining. Though not as mainstream or "credible," *The Report's* Vancouverage provided the viewer with something NBC couldn't - Stephen Colbert's genius reporting style centered on satire. It may have been somewhat controversial at times, but overall the focus was constantly on getting you the most important information in a satirically comedic way. If NBC has a problem with that, I've got a problem with NBC. ■

## don't read into it: the headlines tell you all you need to know

by emilyhoogesteger

Keeping up with current affairs is important, but it also takes a lot of time and effort that you'd rather be spending skiing/boarding/celebrating your awesome day of skiing and boarding. The news changes constantly and there's no way any sane person could keep track of it all. Luckily, there's a simple solution - only read the headlines. Without even leaving your internet homepage, you'll be informed about the world and still have time to zip out to the mountain before dinner. To get you started, here's a few real headlines and the stories behind them (we didn't read the stories, of course, but we're pretty sure our conclusions are dead-on).

**"Has Your Cell Changed Your Life?"**

An employment ad from a tourism company looking for testimonials from jailed convicts. With space in tropical destinations all but used up, tourism is heading toward a new frontier with week-long getaways at federal detention centers.

**"Where does Jobs, Bill Stand?"**

Was supposed to be "Where does Jobs, Bill Stand?" A human interest story about Bill Jobs, a small-town shopkeeper who couldn't find anywhere to stand at the crowded City Council meeting. Unfortunately, the copy editor was lazy and neglected to note the missing comma.

**"Death Toll Rises in Portugal"**

An investigative journalism piece exploring the fact that more people have now died than ever before. Even Portugal, which is rumored to be populated by ageless demigods, is not immune to people continuing to die.

**"The See-Saw of Diplomacy"**

Pre-school taught us all to get along, but international relations never seem to work that way. This article covers an unprecedented attempt to fix foreign policy by returning it to the hands of four-year-olds on a playground, complete with the See-Saw of Diplomacy, the Monkey Bars of Immigration, and the Swing Set of Nuclear War.

**"Pictures of 11 Europeans"**

A photo essay by a journalist who lost both motivation and creativity. The photographer landed at Charles De Gaulle Airport, snapped a dozen pictures while in line for coffee, and caught the next flight to the Bahamas.

**"BA Cabin Crew Back Strike Action"**

The firsthand account of how badass flight attendants dealt with an unruly passenger. When an unidentified man rudely demanded more ice in his in-flight Ginger-Ale, members of the cabin crew immediately struck him on the back, rendering him helpless.

**"Deadly Explosion Hits Iraqi City"**

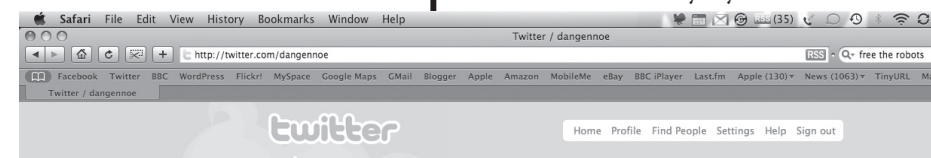
This article was written in 2003 and has been re-used ever since whenever news outlets need to fill space. Editors assume the headline will be true more often than not, and they're right.

**"5 Things that Will Make You Happier"**

Instructs the reader to get a life and stop reading self-help blogs on the internet.

## uvm cop twitter

by taylordobbs



Sweet! Hit my February quota and then some. You know what that means: Naked Bike Ride duty this spring - w00t! Ladies, holla. (12:01 AM Mar 1 via web)

My favorite part about this job is probably how many sidewalks and footpaths I get to drive down. Free parking is cool too. (11:42 AM Feb 28 via txt)

@UVMreeferkid A Bob Marley poster TOTALLY merits a search. Have fun with the appeals, kid. (2:05 AM Feb 27 via txt)

Trying to decide if I should bring the PD's drug-sniffer, Cujo, with me today. He's usually good but he goes apeshit if we're near McAuley. (9:07 AM Feb 26 via txt)

Bout to go creepin' on kids, listening in on their conversations through their doors. Yeah, I'm a real cop. (8:27 AM Feb 26 via web)

advertisement

## MASSAGE NIGHTS!

Do you have a sore shoulder? Tight hamstrings? Or maybe you just need a 15 or 30 minute break from studying?

The Student Athletic Medicine Society (**SAMS Club**) would like to invite all of you to attend our ST. Patty's Day THEMED MASSAGE NIGHT - **Thursday March 18 from 5PM-8PM, here on campus in the ROWELL 003A LAB.**

Everyone who comes dressed for St. Patty's Day (beads/shirts/hats...etc) will receive an additional 5 minutes free of charge on any 30 minute massage.

Massages will be given by current UVM Athletic Training students. Massages are \$10 for 15 minutes or \$15 for 30 minutes. All proceeds will go towards educational symposiums, RELAY FOR LIFE, and the BU/SHU Challenge which raises money for the National Athletic Training Research and Education Foundation.

Walk-ins are welcome, however, you may also pre-register by e-mailing sams@uvm.edu or by posting on the wall of this event. Please leave your name, e-mail, requested time slot and preferred gender of the person you'd like to give your massage.

**MASSAGE DATES TO FOLLOW:**  
March 18th - St Patty's Day Theme  
April 1st - UVM/Catamount Pride  
April 22nd - Earth Day Theme

We look forward to hearing from you!

