

the water tower.

uvm's alternative newsmag



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capitalism versus conservation: the alberta tar sands

by zackpensak



ben berrick

Last Thursday in the Davis Center's Silver Maple Ballroom, UVM held its annual spring lecture. This year's speaker was Clayton Thomas-Muller, a member of the Mathias Colomb Cree Nation of Northern Manitoba, Canada. Thomas-Muller is a leader in the fight against the development of the tar sands of northern Alberta, currently one of the most contentious issues in the environmental movement. These tar sands are extremely volatile underground natural resources that require undergoing huge amounts of processing to be converted into usable fuel. When processed, they produce a large amount of toxic waste that is dumped in waiting pools: pools that fill up very quickly—due the high amount of waste—and leak into natural water sources like nearby rivers and lakes. Thomas-Muller is a co-director of the Indigenous Tar Sands Campaign and has travelled around the world leading Indigenous delegations to lobby multiple United Nations bodies.

He began his talk with a very bold statement: capitalism in North America is at the center of the problems surrounding the tar sands. Thomas-Muller went on to describe how massive oil companies including Shell and BP are exploiting Canada's capitalistic system. He claimed that, "Stephen Harper's government is pretty much in the pocket of big oil." In the attempt to try to provide constant stimulus for the Canadian economy, Harper (cur-

rent prime minister of Canada) has allowed the mega-rich oil companies to dictate how the country should be run. The outrage from Thomas-Muller and countless other Canadians stems from Harper putting the well-being of the energy industry above that of not only all other industries in the country, but above the well-being of the Canadian people themselves.

The main piece of legislation being protested by the First Nation people of Canada is Bill C-45, which amended the Fisheries Act, the Canadian Environmental Protection Act, the Navigable Waters Protection Act and the Canada Labour Code. The bill removed virtually all protection of water ecosystems in Canada and companies are no longer required to provide any proof of a lack of damage by their planned projects on crossed waterways. The changes put forth by the signing of the bill were originally suggested to Harper in a mid-2012 letter from associations representing the petroleum, gas and pipeline industry (*The Huffington Post*, 2013). The administration's willingness to immediately adhere to the wishes of this industry fuels Thomas-Muller's firm opinion that Prime Minister Harper needs to be removed from his position of power in the upcoming 2015 elections.

The people most directly affected by the Alberta Tar Sands are those living in the area surrounding the mining operation. One specific group of people that are

the focus of media attention are the First Nation people living in Fort Chipewyan, a community several hundred kilometers downriver from the oil sands. The people of Fort Chip have seen horrifyingly high rates of cancer over the past few years, with Thomas-Muller stating that the current rates are 30% higher than the norm for a population of its size. The cancer is thought to be coming from multiple sources: the air they breathe, the water they drink, and the food they eat. The people of the area rely on hunting for their main source of food, and unfortunately for them, the fish and other wild animals have been directly poisoned by drinking and living in the affected water. Thomas-Muller said that despite the obvious health problems involved with continuing to eat wild animals, the Fort Chipewyan residents have no other option. There is only one supermarket in the area and due to its regional monopoly, it has jacked its prices up so high that the people of the area simply cannot afford to buy the products.

After telling the audience about the paradox of the First Nation people's food situation, Thomas-Muller became overcome with nerves, seeming very shaken up by what he had been saying over the past ten or so minutes. He had a brief bout of anxiety, then after calming down took a minute to apologize and attempt to regain

...read the rest on page 3

of viruses and virtues:
why you should

vaccinate your kids

by colinwalker

The overwhelming collective experience of the scientific community will tell you that vaccinations are a good thing. Vaccinations familiarize the body to a weak form of an illness so that when a stronger form of that illness comes along, your body has already figured out what tactics to use to destroy the bug before it can even act all big and tough. The only potential harm of vaccinations comes from the body's initial reaction, but generally we're all in a healthy state before a doctor administers the dosage. If you're not healthy, then speak up about it. However, to be more certain that their products won't do any harm, the producers of vaccinations (constantly monitored by officials from the FDA and CDC) typically use DEAD versions of the strain. These strains are basically disabled from doing anything but acting like a limp corpse for your immune system to look at and memorize.

Anyone with a few early-level science lessons under their belt knows that correlation does not prove causation. But, it is not only that vaccinations don't cause autism, the two don't even correlate. There are two main reasons that it appears to be a connection between autism and vaccines. 1) Most of the population gets vaccinated very young for protection and every now and then an autistic baby is born. 2) The autism spectrum disorder only started gaining consideration and attention when the scientific community began delving deeper into the microbial world.

Now, I realize that the matter mostly comes down to the trust of the medical community. I understand nowadays, since we decided to make a healthcare system with parasitic insurance companies, that everything is typically directed toward making profits. Pharmaceutical companies sell medical curatives to you at an expensive rate; doctors get a slice when you use their notepad at the pharmacy; a glance at your insurance card can determine whether or not you'll get that heart transplant and have enough to buy a sandwich after. Yeah, I'm not a fan of our medical system either, but please realize that vaccinations are one of the few things we got right. Sure, we don't all need to get vaccinated against everything, and we should look into what's best, but at the same time the ones doctors recommend are most often worth getting.

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the best news team inbox in the universe.



Dear **water tower**,

While I titled this "Letter to the Eds," I believe I mean to write a letter to all of you at **the water tower**. I sincerely want to thank all of you for the immense dedication you obviously have not only to your amazing magazine; not only to your fans, who, like myself, wait for endless days for Tuesdays; but to your craft and your passions. I often do not feel enough of such burning passion that, in the face of the wind and rain of adversity, refuses to be put out, refuses to smolder and die out in a whimpering wisp of smoke. Keep the flame burning. Without you, what other wonderful paper would we have to read on campus? And more importantly, how would we know if someone wants us so bad?

-Duncan Gamble

Dear **duncan**,

Well, shucks, we're blushing! But really, readers like you are exactly what keeps us going. We work pretty hard to give this to you guys each week (despite the hell of a rollercoaster this year has been), and we're just as grateful for your smoldering passion as you are for ours. Thanks for being there for us, dude. We want you all so, so bad.

Much love,
the water tower.

*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 shit list with katjaritchie

Today's Tax Day: So that kinda blows. I wish I had a more responsible-adult perspective on the hellish number-crunching I hear is involved, but I only started making enough money to actually be taxed on it this year (three cheers for paying babysitters under the table!).

This Tweet by @uvmproblems: "Every girl on campus going on about how much they love BJ's, ask them on a Saturday night and they have another tone. #FreeConeDay #context" I...I don't...okay. Whatever.

The Dark Side to Springtime: First of all, 50 degrees and partly cloudy does not shorts-weather make, which is pretty disappointing. I don't think I'm alone in the conundrum of being unable to find a middle-ground between Eskimo-status winter wear and wanting to go outside in a bikini. The only problem with that (other than dealing with the fact that I need to take baby steps with light jackets and continuing to wear pants) is that, looming in my subconscious, is the reminder that I will soon need to face the reality of regular leg-shaving and paleness that brings a whole new meaning to Snow White. ■

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the news in brief

with dannissim

"We don't want to take a step back in dealing with this problem and the sanctions that must be imposed."

- **Pope Francis** spoke out last week against priests who have sexually assaulted minors. He asked the Catholic for forgiveness while vowing to execute punishments against the guilty parties.

"Reports that NSA or any other part of the government were aware of the so-called Heartbleed vulnerability before 2014 are wrong."

