

Ye Olde Water Tower

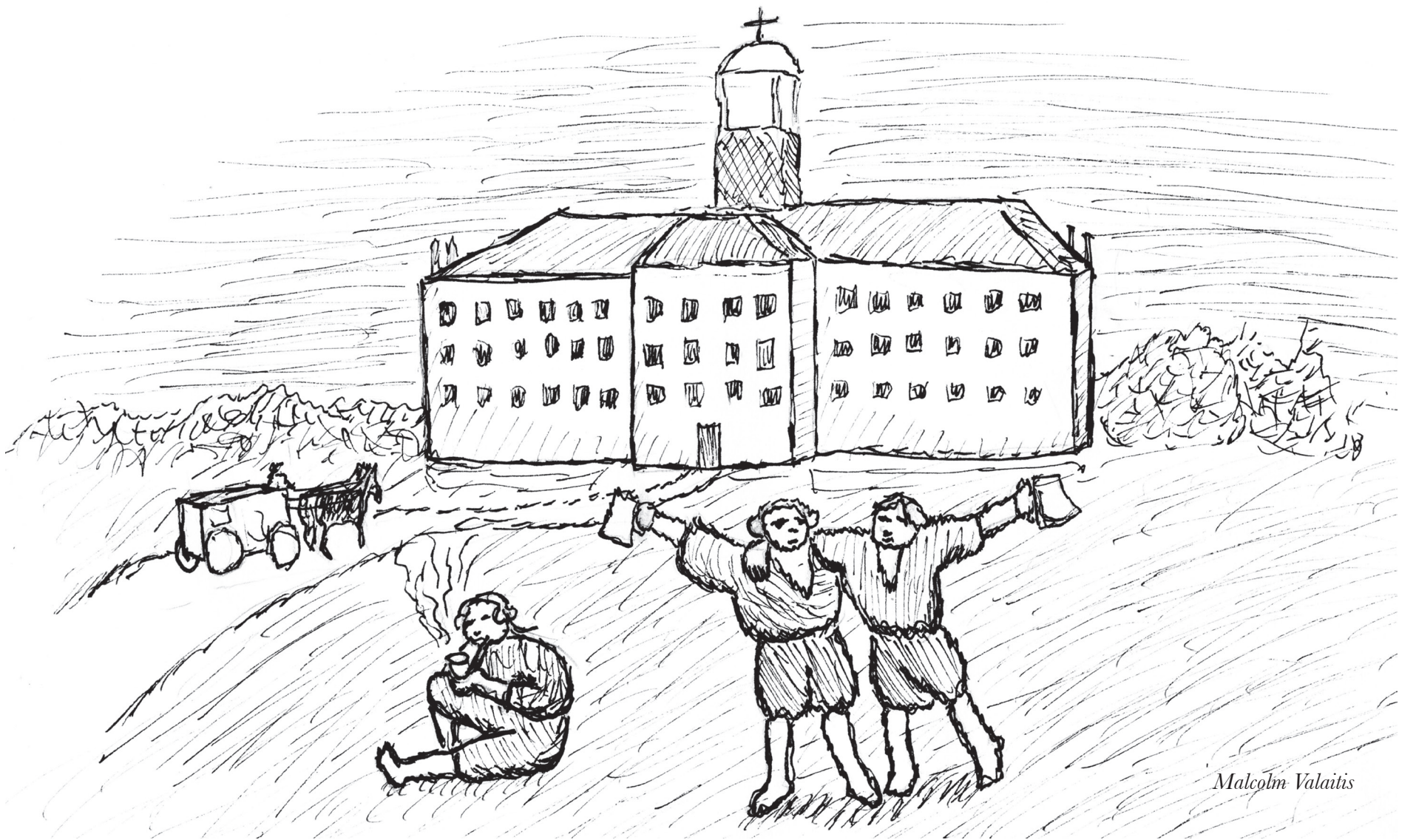
the alternative newsmag of the universitas viridis montis

volume 9 / issue 9 / tuesday, march 29, 2011 / uvm, burlington, vt

uvm.edu/~watertwr

thewatertower.tumblr.com

Of the fewd behaviors exhibited by — NEW UNIVERSITY STUDENTS —



Malcolm Valaitis

with remarks on the Wisdom of changing the **University charter in General**

by Lord Alexander Pinto and Daniel Martin Suder, Esq.

OUR society has been bless'd here in Burlington—with an affluence of beauty; we have erected tolerable dwellings and our shipping lanes are industrious beyond expectation. When in this advanced state in the development of our system economie, it became of most sense for the continuance of this flowering economie to, like the stake holds the sapling tree, create a School of Higher Learning to educate our industrious youths, and employ the minds of all intellectuals positively for benefit of our fair city and its constituents. Indeed, in the purview of pedagogical philosophy the new Universitas Viridis Montis is a Success—a beacon of Great Ideas atop this pastoral hill in Burlington, Vermont.

BECAUSE the University is in the utmost a Great Thing, it is MOST unfortunate that the students now travelling here to learn from such cities Boston; New York; and Philadelphia, have neglected to act in accordance with norms of Manners and Polite-

ness that we in our small community have worked to develop. The crudeness and arrogance found in BIG CITIES; the drunkenness and gambling; the existencies of bordellos and other Disgraced Houses of Fallen Women; the dirty defecation habits begotten by the general filth of their streets; has been brought to our doorsteppes by these young men-about-town. Already reports from Many Citizens complained of loud ruckuses occurring in the nights between Thursday and Sunday; and the rectors have reported that attendance in all Burlington Churches has been fewe by these Lotharios.

IT MAY THEN be in the best intrest of all the city for the University to withhold its Chartered Mission to increase its size and grandness; **to stop erecting Large Buildings that contribute to attracting CITY FELLOWS of VULGAR DISPOSITIONS.**

GREAT swatches of fertile Land increasingly bear witness to outcroppings of central Townshippes.

Twixt the stately and impressive Greene Mountains and the imposing Lake Champlain exist not only our University but our City, our Farmlands, and our Homesteads. The President of this University must not be the Pharaoh who sacrifices his population to the locusts. Ye who seek Expansion at cost of Propriety seem to desire an Earthly Currency in the stead of Moral and Divine Good, and we CANNOT support such ideological deficiency.