## know your rights when the po-po comes a' knockin'

by paulgross

The potential scenes are all too familiar—you're in your dorm room playing 'rüt with your friends, blazing behind a tree, or engaging in some another nefarious behavior when the fuzz arrives. Although it's fairly obvious, what's worth noting in these situations is that it is the explicit job of police to catch you committing crime. In order to do this, in many cases, they need to persuade you to surrender your rights so that they can catch you doin' whatever it is you might be up to. But remember - you do have rights. Don't let them trick you into giving those rights up when the po-po comes a' knockin'.

**Two lies that cops will tell you:**

1. *If you cooperate and turn over your shit, I'll make things easy for you.* Ok, this is total bullshit. Police are not your advocate and they are not in any position to "make things easy." I know that all through elementary school you were taught that police are your friends, but you were lied to. Police are paid to find, arrest, and help convict you. Your lawyer will make things easy for you; the cop is there to screw you in the butt, or at least Tazer you.
2. *If you don't give up your stuff, I'll come back with a warrant and search you.* This should start with a small disclaimer. Technically, this could happen, but it almost never will. In order to get a warrant, police need to go appeal to a judge. The chances that police are gonna go back to the station and wake the judge up at 2A.M. all over the half a slice of weed you may have in your pocket are astronomically small.

**Two Phrases that just might save your ass:**

1. *I don't consent to any searches.* Under the 4th Amendment, police do not have any right to search you without a warrant issued by a judge. Don't buy anything else they tell you—they are trained to coerce you to surrender your rights. A cop may seem pretty freakin' scary shining a light in your face.
2. *Am I under arrest, or can I go home now?* This usually happens after you don't consent to any searches—cops will ask you to identify yourself. Contrary to popular belief, police cannot legally require you to identify yourself. If they ask for ID, ask if you're under arrest. They'll almost definitely say no, and then you assert, "Well, then, I'm going home now."

P.S. Police can, legally, at any time, ask you to take a sobriety test and if you fail, none of this applies. ■



# reflections.

## busted a stoner's story

by henrykellogg

All signs pointed to this being a great weekend. My little brother was coming up for the weekend to visit. I was stoked.

I took my little brother back to my dorm, showed him my friends, whom he said he thought looked like pirates, and then took him to observe one of UVM's most cherished traditions. We all went off to go get high. This was a ceremony of no small importance. And they were under-takings indeed, two large bowl packs in a week old, \$400 beautiful double bubbler. We were so stoned, enjoying Mary Jane in all her delights. After we were finished, we pocketed our things and continued to stand around while one of our friends had a cigarette.

That's when we heard sirens. They were headed for another dorm, someone must have pulled a fire alarm, nothing to worry about. I told the group, "As a stoner, you learn to hate the sign of sirens, and cops in general." And then, just like magic, a policewoman was standing next to us in the circle.

"I've been called in here for marijuana," the policewoman said a little bit too cheerfully. My face turned white, I was scared, this was the first time I had ever talked to cops and my 16-year-old straight edge little brother was standing right there. "So if any of you have any marijuana I want you to hand it over."

But I was not willing to give up so easily. "I don't consent to a search," I voiced. My friends nodded in agreement. My brother stared daggers at me. I was definitely his dead-beat older brother.

"So I'm going to have to take your IDs and run you guys." We gave them over and a long standing around commenced. Dramatic tension built. Then her partner showed up. Another lady cop, but this one meant business. I was wearing my Mariachi pants at the time-- I wear them even when not impersonating a sombrero-wearing superhero, and I had a large jar of weed in my pocket. It was a very large jar with only the shake at the bottom, but the officer called me out on it.

"Excuse me sir, but what is that bulge in your pocket?" I was so tempted to say, "Well, two lady cops, who couldn't help but be excited?" So tempted. But I decided that it would have made a bad situation worse. "It's a jar of coffee, I drank it this morning." I lied unconvincingly. Then the officer pulled me aside. Things got real, real fast. "So here's how this is going to go. You

are either going to give me that marijuana or we are going to requisition your pants and get a warrant to search them. You're talking permanent criminal record here or writing a paper." I gave her the jar. My friend gave his \$400 bubbler up. They also got two grinders, a smaller pipe named Lefty Lucy, and another smaller jar of weed. They patted us all down and even looked in my little brother's retainer case for weed. It was a tragedy.

I was so close. If only we had walked inside when we heard sirens, if only I had my ganja in a smaller jar. If only, if only. I would have thought that getting caught by the cops was a freshman sort of thing to do, or rather a first semester freshman mistake. But here I was getting patted down just like on a rerun of Cops that I would have watched at three in the morning. It was all absurd, cest la vie.

But at this point all of us were laughing. It felt like we were five years old playing cops and robbers. You caught us. Good game, ali infenfree!

They were kind: they smashed the bubbler in front of us and gave us their business cards. And then they drove off into the sunset. I know my brother learned a good lesson and was once again reassured about everything he learned in high school health class to never ever do drugs. For me I'm humbled, and I am reminding that being a stoner isn't all bravado smoking weed every day and smoking a big pipe. What us stoners do is illegal and our high is a privilege only for those who dare to flaunt authority. Those who fly close to the sun will have the wax on their wings melted and the ground is hard below. But we go on, taking risks knowing that anytime, every time, we could get busted, and in places scarier than this we'd have to do more than write a paper. ■

## random, useless, and totally awesome holidays

by lizcantrell

All this bloodthirsty Olympic competition warrants an examination not only of the world's sports, but also its incredible collection of completely irrelevant and unusual holidays. From food to pot to good old-fashioned games, folks 'round the world will find any excuse to party. Here follows a list of legitimate celebrations that are both wonderfully outrageous and highly entertaining.

