the water tower.

uvm's alternative newsmag



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sneeze in my mouth, please?

how to have the best sicksperience ever



by lea**mclellan**

t's on the door you just held open for that girl. It's on the rim of that beer pong cup you chugged Saturday night. It's in those three wet coughs on the back of your head in your 300-person Geology lecture. It's in that little tickle you feel in your throat with every swallow. Everyone is sick. Look over there. See that guy sucking the snot back up into his nose and wiping the remnants on his clammy booger hand? Sick. Hear that phlegmy sneeze? Hear that raspy cough off in the not-so-distant distance? Sick. See that laughing, carefree girl with the healthy glow rubbing elbows with coldy and flu-face? She's got "carrier" written all

I'd tell you to wash your hands, but why bother? It's too late. Might as well pop a multi-vitamin and leave it up to the Immune System Gods. Accept the inevitable: you're gonna get sick. How sick are we talking here? Swine sick? Sniffles sick? I can't tell you. But I do know that it's best to be prepared for whatever strain of rhinovirus, H1N1, influenza grossness that's coming your way. And believe me, guys and gals, it's a-comin'.

Don't feel bad. Don't be scared. Being

sick can actually be fun! (Not really.) The trick is to anticipate the sick. Sad as it is, your roommate isn't your mommy. Unless you have a truly dedicated friend or significant other, no one is going to bring you chicken noodle soup and saltines,

your snot-head, cans of soup, get Hulu bookmarked, a slinky, solitaire, Tickle Me Elmo, tea bags, more tissues, vitamin C injections...you get the idea. Store these things within arm's length of your bed. Get a little fridge and microwave setup in there, too. You are not going to want to

I'd tell you to wash your hands, but why bother? It's too late. Might as well pop a multi-vitamin and leave it up to the Immune System Gods.

pop in your favorite DVDs, or gently gage the temperature of your forehead with the back of their cool, loving hand.

So be your own cool, loving hand!
Err... anyway, you can take steps while
you're still healthy to make your impending sickness the best sick you've ever had.
Preparation is key. Have a stash of the
necessities: sleeves (and sleeves) of crackers, ginger ale, orange juice, Emergen-C,
tissues, DVDs, fluffy pillows to prop up

get up. And why should you move? You're sick! Channeling our colonial friends and bringing back the chamber pot is optional. No judgment here.

Once you have your little sick sanctuary all set, well, that's when the real fun begins! Sure you could be boring and predictable about it all. You could build your sad little pile of mucus-filled tissues by your head. You could watch movies online and fall asleep half-way through,

only to wake up drenched in your mouthbreather drool. You could wallow in self-pity and drink your sorrows away with OJ.

Don't do it. Like I said, there are lots of fun times to be had while you're sick (still a lie)! You can finally do all those things you wish you could do during your regular week without feeling like a lazy waste of life. You know, like browsing your widget options for two hours straight. Did you know there's a widget that can tell you when your underwear needs washing? There's also one where a young John Travolta shakes his booty. Download these.

While you're at it, you can download and change all your icons to little fun, seasonally relevant shapes like pilgrim hats and pumpkin pies. By the end of your sickness, you will have the best desktop. Ever. Another extremely entertaining Internet option is to peruse street view option on Google Earth. When you're healthy, this activity can grant you stalker status. When you have the Swine, staring at all your acquaintances' front doors and mailboxes and figuring out their car makes and models isn't weird at all.

continued as **sick** on page 2

get inside me

reflections an interview with the garden state by gregfrancese

créatif stuffé ode to redstone condom by alyssabicknell

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the best news team; in the universe.



we don't know why owen doesn't like the thought of mr. limbaugh cumming...

With regards to the Rush Limbaugh reference in Kate Donnelly's "Closing Gitmo ... eventually," thanks. I really needed that image.

That is all. -Owen

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

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the shit list

The House-The House of Representatives recently passed a healthcare reform bill by a vote of 220-215. This bill is historic—not because it's the first time we've almost attempted making healthcare more affordable, but because it's the government's biggest effort to bring us one step closer to becoming crack smoking Nazi Marxist Osama sodomists.

NYC Metro Transit Authority-For shits and giggles, someone decided to race the M42, Manhattan's slowest bus, from river to river along 42nd street. Guess what? The guy won...on a tricycle.

Stephen Tyler-It has been reported that the lead singer of Aerosmith is on the verge of leaving the band in favor of pursuing his 'solo career," which I can only imagine is impersonating old lesbians.

Scientology-As part of the Church's brainwashing, I mean, training exercises, new members are forced to watch videos of Tom Cruise. If anyone objects, he or she is then forced to watch videos of John Travolta.

Toyota Prius-Businessweek decided to include the Toyota Prius as one of the "50 ugliest cars in the last 50 years," which prompts me to add Businessweek to my own list of "duh."

sportsblink with michaelcieslak

We had a rather fun week in sports. First off, congratulations to the **Yankees** for their 27th World Series. It only cost them \$210 million. Swine has hit pro sports. David Krejci of the **Boston Bruins** has been diagnosed with the H1N1 virus, which is terrible timing as the Bruins continue to suck ass. Tim Lincecum, the 2008 Cy Young Award winner, received a marijuana citation this past week. He was in possession of 3.3 grams and a pipe. The most surprising part of this was that he was pulled over in bumfuck Washington where I thought they had no cops. **Manu Ginobili** can add another skill to his already impressive dossier of skills, pest removal. During a break in action during their game, he snatched a bat out of mid air and slammed it to the ground, kills and the state of ing it. Rightfully so, PETA was outraged and compared him to Michael Vick. Which makes sense because a 4-ounce bat definitely equals a couple thousand dogs. A woman went psycho in a **BYU-New Mexico** Women's soccer game. Elizabeth Lambert was a punching, hair pulling, slide tackling maniac. New Mexico's VP for athletics said in a statement that her actions were "completely inappropriate." In her defense, she was obviously on her period. **Vermont Men's Hockey** tied UMass-Lowell; they are now 2-3-1 overall and 1-2-1 in Hockey East. **The Women's team** has hit a skid, losing 4 straight after a 4-1 start. They are now 4-5-0. Men's and Women's basketball have both opened up their pre-seasons with big wins. Both of their regular seasons start Friday.

sick

continued from page 1 encouraged. Eventually you are going to want to move around a little. I don't mean getting out of bed. Don't get up. The lying in bed position isn't completely limiting. If you feel a little athletic, then put that booger tissue pile to use. Play a one-man game of Snot HORSE or a little Around the World with your trash can (There's no such thing as one-man HORSE or Around the World)! This is also a prime time to work out your commonly ignored Abductor Digiti Minimi muscle, also known as your pinky.

Finally, don't forget to pamper yourself. You deserve it! Rub those lotion-y tissues all over your face—mmm feels good, doesn't it? Drink Robitussin out of a shot glass, or make a tasty Cranberry-Alka-Seltzer-Tini and pretend you're at a fancy party with your friends.

Do what you need to do to make your flu...a happy flu.

the news in brief

"I have never witnessed a scene like this."

-Brazilian undertaker Natanael Horonato on a bizarre case of mistaken identity whereby a bricklayer named Ademir Jorge Goncalves arrived at his own funeral. Mr. Goncalves was identified as the victim of a recent large car crash, but as it turns out, he actually spent the night drinking at a bar near the crash site. Upon hearing that his own funeral was being held, he decided to show up, prompting some of his relatives to try to jump out the window.