We, concerned citizens, therefore conclude by expressing our preference that the University hereafter be employed in the study of Theology, preferably the sect of the Calvins, and encourage such HIGH MINDED PURSUITS as Prayer and Hymn-singing, in order to reform the polluted minds of its students. It is for the benefit of the city that the most invested young minds be also subject to DISCIPLINE - that that those minds may think well and rightly.

invest
thy
self:

**bataille of
stamford brydge**
by jamesaglio

**new technology:
aerosol cans**
by gregfrancese

the vietnam war
by calebdemers

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PLAGUES: AIN'T THAT ABOUT A...

YEAR 24 OF PHARAOH RAMESSES II,
3RD MONTH OF ACHET, DAY 25, 1225 BC

BY ANONYMOUS EGYPTIAN SLAVE

I really thought this job was hard enough. G-d was I ever wrong. Moses just HAD to ask for ALL of the Israelites to be freed. I mean, don't get me wrong, it could be great, but come on. He could have just gone with Aaron on his own, brought his flock, but NOOO; he had to make it harder on all of the slaves than it already is.

Last week, I was busy capturing fish in the Nile when all of a sudden the whole damn thing turns to blood. What the hell is that about? All my fish died, ALL of them. How does Yahweh expect me to go back to Pharaoh empty-handed? Is he trying to get me beaten with a rod or something? I'm so thirsty, and there's no water to drink. You can't heat blood and make it safe to drink. Yahweh the Almighty Lord? What kind of omnipotent Lord can't give us some water to quench our parched throats?

The day after that, I'm working in the fields, right? Next thing I know, there's frogs dropping from the sky

as though it was rain. How is that intimidating to Pharaoh anyway? That's not even dangerous, it's just a nuisance. I can't sleep at night. You ever try to sleep with a pack of divine frogs ribbiting outside your place of rest? Can't do it! They're even louder than the regular frogs. Let's not even get started on the gnats. I don't even want to think about that day.

Then there was the darkness. Ohh, the darkness. It wasn't just your regular darkness; no, this was advanced darkness. Pharaoh just couldn't quit being a hard-hearted dick to the Almighty, so for three full days nobody could get anything done because no one could see. We burned oil, nothing happened. Pharaoh had us set fire to a small hut, still nothing. It was so dark out, you could close your eyes and see more than when they were open. Where was Ra the sun god when you needed him?

Rumor throughout the kingdom is that for his next magic trick, Yahweh plans to have the first-born son

of all men killed. I don't know how He plans on pulling this one off, but I sure don't want to find out. Word in my community is that Moses said we'll be alright if we mark our doors with lamb's blood. That's a perfect solution except for the fact that the Lord smote all my friggin' lambs when he rode in on the wings of Pestilence. All my livestock were killed, and then the Plague of Boils that Yahweh sent down on us infected the dead animals and ruined any chance of us using the dead lambs to paint our doors. All I'm sayin' is that I hope He doesn't expect me to follow him if he kills my kid. Just because you're the King of Kings doesn't mean you should have to ruin my already crappy life in order to receive tribute. I mean come ON man, I build Pyramids for a living!

Hopefully we'll get out of Egypt soon, but damn if this isn't a more terrible time than usual to be a slave. I guess it could be worse though. We could get lost in the desert for a few decades. ♪

the most astute purveyors of news information in the universe.



dear water tower readers,

Greetings from the editors of **the water tower**. This week it is our pleasure to bring you some of the finest articles in **wt**. history. We've gone to the vault and pulled out articles from such classic times as the viking conquests, the Prohibition era (say what?!) and Vietnam. We've seen it all. (If you thought the **wt**. started in January 2007 you are gravely mistaken. We been heah so long we used to be called **the aqueduct** - true story!) Also.....

.....APRIL FOOLS!

<3 The Ed it ahs.

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

thewatertowernews@gmail.com

the water tower.
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UVM Art Department Digital Lab

ye old liste of shyte

by emilyhoogesteger

Toosdaye, 8 Septembyre, 1349

[Ye Olde Liste of Shyte has been cancelled this week, as our entire staff died of the Black Plague this morning. To our few readers who are not dead yet, we apologize for the inconvenience.

SPORTING COMMENTS

by michaelawesomcieslak

Yesterday, the Red Sox sold pitcher Babe Ruth to the New York Yankees. Ruth has had a good career with the Sox. He has won three titles with the Sox and has emerged as a formidable hitter. The complete effects of the trade are not clear, but much speculation has been made. People close to both parties are thinking that it could have negative long term effects for Boston, but there is a contingent saying that the Red Sox are lucky to get rid of this boozier of a player. This past year Ruth went 13-7 with a 2.22 ERA and helped the Red Sox win their fifth World Series. It is unclear whether the Yankees plan to use Ruth as a pitcher or if they will focus on his hitting capabilities. There is speculation that he might be placed out in right field. Personally, I think the Red Sox are idiots. The guy has potential and they are just giving him away. This is the kind of deal that could put the Sox in the dog house for years. Time will tell, but I do not have a good feeling about this.

the pony express

with paulgross

“Fuck!” -15,000 BC

-Ur, son of Ud, of the caves, discoverer of fire, exclaiming in pain after attempting to physically grasp his discovery.

“I don't know how the sly craftsman manages it!” -1879

-An anonymous male UVM student, speaking with the regard to the mysterious fondler who has become the bane of campus: an unknown gentleman has fondled 6 young ladies in the past two weeks, to the surprise of all gentlemen.

“RARARAR!” -2006

-A Cruel fiend terrorizes campus: The cursed beast, the so-called cata-mount, has again wreaked havoc at UVM, near the future sight of the Davis Center. Tuesday the 25th, the wicked feline maimed a party of four students on their way home after an evening of merrymaking at Rasputin's vodka spigot.