- **NSA Director of National Intelligence James Clapper** cited in a statement that the organization had no prior knowledge of the Heartbleed vulnerability. This is all hard to believe considering the NSA's track record of truthful reporting.

"He doesn't even know how to pick up his milk bottle properly. How can he stone the police?"

- The **grandfather of accused murderer 9-month-old Muhammad Musa Khan**, spoke out against the murder charges levied against his grandson. The charges have been dropped, but I mean, come on man, 9 months old!

"The moans disturbed the peace in the condominium and the building's decorum."

-Italian news outlet **TGCom24** reported that an Italian man has been sentenced to six months in jail for having loud sex. One could say he is being punished for a crime of passion.

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join the wt.
New writers and artists are always welcome
Weekly meetings
Tuesdays at 7:30 pm
Williams Family Room
Davis Center - 4th Floor
Or send us an email

Our generation stands at a crossroads. With sincerity and humor, we strive to make you reexamine, investigate, question, learn, and maybe pee your pants along the way. We are the reason people can't wait for Tuesday. We are **the water tower.**

no, it's *my* island!

by coleburton

The simple truth about the disputes over islands in the South and East China Sea is that China wants to assert unilateral power in East Asia, forcing its authority and military might onto the surrounding nations to further develop its supply of natural resources. Many small atolls and shallow reef structures throughout the region can act as way stations for fishing boats or platforms for oil rigs; this is the key reason for contention over otherwise worthless scraps of land in the ocean.

Currently China is facing off against Japan, Taiwan, and just about every other country that feels they have a right to various strategically important islands in the South China and East China Seas. Chinese Coast Guard ships frequently face-off and threaten armed assault against other ships entering what they consider to be their waters, and the new tactic seems to be using mounted water cannons to deter such aggressive maneuvers, like Philippine fishermen moving into an isolated shoal to shelter from bad weather.

The worst part though, for anyone of draft age at least, is that the US recently decided to side with Japan in any future military conflicts over such islands—including the Senkaku chain that incites most Sino-Japanese problems in the East China Sea. Although this alliance shouldn't be that surprising since the wonderful Red, White, and Blue basically built up the Yamato state into the semi-militaristic powerhouse (filled with tens of thousands of American troops) that it is today.

All, of course, after the Occupation authority originally placed Article 9 into the constitution, a pacifist clause ostensibly meant to prevent Japan from becoming militaristic once again—although, all that went out the window with the spread of communism into China in 1949. After this monumental occurrence, the Americans needed a bulwark buffer-state in East Asia and placed into power the crony conservative Liberal Democratic Party that would protect their interests. The party has been in power in just about every election cycle since, and many of them now want to rewrite Article 9. To do so would remove a cornerstone of Japan's post-war identity and ultimately make it easier for a war to break out in East Asia.

Anyway, if you want to read up more about the islands or Article 9, it isn't very hard to find some relatively reliable news outlets giving specific details of why Asian nations remain embroiled in conflicts

over a few uninhabitable islands (hint: it's oil!). But I will give you the lowdown on why this issue is so important to the entire world.

The United States is undoubtedly the global hegemonic powerhouse of the world, and has been since the end of WWII, displacing the British. Although, since the idiocy that was the Vietnam War and the various asinine conflicts since, we have been on the downturn. Guess who's on the upswing? It's China!

Furthermore, any global hegemony in the modern era never gave up its undeniable seat without a

act year after year, rivaling the second most military-minded nation, Russia—who also seems to enjoy taunting the West in recent months. (By the way, if it wasn't obvious, the US is the largest military spender by far every year.)

Without a doubt, China wants to compete with American power; copying the F-35 Stealth Jet, creating animations of ICBMs striking what appear to be American cities, and constructing mobile missile launch stations that expressly hold a range long enough to strike any American military base in Ja-



julianna roen

war intervening and shifting the normal state of affairs. This isn't to say that we will outrightly fight China, but with the current trend around East Asia that outcome seems likely to me (or maybe I would just enjoy something interesting happening for once).

Some evidence for this hypothesis includes the incredible military build-up China continues to en-

pan. I could be wrong about all of this, but you never know. The conflicts over the Senkaku Islands and other groups in the seas around China could just be the first step to World War III. ■

TAR SANDS -continued from pg 1

his composure. He stepped out from behind the podium, took off his sweatshirt, and continued his speech, now pacing left and right along the front of the stage. It was evident that even speaking about the tar sands issues was making him extremely emotional.

After repeatedly emphasizing the challenges being faced by the First Nation people of Canada, and the shocking unwillingness of both the provincial government of Alberta and the federal government of Canada to do anything to help the people, the lecture began to shift in a more positive direction. According to Thomas-Muller, the hope for the future lies in the power of grassroots organizations. Multiple times he mentioned the Idle No More movement, whose mission statement is, "Idle No More calls on all people to join in a revolution which honors and fulfills Indigenous sovereignty

which protects the land and water." Over 125,000 people are members of the movement's Facebook page, and Thomas-Muller says the participation by non-First Nation people has significantly increased over the past year.

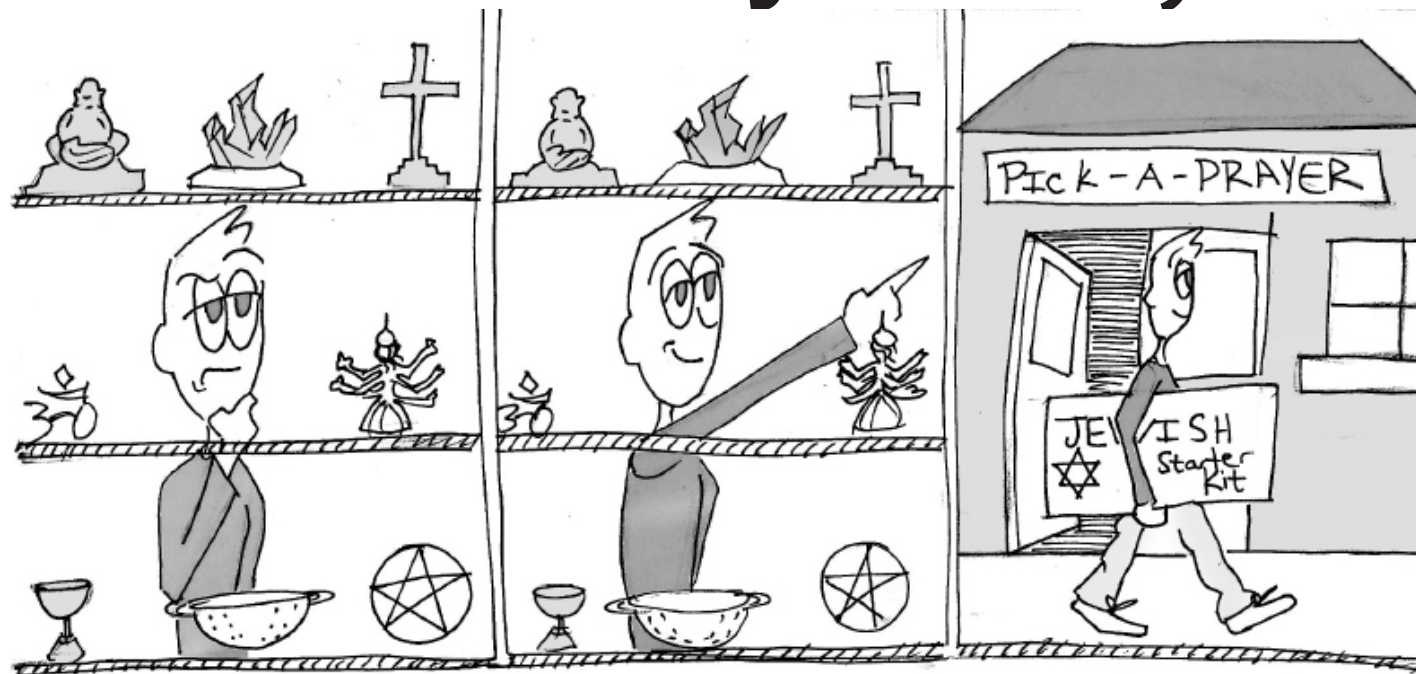
Many members of Idle No More will be attending the People's Social Forum in Ottawa this fall, a gathering of hundreds of grassroots organizations to combine ideas and ways of creating social change across the country. Thomas-Muller put it bluntly when he said "this movement is the last chance for the people of Canada to protect their land, air, and water." The time to act is now, as the oil companies plan to soon begin work on more than the current 3% of accessed tar sands. It is vital that the people of Canada come together to fight the industry that is looking to destroy their country's land and resources for their own economic benefit. ■