"The visit has nothing to do with politics."

-A senior aid to the Dalai Lama, who recently made a highly controversial visit to Arunachal Pradesh, a province very close to the Tibetan border. The Dalai Lama has been in exile from Tibet by the hand of the modern Chinese government for several decades. China produced a load of bullshit about how his visit would upset Hindus and thus damage relations with India, but the thousands of adoring admirers who arrived to hear the teachings of the Buddhist leader and symbol of international peace indicates something a little different.

"In retrospect, I'm not suprised he did it."

-Army psychiatrist, Val Finnell, on Major Nidal Malik Hasan, another army psychiatrist who recently went on a shooting rampage at Texas's Fort Hood, killing 13 people. Major Hasan was scheduled to be deployed to Afghanistan very soon, and supposedly was increasingly unhappy about his deployment and was making "anti-American rants" to his fellow soldiers. Somehow, this didn't tip off officials that he might be a danger. No fucking wonder we can't win wars.

"Tonight, he was huge." -The Yankees manager Joe Girardi, on Hideki Matsui, who carried the Yankees to World Series victory... What else is

"I thank the President for his tremendous leadership."

-Nancy Pelosi, on the House's FINALLY passing a health care bill (and expecting the Senate to follow suit). The vote was incredibly close with 219 Democrats and 1 Republican voting in favor and 176 Republicans and 39 Democrats voting against, for a final count of 220-215. Sadly, the bill basically only passed because it includes an amendment that prohibits government funding of abortion. It's funny how abortion rights get thrown under the rug EVERY time policy needs to get passed; still it's pretty good work that the bill got through.

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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 sum of our

by emily**hoogesteger**

It's been a year since the election – where are my rainbows and butterflies and peace on Earth?

Unless you've been living in solitary confinement under a rock in a distant galaxy, you remember that on November 4th, 2008, Barack Obama was elected president of the United States. All across the country, his hopeful supporters changed, hopefully, from supporters of a presidential hopeful to hopeful members of a hope-and-change-ifed nation. And man, were we ever hopeful. Despite the fact that the economy was nosediving and no one had any money, we filled our houses with commemorative "Election 2008" coin sets, HOPE t-shirts, copies of Obama's victory speech (printed on keepsake vaguely antique-looking paper), and everything from picture frames to beach towels inscribed with the words "Yes We Can". It was a national shopping spree that would have made bank executives proud, had they been around to see it instead of running off to the Caribbean

"Obama **stopped** being the answer to all our problems and started being president."

with their private jets. Then, after just a few final months of triumphant Bush-hating, January 20th rolled around and we sat with our eyes glued to the TV screen and our wallets open, ready to purchase a copy of "Obama: The Inaugural Address' right out of the hand of the person unpacking them at Barnes and Noble.

That was when Obama stopped being the answer to all of our problems and started being president. It started when closing Guantanamo Bay turned out to be harder than it sounded (What? You don't want people accused of terrorism moving in to your backyard?) and ending Don't Ask, Don't Tell turned into talking about ending Don't Ask, Don't Tell. Disenchantment spread like Swine Flu, and soon, even Obama's most hardcore supporters were exhibiting symptoms, including the return of eye-rolling and the phrase "Ugh, politics," watching Dancing With The Stars instead of CNN, and using collectable Obama "Victory" plates to serve spaghetti. Over the summer, the epidemic worsened. Health care turned Congress in to a bickering mess, wars dragged on in Iraq and Afghanistan, and we watched Chicago lose the Olympics while our president was awarded a Nobel Peace Prize for effort. Ten months, one Supreme Court Justice, one G20 summit and many, many bailouts later, "Yes We Can" has turned in to "But...You Promised..."

Then again, things could be worse. A year ago, George W. Bush was president, and he, lest we forget, sometimes had trouble speaking in complete sentences. The Obama presidency has not brought world peace, equality for all mankind, solved global warming, or cured cancer - but then again, if we thought that it would, we were laboring under an illusion in the first place, so perhaps our disillusionment isn't such a bad thing. No amount of HOPE t-shirt wearing or bumper-sticker displaying is going to solve the world's problems, and real hope and change will only come through a policy of realism in a complicated world.

eating <u>a</u>burger discontent driving a hummer

by gina**mastrogiacomo**

(so they say)

Could gnawing your way through a Happy Meal to the My Little Pony prize at the bottom be the global warming equivalent of driving your Hummer through that same

drive-through window? According to a news article in the *London Times*, it is.

Lord Stern of Brentford, author of the 2006 *Stern Review*, which addresses the costs of managing global warming, said in an interview with the *Times* that "meat is a wasteful use of water and creates a lot of greenhouse gases. It puts enormous pressure on the world's resources. A vegetarian diet is better."

This Lord Stern basically laid down the gauntlet for President Obama to attend the

Copenhagen meeting personally in order to better deal with the problem.

Recent UN figures seem to support his claims that veg is better. They claim that 18 percent of global carbon emissions, including deforestation for land for cattle and

animal feed, is due to meat production.

Actually, the report specifically mentions soy as one of those "feed products" which would definitely be a vegan diet staple, meaning that you could be blaming vegans, and not meat eaters, for that deforestation.

Which leads me to the problem - this argument seems simplistic, dismissive, and alienating of a lot of different eaters. I'm a vegetarian myself, but there are a lot of conscientious meat eaters and raisers out there who don't effect the environment in this way, and this statement doesn't include them. Yes, raising animals in crowded conditions, like on factory farms where they are crowded together in their own feces, which are then stored in veritable waste lagoons, is not environmentally sound, and certainly emits a significant amount of greenhouse gases. These animals aren't grass-fed and allowed to roam on farms in a traditional manner. Free-rangeatarians and localvore eaters are certainly probably more environmentally friendly as far as their diets are concerned than a lot of vegetarians, so it seems unreasonable to jump to that conclu-

Most agriculture related businesses have carbon dioxide as their main emission, which comes from the burning of fuel to operate farm equipment. Most tropical deforestation for this purpose occurred during the 1990's in Brazillian countries and caused nearly 15 to 35 percent of the fossil fuel emissions that are currently kicking our global

What's being harvested over in good old Brazil is soy. Meat and dairy consumers aren't the ones that are going to be gobbling this protein – the vegans and vegetarians are. But it's hard to avoid, as the Organic Consumers Association indicates that Brazillian soy is the most widely used in soymilk and tofu bought and distributed throughout the United States.

Traditional farmers are keeping their animals outdoors, so farm equipment emissions aren't an issue. Reducing your contribution to the production of carbon monox-

ide is as simple as not contributing to products that are industrially produced.

Then there's the issue of methane gas – the second largest contender. Animals live in literal lagoons of their own waste, and what makes up their waste is the problem. Experts have shown that by changing the animals' diets, we could drastically reduce methane gas emission. According to the University of New England in Australia, simple ideas like adding nutrient-laden salt licks to stalls and changing cattle regularly

into fresh pastures could potentially reduce methane emissions.

But normal, everyday farming where animals are allowed to roam and graze can actually be a benefit to the environment. In fact, cattle grazing that is well timed can actually increase vegetation up to 45 percent and is actually needed in order for prarie ecosystems to properly thrive. Pastures and grassy areas can actually help reduce global warming by acting as a veritable sink for carbon emissions by reducing erosion.