“This milk colored man is a real asshole!” -1492

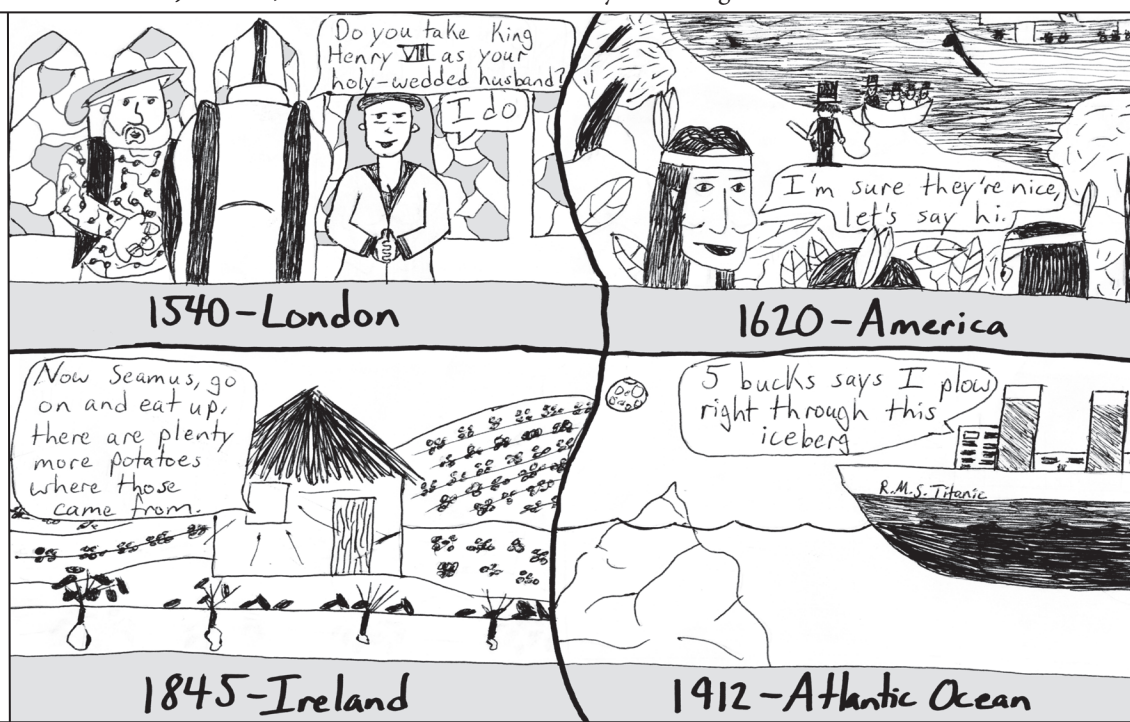
-Natives of the Caribbean, commenting on the arrival and subsequent nefarious behavior of Christopher Columbus.

“One day, I predict that it will look BAD for a politician to have an illicit affair with a slave. I pity the fools of the future!” -1798

-Thomas Jefferson, on his affair with his slave Sally Hemmings.

famous last words of history...

by Patrick Leene



Musings of the Campus Troubadour

mine daily observations thru poetry

by lindsay gabel

Seeth you of recent thy campus troubadour?
Who with her lute doth narrate the happenings of todays with an air
Of delightful eccentricity and modest flair?
Lo and behold, I am she:
Chronicler of local triviality!
Who delights in most charming absurdity,
Forsooth, hogwash of utmost accuracy!
Invite you I shall to search by and by,
‘Twas never a more curious character than I,
Thine university bard who tirelessly endeavors
To create somethings out of nothings.

Herewith I present my work with brevity,
Thru selected musings from this sennight past:

Tuesday, mid-morn at Ye Olde Grundle

In fair Grundle, where we lay our scene,
As peevish waffle-makers make inexperienced hands unclean,
Doth yonder negligent knave pass o'er the oiling anointment.
Oh false mastery, masquerading incompetence!
In so noble a profession as to waffles make, glory be to the artist,
Which thou art not if thou can not art.
Alas! Such tragedy befalls those who endeavor despite scarce ability
And sires unpleasanties -- nay, brutalities! -- that hath no words
For there no sadder a sight be
Than innocent waffle massacr'd.

Wednesday, evening late in Billings Library

Procrast'nation, that ensnaring temptress
Who seduces enchanted youth with her shiftlessness,
Inspiring peculiar fancies and petty trifles; oh magnificent diversions!
Dwell not on fantastical fancies!, methinks to myself in private conviction
Wherefore I swear fidelity to divine Academia
Whence distractions doth call
Over the bells that toll for a short-lived monogamy,
Mayhaps even yet in those final hours during which thou must earnestly crammeth,
Wherefore thy then be royally screw'd o'er.
Procrast'nation, thou spongy muddy-moddled hag-seed! A pox on thee!
And yet: pray you, remain ever nearer,
For whilst thy beguiling presence doth devour the day and feed mine idleness,
Thine absence nigh unbearable is!

Sunday, high noon along University Row, abreast of the Green

Confound this bemuddled and slickened season
That with malice trespasses anew upon our home and State.
Take heed: should in haste to class thou chance to misstep,
Thou be destin'd then to skiddeth and fallett,
Sprawl'd which-way before ever-vertical passers-by
Who art comparably upstanding both in stature and in dignity. ♪

the water tower is an alternative weekly newsmag created by students at the University of Vermont since 2007.

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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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Waterman - Main Lobby
Online - uvm.edu/~watertwr

join the wt.

New writers and artists
are always welcome
Weekly meetings
Tuesdays at 8:00 pm
Chittenden Bank 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**.



the finest men in all the land

by lizcantrell

I hath observed the existence of a many fine and most Handsome gentlemen of these Revolutionary times. In the considerations of these most excellent breed of men for their contributions to our general cause of Independence, it is oft overlooked as to questions of their pure physical qualities. Here follows a study in comparison, with great attention to Charm, the General Appearance of the visage, and abilities as men.

Paul Revere: I should think he a man of strong will and insuperable loyalty. T'is he who embarked upon a midnight ride to warn us merry, fervored colonists of the coming redcoats. Let his lady hope he ride her with such passion and perseverance as he hath ridden his horse.

Samuel Adams: Fond of a most delicious yet insidious brew, which shall have a tendency to inhibit thy senses and move thee to acts of utmost debauchery and merrymaking, this gentleman is well paired with a lady of little discretion who favours much decadence of drink. Hot-tempered and quick witted, a fine wench of good hips and good delight shall please him, and be pleased herself.



