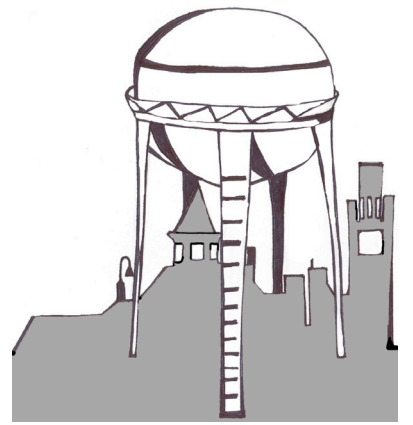


the water tower.

uvm's alternative newsmag



volume 8 - issue 5 - tuesday, october 3, 2010 - uvm, burlington, vt

uvm.edu/~watertwr

rally on the rocks

uvm's favorite catamount spirals out of control

by erikaweisz

It seemed like Rally the Catamount had the world at his feet: Straight-A student, handsome SGA senator, and let's face it: the coolest cat on campus. "Rally was an awesome guy," remembers senior Sylvester Goupin. "He used to walk around with that goofy grin on his face, break into choreographed routines on the steps of the Bailey-Howe, and cheer up all the stressed-out students by giving them hugs and high-fives." Such happy times are a thing of the past for Rally Cat, and now that brilliant smile is more of a sour puss. Once known for his cheer and charm, Rally is now famous for his "bad boy" attitude and hard-partying lifestyle.

But what happened to the guy who used to bring his own bowl to Honors College ice cream socials? A source close to Rally's family reveals that the allegations of a fling with the Champlain College Beaver were indeed true. Known for her erratic behavior and promiscuous nature, it was no surprise to Rally's close friends and family when he started experimenting with drugs and alcohol. "We knew something was really wrong when Rally missed a hockey game to go on another Beaver Bender," reveals a source. "That was the breaking point for Rally. Beaver was just trouble."

But the trouble didn't stop there. Falling in with the wrong crowd was just the tip of the iceberg for this fragile feline. Rally's weekend raging quickly spilled into his daily life and had a profound effect on those around him. "It was really sad," says sophomore Mustafa Crudup. "One time he showed up to one of the swim meets completely intoxicated. He started harassing male swimmers about their Speedos and made jokes about their genitalia. When they told him to leave, he urinated in the pool." Unfortunately, this incident was not unique and Rally's outbursts still continue.

"Last week, we were all hanging out at Brennan's, you know, just enjoying Burlington's night-life," recalls senior Melvin Daschle. "I was just eating my Tamara's Chicken Tenders, when there was a huge ruckus behind me. I turned around and I saw Rally, and man, oh man, was he plastered! He must have had his two Brennan's brews because his eyes were bloodshot and he was stumbling all over the pub. He went over to the popcorn machine and took a Sharpie out of his pocket. At first we thought he was writing a motivational message, like 'Go Cats Go,' but when he turned around, we saw that he drew a huge, hairy phallus."

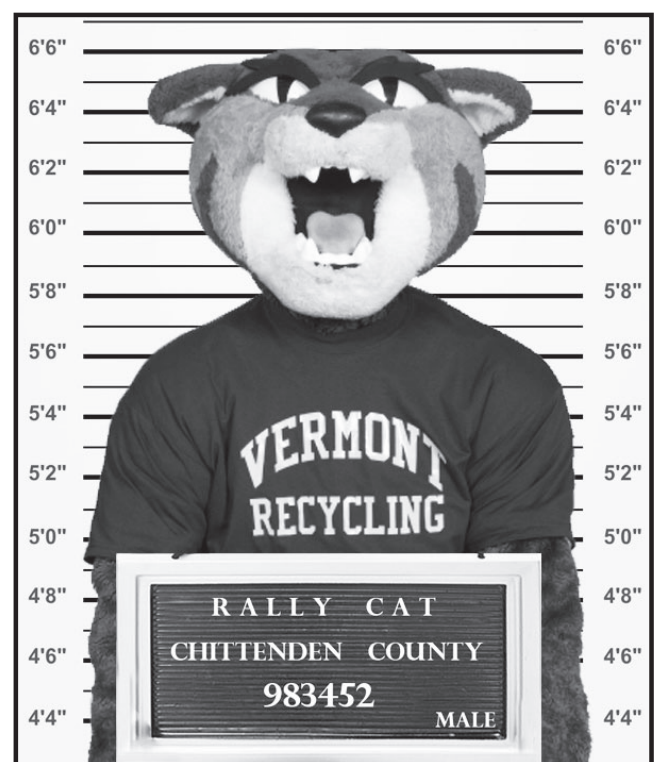
Rally hit rock-bottom after a grotesque display at the Bailey-Howe Library that led to his immediate arrest. Though campus authorities did not provide a detailed description of the crime, they did comment that the incident involved a private study room, an anatomy book, and an entire roll of unbleached paper towels.

