

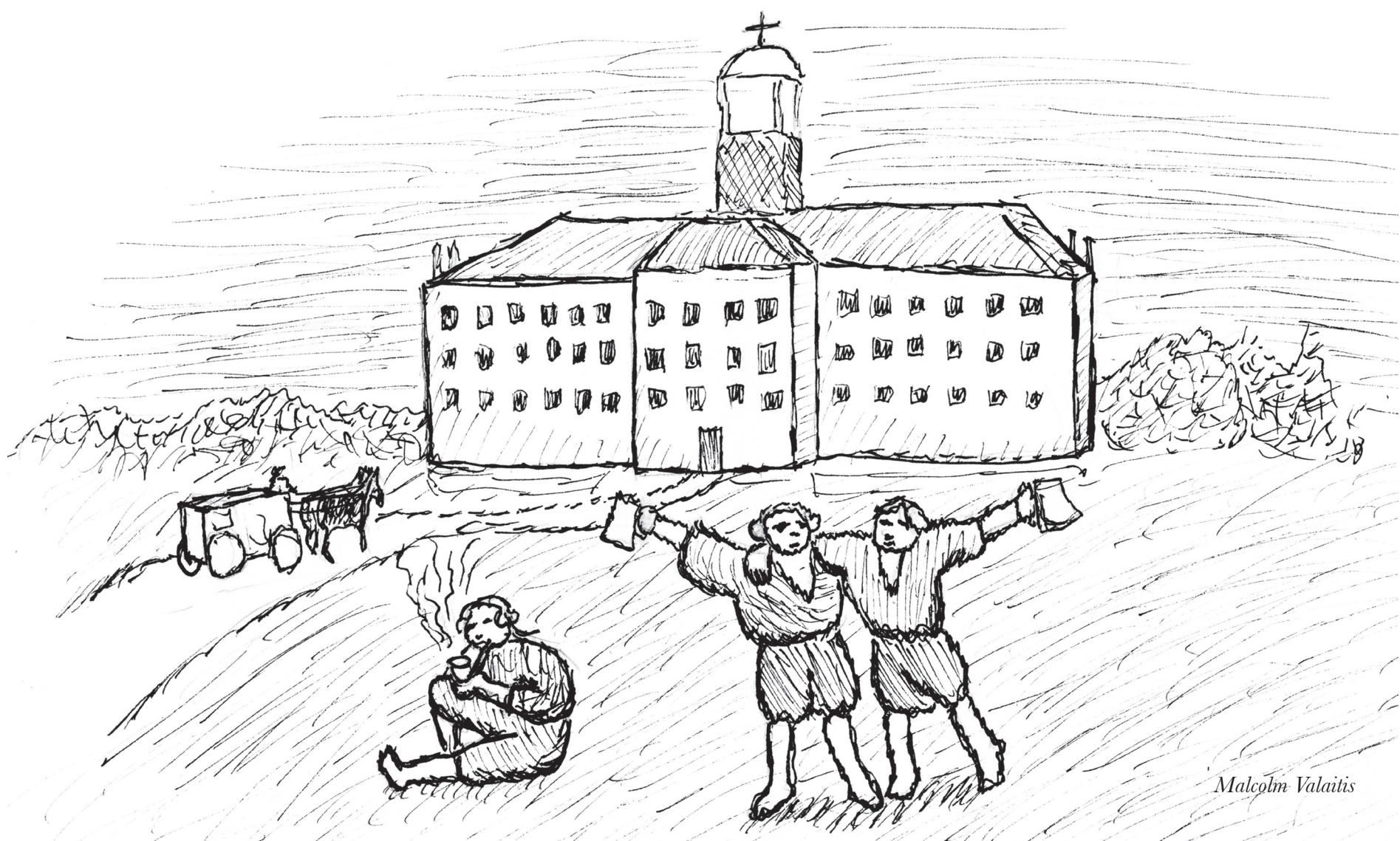
Ye Olde Water Tower

the alternative newsmag of the universitas viridis montis

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

uvm.edu/~watertwr · thewatertower.tumblr.com

Of the sewd behaviors exhibited by — NEW UNIVERSITY STUDENTS —



Malcolm Valaitis

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

by Lord Alexander Pinto and Daniel Martin Suder, Esq.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

invest
thy
self:

bataille of
stamford brydge
by jamesaglio

new technology:
aerosol cans
by gregfrancesce

the vietnam war
by calebdemers

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the most astute purveyors of news information in the universe.



dear water tower readers,

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

APRIL FOOLS!

<3 The Ed it ahs.