Caney Demars

George Washington: Most heroic of all men, our most humble, gentle, and esteemed General deserveth a woman of utmost devotion. There can be no greater reverence to our burgeoning nation than to please its most loyal servant. His lady Martha shall have to accept the demand for her husband.

Benjamin Franklin: Being known to enjoy the pleasurable company of the woman, with no regards as to the number he hath acquired, I advise caution. If you be a mere bar mistress, then thy shall fit his needs perfectly.

These men, great Defenders of common Liberty, have much to offer. Their promise of freedom, this writer hopes, shall extend to their freedom of the Pursuit of women such as myself. ☞

Tuesday April 2, 1776

Thomas Jefferson: His countenance oft troubled, his pen often inky with thoughts of liberty with which he hast struggled, this most charming Southern gent of Virginia shall be favoured by a woman of patience. He shall find no trouble in spending his daylight engrossed in a project of study and contemplation, so if a woman seek to pursue him she shall expect to soothe his furrowed brow from philosophical daydreams.

THE DANGEROUS IMPLICATIONS OF AN EDUCATED UTERUS from babies to barren

by lauradillon

Tuesday April 4, 1871

As the fifth university of higher learning founded in New England, following such prestigious institutions as Harvard, Yale, Dartmouth and Brown, The University of Vermont has a duty to preserve the highest standard of excellence in education.

Part of this standard rests upon our ability to keep the University uncontaminated by the looming spectre of the female charring as student.

In this year, 1871, the purity of this University's student population is now being threatened by the womanly taint.

This is not only a question of protecting the integrity of the institution, but also the protection of the poor misguided females. Alas, they have stumbled from the safety and comfort of their homes, and we must be there to guide them back. I think only of their well-being and happiness when I say this.

I fear that if we do not succeed and the University continues along this with its perilous plan to admit two female students, there will be disastrous results.

As we all know, the most important and only proper role of a woman is that of mother. It brings a smile to my face to image a woman, plump with pregnancy, cheeks glowing a cheery pink. It is state of woman's true nature.



Kitty Faraji

Now imagine the woman who forsakes this cheerful duty, to pursue an aimless education. The more focus she places on perfecting her mind, the more her physical form deteriorates. She shows no concern for her appearance, instead flaunting her severe and angular form. This is no way to attract an appropriate husband.

Some will even forsake the holy bond that is marriage. This educated woman will instead descend into the grimy world of promiscuity. Even if she finds herself with child (from a man that is not her husband, I presume) the child has no chance. A baby thrives on the nurturing soil of the female body, but no baby can thrive on the philosophy of Rousseau or Hegel. What baby can be fed with the words of Plato? What baby can survive in the shriveled and unkept uterus, forgotten in favor of the brain?

My greatest concern lies in the health and safety of both mother and child, but I also fear for the male students forced to mingle with such fallen woman. Even the most studious of young men can be distracted by the pungent scent of a woman on her messies. How can we put such tempting fruit before their eyes and expect them to become the great scholars and thinkers of our future? More importantly, why would we do such a thing, knowing of the disastrous implications? ☹

I thought life was all about the thrills. Simple boys bored me and I loved all those hip-swaying tunes the cool kids were listening to. But I was about to find out that...

Rock and Roll is No Place for Love!

I was the new girl at school when, and, boy, was it awkward! Everybody already seemed to have all the friends they'd need. But then one day, golly, what a miracle, a girl named Cindy sat with me at lunch.

"Your name's Julie, isn't it?" she asked. "Gosh, I don't know why a girl as pretty as you is sitting all by herself. Why don't you come and sit with my friends and me? We're all real cool cats. We'll help you figure out how to get by around here!"

I just about tripped over myself to follow Cindy as she led me to another table in the cafeteria. I was focusing hard on balancing my tray, so I didn't look up right away when I got there, but, boy howdy, did I get a sight when I did!

Almost all of Cindy's friends were boys, and not just any boys, real greaser types. They looked so strange and different in their loose clothes and greased-back hair. Their shirts weren't even tucked in! They were all huddled around a transistor radio, with one of them twisting the knob and listening closely to the speaker.

"Aren't we not supposed to have radios in school?" I asked nervously.

Cindy just rolled her eyes. "Geez Julie, don't be such a dweeb! All those stuffed-shirt teachers may not like it, but us kids have gotta have our tunes, y'know?"

Just then the boy by the radio looked up. "I think I got something, you guys!" And he turned the volume up.

Suddenly the radio was blasting loud music all over the place and Cindy and her friends were shaking their hips and wobbling their legs to the beat. It was some of the strangest dancing I'd ever seen and it made me blush to look at it. I wasn't sure what I should do, but then one of the boys came up to me.

"Hey, I'm Todd." He took out a comb and ran it through his hair, then said "You're that new girl, Julie, right? Don't you feel like dancing with us?"

"...I don't really know how to dance like that." I was still blushing, but now it was for another reason. Todd was just so different from any boy I'd met before. He wore a black, leather jacket and he just looked so tough and cool. He reached out his hand to mine and it felt like electricity was shooting through me!

"You've never danced to Rock and Roll before?" He sounded amazed. "It's easy! You just sway your hips and follow the music. Here, I'll show you."

He started to move his pelvis back and forth and before I knew it I was doing the same thing right next to him! Golly, what a rush! A few minutes later one of the teachers came down to us and took away the radio, but by then it was too late. I was hooked, and not just on Rock and Roll!

Over the next few weeks Todd and I saw a lot of each other. The place we went the most was the local soda shop. The Chocklit Shoppe had a brand new jukebox,

ELEPHANT ELECTROCUTION IN LUNA PARK

by joshhegarty

On the Sunday of last week, in Luna Park on Coney Island New York, an elephant by the name of Topsy was executed by means of electrocution with alternating current, as carried out, as well as filmed by, the Wizard of Menlo Park himself, Thomas Edison. The elephant was judged to be a threat to the community as well as its handlers, due to a series of killings perpetrated by the animal upon its trainers and handlers. Three have so far died since 1900, and Luna Park officials have some time ago decided that the elephant would need to be executed.

