



# the water tower.

uvm's alternative newsmag

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## sativa surveillance: redstone, revelry, and the repercussions

by jessebaum

Around one year ago (Easter Sunday, to be exact) a...*friend of mine* headed to the Redstone green, to partake in the herbalism-themed festivities. Along with the customary melee of frolicking students in their tie dye and Bob Marley tee shirts, blasting Sublime and taking huge hits (from what were clearly cigarettes), this friend noticed that the celebration had taken an Orwellian turn.

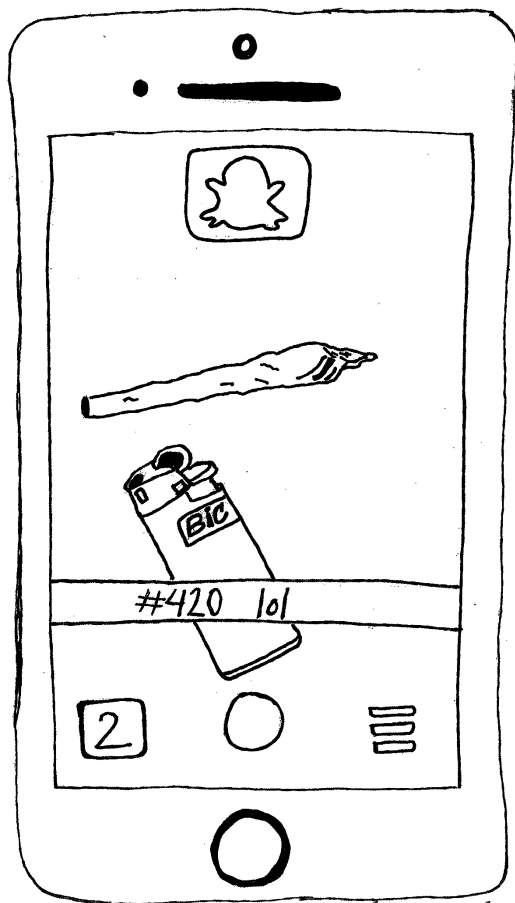
For those of you who are freshmen (damn it, are you traumatized? I meant first years), or who simply can't remember because of the customary Easter-time haze surrounding your memories, there were UVM police posted at the entrances to the green. (Cat)carding students for admission. More officers stood around the crowd, filming the students through the smoke.

What becomes of the footage? What is the rationale behind this quasi-illegal truce between narcs and narcotics aficionados? What does it mean for you students, just trying to poke some smot in (public) peace?

This UVM toke-fest is a tradition that goes back at least to the mid-eighties, though the celebration used to take place by Bailey/Howe rather than on Redstone. Although the true time to celebrate is at precisely 4:20 pm, people tend to congregate on the green all day because, as you know, time is but an illusion that flows like watercolors.

Pot is, of course, banned on UVM's campus under the student code of ethics and standards. Citations from UVM police usually result in a fine as well as disciplinary action from the committee of student ethics and standards.

Attendance at the extravaganja varies, most likely because late April weather



katja ritchie

on Redstone (on that most sacred day) is spotty—the police pragmatically monitor the crowd rather than (probably ineffectually) prevent participation altogether. Apparently, UVM students' love of dope knows no laws.

However, some, especially those harassing the officers, end up with citations.

So what is the cops' take on this? The arm of the Law? The sculpted calf of The Man?

Deputy Tim Bilodeau, who has been at UVMPD for almost three decades, says, "Students are getting together to express themselves...that doesn't mean that they can break the law, but we try to be respectful of that."

So where does this leave the footage from last year? (And this coming year, considering that most likely the cops will be filming and carding again)

Well, the film gets destroyed.

Or, it doesn't.

If there is some kind of disruption, disturbance, etc, or if a criminal offense may have been caught on tape, the tape is saved and can end up as evidence in a courthouse.

Likewise, an iPhone containing pictures of *hundreds of people violating federal law* may also be confiscated as evidence in that instance. Just food for thought.

The footage may also end up in the almighty hands of the committee of Student Ethics and Standards. As Deputy Bilodeau put it, Redstoner time is a time for students to get together and express themselves. Freedom of expression and assembly, man.

But also, they're watching you. ■

freedom of expression and assembly, man.  
but also, they're watching you.

around here is about as predictable as the infinite probability drive. Will it be sunny? Or will friendly marine megafauna be falling from the skies? One never knows.

Reefer today, as many educated substance-imbibers know, exists in legal limbo: illegal at the federal level, decriminalized in Vermont, legal and taxed in Colorado, Alaska, Oregon and Washington, and legal but unsellable in our nation's Capital.

Enforcement of the herbal sacrament

the catalert commotion:  
awareness & safety &  
on-campus & beyond

by lauragreenwood

Early last week, my uvm.edu inbox was graced with a warning from the Chief of Police Services at UVM of repeated incidents of stalking activity "has been reported and is currently under investigation by the Burlington Police Department."

The copy-and-pasted advisory sought to alert students about off-campus safety in the Loomis Street area, specifically for a silver VW and black male that has tried to lure victims into his vehicle.

This was not the first time I'd heard about these incidents, yet I was curious to find an email sent out to myself and the entire student body.

Traditionally, I have come to see our campus security manifested in two major ways: UVM Police Services and CatAlerts. So, on a random Tuesday, I was struck that, despite the so-called importance of this advisory, there had been no CatAlert text message issued when any of the six incidents had occurred. Yet still, the University felt it was worth eroding the bubble of campus security to alert students of an off-campus criminal investigation.

Campus security as an institution and metaphor is an extremely important façade for the University to maintain. Consider why you chose UVM. The opportunities, the people, the mountains...most all of us fell in love with UVM's setting and campus environment in one way or another. Maybe crime and safety was not at the forefront of your mind, but one can't deny that feeling safe is comforting, and one short stroll down through Central Campus or Church Street sure makes you feel pretty damn comforted.

All universities understand the importance of students feeling safe and protected at their new home-away-from-home. What better sell is there for parents? "Don't worry, we'll take care of your babies!" Or for students: "The city of Burlington is your..."

...read the rest on page 5

get inside me:

development in india  
by jessebaum

super-accurate horoscopes  
by wesdunn & jessebaum

fuck james franco  
by cullenhairston

review: to pimp a butterfly  
by mikestorage

# the best news team inbox. in the universe.



## hey! you!

Do you like to **write? Draw?** Talk about some **weird shit** that happened to you the other day?

### the water tower



### wants you!

We meet on **Tuesdays at 7:30pm** in the **Williams Room, DC 4th Floor**.  
Bring your shit. We want to hear about it.

## the wt.

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](mailto:thewatertowernews@gmail.com)

## the shit list with kerrymartin

**April:** Seriously, who likes this month? Except for the few animals coming out of hibernation who don't get shot, everyone can agree that April is the worst, and not just because every formerly green patch now looks like a trough of human waste. I can now feel my ass softening with every hour I sit studying things I tell myself I care about. Born in April? You're probably an Aries, and you're probably an asshole.

**People who talk shit about astrology:** For you skeptics out there, I have one question: what understanding of the cosmos do you have that's really truly interrupted by astrology? Am I stubborn and grounded and thick-headed because, I believe, Yahweh willed it? No, goddamn it, I'm a Taurus, the stars made me this way, you fool. Give me your date, time, and location of birth, and I'll know more about you than your momma does.

**Wendy's and Publix:** Thirteen major supermarkets and fast food chains have all signed agreements with a Florida organization of migrant tomato pickers to pay more for their harvest, and to enforce zero-tolerance for modern-day slavery and sexual harassment. After four years campaigning against Wendy's—and six against Publix—the two companies still refuse to extend the slightest hint of decency towards migrant farmworkers.

**Reeking of my own ball sweat all the time:** You know what I'm sayin'. (Ladies.) ■

**the water tower.**  
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# the news in brief with jessebaum

**“In the midst of a severe drought, the governor continues to allow corporate farms and oil interests to deplete and pollute our precious groundwater resources that are crucial for saving water.”**

—**Adam Scow** of California's Food and Water watch comments on California's first-ever mandatory water limits, to reduce city and towns' water use by 25 percent. The move seems to stigmatize private use over the more intensive petroleum and agricultural hydrological systems, which are responsible for the drought in an ultimate, if less tangible sense. The new law is California's first mandatory water restriction. San Joaquin, our salad bowls weep for you.

