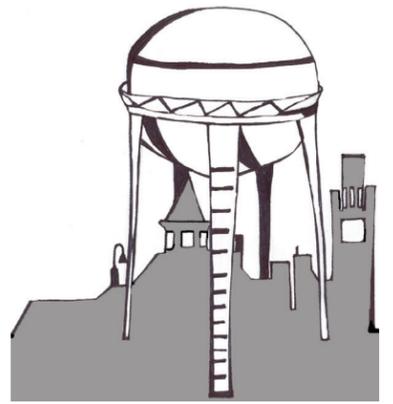


the water tower.

uvm's alternative newsmag



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the abuse of you tube

hate speech vs. free speech



Danielle Vogl

by **bridgettrecro**

On Friday, March 11, YouTube was hit with two new viral sensations. The first star-to-be is now the most watched video of the week, and hopefully you know her name by now. Thanks to her, we're now aware that after Friday comes Saturday, and Sunday comes afterwards. The hitmaker is none other than Rebecca Black, and if you're like me, her hit song "Friday" (deemed "the worst song in music history") is now your weekend anthem.

The other viral wave maker, UCLA student Alexandra Wallace, did not leave such a positive impression. Her YouTube video, a self-filmed rant entitled "Asians in the library" has caused a massive uprising all over the country. In the video, Wallace complains about the lack of respect she experiences from Asian students in the library at UCLA, which includes, but is not limited to, talking loudly on their phones, "going through their

whole families, just checking on everybody from the tsunami thing." Then, she brilliantly sums up the overheard conversations for us: "Ching chong ling long ting tong!" Almost as educational as Rebecca Black, I'd have to say. Just days previous, a rather mysterious girl named "Pamela" was uploading various self-filmed videos on her prolific YouTube channel which focuses on her religious beliefs. In her most-watched video, Pamela praises her Lord for his "literal [shaking] of the ground of Japan," as if to say, "Hey look, I'm here!" She claims that this was an answer to her prayers, because God literally "[woke] people up and [said], 'You are going to hell.'" Since she falsely assumes all Japanese citizens are also atheists, she believes her Lord's intention was to then kill these atheists.

Outside of America, though, Ms. Wallace and Pamela may have been given a whole lot more than a mass of pissed-off YouTube comments. After Christian Dior designer John Galliano made a drunken mess of himself at a French café, proclaiming his supposed love for Hitler—all of which was captured on video and put on YouTube—

French officials made the wise decision of charging him with the crime of hate speech. It seems unbelievable, but many countries in Europe and Asia, along with Australia and New Zealand, take legal action against individuals that engage in "communication that disparages a person or group on the basis of some characteristic such as... race, gender, ethnicity, nationality, religion, or sexual orientation." Galliano has been charged with such an offense, and if found guilty, could serve half a year in prison

not only are viewers being hurt by the hateful comments in these videos, but the authors of the videos are also met with hate speech—and death threats.

and be fined the equivalent of \$30,000. Galliano was immediately fired from Dior.

Back in the U.S., UCLA administrators have declared Wallace's racist rant "repugnant" and unreflective of their generally accepting, multicultural community. Wallace has issued an apology to her fellow students, but as of now, the school can take no action. After all, it is free speech. I'm sure that's exactly what Wallace was thinking when she filmed the video. It's within our First Amendment rights, right? Users like these correctly assume that their government will not punish them for this, so what's the harm in giving their two cents? In Wallace's case, she couldn't be punished formally, and Pamela's true identity is still a mystery. But the two girls have been met with a mass of death threats and Facebook "hate" pages, which is obviously far more dangerous to the now-identified UCLA student. Aren't these death threats just as terrible, if not more, as the original comments? If so, is this a new, definable danger of free speech?

Galliano (who now claims he is "not anti-Semitic," by the way) was met with immediate punishment, but who knows what's going to happen in the lives of the two American girls. We don't have a hate speech law, but should we? The past few weeks are a good indication that the concept of "viral videos" goes beyond the humor of Rick-Rolling and "David after Dentist." Not only are viewers being hurt by the hateful comments in these videos, but the authors of the videos are also met with hate speech—and death threats. There isn't much in the way of limits in terms of pure speech on YouTube, or in our First Amendment. Then again, we've seen what's happened in countries where that right to voice one's opinions is taken away. In fact, it was the very yanking of Internet privileges that sparked the most massive uproar in Egypt.

The hate speech laws of many other countries seem to complicate our idea of free speech considerably. For them, it seems to be working. The U.S., on the other hand, has run into a few more problems. It seems that YouTube has granted an extra sense of entitlement to many of its users. Personal rant videos are easy to create and upload, and in many cases, their anonymity is just as easy to maintain. These kinds of videos could be created anywhere in the world—but the punishment would be different depending on where you go. There's no discernible answer as to which country's laws are "right," but the question is still asked—should free speech be "limitless"? Where do we draw the line?

When you look up these videos, you'll undoubtedly be upset—so I recommend cooling down with one of their many parodies. Search for "Ching Chong: Asians in the Library Song," or go for one more view of Black's "Friday." As Rebecca says, "Think about fun. You know what it is." She had better intentions during the filming of her video, I'm sure.

**get
inside
me**

news
dictatorship run-
down
by **bendonovan**

reflections
got no future?
by **erikaweisz**

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inbox

Dear wafer tower,

If ye are going to devote your whole issue to an Irish holiday, at least get the name right. Patty is an abbreviation for a girl's name (i.e. Patricia). PaDDy is an abbreviation for the Irish name Patrick. So what the fuck is St. Patty's day? Celebrating some whose named Patricia? No. It's celebrating St. Patrick.

Moving on, your Irish lingo. Way off. Here are the real words:

Drunk - polluted

Kiss - shift (snog is definitely fully British)

Sex- shift (they basically use shift to describe anything sexual. Wtf is get your hole??)

Other common words - *lad* (boy), *brilliant* (cool), *grand* (great), *fanny* (vah jay jay), *takin' the piss* (teasing), *slag* (slut)...you get the point.

You also failed to mention all of the Irish drinks that there are - Guinness, Jameson... You may wonder how a brilliant and savage girl like myself would know such facts. Well, I'm living in Ireland right now. I'm living across the Atlantic and still reading the **water tower** (I need to be aware if someone wants me so badly, even when not at UVM).