Rally's family and friends are beginning to lose confidence. "We thought it was just a phase, but it doesn't even seem like he wants to get better," says a close source. Rally used to be a shining emblem of hope and school spirit. Now he represents the startling impact of partying and how quickly things can spiral out of control. ■



Rally Cat attempts to charm his way out of a bind. Cops are not amused.

it's an effing CATastrophe!



Top left: A scene of destruction at Rally's now-notorious L/L suite.

Bottom Left: Beaver is spotted mingling with co-eds downtown, while Rally lurks furiously in the background.

Above: Rally Cat's mugshot: taken shortly after incident at Brennan's.

get
inside
me

news
shame in the
old dominion
by bendonovan

reflections
simpson store goes
insane
by calebdemers

tunes
lcd soundsystem
by bridgettrecro

advertise for your
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the best news team in the universe.



inbox

Dear **water tower**,

I love Olivia Nguyen's fashion column this year, "wat(er) you wearing." It's one of the first things I flip to every Tuesday. The fashion so far has been great and I like seeing student photos in your paper.

I just have one gripe. Every morning I wake up and spend about two hours putting together an outfit, doing my hair, and making sure I look my best. How have my efforts gone unnoticed? Honestly, there are about 10-14 fashionable people on this campus and I AM ONE OF THEM.

Find me. Please. I look awesome.

Sincerely,
Lady in Red

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

thewatertownews@gmail.com

the shit list

with emilyhoogester

George Doodnaught. Doodnaught, a Canadian anesthesiologist, was charged with sexually assaulting twenty-nine women while they were under anesthesia for surgical procedures. We're really, really hoping that wasn't what he had in mind when he went to medical school.

Bullying. With the recent suicides of Tyler Clementi and others because of homophobic comments and cruelty, it's time for bullying and intolerance of all sorts to get permanently shit-listed. It's the twenty-first century, people - let's value humanity a little bit.

Belated Apologies. From 1946 to 1948, the National Institutes of Health sponsored a study to see if penicillin would prevent syphilis - which involved deliberately infecting Guatemalan prison inmates with syphilis. The United States finally officially apologized this week. Apologies are usually better received by people if they're still alive - which means you probably shouldn't wait 60 years, considering you just gave them syphilis.

Rain! More specifically, biblical amounts of rain that doesn't cease and makes everything smell like cow shit and wet cigarettes. It should also be noted that walking through a monsoon still doesn't constitute a shower.

oaxaca mudslide: the aftermath

by jamesaglio

After receiving twelve inches of rainfall over a three-day span, a large hill in Oaxaca, Mexico collapsed on Tuesday, September 28, 2010 at around four in the morning local time. The resulting landslide engulfed a small rural town in Santa Maria Tlahuitotepc, burying as many as 300 homes and possibly creating a death toll between five hundred and one thousand. Because the slide occurred in the early hours of the morning, almost all residents of the town were asleep in their homes and are now trapped under massive amounts of mud. Authorities are uncertain, however, as to the exact extent of the damage because Santa Maria Tlahuitotepc is difficult to reach even in ideal conditions; the flooding resulting from the rain has only made it more inaccessible. Despite this, relief workers are already pouring in from outside areas to assist in any way possible, time being of the essence. These workers are both governmental and private, mainly from the military or the Red Cross respectively. All relief workers are finding difficulty traversing the unstable, flooded terrain, preventing an effective response despite swift action on the part of the Mexican government. The official death toll at the time of this writing is eight, with one hundred individuals confirmed missing. Those numbers are only the bodies that have been found or ac-

shame in the old dominion

*"And you who philosophize disgrace, and criticize all fear/
Bury the rag deep in your face, for now is the time for your tears."
--Bob Dylan, "The Lonesome Death of Hattie Carroll"*

by bendonovan

You probably didn't hear about it, but two weeks ago in my home state of Virginia, justice went terribly, if predictably, wrong. Teresa Lewis, a 41-year-old woman from Danville, Virginia, was executed after being convicted of conspiring to have her husband and stepson murdered. Ms. Lewis had conspired with two men, one of whom she was having an affair with, to kill her husband for his insurance money, and on the night of October 30th, 2002, the two men entered her trailer through the door she had left unlocked for them

and murdered her husband and stepson. The three conspirators were indicted, but the two men signed plea bargains identifying Lewis as the ringleader and stating that she manipulated them into committing the crime. In return they were given life sentences. Ms. Lewis received the death penalty. A state prosecutor called her "evil," and the judge stated that she was "the head of this serpent."