**“Every day, every month, every year that the state took from him, they took something that they don't have the power to give back.”**

—**Attorney Bryan Stevenson** comments on Anthony Ray Hinton's recent exonerated. Hinto spent a national-shame-inducing 30 years on death row, until tests on Hinton's gun cleared his name from a double homicide case in 1985. Despite explicit biases related to class and implicit biases due to race and even levels of attractiveness, America the Beautiful remains one of the last countries in the “first world” to cling to the death penalty, just as a male anglerfish clings to a female after mating. Forever. Sigh.

**“We are considered the trash of Brazil, but this place accepts us... I know what I did was very cruel. The tea helped me reflect on this fact, on the possibility that one day I can find redemption.”**

—**Convicted child molester Darci Altair Santos da Silva** comments on his participation in Brazil's new program that allows prison inmates to travel into the Amazon and take ayahuasca with religious groups as a form of therapy. Inmates report that it helps them experience their feelings of guilt and begin to heal, yet some citizens decry the program as being soft on prisoners. After all, **torture is the key to true rehabilitation.**

**“They are logging close to the water source, so in dry season the river dries up. There is much less water than before. Sometimes it is contaminated and people get sick. We can't hunt, and it's very difficult to get our traditional medicine or gather food from the forest.”**

—**Ussain Bin Anjang** comments on the Malaysian government's relentless land-clearing regime, which has displaced many ethnic minorities living within forested zones. Malaysia has one of the highest deforestation rates in the world, coupled with various attempts to stamp out indigenous identities in favor of lucrative palm and rubber plantations. Despite the fact that both flooding and droughts have increased, the Malaysian government is committed to plowing ahead.

**the water tower** is UVM's alternative newsmag and is a bi-weekly student publication at the University of Vermont in Burlington, Vermont.

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**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.**

# just *cruzin'*

by daveanderson

Recently, Republican Senator Ted Cruz became the first person to announce a bid for presidency in 2016. However, Jeb Bush remains the favorite for the Republican nomination. If the GOP wants someone else to compete with Jeb Bush (and they really should), then they do not have to look far for another contender. With this in mind, **the waffer tower** has a couple options prepared that the GOP should seriously consider.

**A Small Chicken Vera Cruz Burrito:** The Vera Cruz is one of the specialty wraps offered at New World Tortilla and is a good alternative to its close cousin, Ted Cruz. Unlike Ted, it is available for \$6.25 before tax (guac is extra) and was made in the United States. An early hopeful for the Vice Presidential ticket is a large order of Wings Over “Cruzin’ Altitude” flavored wings. Unfortunately, Vera Cruz’s staunch libertarian views will likely divide GOP voters, making a serious consideration for the presidency a long shot.

## murder!

by philarliss

Ever since the “muckrakers” of the gilded age, journalists investigated past crimes to try to find evidence that was overlooked by the authorities (Remember Ida Tarbell? She was hot). More recently, filmmakers have been dabbling in “investigative entertainment,” trying to make a suspenseful and exciting product for the public to see.

“Investigative entertainment” is essentially a hybrid of the criminal justice system and the entertainment industry, two fundamentally different social institutions. This includes Andrew Jarecki, the creator of *The Jinx*—a 2015 HBO documentary series that revealed compelling evidence that a millionaire named Robert Durst was guilty of murder. There’s also a podcast called *Serial*, which aired October of last year and, like *The Jinx*, dug deep into a suspicious past crime and actually led to a new trial of the accused.

How is it possible that these filmmakers were able to find and put together evidence that the authorities weren’t?

In investigating the suspicious past of Robert Durst for *The Jinx*, there were no legal barriers that restricted the filmmakers from researching or interviewing in any way they saw fit. In the criminal justice system, when the final verdict is read and the judge says, “case closed,” public officers cannot revisit it unless the case is officially reopened. Creators of *The Jinx* needed no such approval to revisit the past crimes Durst was connected to. They could have investigated this bizarre millionaire until Judgment Day if they so pleased.

The digital age has also given journalists advantages that were simply nonexistent several decades ago. Arrest records are generally open to the public and can be accessed online unless they concern active or ongoing investigations. With some exceptions, tracking down and getting in touch with people connected to the crimes requires only wi-fi and a couple of web searches. The digital age has also given journalists far better access to the public at large and to communities with niche interests, allowing investigative entertainment to blossom.

Perhaps the largest advantage filmmakers have over the authorities is that they don’t in-

## stream *first*, prosecution to follow

timidate individuals connected to past crimes in the way that the police do. For the most part, witnesses or suspects of past crimes have no desire to get re-involved when the authorities come knocking at their door. Agreeing to “just answer some questions” could mean being a witness in a trial that could extend for months. Even if they do agree to speak to the police, they have to be very careful about what they share when answering questions in fear of saying something that could incriminate them.

With journalists, people don’t have the same sense that anything they say can and will be used against them, making them more willing to answer questions thoroughly and honestly. In *The Jinx*, Durst discusses his testimony in the 2003 court case for the murder and dismemberment of his neighbor, confessing, “I did not tell the whole truth...nobody tells the whole truth!”

Investigative entertainment is a little like Bruce Wayne, isn’t it? Using

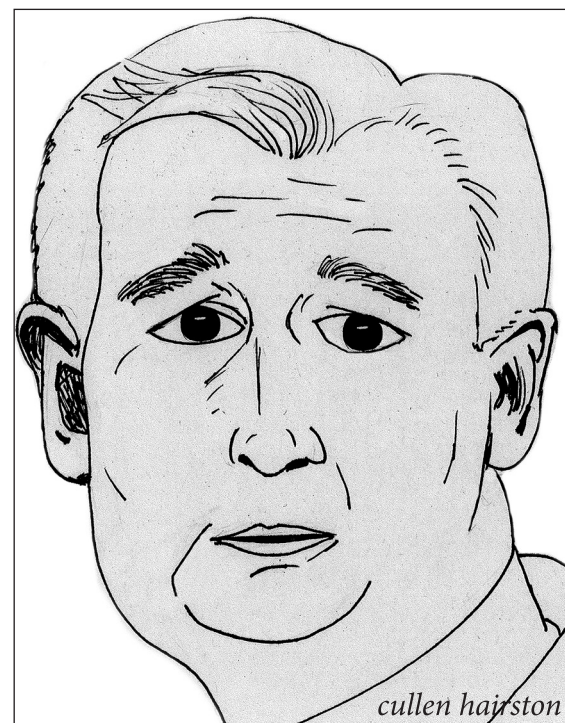
methods that the authorities can’t help bring justice where justice is due? But just like Gotham’s hero, ‘investigative entertainment’ will inevitably face problems along the way.

*Serial* and *The Jinx* have both been released in the past twelve months, and both led criminal cases to be reopened; ten years down the road, how many more films of the same type will be created? At a certain point, suspects and witnesses to past crimes, who were absolutely vital to the successes of these two series, will distrust filmmakers in the same negative way as they do law enforcement officials, because journalists will essentially be enforcing the law, only with the added purpose of entertainment.

For this reason, the phenomenon of investigative entertainment may be unsustainable. With this in mind, I’ll conclude with two pieces of advice for the audience:

1. If you’re an aspiring investigative filmmaker, the time is now to go out and research suspicious old crimes.

2. If you’re a serial killer, do not agree to do any interviews. And if you do, don’t pull a Robert Durst and confess to three murders in “privacy” with your microphone still on. ■



**Donald Trump:** I am not normally a fan of Donald Trump. That said, Trump shows a consistency that many of his constituents lack by continuing to hammer away at the “Birther” movement. Trump still refuses to admit that Cruz is eligible for the presidency because of his Canadian birth, regardless of the fact that Cruz is clearly a bona fide American citizen.

The fact that he does not look like every other asshole who made wild allegations about Obama’s citizenship and then immediately changed face when presented with a much more legitimate question of citizenship shows a stick-to-your guns kind of attitude that the presidency needs.

**A Large Bag of Money:** It is obvious that the Republican Party is pushing hard for the Latino vote in 2016 with some of the early hopefuls including Senator Marco Rubio (R-FL), a Cuban American, and Jeb Bush, another Floridian, who polled very well with the Latino demographic. With all the work being put into making the Republican brand more appealing, it is a very high possibility that the GOP may just start bribing the demographics that they want. The abhorrent stance on women’s rights that is a hallmark of many senior Republican senators may be more appealing to the female vote if they are simply electing a large bag of cash that they can all split at the end of a successful election. Bribery makes the world go ‘round, and I for one would probably value my voice in our democracy somewhere around \$20 if anyone is asking.