It is believed that the means of execution, electrocution, was chosen by Edison, who himself is the pioneer of direct electrical current. It seemed strange to this reporter that such a man would choose alternating electrical current instead of his own form, but I have

been assured by himself and other leading scientists that alternating current, due to its very large power output combined with the risk of electrical overload, as opposed to the lower power and stronger stability of direct current, alternating current is only safe to use for methods of electrical execution. As such, it has been used by way of electric chair for at least one decade.

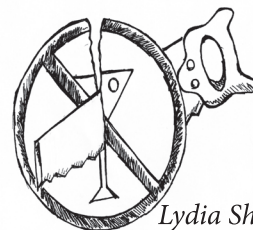
Edison has filmed the event by way of his Kinetograph. He says that he is on a mission to educate the country about the dangers of alternating current. Edison could be quoted as saying, "If this were carried out by means of direct current, this elephant would still be alive. I'm performing a public service in educating the people of this nation." The elephant was declared to have died within seconds of contact with the electrical cur-

January 13th, 1903

rent. There are some dissenting opinions, however. Several sources claim that Edison believes alternating current to be a better form of electricity and that he is using scare tactics to trick the good people of this country to turn against his competitor, Westinghouse. However, it seems clear to this reporter that alternating current has the potential for disaster, as it would surely take extraordinary means to execute an elephant. If this sort of power is what Westinghouse proposes, this reporter fears for the safety of our nation's industrial workers.

The footage should be available for public viewing in Kinetoscope parlors some time later this year. Perhaps after the public sees this, they can more properly choose which form of electricity is most safe. ☹

Extra Extra! prohibition has finally ended



Lydia Shepard

December 5, 1933

by jonathanfranqui

That is right my fellow Americans, no longer will you have to seek high and low to find your fix for Hooch or your favorite giggle juice as Utah has passed the 21st Amendment and ended prohibition in our great country! Every babe, scrub, and

average Joe with a few checkers is high tailing it to the nearest gin mill and throwing their heads back in unanimous drunk gaiety. One must be careful, though, as all those young dames out there are just looking for an opportunity to do a spot of gold digging and all the young fellows seem to be on the prawl with mickeys at hand. Even the widely despised G-men are enjoying the festivities at their local bars. I cannot remember the last time the

french invasion:

April 3, 1934

a review of mr. lacoste's new tennis shirt

by colbynixon

With the decline of America's wealth in the past five years, beginning with the market crash in 1929, no one has been in the mood to purchase any sort of clothing. In fact, I saw a man with so many patches in his jacket the other day it looked like he was wearing a Ringling Brother's Circus tent. Just across the pond, though, is a growing trend in the tennis industry. A tennis champion, René Lacoste has decided to start his own tennis shirt line, prominently featuring an alligator (though some say it's a crocodile) on the left breast side where one might normally find a pocket. This is a bold move on the part of Mr. Lacoste during this economic downturn, and it is difficult to believe that he will find a market suitable to sell his shirts in.

The shirts are certainly not remarkable in any way. They are simple in nature and color (the only one available is white), with the only distinguishable feature being the logo affixed to the outside. This has never been seen before, and it is doubtful this form of branding will catch on. Why feature a scaly reptile, anyway? It seems that Mr. Lacoste is also known as the "Croco-

dile" in a land full of frogs. The nickname originates from a bet he had with his team captain on whether he would win a match. Mr. Lacoste did in fact win, and in so doing, won a crocodile (or alligator) skin bag. Understandably, this was an interesting event, but still an odd choice. If I was to win a bet on a polo match, I would not start a shirt company and name it "Polo," nor if I won a pet eagle in a bet would I ever name my clothing company "American Eagle." Clearly, Mr. Lacoste is not terribly clever.

In the current economic state, nobody here has the money to purchase shirts specifically for tennis, much less a racket to play tennis with. If my neighbor had the fortune to come across a racket, he would be seen playing on the municipal courts in his coveralls. This Mr. Lacoste is certainly overestimating his market, and I believe the company will soon fold. If other French products are of any indication, the shirts are probably also of low quality. Mr. Lacoste should stick to what he will always be known for - his play on the tennis court. ☹

stick it in a can: our future with aerosol

April 5, 1949

by gregfrancese

This time of year can be pretty stressful. Sitting for hours in the library staring at books can really take a lot out of you. Meanwhile, the weather outside is getting warmer, inevitably making everyone act like crazy stooges. Using the bathroom the other day, I noticed that there was one of those aerosol spray cans sitting next to the sink. Naturally, I became curious and held down the button that releases the compressed air and suddenly the entire men's bathroom, and even the entire second floor of Waterman, smelled like a giant field of flowers. It felt euphoric to say the least. Maybe it was the effect of spraying the can a handful more times in my face, but it got me thinking: in the future, everything will come in aerosol cans. It may sound ridiculous now, but with all of this postwar growth and industrial innovation happening around us, aerosol is definitely a large part of the future picture. Just think, if you can capture an entire meadow of flowers in a can, the opportunities of what you can put in a can are endless.

The most obvious thing I'd like to see put in an aerosol can is something that can give me lots of luck with the ladies on weekend nights. Forget cologne, aerosol that appeals to a woman's desires is something I'd love to spray on. Second, if you could use aerosol to replace the need for food, that'd be pretty swell too. Just think, if you could carry this can around with you and while you're in the library, too busy to go look for food, just whip out the aerosol and just spray an entire meal into your mouth. With all of the chemicals they're starting to use today, I'm sure it'd be easy for them to add delicious flavors to the aerosol spray, too. The limits to what aerosol spray can do seem to be endless. Someday very soon, aerosol sprays will do everything from feeding us to entertaining us and to making us smell attractive. One of the best things about aerosol is that the impact is virtually zero. As soon as you spray this stuff you never see it again. Also, when your can runs out, just toss it! Smells like success to me! ☹

SEX TIMES

On this day, Tuesday, April 1, 1890

with Cleet & Clat

So you've recently been married, and understandably you don't know any tricks of the trade? Fear not! With a little help from your old gals Cleet & Clat, you'll be consummating your love like a professional. We'll teach you how to properly seduce your man and (bear with us here) even seduce yourself. Doesn't make sense yet? Read on, young lovers!

I've recently been diagnosed with hysteria. My doctor prescribed this strange device that may help alleviate my symptoms. I'm a bit afraid of the thing. What do you suggest?