"A state prosecutor called her 'evil,' and the judge stated that she was 'the head of this serpent.'"

I say that justice went terribly wrong, because even a cursory glance into the circumstances paints a very different picture. First of all, Ms. Lewis was, by all accounts, borderline mentally retarded. A state psychologist put her IQ at 72 (69 is generally the threshold for legal retardation), and a psychologist from Duke University said in a sworn affidavit that "her mental age is that of a young teen in the range of 12-14 years of age." Further, her accomplice Matthew Schallenberger, with whom she was having an affair, at one point wrote to a fellow inmate and bragged about his manipulation of Ms. Lewis. "I met Teresa at the Walmart in Danville," he said. "From the moment I met her I knew she...

could be easily manipulated. Killing Julian and Charles Lewis was entirely my idea. I needed the money, and Teresa was an easy target." The other conspirator, Rodney Fuller, wrote to a friend stating his plan

was simply the last one left, the loser in a deadly game of musical chairs. Teresa Lewis died because our judicial system rewards the crafty, the dishonest, and the opportunistic at the expense of the less intelligent. And unfortunately, these machinations appear to be largely detached from broader questions of innocence or guilt. If we are to put criminals to death (and I'm not sure we should do it at all), it should be a punishment reserved only for the most vile one percent of crimes whose circumstances display pure, cruel, calculated evil - evil requiring a presence of mind which Ms. Lewis plainly lacked. I can stomach Nazi war criminals being executed. A borderline retarded woman who didn't even pull the trigger is another thing entirely.

Perhaps it's my liberal, pinko, suburban bluegrass-musician morality talking, but I fail to see the hand of justice in what happened in Virginia two weeks ago. All I see is cold, calculating judicial realpolitik. Teresa Lewis was by no means a good person. But attention must be paid, because for one woman 900 miles from Burlington, all due process, all fairness, and all the lofty principles that usually shape our justice system amounted to nothing but disgrace. ■

to use the money to move to New York and "become a drug dealer." All available evidence shows that this woman was, if not completely incognizant of the consequences of her actions, hardly capable of being the ringleader of any plot, and probably the victim of manipulation rather than the perpetrator.

I say that justice went predictably wrong because this situation is far from unusual. Plea bargains, whereby a defendant agrees to plead guilty or to testify against someone else, are a common outcome.

"Authorities are uncertain, however, as to the exact extent of the damage"

counted for, however, and with a disaster of such proportion in a town as poor as Santa Maria, those numbers are almost certainly far below accurate. Currently, communication lines are essentially nonexistent. Authorities were alerted by Santa Maria official Donato Vargas via satellite phone, shortly after the slide occurred. All standard phone lines are down, preventing consistent and adequate communication between government officials and those onsite.

UVM students participate in a study abroad program in Oaxaca every year. The large program is a favorite and allows students to hone their Spanish skills and participate in a variety of cultural experiences to enrich their lives. After having received so much from Oaxaca, now may be an excellent time to give back. Persons of Mexican descent in New York City had already begun relief efforts by midmorning, and are currently mobilizing goods to be sent to the area. All assistance would certainly be welcomed for both survivors and relief workers in the area. ■

SPORTS BLINK

with michaelcieslak

Baseball playoffs are right around the corner and we have seen a great year, showcased by great pitching and shitty umping. First off, we saw the greatest three-month pitching performance ever from Ubaldo Jimenez. Don't know who that is? That's because he fell off the face of the earth faster than Tiger Woods did in February. We had two perfect games and one "perfect" game. Then we saw Albert Pujols and Joey Votto take Triple Crown-type numbers into the later months of the year. This is unusual as we have not seen a Triple Crown winner since Carl Yastrzemski in 1967. The umps jumped in the spotlight early when Joe West started complaining about the time it took for the Sox and Yanks to play a game, and then there was the blown call at first that ended Armando Galarraga's perfect game bid. This sparked the debate for extended use of instant replay, which has been shot down by Bud Selig. In actuality there is a simple solution: screen your umps and make sure they aren't morons. Let's gear up for the playoffs.

the news in brief

with paulgross

"I won't let any terrorists try to keep me away from enjoying a European vacation."