around town

hey hillel:

do i have the jew for you

by mikaelawaters



barry guglielmo

We all have things that we wish we could change about ourselves. Some wish they were a little bit taller, and some wish they were a baller. Others yearn for blue eyes or lustrous hair, and many, perhaps, lament that they weren't gifted with higher intelligence or any cool talents. I, alas, am no different. I curse my family for bringing a child into such a situation. Damn the universe for shorting me in such a heinous way. I thirst for what I so miserably want, but so obviously lack. Good people of UVM, I want to be a Jew.

I grew up with a limited but familiar relationship with Judaism. I had a few Jewish friends, and I ate the Latkes provided at Hanukkah parties while singing the dreidel songs taught in my third grade class. Being Jewish seemed cool and all, but my general response to members of the tribe was, "I'm sorry you don't get to experience the wonders of Santa Claus." However, that all changed when I came to UVM and discovered the marvelous assembly that is Hillel.

My first interaction with Hillel was brief. Fleeting. Momentary. Powerful. Fateful. In the lobby of the first floor of the Davis Center, there they sat. Table stacked high with fluffy challah, chairs filled with ambassadors of

the chosen people. We locked eyes. Could it be? No. Was this challah for free? The answer was yes. The bread so delicious. The whole meeting, this day! Oh, so auspicious!

From that moment of initial contact, I kept my eyes peeled for these mythological bearers of braided, egg-laden bread. And, just as God appeared to Moses in the form of a burning bush, the affirmation of my destined relationship with the tribe came in the form of laser jet printed posters and signs all over campus. If you do not believe that posters can be a divine sign of a fated, impending covenant, then listen to this: last week UVMHillel followed me on twitter. Ya...

The glories of Hillel also opened my eyes to the other previously unseen benefits and joys of Judaism. Aside from the abundance of free food and food centric activities, my friend Rachel enlightened me as to the many other perks associated with tribe membership. Prominent among these being A) 'college connection': a program through her temple where they send her care packages for every holiday. B) 'J-Crush': a Tinder like smart phone application for Jewish users with the options of 'yes' or 'oy vey'.

Lots of free, delicious food, friendly people, care

packages, and a specialized tinder-esq application - If this is Judaism, then sign me up!

But alas, here I stand; a Catholic school graduate watching desperately as the Jews have all the fun. Perhaps it's my Sacred Heart Preparatory diploma or perhaps it's my inability to produce the proper throatiness when saying, "challah," but whatever the reason holding me back before, I refuse to let it stand between me and my destiny now. I was designed to be a Jew, if only for my love of free things and food, and refuse to hold it in or be excluded any longer.

If any member of Hillel or even any less active subscribers to the Jewish faith reads this, please accept my plea and let me join you. Allow me to recount stories of Moses and Abraham whilst feasting on Matzah and Brisket and basking in each other's glory. Allow me to sign up for J-Crush and say 'yay' or 'oy vey' to fellow members of the tribe. Allow me to live out the life I was destined for but that my Jewish grandfather so selfishly ruined by marrying my waspy grandma. Hillel: I'm a gentile, not part of the .257% percentile (the Wikipedia estimate of the percent of the world's population that is Jewish), but I want to be a part of you. Can I please, please be a Jew? ■

happy hour:

star trek: the original series

by rebeccalaurion

If you don't like Star Trek, get out of my face. That is all.

Take a drink:

- Bromantic moment between Kirk and Spock (minus the 'bro', let's be real here. "Amok Time," anyone?)
- Overacting
- Bad special effects
- Spock and/or McCoy are 500 percent done with Kirk's BS
- Uhura is a sassmaster
- Chekov talks about Russia
- Sulu interacts with a plant

Finish your drink:

- Kirk hooks up with someone
- Groundbreaking moment in TV history
- The crew is in trouble because of poor decision making (again) ■

one meal, one visit: trattoria delia

Where's it at?- 152 Saint Paul St., Burlington (essentially, a stone's throw from TD Bank)

by lauragreenwood

I'm pretty sure it took over ten times walking past Trattoria Delia before I ever even noticed the door. This is kind of the same experience I've had with Three Needs and RJ's, made elusive by bigger and brighter things to look at nearby. Once I caught a glimpse of the outside of Trattoria, I was curious about what was really going on behind that enchanting wooden door. I happened to look at the menu they had posted outside, which made it clear that whatever was behind those doors could not be afforded on my measly paycheck. And so the wait for the parents—that common theme—began...

My dad and I went to Trattoria Delia for a few reasons. Firstly, I was starved after a dance show and the prospect of pasta on pasta sounded fantastic. I'd also been recommended this restaurant by all my friends whose parents visited (and thus loved *sigh*) them more, who'd treated their praise-worthy offspring to a fancy schmancy Italian meal. However, above all, we were drawn to Trattoria because they were still serving food until 10pm on a weekend night. There's not many high-quality restaurants in Burlington that serve this late, which I think was a smart move by Trattoria.

Sadly, I'm trying to exactly recall everything I ate at Trattoria and I'm at a bit of a loss. I know my father and I scarfed down free bread. Then, we went HAM on the Insalata Mista and split the Orecchiette con Melanzane, I believe. We were so hungry that really anything would have tasted good, which is why I don't think I exactly remember how the food tasted. Take that as you will, but I would have remembered if the meal had sucked (i.e. our regrettable outing to Vermont Pub and Brewery). What I really want to commend Trattoria for is their atmosphere and service. Turns out behind the wooden door is a cozy, tavern-like dining area softly lit with candles; an entirely wood and stone interior that is both rustic and refined. We joked as we entered about the tiny little two-person table immediately to the right of the entrance which had to be the proposal table, but the entire dining area was arranged with intimate closeness to your fellow diners.

The setting felt a little too sophisticated for our close to midnight state of starvation and the unshowered, sweat-trodden dance attire I was in, but the servers made us feel right at home. We were sat amazingly at 9:45pm, despite that in the kitchen world it is a sin to ask for ser-



mariefallon-brown

vice that close to closing. There was witty banter about the GIANT bottle behind our table containing a quantity of wine that even intimidated my wine-oholic father. Everyone there was so polite, accommodating, and eager to join in the usual witty banter us Greenwoods do at restaurants. And we must have made an impression, because alongside the mocha and coffee we ordered to cap the meal off, our waitress unexpectedly brought us a free sampling of the night's in-house gelato.