Now, if you'll excuse me, I'm going to go have myself a few pints o' Guinness.

Cheers,

A rowdy drunk girl spending some time in the Emerald Isle.

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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SPORTS BLINK

with mikicieslak

Well, the NCAA Basketball Tournament has been a little weak on the upsets. I'm not even going to mention any of the 12-5 matchups because history has proven that those aren't even upsets anymore. Morehead State beating Louisville was about the only upset, but they play a 12 in the next round, so one of the two possible "Cinderellas" is going to eliminate each other. The only other notable is Butler over Pitt, but I would hardly call that surprising. Fortunately, the lack of upsets does not mean there has been a lack of good games. The NCAA Hockey Sweet 16 has been set and there are some great stories. Yale heads in snagging their first 1 seed in school history. Miami (OH) returns after winning the CCHA for the first time in school history. For the fourth year in a row, Miami is sending an extremely good team to the tournament. They have been to the frozen four the past two years, losing that heartbreaker to BU in 2009. Unfortunately, as a 1 seed, they have to go to Manchester to play UNH, which is bullshit. Other notes: RPI is in for the first time since 1995, Union is in for the first time ever, Merrimack is in for the first time, Western Michigan is in for the first time since 1996... Hockey East has 3 teams: BC, Merrimack, and UNH. National Champion: Merrimack

the news in brief

with paulgross

"Looking forward to the weekend."

-**Rebecca Black**, a 13-year old girl who has become the laughing stock of the internet for her pop song "Friday." The song includes such brilliant lyrics as "gotta get my bowl / gotta have cereal" and "I see my friends / kickin' in the front seat / sittin' in the back seat / gotta make up my mind / which seat should I take?" Rolling Stone has recently thanked her for unintentionally parodying the entire world of pop music. When I wrote this, she had 18 million views on YouTube.

"We must rebuild Japan from scratch."

-Probably a slight hyperbole, but a useful rhetorical comment from **Japanese Prime Minister Naoto Kan**, speaking about the horrendous, but improving situation post-Earthquake and tsunami in Japan. One important nuclear reactor has had power returned to its cooling system, for example, and clean-up operations are beginning. This is going to be a long, lengthy process, but if anyone is equipped for it, it's the Japanese.

"In Libya, the civilian population...is in mortal danger"

-**French President Nicolas Sarkozy**, explaining why the French and Americans got their act together and started bombing air defense sites and armored personnel carriers in Qaddafi's Libya. The ailing and crazy dictator has, as Sarkozy pointed out, been putting the lives of ordinary Libyans in grave danger by, for example, searching every house in Benghazi and shooting people who have guns in their homes. For once, the international community isn't sitting idly by while innocents are slaughtered.

"Careful listening may be the secret weapon."

-The late **Warren Christopher**, former secretary of state, who died last week. I just think it's an awesome quote.

out of exile and back in business?

by jamesaglio

Jean-Bertrand Aristide has returned to Haiti and I have been reading too much about Belgian Surrealist artists. Aristide was the first democratically elected president of Haiti, serving in 1991, 1994-1996, and 2001-2004; he has spent the last several years exiled in South Africa. Whether his return is a good or bad thing really depends on who is being asked. Many of the Haitians love him like Rene Magritte loved bowler hats, with a flag-bearing mob to welcome him reminiscent of the group that greeted Baby Doc Duvalier in January. The US government, however, has expressed concern that his presence will disrupt the proceedings of the elections on Sunday. (This will actually have already happened by the time this is published; you are reading about the future that will have already taken place in the past. WHOA!) The US government, however, very likely was involved with the coup that led to Aristide's exile in the first place, so everything they say should

be taken with a grain of salt.

They may have a point, however, as many Haitians have claimed they will refuse to vote until they hear what Aristide says, invoking *Eskader* by Octave Landuyt, with faces turned skywards, eagerly awaiting direction from a

"because he was recently granted permission to reenter the country, he wants to take advantage of the opportunity before it closes"

source they can trust. Yet Aristide insists that he is not in Haiti for political reasons, but rather has returned to work with education. And because he was recently granted permission to reenter the country, he wants to take

advantage of the opportunity before it closes. The island nation is once more becoming likened to the inaccessible city upon a distant outcropping in Gaston Bogaert's *Brisants*. Aristide, a former Catholic priest and perennial supporter of liberation theology, has long focused upon improving Haitian infrastructure and education in order to carry the nation out of its crippling poverty. Though he has professed that he does not intend to return to politics, Aristide's presence alone adds a distractive variable analogous to Paul Delvaux's female nudes amidst his scenes.

Anyone interested in the politics of western Hispaniola would do well to pay close attention to the way in which his arrival shifts Haitian politics. To top it all off, he was accompanied by Danny Glover, possibly the single greatest actor of any generation. So any *Raisin in the Sun* fans should also keep their eyes out for any pictorial evidence of the elusive Glover. ■

dictatorship *rundown* 5 regimes that aren't going anywhere

by bendonovan

Last week, we wrote about the wave of revolutions sweeping the Middle East and the world, reporting on five dictatorships that could be the next to fall. But the news is not all positive; the civil war in Libya and crackdowns in other countries remind us that for every autocrat willing to step down peacefully, there are plenty more who aren't going down without a fight. Here are a few dictatorships you can expect to see alive and well a year from now:

Saudi Arabia: When it comes to the Arab world, Saudi Arabia is the Big One. With the world's largest oil fields and Islam's two holiest cities, Saudi Arabia is the economic and spiritual center of the Muslim world. It's also one of the most repressive societies on the planet, where the authority of the King is absolute, women possess absolutely no legal rights, and public beheadings are an acknowledged part of the legal system. Saudi Arabia has watched nervously the unrest in neighboring countries, sending troops to forcefully quell protests in Bahrain. So far, though, Saudi Arabia has only experienced scattered protests, but a heavy police presence combined with a new \$10.7 billion package of benefits for Saudi citizens have kept things relatively quiet. Indeed, the key to Saudi Arabia's stability appears to be its massive oil wealth, which enables the Kingdom to essentially bribe its citizens

North Korea: It is impossible to overstate the level of tyranny that exists in this isolated Communist holdout, where freedom of expression is nonexistent and even listening to foreign radio broadcasts is punishable by death. North Korean TVs are hard-wired to accept only government-run stations, cell phones are illegal, and internet use is restricted to only a small group of Communist Party elites (Kim

into complacency; so far, the regime has been adept at sharing just enough of that wealth with just enough of its people to prevent the sort of economic woes that fueled the revolution in Egypt.