I'm sure you heard about George Taylor inventing the Manipulator twenty years ago—but did you ever even entertain the idea of what it can do for you? Sounds crazy, I know, but trust us on this one. The presence of hysterical paroxysm may actually work to your advantage here. However, that's just a little feminine secret between you and me. The Manipulator may seem a bit scary at first, we know, what with all its steam power, hand and foot cranks, not to mention the vibrating ball. But with a little instruction from your doctor on how to safely operate it, this contraption is capable of giving you amazing pleasure that your husband is just too preoccupied to give you. Of course, your doctor is capable of giving you this pleasure with his own hands—most of us have friends who have participated in this method—but if the spindly fingers of Dr. Strange don't excite you (and rightly so) there's a mechanical method for that. The vibrating ball on the Manipulator is designed to be placed directly onto your nether regions for an intense session of pleasure that may only last about ten minutes. But if you like it enough (and we're sure you will), you can repeat this exercise as many times as you want. Sure, they may caution against "overindulgence," but who's telling? I'm not! Manipulate away! ☹

by alextownsend

April 9, 1957



filled with all the latest songs. The whole gang loved to save their nickels and meet up there whenever they could for a night of dancing.

Of course Mom and Pop weren't too thrilled that I was hanging out with the Rock and Roll crowd and they liked Todd even less. "How's a

boy like that ever going to make you an honest woman?" they'd ask. "How can you stand to dance with him so much to that dog-gone noise you kids call music these days?"

I didn't mind though. What Todd and I had was the real thing and I was willing to do anything to be with him. I even started working as a waitress at the Chocklit Shoppe after school to save up more for the jukebox! Still, after a few weeks Mom and Pop's questions started to get me down and I decided to have a serious talk with Todd.

"Todd," I asked one night at, "Don't you think it's time you gave me your class ring?"

Todd looked at me with surprise. "What do you mean, Baby-Doll? What do you want some dumb ring for?"

"Well, to show everybody that I'm yours of course! We're the keenest couple in school; don't you want everyone to know it?" I looked at him with hope, but my heart soon began to sink as Todd burst into laughter.

"Julie-Baby," he said, "You're nice for a good time and all that, but the going steady scene is for squares! We're the coolest cats around. We don't need to go in for that garbage. Now how about you come over here and give me a smooch?"

I didn't know what to say, I was so shocked! I'd thought Todd was someone I could marry, someone my parents

could learn to love, and it turned out he didn't even want me to be his steady! I vowed that I would never see Todd again, but I still had to go to work at the soda shop the next day.

Sure enough, the gang was all there, dancing as usual. I tried to look anywhere but at Todd, but then I was so busy looking the other way that I didn't watch where I was going and I tripped right into someone else!

"Oh golly!" I exclaimed. "I am so sorry. I just don't know what's wrong with me tonight!"

"Nothing that I can see. You sure are a pretty lady, miss. I'm Paul, by the way." I looked at the boy I'd crashed into and felt the flutterings of a feeling I'd never known before: love at first sight. He wasn't like the Rock and Roll crowd at all. He wore an argyle sweater-vest over a neat, tucked-in shirt and he just looked so refined and clean-cut next to everyone else there.

Suddenly the whole world seemed to shift. The music just sounded like a lot of noise and Todd seemed like a distant, childish dream...

Well the rest of my story is history. Now Paul and I know constant bliss and we only dance to good, wholesome music. I've even given up my waitressing days! After all, Paul says he doesn't want his WIFE to work. ♥

Doors Open on Patrick Gymnasium

by emilyarnow August 27, 1963

Today marks an exciting moment in the lives of Vermont athletes and fans who like to watch them play: the Roy Patrick Gym and Gutterson Field House's doors opened this morning to a sea of enthused students and faculty. The spectacular and brand spanking new facilities wowed and amazed the crowds as early birds caught sight of the enormous stadium seating basketball court and state of the art exercise room.

"It's like, totally groovy what they are doing over these man," Chip Brown describes. "There's so many seats I don't know how they'll ever get enough kids at this school to fill them all up!" While some students revel in the sheer magnitude and splendor of the new gym, others are impressed by its modern look and attention to future tech-

"The spectacularly groomed baseball fields will surely draw crowds long into the 21st century."

nology. "Gee it really has a style about it, the architecture is so sleek and elegant," Barb Lewis, a junior, says. "I can't wait to take my synchronized swimming lessons in that pristine pool we have!"

It's true that the charming winding basement hallways and dimly lit bathrooms make this building something to be celebrated at UVM, however the new outdoor facilities are equally just as exciting. The spectacularly groomed football stadium and baseball fields will surely draw crowds to these games long into the 21st century. "I sure as hell am excited to play baseball on those new dirt plots they've build for us," Bobby Hall expressed enthusiastically. "I hope my grandkids one day will play on that very same pitch!"

Vietnam:

The Domino that Will Kick-Start the Flood of the Red's Sea

by calebdemers May 13th, 1968

Proud students of Universitas Viridis Montis, loyal citizens of the United States and fellow followers of democracy across the world listen to me now in our most desperate hour. We are a school of individuals that enjoy our freedom of speech; we covet our ability to go to the market every day and buy the cheese and bread we deserve. We do not have to wait in line to receive the same shoe that our neighbor has. We will never have to live in an apartment that is furnished with the same exact furniture as the flat next to us, unless... Unless, my people, we allow the Communist forces, that threaten our very way of life, overcome the troops we have stationed, as I write this very sentence, in the troublesome territory of Vietnam.

Yes, it is time to rekindle our hatred for the Communist party. It is time to regain our stance as the most powerful and most successful political ideology in all of history

and the only way to even begin to think of doing this is to overthrow the Communist Guerillas of the Vietcong. In this critical hour of our country's occupation of Vietnam, we need every citizen's full support of our conquest. Vietnam is the first crack in the dam of our destruction. But if we act, and act fast, we can fix this problem with Marines as our engineers, and bombs as our cement.

As I have said before, it is not merely the job of our brave military forces acting in Vietnam to stop this. It is you, the students of this fair university, and the citizens of the United States of America that can hinder this reign of madness that spills from atop the dark curtain of Iron that continues to stretch into the borders of our lands. We must crush this immoral irrationality that has come to be known as the counter-culture of America before they are, themselves, warped into a sick twisted Communist aggressor.