**Cooper's Hill Cheese Rolling Festival:** Gloucestershire, England:

Taking place on the last Monday in May, the Gloucestershire Cheese Rolling Festival is a celebration of cheese at its finest: a seven pound wheel of it, that is. The cheese is positioned at the top of the hill and let free, with participants plunging down behind it. Although the goal is to be the first to get down the hill and beat the cheese, it really doesn't matter; everyone's falling all over each other and smashing their faces into the side of the hill, so no harm done if the cheese actually rolls over you. I wouldn't be surprised if the participants enjoyed a few pints before, during, and after this grand affair. The winner is rewarded with some cash and the big cheese. Not bad for a hard day's work, and I have to say this is my personal favorite of the bunch. Who doesn't like free cheese?

**Summer Redneck Games:** Dublin, Georgia, USA

Leave it to the United States to celebrate overalls, shitty dental care, and the lingering spirit of the Confederacy. Yes it's true: every sweltering summer the finest folks gather 'round to partake in a day of sophisticated fun. Highlights include "bobbin' for pig's feet", "hubcap hurl", "the armpit serenade", "the mud pit belly flop", and "seed spitting". I mean no disrespect to anyone from the South, having been born and raised in Alabama myself, but this is just ridiculous. Somehow these people managed to work a computer and make a website, which states that the games cannot begin until the Ceremonial Grill is lit (the food to be grilled was not specified, but my money's on the possum they ran over with their monster trucks on the way in). To their credit, all the hillbillies' proceeds go to charity, and, as their website so proudly proclaims, "everyone and their butt crack is welcome." Yeah...couldn't make that up if I tried. On a scale of "you own a double-wide trailer" to "your mom and your girlfriend are the same person", I'd say this competition weighs in at "sixth grade was the best, and last, year of school you ever had."

**The Cannabiscup:** Amsterdam, Netherlands

Although it's highly appropriate that a pot-smoking festival be held in Holland, perhaps the United States version could be held in Burlington, Vermont? I'm sure we'd do just fine. Anyhow, this holiday isn't just an excuse to get high; it actually serves a genuine purpose. Experts from around the world pay to sample different varieties of our green-leafed friend and vote on their favorite. The only problem is that visitors can't actually cast a ballot for the dankest variety, but they can get free samples and have "sick stories" to tell when they get home. The winner has the distinguished honor of being the best drug dealer in the world. No one can top that, not even Chuck Norris.

**La Tomatina Tomato Fight:** Bunyol, Valencia, Spain

No one really knows how this delightful tradition began, but every year on the last Wednesday of August, a tiny town in eastern Spain is overrun by 30,000 people throwing tomatoes at each other. According to La Tomatina's official website, www.latomatina.org, about 140 tons of tomatoes are brought in for the event, and tourists and townsfolk alike enjoy a day of pelting one another with the red fruits. The event is apparently part of a weeklong string of festivities honoring the patron saint of the town. I'm sure he's pleased his remembrance is celebrated with overripe crops. All in all, this sounds like an awesome way to blow off some steam and get your daily dose of veggies.

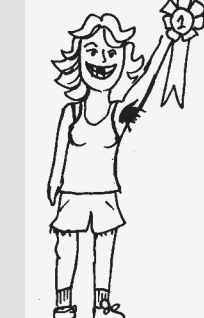
**Naha Tug-of-War:** Naha, Okinawa, Japan

This ain't your typical gym class tug-of-war. This is Guinness Book of World Record stuff: 25,000 tuggers, 300,000 spectators, and a 40-ton rope (80,000 pounds) that measures about 300 feet on either end of a ten foot wooden peg holding them together. Traditionally, the tug represents the battle of "east vs. west" and occurs every October 10th. Participants grab hold of smaller ropes branching off the trunk of the main one and pull with all their might for 30 minutes; the side that successfully pulls the other team 15 meters (49 feet) wins. I don't even want to imagine the burns people get from a half hour of lugging around an 80,000-pound rope. Yikes. I think I'd pass on this one: the whole thing just sounds sweaty and kind of nasty when you get that visual.

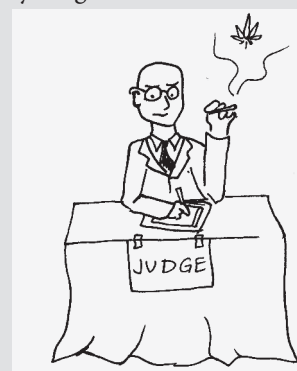
The world is a fascinating place, and every country has their fair share of weird but somehow meaningful celebrations. At any given moment, in any corner of the globe, somebody is chucking food, tackling someone in a mud pit, or trying their hardest to defy gravity and its effect on cheese. Praise them and their efforts; it affords us an appreciation for the world and a good laugh. ■



kelly macintyre



Georgia, USA



The world is a fascinating place, and every country has their fair share of weird but somehow meaningful celebrations.