China: Totalitarianism is still very much alive in the world's most populous country. China's censors have been aggressive in keeping discussion of the recent events in the Middle East off the internet. So far unrest has been limited to the fringes of China's society—ethnic minorities like the Tibetans and the Uighurs and intellectuals—with the occasional scattered pro-democracy protests met with overwhelming force. Despite calls from China's burgeoning democracy movement, China has seen nothing even approaching the scale of the 1989 Tiananmen Square protests. As with Saudi Arabia, the key appears to be the economy; as long as the standard of living continues to rise for the average Chinese citizen, any widespread unrest seems unlikely.

Russia: Nineteen years after the collapse of the Soviet Union, Russia is anything but democratic. The court system is notoriously dysfunctional, institutional checks on the power of Vladimir Putin's United Russia party are practically nonexistent, and attacks on journalists are alarmingly commonplace. Although it retains all the trappings of modern democracy—elections, a free market, and a nominally independent press—Russians operate under an implicit understanding that any direct criticism of Putin's regime will not be tolerated, as evidenced by the high-profile murder of journalist Anna Politkovskaya in the elevator of her apartment building and the poisoning by radiation of prominent Putin critic Alexander Litvinenko in a London sushi bar. Putin remains popu-

Jong II is reported to enjoy surfing the internet). Indeed, things are so bad that North Koreans actually flee into China in search of freedom. Poverty has reportedly reached grinding levels, with over a third of the country chronically malnourished according to an Amnesty International Report. Don't expect any of this to change any time soon; as of now there do not appear to have been any protests or public demonstrations in this reclusive Stalinist state. The country's isolation, combined with the sheer scale of the regime's control over the lives of its citizens make any massive, organized resistance unthinkable.

Eritrea: This tiny East African nation wins the prize for Most Oppressive Country You've Never Heard Of. Located on the Red Sea next to Ethiopia, this tiny police state ranks dead last (169th out of 169 countries) on the Press Freedom Index—no small feat, considering North Korea was ranked second to last. The current President, Isaias Afewerki, has been in power since Eritrea's independence from Ethiopia in 1991, and in 2006 he announced, with surprising nonchalance, that elections would be postponed for "three or four decades." His party, not surprisingly, is the only one currently allowed to operate legally. Calls for democratic reform, if you haven't already guessed, are not well-received; in 2001 he ordered the arrest of 11 of his closest advisors, several of whom were reported to be close personal friends, for advocating more openness. Despite this, Eritrea too has remained quiet even amid protests across the Red Sea in Yemen. No protests have been reported and the regime appears to have a firm grip on power. For the time being, at least, it seems that totalitarianism in Eritrea isn't going anywhere. ■



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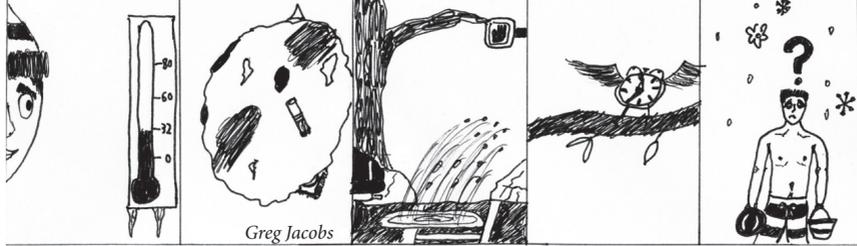
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five phases of burlington spring

by gregfrancese



Phase 1: March 1 – 13
Mild temperatures that frequently break the 20-degree mark and three or four minutes of extended daylight result in the increased presence of activity outside. At least “one last snowstorm” for the season quickly crushes premature hopes of spring-like weather. Sidewalks resemble broomball courts due to the melting of snow during the day and the -5 degree temperatures that freeze the snow melt at night.

Phase 2: March 14 – March 20
Temperatures reach the upper 30s, and if they break 40 for more than 2 days it's considered a heat wave. Snow changes color from white to brown and black. The risk of sustaining a serious injury from a snowball is high due to the fact that most snowballs are actually a mixture of snow, ice crystals, and small pieces of road salt and gravel. A deadly combination of water over ice coats the sidewalks. Shorts and flowery skirts and dresses start to increase in presence on campus as do the number of people who feel inspired to exercise outside. The likelihood of a large snowstorm occurring is still pretty high.

Phase 5: April 16 – May 1
Everyone is in a good mood as sufferers of cabin fever finally get the medication they deserve – consistent lounging in the sun or Frisbee games on the mud covered green. Bike injuries increase as slick roads and bus-sized potholes have no mercy for bikers or bikers. Puddles compete in size with Lake Champlain, as any remaining snow melts and rain continues. If last year was any indication, there will be one last snowfall on or around April 27. ■

Phase 3: March 21-March 31
“Spring has sprung!” and other optimistic expressions become commonplace as the calendar officially says it's spring, even though temperatures haven't changed and there is still snow in the forecast. The sounds of longboard wheels begin to compete with the sounds of birds chirping in the trees. College, Main, and Pearl Streets all become fiercely flowing rivers as the melting of snow begins to pick up. Puddles become unavoidable obstacles on the sidewalks and opportunities for a free shower from any passing automobile.

Phase 4: April 1 – April 15
Mud on your shoes, mud on your pants, even mud in your food. Rain officially replaces snow in the daily forecast, but that doesn't mean we're out of the snowy woods yet. The threat of a snowstorm remains. The steps outside of Bailey Howe become filled with those eager to “catch some rays.” Trees become filled with flowers and chirping birds which replace the need for an alarm clock.

reflections. social stressin

by lizcantrell

Stressed out college kids are easy enough to spot: we're a bunch of coffee guzzling library prowlers who neurotically check our phones and Facebooks for companionship and distractions. This is “normal” behavior to deal with school anxiety. Freaking out about a paper is one thing, but there may be unknown, unlikely, and potentially more traumatic stressors lurking around every corner, especially in social situations. I'm not talking about the “peer pressure, just say no” stuff your middle school guidance counselor used to preach. I'm talking about seemingly innocent times when you should be totally chill, but for some reason your heart is thumping faster than a house beat at the Jersey Shore. Take a breath and check out these guidelines to dealing with social stress.