-**Janet Novak**, a potential tourist to Europe, responding to the fact that the United States is staged to issue a categorical travel warning suggesting Americans take extreme caution when travelling in Europe. Though the warning will fall short of advising against travel, it will simply indicate that there have been "general threats" made by terrorist groups against Europe. This warning will first be read publicly at Stephen Colbert's March to Keep Fear Alive.

"These crazy people were politically manipulated"

-Ecuadoran President **Rafael Correa**, commenting on a recent police rebellion in protest of Ecuador's "austerity law," which basically allows the president to suspend parliament and rule by decree whenever he deems it "necessary." The police were a little upset about this, understandably worried they might be asked to carry out insane marshal law. Though apparently Correa didn't understand their concern, he has agreed to rewrite portions of the law. Crazy fucks...

"He wanted to be a movie star, ever since he was a little kid."

-**Jill Kurtis**, lamenting the recent death of her husband, legendary comic actor Tony Curtis. His greased hair and goofily angry expression is, of course, survived in his daughter Jamie Lee, but this gives everyone an excuse to re-watch *Some Like it Hot*, which is arguably the funniest movie ever made. Rent it.

"We are looking for evidence, the information is very thin."

-**Fernando Monreal**, Acapulco chief of police, speaking with regard to the recent kidnapping of 22 Acapulco tourists by a Mexican gang. Seriously, it's a bad week for vacations.

the water tower.

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B/H Library - 1st Floor
Davis Center - 1st Floor Entrance

Davis Center - Main St. Tunnel

L/L - Outside Alice's Café

Old Mill Annex - Main Lobby

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Join the wt.

New writers and artists
are always welcome

Weekly meetings

Tuesdays at 7:30 pm

Williams Family 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.**



What really happened to the US supply of lethal injection...

the water tower.

t-shirt sale.

october 11th-15th.



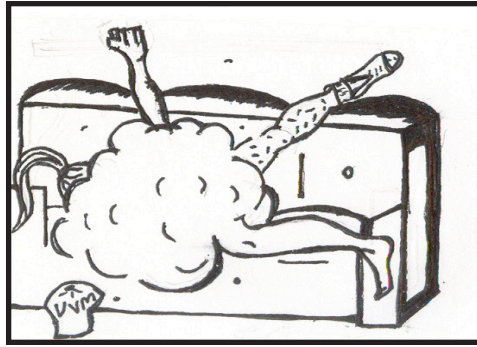
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trash.



the quim queeries

the quim queeries is the **wt's** weekly sex advice column.



Send in your sex and relationship advice questions to the Quim Queeries, no matter what flavor you or your partner might be! Here's our first question, from "Tiling Problem." An agrarian euphemism misspelled, you ask? I think not. I suspect our advice seeker is a math enthusiast referring to Hao Wang's tiling problem! Think you can stump us with your pseudonym? Write in and see!

Dear Bliss and Mab,

I have the world's awesomest fiancé, and we are excited to breed together once we are married. There is a big problem though: it's physiologically impossible for us to have sex. My vagina is too narrow. When we try, my anatomy gets literally torn (super ouch!) and we still don't succeed. We love each other enough that we still want to spend the rest of our lives together even if we never get to have sex, but that would really complicate reproduction, and would also really suck.

If a surgery exists for this, it can't possibly be covered by any health insurance plan. (I haven't actually tried to find one - I'm understandably afraid of what I might get if I typed any search term containing the phrase "vagina widening" into Google.)

Do you have any advice for us?

Sincerely,
Tiling Problem"

I took the liberty and risk of typing "vagina widening" into Google for you - and behold, among such gems as "My Girlfriend's Vagina Has Widened Recently. Is This A Sign Of A Larger Penis?" there were actual results for medical conditions. (+5 points to that Internet dude for blatant insecurity and beating around the bush - so to speak).

First of all, we are not medical authorities. Please, please, please, go to your doctor, the Women's Health Center or Planned Parenthood. That goes for all of you out there: if something hurts or itches, if that's not how your junk normally functions or if, as in this case, how your junk normally functions is Just Not OK - see a doctor. The Women's Health Center is awesome and understanding (and it is also the cheapest place around to get emergency contraception, people).