## why we're screwed & what to do about it

### the college grad's guide to the job market

by lauradillon

A college degree seems to mean less and less in the current job market. People serving burgers and fries have BA's in something or other. Alas! This is bad news, especially for those of you who are headed into the real world at the end of this semester. The fact is that it's not a good time to be graduating from college. The economic downturn is hitting all of America hard, but it affects young job-hunters disproportionately. Research done during the previous economic dips showed that college grads entering the job market during a recession earned 25% less than other grads.

This means that you may not score your ideal job right after graduation, but don't fret! You can still find the perfect job! You just need to think out of the box. Tough times require a more innovative approach to job hunting. Here are a few helpful ideas for those of you searching for the right career.

**Political Science**  
*Rush Limbaugh 2.0:* Start your own outrageously partisan radio show. You don't even need a college education.... or any education for that matter. All you need is some blatant bigotry, a few Oxy-Cotin, and a lot of anger.

**Crazy Politico:** Get a bike or grocery cart, cover it with ribbons and political

paraphernalia, and preach your heart out. It will help if you're in the Green Party and an avid supporter of Ralph Nader. You probably won't get paid, but you'll have a hell of a good time.

**English**  
*Fortune Cookie Poet:* The world of fortunes needs some fresh ideas and some

and business savvy to create a thriving marketplace. There is certainly a demand, so all you have to do is supply. Who knows...with a couple balloons and some willing volunteers you could even go international.

**See Botanist.**  
**Philosophy**

Sorry, but you're fucked. Go contemplate that for a while.

**Biology**  
*Botanist:* Go find yourself a nice, classy business major. With your talent for growing an abundance of plants, and their talent for salesmanship, you two are destined for the stars!

**Theater**  
*Reality TV Star:* If you have big enough boobs and no dignity, this is the path for you! You might not want to mention your college degree, though; casting directors seem to go by the stupider, the better.

**Pretty Woman (or Man):** Prostitution is

a viable option for any major, but you theater majors have an advantage. With your acting experience, you will be able to provide your clients with variety and authenticity. Just remember to stay in character and always use a rubber.

**Studio Art**  
Be honest with yourself...do you have any real talent? If not, it may be time to find a new major. ■



kelly macintyre

innovative writers. Sure, you wanted to write a critically acclaimed novel, but in this economy you might have to settle for meaningless combinations of words.

**Erotica:** Bring back the erotic novel. The literary world needs more throbbing extremities and burning loins. You may want to remain anonymous, but at least you'll be published.

**Business**  
*Drug Dealer:* Use your marketing skills

## surfing the stars

with lizcantrell

March Horoscopes  
Pisces: February 20-March 20  
Aries: March 21-April 19

Greetings fellow stargazers! In this long month of March, the celestial heavens become agitated and send strange vibes to those born on the 12th. March Madness sets in, and not just on the court: Pisces people may find themselves wandering aimlessly through the halls of Converse, while those who call themselves Aries are apt to speak only words beginning with "h"... an example, "Hello! Hospitable Hagrid has had heaps of huckleberries" (ok, just ignore the "of").

The star's final message this month is a dark and ominous one. They send a strong warning to partygoers in togas or those named Jules, Julia, or Julio: beware the Ides of March, for you are Brutally unaware of the imminent danger of melting icicles. All in all, this month is not the time to mess with the stars; believe in the wisdom they offer or pay the consequences.

## uvm: future dome capital of america?

by drewdiemar

The University of Vermont has officially proposed plans to construct a glass dome, unparalleled in scope, in the University Green. The proposal, which has already made waves in the student body and the administration, calls for construction of the dome to begin in the summer of 2011, and be finished by the beginning of that academic year.

The proposed dome would span the width of the Green. Its center would be located directly above the fountain at the center of the dome, and the radius would measure 50 meters.

"Think about it," said Alec Hoffman, an initial conceptualist of the dome. "A 50 meter radius would be perfect. I figured it out with Google Earth. It's almost like getting this dome is meant to be."

"Let's face it," Hoffman added. "UVM is a place unlike any other. But as much as we all may cherish this wonderful community, getting a dome would up it to prodigious."

Last week, James Deacon was named as a potential architect of the dome. He said the dome would serve as "less of a student center, but more as a friend center."

"There would be lots of open space. We're talking over 26 thousand cubic meters of space. That's a whole lotta dome."

The dome's cost has been estimated at 75 million dollars, over 10 million more than the Dudley H. Davis Center. I asked if this cost was unbecoming. "Yeah," Deacon scoffed. "If you're a lesbian."

Jonroy Clarkbrown, a prospective contractor for the dome, told me how the dome would operate on a day-to-day basis.

"It would take little monitoring, not very much maintenance. It's really up to the students to decide how much effort to be put into the dome."

Clarkbrown then introduced me to Brian Selley, a junior, who was visiting Mr. Clarkbrown's office to inquire about potential jobs the dome would bring. Mr. Deacon told him that in addition to the construction of the dome, there would be dozens of students needed to mop the dome's surface daily, replaced by shovel-men/women in the winter. There could be work-study students who feel like making a difference and help out at the dome, give dome tours and such."

Mr. Selley, for his part, seemed impressed. "Cool," he explained.

Selley told me that he was considering getting involved, since what Clarkbrown had said interested him in the dome. "There could be grass on some areas, but maybe a basketball court somewhere, or like a little café with tables and animals maybe and like art hanging down and stuff," he said. "People could bring in snow and have jib-seshes... there would be so much room for activities..." Selley trailed off, and a faraway gaze grew on his face as he discussed the prospect of the dome.