The situation
Watching a movie or TV show that you love, at your place of residence
The stress

You want everyone to love it as much as you do but don't want to look like an obsessive idiot who says every two minutes, “hey guys, isn't this funny? It's funny right? ISN'T IT?!” You're anxious because people aren't getting the jokes, you're rearranging stuff around the room to distract yourself, and you've offered thirteen varieties of beverages to look like a good host. Basically, you're a break down waiting to happen. What to do?
The solution

Get over yourself and just watch the damn thing. Do you really give a shit if they laugh at 4 minutes 39 seconds into the show like they're supposed to? If these people are your friends, they'll play along. If they're not, then screw them and laugh till your lonely heart's content. They've got bad taste.

The situation
Mixing friends with family
The stress

Your family is crazy, weird, and embarrassing. You have a tendency to act like a heinous bitch around them but don't want your friends to think you actually are one. You find yourself making excuses for your dog's psychotic

behavior, stashing the naked baby pics hanging along the staircase, and also running interference so your friends don't spill all your drunken horror stories to grandma. Yikes.

The solution
Set up an activity. Everyone loves a good old game of horseshoes, go fish, or pin the tail on Aunt Gertrude. This presents the opportunity to have some fun, get the conversation going, and take the focus off of you. It's free,



Viscaya Wagner

easy, and delightfully tacky. Amen.

The situation
You're waiting for someone in a semi-crowded area where you don't know anyone, and your person is late.
The stress

You feel suddenly alone and awkward. Your mental monologue goes something like this, “I know I have plans, but does that person staring at me know? Probably not. Oh my God I feel ridiculous. I need to look cool, interesting, and like I have places to be. Shit what if they

don't show up?! Should I just bail now?” Yeah, we've all done it.

The solution
It's easy enough to whip out the phone or iPod and plug in. Immersing yourself in technology is a polite, nondescript way of saying, “don't fuck with me, I'm doing my own thing.” However, this can get kinda old and people can see right through it. Another approach is to take out a planner, notebook, novel, porn, whatever. Look interested but not engrossed, as if you would be open to conversation but it's clear you are involved in something else. This way, no one assumes you're a wide-eyed crazy person looking around for an imaginary friend, but they will also leave you be.

The situation
You're with a group of people who are infinitely cooler than you, and you have no clue what the movie, band, trend, or event is that they're talking about.
The stress

You don't want to look like you're out of the loop but that neon sign on your forehead screaming “uninformed, uncool LOSER” is giving you away.
The solution

You could finagle your way through this pop culture minefield by using tried and true indicators of coolness. Be they mainstream bands that still rock or types of beer that everyone likes, there are some things that no one can describe as “uncool”. Alternatively, (pun intended. I'm so rad) you could get some friends who you can actually talk to instead of fumbling through half-assed attempts at hipness. You might think there's always someone cooler than you, but that's because they declare themselves to be that way. Don't forget that this is UVM: land of free love and “who gives a fuck?” There's bound to be a group, cause, or club that floats your boat. Cut the BS and groove with some folks on your wavelength. ■

spring has sprung: time to catch a man!

by leonorarose

Spring is in the air--which means love is in the air! Which means couples taking off their mittens and holding hands in public, girls wearing sundresses, hormone-type liquids will begin to thaw and pulse through college student veins like raging rivers of passion after the long winter freeze. Flowers bloom, birds sing, the sun shines, yada yada yada.

But what happens when you find yourself alone during this glorious time of rebirth and romance? Sure, there are plenty of solo activities to engage in during the short-lived sunny months at UVM. Last time I checked, eating a van-choc twist cremeé with someone else just slows down the whole process. However, if you DO want to share a lick, there is hope! When blasting Beyonce's “Single Ladies” from your b.s. Mac speakers begins to feel old and hollow, you can turn this single ship around. Tag yo' man!

In the interest of transparency, I must admit that I too am a singleton. And when you're the type of single lady who uses the term “singleton” it's more than a little tricky to find a date. Tricky!!--but not impossible. After some bar-crawling, chocolate-eating, and soul-searching, I have compiled what they call a surefire list of tips for ladies trying to catch a catch.

- 1. Have a sense of humor:** I mean, “catch a catch?” That shit's funny! Boys like it when you do humorous and humor-encouraging things, like laugh at their dumb jokes, flick boogers, etc, etc. Boys go crazy for that kind of thing, believe me!
- 2. If you want a HOTT man, it is helpful to be a HOTT lady:** Lucky for me, I am above average in the looks department. Not to brag, but I have been told that I am a solid “3.” With 5 being the highest, I'd say anything over 2.5 is something to be proud of. 5 is the highest, right? Regardless, it's better not to get too caught up on the whole HOTT thing. Instead, try expanding your conception of what is hot and what is not.
Ex. - *Moustachioed gas attendant? Hott.*
- *Guy who walks his ferrets on a leash down Church Street? Hott.*
- *Anyone who has ever shown any remote interest in you romantically? Verry hott.*
- *Man who sells kettle corn? Probably married, but he's kinda cute, right?*

You get the idea. For those critics out there who are quick to label this kind of behavior as “the mark of a true desperado” I have three words: “Whatever, Judge Judy.”

- 3. Recognize when a boy is playing “hard to get” and DO NOT get discouraged:** Sometimes boys will play little “love games,” kind of like Lady Gaga's hit single, “LoveGame.” Don't stress--playing hard to get makes the whole thing much more fun and challenging.
You know when your man is playing hard to get when he says any or all of the following:
- *“I have a girlfriend. For real, I'm not interested.”*
- *“Leave me alone for god's sake--please!”*
- *“Okay, seriously. You're gross!”*
Oh please! Come on guys, your little love games aren't fooling anyone. These are all classic “hard to get” statements. Don't let these and similar comments get you down.