If you have concerns about finding a supportive doctor, look up the Vermont Diversity Health Project at <http://vdhp.org/>. It is a resource for finding LGBTQ-friendly providers, and even if you are just kinky, poly or have an alternative lifestyle, I'd say they would have a higher probability of being open-minded. A door already opened a crack is a lot easier to push open all the way. Check it out!

That being said, a similar search - "vagina dilation" - brought up www.vaginismus.com, the #1 site for discussing causes of, treatments for, and many other aspects of painful sex. While the site seems a bit heteronormative and marriage-focused to me (since when is unconsummated marriage a symptom?), it is very informative and could help you figure out what to ask your doctor.

Your signoff seems to indicate a logical, computational mind, so perhaps you could think about it this way: You don't do a math problem over and over the same way and expect a different result - you have to change something. In our bodies, repeated pain can cause an expectation of pain and a conditioned response, creating the same answer over and over - and possibly intensifying the problem.

Enlist your awesome fiancé (congratulations!) in working on this together. If your doctor tells you vaginismus is the problem, it's not all bad. Almost all the studies I could find stated that over 90% of patients saw resolution of symptoms with non-surgical treatment - some studies up to 100%. Huzzah!

So, Tiling Problem: don't worry, Hao Wang's tiling problem may be uncomputable, but with a little help, you should be lying tangent to your fiancé's curves soon.

Good luck!
Bring on the Queeries,
Bliss and Mab
quimqueeries@gmail.com

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

4th floor of Lafayette, in the Hall

Guy: The first line of my speech was 'suck it to me.'

Outside of Lafayette

Guy wearing an I'M PARTYING sweatshirt: I've given up drinking.

Dinner at the Grundle

Guy 1 to Guy 2: I am fully prepared to cum on your face.

Simpson store, in line for sandwiches

Girl: Why do they call him Mickey?

Guy: Its not really something I should tell you.

Girl: Oh right, come on.

Guy: So he cut a whole in a Minnie Mouse doll...

The fourth floor of Lafayette, in the hallway

Guy talking inexplicably loudly: So the beginning of my presentation is 'suck my D'***.

Davis Center Marketplace

Girl: Okay Mr. I-drank-a-whole-bottle-of-cough-syrup-in-ten-seconds.

Hickock basement

Well dressed boy (whispers) to cute girl: We gotta get out of here, I just farted.

Random partygoer: Dude, someone just shit their pants! Everyone out!!

L/L Fireplace Lounge

Crying 3 year old boy: I just wanna poop in the Davis Center!!!!

Harry's diner

Guy: Every time I clean my ears I have an ear-gasm.

Lafayette

Lax Bro: I'd rather eat placenta than do math!

3rd floor davis center

Bro to Fellow Bros: Dude, do you remember the time we used that ATM on acid?

Friday morning, 1st floor Library

Girl 1: So how was last night?

Girl 2: I have a huge cut on my ass.

2nd floor, bailey howe library

Guy 1 (on the phone w/ bro): Basically, I just need you to find out if she pooped in my bed or not.

Davis Center Marketplace, Thursday evening

Guy #1: So he was sodomized by a hookah?

Guy #2: No, he was just blowing smoke out his ass.

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

we got a little rowdy at wiz
at night i think about our one little kiss
i wanna do more with you
last night we almost did
but it was too late
come over to my dorm sometimes
you know where i live
(or just shoot me a text)
When: Thursday
Where: at the wiz concert
I saw: a sexy man
I am: a hot girl

I noticed you in our intro to Animal Science class and saw you again in our lab later. You looked so damn fine in your short blue dress and tan boots. You even made the coveralls look good, but only when they were on you. I really want to know your name and maybe we can go from there.
When: Every Tuesday and Thursday
Where: Intro to ASCI Class and Lab
I saw: a hottie in a blue dress
I am: a dude hoping for the best

Walking past my window with style so great.
Taylor, what I would do to take you on a date.
I yell "Hey Taylor," you respond with a wave
Although we both know Taylor is not your name,
The joy it would bring me to take you on a date,
Taylor, meet me at my window, we'll be forever mates.
When: on the reg
Where: walkway to WDW
I saw: a taylor lautner imposter
I am: a doting admirer