The dome seems to be a popular prospect among students. T-shirts have recently been printed, and are a rising bestseller. Standing in the Davis Center, this reporter spotted multiple shirts reading "UVM: Dome Err Day of the Week." "I spent 75 million dollars for dome," and "This Ain't the Aftermath of Katrina, But this Dome is Insane!"

One student, who identified herself as a junior, was kind enough to have the decal on her sweatshirt photocopied.

While the overall reactions of the students and faculty do seem positive, many have some reservations. Josh Durham, a sophomore, is disappointed at the expected high level of security. "It would be so dope if you could get high in the middle of it. That would really make the dome unforgettable." ■

advertisement

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### Study #33

- For ages 18-65

- This study involves 2 visits, a total of approximately 4 hours

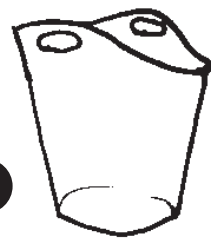
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# trash.



## the ear

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

*Outside of Given:*  
**Girl:** I don't even know what I would do if I couldn't punch people in the face all day.

*Sichel Hall, Outside of Girls' Bathroom:*  
(Girls enter bathroom)  
**Boy:** I'll just stay out here and listen awkwardly. I'll monitor your flow.

*Outside Marsh Life Science:*  
**Guy:** Teaching kids isn't a real job. You can get as fucked up for it as you want.

*Davis Center Third Floor:*  
**Dude Bro 1:** It's like vagina beer ... it tastes like water... (pause) I ain't no racist, I'm just a Vermonter.

*In the Davis Center:*  
**Girl sitting on chair:** You can go really hard on these!

*Davis Center Booth:*  
**Girl 1:** So anyway she ended up getting pulled over and blew a .31 Her blood was 30% alcohol!  
**Girl 2:** That's pretty crazy.

*Bailey-Howe Library:*  
**Boy 1:** Yo man you will not believe what happened to me Sunday morning.  
**Boy 2:** What?  
**Boy 1:** I woke up and thought I slept with my sister's best friend, but then I realized she goes to school in Virginia.  
**Boy 2:** Then who did you sleep with?  
**Boy 1:** Some war pig I can't remember her name.  
**Boy 2:** You're a fucking mess.

*Davis Center Fishbowl:*  
**Girl 1:** Who made out with your dog? When did this happen?  
**Girl 2:** Shows the group something on her computer.  
**Girl 1:** Wait, did you really make out with your dog?  
**Girl 2:** Yesssss.

*The Marketplace:*  
**Girl 1:** Soooo, what are you giving up for lent this year?  
**Girl 2:** I don't know... I usually give up junk food, but I'm debating giving up sex.  
**Girl 1:** REALLY!? You would do that?

## fashion five-oh.

with colbynixon

### my 30 days of shirts

I don't mean to seem like an asshole, but I have a lot of shirts, probably far more than any guy should have. A conservative estimate would put me at a number of 40+ shirts. Over break, I came to the realization that of these, I routinely wear about fourteen. It was from this realization and watching far too many episodes of Morgan Spurlock's *30 Days*, that an idea was born. I would wear a different shirt everyday for the first thirty days of this spring semester. Of course, I had to have rules, so they were as follows:

1. Each day, I would have to wear a different shirt. (Exceptions: I could repeat undershirts, running shirts (like Under Armor), and pullovers, but not sweaters.)
2. If I wore a shirt for more than three hours, it could not be worn again.
3. If I were to wear a pullover or fleece, the "primary" shirt had to be clearly visible, with as much of it showing as possible.
4. Previously worn shirts could not be used for layering.

The first week, as you might imagine, was not that bad, nor was the second week. However, right around Day Sixteen, I realized I was going to have to go deep into the rotation to keep the streak

alive. I began pulling out shirts I forgot I had. I found a couple of knock-off Lacoste shirts that I had purchased from a street vendor in Turkey, a countless number of yellowed road race t-shirts, and even a red tee prominently featuring the face of Walter (of *The Big Lebowski*), juxtaposed with the words, "You're Out of Your Ele-

**"Right around Day Sixteen, I realized I was going to have to go deep into the rotation to keep the streak alive."**

ment!" All-in-all, it was good spread, and though it would be tough, I figured I could probably do it. In the end, I was able to make it through the month. I have to say I learned a lot through my experience; for example, I have a lot of blue shirts, yellow shirts don't look good on me, and nobody else actually cares if I've worn the same shirt within a two week period. By exercising the full range of my shirt collection and preparing to eliminate the unnecessary apparel, I feel that I have actually improved how I dress. I would definitely encourage you all to do the same. Who knows, maybe you will dig up that epic ski sweater, or that t-shirt your "cool" uncle got you from Master Bait & Tackle in Bonita Springs, Florida. My final piece of advice is to bypass anything with stains and holes- those are now gym shirts. Please stay tuned for my next adventure when I eat only condiments and don't shower for 30 days in the ultimate plan to pick up chicks. ■

6

## 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

I see two beautiful ladies working at the CBW front desk every Tuesday and Thursday morning on my way to class. I keep hoping I have a package to go up and talk to you both.