- 4. If you are 21, bars are a great place to meet your new beau.** I don't know what the stats are exactly, but I'm pretty sure when a couple meets at a bar they basically get married--guaranteed! Nice. Just know that certain bars are going to attract a certain breed of hot man. Here is the breakdown:
- *What Ale's You: Frat guys=the sensitive type!*
- *The OP: Moustache-sporting hipsters=easy lay!*
- *3 Needs: Over the hill townies=an established guy who will take care of your every desire!*
- *Ake's Place: The sporty guy=really close with his mom!*
- *Red Square: The dancing older drunk guy=will pamper you like a prize poodle!*

5. Look your best: Of course, appearances certainly are not the most important factor when it comes to finding a man. Still, it never hurts put in a little extra effort to ensure that you are looking fyne. Try getting immensely fat, wear a coonskin cap 24 hours a day, or buy a pair of bedazzled Uggs. Pick up a nice tube of red lipstick at your neighborhood Rite Aid and smear it all over your face! Yeah those things should work...definitely.

I know what you must be wondering. Have these approaches and tips worked for me? Well, not yet, but I know something is bound to happen soon. How can I know? I feel it in my bones, duh! I truly hope that you start feeling something stirring in your bones as well. ■

got no future? it's all good: take this quiz!

by erikaweisz

Hey senior! Are you about to graduate with a useless arts degree like me? Did you major in Avian Languages? Was your minor North American Underwater Empire Studies? Wondering what the heck you're going to do on May 23rd? Have no fear: your dream career can be determined by answering five simple questions:

1. You would describe yourself as...
a) fun n' slutty
b) smart but “spacey”
c) powerful but a social outcast

2. Your worst attribute is...
a) the clap
b) unforgivably flatulent
c) the lightning-shaped scar

3. An ideal date...
a) no date, just sex plz
b) a romantic night of star gazing
c) an enchanted evening, whatever that entails!

4. Your hidden talent is...
a) sneaking out in the morning
b) your 20/20 vision (what a lame talent, loser)
c) your ability to talk to animals (not like, you talk to your grandma's cat and he hisses back at you, but you can actually talk to animals and they understand you, and sometimes they talk back, giving you advice about family problems, girl problems, hygiene problems, etc.)

5. Your biggest fear is...
a) forgetting the safe word!
b) alien colonization of earth!
c) encountering twenty orcs without your magic staff!

Mostly As: Your ideal career is a *plumber!* You're already very accustomed to getting yourself into stranger's showers. As an added bonus, society allows (even expects) your butt to be partially visible at all times.

Mostly Bs: Your ideal career is an *astronaut!* Your slightly-above-average vision led you to pursue a career as a scuba diver, but those pesky bubbles couldn't mask the gaseous anomaly that is your digestive system. The space life is perfect for you because (1) SBDs stay safely inside the suit and (2) all of your buddies are protected behind air-tight space helmets.

Mostly Cs: Your ideal career is a *wizard!* No one liked you in the normal people world, but that's okay because you are actually special. Keep checking the mail for your Hogwarts letter. ■

campus connector: finally, an answer to greyhound's failures

by alextownsend

Okay, so when I chose to come to UVM I had an idea in mind. I want to go to a school that was too far from home for my folks to ask me to babysit every weekend, but close enough that visiting wouldn't be too much of a pain. I come from near Boston, so UVM was a good choice for that...or so I thought.

For the past 3 1/2 years, every single friggin' time I've gone home has been an absurd, mind-bogglingly frustrating ordeal and every single time I've had the Greyhound buses to blame. I've spent hours lugging my bags up and down Main Street, our local hill-of-death, to the bus station. I've waited in the cold for buses that were several hours late. I've missed my bus because the driver only stopped at the station for five seconds and no one announced it was there. I've ridden with incompetent drivers who would do things like back up in the middle of a highway, or ask things like “Does anyone know if we're in Vermont yet?” The worst part is, I've had to pay for the privilege! I've yet to discover the logic behind Greyhound's constantly changing prices, but I've never paid less than \$100 to go home with them.

Now, I went abroad last semester and came back to a Burlington that was even harder to get out of. The Greyhound station was at the airport now?! I had to take a bus to get to my bus?! It was ridiculous and I was ready to set something on fire in protest. Luckily, I noticed a few mysterious flyers around campus as spring break approached. “Something BIG is leaving UVM.” “Want a better way to get home?” I didn't know what they were about at first, but finally the flyers decided to stop being coy. There was a new company called the Campus Connector offering bus rides, and the roundtrip ticket to Boston was only \$89...

Naturally, I was initially skeptical. The CC company was completely new and their website looked kind of amateurish. I was being asked to give some random guy \$90 online with almost no reassurance that this wasn't some sort of scam. I e-mailed them about my concerns.

I soon received a reply that was polite, friendly, and entirely understanding of my skepticism. The Campus Connector founder, Matthew George, explained that he

specifically used paypal to give his customers a feeling of added security and welcomed me to facebook-stalk him, so he wouldn't just be a random dude. True, at this point it still could have been an elaborate scam, but I was willing to take a chance. I bought the ticket.

On the day before spring break I walked nervously to the parking lot where the Campus Connector bus was supposed to be. Wonderfully, this parking lot was just across the street from my dorm in L/L. Already I was saved from a ton of the getting-to-the-station stress I used to deal with, but that wouldn't mean much if the bus was a lie.

Luckily, my faith in humanity was able to live another day. The bus was where it was supposed to be and it looked just like in the website's pictures, an upscale coach bus. Matt himself was there to make sure everyone got checked in alright. He was very friendly and open the whole time, easing everyone's nerves a bit.

We left on time (minus a ten-minute buffer for any stragglers), then drove non-stop to Boston with no problems. The bus' driver seemed very competent and friendly and got us there in about four hours, earlier than the projected time. In fact, the only complaint I have is that the bathroom on the bus was a little sketchy, which was weird since everything else was very clean.

So yeah, I'm pretty excited about this new company and pissed that it only came in my senior year. I interviewed Matt a bit though and it looks like other UVMers may get the chance to use the Campus Connector a lot more in the coming years.

Matthew George is a student (yeah, he's that young) at Middlebury college, a

school even more screwed for travel options than we are. Apparently a trip to NYC through Greyhound for Middlebury students takes 11-12 hours thanks to layovers. Matt started his company to deal with this problem two years ago and has been able to rake in the profits ever since. Apparently Greyhound overcharges so much that Campus Connector can charge \$20-\$30 less and still earn a profit.

Matt explained that he hopes to start running buses every other weekend next year at UVM, not just to NYC and Boston, but also to Montreal and other cities according to popular demand. He even plans to hire some local students.