For those of you who've never been
The subject of a poet's pen
I dedicate these lines to thee
A little poem made by me.
Though no one wrote twelve lines for you
It doesn't mean they didn't woo
Through spoken words or actions done
Or gifts given or stories spun.
Though you may think that no one cares
The things they say--the thoughts they share
Instead proves that their love is true
For this poem was made for you.
When: Every day
Where: Everywhere
I saw: Anyone who ever wanted a poem about them
I am: A poet

Every time I look at you
Reminds me of what I once knew
Inside my heart I know that three
Neer did even consider me.
Lo, maybe when my days are gone
Often--I guess--I'd look back on
For there were opportunities
To talk and act and kiss and please
Under the great, vast, starry sky.
Sadly, instead, I said goodbye.
When: Wednesday nights
Where: Redstone green
I saw: a beautiful girl
I am: a romantic guy

You think you are all that
in that silly blue hat. You're
in a frat; I'm so down with
that. Your name is made up
of two letters and so is mine.
Damnnnn I think you are
pretty fine.
When: Last week
Where: In the library sipping
hot chocolate with whipped
cream and sprinkles
I saw: a sexy man
I am: wanting to be the sprinkles
to your hot chocolate

fashion five-oh.

wat(er) your threads

with olivianguyen

Sad but true: UVM isn't exactly known for its superior fashion sense. That's why when fashion-forward ladies and gents choose to rebel against flannel and push the campus fashion boundaries, the wt likes to give them a little nod of approval. We're not the fashion police. (Though we're tempted to fine people still wearing Uggs this winter.) We're just here to give UVM campus fashion some much-needed TLC.



Name: Grace

Spotted: The Art Hop

Why we like it: Grace was spotted at the Art Hop showing her very own artwork, proving that classics and clean lines always look sleek, no matter how funky and quirky your surroundings are.



Name: Philip

Spotted: Outside the Bailey Howe

Why we like it: Why hello James Dean...The **wt.** always likes a man who knows how to dress.

créatif stuffé.

untitled

by sambatt

Study me and you will find
A mind declined by the divine
A body sullied by fast food
A soul content
A silly fool

A product of the NewSA
Where liberty and justice play
As ideals lost amongst the herd
Replaced by lust, envy and greed
Sincerely Yours,
The Capitol Steed

Past and present
Blue and Red
How ya livin'
Good as dead

As good as talking heads may deem
I've fit the bill and creased the seam

by brittneyhaynes



Vintage Clothes
Accessories, Sunglasses
and everything you wear

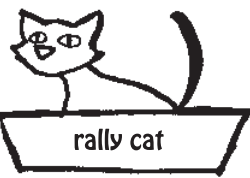
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Entire purchase
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cat litter.



cat litter:
by drew diemar
artwork by greg jacobson

the **wt.** nightlife pocket survival guide ✂

We at **the water tower** don't want anyone to have a disasterous night. Clip out this handy guide and you'll never have to worry about doing stupid stuff ever again!

about to leave? did you:

- _make your bed?
- _roll a J?
- _put away bottles?
- _Memorize a witty ice-breaker?
- _Queue up Transporter 2?
- _Jam to "We No Speak Americano"?



UVM Police:
656-3131

Domino's:
658-6558

Wings Over:
863-9464

your roommate:

your pot guy:

your lawyer:

your booty call:

your ex:
DO NOT CALL

pocket check:

<input type="checkbox"/> _ keys	<input type="checkbox"/> _ condom	<input type="checkbox"/> _ flask
<input type="checkbox"/> _ ID	<input type="checkbox"/> _ light	<input type="checkbox"/> _ water bottle
<input type="checkbox"/> _ cell phone	<input type="checkbox"/> _ trinket (to trade for a cigarette)	(who the hell has a flask?)
<input type="checkbox"/> _ rape whistle		

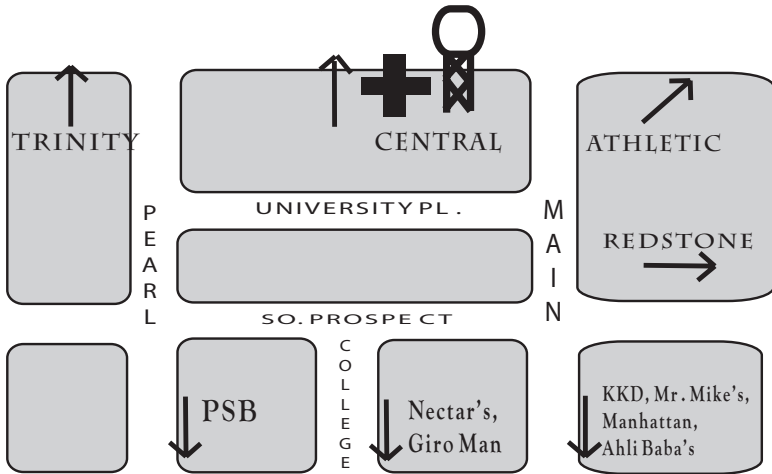
drunkometer



(mark X in each blank after you finish a drink, and follow the instructions as you arrive at the requisite numbers)