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

thewatertowernews@gmail.com

the water tower.
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the pony express

with paulgross

"Fuck!" -15,000 BC

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

**"I don't know how the sly craftsman
manages it!" -1879**

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

**"This milk colored man is
a real asshole!" -1492**

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

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

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

famous last words
of history...
by Patrick Leene



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

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Letters to the editor/
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thewatertowernews@gmail.com

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join the wt.

New writers and artists

are always welcome

Weekly meetings

Tuesdays at 8:00 pm

Chittenden Bank Room

Davis Center - 4th Floor

Or send us an email

Our generation stands at a crossroads. As we walk through a world ever connected to a thunderstorm of news and reflection, we risk losing the ability to think for ourselves. **the water tower** is for us non-thinkers. We provide witty and sometimes outlandish opinions so that you don't have to come up with them yourselves. We can't promise that you will agree with everything that we say, but you will respect the tenacity we have to say it. Every once in a while we will generate something that is truly thought provoking. We are the reason people can't wait for Tuesday. We are **the water tower**.

news of: 1225 BC

PLAGUES: AIN'T THAT ABOUT A...

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

BY ANONYMOUS EGYPTIAN SLAVE

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

news of: 1066 AD

26 September 1066

the bataisse of stamford brydge

by james aglio

God aefentid, gamenfannen. Ich habban a gret hapaning for to telle. Yistirday the armes of the Engelysche Kynge Harold Gödwines Sunu and the Kyng of Norvegia Kynge Haraldr Hardrāði met in mortal bataille at the Stamford Brydge, Yorkshire, Engelond. Wyth the halpen of the treachery of Tostig Gödwines Sunu, the yonge brother of Kynge Harold Gödwines Sunu, Haraldr Hardrāði sayled up the cost of Engelond and pylaged the god tun of Scarborough. Wann he herd of the soulesse slaht of the god tunfolken, Harold Gödwines Sunu wepte byter teeren and, in his rage calle forth his lordes for to the hatief Norvegies destroyen. And from every shires ende of Engelond to Stamford they wende. Thaan the Engelysh funde the Norvegiens on bothe syde of the brydge. The god Engelysche manner foughten hart on the weste syde, and hadde the meiste from the Norvegiens slanthen, for the Norvegiens

hatte thyr armure lefte wyth the shyppe while the daei was hat. The reste von the vykynge hatte over the brydge gangen, and the Engelysh armye was stapped by a beest-vykynge, the syse of thrie mannes. Thys vykynge

"As the Engelyshe raced forth tyme and tyme agayn the aer grewlaeden wyth the smell of dæd and the bodys of mann."

mony manner but was bested at laste whan one from the Engelyshe hatte saylt in a barle unter the brydge and thrust his greete spere into the thygh of the vykynge, spylling his ichorik blod in a ragyng sturn. Wyth the helle-vykynge lay daed, the brave engelysh knyghten were able at laist to fyghte the vykynge hoste. The vykyn-

ges were fyerce, and they hatt a walle from the shilden macht. As the Engelyshe raced forth tyme and tyme agayn the aer grewlaeden wyth the smell of dæd and the bodys of mann. The grund, god Engelysh soyle, became slyk wyth blode. At ende, the Engelyshe brecht the vykynge lyne and slode Haraldr Hardrāði and Tostig Gödwines Sunu. Wyth thysse foendae, the god Kynge Harold Gödwines Sunu hadde turned his wyden eien to the sothe. Thaar, the armye of draed William of Normandie wille lande soone. Harold Gödwines Sunu marchen to the vyllage Hastings today and wille swopen Engelond of the vyle filthe that is the Franken. God be wyth the god Kynge as he fyghte for alle freie Engelond for that we nil under the foot of a sothe kynge. Lange liue Engelond! Lange liue the Kynge! ♫

news of: 1601 AD

Tuesday, March 6th, 1601

Musings of the Campus Troubadour

mine daily observations thru poetry

by lindsay gabel

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

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

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

Wednesday, evening late in Billings Library

Procrast'nation, that ensnaring temptress
Who seduces enchanted youth with her shiftlessness,
Inspiring peculiar fancies and petty trifles; oh magnificent diversions!

Dwell not on fantastical fancies!, methinks to myself in private conviction

Wherefore I swear fidelity to divine Academia

Whence distractions doth call

Over the bells that toll for a short-lived monogamy,
Mayhaps even yet in those final hours during which thou must earnestly crammeth,

Wherefore thy then be royally screwd o'er.

Procrast'nation, thou spongy muddy-modded hag-seed! A pox on thee!

And yet: pray you, remain ever nearer,

For whilst thy beguiling presence doth devour the day and feed mine idleness,
Thine absence nigh unbearable is!

