

# the water tower.

uvm's alternative newsmag

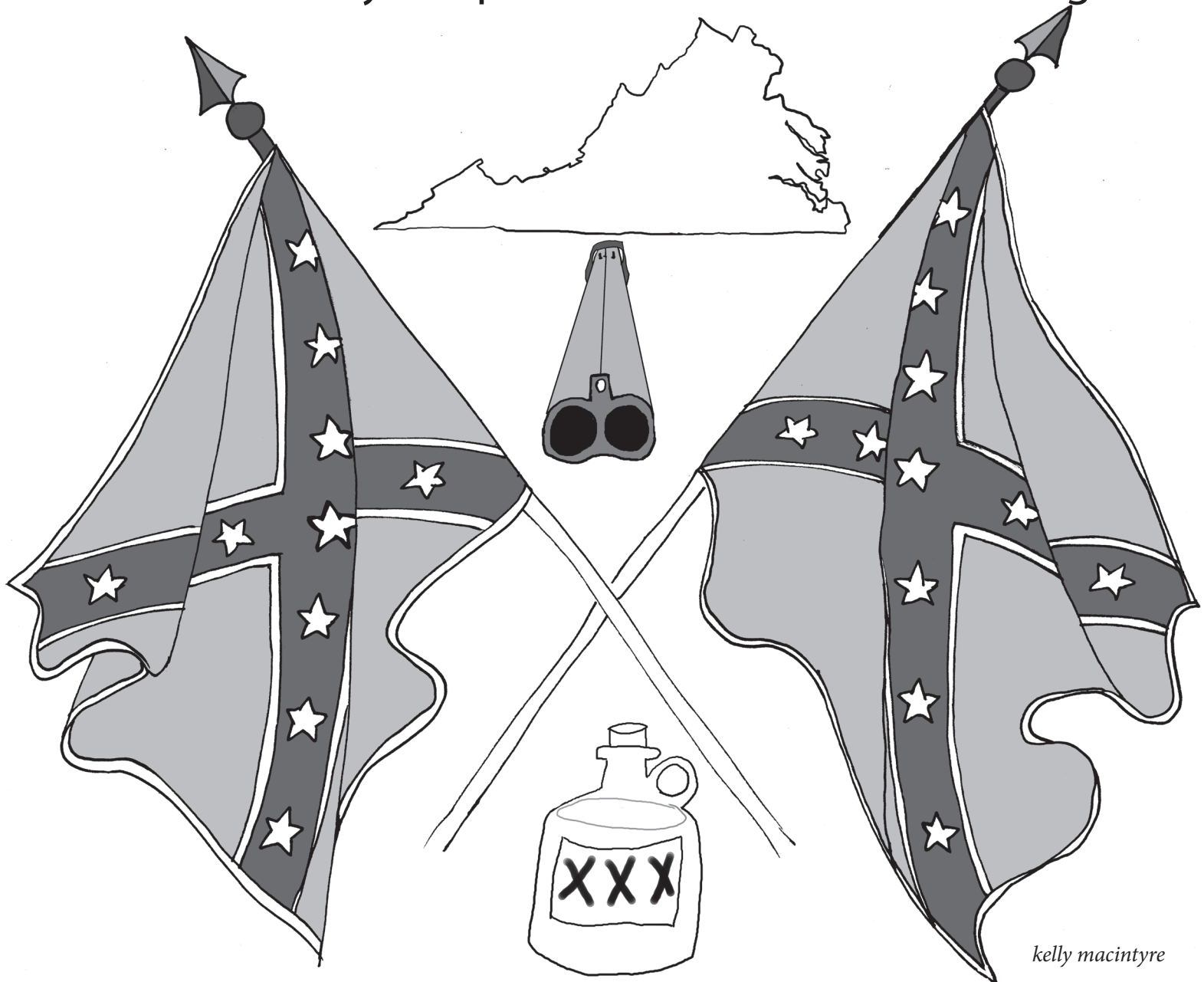


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uvm.edu/~watertwr

## happy confederate history month!

a look at the confederacy's important contributions to our great nation



kelly macintyre

by macsmith

It's official. Last week, Governor Robert McDonnell declared April to be Confederate History Month in the Commonwealth of Virginia. Many of us up here in Vermont probably don't understand why this isn't a perfectly reasonable thing to do.

While paying homage to folks who tried to destroy America may seem like an absurd thing to do in 2010, especially for a politician flirting with a potential presidential run, let's just take a step back here and count to ten. Maybe we can give him the benefit of the doubt.

It's a universally considered fact (above the Mason-Dixon Line) that the Civil War was fought because southern white people's rights to own black people had become jeopardized. Said white people then attempted to dissolve the United States of America by forming their own union, the constitution of which strictly forbade the abolition of slavery.

But Governor McDonnell didn't mention any of this. The language of the proclamation instead looked to "promote the study of our history." It was then reported that McDonnell felt that slavery wasn't "significant" enough to be included in the proclamation. While he later added an acknowledgement of slavery, McDonnell never retracted the original statement.

Ok, I get it. Confederate History

Month is supposed to celebrate everything Confederate, except the institution of slavery. What's wrong with that? Besides the right to institutionally support the mutilating, raping, murdering, and

**"If Governor McDonnell wants to celebrate Confederate culture it doesn't make him a slimy racist piece of shit at all."**

forced labor of an entire people, the Civil War was, more importantly, fought over Southern determination to preserve its culture in the face of a massive overreaching despotic federal government. So with slavery aside, let's take a look at some of the most important contributions "Confederate" culture has offered us over the years.

**The Ku Klux Klan** The KKK was founded in Tennessee after the end of the Civil War to combat the dramatically changed social climate (the fact that the government considered their former property to be real, live people).

Their goal was to restore white supremacy by making sure that the freedmen wouldn't forget their place by assum-

ing elected office. They did this through various means of intimidation. And by intimidation, I mean killing black people (lynching was a fan favorite). However, it's important to remember: while they

had already fought a war of independence with Mexico over the issue of slavery. Talk about determined. While incorporating the most wonderful elements of the KKK and Jim Crow into its culture, Texas also boasts a long history of putting innocent people on death row and winning football. Don't mess with Texas.

Making an honorable mention is **Strom Thurmond**, the South Carolinian governor and later senator who filibustered the Civil Rights Act for over 24 hours by himself (that's a record). In 1948 he ran for president on the segregationist Dixiecrat ticket on the basis of upholding states' rights (like the states' right to tell that black guy to get away from that white water fountain). He actually won that election in **Louisiana, Mississippi, Alabama, and South Carolina**, all former Confederate states.