____ 1. ____ 2. ____ 3. ____ 4. ____ 5. ____ 6. ____ 7.

- 1: eat something.
- 2: no more hard liquor.
- 3: if you're still pregaming, time to make moves.
- 4: hit on someone. you're in your prime.
- 5: go to the bathroom and look good and hard in the mirror.
- 6: stop hitting on people.
- 7: get home while you can.



tunes.



too cool for...

does being hip make bands worse?

by sarahmoylan

Recently a friend and I were enjoying a Friday night out at Muddy Waters when a three-piece honky-tonk band started jamming in the front. The three guys, some middle-aged dudes in Hawaiian shirts, were having the time of their lives strumming and singing away. They caught the attention of nearly everyone at Muddy Waters that night, and their energy was infectious. They flew through tunes at a breakneck speed, disallowing time for inter-song small talk. They clearly were only interested in playing their music and nothing else. I didn't catch the name of the band until the tail end of the show, when the bandleader mumbled, "Thanks for coming out tonight, we're the **Whiskey Lickers**."

Something about that show struck a nerve with me. It had been a surprisingly long time since I'd seen a band truly enjoy performing music as much as those Whiskey Lickers — they had no inhibitions, didn't really care what they looked like, and just wanted to have a great time playing music. They were honestly goofy-looking — un-ironically oversized glasses, ill-fitting shirts, and their hair really could have used some work — but they didn't care about being cool.

Maybe that's the problem these days — bands are far too obsessed with being cool. It seems like all lead singers are more interested in being sharp-dressing scenesters than talented vocalists, all bands need to have fancy Myspace pages and big merch tables at their shows covered in American Apparel tees and vinyl versions of their lat-

est EP (retro is in!). I'm not saying that this stuff is necessarily a bad thing — music is a catalyst for development in other aspects of modern culture, like art and technology. But sometimes, it seems like the music itself gets lost in the shuffle.

The good news, though, is that being cool and being an engaging, talented musical act are not mutually exclusive. Case in point: **Broken Social Scene**, one of the hippest, most talked-about indie acts around, nailed it at their Higher Ground performance last week. Sure, they looked cool — their show was not without a complex lighting scheme, elaborate stage layout, or indie-approved wardrobe selection (band member Brendan Canning was wearing oversized glasses too, but the trendy Urban Outfitters kind) — but they also put on one hell of a great show. Performing for no less than two and a half hours, Broken Social Scene presented their impressive technical proficiency while delivering a dynamic, enthralling live performance. From the bouncy, vivid "Texico Bitches" to a moody interpretation of "Looks Just Like The Sun," BSS didn't hold back. "We're just gonna play our guts out for you tonight!" exclaimed singer Kevin Drew at the beginning of the night. And he was telling the truth.

Broken Social Scene proves that it's possible to be cool, popular, and passionate about music. Still, though, I wish there were more Whiskey Lickers-esque bands out there: bands that don't really give a shit about the scene, exclusively caring about the music they produce: pure and simple. ■

SEEKING: UVM'S BEST BAND (/ARTIST/WHATEVER)

We know you secretly play guitar. We know you and your friends have five tracks on myspace with 11 listens. We know you want to be the next bedroom laptop maestro to start selling out the Music Hall of Williamsburg. And you, yeah you, we know you rap in front of the mirror Eight Mile style when you're high and nobody's home. So show us your stuff!

Even if you're not-so-underground and you already have stickers on all the lamp posts on campus, send links to your myspace, youtube, fileshare, etc, to thewatertowernews@gmail.com, or drop a CD at our desk at the SGA. We will take all music at face value, regardless of genre or recording quality, and reward originality above all. You've got all fall semester to get submissions in, and in the spring we'll run a front page, magazine-style profile and interview with the winner, and reveal our other favorites and runners-up.