The point of the matter is that it's impossible to avoid negative impact on our global warming phenomonon, no matter what kind of eating practices you employ, and condemning those who choose to eat meat as a way of trying to make an environmental

impact seems pretty misleading for a respectable news publication.

While it does make sense to make a cutback on animal products because it takes more to have them produced and shipped, as opposed to something that is home or locally grown, there are certianly beneficial points to raising and yes, even eating, meat as well. (And this from one who doesn't eat them – natch.) It's about more than just meat eaters versus non-meat eaters. It's about how far your food has travelled and into what it's being made. Essentially, it's about conscious eating – literally waking up to what's going into our mouths. Easier said than done, most definitely.

the rape bill thirty republicans vote nay

In 2005, nineteen-year-old Jamie Liegh Jones was working in Iraq as a Halliburton/KBR employee. The position was a huge promotion for her. Jones had no idea that her biggest enemy overseas would be her fellow KBR employees, not Iraqi insurgents.

Jones dealt with sexual harassment on the job, being surrounded by 400 horny American men, in the shit show that is Iraq. It was only the fourth night on the job in which Jones was roofied and violently gang raped by her co-workers.

She went to a hospital in the green zone where that doctor preformed a rape kit, including photos and a report. The rape kit was handed over to KBR security personel, and it is still at large as of today.

Then KBR held Jones in a prison-like container to prevent her from reporting the attack. She was threatened that she would be fired if she said anything.

Adding insult to injury, Jones could not sue KBR because her employment contract had fine print that said sexual assault allegations would not be heard in private arbitration. Halliburton has billions of dollars in government contracts for work in Iraq. The sketchy corporation, formerly run by former Vice President Dick Cheney, has become highly politicized and has come under huge fire for fraud, mismanagement, and war

This year, former funny-man-turned-state-senator from Minnesota, Al Franken, proposed a bill that would deny defense contracts to companies that ask employees to sign away the right to sue. Franken had a political victory and more importantly a victory for rape victims everywhere. It was passed 68-30.

30 is high number, though. The issue seemed like a no-brainer. What kind of douche bags would side with Halliburton against rape victims? All male Republicans, that's who! These men need to wake up and realize that this is the Senate, not high school. If there is one issue that Democrats and Republicans should have some common ground on, it's rape victims' rights! The Nay votes seemed like a way to spite Franken and his efforts with this bill. Whose interests are these rich white men looking out for? These 30 Republican senators are so out of touch with America that it is scary. How can Americans try to re-build Iraq and Afganistan when the rights of women are being stomped on at home?

sarah palin is stickin' around

by briancoffill

I know that it's after Halloween, but I hope everyone isn't done being scared. I have some bad news – Sarah Palin isn't going anywhere. I'm sure the awareness of her new book Going Rogue: An American *Life* (have you pre-ordered yours?) is fairly high, but the possibility of a book tour should be the least of our problems. She's also been publicly fighting Levi Johnston, the father of her grandson Trig, who has Down Syndrome. He claims that Palin called Trig her "retarded baby."

A recent CNN/Opinion Research poll claims that 52% of Republicans feel that Palin is qualified to be president. Palin, who has already shown interest in a 2012 run, could be joined in the field by Mitt Romney and Mike Huckabee, two gems from last year, and former House Speaker Newt Gingrich. I thought this was interesting - the poll itself, not the numbers. Why are the Republicans, the press, and the pollsters interested in 2012? Clearly, they should be focused on the 2010 congressional midterms and the possibility of picking up a good number of seats.

"Cheney is just as bad, but he looks like **Einstein** next to

But again, Palin somehow weasels her way into talks about the midterms, too. You see, the closest race is a three-way contest in New York's 23rd congressional district, which is right across Lake Champlain. You have your Republican and your Democrat as usual, but a third candidate is running under the Conservative Party of New York label. Now, the Conservative Party of New York tends to be further right of the Republicans. Can you guess who endorsed the Conservative Party candidate in New York's 23rd district? You said it, our girl Sarah did. Apparently the candidate, Doug Hoffman, said he felt "overwhelmed" by her endorsement. What a tool. Does he remember what she did for John McCain? And speaking of the Arizona senator, forget Vietnam, campaign finance reform, or anything good that has ever come out of John McCain's wrinkly, old body. He should be remembered as the guy who brought this loony, kindergarten-educated woman from Alaska to the American political stage.

Why isn't she gone? Dick Cheney is just as bad, bickering with Barack Obama over his policies on Afghanistan, but he looks like Einstein next to Palin. With these two taking the stage for now, I kind of miss the happy-go-lucky antics of George W. Bush. Bring him back. I even miss the monotone, unexciting robot that is Al Gore. Where's he been? In case you didn't know, Al, global warming is still around.

If Palin is elected, we're all doomed. Hopefully by the time 2012 rolls around, she'll have found her way back to Alaska where she can hunt Russians or eat caribou brains or do whatever it is she does. If not, then it will be certified that the Republican Party of today is much, much worse than the GOP of Abraham Lincoln and Teddy Roosevelt. Even Nixon wasn't that bad if you look past Watergate.

President Obama is currently hiding out. He is doing his best not to screw anything up and keep the status quo so that he won't lose a large amount of seats in the midterms. It's damage control, and it's something he probably needs to do. But after 2010, he needs to get back on his game and make sure that somebody like Sarah Palin can never find her way into the Oval Office.



what your NFL quarterback crush says about you

by melaniekartzmer

Tom Brady: Model hot, 3 championship rings, and guest appearances on Entourage. You sure know how to pick 'em. But with Gisele at his side and a baby on the way, you've got some stiff competition. You girls are confident go-getters, but sometimes fall for the wrong guys who happen to have a pretty face. You probably live in some suburb of Boston and stopped watching football when Brady was out all last season.

Eli Manning: The nice boy next door, this younger Manning bro has a sexy, quiet confidence. Superbowl MVP in 2008, he certainly has proven himself. You like a man who is a classic gentleman and will take care of you. He is cool, calm, and collected, but can take control when needed. Eli is from a football family- with brother Peyton playing for the Colts and father Archie a former quarterback for the Saints. Be prepared to play football with the family on Thanksgiving and most likely all other holidays. He is originally from the Midwest, but playing in New York will put your life on the fast track. Then again, you're probably from NYC or have been there on many occasions, and you can certainly handle the speed.

Donovan McNabb: Out for 3 weeks with broken ribs last month, don't you just wish you were in Philly nursing him back to health? Most Eagles fans can't decide if they love him or hate him, but you're into the uncertainty because you like always doing or trying new things. Donovan is always smiling and having fun, and you have a ton of energy and en-thusiasm for life to match his love for the game. He would be a great companion,

and plus- he could provide you all the Chunky Soup you could ever need.

Brett Favre: This future Hall-of-Famer has the longest playing streak and incredible stats. Plus he looks damn fine in those Wrangler Jeans commercials. Although he's getting a lot of heat for constantly coming in and out of retirement, you would be a supportive girlfriend. Favre is pushing 40, which means you go after the "DILFs" and older men. If you're planning on moving in with him, bundle up. Minnesota winters rival Vermont's. You are a devoted Favre fan if you've followed him from the Packers to the Jets to the Vikings, but you have zero team loyalty. This means you may devote yourself to relationships, but sometimes leave your friends in the dust.