So when you think about it, there's a lot more to "Confederate" culture than just slavery. If Governor McDonnell wants to celebrate that culture it doesn't make him a slimy racist piece of shit at all. Look at all of these great examples of Southern contribution to society, and no slaves! So let's all grab a big 'ole glass of sweet tea and some fried okra and celebrate Confederate History Month the proper way, by...Well, what is it that Confederates do besides trying to justify hating black people? ■

remained popular throughout the South until the end of the 1960s, they never owned slaves.

**Jim Crow** The KKK weren't the only people who felt that former slaves shouldn't be entitled to important things like the right to vote or to look at a pretty white lady. Politicians also felt the large responsibility to uphold the sentiment of their constituents by instituting this set of laws guaranteeing African Americans the right to have nothing to do with white upper (or middle) class society. It's just as Southern as grits!

**Texas** Home of the greatest president in the history of the universe and one seriously badass state. Think Texas wasn't hard-core? By the time of the Civil War, it

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me

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## catholic and proud

Dear **water tower**...

Hello,

I'm writing in regards to the repeated jokes cracked on Pope Benedict XVI (and the Catholic Church) in regards to the recent scandals. I'm actually quite offended by these as are my friends, and I ask that you please stop. It's very ignorant, rude, and insulting to point fingers when you yourself don't know anything about what's going on and the only resources you trust are the mass media, who distort and corrupt everything and anything regardless of the subject.

From,  
Catholic and proud

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](mailto:thewatertowernews@gmail.com)

## the shit list

with macsmith

**Tennis** A new report indicates that the use of HGH and steroids are a huge problem in professional tennis. And, naturally, we're all surprised that professional athletes are juicing. One day we're going to stop being surprised when we learn that people who look like they could throw busses through storefronts are on these drugs.

**Facebook** A new study shows that Facebook is highly correlated with failing grades and inactivity. In essence, Facebook makes you fat, lazy, and dumb. The plot thickened, however, when the man who did the study admitted that correlation does not equal causation, and that he furthermore has no idea what the study actually means. He intended on finishing, but instead got lost sending bumper stickers to his 7,400 friends.

**Massachusetts School Board** A school in Middleton, Massachusetts has a serial pervert situation on its hands. The alleged sick-minded criminal has been pulling down classmates' pants and threatening to beat them up if they told. He has been pulled from the class because, since he's six, he's too young to have charges brought upon him. This is probably because the charge of being a normal six-year-old bully doesn't exist. In related news, a five-year-old girl is being called a hate monger and a danger to our society for allegedly calling a boy "smelly" in class.

**Catholics** Religious groups in Germany are upset over a cartoon on the cover of *Titanic* magazine depicting a priest going down on Jesus Christ while nailed to a crucifix. Their official position is that the Jesus in that cartoon is way too old for this to be a realistic mockery of the Catholic Church.

**US Navy** The navy, in a pretty radical move, has decided to ban smoking on submarines. I was never aware that smoking was allowed on subs in the first place. Not because of the health reasons, it just seems like a really stupid thing for an entire crew to do when they're inside a cramped, airtight space for weeks on end. At least the sailors still have their trans-fats.

## the water tower.

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[uvm.edu/~watertwr](http://uvm.edu/~watertwr)

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## SPORTSBLINK

with michaelcieslak

Tiger Woods is apparently a changed man. He turned in an impressive interview on Monday in front of live media questioning, and actually silenced some of his critics. Everyone has an opinion of the man, but the fact still remains that he can play. He is six-under and two off the lead going into Saturday. This baffles me. Putting all of the sex stuff aside, he still hasn't played in a tournament in over 140 days, 45 of those days he didn't even touch a club. Now he is in contention at the Masters. It is great to have Tiger Woods back on the course, now let's just hope he can keep it in his pants. On Friday Jimmy Clausen had his pro day. I had heard about these things, but I had never seen one. Why the hell do they do those? He threw 45 balls to slow, under-skilled receivers, wearing no pads, and could not be any further from a game situation. Not to mention every time ESPN showed him he was laughing and scratching his balls. What the hell does that tell anyone, other than he might have crabs? It was just stupid. Also speaking of NFLish type things, they are in a no cap off season and no one is doing anything. What the hell are they waiting for? Jerry Jones *loves* spending money and he hasn't spent anything! Go freakin' do something.

## the news in brief

with paulgross

**"He's the leader of the liberal wing, the best opinion writer on the court and, simultaneously, the justice most able to build surprising coalitions."**

-David Kendall of the Constitutional Accountability Center, speaking about my personal favorite Supreme Court Justice, John Paul Stevens, who has just announced that he intends to retire. Stevens, the court's leading liberal, has been on the court for a tremendously long time. He will be sorely missed.

**"We are committed to free, fair polling."**

-Abel Alier, chairman of the Sudanese Elections Commission, speaking about the elections that took place last weekend. These are the first multi-party elections held in Sudan since 1986, but they are marred by the absence of several important political figures who are boycotting the election.

**"The reality is that this is a football-mad country."**

-Danny Jordaan, Chief Executive of the 2010 FIFA World Cup in South Africa, who is concerned that not enough South Africans will buy tickets to the World Cup, because they are all used to buying tickets on the day of the match, which obviously won't be possible for the World Cup.

**"The pirates have abandoned ship!"**

-A spokesman for Bergin Shipping, the owners of a Turkish ship that was occupied by Somali pirates for 46 days. Apparently, they heard about some treasure elsewhere.

**"It's horrific that such sensitive details were handled in such a careless way."**

-Joyce Robbins of British medical interest group Patient Concern, on the report that tens of thousands of people on the British organ donor list were wrongly placed there and many of them had their organs donated without their consent. I don't really know what Britain is gonna do about this, there's no real way to make up for that shit.

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### read the wt.

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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Online - [uvm.edu/~watertwr](http://uvm.edu/~watertwr)

### join the wt.

New writers and artists  
are always welcome  
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**.