There is a counter-culture that follows bands who sing of Walruses and people with diamonds in their eyes. It is irrational, my fair citizens. How would someone have a diamond in his eye? And furthermore, how the hell would some be able to claim that they are in fact a Walrus? I will tell you how. It is the Soviet Forces with their chemical warfare. What form does this chemical come in? A leafy, green plant that has come to be known as "marijuana". Furthermore, it is this devilish sound emitting straight from the gates of Hades known as rock and roll.

In the words of our proud senator Joseph McCarthy, God rest his soul, "This is the most unheard of thing I have ever heard of." And it is just that, unheard of, that an entire generation will give into the false feeling of "puffing on a doobie," as these "hippies" call it, while they throw on a record album titled "Are You Experienced?" Well I will tell you what, I am experienced. Experienced in the ways of the Communist, and if this is not a secret tactic brought on by the Reds then next they will be telling us that it is not Communists that are burning the draft cards but average citizens.

Finally, my friends and countrymen, I have faith that as our student body grows and expands that we will be able to look at this Red Scare and say we have stood tall in our country's darkest hour, when Vietcong and Soviet aggressors tried to force their evil ways upon us. No, fair students, we will look back upon this day without ever imagining a campus that would be filled with long-haired rebels that attempt to do marijuana in the public eye, a campus that never ever hears the noise of this vile, degrading filth known as rock and roll.

tunes of: 1967

"Sgt. Pepper" a little too spicy

by sarahmoylan May 30, 1967

Having traded in their adorable bowl cuts for scraggly beards and simple pop melodies for complex, foreign-sounding tunes, the Beatles are back at it with their latest release, *Sgt. Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band*. There are some catchy songs to sing along to, but I'll take The Monkees any day, thank you very much.

Sgt. Pepper is apparently supposed to be some sort of a concept album (??); in other words, it is supposed to tell a story. The album is filled with a strange array of fictional characters like "Sgt. Pepper," "Lucy," and "Lovely Rita."

The Beatles haven't gotten the memo that silly characters like these are supposed to be in books, not rock albums!

Most of the songs themselves are adequate, but by no means groundbreaking. The cheery "When I'm Sixty-Four" is an album highlight, while "A Day in the Life" (a zany piece with two different distinct sections—it should be two different songs!) is surely a misstep. It certainly isn't the kind of song that will have girls screaming at Shea Stadium!

Overall, *Sgt. Pepper* finds the Bea-

ties continuing in the direction of unconventional rock music; a trend that started with releases *Revolver* and *Rubber Soul*. But why do they think this kind of stuff is any more impressive than the delicate works of *Please Please Me*? It seems as if fame has gone to the Beatles' heads and led them to believe that any music they create will be well-received by their fans. The Beatles will have to work a lot harder if they want to create a truly classic rock album.

tunes of: 1989

you know it's true: milli vanilli the next big thing

by jeremyklein July 18, 1989

Sitting here at the end of this glorious decade, it's hard to believe that music has given us so much in just ten short years. The rock and roll prowess of Bruce Springsteen's *Born in the USA*, the sheer greatness of Michael Jackson's *Thriller*, the loveable quirkiness of everything by A Flock of Seagulls—it's been a fun ride. Two men seem intent though on keeping this ride along for just a while longer. Separately, they are just two guys named Fab Morvan and Rob Pilatus. Together, they form Milli Vanilli, a name that will surely be known by all one day.

Milli Vanilli really is the complete musical package. The duo is made of great singers, great dancers, and

their backup music is danceable, yet engaging on an intellectual level. Did I mention their great singing voices? Forget Michael Jackson, forget Elvis, and forget angels—these two were born to sing. Their soulful voices make their lyrics ring all the more true. "Blame it on the Rain" reminds us that when things go wrong in a relationship, don't put the blame on yourself, because it's really the world's fault: ("You want her back again/But she just don't feel the same/Gotta blame it on something/Blame it on the rain"). If this were not enough, these tunes are infinitely catchy. Frankly, I could listen to the lyrics "Girl you know it's" (from "Girl You Know It's True") over and over again in an infinite loop and never tire of it.

This pair is bound to have numerous awards come their

way. These will be awards that they can cherish, and will never have to give back to the respective organizations that presented said awards to them. Their LP, also titled *Girl You Know It's True* is one of the finest displays of musical craftsmanship in this decade. Though it will probably still fall behind INXS' *Kick* as the top album of the decade, it may outlast *Kick* in the decades to come. So buy multiple copies: one for your home stereo, one for your car, and one for your Walkman (if you're so fortunate to have one), because if it's not clear already: someday you will realize that a vested interest in Milli Vanilli was worth it.

rubbish

I want thee so bad

My handsomest beast in the night, with eyes so red, teeth so sharp, hair so long I prithe, that I shall be able to confess my true admirations for yours truly Please bite me in a sexual manner as thou has dost done before I will exclaim "Raw!" like a dungeon dragon, and proceed to "Meow" like the kindest kitten Fret not, for even if thou is truly allergic to mine kitten in the home You are seemingly not allergic to the kitten which hides beneath mine undergarments. **When:** Every fortnight **Where:** Centennial woods **I saw:** A sexual beast man **I am:** A dashing young maiden

In yonder carriage I catch thy sweet glance. Thy footmen grasp thy smooth porcelain hand; The atmosphere is brightened with romance. Thine ankles: reveal'd, oh I understand.

'Tis mutual attraction, that much is clear - You've seen my muscles, you know of my might. The snug bun on thy skull o'erlaps thine ears - I ask you, is naught but thy bun as tight?

White lace drapes sweetly o'er thy bosom fair, An angel's voice escapes from rouged lips And asks, "To my boudoir - thou wouldst come there?" No part of my being canst thee resist.

Thy body: divine. I wish not to force it. But I'd love to see thou removest thy corset. **When:** Sunday, the Fourth **Where:** Outside the soiree **I saw:** Thee **I am:** Me

I let down my guard and got too involved. Fell for your grace and your imperfection. Your words were acid, my hopes were dissolved, Love and pain must have an intersection.

I'm reduced to a cold stone in the ground: Hopeless, voice flattened, my eyes on the floor, But when you, unbidden, still come around I feel something stir under the deep sore.