Tony Romo: This "America's team" quarterback has yet to prove himself in the post-season, yet is one of the most well-known quarterbacks in the league. You're dying for the spotlight and like being the center of attention. You may have some trouble however because his former girlfriend Jessica Simpson was blamed for Romo's horrible post-season performance last season. Most likely, you are a blonde, or blonde at heart, and would love to be Tony's cowgirl in Dallas.

So, throw on your favorite jersey and kick back because we still have eight glorious weeks of football plus the greatness that is post-season. And if your hunk isn't looking great, or can't seem to throw that spiral just the way you like it, don't fret. There are 31 other quarterback cuties out there, and I guarantee you can find at least one to your liking.

albino black bears and the mid-major crisis

by henry**kellogg**

here comes a time in the life of many college students when you get deep doubts about what it is you're majoring in. I experienced my moment of indecision in a philosophy class regarding the blackness in black bears' coats. I thought that this deep epistemological question could be easily answered with my massive intellectual ego. In my quiz I said that black bears are black because they're black and that's pretty much the end of it. But I was

taking eleven courses in it, all to comprehend some silly example of a concept that's probably meaningful, right?

If you switch your major you might have to take an extra semester and how are you going to explain to your parents why your switch from anthropology to sociology cost you an extra semester, especially if you don't plan on being either Margret Mead or Max Weber? In the end, most liberal arts majors are really interchangeable. The vast majority of

"I wondered the question that college students in classrooms all around the world receiving liberal arts educations wonder: Why the fig giblets am I studying this?"

"What about Albino black bears?" was written in big red letters at the bottom of my quiz next to a B-, for my obviously less than average answer to the question. It was at this point that I wondered the great question that many college students in classrooms all around the world receiving liberal arts educations wonder: Why the fig giblets am I studying this?

I'm not concentrating in Animal Science; I really don't care about bears. When I signed up for Philosophy, I thought it would teach me how to live well and would ask a lot of heady questions. Well, where this black bears color's

at is just not my bag.
But what can I really do about it? I've already started studying this. I'm in the middle of my sophomore year, so how hard is it going to be for me to start a new

major all over again from scratch? That would mean picking something else that sounded cool and

those graduating in some section or other of the humanities area wind up employed with a job that doesn't deal with any area of their college education. The University doesn't offer a pre-mind-numbingcubicle-working studies program yet that is so often the path that many liberal arts majors take. In this economy, the cubicle, 9-5, right out off college job seems like a dream-- while working at 3 in the morning asking drunk college kids if they want fries with that seems a very real possibility. Since college students usually don't get to work in the field they studied, then they should try to study a field they enjoy, because that's what college is for, right?

In the end, all this talk of black bears makes me think of the rainbow bears and the Grateful Dead's immortal advice. No matter what my major is, no matter what my struggle is, I gotta "just keep truckin' on home."

WT EXCLUSIVE:

a conversation with new jers

by gregfrancese

any of us think we are familiar with New Jersey because of our love for its famous exports like Bruce Springsteen, the Sopranos, and road rage. Wanting to know more about this mysteriously angry Eden of Industry, I sat down with the Garden State and asked it some questions. From this interview, it seems New Jersey is more than just the little state that looks like it's getting gangbanged by New York and Pennsyl-

WT: So, New Jersey, it's definitely a pleasure to be in your presence, but there's one thing I need to ask before we get down to business: Would you mind taking off those Gucci sunglasses?

"New Jersey's behavior in the recent guber race is further proof she thinks this is all a raised some controversy among states like who reportedly called her comments "part and "another jealous attempt by raving libe turn this country into a socialist wasteland do you have to say about these comments?

NJ: First of all, D.C.'s always been one to go ous at this time of year because she can't ha own gubernatorial elections. Second, we go of Corzine without leaving behind any trac America wakes up one morning and he's g And lastly, I think Texas, a state I o



NJ: Take them off? They didn't tell Frank Sinatra to remove his gun before going on stage to perform.

WT: Alright then, moving on.

Many Americans get the impression that you're pushy yet stubborn, loud yet secretive, monotonous yet diverse; how do you respond to these juxtaposed descriptions?

NJ: I have it all, what can I say? Last weekend I met up with some of Jersey's finest by the warehouses in Newark before I headed down to A.C. for a good time. Along the way, I stopped to visit some friends at Trenton to make sure things were running normally and then -

WT: -- Speaking of which, corruption and Garden State politics are generally synonymous, and you now rank among the states with the most debt - do you think corrupt politics is in any way

NJ: First, corruption is an ugly word; I would prefer "selective democracy" - you know, government run more efficiently by the best fit to run it- to describe how things get done here. Second, everyone knows that government debt is nothing more than numbers – just look at our national debt! Also, who would come looking for money from me? I'm New Jersey! You come knocking at the wrong door and it'll be the last door you knock on...

WT: In an interview last weekend, the District of Columbia, referring to comments by then-governor Corzine regarding the overweight governorelect Christie's ability to "throw his weight around to avoid getting traffic tickets" said that she was angry at the way you handle yourself. Her quote,

WT: Most Americans will agree that pride something you wear well; they can't, however the same thing about deodorant. What can say to change this notion?

NJ: I have it all, including a distinct odor. I ocean breezes down shore, trees out west, a overwhelming amounts of Aqua di Gio eve where in between. Have you ever been to a garden with many types of flowers? The Ga State nickname I've been given doesn't con any real garden - it comes from the distinct you smell while moving throughout different parts of the "garden" of New Jersey.

WT: One last question, New Jersey: If you be any body part, which body part would y choose and why would you choose it?

NJ: That's a tough question, but when I thi about which body part I use most often on basis, I'll go with the hand. When someone the way of me speeding and being vulgar, I a tendency to express anger with my hand. weekend I was doing 90, easy, down the Tu when Ohio decides to get in my way. Tailga blasting Springsteen's "A Night With the Je Devil," and incessant beeping weren't enouget him off the road. I flipped him the bird he looked back and saw me. Once he saw r there seemed to be a clearer understanding Jersey etiquette and he pulled aside to let n

WT:Interesting. Thank you once again for ing the water tower time in your busy sc to ask you a few questions.

NJ: It was a pleasure. I feel like I've effectiv rectified any negative stereotypes about me tions if they only had AIM young freud and young marx

natorial joke," Texas, isan" rals to ." What

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Instant

Message Edit Insert People

Warning Level: 65%

austriabro1900: yooo whats good, Marxy? redismyfavcolour: nm, Freud. you? austriabro1900: jc. How wuz ur Halloween? redismyfavcolour: idk it was ok. Didn't dress up

austriabro1900: y not? redismyfavcolour: idk...I just...I don't like how they force you to spend all that money just to dress up. I mean, who really benefits from that? We don't. The companies that produce the dumb costumes do.

austriabro1900: err...wanna talk about it?

redismyfavcolour: yeah, like, don't you ever think that shit like Halloween and xmas are just illusions? it's like all this is an opiate for...for like the

austriabro1900: um

austriabro1900: soundz lyke u wanna fuck ur mom 😟

redismyfavcolour: dude wtf?