# oh, snap, he said *what?*

Now that health care reform has been passed, Republicans and Democrats are openly speculating that the prospects of future bipartisan cooperation on President Obama's agenda is about as likely as hearing WRUV play a song you know. Why the animosity? Cue the highlight reel:



"I have a message for our seniors. You're going to die **sooner!**"  
-Tom Coburn, R-Oklahoma



"If Obamacare passes, that free insurance card that's in people's pockets is gonna be as worthless as a Confederate dollar after the War Between the States—the **Great War of Yankee Aggression.**"

-Paul Brown, R-Georgia

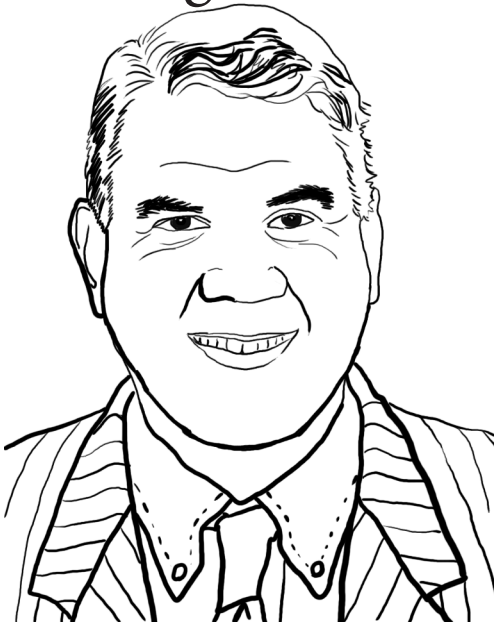


"This bill is an **affront to God.**"

-Glen Beck, FOX News

"Don't get sick. And, if you do get sick, **die quickly.**"

-Alan Grayson, D-Florida



"Nancy Pelosi, I think, has got'em all liquored up on sake."

-Lindsey Graham, R-South Carolina



"Trying to have a conversation with you would be like trying to **argue** with a **dining room table**... I have no interest in doing it."

-Barney Frank, D-Massachusetts



compiled by paul gross, images by kelly macintyre

# america is getting brainwashed! by america!

by gregfrancese

If the recent fury over the healthcare legislation passed by President Obama has taught us anything, it's that people are dumb. Where do people come up with "death squads" and ideas that Barack Obama and Adolf Hitler are one and the same? To answer this question for myself, I donned my giant inquisitor hat and surfed some of the web's newsiest sites to see what people are saying. What I found was that people act even dumber on the Internet.

More Americans look to CNN to get their daily dose of important news. When I checked their website, the most popular "news" story was "iPad smasher a YouTube sensation." I had no idea why people care about this, so I checked out the most popular "real" news story. "Man pleads no contest in slaying of his alleged molester" is a story that really doesn't require reading beyond the title.

Of the 1737 comments, a comment by "mofocrusher" is perhaps the most accusing. His comment, "Those of you on here who feel he is a criminal and should be hanged/killed/sent up river forever: you are condoning child rape/abuse. And are likely abusers yourself or are covering for them. Those who think he should be set free after some counseling probably had it happen to you or a loved one...victims are never understood." Awesome. Everyone who thinks murder is a crime should be ashamed of himself or herself. You kill someone and it should be evaluated on a

case-by-case basis.

So you think CNN is not crazy enough for your quest to find the dumbest American? That's why there's Fox News – the network that hires people who make saying dumb shit their careers. The article, titled "Leahy Refuses to Delay Hearing for Controversial Judicial Nominee," highlights the failure of Goodwin Liu to disclose his writings that include assertions that healthcare is indeed a human right and that the Constitution is a living document.

"Smallbiz240, however, doesn't want an article full of donkey manure; he/she is 'pleased that Democrats have acknowledged their de facto role as enemies of the constitution.'"

"Smallbiz240," however, doesn't want an article full of donkey manure; he/she is "pleased that Democrats have acknowledged their de facto role as enemies of the constitution and the intent of the founding fathers. It is about time you admitted it, and I think it will clarify your intent and allow you to express more clearly your opposition to innovation, free market, and progress of the human race (as opposed to progress towards government-enforced social and economic equal outcomes for all). Couple that with passing Obamacare against the expressed will of the majority

of the American people...increased intrusion into American's daily lives and wallets...But whatever happens, liberals... please be sure to...call everyone who disagrees with you a racist, because that demonstrates how openminded...and tolerant you are." I couldn't have agreed with you more, smallbiz240.

If you really don't care about local news because this is Vermont, and as the bumper stickers say, "What happens in Vermont stays in Vermont. Although nothing really

happens," but still want to pretend you do, the *Burlington Free Press* is loaded with expert discussion. One popular contributor, who goes by the pseudonym "murfcats," is the kind of person that can't be swayed by local newspaper bullshit. In the article, "Gas prices are on the rise," murfcats explains how gas prices are going up, not because of the oil companies, but because there are "speculators who think that they can make a killing when the economy recovers (an iffy proposition at best)." You don't believe murfcats? Apparently you're not alone. Replying to a post by "realvter"

that asks where murfcats been hiding, "AudacityOfDolts" says that murfcats full of cow shit and has been at "Maple Leaf Farm's 12-step-put-the-Bong-behind-you program." Take that and smoke it, big oil!

If you're looking for quality news but don't want to get newsprint all over your well-manicured hands, head on over to the *New York Times'* website. What you won't find, though, are the cunning, well-informed comments that are ubiquitous on the previous websites. People who comment on articles from the Times are simple-minded. They are confused and ask stupid questions like, for the article, "United and US Airways Said to Be in Merger Talks," "...consolidation means less competition. Will this mean that air fares, as well as baggage fees, will increase?" and use demoralizing and fragmented speech like "This is great news. Two lousy airlines. Maybe if they merge, they will both go away. Too much capacity ended up ruining the industry. Quality of service has deteriorated badly."

Fortunately, the people who comment on the articles don't write the articles (so we assume). Unfortunately, people say dumb things when commenting on articles, most of which have no relevance to the articles at all. Is it really necessary for credible news sites to provide an outlet for stupid people to say things that really don't make sense? ■



# reflections.



## how to entertain yourself

### while waiting in line at the marché

by sarahmoylan

**S**o you're waiting to buy a pint of Turtle Soup ice cream from the Marche, but there are 25 people ahead of you in line, and five of them are paying with credit cards, and you're bored out of your mind and wondering if you're going to be waiting there all day. Have no fear! I just invented the best way of passing time while you're waiting in line to check out at the Marche. It's called "Observe the people in front of you and make assumptions about them based on what they buy," and here are the basics:

**Where:** This activity is generally most fun while waiting in line at the Marche, but depending on what's close to you, you can just as easily do it at the Simpson Store, Trinity's Northside Café, or the Waterman Café.