So, I would recommend Trattoria Delia but with the warning that the place stands on the end of more fine-dining in Burlington. For a date, you'll be cozied up nice and close, but realize your conversation is within earshot of practically everyone else in the room. The menu has subheadings like Primi and Contorini which are absolute gibberish to non-Italians, but you are guaranteed to get some high-end Italian food. I am turned off by the prices personally, but if you're into being treated and dining like a medieval Machiavellian prince, Trattoria Delia is the perfect spot for all your Italian cravings. ■

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NEW ENGLAND CONFERENCE
CHAMPIONS

UVM VS **Dartmouth
Men's Club
Lacrosse**

VIRTUE FIELD
SAT. APRIL 19
5:00PM

5

reflections.

a cute game for nice kids

by leonardbartenstein

Do you play video games? The answer is that is “probably.” Whether it’s *GTA V* or *Call of Duty* or Flappy Bird, most people play video games of some sort. Every once in a while a video game will come along that will totally revolutionize the way that people think about gaming. The latest of these such technological masterpieces is Goat Simulator, released April 1 on Steam for PC and Mac.

Developed by Coffee Stain Studios, this game was originally conceived to test a new physics engine, but exploded on Steam’s Workshop online and was soon released as its own game. The game has simple, straightforward controls with no actual story. It features many bugs and glitches intentionally left in the game to make it funnier to play, such as when you climb a ladder and your head bonks like a ragdoll off of every rung.

When playing as a goat, you spawn in a small yard with some things to kick around. You can leave the yard only by kicking down the fence, and from there, the world is yours to invite chaos upon. You can run around the map and do whatever it is that your goat-self wants, to gain points and achievements. One such achievement is to get into an anti-gravity testing facility by jumping a fence, which is titled “Fuck the Police.” Another comes when you blow up the gas station, causing the largest possible explosion in the game, resulting in the achievement title “Michael Bay.”

In this game, it is also possible to play a mini game, “Flappy Goat,” go on a waterslide, transport to another dimension to be crowned the Goat Queen, perform a satanic ritual, use a jetpack, and jump on trampolines. What at first seems like a dumb waste of time soon



Something else very fun about Goat Simulator is that it is open for modifications through Steam. This means

that anyone can go in and create new power-ups, skins, or maps for the game that anyone else can download for free. For example, I recently downloaded a skin that allows me to play the game as Shrek, which makes the whole thing even more interesting. It’s all just good fun.

In addition to the rest of all of this, the Goat Simulator has excellent social commentary. To begin with, you play as a female goat, and it is great to see a non-white female protagonist in a video game these days. It shows the way in which women have to rise up against the human patriarchy that continually holds down women and goats.

I took it to the streets to find out what other people who play the game had to say about it. First year Jay Rodrigues, when asked what he thought about the game, simply replied: “Waste of time and money, 0/10 would not play.” After that stellar review, I asked around a bit more and found Scott Quisenberry, another first year, who told me about how Goat Simulator was now an important part of his life: “It’s changed my view on life; now I know that I want to one day be a goat.”

So if you’re looking for a fun game to play that doesn’t involve the stress of beating levels or advancing story; if you’re looking for a game where you can just wreck things, then Goat Simulator is for you. Personally, it has ensured hours of fun for me, and I hear rumors around the internet that soon there will be an update that will add even more great goat features to the game! Goat Simulator is available on Steam for instant download for \$9.99. And trust me, you might want to download it right now.

Don’t miss out on this one, kids. ■

yin yefko

my golden birthday: turning 19 on the 19th

by katelynpine

For as long as I can remember, I have whole-heartedly believed that my nineteenth birthday will be the greatest one I live to see. Maybe because I always felt like this was going to be a good year, but mostly because it’s the year of my golden birthday, or the birthday in which you turn the same age as the day you were born. So this year, on April 19th (or this Saturday, if you haven’t looked at a calendar), will be the day all my dreams finally come true. I know that the age is nothing spectacular—old enough to buy cigarettes and lottery tickets but not to fill a kitchen pantry with a plethora of vodkas and wines. However, this fact has not deterred me from keeping my dream alive. My one and only golden birthday will put all others to shame. Friends and readers alike, take notes, as I divulge in the birthday plans I’ve had since I was six. (Side note—these plans have been edited many, many times.)

Keeping with my trend of going to bed early, I plan on hitting the hay before the eighteenth turns into the nineteenth. I know what you’re all thinking, Lame! But in my defense, it’s because I plan on waking up at what many consider to be the unholy hour of six o’clock in the morning. Unlike other mornings, where I slowly and grudgingly remove my body from between the sheets, this morning, I plan on having the powers of birthday motivation by my side when I literally jump off my bed. I’ll check my Facebook for the hundreds of birthday notifications that will have probably flowed in overnight, and then I’ll answer my many birthday texts.

The fun will start around 11:30am, when my friends and I get brunch at a hotel downtown. Traditionally, I’d go the next day, Easter; however, this is a special occasion, and honestly, one can never have too much brunch. After stuffing my stomach with enough eggs, toast, and fruit to feed a small village, I’ll be sure to take some time to not only let the food settle, but also to reflect on my life thus far. Once I’m done with an obligatory look back, it’ll be time to get the ball rolling. I’ll start with a little retail therapy at some of my favorite shopping spots. Next, my friends and I will hop in someone’s car and drive back home, while I stick the upper half of my body out of the sunroof, creating a makeshift parade. I fully expect passerby to throw flowers and presents my way. When my parade through Burlington is over, it’ll be time to open the presents my friends and family have sent my way. Thanks for the new skis Dad! Clothes from Mum—sweet! I got a check from Grandma? I love it! Receiving love from other people in the form of physical objects I desire is one of my favorite activities ever! And what’s a birthday without a little consumerism?

By now, it’s probably started to get close to dinnertime, meaning another trip downtown to eat again. All I want for my birthday is a good steak and chocolate

milk, and what I want is what I’ll get. When I’m done adding an extra five pounds to my person, it’ll finally be time to party ‘til the break of dawn. Because my birthday is smack-dab between two holy holidays this year, I’m sure to have Jesus’ blessing with all the antics I’ll be sure to get up to in the final hours of my birthday celebration. Who knows? Maybe Jesus will finally set foot on Earth again with a birthday present for me by his side. When I wake up Easter morning, I’m sure to have nothing but good

by katjaritchie

I’m sure I would have spent more time contemplating the wonder that was my golden birthday—meaning the celebration of turning 19 on April 19th two years ago—if, by nine PM on that fated day, I wasn’t chasing tequila from the bottle with a juice box, with a plastic “1” and “9” stuck to my face.

Perhaps some of the more world-weary among you will feel pangs of nostalgia and post-traumatic stress when I

tional turmoil and a nasty Bacardi habit to make you elliptical all your feelings away! On the other hand, my relationship status was like clattering-down-Mount-Everest-in-a-covered-wagon *rocky*, which left my friend-making process somewhat hindered. I was, in the purest and simplest form, a card-carrying passenger on the Hot Mess Express.

Early on in my first college-birthday experience, I found out that it’s, like, *really* easy to get drunk on your birthday. Those pseudo-friends you know from class or living on the same hall are all, “OMG, I had *no* idea, we have to do a shot together!” Thus, my evening commenced around 8 o’clock with one such acquaintance offering a double-shot of Kraken. And another. Soon, the tequila and juice box were in the mix and I had a plastic “19” on my cheek.