austriabro1900: im just saying all that illusions and opiates stuff is such a downer, u sound wicked depressed, man. it's prob. just cuz u just wanna get with ur mom but cant admit it to urself

redismyfavcolour: freud, listen, maybe YOU wanna get with YOUR mom, but you just project that on every1 else so you don't think you're a sick fuck.

austriabro1900: doubt it. Regardless, ur worldview is sad. u gotta cheer up. Blow some coke or something

austriabro1900: you there?

austriabro1900: whatevz forget i said it

austriabro1900: kkkkkksoooooooooooo what else is up?

redismyfavcolour: you're a dumbass. I'm thinking of growing a beard. nothing crazy. Just a trim little beard to make me look a little older. for beardvember, you know?

austriabro1900: y do u wanna change the way u look? Have a deep subconscious hatred for the way u r?

redismyfavcolour: dude you always do this.

austriabro1900: do what?!

redismyfavcolour: whenever I ever tell you anything, you always reduce it down to some subconscious bullshit...have you ever considered that some things cant be reduced? Ever thought that the world is too complex to just simplify into one grand theory of things?

austriabro1900: no.

redismyfavcolour: of course not

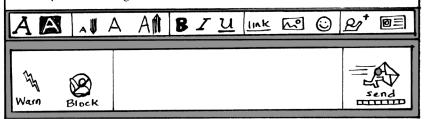
austriabro1900: well what about u? With u itz always "the rich are out to screw every1" Have U ever considered that some peeps don't WANT TO redistribute all their stuff? Think ur evil Halloween costume makers will just give it all away 4 free?

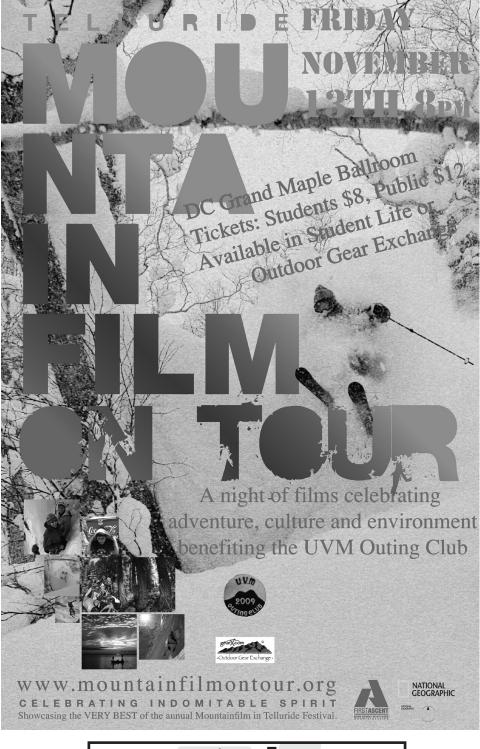
redismyfavcolour: no!! it's gonna be the WORKERS who own all the costume making equipment, and they'll have an incentive to give it away for free b/c they'll be getting all sorts of other stuff for free in return

austriabro 1900: and who is gonna organize it all? redismyfavcolour: well, at first the government will...but eventually that's gonna simply fade away

austriabro1900: yeah, sure it will redismyfavcolour: it will!! austriabro1900: w/e i'll brb

automated response message from austriabro1900: "if you wanna hang out you got to take her out, cocaine." -eric clapton u no wut im doin - brb redismyfavcolour: ughh





top 5 ways snl has surprised us this season

They're celebrating 35 years!

4. Their featured comics aren't total randoms.

3. They had Ryan Reynolds on. And it was good. 2. They got 2 egomaniacs, Lady Gaga and Madonna, to

make fun of themselves. **1.** The show is funny again.

twenty one bottles of beer on the wall

by emilyarnow

t's Friday night and I'm juggling two bottles of Smirnoff, a 30 rack of Bud Light, and a handle of Captains in my arms. I make my way to the "cash only" counter at Pearl Street Beverage. Dumping the alcohol on to the counter I fish around in my pocket for the four different twenty dollars bills in my jacket. The woman behind the cash register gives me a look of "this is definitely not all for you," and, wanting to get the hell out of there fast, I give her my ID and bounce. Having just turned 21, this kind of trip to the store in which I single handedly clear out the hard alcohol section at Pearl Street Beverage has become a weekend staple and, unfortunately, not as cool as I thought it would be.

Ever since I tasted, and then vomited up, my first drinks of gin and cider in 9th grade, I have dreamed of the day when I would have the privilege of purchasing and drinking my own alcohol, legally. For some, high school is when you have your first taste of alcohol intoxication. While many experiment with vodka, others pine for the sweet nectar of Smirnoff ice, or whatever the hell they can steal from their parents' liquor cabinet. With all this sneaking around, throwing empty beer cans in the woods for instance, the day when you don't have to apologize or hide these substances seems light years

Then you go to college where you encounter the

drinking Olympics of life and your're exposed to a variety of cheap beer and mixed drinks. Diving into your twenties, the big 21 birthday is finally in sight and you can hardly wait for the time when you can get in anywhere without your older sibling's ID. But what happens when your dreams of being 21 are finally realized? Do you feel cooler and more mature? Or do you just vomit for 4 straight hours in the sketchy bathroom of a bar you're finally allowed to be in?

Turning 21 obviously has its perks and is the birthday to end all birthdays, especially if you do 21 shots in 21 minutes. "Dude, I don't even remember my 21st birthday!" Kevin, an enthusiastic 21 year-old proclaimed. No more nights of random people buying you that handle of Popov you've been wanting; now you can go to Pearl Street Beverage and pick up a whole case! While the night of your 21st will most likely be filled with multiple trips to the liquor store, just because you can, and most likely, a ride on the porcelain bus, the novelty of being "of age" starts to fade sooner than later.

"I think I drink less now that I'm 21," Cassie, a junior, states. "It's fun for a little to buy your own booze, but it kind of takes the fun out of it now that it's legal." Once the hype and anticipation of going into a bar and showing your ID wears off, real life starts to settle in. The endless phone calls and texts from younger friends pour in

Wednesday through Sunday night and the quest to seem "cool" and "older" becomes tiresome after your 30th trip to the store.

Booze is also expensive and sometimes, even though you're of age to buy, not all that worth it. "I spend so much money on alcohol now, but once I turn 21 I don't think I'll be buying it as much 'cause I'll be able to get it whenever I want." 20 year old Liz says.

When you turn 21, the world is suddenly open to you in new ways and you are officially an adult. While the celebration of buying your own liquor is a right of passage and a feeling you'll remember forever, the high you used to get smuggling alcohol or getting in to a bar with a fake starts to fade away. Like an end to a good movie, you might feel a little anticlimactic, but for the time being you will have plenty of people in awe of your age. You might not be drinking seven nights a week or you might realize that all your money is going towards beer. But with great power comes great responsibility and if no one had any cool 21-year-olds to buy their underage asses some booze for a bitchin' party, there would be a limited college social life. So, for the time being, relish in your 21-year-old glory, share it with everyone arc you even if it's not as magical as you had hoped, and hold on, underagers, your day will come soon

trash.

i want **you**

someone on campus catch your eye? couldn't get a name? submit your love anonomyously uvm.edu/~watertwr/iwysb.html

twenty three point nine then the heat rises when your eyes met mine a dream one devises

instant attraction and now i cant breathe spontaneous reaction my heart i bequeath. llamame [callme.]