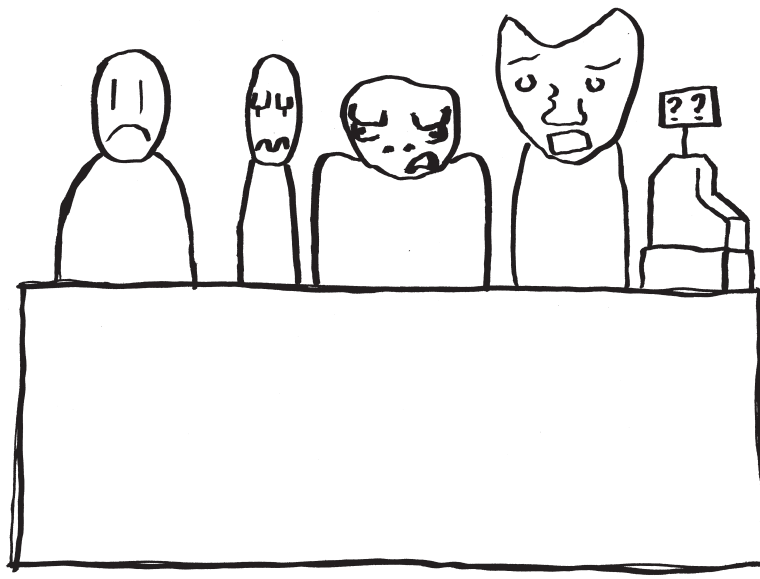
**When:** 10 minutes after class gets out during lunch hours will always be busy at on-campus eateries, and you'll almost certainly have to wait in line to check out. Of course, the dinner rush is always an option at the Marche, as is the 30 minutes or so after hockey games end on Friday or Saturday nights.

**How:** It's easy. You just creepily observe what the people ahead of you are purchasing and then make ridiculous assumptions about who they are, what their future might look like, and why they're buying specific items. Here are a few examples...

**Hummus and pita snack, vegan soup selection, Odwalla (any flavor):** Clearly, we're standing behind a vegetarian. But upon closer examination, we could be looking at...

The crazy hippie vegetarian! Crazy hippie vegetarian is sporting both dreads and Birkenstocks (and it's not even sandal weather yet!). Dirty looks to chocolate milk-toting passersby may indicate that not only is our hummus-buying friend a meat-hater—he's vegan! Don't be surprised if, later on, you find this person at Ben and Jerry's, interrogating the staff as to why their ice cream can't be made with human breast milk. (Ew!)

The "I've-turned-vegetarian-so-I-can-feel-superior-to-all-you-barbarian-meat-eaters" vegetarian! Although he secretly craves the taste of juicy and delicious meat, he would never be caught dead sinking his teeth into a hot dog or chicken fingers because it would tarnish his sophisticated image. Since chic-sounding meat plates like filet mignon and foie gras aren't readily available on campus, (except maybe Waterman Manor, but who are we kidding, nobody even knows where that is) this dude has decided to forego meat altogether, because buying soups and salads looks hella classier than buying the deep-fried Chicken Combo. Tonight, you might



malcolm valaitis

find this guy grabbing a midnight snack at the Skinny Pancake. He'll probably be clutching a Banana Republic shopping bag filled with fashionable new cashmere sweaters.

**2 rolls of Pillsbury pre-made chocolate chip cookie dough:** This could mean one of two things:

It's the frazzled (insert club name here) president who just got out of her 7 pm chemistry exam and really just wants to go to bed but can't because she promised to make something for the club's Davis Center bake sale tomorrow. She doesn't have time to bake anything from scratch (in fact, she doesn't really have time to bake, period, but that'd make her look like one slacker of a club prez), so she's opted for the classic break-and-bake method. Come tomorrow, you'll find her obnoxiously hawking her club and its baked goods while you're walking through the Davis Center on the way to class.

It's the stressed, raw cookie dough loving bio major who's purchasing her favorite study break snack. For the complete raw cookie dough-enjoying experience, she might purchase a bottle of milk in lieu of, or in addition to, the second roll of cookie dough. Come tomorrow, you might find her puking into a toilet in Marsh Life, wondering how she possibly could have consumed two whole rolls of cookie dough the day before.

**One box of Kashi Granola Cereal, six-pack of Pellegrino, full-size bag of Smartfood Popcorn, full-sized bottle of milk, two boxes of Annie's Mac and Cheese, three apples, frozen vegetable lasagna,**

**one pint of Ben and Jerry's Cherry Garcia Ice Cream:** Once again, we could be looking at two different scenarios:

If this is the beginning or middle of the semester, we're looking at a bonafide points whore—somebody who is vaguely aware that there's about a \$1366 limit for how much he spends during the semester, but doesn't really give a damn. Too lazy to take the bus to Hannafords or walk to City Market, this person has opted to just do his grocery shopping at the Marche. He's

free restaurant meals when family comes to visit campus. Now it's May, and he still has 789 points left to spend (and they don't roll over to fall semester). Again, his spending habits may foretell his future money-handling abilities; this is going to be the kind of guy who's as good at saving money as he is at saving points: he'll be the old dude who dies with a million dollars in his savings account, much to the delight of everyone listed in his will. ■

### BEING GREEN

Groceries at City Market for one week.....	\$92.34
SIGG water bottle.....	\$18.95
Reusable shopping bags.....	\$7.25
Bicycle.....	\$299.99
2 pair of Darn Tough socks (made in VT).....	\$30.00
Being environmentally friendly.....	priceless

*There are some things money can't buy.  
For everything else, your potential carbon footprint  
is staring you in the face.*

by laurenkatz

# bop it! pull it! twist it! flick it! blirpit!

by colbynixon

**J**ust Blirpit," you hear the girl next to you at the Pearl Street Beverage off-campus bus stop. Through your Saturday night state of mind, you wonder if you've heard her correctly. You think, "Blirpit, what the hell is that, some sort of off-brand Twitter, or a new slang term for vomit?" As it turns out, Blirpit is not some obscure social-networking site, nor another word for throwing up, but rather, a very useful tool created by two enterprising UVM students, Nick Goidon and Mike Fogg. Blirpit allows UVM students to track where the UVM buses are at any given time from their phone or computer. I recently sat

**4** down with Blirpit representatives, Austin DeLonge and Wyn Maling, to talk to them about this relatively new development.

**the water tower:** Hey, how's it going, sorry I'm late, wasn't expecting Grundle to hit me so fast. Anyway, Blirpit is this great new program that allows students to track where the buses are, where did the idea come from?