The group currently crammed into someone’s suite gradually came to the realization that if it was 11:30pm on April 19th, it was going to be April 20th, like, *really* soon. We hurriedly staggered across Athletic Campus to the amphitheater, where, seemingly, the entire underclass of UVM was already congregated in preparation for the coming “holiday.” It was easy to join pretty much any circle I wanted by shouting that I was the birthday girl, so join them I did. It was at this point that I caught wind of some dude I vaguely knew of who thought I was vaguely cute and vaguely pieced it together that birthday + sex = definitely a thing that people do sometimes. His roommate had moved out, rendering his double room a single, which he had dubbed a “dingle.” Overcome by the utter convenience of the situation, we decided the nightcap was absolutely a great and foolproof idea.

I was awoken the next morning by the rays of springtime sun gently coaxing me towards a hungover state of consciousness. A rookie to morning-after etiquette, I made small talk and was offered to share a refreshing shower in the dingle bathroom. Judging by the boxers scattered on the tile floor and the sink coated in a light film of boy-grime, I declined, really craving some me-time by that point and deciding that washing the sweat and sin from my body should be a solo activity. He wordlessly went into the shower anyway, which I took as my chivalrous cue to return to my room, the ruthless sunshine beaming down on my newly-nineteen-year-old face. ■



marilyn mora

memories tucked away in the back of my mind as I go to church in hopes God will forgive all the sins I committed in the last 24 hours (sorry Jesus, I need a final opinion from your father).

Birthdays are a blast, no matter when or where they are. I’m incredibly lucky to be spending my golden birthday with a golden bunch of crazy people I call my friends. Presents and food are cool, but when it comes down to it, the things I’ll appreciate the most when I’m 115 and on my deathbed (which will surely be floating by this point in the future) will be the memories I make on the most golden day of the year every year. ■

say that freshman year was not the most mentally-sound period of my life. Grades? Great; I was in the prime of my Honors College days, tearing around the posh floors of UHeights North, from whose walls I would later drunkenly peel the room-number digits to stick onto my face. Physical fitness? Super; nothing like emo-

VACCINATION -continued from pg 1

At the end of the day, no matter how much of a quack your doctor may be, the one thing inside of them that made he/she want to become a doctor in the first place was to help you. Your doctor will not intentionally do you harm by prescribing vaccines. Vaccines are something heralded and respected. There aren’t too many of them because the science is difficult to pin down, but when vaccines are confirmed to work in some capacity, they are celebrated in the scientific community.

Though innovators and geniuses of the scientific world such as Neil Degrasse Tyson or Laurie Garrett certainly do not conjure up the cultural excitement surrounding likes of Jenny McCarthy and Kristin Cavallari – yeah, I catch some culture, not that Jenny McCarthy is really culture anymore, or even Cavallari for that matter... *Laguna*, anyone?—it is important to acknowledge there beneficial contribution to society. Vaccines are one of the scientific discoveries which has really made a difference in the world today.

If you’re not convinced about getting yourself vaccinated, feel free to

look into the science behind the vaccine and then ponder the viruses you could get without it. A quick peek at something like the measles on Google should give you some motivation, whether it’s due to fear, disgust, or a mixture of the two. So to wrap up:

- Virus = Bad
- Vaccine = Good
- Insurance Companies = Parasites
- Scientists/Doctors= Boss
- Cavallari = So Yesterday ■

highlight reel.

twoconn:

feelin' the *husky pride*

by maggiesullivan

As a Connecticut native, and honorary UConn student for the week (no offense UVM, but your athletics are lacking), I am proud to say that we've done it again! The UConn Women's basketball team has won its ninth national championship, which, might I add, is record breaking, and the UConn Men's team has won its fourth. Storrs, Connecticut, ladies and gentlemen, is officially the College Basketball Capital of the World! Now, if you're from Connecticut, you obviously didn't miss the games because that would be a sin, but for the rest of you, here is a brief synopsis of what happened.

The UConn Men rose from their deathbed, played some solid nail-biting basketball, beat Kentucky in the final game by a score of 60-54, and surprised the hell out of everyone. The UConn Women went undefeated this

season for the fifth time, and even though I thought they were going to get slaughtered by Notre Dame, they came out on top in a relatively unexciting game by a score of 79-58. If you'd like more insight and technical terminology, I suggest catching the never-ending highlights on ESPN.

That having been said, I so deeply wish I went to UConn. The parties, the celebrations, the riots! The energy pulsing through UConn's campus is incredible from what my friends and family tell me... all amidst the rolling hills and cow pastures. Hmm, maybe it is a good thing I ended up at UVM. However, it doesn't take away from the fact that what those teams have accomplished is unreal. Ten years ago, both the Men's and Women's teams won the national titles (Diana Taurasi and Emeka Okafor,

I will always idolize you both), and here they are again, proving that their programs are a force to be reckoned with. Since 1995, the Women have won nine national championships and maintained a special place in my heart. Geno Auriemma, playing for you will always be my ultimate dream in life. The Men won three national titles since 1999 with Jim Calhoun, and Kevin Ollie has picked up right where he left off. I guess what I'm trying to say here is that if you haven't noticed, UConn is busy creating two basketball dynasties. So next season, keep your eyes peeled, and be sure to have UConn going all the way in your brackets. ■

sneak preview: nhl playoffs

by mikestorace

The NHL playoffs are upon us, so let the second season begin! Lust for the cup has emerged in all that follow and play the sport. The NHL playoffs are arguably the best playoff system of any sport due to the pure intensity. It takes a really complete team to make it through 4 rounds of best of seven games. It takes a tough and intense team, and it takes a team with the raw skill to put goals in the net when they are needed the most. Let the quest for the cup begin, and may the best team take home the glory.

Western Conference

St. Louis Blues

This is the year for the Blues. They just made a trade that brought Ryan Miller to St. Louis, and they are a complete team of offense and defense. Led by forwards David Backes, T.J. "Shootout King" Oshie, Alexander Steen, and defensemen Alex Pietrangelo, the Blues are poised to make a deep playoff run. Here's a fun fact: Oshie has scored 9 goals on 12 shootout attempts this season. That's a pretty impressive stat; too bad such trivial matters don't determine the results of playoff games.

Chicago Blackhawks

The defending Stanley Cup Champions approach the Playoffs with some hesitation. Studs Patrick Kane and Jonathon Toews have missed out on the end of the season, and the 'hawks have stumbled into the playoffs. I'm sure they are saving themselves, and I am confident in their abilities as a team. However, it is incredibly difficult to win the Cup two years in a row.

Colorado Avalanche

Patrick Roy has inspired a long-lost greatness in Avalanche this season. Unfortunately, their leading scorer, and all-around playmaker, Matt Duchene, has gone down with an injury that will force him to miss at least the first round of the playoffs. The Avalanche will look to other goal scorers, like Rookie Calder Trophy favorite Nathan MacKinnon, to increase their productivity in his absence.

Anaheim Ducks

The Ducks are rock solid on all fronts. They have the massive goal-scoring presences of Corey Perry and Ryan Getzlaf, as well as the veteran presence of Teemu Selanne. The Ducks are coming off one of their most successful regular seasons in franchise history and are looking to continue this success into the playoffs.

San Jose Sharks

The Sharks franchise has never made a Stanley Cup appearance. That's right, Joe "Big Bird" Thornton and company are looking to establish some legitimacy in San Jose. The Sharks are an all-around tough team that is built to make a deep run in the playoffs.

Los Angeles Kings

The Kings have proven that they are capable of making deep runs into the playoffs. Remember, they brought home the cup in 2012. Look to Dustin Brown, Drew Doughty, Anze Kopitar, Mike Richards, and Jeff Carter to lead the charge.