When: thursday Where: makeup chem lab I saw: a gentleman I am: a lady

I saw you popping your birth control pills at the hockey game, that was so sexy that was so ill. Baby you are beautiful, let's make 'em useful that would be sick, that would be chill

When: Lowell hockey game Where: section 11 I saw: A woman I am: A man

Oh sociology girl,

You're in my class and I noticed you the first day. You were tall and pretty and you look like an elf - in a good way.

Not only do I see you in sociology but you also happen

to live on Redstone - me too!

I always see you eating alone and I feel bad. I would love to join you but I am way too shy.

When: Sociology MWF Where: Fleming 101 I saw: Sociology Girl I am: The Perfect Study Buddy

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

On the third floor of Bailey-Howe library:

Kid 1: Dude, so you actually had to look at her ID in the morning to remember her name? Kid 2: Yeah bro

Kid 3: Damn I'm jealous

The Mansfield Room at Lunchtime:

Girl (walking with boy): Sorry that I giggle when you Boy: Yeah... you should be.

In the Grundle:

Guy: Well, you know, new relationships always come with a certain.... gestalt. Girl (passing): Ummm... What the fuck?

On the drunk bus:

Girl 1: Mary still hasn't given me my maneater shirt

back!

Girl 2: What a bitch!!

Girl 1: I know, and she doesn't even, like, eat men! She totally strikes out.

In Cook Commons:

Girl 1: Is that water?

Girl 2: Yes.

Girl 1: They have water here?

In front of the Day of the Dead display in Waterman:

Girl: Wait... it's not like, Cinco de Mayo... is it?

the water tower beardvember competition



Boys will become men. Faces will become itchy. Girlfriends will become grossed out. But come November 30th, four little-known UVM students will be made infamous, as champions of the third annual water tower beardvember competition. Gentlemen, put down your razors!

Simply stop shaving for a month, and at the end of November, send a picture (before and after shots for bonus points) to thewatertowernews@gmail.com for a chance to get your hairy face in **the water tower** under one of the following categories:

The Wookie Award So much hair, even Chewy would puke a little in his mouth.

The Scraggles McGee Award Patchier coverage than the wireless network at Bailey Howe.

The Captain Redbeard Award Get back at everyone who called you firecrotch freshman year.

The Curious Growth Award New this year, for those who don't need a razor to have naturally sculpted facial hair.

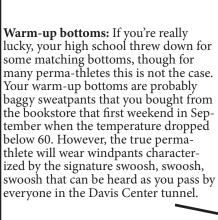
fashion five-oh.

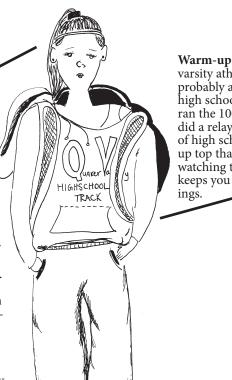
with colby**nixon**

the perma-thlete

This get-up gives you the impression that the wearer is perpetually on her way to, or just leaving, the gym.

A thin headband: This is really a great way to prevent hair or sweat, or sweaty hair, for that matter, from getting in your eyes when you're hitting the treadmill. It is apparently equally as useful at keeping your hair out of your pizza at the Grundle.





Warm-up top: Unless you're a varsity athlete, this garment is probably a holdover from your high school track days where you ran the 100 m dash and maybe did a relay. Now that you're out of high school, the same warmup top that kept you warm when watching the all the other events keeps you warm walking to Bill-

Uggs/flip-flops: Were you really planning on working out? Of course not, besides sneakers are so ugly and uncomfortable, so Uggs or flip-flops are clearly the best alternative.

danielle vogl

the results are in!

the wt. halloween costume contest!

Come check out the winners of the first annual halloween costume contest on the **Wf** website:

uvm.edu/~watertwr

VANTAGE PO

UVM's Literary and Visual Arts journal

is now accepting submissions for the Fall 2009 edition

Please send your poetry, fiction, essay, paintings, photographs as attachments to

vantagep@uvm.edu

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 thewatertowernews@gmail.com by Tuesdays at 4:00.

what i wanted to be part 2 by georgeloftus

Do you ever come to and realize your life is all the shitty and painful parts of a John Hughes movie? Where do you go from that?

The answer? Not far, because my shift doesn't end for three more hours. Baaaaaaaaalls, this night is taking for-ev-ver. Brittany. Engaged? What the hell, dude? That is such a big leap! We're 23, menopause isn't going to punch her in the face anytime soon-- what's the fucking rush? And to him? He looks like a three year-old Q-tip you find after cleaning behind the trash can in the bathroom. I miss her pancakes. I miss her rain boots. We were kids. It's not fair that she gets to be a terrible person and go forward in life while I have the same job I've had since I

"Hey, Buckman, we've got a birthday party coming in tomorrow, so I'm going to need you to go outside and change the marquee. 'Happy Birthday Ben', umm, 'Go Joe'. That's what the mother wanted. The ladder should be in the back.'

'I... yeah, anything you say, Derek." "Oh, I saw Brittany earlier, is she still with that guy she cheated on you with? That's brutal!"

'Yep, that's him. I'll be outside hanging myself, you fucking prick." "What?"

"Nothing, Derek."

Fresh air. Just what I need right now. As I make my way to the back for the letters, I can't avoid thinking about her. The crest of her lips curved just like they were a bell. The memory of the slight gap between her front teeth is burned into my mind. Her smile is still ringing in my head. She could've used her dimples as cereal bowls. I always loved that about her. What a whore.

There's the exclamation point, bottom of the box. Now I just need the 'j'...

I think what kills me the most is thinking about her in the peach colored nighty she bought for Valentine's Day two years ago. That fabric somehow makes me forget about everything awful. I remember that night and I remember it well. She wasn't worth it.

Should I put 'joe' in capitals? That's how it was on the show, but I doubt this kid was even alive when that show was

Her silhouette stepped apprehensively towards the light at the top of the stairs. I saw the vibrantly colored fabric contrast with her dark olive-toned skin, and all the while she was biting her lower lip. She was absolutely perfect in that instant of hesitance. That moment of doubt screamed just how beautiful she was. And then we locked eyes. She tilted her head down and allowed a light to reflect that cut right through me. Her uncertainty vanished. That shy vulnerability dissipated. It was extraordinary. Why am I thinking about her?

I have all the letters now, I just need the ladder we bought from a fire station. At any given time there are at least thirteen people working here. During peak hours, there are twenty. Right now, there are fifteen, including Derek. Derek has known since we went to Camp Beech Cliff in the 9th grade that I hate heights. Every time the marquee needs changing he asks me to do it. Every time. Is he being a douche bag on purpose, or is he just perpetually dense?

I was astonished. I was terrified. It was the sexiest thing I've ever seen in my

Happy Birthday Ben! Go JOE! There, finally I can get off this rickety-ass ladder. It's making more noise than my grandfather does when he tries to sit down. Three steps, two steps, one. I can't believe I was just up 45 feet in the air and I didn't even crap myself. That's a f#\$%ing miracle in

And now, for all I know, she wears it for him every night. I haven't been out

to dinner with a girl in three months because I'm working here overtime. She's about to start a family, and I wear a red vest to work.

'Wow, Buckman, it only took you twenty minutes to put up one, two... five

"In all fairness, 'birthday' is like two words.