**Blirpit:** Well, Mike and Nick saw a problem in how difficult it was to know when the bus was going to show up, so they decided to fix it.

**wt:** How exactly does the system work?

**B:** On each bus, there is a GPS tracker that relays information back to us. From either our website, [uvm.blirpit.com](http://uvm.blirpit.com), or through text, students can get information on precisely where the bus is.

**wt:** If I was headed to class and needed to catch a bus right now, how would I be able to get that information?

**B:** You can text us at 368 266 from any

phone, it is a free service, and only normal texting rates apply. You can also access the information through our website. You just have to sign in using your UVM net ID and password. We are currently working on potential applications for both the iPhone and Blackberry.

**wt:** How many routes are there?

**B:** There are the three normal routes, on-campus, off-campus, and Redstone express. Sometimes these get thrown off a bit when there are special events like hockey and basketball games when the buses are used as shuttles.

**wt:** Off-campus, really? So on a Saturday night at 2:00 am I can just shoot Blirpit a text and you guys will hook me up?

**B:** Yes, exactly.

**wt:** What do you feel is the best part about Blirpit?

**B:** It is great, because it eliminates the need to stand outside unnecessarily in the cold and dark, and can really make a night out, or going to late classes, a lot safer.

We now know Blirpit is available, here on campus, free of charge. How well does it work? I decided to see for myself. I logged onto the website and signed in to check it out. The site was very easy to navigate, and I had no problem bringing up the bus routes. I watched the on-campus bus move around UVM in real-time. It seems to really work well, and if you do have any issues or comments, there is a ton of contact information to let them know. I know next time I need to catch the UVM bus down to Pearl, I'll be sure to Blirpit first. ■

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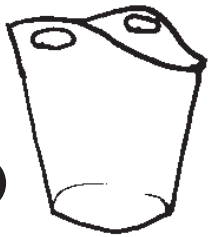
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# trash.



## the ear

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*Bailey Howe first floor:*

**Guy yelling across library:** "I feel so violated, you stuck your finger up my butt!"

*Outside greenhouse:*

**Guys playing frisbee outside greenhouse:** "Dude, that almost landed in the compost bin!"

*The library:*

**Girl 1:** "I hate giving oral presentations"

**Girl 2:** "I hate giving anything oral"

*Tupper ground:*

**Someone:** "Don't worry, I had sex to pat benatar last night."

*Outside WDW, 9pm Wednesday:*

**Girl 1:** "I wanna be a hot whore! I wanna be a hot milf!"

*Living & Learning Center:*

**Girl 1:** "Have you ever thought of when diseases originated? I mean, what if Jesus had multiple sclerosis?"

**Girl 2:** "Um..."

**Girl 1:** "I mean, think about it...why do you think he died so young?"

*Living & Learning Center:*

**Girl 1:** "Oh my God, what would you do if you were pregnant?!"

**Girl 2:** "I'd be so excited."

**Girl 1:** "What?!"

**Girl 2:** "Well I'd be having the next Jesus. You know, the child of immaculate conception."

*On the steps behind the library:*

**Loud Girl:** And now all of a sudden my life sucks because I have a STD!

*SGA Office:*

**Girl 1:** I think I want to be a sex therapist, I mean I think I'd be pretty good at it.

**Girl 2:** Yeah you totally should be...I'd be a little concerned if you didn't become a sex therapist.

*Friday Night, Chitty 1 Hallway:*

**Drunk Bro #1:** You tried to make out with me!

**Drunk Bro #2:** No! I tried to lick your ear.

**Drunk Bro #1:** Oh, okay.

## 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](http://uvm.edu/~watertwr/iwysb.html)

I know it's wrong, but I love your sexy labcoat and square-rimmed glasses. Your biochemical tests get me all hot and bothered. I'd take a lab practical with you, anyday. You may be a scruffy brewer on the side - but that's the side I wanna get to know. Brew me something sometime?

**When:** the longest days of the week.

**Where:** bio-safety level two.

**I saw:** an authority figure.

**I am:** into breaking rules.

I like that green bandana you wore, damn! I just wanna make you sway, I can imagine you walking through my door, can you, will you come my way?

Because for you, I wanna be that hombre.

**When:** Free Cone Day (B and J's)

**Where:** Davis Center Marketplace

**I saw:** A real woman

**I am:** Mexico

We met at 99 Loomis before they showed everyone the door. We rendezvoused to a birthday party then to your place on Loomis. Remember I couldn't (and still can't) pronounce Zach Galifianakis' name? I left my key on a hair-tie on your table and without it I am so lost. Please find me :)

**When:** Saturday Night

**Where:** Loomis Street

**I saw:** a man whose name I can't seem to remember

**I am:** (was) wearing a red birthday hat the whole time.

As you guzzle your chocolate milk I awkwardly stare from my comfy chair As I eat my seven plates of food.

Paddle my kayak please?

**When:** a beautiful day

**Where:** the view

**I saw:** a thirsty track star

**I am:** hungry

I first noticed you on the internet your youtube videos are something I can't forget Seeing you in the patty lounge seems to be the trend. We should be "lovers and best friends."

**When:** sometime last week

**Where:** Patterson Hall

**I saw:** a classy dude

**I am:** a big fan

Oh dear one, will you lend me your ears, For I have had the revelation of a time. I know that in fact I have ground your gears, But if you'll listen, for now, I will wipe away the grime. If you could, think about, how at one point, That night last weekend we had made me fall, Out of everyone's respective joints.

And this is, in turn, what made you appalled.

However, now, if you'll listen till the close,

I will say how I will not be doing that for a bit.

And in effect I'm telling, that through my prose,

I will not be trolled, and definitely just sit!

So now can I say, my cute brunette beauty,

That it would be, in reality, a complete shirk of my duty:

To ever unconditionally leave you alone!

**When:** night before easter

**Where:** everywhere!

**I saw:** a wicked cute brunette

**I am:** exactly what she needs

From the stylish clothes you wear I believe you work at Brennans. You normally have a fantastic hat, accompanying the most mesmerizing smile and hypnotic brown eyes. Every-time you ring me up for an ice-cold Switch-back & Mamas Maple & Chipotle Kettlecorn, I wish that I could sweep you off your feet and over the counter. Maybe someday we can partake in each others company.

Keep on being radiant no matter what you do.