**Godzilla:** Now, I am a huge fan of complete government shutdowns. Anybody not down with the occasional furlough of government employees need only stop by the Burlington DMV to get on board with Ted Cruz’s bold approach to compromise. However, 2013’s Cruz-led shutdown lasted only a mere 15 days. Why elect a man so incompetent at shutting down the most influential government in the world when the OG is just a couple ill-advised nuclear tests away? That’s right, Godzilla himself would make a strong nominee, with a platform centered on the destruction of all mankind and what I can only assume is a hard-line approach to immigration reform. Plus, I would like to see Jeb Bush fight Mothra and come out on top.

**Me:** In the spirit of Ted Cruz, I would like to officially put my name forward for the GOP nomination. As my experience, I offer the 600 words in this article. I think it shows the blatant ignorance and aggressive insensitivity that the modern GOP candidate needs. Anderson ‘16! ■

# around town.



## how to *get a job* on church street

by mikaelawaters

Church Street, the street of the church. For tourists, parents, diners and shoppers, it's a mecca of good food, cute shops, and window displays that induce an "aww! S'cute" response. For others—poor students trying to be legally employed for the summer season—Church Street is ground zero, the war zone. It's a place where one hath no friends, family, or morals—only the thirst for gainful employment.

Less than half a mile long, the Church Street Marketplace is the heart of Burlington and home to its most popular and bustling businesses. In addition, this half-mile hosts the places Burlington's brightest and most unemployed want to work.

However, herein lies the problem: one street + nine thousand undergrads + townies + graduates who never left + those who never graduated but stayed = not enough jobs. But, dearest readers and would-be employees, you have an advantage that your competitors do not. You have this sage advice; you have **the water tower**.

Now before we dive into the nitty-gritty of how to get a job, please understand that there is only so much that I can do to help you. If you have no prior experience, have terrible social skills, or are a fuck-up in general, the help that you require is beyond my pay grade.

### 1. The List

Take a moment before your search really begins and compile a list of places you would be interested in working. Are you looking for retail or for a restaurant? For a chain or for something local? On Church Street or a neighboring block? Look to Yelp or [www.churchstmarketplace.com](http://www.churchstmarketplace.com) for handy lists of nearby businesses.

### 4. The Follow-Up

After you probably super-awkwardly dropped off your resumé and walked into a chair on the way out, send a follow-up email. Wait 2-3 days after your visit and draft a short, simple email reminding them of who you are, that you spoke with (insert employee's name) and are still very interested in a job if the positions haven't been filled. Employers are people too, lazy and forgetful, and they respond well to enthusiasm, reminders, and a display of initiative.

GET  
A  
JOB.

### 2. The Hello Email

Now that you have your list of desirable locations, send them a preliminary email. Introduce yourself, express your interest, ask if they are hiring, and inquire as to the next steps in the application process. Even if they don't get back to you, it shows initiative and proactive interest.

*Example:*

Hi, I am a student at the University of Vermont and am interested in a job for the summer and coming year. I have experience in (insert your experience) and would love to join the (insert business) team if you are hiring. Please let me know if there is a time I could meet with you and drop off a resumé. I love your (restaurant/shop/café, etc.) and would be so thrilled to work with you. Thank you so much and I look forward to the possibility,

-(Yo' name)



emily arriviello

### 3. The In-Person Ambush

Block off a chunk of time and take a stroll down to the battlefield. Have a stack of printed and updated resúmes ready and stop by the businesses you have previously contacted (or ones you haven't!). Walk up to an employee or manager, and say, "Hi! How are you? [wait for response] I'm \_\_\_\_\_, and I'm wondering if you are hiring? I sent an email a few days ago but just wanted to stop by and drop off my resumé." Make sure to smile while doing this, and a casual handshake never hurts. Thank them for their time and say you look forward to hearing from them.

### 5. Victory Dance

If you do obtain one of these mythical Church Street jobs, celebrate! You made it! You beat your best friends and your enemies! You have just committed yourself to a summer of obligations, responsibilities, minimum-wage pay, being on your feet for ten-hour shifts, and yelling at the Québécois that this is America and we speak English here. Enjoy, you earned it. ■

## confused UVM students declare early summer

by jessebaum and wesdunn

It has recently come to the attention of the best news team in the UVM-verse that, according to many members of the student body, summer has officially arrived.

"Now that it's summer, I can wear my jewelry out!" said one engineering student, seemingly unaware that it had snowed the previous day.

Despite the fact that the country's sixth largest lake is (as of yet) still frozen over, and temperatures are still regularly well below freezing, there have been reported sightings of merriment, sunbathing, and even egregiously unseasonable shorts-wearing.

All of this would suggest that the thermostatic bar has not simply been lowered, but rather crashed precipitously through the floor.

Perhaps it's the "spring break" that irreverently bisects winter, or the confusing effect of daylight savings that catapults us from Hadean darkness to over 12 hours of sunlight. Though admittedly it's around forty degrees warmer than it was last month, we at **the water tower** want to be real with you: it's still fucking freezing.

"Look, if summer is the time to wear a tank top and do mushrooms with my boys out in the woods, then I'm just gonna call it: it's that time of year again!" reported a bro seen wearing flip-flops outside of Harris/Millis fine dining.

The mass delusion gripping the sun-starved student population was evi-

denced in reports of drastically increased amounts of dazed individuals ambling around looking skyward, as well as the customary careening of newly fledged longboarders.

"Normally, longboarders wait to release their young from their nests until the average daily temperature is sustained at or above 50 degrees," renowned UC Berkeley gnar-ologist Walter Smith explained to us by phone. "They also tend to favor clear paved surfaces, eschewing ice and mud. If they act on a premature perception of spring, the consequences can be disastrous."

There were also reports of vast early migrations of fair-weather joggers, inundating the bike paths and sidewalks of Burlington. "We understand that this is a natural occurrence," the DPW Director said, "but I worry that when they misjudge things, they could really get stuck out there in a bad situation. They're out there with hardly more than a base layer! I really wish they would stay in hibernation a little longer, but that's climate change, I guess."

At press time, students could already be found preparing for the ceremonial night in which they all partaketh of the herb, drinketh of the ethyl alcohol, and run around naked. Presumably at that point, it may get above 45 degrees. ■



## catalerts - continued from pg 1

oyster, so go meander at ease!" As someone who used to often walk back from downtown alone and/or intoxicated, I never felt there was a need to worry because hey, man, it's Vermont and it's Burlington and it's all good, right?

Therefore, I am always struck by moments when the University feels it is worth chipping away at our inflated innocence to inform us of criminal activity happening off campus. We certainly have the right to know, but wouldn't it be in the campus's best interest to not stain their hands with the criminal activity that doesn't even happen on their premises? I'm left stuck wondering if the campus is alerting us too much or perhaps too little.

Morally, the University may feel obliged to keep students in the know about potentially dangerous incidents in the community, but they are also compelled by a higher force: the Law. We have the Clery Act, (aka Student Right to Know and Campus Security Act of 1990) to thank for our handy-dandy CatAlert notifications in the first place. This act was instated with the intention of "providing a safe and secure environment for all members of the University community and visitors" and requires strict reporting on behalf of the university to uphold federal standards. The University outlines our compliance with the Clery Act through seven objectives, one of which is the issuance of campus alerts for crimes that "represent a serious or ongoing threat to campus safety."

Yet I'm still a bit torn on the Loomis Street advisory we received. Unlike dorm burglaries, Loomis Street does not directly implicate on-campus housing or even really fall within the jurisdiction of UVM Police Services "public property" policing. Loomis is full of students, but that's not to say crimes don't also frequently happen around other popular student neighborhoods like Hickok or Buell Streets. And let us not forget that even the stabbing that had occurred on campus three years

ago, which involved UVM students outside dorms, somehow failed to warrant a CatAlert.

I worry that the CatAlert system is not as effective as it sets out to be due to its inconsistencies and seemingly arbitrary use. The use of campus advisories directly challenges the University's commercial interest in making students feel safe and free from outside danger. Many of you may strongly advocate the importance of a diverse array of CatAlerts, and argue the important obligation that the University has to inform the student body when crime is nearby. But I worry about where the line gets drawn in how the alerts ought to be utilized, because honestly I don't know and I don't think the University firmly knows either.