Eastern Conference

Boston Bruins

The Bruins ended the season on a roll, as they streaked through the month of March with a 15-1-1 record. Patrice Bergeron has proved that he is worth the hefty paycheck that has insured he will stay in Boston for the remainder of his career, and Tuukka Rask has had another Veniza Trophy (the award for best goalkeeper) quality season. Due to the stellar end to this season, the Bruins have fought their way to first place in the East-

Montreal Canadiens

The Canadiens are interesting team filled with highly skilled players. Carey Price is having a really solid year in net, and the franchise made a great trade to acquire Thomas Vanek. The Canadiens can blow any team out, thanks to the flurry of goals by Max Pacioretty, David Desharnais, and Tomas Plekanec.

Pittsburgh Penguins

The Penguins are a team based on raw talent and pure scoring ability. Just look at Evangi Malkin, Sidney Crosby, and Kris Letang. The success of this team in the playoffs will be based upon their defensive ability rather than their scoring potential. The other deciding factor for the Penguins is their goalkeeper, Marc-Andre Fleury. Without Tomas Vokoun as a backup, all the pressure in the playoffs will be hoisted upon Fleury's shoulders. Penguin fans have reason to doubt his abilities.

Detroit Red Wings

The Red Wings are an incredibly dangerous team that is capable of beating anyone in a seven game series. Mike Babcock is a great coach who has been at the helm of the Wings for 9 seasons. The Red Wings have been plagued by injuries, as leaders Pavel Datsyuk, Henrik Zetterberg, Daniel Alfredson, Justin Abdelkader, and Todd Bertuzzi have all missed significant chunks of the season down the stretch. Regardless, the Red Wings have locked up their 23rd straight playoff appearance, the longest active playoff streak in sports.

Tampa Bay Lightning

Steven Stamkos may just be the best pure scorer in the NHL, and he is looking forward towards lifting his first Stanley Cup. I have some anxiety about the Lightning making a deep run, because of the unclear status of their goalie. Ben Bishop got seriously injured at the end of the season, and it is uncertain whether or not he will play in the playoffs. Bishop has been a solid foundation in goal this year, and has placed himself as a frontrunner for the Vezina Trophy. Without his presence, I'm not sure if the Lightning will have much of a chance.

The Philadelphia Flyers

The Flyers have had a remarkable turnaround season. They started out with an abysmal 3-8 record in October, which spurred the firing of their coach, Peter Laviolette. Craib Berube, his replacement inspired a new reign of excellence, as the Flyers have made it into the playoffs thanks to the scoring talents of Claude Giroux, Scott Hartnell, Wayne Simmonds, and Vincent Lecavalier.

New York Rangers

Long live King Lundqvist! Henrik may just be the best active goalie in the NHL. This legend makes the Rangers a playoff contender. Unfortunately, he has never won a Stanley Cup. As he approaches his mid-thirties, the Rangers must seize the present to help him finally lift the Cup he deserves. ■

trash.



the ear

i want you so bad

someone on campus catch your eye?
couldn't get a name?
submit your love anonymously

uvm.edu/~watertower/iwysb.html

You're on the men's hockey team and I think you're pretty cute,
When I see you around I picture you in your birthday suit.
You're not the tallest player, but your muscles get me hot,
And though I know that writing this is probably a long shot:
I just wanted to tell you that I'd really like to meet,
I really hope you're single and if you're not, I hope you'll cheat.
Though this is anonymous, you'll probably know it's me
So I'm just gonna say it: get at me H.T.
When: Not often enough
Where: My fantasies
I saw: A captain
I am: Dying to be your first mate

Those big blue eyes,
That long, brown hair,
To you, my sweet, no one can compare.
When you rap like Busta it makes me quiver,
When you walk by me in the halls, I can't help but shiver.
You probably don't like me because I am white,
If you'll give me a chance, I know we'd be just right.
The next time I see you I'm going to be bold,
My feelings for you can no longer be controlled.
This is your warning: I'm coming for you!
I want you so bad, and I hope you want me too
When: Revenge night
Where: Downtown
I saw: a Kalkin queen
I am: a troll

There is so much I'd like to say,
But really 'thank you,' is all I mean.
To my sassy salsa dancer,
You and I can share the lead.
You were my brand new mentor.
Someone with clear new eyes.
To see some sort of different me
A higher setting in the skies.
But you see, I fell for you,
Just like all those silly guys.
Am I really any different?
Is my gender a surprise?
Listen lovely lotus,
I mean no cause of worry,
I have very few intentions
I just want you to know my story.
You're a light on my darker days,
One of my favorite inspirations,
Your smile is contagious,
Your warmth the safest haven.
But I don't want my fun time to end
Because of any heartfelt crush,
I'd almost rather just be your friend,
Someone who you can really trust.
I didn't make you a valentine,
But here's a note to tie up these lines.
In case one day you look my way,
Just, "great stuff" is all you need to say.
When: TR
Where: Front and Center
I saw: A tidal wave
I am: A small fish in the sea

overheard a conversation in b-town?
was it hilarious? dumb? inspirational?
tell **the ear** and we'll print it

uvm.edu/~watertower/ear.html

Henderson's
Gent: Nah, that's my left hand, son. My right hand's for my penis.

A Large Auditorium
Professor to full class: It was known, even then, that shepherds were BAMFs.

Athletic Campus
Adventurous being: Like, come on. Take your dildo out of your fucking closet and put it up my ass. Harder. I've been saving it for you.

Outside E Building
Girl: I thought about going bra-less today but then I got cold.

L/L D 223
Wistful fellow: What if I was friends with Rihanna? Like, I'd just text her and be like "hey Rihanna, wanna come over tonight and watch Finding Nemo?" and she'd be like "yea sounds good, man."

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mac demarco *salad days*

by michaelstorace

Mac DeMarco recently released his second LP (long play) album, *Salad Days*, on April Fools' day. However, this new CD is no joke. This album has been continuously played, both on my computer and in my head, ever since the beginning of April. It cycles on repeat, and the tracks seem to meld together to form one continuous loop of twanging guitar and groovy noises. DeMarco is the king of catchy guitar riffs. Every single song contains a melody that undeniably makes you tap your feet and bob your head, and DeMarco owns the genre of leisure indie-rock. *Salad Days* will make the perfect sound for the summer of 2014, as it perfectly captures the leisure that I plan on exhibiting.

DeMarco certainly seems like a strange dude. He flaunts his gap tooth front and center. Every picture I've ever seen of him falls into three categories: either he's making a goofy smile with his eyes closed, he's smoking a cigarette, or he's making some funny face. Basically, Mac DeMarco is the ultimate man-child. He sings about adult topics, like love and solitude, but he acts like he's twelve years old. His unique sound reflects his demeanor, as it gives off a care-free attitude. The chillness that he exudes on his album is almost impossible to imitate. However, there are flashes of harshness on *Salad Days*. These moments prick the ears and keep the listener from believing that life is only composed of leisure. DeMarco seems to have endured the tests of life, however, he chooses to shake off what to some would be depressing experiences.

Mac's first feature length album, *2*, made some splashes in the music world. *Pitchfork* adores DeMarco the man-child and even dubbed him the "Goofball Prince of In-

die Rock." I wouldn't go that far, but DeMarco certainly deserves the praise bestowed upon him. Both albums are great pieces of music and should be listened to on repeat until the end of time.