**When:** every Tuesday and Thursday  
**Where:** CBW front desk  
**I saw:** 2 hot mammas  
**I am:** a shy guy

You DJed at the rave for Haiti, and your music was almost as enticing as your smiling. I tried to catch your eye, because I think I'm just your smile. I hope you don't limit your parties to campus, Mr. Blattula.

**When:** Last Thursday  
**Where:** Rave for Haiti  
**I saw:** a sexy DJ  
**I am:** A music loving girl

You had me at "just quit"  
I wonder what will Kim think of this?  
Hair so blonde and eyes so blue  
Babygirl I'm stuck on you  
You make my heart jump and my soul smile  
Remember when we chilled with Niall?  
I've had feelings since then, there's no denial  
Thank god for that B. Spears song  
Cause I've been waiting for so long  
One, two, three...  
But now it's just you and me  
No matter what, we will always be friends  
But I hope the lovin' never ends  
I'm not a fan of reality  
But this is real...you will see  
Just how much you mean to me

**When:** not enough  
**Where:** everywhere  
**I saw:** a beautiful duckling  
**I am:** a striving steez

We had coffee once in the middle of class.  
I think you have pretty eyes.

**When:** Once a week  
**Where:** History methods  
**I saw:** a woman  
**I am:** a man

You helped me with math on the computer. These losers aren't cutting it. You're cuter. You are older than me. I'm just a lowly freshman. Ask me when I'm free. See you Wednesday.

**When:** every MWF  
**Where:** math class  
**I saw:** a senior  
**I am:** hoping you're single

We see each other everyday  
And that one shower was electric  
You give me butterflies in my chest...  
...or an arrhythmia  
Either way, my heart flutters for you  
I like the energy between us  
You are so incredibly beautiful  
Love you always

**When:** every day and night  
**Where:** "Our" room  
**I saw:** a princess  
**I am:** your prince charming

Last semester we took Math 22, but all I did was look at you. That purple carhartt sweatshirt you wore, made my jaw drop to the floor. I think my longboard caught your eye, but really all I want is to be your guy.

**When:** Fall 09  
**Where:** Math 22  
**I saw:** a pretty lady  
**I am:** a skater boy

I saw a dark beauty and I yelled Phalma! Is that your name? You didn't respond and my heart is broken! Please mend it with your presence.

**When:** a few seconds ago  
**Where:** on the grassy knoll!  
**I saw:** a woman  
**I am:** your kind

## misquotation of the week



**"I just don't think the conservative health care plan has any substance!"**

-Lady Gaga

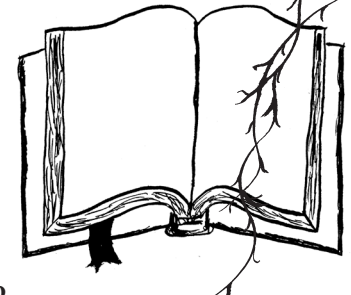
# créatif stuffé.



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

## thorns

by duskpeña



### Part Two

The vines obeyed and released their grip on Xavier. Helen revealed herself. She wore the same white dress she had when she was taken away from him by the darkness. She was as tranquil as the day he'd met her. He gritted his teeth and searched for the switchblade he kept in his back pocket next to his lighter. He had found it in his father's belongings before he passed away.

"Xavier, stop this," she ordered.  
He shook his head.  
"This is our home," her voice, like soft church bells ringing in the distance, soothed him, if only for a moment, "Why are you acting like this? Why are you so upset with me?"

Xavier drew out his blade. A vine rushed toward his wrist but he quickly grabbed the

vine with his other hand and cut it in half with the blade. The vine squealed in pain and slithered off back into the darkness. More vines attacked, some flogged his back, others wrapped around his wrist and legs. In a matter of seconds, Xavier's snow-like skin had become pinkish-red, stained with his own blood. He grinded his teeth and struggled to pull himself toward Helen with the blade still firmly in his hand.

Helen watched in horror as her lover fought his way through the darkness just to end her life.

"Enough of this, Xavier," she screamed, "This is our home. These are our children."

"No!" he shouted, "I love you. I have to kill you."  
He sawed off the vine that held the hand with the blade and stabbed the vine that held his other hand. The vine he stabbed was a part of the same vine that constricted his legs. The pain caused it to release him, the vile thing slithering away toward its master. He rushed toward Helen. Helen, who had tried to turn back and run, slipped and fell on to the pavement.

"Don't do this, baby!" she screamed, "Please, don't do this. We can be together. I love you! Don't!"

Xavier, covered in his own blood and sweat, and filled with passive rage, grabbed his lover by her hair and plunged the blade deep into her back between her shoulders. He let go of her hair and walked away. A single vine formed itself into a noose. It was the thickest of the bunch and was covered in more thorns than any of the others. He nodded and accepted his fate, not once looking back.

Helen woke up in Montefiore Hospital. A plump woman in her thirties, dressed in light blue scrubs, trotted to her side where Helen lied helplessly in a pale, stiff bed. The woman's eyes stared with excitement and wonder.

"She's up, doctor," shouted the plump nurse.  
A young blond man in a white coat rushed over to

examine her.

"Helen, Helen Murphy?"  
"Huh?" Helen muttered.  
"She's up. Call her parents," the doctor ordered.  
"Doctor Jerald, the other one. Something is wrong," the nurse's voice trembled.

Helen forced herself up. The woman remained by her side while the doctor rushed to the bed beside Helen's.  
"What happened?" Helen asked. Her arms were covered in tubes that appeared as thick and dangerous as vines.