Looked at objectively, the Campus Connector is not a godsend. It's just something that Greyhound hasn't been for a long time: competent. This new company gets their job done exactly the way they say they will and are decently understanding of the needs of the passengers. But you know what? That's something we've needed around here for years. Let's just hope they manage to keep that standard in the years to come. ■

trash.



i want you
so bad
someone on campus catch your eye?
couldn't get a name?
submit your love anonymously
uvm.edu/~wafertwr/iwysb.html

I hope you aren't my rezzie; you and I are a "no-no." Otherwise, come find me, and for sure I will go-go [down] to East Ave & like the Tribe, we can kick it. You're not the only one lovin' my specs, so get with it! Let's get like Drake: "celebrate with a toast; get lost in tonight" but darling I won't boast. Come find me. I'm tight, promise I won't bite...yet. 7.11.1s eeeek! I wonder if we've met. \$#!* I'm not a hit-quit,biddy,groupie, kinda chick And honestly, that behavior makes me super sick R-R-Roger that? Cuz one thing's for sure- I'm a lonely gal that needs a shaking to the very core.

When: 24/7
Where: anywhere but outside your door during walks
I saw: an interested friend
I am: "a hot RA"

You are...
The burt to my bees
The life raft to my Titanic
The clippers to my toe nails
The bindings to my skis
The clouds to my sky
The olive oil to my bread
The music to my iPod
The nail to my hammer
The herbs to my tea
The rosemary to my spice cabinet
The frosting to my cupcake
The syrup to my waffles
But most of all you are the love to my life
Happy third!

When: all the time
Where: everywhere
I saw: a sexy BB
I am: your GG

iwysbadders! listen up!

once again so many hopeful lovers are sending notes that we can't keep up. but we can't deny true love! from now on, we will be posting a couple iwysbs each day on our blog. if you like us on facebook it will show up in your feed - easy peasy, then nobody will get left out at the end of the year, and everybody wins!
facebook.com/thewatertower

I saw you in the davis center lookin' so fine
Your hair looks like Rapunzel's and i want you to be mine
Your blue eyes sparkle in the sun
I try to get some courage but I have none
Your earrings are big but your stature is small
To me you are the fairest lady of all
I hope I can meet you because you seem really great
Maybe then I can take you out on a date

When: lunchtime
Where: davis center fishbowl
I saw: a beautiful blonde
I am: crushin' hard

Hamilton Hottie
You wear white sneakers, with black laces
For you I would run a million races
I see you waiting for the bus at wdw wearing your beanie
If you got with me it would be awfully steamy
You've got some sexy swag
Let's shag.

When: Wednesday Night
Where: Simpson Dining
I saw: a hamilton hottie
I am: a davis dime

Although I've seen you in the HM Lobby
the hockey practices and games,
I feel so bad I don't know your name!
You have such cute blonde hair,
And a smile that makes me stare,
Come find me by the fireplace,
Then we can get to know each other face to face

When: A cold winter day
Where: The Gutt
I saw: cute blonde hockey asst.
I am: wishing to see you again

the ear

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

Fireplace Lounge
Guy 1: Hey dude
Guy 2: Hey, did you hear my dad came out of the closet?
Guy 1: What?
Guy: Yeah, my mom caught him. He tried to pass him off as a woman first.

UHeights South
Girl: No, Teletubbies was fucked up!

Davis Center, 11:30 AM
Biddy 1: You don't look so good.
Biddy 2: It's because I'm drunk
Biddy 3: Hahaha
Biddy 1: No, really

The Roxy
Guy 1: He's afraid of movie theaters.
Guy 2: Elaborate.
Guy 1: I don't know, he's afraid of being in a dark room for a long time with people he doesn't know.
Guy 2: But you really like seeing movies.
Guy 1: Yeah. We're not really friends anymore.

Outside Billings
Girl 1: Mystery Groper GRABS again!!! HAHA what a title..
Girl 2: haha..that's great
Girl 1: This may be the first time I grab the Cynic hahaha- actually it is, document this!

Davis Center Fishbowl
Girl to her friends: I need to become friends with chubby boys whose thighs rub together!



reviews

The Parting Gifts— "Strychnine Dandelion"

The Parting Gifts is a Reigning Sound for 2011, which is mostly due to good old Greg Oblivion and his screechy cinnamon toast crunch coated voice— this time backed up by Coco Hames (of The Ettes) and Dan Auerbach (of The Black Keys). More bluesy (thanks probably to Auerbach) than a straightforward Reigning Sound, with Coco's accompanying vocals almost pushing it to country, like a young blues-rock Dolly Parton (this is a compliment). Some real standouts include "Bound to Let Me Down" and the decidedly twangy "My Mind's Made Up." Get up and stomp your feet for some hometown comfort with a big sound.

If You Like: The Reigning Sound, Wilco, The Black Keys
PLAY: "Shine," "Born to Be Blue," "(Walking Through The) Sleepy City"

Akron/Family— "S/T II: The Cosmic Birth and Journey of Shinju TNT"

Akron/Family's fifth studio album is totally toned down psych-folk that alternates between soothing and lacking. The album starts with a punch and a tug on your giant, raging grizzly beard with "Silly Bears," keeping up the festivities until midway through. After that, the celestial beings of the Shinju TNT lull you into a false sense of sleep that is mighty convincing. In fact, I'm not quite sure what to do with it. If you already dig the Fam, you'll probably like this too. It's nothing earth shattering, like "Ed is a Portal," but 'tis cozy. I'm a firm believer that to really appreciate Akron/Family you need to see them live. There is no substitute for the powwow party they throw there.

If You Like: Acid Mothers Temple

fashion five-oh.



the cut-off experiment

by colbynixon

Occasionally I become bored and un-inspired with fashion. To mix it up, I look to the media for suggestions. Last year, inspired by Morgan Spurlock's "30 Days" television program, I went thirty days without wearing the same shirt twice. Recently, I was talking to a co-worker of mine, and he suggested a day as a "never-nude." Perhaps you're not familiar with this concept? Introduced by *Arrested Development's* Tobias Fünke, a never-nude is a person who can never be nude, and will wear cut-off jean shorts under their clothing and even in the shower. I took this as a challenge, and set out to do the potentially impossible. This is what a day in the life of a never-nude looks like:

8:00 am: Wake up in cut-offs, roll out of bed and throw on my running stuff over the jorts and hit the road. The cut-offs are bulky under my running shorts, but I soon forget that I'm even wearing them.