The contest is open to all current students, grad or undergrad; non-Music Department faculty and staff; and even very recent grads who are still based in Burlington. Multiple projects from the same group are ok by us. Give us everything you've got. Don't be shy, you might just be UVM's best!

oh yeah. this is happening.

sleigh bells and lcd soundsystem mesmerize at the memorial
by bridgettreco

Memorial Auditorium was the perfect venue, with enough space to allow the moshers, the ravers and the shy head-boppers in the back to each have their own space to groove. The dark and looming building on Main Street was the ideal place for underage kids and legal beer-drinkers alike, with Magic Hat stands in the basement and a spacious upstairs area with bleachers to chill out on between sets. The venue created an all around positive experience for its concertgoers, no matter what their choice of poison was for the night.

Sleigh Bells: Alexis Krauss is a hottie. There's really no denying that, despite the criticisms some may have of the Brooklyn duo's live performance. The set list was packed with all but two tracks off the band's first full-length LP, *Treats*, but they were kind in not tiring out the audience with too long a set before LCD's arrival. Launching into more hardcore-flavored favorites like "Riot Rhythm" and "Infinity Guitars" early, the oddity of their act was saved for later. With "Kids," there was a questionable choice in Krauss' intermittent vocals over the voice recordings of the actual kids. Unfortunately, the awkwardness of the pre-recorded material only got weirder from that point on.

There's no case to be made that Sleigh Bells doesn't sound amazing live. But therein laid the problem: there was no divergence from their album recording, with no discrepancies or flair thrown in whatsoever. Some may argue that this isn't a flaw; others will proclaim that the overwhelming amount of pre-recorded material was just plain irritating. With guitarist Derek Miller by her side, Krauss inarguably steals the show, but it's to the point that you forget Miller is even there. When they slowed down the set with the beautiful "Rill Rill," Miller politely stood backstage — but the music kept on playing. While Krauss is passionate, sexy and undeniably badass in every way, you can't help but feel bad for the guy.

Despite the straightforwardness of their act, the music — prerecorded or not — does sound incredible, and inspires various types of hipster dance moves and gentle head banging. The duo ended their set with their first release, "Crown on the Ground," and they did not disappoint their fans there. Krauss, in her American Apparel leggings and neon green sneakers, invited the crowd to join in her riotous chanting. The rebellion in her voice is inspiring, and the piercing wails of Miller's guitar only tempts you with more dancing. Sleigh Bells created the perfect environment for their headliner, and you can't hate on them for that.

LCD Soundsystem: It's been almost eight years since I first heard "Daft Punk is Playing at My House" on the first season of *The O.C.* I was in high school, and front-man James Murphy was still a young 32. Now, rather pudgy in a slovenly, un-tucked button-down shirt, the man looks old enough to be my dad. Sweating profusely, without the sex appeal of most frontmans, Murphy still managed to be absolutely mesmerizing at the head of his seven-piece band. Opening with "Dance Yrself Clean" from his latest release, entitled *This Is Happening*, Murphy launched into serious command of his group. After greeting the crowd, he lunged onto "Drunk Girls," a seemingly awkward choice from the voice of a father figure. Nevertheless, he nailed the tune with total conviction. The light show was on-point with anyone who decided to roll that night, and the overall delight that LCD seemed to take in playing for everyone was downright endearing. "We love your city," Murphy smiled. The rest of the group nodded. "We rented a bunch of bikes and just biked all over the place. It's a great town," he added.

With the heartbreakingly pleading "I Can Change," also off their new disc, a desperate Murphy was entirely convincing. He jumped into a standing addition of percussion while the hot Asian chick (Nancy Whang) beside him rocked out on keyboard and synth. The energy of the auditorium was on a high — various intoxicants aside, the gratefulness of the band combined with the gleeful dancing in the crowd provided the most positive atmosphere for old favorites such as the aforementioned "Daft Punk" and "All My Friends." Not stopping for their slow jams, LCD were wise to keep it upbeat for the devoted ravers in the audience, plowing on to spectral grooves from *Sound of Silver* like "Get Innocuous!"

After a short water break, the group returned for their three-track encore, with Murphy continually proclaiming that he needed to do "just one more." The audience met him with unrelenting energy, a minor moshing sesh in the thick of the crowd, and moves that could only be produced by psychedelics. But the love was genuine and totally sober. Burlington had waited long enough for this sparsely toured favorite to hit Vermont. The band obviously enjoyed the attention and relished in the fact that, in the electronica scene, they are both a foundation and a classic. The appreciation shined through Murphy's vocals and the childlike grin on his aging face. ■