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

Confound this bemuddled and slickened season

That with malice trespasses anew upon our home and State.

Take heed: should in haste to class thou chance to misstep,

Thou be destind then to skiddeth and falleth,

Sprawl'd which-way before ever-vertical passers-by

Who art comparlyedly upstanding both in stature and in dignity. ♫

news of 1776

the finest men in all the land

by lizcantrell

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

Paul Revere: I should think he a man of strong will and insuperable loyalty. Tis he who embarked upon a midnight ride to warn us merry, fervored colonists of the coming redcoats. Let his lady hope he ride her with such passion and perseverance as he hath ridden his horse.

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



Tuesday April 2, 1776

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

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

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

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

news of 1871

THE DANGEROUS IMPLICATIONS OF AN EDUCATED UTERUS from babies to barren

by lauradillon

Tuesday April 4, 1871

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

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

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

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

I fear that if we do not succeed and the University continues along this with its perilous plan to admit two female students, there will be disastrous results. As we all know, the most important and only proper role of a woman is that of mother. It brings a smile to my face to image a woman, plump with pregnancy, cheeks glowing a cheery pink. It is state of woman's true nature.



news of 1890

SEX TIMES

On this day, Tuesday, April 1, 1890

with Cleet & Clat

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

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

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

IV

Cleet & Clat

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

news of 1903

ELEPHANT ELECTROCUTION IN LUNA PARK

by joshhegarty

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

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

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

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

rent.

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

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

We must take a moment, however, to appreciate the anticipation of such a monumental occasion for our country. For the last 13 years, Americans have been going whacky over their forced sobriety and subpar moonshine. After over a decade of griping and complaining at the truly genius politicians who run this country, we finally got our lovely alcohol back.

"what america needs now is a drink"

What makes me more proud is that our president Mr. Franklin seems to be wholly on the people's side in this issue. Early today, when he finally passed the 21st amendment, our great president declared "What America needs now is a drink," and I couldn't agree with him more. ☺

news of 1933

Extra Extra! prohibition has finally ended



December 5, 1933
by jonathanfranqui

That is right my fellow Americans, no longer will you have to seek high and low to find your fix for Hooch or your favorite giggle juice as Utah has passed the 21st Amendment and ended prohibition in our great country! Every babe, scrub, and average Joe with a few checkers is high tailing it to the nearest gin mill and throwing their heads back in unanimous drunk gaiety. One must be careful, though, as all those young dames out there are just looking for an opportunity to do a spot of gold digging and all the young fellows seem to be on the prowl with mickeys at hand. Even the widely despised G-men are enjoying the festivities at their local bars.

I cannot remember the last time the

streets have been so alive with meat wagons carrying people away from the various windings which have been going strong for several hours now. The raw energy of the city has caused even the most civil maidens to shed their pure nature and make whoopee in the midst of the festivities. Scat Singers and Skin ticklers are making their way out of the wood-

work to set up on the side of the road to make sure the ample supply of inhibited music will keep the party raging onward. It is quite the spectacle to behold, truly uniting moment of this country's history were people do not see their difference, but only the booze which is being poured out endlessly.

news of 1949

stick it in a can: our future with aerosol

April 5, 1949

by gregfrancesc

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

news of 1934

french invasion:

April 3, 1934

a review of mr. lacoste's new tennis shirt

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

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

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

dile" in a land full of frogs. The nickname originates from a bet he had with his team captain on whether he would win a match.

Mr. Lacoste did in fact win, and in so doing, won a crocodile (or alligator) skin bag. Understandably, this was an interesting event, but still an odd choice. If I was to win a bet on a polo match, I would not start a shirt company and name it "Polo," nor if I won a pet eagle in a bet would I ever name my clothing company "American Eagle." Clearly, Mr. Lacoste is not terribly clever.

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

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news of: 1963

Doors Open on Patrick Gymnasium

by emilyarnow

August 27, 1963

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

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

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

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

tunes of: 1967

"Sgt. Pepper" a little too spicy

by sarahmoylan

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

Sgt. Pepper is apparently supposed to be some sort of a concept album (?); in other words, it is supposed to tell a story. The album is filled with a strange array of fictional characters like "Sgt. Pepper," "Lucy," and "Lovely Rita." The Beatles haven't gotten the memo that silly characters like these are supposed to be in books, not rock albums!

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

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

tunes of: 1989

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

by jeremyklein

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

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

news of: 1968

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

by calebdemers

May 13th, 1968

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

Yes, it is time to rekindle our hatred for the Communist party. It is time to regain our stance as the most powerful and most successful political ideology in all of history. And the only way to even begin to think of doing this is to overthrow the Communist Guerrillas of the Vietcong. In this critical hour of our country's occupation of Vietnam, we need every citizen's full support of our conquest. Vietnam is the first crack in the dam of our destruction. But if we act, and act fast, we can fix this problem with Marines as our engineers, and bombs as our cement.