"You were in an accident. You and your boyfriend have been in a coma for three weeks," the nurse explained. "We managed to keep you both stable, but..."  
"Xavier!" Helen shouted.

Xavier had saved her. She watched several nurses and the doctor rush to the bed by the right; each one trying to bring back the patient who lay limp and pale, clearly far beyond help. After a few more attempts the nurses cleared and doctor muttered something under his breath. Helen ripped the tubes off her wrists and stumbled out of bed. Her legs were weak and her muscles sore.

"Don't do that. You need to rest," the doctor said as the nurse tried her best to move Helen toward her bed.

"No, where's Xavier? Did he get out?" Helen screamed.

"Get out of the wreck?" the doctor asked.  
"No, the darkness. Did he escape it?" Helen asked.

"I'm sorry, Helen. Xavier, just...passed away," the doctor whispered, staring back at the limp body behind him.

Helen pushed the nurse off her and rushed toward the other bed. Curtains, like a veil, hid her lover from her. She yanked them off and collapsed onto Xavier's chest. No heartbeat. She held in her tears and whispered, "Thank you."

Her fingers gently brushed around his neck, where a red ring circled his throat with several punctured holes scattered around it. ■

Helen watched in horror as her lover fought his way through the darkness just to end her life.

## feeling a little créatif?



the water tower is looking for creative writers and artists! Send your poems, stories, photos, and comics to [thewatertownnews@gmail.com](mailto:thewatertownnews@gmail.com) and share your masterpeices with the whole wide world!

## German Bear Wrestling with alextownsend



7



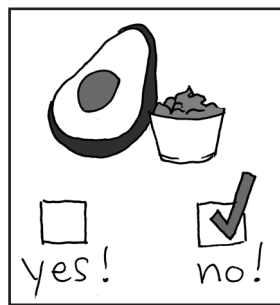
# cat litter.

by mac smith, greg francesse, lauren katz,  
juliet critsimilios, taylor dobbs, henry kellogg  
artwork by kelly macintyre

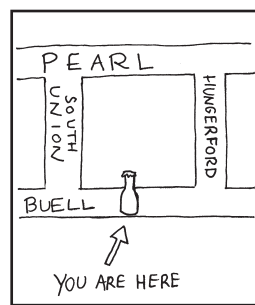


Once again, **the water tower** is solving all of your problems. This time, we've programmed all the apps you've ever needed here at uvm. These apps are so practical it hurts.

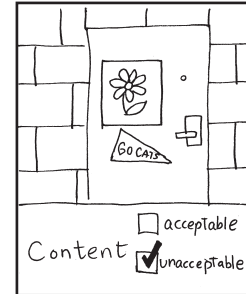
## introducing the uvm app store!



**iGuac** Lets you know if New World has guac. Because if they don't, do you really want to wait on that ridiculous line?



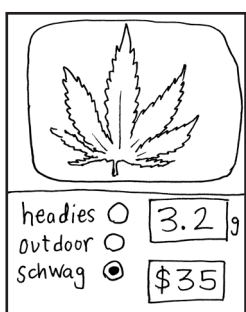
**i'Mlost** Getting back to campus made simple: If you're not walking up hill, you should start doing that.



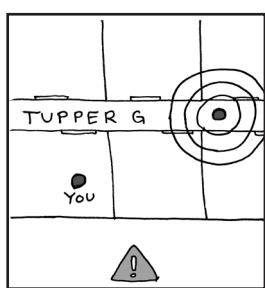
**iResLife** Augmented reality app: Just point at your door and it will let you know that ResLife finds whatever's on it to be offensive.



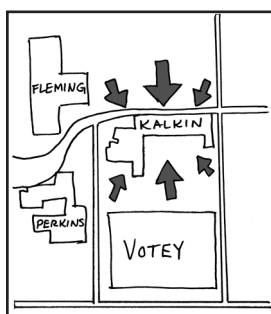
**WTonline** Because let's face it. You've never actually read us online. But you can at uvm. edu/~watertwr



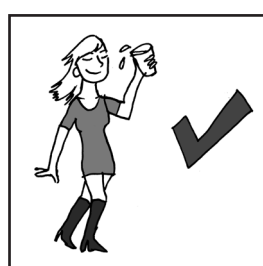
**iScale** Don't ever get ripped off again! Make sure you're getting exactly what you're paying for! (Can also be used to weigh other things)



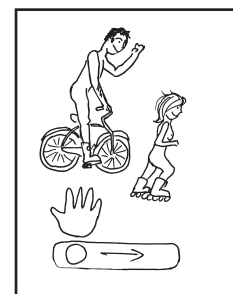
**RA Detector** Always lets you know where your RA is. It just makes life easier.



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**iGoggles** Augmented Reality App: Don't ever let your beer goggles betray you again!



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**BottleCaps** Magic Hat bottle cap generator. A good way to soberly appreciate life lessons.

# tunes.

## your weekly WRUV music review

### why does olympic skating music usually suck?

by sarahmoylan

I'm an Olympic-aholic, and when it comes to the Winter Games, figure skating is my favorite sport to watch.