In one moment CatAlerts will warn us about a possible bear spotted near campus, and the next of suspicious criminal activity. The system is flawed because it can't and really shouldn't be used to report like a local TV station feeding our every worry of the dangers around us. Realistically, the administration (and admissions department) has nothing to be gained from creating such a panicked student body.

Crime happens in every neighborhood, no matter where you live, and instead of living in fear we ought to practice responsible awareness and become educated on the greater issues at play. Next time you open a CatAlert email, stop and consider why this information is important. Consider the arbitrariness of these alerts and whether UVM really cares to keep us aware, or whether it is merely meeting the minimum legal requirement of campus crime advisory and keeping students in an imaginary safety zone. Next time, don't panic or be outraged, rather see each advisory as an opportunity to reflect on your true awareness of Burlington, a city that extends beyond the well-lit corners of Prospect Street and East Ave. ■

**"so i'm left stuck wondering if the campus is alerting us too much or perhaps too little?"**

## these horoscopes are extremely accurate

by wesdunn and jessebaum

### Aquarius:

The influence of Mars on your birth sign can only point to the emergence of another kerfuffle concerning whose dishes they are, and why they are always dirty when you just did them. An extensive investigation will not help in the slightest--but the influence of Jupiter necessitates one anyway.

### Libra:

Chronic indecision (due to the influence of Uranus) will strike, just as the ever-stressful course registration rolls around. Perhaps it is time to deeply question closely held professional and personal goals, to reevaluate that laminated and framed Ten Year Plan. Or perhaps you should simply think Summer U.

### Capricorn:

As Venus glides gracefully from Taurus into Gemini, you'll find yourself feeling... naughty. You'll also find yourself increasingly concerned with the ultimate complexity of the universe. This is a great time to "chat" about "philosophy" with another consenting adult.

### Cancer:

The influence of Mercury means that your Marche doughnut habit simply must stop. We could take the industrial agricultural route here, the farm subsidies route, or the processed sugar-insta-cancer route. Need I go on? It's bad for you, let's leave it at that.

### Virgo:

Get you some chill, Virgo. 97.5% of what you're freaking out about is just in your head. Until next week. Not to stress you out or anything, but shit's gonna get real next week.

### Gemini:

The whimsical arrangement of Saturn and the moon this week will spell utter and complete disaster for those extra study sessions you oh-so-carefully penciled into your planner. As well, your "guy" is going to be all out of "stuff", and you will yet again forget your laundry, damp and wrinkling in the machine, due to the pull of Jupiter at this perilous time. On the bright side, you're gonna get laid.

### Pisces:

The unfortunate alignment of Mars and Pluto means that this week you will lose a boot to the mud on the Waterman green. My sympathies. However, the orbit of Venus this week reminds you that some self-lovin' is due. Don't forget to lock the door! Or at least wait until you are relatively certain that you are the only one still in the showers.

### Aries:

This week, with the rotation of Neptune in effect, you might want to postpone asking that person out. There's a high chance on an initial "yes", but an even higher chance of a subsequent confusion as to whether or not they understood you meant it romantically.

### Taurus:

Everywhere you go this week, the journey will be a struggle. People with their eyes glued to their phones will keep walking in front of you and then stop suddenly and without warning. You will get halfway there and then remember you forgot an essential item. You'll pull some muscle and not remember how. Probably just stay put.

### Leo:

You may be very confident that you can slay that giant dragon of assignments and obligations as Mercury glides into Aries this week. If you get things started in advance, you will, with energy and time to spare. But let's be real. You'll procrastinate. Stock up on energy drinks and cereal bars, and prepare to colonize your late night territory in the library at the week's end.

### Scorpio:

Shame on you. You know what you did.

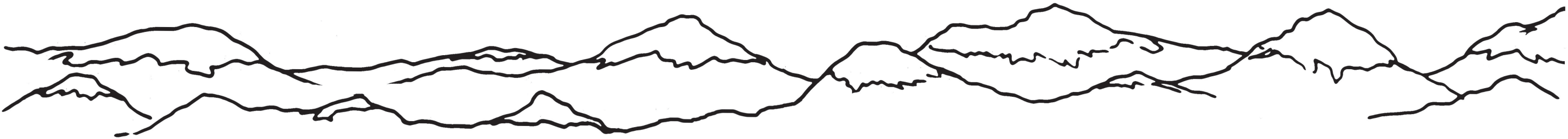
### Sagittarius:

Not to sound too certain, but if you go out this weekend, there's a pretty good chance that you'll end up having a little too much, and say a lot of things you'll really regret. Luckily, you'll say these things in Catalan, so you should be okay. But there will still obviously be a lot of questions. ■



cullen hairston

# reflections.



# fuck james franco

by cullenhairston

"I like to think that I'm gay in my art and straight in my life." This is a quote from a recent "interview" with the actor and director James Franco, best known for his roles in stoner comedies and pretending to give a shit about the gay community. In this interview, Franco splits himself into Straight James and Gay James and actually, no lie, interviews himself in a mirror (and ends it by kissing the mirror).

"Gay in art" is a very interesting concept. According to this, Franco must feel suddenly attracted to hot guys whenever cameras are rolling or people are giving him enough attention. But the moment he's no longer in the public eye, his attraction to men suddenly stops and he becomes straight once more.

Franco backs up his statement by claiming the gay lifestyle is more than just an attraction to the same gender. Rather, he says that is all about how you act in the public eye: "In the twenties and thirties, they used to define homosexuality by how you acted and not by whom you slept with." There lies the problem, Franco. Homosexuality was defined this way because homophobia was much more prevalent in the United States. Do you think you could publicly have a partner of the same gender in that era, let alone get married, and not be ostracized?

By using the term "gay" to describe you in your art, you are appropriating a culture that is not your own. The

term might seem edgy or interesting especially in the light of recent politics, but the term comes with a whole realm of issues and problems that you do not experience as a straight male. Making movies with gay characters is not the problem, Franco. The problem is making them, and then defining yourself with a label that is not meant for someone like you.

**"being gay is not an 'art project' or a persona you can put on like a mask when you want to seem cool or unique"**

"I am not interested in most straight male-bonding rituals, but I am also kept from being fully embraced by the gay community because I don't think anyone truly believes I have gay sex." Rejecting masculine stereotypes does not, by any means, make you homosexual. As much as I want to applaud you for rejecting societal norms of masculinity, there are other ways to go about this than by appropriating gay culture.

You claim that you're not trying to appropriate gay

culture, because the gay community doesn't realize what it's giving up to assimilate into the straight community. I spent six long years of my life in the closet, James Franco. I knew I was gay when I started middle school. I knew exactly what I was missing out on. I knew the pain and trouble that you claim to experience. You, yes you, are a heterosexual man. No matter how many movies you direct with gay characters, no matter how many gay characters you play, will not change that fact if you continue to identify as straight.

The bottom line is that being gay is not an "art project" or a persona you can put on like a mask when you want to seem cool or unique. Being gay is a 24/7 reality for millions of people all around the world, and many suffer the consequences. Franco, you are not allowed to piggyback on the progress made by activists and claim that it's all an artistic venture. The fight for justice and rights still isn't over. Homosexuality is still punishable by death in many countries and is still considered extremely taboo in many parts of the United States.

So Franco, if one day you decide that you might not be as "straight in your life" as you thought you were, know that it's ok to identify as gay or bisexual or queer or whatever term fits you the best. But use it because it actually describes you, not because of how you think you act in your art. ■

# rolling lesson: no and's, if's or butts

by stacebrandt

I tend to fall on the stubborn side. It is literally painful for me to admit that an everyday skill that many other everyday people seem to have mastered with coffee in one hand and a mascara wand in the other does not exist in my repertoire. These small, practical tricks are those which, in actuality, a lot of people can live full, productive lives without. However, many will falsely claim when asked if they have learned such skill, "Well, I could if I had to."

I am here to respond with first-hand experience that, "No, you probably couldn't". Just because you have seen the Heimlich maneuver performed a thousand times on choking actors on the big screen does not mean that forcefully hugging someone from behind will dislodge half a hot dog from their wind pipe. Likewise, just because you have watched someone drive a stick shift, does not mean that upon sitting in the driver's seat the vehicle will effortlessly glide into motion. In fact, turning on the engine will probably be a struggle without precise instructions on where to put your hands and feet.