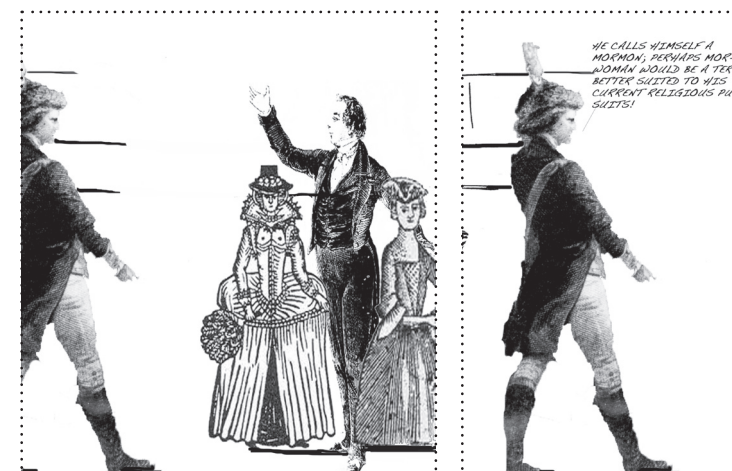
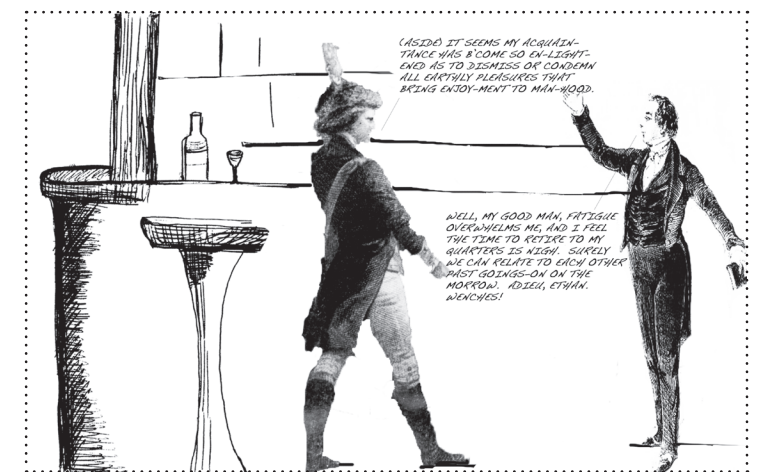
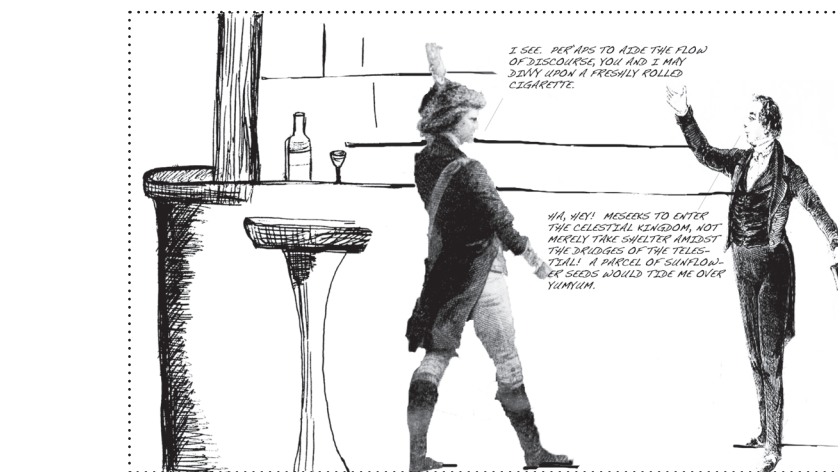
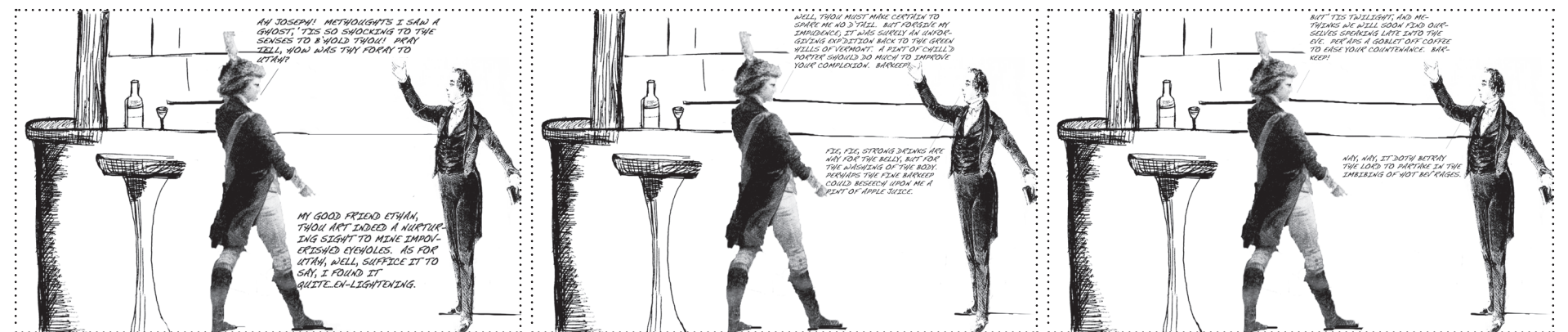
But I don't know what that something could be, And I don't even know what I could want; I am ambivalence and apathy At the University of Vermont.

To me you're not just some girl in my dorm. To me you're still poetry given form. **When:** since that night **Where:** within and without **I saw:** a verse in every gesture **I am:** your stoic sonneteer

Thine wit is sharp as thy dress Thou hast got a lover, but I love thee none the less! What hair! Coiffed so perfect atop thy head! Were I nev'r see thy face again, I would most certainly dread Thou writes with such a flourishing pen, I doth admire Each scratch of the quill, each brilliant thought, it dost make me desire I beseech thee humbly, good sir, though it not be mine place to query: Wouldst thou fancy a night with me? **When:** July 4, 1776 **Where:** Ascending the steps of Independence Hall, carrying a large scroll **I saw:** Thomas Jefferson **I am:** A mere tavern wench

cat lyttre

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