Scott, if I wanted lip I'd be home with

my girlfriend."
Wow, even his girlfriend hates him. Wait... Derek with a girlfriend? Bullshit.

"I know it took me a while, Derek, but you know I don't like heights and it just took me a while to work up the courage. I'll be inside warming up.'

'Give me a reason, Scott. We went to school together, I want to help you, but you're making it nearly impossible. If you're going to keep half-assing it like this, we're not gonna have a choice but to let you go.'

How am I 'half-assing?'"

"Well, you consistently take a long time to do simple tasks like changing the marquee, doing inventory in the stock room, and earlier tonight."

Brittany was in the past... when everything could have been... How is it too

"I trust you. Look, Scott.. I know I'm hard on you. I push you. I do it because I know you have potential. I don't see why you can't be like me.

"What?"

"I said before too long you could be just like me."

It's never been too late.

"Absolutely not."

"I quit. I remember when I wanted to be a pirate. I remember thinking I could somehow be like James Bond, or an astronaut, or a cruise ship captain. I remember thinking anything was possible. I saw Brittany tonight, and if she can go somewhere, then I can too. I'm getting out of here, Derek. Here, take this vest, I never wanna see it again.'

"Scott! You can't do this! You don't even have another job lined up! What are you going to do for money? What are you going to do tomorrow!?

'What am I gonna do tomorrow? Whatever the fuck I want, Derek.'

to redstone condom

by alyssabicknell

I see you everyday, when I walk the Redstone path. Just looking at old dirty you, makes me want a bath. Why have you been lying there, for over five weeks now? It makes me wonder aimlessly, Who and why and when and how? Who used you for sex, you dirty condom, you? Your past is a mystery and your elasticity history. Now you lie on the ground, embarrassed, simply wishing to be gone away so you can forget about all those crazy sexcapades. So, here's to you, my latex friend, Patiently waiting for a helping hand I think you need to hear the truth, That helping hand will never be me. I don't want an STD.



the ghost part 1 by lauryn**schrom**

One afternoon on a particularly cold fall day, Lucy sat in her classroom taking a test. She was quite embarrassed; she hadn't studied at all that week. She had forgotten absolutely everything.

She looked down at what she had written as an answer to question number twenty-two. Neucleoid. İt sort of made sense. She decided to move on, but then something stopped her—a voice.

"Nucleus," it said. "Neuuucleeeuus.

Nucleus!'

Lucy whipped her head around and stared into empty space. There was nobody in front of her, and yet she was sure that that was where the answer had come from. She left the question blank, handed in her exam, and left for home.

When she was finally out in the open, she crossed the campus green to a particularly shady spot and produced from her pocket what looked like a handful of chalk dust and a laser pointer. She threw the dust into the air and aimed the laser pointer at it, saying, "Alright, Tarquin, you nosy, stuck-up, miserable little hunk of ectoplasm, I want you to show yourself. And I want you to know how pissed I

And then he appeared—a ghost with an attitude, a human poltergeist with a knack for causing trouble and an outfit straight out of the year nineteen twentytwo. Tarquin E. Speare wasn't totally invisible, but the only way you could really see him was if you shined a laser pointer through his head, which was something he hated. He lowered his head in mock shame, his translucent eyes twinkling.

"I was only trying to help," he said in-

"Cheating is not helping, Tarquin," Lucy said sternly. "Why don't you go back to the graveyard where you belong?

"Miserable hunk of ectoplasm," he said. "Even for you, that's striking pretty low."
"Well, I'm annoyed," said Lucy. "Why

To her surprise, Tarquin blushed blue.

did you choose me to haunt? You're a nuisance. You're not fit to be Casper's Tarquin bowed his head. She was

telling the truth, there was no denying that. He'd been haunting her since her freshman year. And he had caused his fair share of trouble for her, too.

But she had missed the signs. All the little signals he'd given over the years, the apple he'd left on her desk the night he knew that she wouldn't be able to attend

breakfast the following morning, the calculus homework he'd edited in the dark while she slept, and the missing necklace he'd returned to her after it had slipped off her neck during a game of Frisbeeall of them had been the signs of his not inconsiderable affection for her. And now

here he was, being called a nosy slob.
"Okay, okay, okay," he said. "I'll admit it was wrong. You are going to fail your test with the utmost integrity, and I admire that.

She nodded.

"And I'm just going to spit this out," he continued. "I want to know if you'll go out with me, on a date. Something casual. By the waterfront, maybe?"

To his non-surprise, Lucy looked shocked. "What?" she cried. "Go out with you? I still haven't even forgiven you for setting my microwave on fire! And what about the time you set my alarm clock back two hours? I missed a test!

"I'll admit that was pretty bad. And I'm sorry, but it's just that lately I've been getting the feeling like we're perfect for each other!

"You can't come back to life," Lucy retorted, "and I sure as heck am not going to die for you. Aren't there any hot girl ghosts at the graveyard you could go out with?'

Tarquin let out an involuntary shudder. "If you ever actually saw Monica and Hilda Van Heusen, you'd be able to understand," he said. "When they died, they were both ninety-one years old—and they were buried without their false teeth—so their ghosts haven't got any false teeth, either—in fact, they haven't got any teeth at all—

"Eww," said Lucy, looking vaguely sick; she was picturing an image of several nasty, toothless, rotting corpses sitting and chilling around the graveyard—literally.

"And Hilda had eczema," Tarquin continued.

"Alright, alright, I'll go out with you!" Lucy shouted. "Just don't mention Hilda or her eczema again!"

Tarquin's entire face brightened; for a moment he looked almost alive again. "I'll pick you up around...seven," he

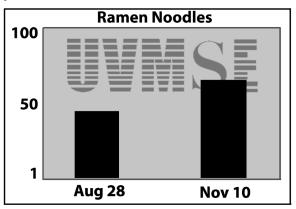
said dashingly, and disappeared. On the dark campus green, Lucy stood

dazed, wondering just how, exactly, he was going to do that.

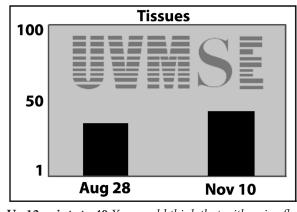
cat litter.



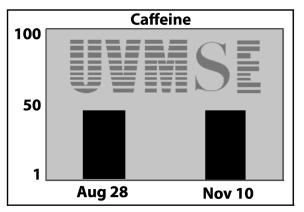
your uvm stock exchange breakdown



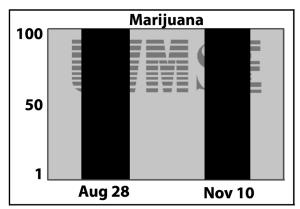
Up 17 points to 63 *As it gets colder, the value of mass* produced food that you can easily cook in a coffee pot will increase. Act quickly, as you may find that the value of these foods is tied to the value of meal points.



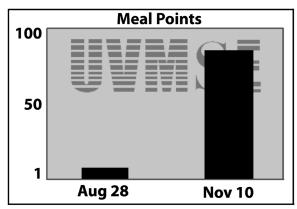
Up 12 points to 40 You would think that with swine flu going around, people might feel like taking better care of themselves and blowing their noses now and again. You would think that.