This brings us to a recent dilemma of mine that has caused much embarrassment, self-loathing, and wasted paper: I was prompted to roll my own cigarette. Now, instead of swallowing my pride and revealing this small deficiency in my bad-assness, I fell into the trap. The conversation went something like this:

*Completely non-judgmental friend:* "Hey Stacey, have you rolled before?" (I had not.)

*Me:* "Like rolling, rolling? I mean, yeah, sure. I've seen people do it a hundred times."

And thus began my endless toil with one hundred tiny pieces of tissue paper, little white filters, and a bag full of loose tobacco pubes. Did I believe rolling cigarettes to be easy? Yes. How hard could it be to roll a piece of paper? You just take the thing and twist it up, right? You just roll it. Placing a pinch of hairy brown shavings onto my transparent leaflet which might have flown away with the slightest sigh, it suddenly dawned on me that turning these ingredients into a tight, presentable rod would not be self-explanatory. This would require a demonstration and diagrams and perhaps a short

6

apprenticeship.

But of course I continued without asking for help. With tobacco dispersed virtually everywhere except between my thumbs and forefingers, I pinched and crinkled my sad piece of rolling paper with the utmost disdain. How could I have gotten through fucking kindergarten with a report card that read, "Counts to ten and uses scissors with ease, but has a lot of difficulty when it comes to rolling pieces of paper"?

Seven sheets lay crumpled in a barren tobacco wasteland, when I finally began to surmise that I was missing something. I know that you're supposed to lick the paper at the last moment, but I guess I went kind of overboard with the saliva because what lay in my hands looked like wet toilet paper.

The byproducts of my frustration (including several grunts, curses, and self-shaming exclamations) alerted a friend that I was in desperate need of some help. She kindly sat down and showed me her personal approach to cigarette construction which consisted of just a few thumb motions and a line of delicate tongue taps to seal it off. Voilà.

Unfortunately, this tutorial did not reveal the obvious solution that I was searching for. She assured me that it's not easy and just takes a lot of practice. I assured her that it is easy, I just needed another minute. I examined her cigarette dubiously and compared it with my own;

hers looked like a Marlboro Light, mine looked like an overcooked French fry. After many more attempts and failures, I finally managed to twist up a cigarette that was tight enough that the filter didn't slip out and the tobacco stayed more or less in place. Sure, it was wrinkled and bent noticeably to one side, but you better believe that I enjoyed every drag off that thing as I exhaled triumphantly off of the Williams fire escape.

If you see me trying my luck at a cigarette, in the middle of yet another tobacco tribulation, please leave me be. My hand-crafted butts require that I do not breathe for a full two minutes and limit my eye movements significantly- but progress has been made! I can now successfully twist-up on a semi-frequent basis and they actually work! Tune in next week when I try...Excel spreadsheets. ■

# time to get up! it's gym o'clock.

by lynnkeating

*The Patrick Gym on Athletic campus welcomes a copious amount of users. Some view it as place of life changing significance or as a social setting, while others perceive it as a place to show-off their biceps and those tight-ass glutes. Though it sometimes seems to be an exclusively student run facility, the gym actually boasts diverse age groups, genders, courtesy levels, and fitness preferences.*

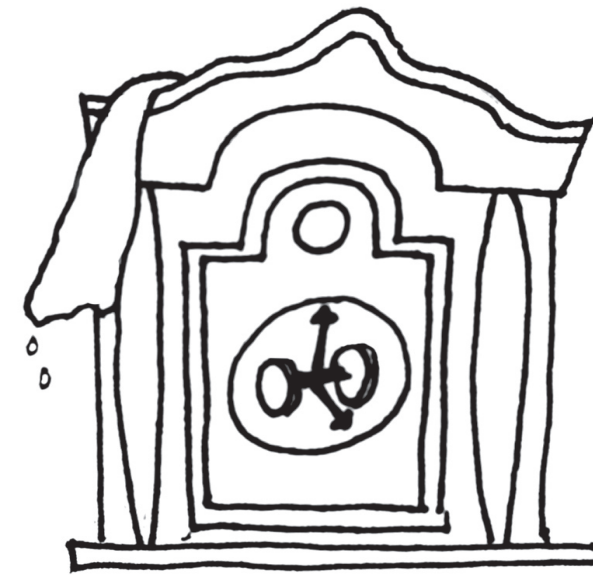
*When examining the course of a day at the gym, time prominently impacts who exactly you'll be running into. If you find yourself going to the gym at the crack of dawn, the array of people you'll encounter vastly contrasts to those who wander in around dusk. Here, I have analyzed the demographics and created a schedule of whom you'll find no matter what time you decide to visit the ol' Pat:*

**6 a.m.** The "go-getters" are the first to walk through the Patrick Gym doors. These people are the type who keep their eyes on the prize. No one has a time to socialize because these people walk around with ambition and planners in-hand like a bunch of overbooked wedding coordinators. The gym is less crowded now and shows the first signs of life far from it's peak.

**9 a.m.** Elderly individuals begin walking in (canes and no canes) to kick-off their day of adventure at the gym. Mostly are seen wearing jeans, possibly with all white New Balance sneakers. More serious seniors sport a sweatband around their foreheads. These old, yet healthy grand-folk meticulously write down their exercises on a scrap piece of paper. Older members come at this time so that they can beat some of the college students, but many treadmill worshippers arrive at this time to reunite with their beloved conveyor belt.

**12 p.m.** Middle-aged man wearing short -shorts begins to parade around the gym. As he sits on the equipment and gets as comfortable as possible as, you find yourself growing more and more uncomfortable just looking at him. Moms are sometimes spotted at this time browsing the magazines as they slowly mobilize the elliptical. Students look relaxed because they either have yet to start classes or they just finished a grueling morning and are letting off some extra steam.

**3 p.m.** Many classes for the college demographic are complete at this time, so routine junkies who obsess with going to the gym at exactly the same time every day begin to file in. These fitness lovers all wear their old sport team shirts from high school, proudly representing that they once were athletic. Continuing their routine of participating in a sport every day after school, these ex-athletes pretend they still play soccer as they blast pump-up music from 2010 in their ear buds while running on the indoor track alone. As you refill your water bottle, you find yourself doing a double take as you see your professor on a bike machine grading a paper.



cullen hairston

**6 p.m.**- Pairs of friends strut around in coordinated, pastel Lululemon tank tops along with matching headbands to hide those embarrassing flyaways. These staples are essential if you want to be taken seriously when working out at this time because you never know who will be there! Soon enough, the elliptical room becomes a jungle of people scavenging for a spot on these plastic machines. At this time, it becomes increasingly difficult to see yourself in the mirror as socialites begin checking themselves out in the glass.

**9 p.m.** - Double-timers such as the readers emerge at this time. They are seen carrying around hefty books while lifting heavy weights. When they start running on the treadmill, you would think they'd be dizzy for bouncing up and down and reading such small font. The room becomes a humid sauna thanks to certain top-heavy, inked-up manly men that prowl the gym floor. They walk as if they have one leg longer than the other, scratch their beards compulsively, and spit on the ground that the staff member has just sanitized.

*UVM's devotion to health and fitness has created a communal bond. No matter where you fall on the schedule, we still sweat together and share our friendly germs on the same machines. We all learn to mix mingle in this terrarium of treadmills, this field of yoga mats. At the end of the day, we are a team and the gym is where we become one rockin' bod. ■*

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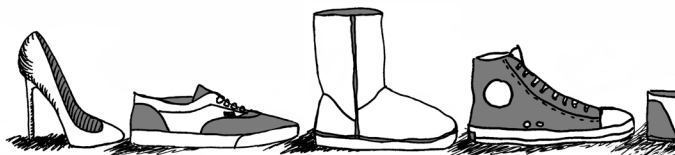
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# fashion five-oh.



## gillian anderson's

# out-of-this-world fashion

words & art by leonardbartenstein

As you've probably seen on Facebook from that friend who insists on posting about the 90s shows they really like, as if that makes them better than the reality TV heathens of today, *The X-Files* is returning soon for short season in the near future. And even with nine seasons, two movies, a comic series, and a theme song that sounds the way Benedict Cumberbatch looks, *The X-Files* had given unto us one treasure not so often admired: Gillian Anderson's outfits from the *X-Files* era.

Anderson had been a superstar for a while now, ever since the *X-Files*' first season, and though she's done great acting works and has even published a novel, she can also be remembered for some of her more interesting fashion choices.