**When:** wednesdays & thursdays

**Where:** Brennans

**I saw:** Stunning Female Beauty

**I am:** Awestruck Man

you serve on sga and you fucking hate the tri my new york stud

**When:** every tuesday night

**Where:** davis center

**I saw:** man

You didn't realize it but your skirt was at your waist I wanted to tell you, but I was laughing too hard You in the middle of the road with your ass for all the world to see

I must say, I liked what I saw

**When:** Last Wednesday about 9:20.

**Where:** The L/L crosswalk

**I saw:** A great butt in a pink dress

**I am:** A long haired, very amused guy

## fashion five-oh.



### dressing for the bailey howe

with colbynixon

Much like a cross-country flight, students will find themselves in a sitting position for several hours, getting up only to go to the bathroom or get food. Sitting for such a long time in hard chairs can be quite uncomfortable, so it stands to reason that it would be a good idea to just throw on some sweats and a casual tee. Not so fast. There is actually a little more to library fashion than sweatsuits and old t-shirts. If you look carefully and take notice, what a person is wearing to the library can indicate what floor they plan on spending most of their time.

On the **first floor**, you will see students sporting, "Normal clothes" - typically these will include jeans and a zip-up pullover. Essentially these look like street clothes that someone might wear to class. This outfit indicates the student has probably just popped in for a moment in between classes, or is meeting up with people on the first floor and doesn't want to look like Joe Shit the Ragman.

Those **second floor** dwellers will be wearing sweats (or shorts) and a tee shirt. This is a really comfortable set up for anyone who might be spending a couple of hours on the less serious of the two silent study floors. The second floor is relatively well heated, so the t-shirt is necessary, and the shorts and sweatpants are interchangeable depending on the season.

If you venture to the **third floor**, you will see a full on winter set-up. It gets really chilly up there, and because everyone is at least ten feet from each other, the area is completely devoid of body heat. If you're near the windows at all, you might as well be outside.

In the rare circumstance where you might find yourself in **the basement** of the library, an explorer's outfit - characterized by a coon-skin, Davy Crockett-style cap, is an absolute must. This is especially true if you are planning on visiting the map room.

As essay deadlines and final exams approach, most of us will find ourselves camping out somewhere in the Bailey Howe. When you are getting dressed for a day of studious studying, remember this article. You are going to feel like a real tool if you accidentally wear your Davy Crockett costume on the second floor. ■

6

## misquotation of the week



"Damn, that was the rankest deuce I've ever dropped."  
-Dakota Fanning

# 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.

## dear joan,

by alextownsend

I know it may seem weird that I'm writing to you now, since we haven't seen each other in years. (Actually, you probably won't think it's weird at all. You're never going to know about it, because there's no way I'm actually going to send this.) How's Texas? Has it gotten any better since the last time you bothered to call? (And that was when? Two weeks after you moved?)

Sorry, I'm not trying to be so bitter. The reason I'm writing to you is because I was just thinking about the good times we used to have (before you moved and became too lazy to pick up a phone). We used to have a lot of fun, didn't we? I know I was always thrilled at the idea of seeing you. Do you remember how we used to sing songs from cartoons in art class? Everyone would stare at us, but it only made us laugh. Or the time we were bellhops #1 and #2 in the school play? Those hats we wore were so dorky, but you made it a lot of fun.

This isn't the first time I've gone down memory lane like this, but now something's a bit different and I thought I should at least write it down. I've been doing a lot of thinking about myself lately, about the things I've done and what I'd like to do.

Alright, I think I'm starting to beat around the bush, which is pointless because you're never actually going to read this. I don't understand why I still feel so scared.

I miss you, Joan. It's not as bad as it used to be, but it still hurts when I think of how close we used to be and how quickly you forgot me. Jerk. I've been wondering why you leaving hurt me so much, though. I mean, yes, you were my best friend and it sucked that you had to move halfway across the country. That would hurt anyone, but is that all it was?

**"How would you react if I actually sent this letter? Would you be shocked and scandalized? (Maybe induced into feeling a bit guilty...) Would you be surprised, but supportive?"**

Huh. I still can't seem to get past stupid, around-the-bush hints. Alright, here's the brunt of it: I think I liked you. I mean, liked liked you, like in the way a baker might like a pie to be: fruity. I suppose that makes things pretty clear now, even though I still haven't been able to use the big G or L words yet. I know it's silly, but I can't help being paranoid that if I write this down with actual big-people words someone, somewhere will know about it. They'll come storming into my room and, I don't know, hit me or something.

So how did I come to this amazing conclusion? Honestly, I'm just surprised I didn't realize it sooner. I was going through some of my old journals the other day and when I got to the middle school years my crush was so obvious it might as well have been a bright, flaring (flaming?) beacon, shooting out from every page. It became clear that before you moved I may as well have been following you around with a basket of rose petals to spew wherever you went. I wonder, did you notice?

Did I really have a crush on you, Joan? Was I maybe just an obsessive sort of fan for you? Alright, maybe that does sound a little unlikely, but you have to understand that this whole experience is utterly changing how I view myself.

How would you react if I actually sent this letter? Would you be shocked and scandalized? (Maybe induced into feeling a bit guilty...) Would you be surprised, but supportive? I think my biggest fear would be if you read through this whole muddled letter and then just wrote back with something like "Duh! You really never noticed how obsessed you always were with girls? Wow, you're dense." Really Joan, that's just rude. I would have hoped you had better manners than that. (Though I wouldn't be surprised if some bad habits rubbed off on you. Is your mom still a total nightmare?)

I'm going to keep trying to figure myself out for the next, I don't know, rest of my life, but I'm glad I started with this letter. I think it's helped me get a lot of things out and deal with past issues (I think you know what I'm talking about at this point). It's nice to imagine that you've been listening to every word I've just written, not whatever you are now, but the you you were back when we were so close. I still miss that girl, but I'm glad that in a way she was here for me one last time.

I need to get going now. My regular life awaits. Since no one should ever read this and know who wrote it, I won't bother to sign my name. I do want to say one last thing though. Thank you, Joan, for every wonderful thing you ever did for me. No matter how you've changed I'll always be grateful for who you were. Thank you for the good times; I'll try to forget the bad ones. Thank you and good-bye. ■

## innsmouth university

by joshhegarty

"You can't go out tonight, dude," I told him, "You're way too sick."

"Dude, I need to go out. I've never missed a weekend. This shit is important," Frank told me.

"The world isn't going to end if you don't go out tonight. Let's just smoke some weed and watch South Park," I said.

"No way, dude. I'm going out. You can't stop me," he replied.

I stopped him. It was pretty easy. While we were talking, I'd packed a bowl and soon enough he was high. Then I put on South Park, the World of Warcraft episode. Frank passed out before it was over. Pussy.