8:57 am: Get back from running, stretch, do short core work-out. The cut-offs are great for this. Since they are so short, I have a great range of motion for stretching. It's like being naked without being naked (which is ultimately the point). I could definitely get used to this. Maybe I'll convert.

9:14 am: Hop in the shower. I'm not sure if you've ever worn cut-off jeans in the shower, but it's definitely a different experience, and by different, I mean not great. Then I hopped out of the shower, and it dawned on me, that by putting pants over my shorts, I would be subjecting myself to great discomfort. This is where my grand experiment failed. Loath to wear jeans over wet jorts, I reluctantly hung up the cut-offs and threw in the towel.

I may not have lasted the entire day, or even two hours as a never-nude, but the entire time I was on an emotional roller-coaster. From indifference to momentary euphoria, to discomfort and ultimately anger, I can see why Tobias was bat-shit insane. If you're willing to make it through the swamp ass that would result from every shower, just to avoid your own nudity, you're probably a few fries short of a Happy Meal. For all of you out there who truly are never-nudes, I suggest you seek professional help in the form of an analyst/therapist, or as Dr. Fünke would say, an analrapist. ■

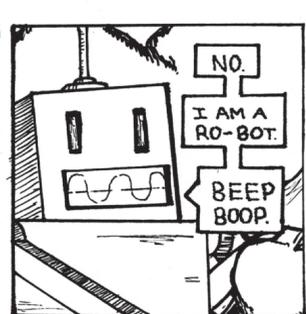
créatif stuffé.



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.

metallic heart

by thomsencummings



light through the clouds

by julianvandertak

I had trotted down from the River's fair edge where Savannah had listed the choices at hand: be ousted by ripples or warm on the sand, though not to take flight down the lane by the hedge.

I had only emerged to look for a dime, to sell my tasteless name for fire and smoke where citizens all pass for puritan folk, while I, on their stoops, invoke jest out of Time.

What would be Hermes, no wings on his slippers, if he were to ascend that Mount on bare foot? But a hiker who bares the Good Brother's news,

to reach the High Gate, face covered in black soot, and learn that an old man had blew out the fuse from which His dark lightning was nightly output. ■

like me good

by christianryan-pagano

Like me
Like me good
Throw some validation
Throw it my way
Drop it on the muddy ground
I'll lick it clean
'Til it reflects my desperate smirk
Just nineteen hours, twenty-five minutes
And a few seconds ago
Life was ours for the flaunting
Now my head's hanging so low
And it's complicated
Complicating my discernment
Of true depth and face-value
So like me good
I'll only be a minute
Like me good
I'm waiting
Sifting through a desert
Of Polaroids, minus the endearment

Just searching, looking
Wondering
How it all went so wrong
Memories documented
To the last fleck of saliva
You weren't invited, sadness
Get out.
Read my heart, please
There will be a quiz
So you'd be wise
To know me well
Treat me kindly
The tears settle between
My dirty electric fingers
Connections frizzling
But these very walls
Surround you and I alike
Poised to collapse
Crush us
The world is watching
So like me good. ■

argument with a ghost

by joshhegarty

I was just walking down the street, minding my own business, when out of nowhere I heard a voice that I couldn't have heard, yelling, "Hey Jeff! What's up?" I turned around and saw somebody that I knew I couldn't really be seeing. Rob Stensen, somebody that fell out of my life by the time I was fourteen, somebody that had died a few months back.

I was dumbstruck. I knew something had to be wrong here. I looked him in the eye and asked, "How are you here? You're dead."

And then he said, "Yeah, I'm a ghost. It's pretty wild." This was madness. I felt some weird sensation in my head and in my gut that told me I was losing it. This couldn't be real. I'd stopped believing in ghosts a long time ago. There had to be another explanation. So I told him, "No. No you're not. I don't believe in ghosts."

I figured maybe I was dehydrated. That can cause hallucinations. I couldn't remember the last time I'd had anything to drink. Or maybe I was malnourished. I know I don't get all my vitamins. That's when he said, "Just because you don't believe in something doesn't mean it's not real."

Then I knew I had him (me?). That wasn't something Rob would say. That's something I would say. But if I were a ghost, trying to convince someone like myself, that would be exactly the thing to say. So either this was a hallucination or a ghost trying to persuade me. That left me nowhere.

"Can you prove it? That you're a ghost? I don't buy it. I can't. It doesn't make sense," I said. He looked at me without saying anything for a while and then he asked me "How do you want me to prove it?"

"Tell me something that I definitely don't already know. Something that I wouldn't be able to figure out on my own." That was the most specific I could get. It's a pretty hard question, especially when you might be trying to stump yourself.

He looked upset. He was obviously trying to think of something to say, but all that came out was, "You're smarter than me. I don't know that much. You don't gain infinite wisdom when you die; you pretty much just keep what you had. I wish I could tell you a secret about yourself and prove it, but I don't know any secrets about you. I got nothing. Can you just trust me for a minute here?"

Once again, I was left with nothing to go on. I wanted this to be absolutely disproven. So far, it seemed, at most, unlikely, yet possible. So instead of trying to win, I just let him do what he wanted to do and said, "Sure. I'll buy it for now."

"Ok, good. Now I want to ask you a very important question."

"Go for it."

"Why weren't you at my funeral?"

Oh boy. Now I knew that it was a hallucination. Rob wouldn't care. We had literally not spoken in at least six years. My parents cared that I wasn't there. My friends gave me tons of shit. My girlfriend almost broke up with me, but none of his friends said anything. Why would they? Why would he care? This was a guilt hallucination, plain and simple. So I told him straight up, "Because we haven't been friends for a long time. We haven't spoken in years. I honestly can't remember the last time I saw you. Are you done now? Can you go?"

"But don't you feel guilty about it?"

"Clearly I do, or you wouldn't be here!"

I felt strange in that moment. I knew I was yelling at myself. Was I angry with myself? I didn't know. Once I realized what was going on, I decided to just ignore him and head on home. He tried to say something once or twice, but I just kept telling him to disappear and saying that he wasn't real. Eventually he stopped trying and by the time I got home, he was gone. I drank a big glass of orange juice and made a sandwich. I realized how late it was and headed to bed. I slept pretty well that night. All good dreams.