For example, when she wore a knee-length flannel dress with high boots and a leather jacket, and teased her hair into some sort of early 90s ensemble that I'll never understand.

Perhaps that time she wore a brown shiny blazer and brown slacks and a white scrunchie in the mid-90s, or, also mid-90s, when she showed at the 100th episode celebration of *The X-Files* in a fuzzy white sweater. "How fuzzy?" you may wonder. *The fuzziest.*

There's also that one time she showed up to the Golden Globes—in a bathrobe. I honestly wish I was kidding. Or when she wore a jean jacket, a tube top, and a floral skirt—all with a fan and red tinted glasses like she's Cyclops from *X-Men*.

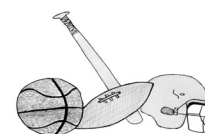
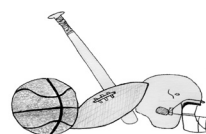
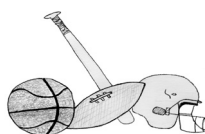
There's her in her velvet, see-through flowery top, complete with a huge backpack and glasses. In 1998 at the Golden Globes after party, she sported a strapless black dress featuring a bodice that seems to mimic the bottom of Batman's logo.

Never could I ever come up with an outfit as amazing as Gillian Anderson's masterpiece of fashion, though: at the 2001 *Vanity Fair* Oscars' After Party, she arrived in a full-length purple backless dress—which showed off her very prominent thong. There's no way that this was an accident—this dress was definitely designed to show the thong (that or the dress was so good, she had to find the right thong for it). And somehow, she rocks it. You go, Gillian Anderson. If only, if only others followed your stylish examples...

Anderson now has developed a more conventional fashion sense, but since the *X-Files* are returning, perhaps so will her *X-Files*-era fashion. One can hope. And I want to believe. ■



## highlight reel



## witch trials in connecticut: an ncaa investigation

by zackpensak

ESPN's Doris Burke has reported today that the UConn Women's Basketball team will be subject of an upcoming NCAA investigation due to wizardry and witchcraft allegations that have arisen in the past week. Karen Aston, the coach of the Texas Longhorns basketball team, reportedly started these allegations on Tuesday after UConn defeated Texas 105-54 to reach the Elite Eight of the 2015 NCAA Tournament.

Aston claims that in the off-season Geno Auriemma, the UConn coach, has been meeting secretly with Azatrax Bimeelious, the recent head coach of the Gryffindor Quidditch team. According to a 373-page report given to the NCAA by Aston, the meetings between Auriemma and Bimeelious occurred once a week at Hogwarts over the course

of three years. They consisted of Bimeelious teaching speed and strength spells, as well as the brewing of potions to increase the jumping ability of the UConn squad.

"These allegations are blasphemous and erroneous," said a visibly livid Auriemma in a press conference yesterday. "Not only have I never considered using magic to enhance my team's talents, but I am a lifelong Hufflepuff supporter and would never confer with a rival coach. I have tickets to all the Hufflepuff games."

Believers of the allegations are adamant that there have been signs of potential on-court witchcraft throughout the regular season. The first moment of question came in December in a game against Notre Dame, when late in the fourth quarter UConn center Kaleena Mosqueda-Lewis made a basket that was counted as a ten-point

shot on the scoreboard.

More suspicions arose on February 9th in a game against then #1 ranked South Carolina. Mosqueda-Lewis received an inbound pass underneath her own basket with halftime only seconds away and USC on the full-court press. With seemingly nowhere to go, the UConn senior jumped an astonishing 76 feet and dunked the ball as time expired. Coach Auriemma had no comment for the media when asked about the play after the game.

With UConn only two games away from winning their ninth title in the last fifteen years, Auriemma is hoping that the rumors swirling amongst the general public don't distract his players. He is however very confident in his girls' chances, as inside sources report that every single member of the team has grown seven inches in the past two days. ■

# 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/~wafertwr/iwysb.html](http://uvm.edu/~wafertwr/iwysb.html)

To my Butt who drifted away:  
What came out of my butt today?  
I'll never know cause it drifted away.  
I miss the surprises you gave everyday.  
A kiss of warmth, I flushed completely away.  
Down my throat I crushed that hot sauce container.  
It gave my mouth flavor but returned you no favor.  
I hurt you Butt. I understand your leaving,  
and that my pleading won't ever stop the bleeding.  
My hot sauce addiction caused this affliction,  
the competition, and all other contradictions.  
It was a collection of conflicting misdirection.  
I needed correction from this invisible perception.  
I'm grateful, for everything you gave me,  
saving me, craving me, never  
letting anything get the best of me.  
Butt, my hot sauce isn't the only thing to fear.  
You may want to steer clear of the sperm that appear.  
They push you over when you've already fallen.  
Leaving a sticky mess and only a hole to crawl in.  
Some may say they have changed themselves,  
Butt, my hot sauce isn't the only thing to fear.  
You may want to steer clear of the sperm that appear.

We shared so many good shits together,  
Should've known good things don't last forever.

**When:** erryday  
**Where:** crazy suppa times  
**I saw:** A drifting Butt  
**I am:** Buttless

I saw you from across the room,  
your jet black hair perfectly coiffed.  
We've made eye contact countless times,  
Ever since you smiled at me on the bus.  
The way you look at me is so intoxicating,  
One day I'll find a way to actually say hello.

**When:** like once a week  
**Where:** usually Davis Center or Marché  
**I saw:** guy so fine  
**I am:** guy almost as fine

interested in **writing** for **the water tower**?  
general meeting every **tuesday**  
at **7:30 pm**  
in the **williams family room**  
on the fourth floor of the **davis center**.  
everyone is welcome!

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

### Living/Learning

*Girl:* I'm getting my blog URL tattooed on my ankle, it just means a lot to me.

### Billings Lecture Hall

*Girl:* I think plucking every single hair on my head would be less painful than sitting in this class.

### Simpson

*Bro:* You copied my quarter-zip.

### University Heights North

*Girl on phone:* Well I called him and he's like "I have herpes..."

### Downtown

*Confident Girl:* My uncle is Santa in the mall, so I think I know what I'm doing...

### Marche

*Girl:* I just can't believe you don't like Fergalicious.

### Lafayette, 4th Floor

*Person:* Whenever someone calls you "Lady Money" just know it means you're big and trashy.

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# tunes.



## a miniseries on a atl hip-hop: *complicated* industry

by clarkmasterson

Drugs, strippers, guns, and a whole lot of money. Atlanta has, for the past decade, transformed into hip-hop Hollywood, a mecca of rap music and all of its associated vices. *Noisey*, a subset of *Vice News*, recently released a 10-part miniseries on hip-hop culture in Atlanta, certainly worthy of some praise. The series can be watched via YouTube on *Noisey's* channel.

The interviewer of choice was Thomas Morton, a scrawny, timid white suburbanite with an honest demeanor and surprisingly powerful analytical skills. Throughout the series, he interviews producers, rappers, and fashion icons associated with hip-hop, as well as strippers and drug dealers to see how all of these components form the bedrock of Atlanta hip-hop culture.

While it is obvious Morton is less than confident walking through the ghettos of East Atlanta, his genuine curiosity is appreciated by those he interviews and results in some legitimately interesting conversations. Throughout the series, he speaks with many famous rappers and producers, including 2-Chainz, Rich Homie Quan, Young Thug, Peewee Longway, iLoveMakonnen, Young Scooter, Migos, Metro Boomin', TM88,

Southside, Mike Will Made It, Sonny Digital, Zaytoven, and more.

These interviews are very diverse in the sense they bring to light the unique career trajectories of each rapper. They also highlight the importance of producers, the ones who create the beats and are responsible for the overall sound of the track. Older rappers such as 2-Chainz followed the route of signing to a major label, while younger rappers such as Migos (Takeoff, Quavo, and Offset) rose to prominence with an independent label and have re-

" [this series shows] the process by which a song can make it from a *basement studio* to *national radio stations*."

mained independent after releasing a plethora of hits.

This highlights the hustler's ambition of new Atlanta rappers, who in many cases are multitalented and can rap, produce, and market their product successfully. They believe there is no need to sign to a major label and be subjected to contracts and their subsequent fees and conditions.