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

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

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

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

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

This pair is bound to have numerous awards come their

rubbish

I want thee so bad

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

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

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

White lace drapes sweetly o'er thy bosom fair, An angel's voice escapes from rouged lips And asks, "To my boudoir - thou wouldst come there?" No part of my being can't thee resist.

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

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

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

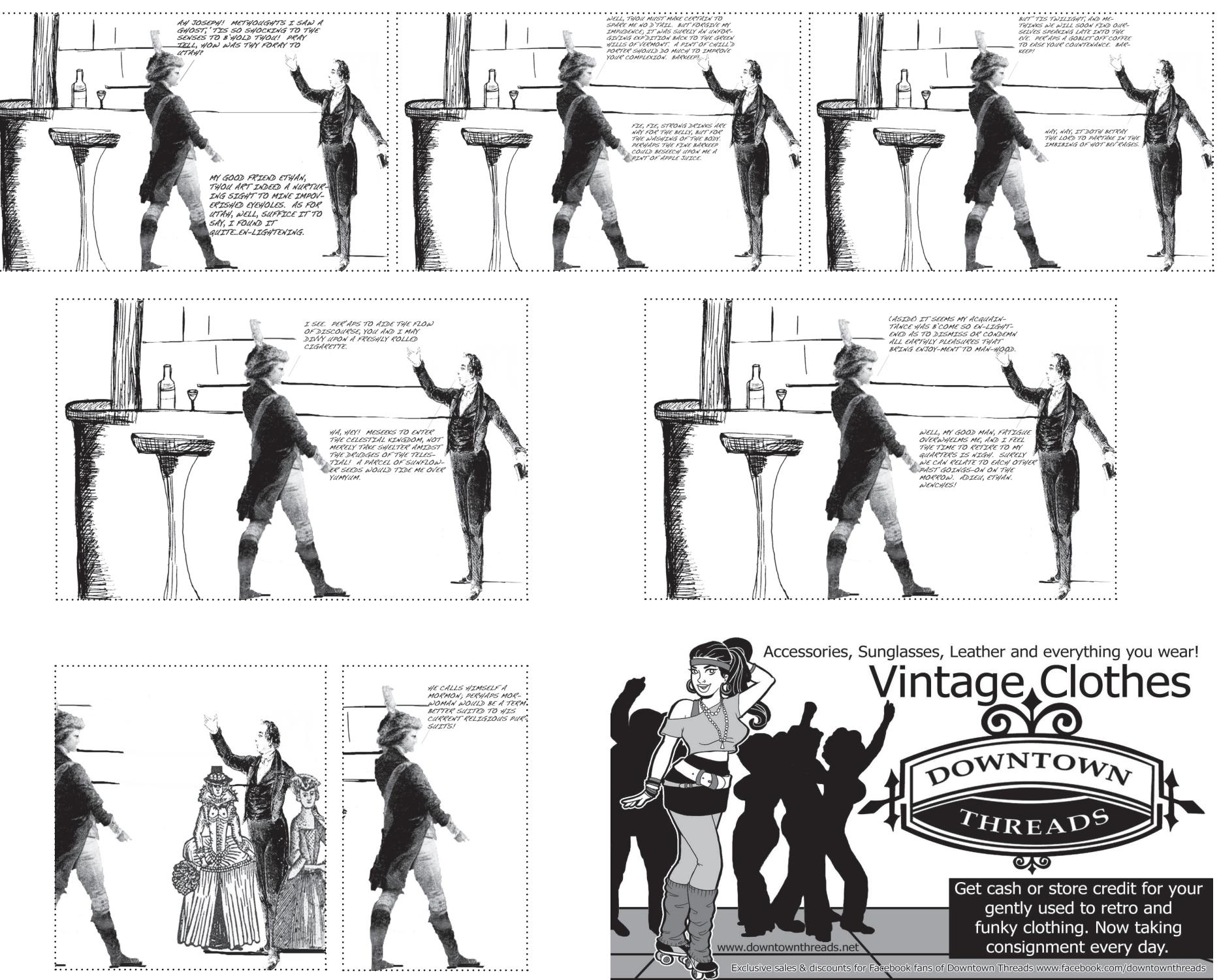
I'm reduced to a cold stone in the ground: Hopless, voice flattened, my eyes on the floor, But when you, unbidden, still come around I feel something stir under the deep sore.

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

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

cat syttere

by drewdiemar
illustrations by vanessadenino



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