I looked around the hall and saw Mike and Dave heading out for a cigarette and I went with them. We were talking about whatever, you know just shooting the shit for a little while. When the conversation died down, the clouds rolled away and I noticed how big the moon was. It was full and blood red. I think it's called a Harvest Moon. I looked down the street when I heard an old van's brakes screech to a halt. It was an unmarked black van, with no windows, the typical "Free Candy" kind of van, if you know what I mean. The side door slid open and six or seven little dudes in robes hopped out. One of them was holding a huge book, bigger than his head. He could barely lift it. They wandered away towards some trees and the van pulled away. People do a lot of weird shit in this town. We went back inside.

Mike suggested we order some pizza. I was down and I went to see if Frank had woken up. Maybe he was hungry. When I opened the door, it flung itself shut, throwing me across the hall. Confused, I pried it open again and forced myself in the room before the door could shut again. It was freezing. The windows were smashed open and I swear a hurricane was blowing in. Frank wasn't in his bed.

I forced myself against the wind to the window to look out. I saw Frank on the ground. The little men in robes were walking towards him. I couldn't tell what was going to happen but I knew it was bad. I ran outside. I think I might have been yelling, but I doubt I was coherent enough for anyone to understand me. By the time I got out there, they'd dragged him over to a tree and torn his shirt off. I ran over to try to find out what was happening. The one with the book opened it up and was reading in some language that sounded like the sound that a dying bird would make combined with the sounds of a squid's digestion. Even though I couldn't tell what they were saying, the words made me fall to the ground and start to cry. Another one of the little men pulled out a knife and they all started to chant, "For the Great One. For the Great Old One. Arise. Arise. This is the chosen perfect Vessel. Arise."

Convinced that they were going to kill him, I rose to my feet and started to run towards them again when the knife went down. For some reason, I stopped dead in my tracks. The wind started to howl like a pack of giant wolves. I saw the moon literally sink from the sky as if it were being pulled. I felt the earth shake. One of the little men looked at me and said, "The chosen one is taken. The Great Old One will come tonight and eat up the Earth. All will end in blackness and horror. You should feel honored to die in such a way."

I felt a great cold shadow fall over me. In the dim starlight before me I could see the outline of a massive beast with huge wings and tentacles. Where it came from, I couldn't say. The ground continued to shake and I saw buildings crumble in the distance. The monster approached me and I tried to scream, but frozen in terror, I couldn't bring myself to move. The ground around me started to crack apart. In my head, I could hear a voice, like a whisper repeating over and over my own words, "The world isn't going to end if you don't go out tonight." Oh, how wrong I was. ■

## on thursdays

by hannahjansen

On Thursdays there were nimble fingers rolling, cigarettes stuck to mouths, bare feet dangling like fish-hooks in an empty fountain.

There were chipped gold cherubs watching all night long, their wings caught in furious mid-flight, necks twisted gently.

There was red lipstick and wine-slicked lips and lips slurring words into nothing. There was a girl holding the hand of another-

a paper doll on heels- and they teetered their way through the piazza like children learning to walk.

There were people crying out to each other.

There were languages being spoken but not understood.

There was the columned church like a giant, luminescent cake-people skipping up and down its steps, slipping into its corners. Once,

there was the sound of a bottle smashing in the cold night air, and the pigeons let go their frantic, fluttered chorus, and people held on to each other like it was their last night

on Earth, which it might have been, had someone not come along

and picked them up out of the rubble.

## spring

by hannahjansen

All the world is watching for some small thing, weak sliver of green, pretty, breathy buds pulsing new warmth.

In the park, skaters in their thick black pants swoop the light rain.

A girl in overalls runs bawling to her mother, her face a puckered, wet flower.

Mama, she cries, voice shrill with such panic that it seems certain there could be nothing left of the world but its demise

the worms are committing suicide on the pavement.

## German Bear Wrestling

by alextownsend



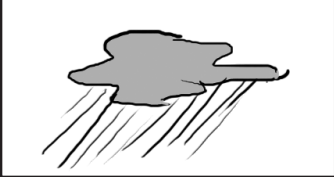
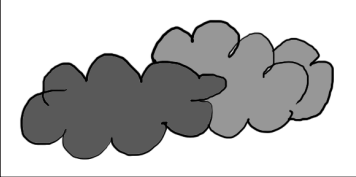

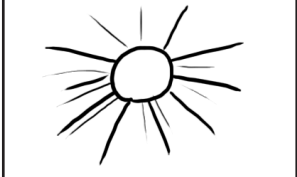






# cat litter.



by mac smith, greg francesse,  
miriam rosen, henry kellogg, lauryn katz  
artwork by kelly macintyre

## your five day weather forecast

straight from the statue of marquis de lafayette

TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY
				
<b>RAINY</b>	<b>CLOUDY</b>	<b>PARTLY SUNNY</b>	<b>SUNNY</b>	<b>SNOW</b>
HIGH: 47  LOW: 30	HIGH: 51  LOW: 45	HIGH: 60  LOW: 53	HIGH: 74  LOW: 61	HIGH: 27  LOW: 15
lafayette says:  "Yeah, yeah. April showers bring may flowers. We'll here's my forecast: Springtime in Burlington brings really awful weather. Why did they decide to build me here? I should have only helped the Americans in the revolution if they built my statue in Key West."	lafayette says:  "Yeah, it's going to be cloudy. Just like every other day here. Seriously, I think I'm my black statue coloring over here. Can statues have seasonal depression? Nobody even looks at me. They built me behind these trees..."	lafayette says:  "You know what? I guess it's getting nicer out. But that only means that little terriers are going to be pissing on me during the day and drunk kids are going to be pissing on me at night. Enjoy your American debauchery that I fought so vigorously for."	lafayette says:  "It's actually springtime! Those kids who have been waiting all winter to tie a piece of rope between two trees and stand on it are finally back! I can't really understand that ridiculous whiffleball game but that's ok. I think, after all these years, I remember why I fell in love with Burlington all those years ago."	lafayette says:  "merde."
				