I was intrigued by how Morton was able to gather, through interviews, the process by which a song can make it from a basement studio to national radio stations. Rappers from Atlanta utilize their relationships with DJs and strippers at the numerous strip clubs throughout the city. Strippers who like the song will ask the DJs to play it while they perform, potentially garnering a following for the rapper as more people hear the song. If the song becomes popular enough at the strip club, it sells itself to local radio stations, which showcase the song to the entire city, where it can then move on to become a national hit.

This is in contrast to other cities, where rappers must bring their songs to the radio station and plead their case as to why they should be given exposure. As a result, many rappers migrate to Atlanta to start what they hope will be a successful career. I was impressed by how Thomas was able to gather this information organically over the course of ten episodes. He traversed numerous sections of Atlanta and interacted with a vast array of prominent rap figures. Each person exhibited his or her own personality and approach to the art. I would recommend this series to all fans of hip-hop and those looking for gritty, informative journalism. ■

## the *roaring* return of **king kendrick**

by mikestorace

Kendrick Lamar dropped a bomb on March 16, when he surprised us all with his new album *To Pimp a Butterfly*. Kendrick originally planned to release it on March 23, but secretly orchestrated this earlier release in order to more appropriately commemorate the 20th anniversary of his idol, Tupac Shakur's landmark album, *Me Against the World*.

The early release delighted everyone. At 1:33 PM on March 16, it has been officially confirmed, every single person in the entire world was concurrently listening to this brilliant new album.

Upon first listens, *To Pimp a Butterfly* was met with mixed reviews. Some heralded the album for its creative genius, while others rejected it for its alien dysfunction. Upon multiple listens, however, *TPAB* has catapulted into the ranks of best album of the year.

*To Pimp a Butterfly* is a drastically different animal from Kendrick's previous (and also massively popular) *good kid, m.A.A.d. city*. *good kid* was a look to the past, a retrospective glimpse into alcoholism and Kendrick's childhood in Compton. Conversely, *To Pimp a Butterfly* is an album dedicated to the present. It appears that Kendrick has come to terms with his topsy-turvy upbringing, and is now focused on his present, yet troubled, life. Kendrick's life is complicated. It is oversaturated with his mixed emotions towards fame, sexual desire, mental stability, and racial relations.

*To Pimp a Butterfly* is a racially fueled and jam-packed release filled with frantic raps and smooth beats. It perfectly forms a balance between slow and upbeat songs. However, the brilliance lies in the fact that Kendrick blends this balance within many of the songs on

the album. Very few songs on *To Pimp a Butterfly* remain consistent from start to finish. They are filled with

emotion on "u", and these shifts reflect Kendrick's convoluted emotions.

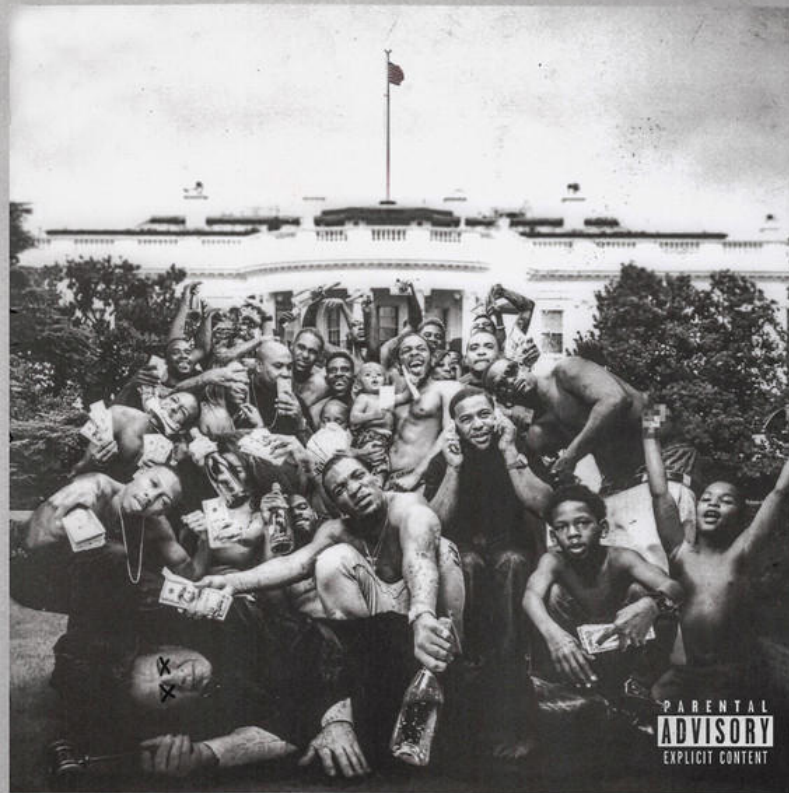
The upbeat songs on the album include frantic jazz beats (see "Wesley's Theme" and "For Free?") and hip-hop bangers (see "King Kunta" and "The Blacker the Berry"). These upbeat songs contrast with the slower, moodier songs on the album. But the highs and lows, once again, reflect Kendrick's life and feelings.

Many of the songs on this album, especially the frantic jazz, remind me of portions of Flying Lotus' *You're Dead!*, which came out in October of 2014. Kendrick collaborated with FlyLo for the song "Never Catch Me" on this album, and apparently wanted the song for *TPAB*. FlyLo also produced the first track on the album, "Wesley's Theme".

The biggest difficulty for me in enjoying *To Pimp a Butterfly* lies in the lack of fluidity on the album. Many of the songs end or begin with lines from Kendrick's final poem that he delivers to Tupac on the album's final track, "Mortal Man". While the poem reflects Kendrick's complicated emotions and the deeper racial tensions that he addresses throughout the album, these spoken word portions of the detract from the album's overall flow.

A frantic Kendrick appears on this album. He takes on an angry tone on many songs, but he also takes on a softer side in others. *To Pimp a Butterfly* is heavy, and not for the faint of heart. However, it goes places that few hip-hop albums have gone before and should definitely be listened to

by everyone. ■



google images

mood shifts and rhythm swings. Many songs feel like they could be separated into two or even three distinct songs. This pattern of song dysfunction is most appar-

# éatif-cray uffé-stay

## in the woods

by michael finley

No breeze. Still. As if the world around is still asleep. Dawn stretches long, golden fingers over the dew-dropped trees, and they twinkle like a canvas of leafy stars. The stream trickles, its water like bell chimes over the smooth stones. The air is thick with the scent of hearty undergrowth and sweet pine.

Then something stirs. An owl hoots, a vole skitters over the fallen leaves strewn about the earthen soil, and the world begins to wake up.

A chorus of birds pick up their morning melody and the once quiet wood begins to sing with the steady rising sun. The stream too seems louder now, as if like the rest of the world its waters begin to wake and pour fast and true down the sloping banks, carving their way along like a plow through soft earth; its light chimes now like church bells to ring in the dawn-ing hour.

The wind stirs, and the breeze comes back to the forest to collect the scents of every flower, stream, and sunlit patch of cool, green grass. The wood wakes up, and the boy with his bow slides a single arrow in place along the slim, sinew string.

He sees everything atop his lofty perch. Between twin boughs, he hides, masked in the shifting shadows of the dancing leaves. There he waits, his arrow nocked in place, for the perfect shot.

Minutes pass like hours as the wood around carries on undisturbed. Whether it knows the boy is there or not, it does not falter, it does not slow. The wind blows, the water pours, the leaves shake, shift, and tumble through the air. Every animal with a task and a bee for every flower, for nature knows its course and runs it well.

Then it happens: a deer steps into the clover rich clearing so carefully watched by the boy from his tree and the whole world seems to stop. Its light brown coat fades softly into the backdrop of the tall oak trunks, and its antlers, six sharp points in all, are stark white against the vibrant greens. The wind blows but the boy does not feel it, the water pours but he does not hear it, and for every leaf that shakes upon its stem, the boy sends his prayers. Nothing else exists.

Like loose wood panels under a heavy foot, the string creaks faintly as the boy pulls it taut. The deer lifts its head, flicks a black-tipped ear, and then returns to its grassy meal. A bead of sweat trickles down the young boy's face as he braces the cocked arrow against his cheek. He tilts the bow, just enough, and counts to three. One. Two. Three.

“he tilts the bow, just enough,  
and counts to three. *one. two.*  
*three.”*

Exhale. The arrow flies, loosed from the bow, cutting through the air like a knife cuts effortlessly through paper. The twang of the snapped string rings in the air. Then, a dull thud as the arrow hits hard and sinks deep. The deer snorts, flashes its white tail, and falls. Then silence, no breeze. Still.