Salad Days is a short album. Most of the songs are less than three minutes, and the whole thing chimes in at a runtime of only 35 minutes. The brevity of this album is a miracle in today's musical world. I personally enjoy listening to albums from start to finish; however the extended length of some CDs can create some serious strain on my ears. For this reason I rejoice and give thanks to *Salad Days*. Although DeMarco's sound can seem repetitive at times, the album speeds by. It ends before I even realize that eleven tracks have been played, and I start right back at the beginning for another round of leisure.

Upon first listen, both *2* and *Salad Days* seem to sound very similar. Both feature twangy riffs permeated with DeMarco's carefree voice. However, upon a closer examination, *Salad Days* chooses some stylistically different approaches than its predecessor. It relies less upon up-beat moments of intensity, and it dotes much more upon the mysterious nature of the synthesizer. I love DeMarco's new approach, and I recommend that you all listen to this album.

Best Tracks: "Passing out Pieces," "Chamber of Reflection," "Brother"
Rating 8 / 10 ■

recently in tunes with dylanmccarthy

Hola, mis amigos. It's been awhile since I've done one of these bad boys, and as per usual, there's some music-related things we all should be thinking about. I've got something real special coming up in the following weeks so keep checking in, and remember that I always love you.

Only one copy of the Wu-Tang Clan's album will be produced.

I really wish this was one of my joke updates, but it's not. The Wu-Tang Clan, who haven't made a good album since 2000's *The W*, have decided to pull a pretty lame publicity stunt. Sure, a die-hard fan will probably end up dropping a few million on the album, but the songs aren't going to be worth it. Have you seen their recent performances? Ghostface raps like he's got somewhere more important to be; the RZA's had his head miles up his own ass since *36 Chambers* dropped, and don't even get me started with how many of the Killa Bees aren't even fit to be sidekicks to the core Clan. I love me some Wu, but I love the Wu in their prime. The only reason people still give a damn is the burning nostalgia for hip/hop's glory decade. Besides, people are just gonna end up torrenting the album anyway.

It's time to completely let Ice-T off the hook.

Ice-T, as everyone knows, has been on *Law & Order: SVU* for well over a decade. Even after all this time, people are still tossing out snide remarks like "Well, looks like the 'Cop Killer' has joined the other side." If you actually think Ice-T's contradicting himself, it's time to let Ice-T off the hook. Ice-T was rapping about killing racial bigots with a badge, he wasn't rapping about killing the people who catch pedophiles and rapists! No one raps about that! A song about killing special investigators could pass for an especially ridiculous Odd Future track at best; either way, Ice-T's off the hook.

Radiohead announces they are 'making a plan' for a new album this summer.

By the old Gods and the new! A new Radiohead album is in the making! 2011's *King of Limbs* was released out of nowhere, and wasn't a lot of people's cup of tea. Hell, it was the first Radiohead album to receive mixed reviews since *Pablo Honey*. I love Thom Yorke and the gang; *OK Computer* is an eternal classic. I just hope this 'plan' of theirs means we're not going to see another seven-song album with three good tracks.

Jeff Tweedy's looking more and more like a homeless person.

The Wilco frontman started to let himself go awhile back, but did you see him on *Parks and Rec*? He is looking terrible. Here's to hoping he doesn't eat himself to death before making an album comparable to *Yankee Hotel Foxtrot*.

The Flaming Lips and Miley Cyrus covered The Beatles' "A Day in the Life."

That's a big cringe right there. The Flaming Lips are great, but their *Dark Side of the Moon* cover CD showed that they have no place covering the classics. I guess adding Miley into the mix will make their Beatles cover a real success. ■



créatif stuffé.

hard water

by katjaritchie

I am without a way to hide under the showerhead,
covered only in streams of Irish Spring that run,
slip, and drain away, leaving
trails of untouchable
clean-sticky non-residue.

The half-bar squirts from my hand and flattens
on the corner that hits the side of the tub, and all I can think is,
“Please don’t make that joke,”

but it’s too late.

“Don’t drop the soap,” he says,

and he lets out a short laugh,
and his hands are slick on my hips,
and even I can’t talk myself out of this one,

that I don’t like his sense of humor anymore,

that I wish I had awoken miles away and alone,
that in a shower for two there is no room for stale laughter,

that I don’t like using his mom’s hair dryer because it gets too hot.

But a bad joke is the most lethal of social weaponry;
it makes everything feel already-said,
clean-sticky, exhaustion
before fruition, so I don’t reply,

and it doesn’t feel like a revelation when I decide
I felt cleaner before I took a shower. ■

united 3883

by rebeccalaurion

A couple Fridays ago I found myself seated next to a certain former UVM president (and my Romantic Poetry professor last year) on a flight from Burlington to Washington, DC. I have recorded my observations in the form of one of his favorite mediums.

Reading my book in seat 24C,
I looked to my left at 24B.
Who should I see, to my surprise?
Why, one of UVM’s most notorious guys!

Here, on this plane, oh, how could it be?
Dan Fogel on my plane, to Washington DC!
And so, what other option could I choose?
I dropped some damn eaves (you know you would, too).

I learned while listening to this majestic beast
That he was on his way to the wedding of a niece.
Ah, *sacre bleu, quelle coincidence!*
That Friday I journeyed to my own such instance!
My sister would wed the very next day.
(Should I mention that to a prof reading *Mrs. Dalloway*?)

No, I didn’t want to intrude on the professor,
Accompanied by his wife, who, god bless her,
Was decked out in shades of emerald and jade.
(*Seriously, how much is Fogel really paid?*)

And so, dear Professor, whatever your occasion,
I hope your skies were happy, even with the turbulation.
And I must say, though I don’t want to be mean,
Your wife really does wear a bit too much green. ■

the passion of the herb by colinwalker

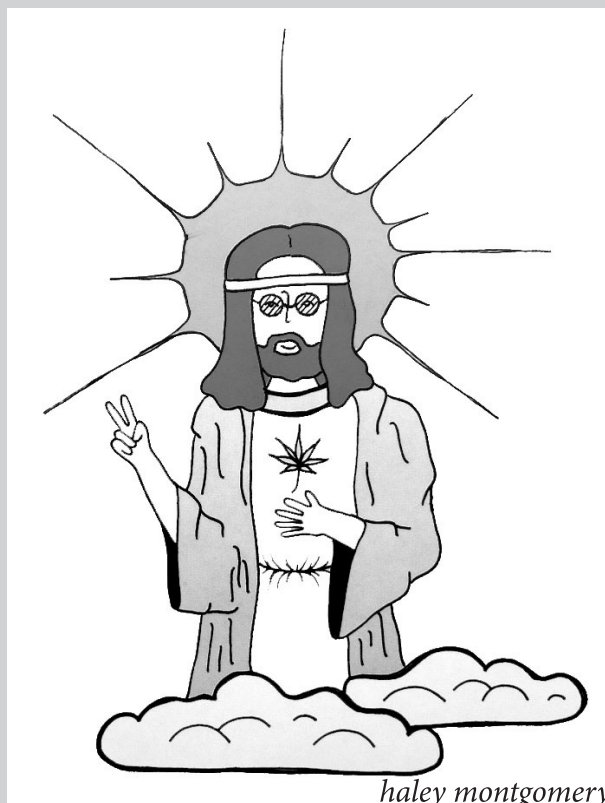
There’s an important holiday coming up this week! That’s right, Groovy UV, 4/20 is here again with the arrival of spring. This holy celebration coincides with another sacred feast, a rarity to be revered. So, it’s time to remember the story behind such a beloved stoner holiday and celebrate the man to whom it is dedicated:

Sativa Haze was the dude. To all who knew him, they knew him well. The best source of green in the area, he’d smoke everyone up. He did not care about race or creed or religion, he just spread word that the herb was good, so it should be shared throughout. Headache? Bored? Need a drag? He had your remedy, with a dope melody. Tales would go forth that he could turn dubs into eighths and eighths into quarters. Sent to the world to make things rad and chill, good vibes spread where Sativa tread.