But here's my beef with skaters: the music they skate to is lame! I have a lot of respect for the traditional, orchestrated compositions that typically go with skating choreography, but with all of the crazy jumps and spins that skaters do these days, they need to spice up their musical selections. Here are some examples of American skaters' music from the 2010 Olympics—and what I think their songs should have been:

#### Rachael Flatt:

*What she skated to:* "Rhapsody on a Theme of Paganini" by Sergei Rachmaninoff

*What she should have skated to:* "Young Girl" by Gary Puckett

I suppose there's nothing inherently wrong with this piece, which features exciting changes in dynamic, sweeping piano solos, and vibrant, strings-driven melodies. It just makes me angry because of the song's name, "Paganini," makes me hungry for a panini sandwich (and thus distracts me from the excellent figure skating). And from a more technical standpoint (I'd again like to remind you that I don't know anything about skating), it doesn't really work with her choreography. At all.

Flatt is the perfect candidate for a music makeover. The reason I've chosen "Young Girl" is because...well...have you seen Rachael Flatt? At 17, she's certainly not the youngest to compete in the Olympics, but, man...she looks like she could be still be in the sixth grade!

#### Johnny Weir:

*What he skated to:* "Fallen Angels" by various artists  
*What he should have skated to:* "Space Oddity" by David Bowie

I've got to admit, it's kind of cool that "Fallen Angels" was created specifically for Weir. If you watched the competition on television, you would have learned from the commentators that the song is supposed to be a musical representation of everything that's happened in Johnny's life in the past year. But the piece's musical mishmash of echoing bells, creepy

operatic voices, and random thunder claps make "Fallen Angels" seem better fit for a *Harry Potter* soundtrack.

There's a lot of music out there that might be better suited for Weir, an enigmatic twenty-something with a penchant for sparkly, feather-encrusted outfits. David Bowie would be a perfect pick as they are both intriguingly androgynous. My specific choice of song is "Space Oddity." (I picked this track because I have not yet ruled out that Johnny Weir is a space oddity.)

#### Jeremy Abbott:

*What he skated to:* "A Day in the Life" by Jeff Beck (Beatles cover)

*What he should have skated to:* "A Day in the Life" by Jeff Beck (Beatles cover)

In case you didn't watch the Olympics, I'll give you a quick recap of Jeremy Abbott's performance: he looked mighty dashing in his purple vest, but he flubbed a few jumps pretty badly, crushing any hopes for a medal and disappointing figure skating fans everywhere. Still, his was my favorite performance of the whole Olympics because...dude! Jeremy Abbott's music was awesome! He skated to an instrumental cover of the Beatles' "A Day in the Life," and it was the perfect choice: its simple but moody guitar riffs and minimal orchestration were the perfect match for his intricate and expressive choreography while still doing the original song justice. Plus, it immediately drew in the audience, many of whom were already quite familiar with the tune. Why can't more people skate to awesome Beatles songs?!



with nyikobeguinn and andrewseier

**Various Artists** - Back To Peru Vol. 2 (*Vampi Soul*)

Garage Psych, Pop, Go-Go out of the Peruvian Underground '65-'75. Just A-Mazing. Sultry funk tunes, squealing guitars, rhythmic bongo hits, sexy Spanish, over-excited female pop vocals. Hendrix covers, raw riffs, and even some Beatles-esque pop.

Vampi Soul is among the "crate-diggers" of the label world. In 2001, they released the first set of these fantastic artists from the musical orgasm occurring in Peru in the late 60's and early 70's (it's just too bad the post-climax ended in a disco revolution). Now, almost a decade later, they return with not one, but *two* whole discs full of this mind-blowing music history.

Historically, rock music became popular in Peru at around the same time as the civilian's lost control of government to more right-winged leadership and eventually, dictatorial military regimes. But, it seems music, maybe even more so with rock music, ripens under a government trying to compromise its success. And while some tracks are drug-influenced psychedelic freak-outs (D1: 1, 6, 11, 13, 15 / D2: 1, 2, 6) that could easily have been well known in America, one of my favorite jams is a rockabilly/surf type track with an over-the-top enthused Kela Gates singing in Spanish, "Loca Por Un Loco," with a mysterious laughing, heckling, wild man in between verses. Similarly, "Maybe I Know" is a simple, catchy pop tune.

Also fantastic on this compilation are the two outstanding funk tunes on

the first disc, "Camina, No Vuelas" and "Down on My Knees Again." In the same vein, is a soul/blues track "Efectos" that could chill you.

Most importantly however, are the tunes that stick closest to the South American traditions, while discovering the psych/garage/art rock aspects blossoming around the world, nearby with Tropicalia, for instance: (D1: 14 / D2: 4, 5, 8, 11).

Psych pop is another big theme here (D1: 12, 20 / D2: 10, 13, 14) and even though We All Together (WAT) was a huge name in the movement, with members of the group influencing large portions of the music, there is no evidence of their McCartney vibing tunes here. Instead, included is an earlier, garage-y tune, "Rock of All Ages," which serves as a testament to their depth.

*For Fans Of: Tropicalia, Krautrock, Funk, Go-Go, Garage, Psych*

**Joanna Newsom** - Have One On Me (*Drag City*)

A true accomplishment for the highly revered freak-folk songstress. Threading themes of love and family into a dynamically resonant assemblage of carefully plucked harp strings, richly textured vocal melodies, and purposeful orchestral accompaniment. Newsom's voice and compositional technique has matured beautifully with these songs that are both welcoming and curious.

*For Fans Of: Joni Mitchell, Alela Diane, Devendra Banhart*