Dawn now gone, the sun rests high in the clear blue sky, its rays hot upon the warmed wood. The boy walks quick and quiet, his kill strewn across his arms. Held in place by his strong grip, two legs to a hand, the deer rests limp on the earth that raised it. Now it is raised above, free from bone and blood, but its use is not yet gone. For the boy the deer will be food, it will be warmth, weapons, tools, and trade. To the boy the deer will be life.

Dusk falls like a secret known to all, hushed but displayed. The sky burns a deep orange and purple clouds roll slow and long across the horizon, covering mountains and the distant tops of trees. The boy returns triumphant, the proof about his shoulders now proof upon a butcher's block waiting to be carved; but like all things when night weighs heavy on the soul, the work can wait till morning. For now the boy lays his bow aside, its duty and deed fulfilled, as he trades hunter's cloak for a warm hide sheet wrapped thick about his tired body. His weary head sinks into the downy pillow and in moments he slips away, the hunter now no more than a child asleep upon his wicker bed. Harmless and peaceful, with no more concern than daily chores, the boy will rest and dream of futures bright and gold.

And in the forest too, the world does sleep. All settles down for the cool summer night, as the sinking sun begets the moon and the wood is basked in silver. The birds hush their song, the vole finds its nest, and the deer bed down in the tall, wispy grass. The stream levels out, and the wind slows down, as the wood slips into silence. There is no breeze. Still. Until it all begins again. ■

Have you got the **stuffé** to be **créatif**?  
Join **the water tower** every Tuesday at 7:30 in  
the Williams Family Room in the Davis Center  
and prove it.  
*I dare you.*

## grant daverson:

by leonard bartenstein

Daverson sniffed the air, his nose pointed up so that he was able to smell it. “Baron,” he said, “I know that she’s here. I know that she’s near.”

“How could you know that?” asked Barton, glancing quickly back and forth around the clearing in the woods.

“Because I can smell that awful perfume she insists on coating herself in from a mile away,” said Daverson. His face scrunched up like a scrunchie in Gillian Anderson’s hair in the ‘90s. “It’s like the worst kind of olfactory calling card.”

“What if her perfume is the drugs?” asked Barton, his eyes still darting back and forth like those of a spectator at the ping-pong world championships back in the great match of ‘88.

“That’s the worst idea I’ve ever heard,” said Daverson. “That in no way puts us closer to solving this case.”

“What’s that?” asked Barton, both changing the subject and pointing at a nearby tree. Daverson took a step closer, and saw, pinned to the tree with a dagger that looked like a prop from the board game “Clue,” except for the size of an actual dagger, not a piece from a board game, a handwritten note. Daverson tore it down.

“Dearest Mr. Daverson,” Daverson read aloud, speaking to Barton as he read. “You no doubt are searching for me, based on the red herring that I planted in my dealers, telling you that the best place to meet me was here, out in the woods. But alas, this is not the meeting spot—the middle of the woods really is a stupid place to

## ace detective

meet. It’s not nearly ominous enough for our encounter, especially after all of the work you’ve put into finding me.” Daverson looked up. “She’s really annoying,” he commented, before continuing to read the note. “If you really want to meet me, find your way to Lone Rock Point tomorrow night at midnight—and come alone. I’ll be waiting to finally meet you again, Mr. Daverson.”

“Does it say anything else?” asked Barton. “It’s signed ‘Rachael Valencé,’” said Daverson. “And then there’s a place where she kissed the page.”

“What shade?” asked Barton. “Does—does it look like blood?”

“What?” asked Daverson. “No, it looks like it’s Coral Pink #3.”

“That’s not as ominous as it could be,” said Barton.

“No,” said Daverson, “but the postscript is. It continues: P.S. I really mean it when I say come alone. Like, don’t come with someone hiding in the bushes or something, that would be really uncool. I asked you to come alone—so come alone. Don’t be a jerk. See you then. Midnight. Alone.”

“Are you going to meet her?” asked Barton when Daverson finished reading.

“I—I don’t have any choice.” ■

Check back next week for the chilling and exciting conclusion of grant daverson: ace detective in

grant daverson’s final problem



## the cipher

feat. kerrymartin

What’s crackin’, UVmeeces!?! Final stretch, am I right? Gotta do something to keep your mind off all that bullshit that you’re supposed to be thinking about. Sounds about time for some lyrical therapy. Send me your raps, on my topics or on any topic! Even no topic! Just go off! But until that happens, I’m still here, and this week, we postpone **Adulthood**.

Damn, the years fly so fast, I sat n’ watched ‘em blow past just barely, really rather scary, I’ve haven’t grown, like no grass. Always felt like I had no gas, no class, that I’d make no cash, Feel like I’mma hit the wall feet first, get a toe cast. No one standin’ me the topaz, the diamonds, or the solid gold Cuz I’m still young, ain’t nothing but my knowledge old. I can say what Byron, Chaucer, Dante, and Mohammed told, But that ain’t profitable, no goodies for my wallet-fold. I’m no entrepreneur, I’m still so fuckin’ immature Insecure, “Do you think my LinkedIn pic looks too demure?” “Maybe I’ll get retweeted and hired by Christiane Amanpour!” But I lack all allure, hope my parents got me reinsured. Lookin’ for a job, yet who would think me an adult? More a dolt, I’m a far-too-easy childhood’s result. Held in no exalt, hiring me, to others would be great insult. “UVM? Sorry, we don’t have a role for the occult.” This school got way too drunk, hurled, vommed me on the real world, I have barely been digested, I guess it’s time I unfurled.  
by chunky child-star Kerry Martin

Next issue, we serenade **True Love**. Please write raps and contribute, however long or short they are! Send your lines to [thewatertowernews@gmail.com](mailto:thewatertowernews@gmail.com) with your favorite rapper in the subject line. The best student rapper of the semester gets a fabulous prize! ■

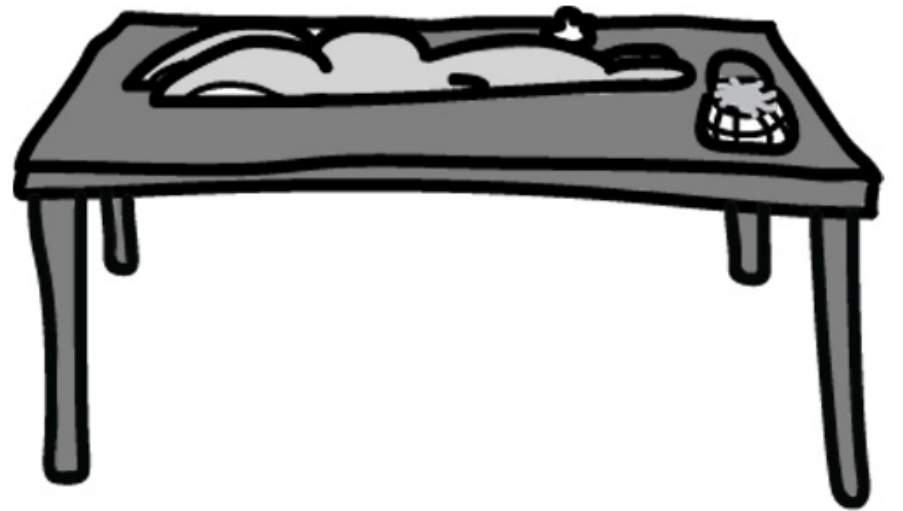
# cat litter.



with collincappelle

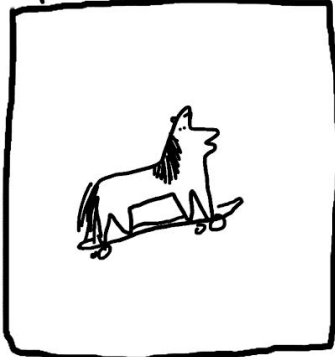


## happy easter



hope your rabbit dinner was as tasty as mine . . . I found a large one this year, and it had chocolate too!

A tiny horse.



#22

leon

A tiny horse.



#23

leon

by leonardbartenstein

please tell me i'm not the only one who thinks  
the hannibal series should be  
**remade with kittens**



### Lyric of the (Bi)week:

"Cliche malaise in a dumb conversation  
Predictable drama for 5 AM exits  
Fridays they only pick up the recycling  
So thank god it's Monday 'cause I'm useless garbage"

- The Lows, Jeff Rosenstock