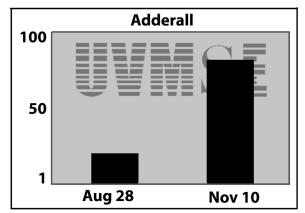
Sitting Steady at 46 *With midterms keeping everyone* up at night, coffee hasn't budged in its importance. Maybe it's because Green Mountain Coffee comes with a severe case of the shits.



Sitting steady at 100



Up 76 points to 81 Running out of points with a month to go? Tough shit. Do your roommate's laundry in exchange for a week's meals at the Marche. Maybe even just a week's supply of Ramen Noodles??



Up 61 points to 89 Let's face it. Midterms are here and its impossible to study for a test without at least 30 mg of this wonderful drug in your system. With a limited supply on campus and wildly growing demand, expect this overvalued stock to come crashing back to earth in

tunes.



the tallest man in the world!

by kylekelly-yahner

Bao Xishun, of China, is the tallest man on earth, standing 8 feet 5 inches tall. But there is another with the same claim: Kristian Matsson, a 27-year-old Scandinavian folk singer standing 5 feet 7 inches tall. Kristian released his first record Shallow Grave under the name The Tallest Man on Earth to much critical acclaim and tours with both Bon Iver and folk-legend John Vanderslice. Kristian will gently guide you through the fall/winter limbo that is November. It gets dark at around 4:30 now, so let's be serious—you need some comfort.

Matsson fingerpicks with an ease matched only by his the candor of his voice. The young folk singer's guitar playing resembles folk legends Mance Lipscomb and (quite obviously) Bob Dylan. Matsson switches from jangly strumming to precise finger picking to accentuate the melodic structure of his songs, and, even more so, to complement his voice.

The Tallest Man on Earth sings with a conviction so strong he seems possessed by his song and consequently is merely a vessel it runs through. This is evident in his whispering voice that can quickly turn into a beautifully held note, rough with the undertones of a growl. Mattson's yelps and falsetto crooning can be distracting at times, but nevertheless his unrestricted vocal style serves a greater purpose in maintaining an air of earnestness throughout the record.

Shallow Grave is just Matsson with his guitar, his stories and a few microphones. You will not find any string sections, synthesizers, and no godforsaken auto tune (thank you to Jay-Z for nailing that coffin shut), hell there aren't even any drums. Why? Complexity in production would hinder The Tallest Man On Earth. Simplicity allows the listener to dive deeper into the complexities of lyric and melody Mattson has masterfully intertwined.

In the albums most upbeat, percus-

sive track "The Gardner," Mattson sings happily of deceiving a lover in order to keep their relationship nice and tidy. You will be drawn into the threats the lover faces and his determination to squash them in order to maintain his relationship, his garden. Mattson sings, "I sense a leak inside my phone now from all the lies that I have told." And goes on, "I know the leak is going to tell you/ there ain't no puppy in your leash/ so now he'll fertilize the roses so I could stay the king you see in your eyes, babe." And when our gardener has finished his reign of terror (otherwise known as maintenance) he quells his lover's worries: "Now there is no need for suspicion/ there ain't no frog kissing your hand/ I won't be lying when I tell you/ that I'm a gardener I'm a man in your eyes, babe".

The eloquence continues even when love is not the main theme. Take, for example, the album's title track "Shallow Grave." Mattson laments his opposing personalities (as we all do at times): "But when I dive into the water/ I've raised the bottom to be saved/ it's just a shallow grave." This stark lyric is sung over a lightly strummed banjo with a few birds chirping in the background. Yep, real birds. The Tallest Man on Earth (despite his height) pinpoints common ground in the song, and makes it seem impossible that song wasn't written just for you.

The thematic backbone of the record is the fight between escapism and inevitability. Mattson focuses on reveling in the pleasure of youth as it vanishes, and the eventual consequences of such revelry. Central to the portrayal of this fight is landscape—there is little mention of one specific lover, ex-lover, friend, or foe. Bluebirds, mountains, water, giant dogs pulling their owners, and hibernating moles are the central characters of *Shal*low Grave. Just like the album was not made in a multi-million-dollar studio, the landscapes are not painted by five-hundred dollar words. Simple language is the brush of choice; and with simple language Mattson constructs complex poetry worthy of your literary and musical sweet

your weekly WRUV musić review

by nyiko**beguin** & andrew**seier**

Tegan and Sara - Sainthood

The sixth album from the twin sister duo is not to be taken lightly. Straying from the atmosphere of their previous album, Sainthood is packed with punchy and upbeat orchestrations that serve to highlight the contrast between writing styles. Combining lush vocal harmonies, intriguing song structure, and heart-wrenching content, their signature sound remains in tact. The album has a "poppy" value similar to So Jealous, however much of the emotion and intensity that has been prominent in earlier works is still here. For Fans Of: Rilo Kiley, Metric

Lackthereof - A Lackthereof Retrospective - I Was A Christian Emo Twenty-Something (Film Guerro)

Melancholy indie rock. Head man from Menomena, Danny Seim. A compilation of previously released/unreleased work. Lo-fi beauty, I would compare this album with Accumulation: None by (smog) aka Bill Calahan. Voice and instrumentation is layered. The mood of this one is pretty mellow to slightly depressed, occasionally there are some electronic beats that pick up the atmosphere a bit.

For Fans Of: Grizzly Bear (think Horn of

dance band of the week: love in stockholm

This week is a quick vacation from the hard electro that usually classifies the DBoftheW. Boston funk rockers Love in Stockholm do like to slow it down, sometimes ranging into blues/soul/R&B spheres in the studio, but for fans of live-Soulive-type ho-downs, check out the tracks on their myspace. They rage. Stockholm is starting to gain recognition outside the strictly Boston scene, so if you're in the area catch them while it's still a cheap ticket. Plenty of horns, Hammond, and guitar that flips from wah-wah funk to driving rock on a dime. The show will not disappoint. Plus, while you're in town, look for Absolute Flavor, the strange avant-hip-hop project of Stockholm guitarist Neil Clarke's younger brother Mikatron, and rappers Invalid Shakespeare and Akilla the Pun. For fans of hip-hop that really (yes, really) doesn't sound like anything else-- check it out. The subject matter ranges so widely that the songs work better in LP context—the self-released debut is essentially a concept album, with musical interludes and sixty second songs galore—but since it's nearly impossible to find copies of the full disc, myspace songs will have to do for now.

shuffle.

with julietcritsimilios

New Stadium, same old traditions. 27. Yeah the Yankees won the World Series; sorry, Philly (but more importantly, sorry Boston).

New York Girls Morningwood In your tight black jeans/and my high heeled shoes/ god I think you're hot/I got to get with you **Empire State of Mind** Jay Z. ft Alicia Keys Catch me at the X with OG at a Yankee game/shit I made the Yankee hat more famous than a Yankee game

New York City Norah Jones & The Peter Malick Group I rode the train for hours on end/and watched the people pass me by Bronx Bombers Grandmaster Flash I'm talking bout the Bronx/the beat is in the street/that's why its called the boogie down

new york

Leaving New York R.E.M. It's easier to leave than to be left behind/leaving New York never easy

New York Groove KISS & Ace Frehley Feels so good tonight who cares about tomorrow/I'm back in the New York groove **City Love** John Mayer I never liked this apple much/it always seemed too big to

We Are the Champions Queen We are the champions/no time for losers/'cause we are the champions/of the world New York New York Frank Sinatra If I can make it there/I'll make it anywhere/It's up to you/New York, New York