Miraculously and bodaciously born to a mother whose lungs had never filled with smoke (not even from a campfire, or small candle), Sativa was destined for great reefer-ness. Sativa came from a small tribe, who had managed to pave their way into the un-holy land. Like his father, he worked as a carpenter for a while. It was through hard labor that Sativa first began to learn of his handling of hemp. Then, he continued his deeds and pursued his true calling.

When he first found out his fate as the mes-high-a, he rejected it. Yet, with the greatness of the herb, he took up his role responsibly. From ancient campus to basement, he healed with the green. He could roll a perfect joint in less than a minute and would pass them around at parties, showing the power of such divine bud. It was most righteous. All of the land knew his name soon enough, and he gained followers. The a-pot-stles of Sativa, and Mary Jane, his most bodacious babe, were his closest disciples and comrades.

In a demonstration of his sweet stonerness, Sativa once blew a smoke cloud thick enough to move him across a small pond, as if floating above the water. It was totally awesome. Another miracle, when Sativa cured a *Retinitis*



pigmentosa patient, from going blind, while also helping reduce the effects of her glaucoma. Tales of such generosity and herbal radness touched lives across the land.

Yet, word went round, and with blasphemous narcs and feds of the age against such radical ideas, Sativa was not a man without enemies. Still, he had the herb on his side. The passion of the herb led him through betrayal by one of his a-pot-stles, and towards a fate of being nailed by the law behind bars.

After 40 days of spreading the herb of good and facing his gnarly punishment, Sativa ascended to Cali to serve at the Right Hand of Snoop Lion. However, others believe that Sativa actually died in prison, sometime before 4/20, and the guy who kept spreading the herb was just a gratefully mistaken homeless man who thought to claim reincarnation status. Either way, with that status, him and Snoop became homies fast.

Lord God of Hemp, Living Bud, Living Stone-r, Good Shep-herb, Deliverer of Weed: Sativa goes by many names, but the stoner faith behind him is legendary and united. Stoners celebrate the release of Sativa on 4/20 Sunday, the third day after Good High-day, the day of his arrest. People smoke joints and rip bong constantly, celebrating. ■

cat litter.



collincappelle

comics by leonardbartnestein

A tiny horse.



#6

leon

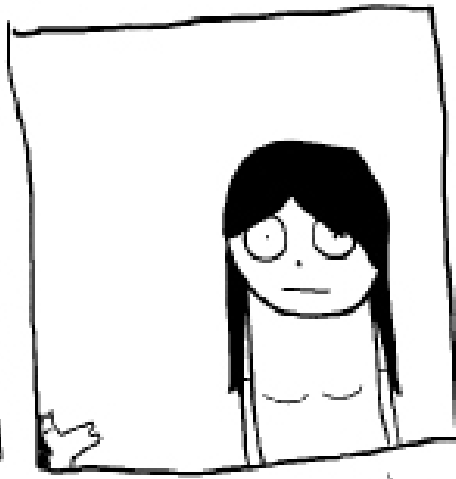
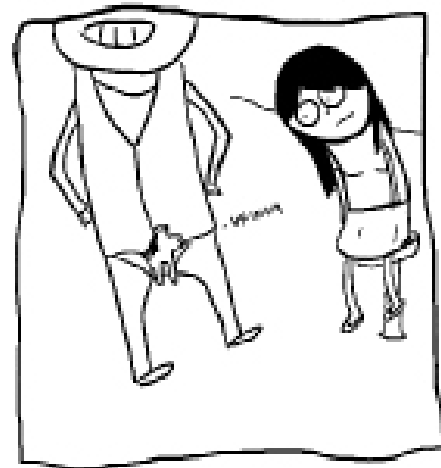
Tip o' the Week

Get ready for the Art Issue next week



A tiny horse.

#7



leon

moral compass declared "out of whack"

Jay Carney, the nation's Press Secretary, released a statement yesterday indicating the Official Moral Compass of the Office of the President of the United States, or OMCOTOOTPOTUS for short, is currently misguided and has been for quite some time.

"When we realized the OMCOTOOTPOTUS was out of whack, the White House proceeded with a full scale investigation to see how long it has been pointing in the wrong direction," Carney said.

The report indicated problems started during the Nixon administration.

"We found documents from the Watergate investigation containing transcripts of meetings with an informant codenamed Anal Fisting," said Carney. "Anal Fisting was telling officers that Deep Throat was a sensationalist and Nixon was in fact innocent of wiretapping and 'being a crook.' Nixon was actually simply followed the instructions given to him by the OMCOTOOTPOTUS, as did every president since Lincoln"

The reason Anal Fisting was not believed during the investigation was his codename was slightly more ridiculous than Deep Throat's. "In my opinion, anal fisting is the less socially acceptable of the two forms of porn" said local porn aficionado Any Male.

"We have had our suspicions throughout the years. I mean, between Just Say No, Star Wars, the invasion of Iraq parts 1 and 2, Monica Lewinsky and countless other presidential guffaws in the past 40 years there have definitely been some eyebrows raised," said a source close to the White House who wished to remain anonymous.

The OMCOTOOTPOTUS was declared officially unfit for duty when President Obama woke up and thought it would be fun to have the compass decide for him whether to have chocolate or vanilla cake for breakfast. "The President was sure he wanted chocolate but the compass pointed to vanilla. This was the final indicator," stated Carney "The man always knows which cake he wants for breakfast."

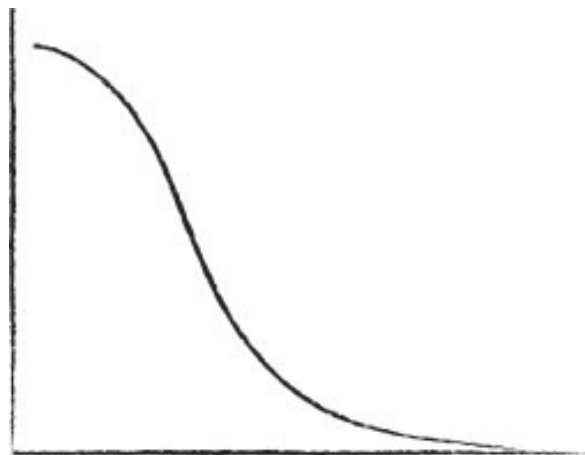
As news of the OMCOTOOTPOTUS spread, reactions were mixed. Some view this as an opportunity to rid the White House of any such compass and to reinstate true power to the president. There are many skeptics to this line of thought including Obama himself.

"Oh no, I do not want that responsibility on my head. What if I get a decision wrong, then everyone would actually be mad at me and I can't just say it was the compass anymore. Hell no. That shit needs to come back ASAP," he told news sources.

Others think we should move away from a compass to what they purport is a more stable form of decision, the Player Piano. The movement to instate a Player Piano as the source of morality in the executive branch, known as the Player Piano Party (PPP), cites the extensive growth of China in recent years as reason enough to adopt the Player Piano government. It is well known China has used a Player Piano since the 1990's in order to govern their large population.

This issue has the potential to have major impacts on the future state of the government and will be closely monitored in the coming weeks. ■

Probability the computers in Votey work



How much I need the computers in Votey to work