I'm pretty sure that he wasn't a ghost, but at this point, I hardly think it matters. ■

tunes.



by jeremyklein

Angles: it's the fourth album from The Strokes, which is five years and a few mediocre side projects removed from their previous, *First Impressions of Earth* — an album that kind of left a little to be desired. The question remains: with *Angles*, are The Strokes "back," or have they continued down a path that no one really wants them to continue down? Truth be told, *Angles* is a good album, but still does not come close to touching *Is This It* or *Room on Fire*. As far as being "back," the answer is both yes and no. While they've given up basing every song around a complicated guitar riff (undoubtedly to show off how much they've improved technically), they've also stopped drawing on 1970s NYC garage rock for inspiration. Instead, *Angles* seems to draw a lot from 1980s new wave music, while only retaining fragments of the earlier garage sound.

"Machu Picchu," the curiously titled opener of the album, crescendoes into a simultaneous snare drum hit, and a slide down the bass fret board before going into what was once uncharted territory for The Strokes. It is perhaps their most danceable song ever, particularly in its verses, featuring an abrupt, almost reggae-like, guitar part played over a constant driving rhythm from the bass and drums. However, the chorus changes the dynamic a bit— while the underlying rhythm remains mostly the same, the guitars change to striking distorted chords and, in their favorite trick from their previous album, begin a pretty awesome guitar riff. But since the riff doesn't dominate the flow of the track, it is not to the song's detriment, as was their problem five years previous. "Two Kinds of Happiness" follows a similar structure.

In its verses, it almost sounds like something pulled directly out of a John Hughes movie, just before it turns into an almost wave of sound in its chorus with every part seemingly blending into one.

First Impressions of Earth was an album that saw the band turning the polish all the way to 11; with guitar riffs becoming especially more impressive - in a technical sense - over that of their previous works. Of course, their guitars always sounded good, but it was kind of hard to believe that the guys who played something as straightforward as "Last Nite" were pulling off these new riffs. Unfortunately, and

"Are The Strokes 'back,' or have they continued down a path that no one really wants them to continue down?"

maybe unbeknownst to the band, good riffs do not make a spectacular album. *Earth* contained a few songs that were slower in tempo, and as a result, the album gets lost somewhere between navigating down a snake-like path, and dragging its heels.

Being musically proficient just got too far away from what made record companies, music critics, and the public initially tune into The Strokes way back in 2001. The Strokes were a product of New York City, and reminded people of classic NYC-based alt-rock bands like The Velvet Underground, Television, and The Ramones— bands that no one really paid much attention to in their time, but would achieve major cult status later. Part of the enjoyment of The Strokes seemed to lie in

the fact that they kind of sucked at playing, or at least they didn't try anything beyond their own capabilities. Straightforward drum beats, non-virtuoso interplay between two guitarists, an always underlying, yet simple bass line, and a frontman (Julian Casablancas) with a recognizable, yet not spectacular voice. Most importantly, they the looked the part: leather jackets, ripped jeans, unkempt hair, cigarettes, and a general attitude of not appearing to care too much about anything. *Is This It* and *Room on Fire* hit the nail on the head, and their winning streak continued with *The Modern Age EP*, the music video for "12:51," and, most especially, Albert Hammond Jr.'s afro. All these rank before *Earth*—ironically, their most technically polished album. The Strokes might be one of the only bands to suffer for getting better at writing

and performing their music. Has *Angles* redeemed them? Well, unfortunately, *Angles* is not the perfect album. The songs "You're So Right" and "Metabolism" stand out as tracks better off excluded— firstly, because they're plain mediocre, and secondly, they don't fit in musically with the rest of the tracks. The two tracks in question are rather machine-like, with super-fast drumbeats and an overly abrasive sound compared to the other instruments. Casablancas kind of sings like a robot on "You're So Right." Fear not, this is not enough to bring *Angles* entirely crashing down. Even though it does not reach the level of their first two releases, *Angles* offers up some great songs that could one day be recognized as some of The Strokes' best. ■

faceplace

a place for your face

about faceplace 2.5
by paul gross and patrick leene
illustrations by vanessa denino,
katie gagliardo, eliza carver, patrick leene,
lydia shepard.

Patrick Messmore '11

Music: Pink Floyd, Creedence Clearwater Revival, ABBA
Movies: Dorm Daze, Transamerica, Shawshank Redemption, Reefer Madness
Political Views: Social justice for all! Think. Care. Act.
Religious Views: Spiritual
Relationship Status: Single

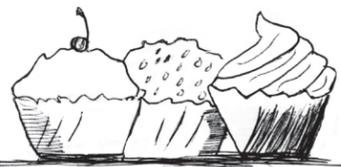


See more photos of Patrick (523)

groups

- LBGTQ Allies!
- R.A. for Life.
- 4 or less, drink responsibly!
- Red Cross Certified Life Guards are cool!
- Trojan Men
- Think. Care. Act.

albums



"Cupcakes and Condoms '08"
(20 pictures)



"Cupcakes and Condoms '09"
(17 pictures)



"Cupcakes and Condoms '10"
(8 pictures)



"Relay fo' Lyfe!"
(95 pictures)

da' wall



Patrick Messmore

Goin out tonight...but keeping my UVM water bottle's advice in mind. 4 drink max! Think. Care. Act.



Alan Steinberg

We miss you back up in UHeights man...Community Circles aren't the same without you!

Patrick likes this!



Natalie Ricci

Why would I come ALL the way down to your house for free condoms when I could get them at the Davis Center??

Two people like this!



Todd Porter

Patrick, congratulations! We were looking over your record and you handed out more condoms than any other RA in a single year! Thanks for always remembering to Think. Care. Act. Your prize is a LIFETIME supply of free condoms!

Patrick likes this!



Shannon Markowitz An award winner, huh? Hawt <3



Diantha Moss

Dude, check who I'm in a relationship with...I don't really need condoms...

Nic Jones likes this!



Mr. Mike Bro, we appreciate you coming out, but our bar is NOT a place to distribute free condoms as some kind of weird attempt to pick-up chicks. If you want to come back, you're gonna have to leave the rubbers at home.

31 girls like this!



Patrick Messmore Hey man, just cause I was Thinking enough to Care about how the Burlington community Acts in its free time, doesn't mean I'm a creep. Just tryin to look out for everyone's safety.

Alan Steinberg and Daniel Fogel like this!