# tunes. free gucci!



by alexpinto

says thousands of rap nerds

If hip-hop is notable for its status as a cultural movement that grew out of the streets, independent of the mainstream, and has now grown to be at the center of manufactured pop music, then the blogs that follow it would seem to be a niche that doesn't fit. The writers of blogs exist behind a veil of anonymity that renders race and background moot in a movement that has forever insisted on authenticity as one of its greatest virtues. It is rarely knowable to the casual reader whether the commentator is a seasoned industry insider who grew up in Bed-Stuy, or a 21 year old kid from the 'burbs who intellectualizes gangster rap from a dorm room at Missouri School of Journalism. (Each is true of a widely read blogger that is in my "Daily" folder). All that matters is that the blogger knows what the heck he/she is talking about.

That sort of egalitarian meritocracy in the rap blog world leads to there being none of the competition and intensity in the real media world, or the rap world for that matter—instead it is characterized by a loose camaraderie, bloggers giving each other kudos for a good find by way of a link-back as they embed a video or new track, and keeping a list of links to their own favorite sites in the sidebar. Nobody cares who scooped something first.

Each blog has a distinct focus and tone—some are updated every hour of the day with cutting-edge content and minimal commentary, others post think-pieces or retrospectives once a month, others specialize in digging up archival underground tapes. Some spurn anything except hardcore rap, some have a slight bias toward Bay-area rap, and some seem to post nothing but Wu-Tang related material. But they all occupy a space that is anti-mainstream. (Bashing of magazines like XXL and Vibe is such a universal pastime it is no longer bothered with much except in passing).

And yet despite their status outside the MSM they cannot claim authenticity in the manner demanded by the artists themselves—not that bloggers would seek to, but it's a point worth making. This status allows bloggers to remain disinterested observers with no loyalties—they will write whatever they want about whoever they want. Them and their armies of reader/commenters are not far removed from a friend who shares youtube links with you every day and has protracted debates with you about the proper location of Nas in the pantheon of rap gods over beers and blunts—but, unlike your buddy, they have a huge impact on tastemaking in the industry. Like, you know, magazines and radio used to before the internet.

Witness the rise of Atlanta rapper Gucci Mane. Upon a first few listens, Gucci seems to represent all that is wrong with rap music. He stays within the narrow thematic grounds of jewelry description, authenticity claims, tough-guy posturing, rap skill describing, libido, lack of fuck giving, etc...which is generally a shortcoming that is considered forgivable among rap fans, so long as it's performed in a manner of ground-breaking brilliance, a la '04-'06 era Lil Wayne. But Gucci doesn't seem to accomplish that. The utterly cerebral metaphors, hilarious jokes, outrageous hyperbole, and all the other things that made Wayne so lovable, don't just pop out in the Gucci's mixtapes. He has a drunken, lazy, warbling flow that can sound more like random syllables than conscious rapping. And indeed he may have remained only the "hottest rapper in East Atlanta" instead of one of national acclaim, if it weren't for the constant promotional efforts of a few dedicated bloggers that plugged his mixtapes and lauded his tracks all along the way. Because just as most culturally significant works of art in the history of

the world (excuse the overblown comparison, it works, though, trust me) weren't necessarily accepted or understood at the time they were contemporary, Gucci's is not immediately accessible and requires an open mind and patience to grasp. Instead of building his verses in a way that emphasizes his complex rhyme patterns, dry humor, and creative similes, he buries those features within the malaise of his drawling southern flow, for the discerning listener to discover like diamonds in the rough.

And of course, flow aside, his songs are rough around the edges on the whole. His best work, like Wayne's, is on mixtapes, and those songs are not catchy enough, polished enough, or radio-friendly enough to have been picked up by any mainstream outlets. It can be difficult listening to the point that even on smart blogs with smart readers I saw extended debates rage in comments sections over the most basic of questions: like whether or not he is any good at all—has any value—period. Then over time the argument changed to just how good he is—then to whether or not he stands among the best current rappers. When this blog-buzz hit a critical mass last Fall around the time of his single-day internet release of a sprawling three-part mixtape, just a couple weeks before the official release of his new LP, indie outlets like Pitchfork and mainstream papers like the NY Times could no longer ignore the Gucci man.

The most interesting part of the whole affair is that he did not grow hugely popular first with people who would best relate to his music (i.e. career drug dealers or Atlantians or both) or with white suburban teenagers the likes of which made 50 Cent into a superstar. Instead it was thanks to unpaid or barely-paid bloggers who were able to describe exactly why Gucci is worth listening to by borrowing vocabulary from literary criticism, and to the hip-hop nerds of every stripe who read blogs and are versed enough in the culture to recognize the truth behind those bloggers' claims. If hip-hop died when the likes of MTV took its reigns, then perhaps a child it left behind is now coming of age. Maybe soon the path to material success for a rapper can once again be skills, not gimmicks, Soulja Boys be damned. And if that turns out true, you can thank the blogs for it. ■

## your weekly WRUV music review

by nyikobeguinn

### A Weather - Everyday Balloons (Team Love)

Stay-in-bed rockers, A Weather, return with their sophomore effort, *Everyday Balloons*, an album written with staggering clarity, maturity, and elegance. Vocalists Aaron Gerber and Sarah Winchester perform a kind of lyrical dance executed by trading off lines, indulging in sung conversation, and exploring angelic harmonies. The instrumentation is delicately sparse and serves to shine a spotlight on the gravity and sentiment of the lyrical content that pervades throughout the album. As sophomore albums go, *Happy Balloons* has definitely hit the mark.

### For Fans Of: Iron and Wine, Whales and Wolves, Kings of Convenience

### Broken Bells - Self Titled (Columbia)

It seems as though Brian Burton (aka Danger Mouse) has managed to re-imagine and transform another subversive musical icon into a project all its own. On this effort, Burton has teamed with James Mercer of the exquisite pop rock group, The Shins. Together, the duo works to create an intellectually constructed pop album that is comfortable to explore unorthodox sounds and meld them together with ease and elegance. Though the album lacks in the traditional catchiness that comes with Mercer's cutesy cadence, the void is filled by Burton's dissonant and endearing production sense. A wonderful start to an exciting new musical endeavor.

### For Fans Of: The Shins

### Ruby Suns - Fightsoftly (Sub Pop)

I think it is safe to say that "chill wave/dream pop/sleep rock/whatever you want to call it" is at the forefront of internet blog buzz (or at least it was for most of 2009). It is a genre still in its infant stages, but seems to have grown more and more mature with each release. *Fight Softly* is no exception. The album is bursting with layered vocal tracking, afro-beat inspired rhythms, and sparkling synth textures, which compliment each other to paint a scene of sun-kissed love birds laying on an intergalactic beach. You can look forward to seeing this on many year-end top album lists.

### For Fans Of: Toro Y Moi, Washed Out, Neon Indian