



# the water tower.

uvm's alternative newsmag

volume 13 - issue 9- tuesday, march 26, 2013 - uvm, burlington, vt

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

## double take: proposed campus *smoking* ban

### pro

by benberrick

First things first: is the proposed campus tobacco ban fair? No—decidedly not. Should the student body face the threat of an executive decision made regarding something that many consider bound up intrinsically with individual freedom? Of course it shouldn't. But is it the right thing to do anyway? Unfortunately for smokers, yes. You can make arguments of principle and cite Jefferson or Ole' Hickory on the importance of man's independence until the cows come home, but the issue is that smoking is killing those who choose to do it and, at best, causing a nuisance to those around them who don't wish to inhale their secondhand smoke. Of course, we live in a nation that prizes individual freedom; each of us expects that we will be able to maintain dominion over our own bodies and decisions, provided that they don't directly harm others. And, given the lack of a statistically significant correlation between secondhand smoke and incidence of cancer, it can be argued that the choice to smoke shouldn't be penalized with pack taxes and the slowly narrowing sphere of legal smoking spots. But the central issue is not the direct effect of smoking on others, but of smoking's absolutely horrible effect on the body of the individuals choosing to smoke and that the consequences to our nation's healthcare system in the long run are colossal.

Banning tobacco from our campus makes a statement; our university is unwilling to allow its students to choose a life of illness or to drain the economy of resources that could be better spent elsewhere. It is an inherently unfair, ends-justifying-the-means decision, but we have to accept that such a choice isn't necessarily intrinsically



ben berrick

wrong. Lincoln's suspension of the Constitution's Habeas Corpus clause was entirely unfair—dictatorial even—but was needed to accelerate the end of the Civil War. The pardoning and divvying up of Nazi scientists by the Allied powers after World War Two was arguably a miscarriage of justice, but without it, NASA would never have been formed and America's space legacy would have been inconsequential. Jonas Salk, in developing the vaccination that removed polio—a disease that previously devastated entire communities worldwide—from the face of the planet, did so in part by accelerating human testing and administering mass dosages to orphans and the mentally ill. This dramatically decreased the time it took to develop the vaccination, but did so at enormous moral cost. More

recently, the curing of AIDS in a Mississippi infant occurred only because her doctor treated her, without permission, with a rigorous, adult sized dosage of medication entirely on a hunch, before she even knew if the baby was HIV positive. The only reason this doctor wasn't fired, or at least tarred and feathered in the media, is because her hunch was correct and the treatment worked instead of killing the infant.

Though we resist the idea that some ends justify their means, and accuse those trying to save us of "father-knows-best" behavior, we have to confront the reality that this breach of our individual rights is insignificant and necessary for the well being of our entire community. It's time to grow up: we need to do the right thing for everyone. ■

### con

by kittyfaraji

Let me preface this by saying, "this is 'MURICA!'" Now ideally, that should be the end of my argument, but I guess for some this may not be enough. UVM has gone from zero to sixty with their on campus smoking legislation, from not enforcing designated areas, to proposing to ban it altogether, but let's slow down and examine the arguments against. So let me give you a list of things that will kill you faster than secondhand smoke.

1. Alcohol: in America, there are an estimated 80,000 deaths per year attributed to alcohol. Compare that to the estimated 53,800 deaths attributed to second hand smoke. Obviously in a place like Burlington, Vermont, where one must drink to stay warm in the colder months, alcohol is a more serious problem for the university and secondhand smoke is not and should not be the priority. It would make more sense for the university to spend these resources on stricter punishment for consumption of alcohol [not that I support any such punishment] on campus.

2. Obesity: Obesity related illnesses are becoming an increasingly perilous issue in our society. Instead of spending money, time, and resources on this proposed tobacco ban, the university could make an effort to provide healthier choices for students. And while Vermont maintains one of the lowest rates of obesity in the country, the rate has risen from 13.4% to 23.5% since 1995. The university could make an effort to encourage healthier lifestyles for students. I find it comical that my closest option for buying fresh local farm fruits and veggies is in the Marché. Let's instead spend that tuition money on putting fresh, local foods in each dining hall on campus.

... read the rest on page 5

get  
inside  
me:

curing HIV  
by patrickmurphy

parent stories  
by wtstaff

obsessive fashion  
by sarahperda

earl sweatshirt  
by dylanmccarthy

# the best news team in the universe.



## please write to me; I'm lonely

### the shit list with jamiebeckett

**Chemical Weapons** – Tuesday in Syria, a chemical strike occurred killing 25 and wounding over a hundred. Currently, no agreement as to who actually unleashed the weapon with both sides blaming the other. The UN has begun investigating the incident, but obviously—anytime the chemical warfare starts—shit has gotten too real. Cue the Dead Kennedys.

**SGA Elections** – Connor Daley is running unopposed and the Vice President position seems hotly contested. But why the fuck do I care again? Does the SGA actually accomplish anything? To that I have no answer. Yet, I beg you to lend your ears when a candidate approaches even if they are spewing nonsense about them representing you.

**Cigarettes** – Tobacco is one of the last controlled substances still allowed on campus. Everyone should know how unhealthy cigarettes are; I mean, who hasn't seen a commercial with a woman with a hole in her neck from smoking for forty years? And yet, when I'm downtown and someone puts a cigarette in my hand, it is one of the most deliciously sobering things ever. Let's just let everyone make their own choices and, smokers, would you please be sure to properly dispose of your butts? Nobody likes a litter bug.

**Super Smash Bros N64** – Goddamn, I love this game but that love has quickly manifested into a large problem, I don't want to do anything else. Why should I? This game's a classic and never gets old, plus it's a thousand times more fun than studying for this week's ORGO test. When I fail my midterm on Wednesday, I know exactly who to blame: Pikachu. ■

the water tower.  
uvm's alternative newsmag  
uvm.edu/~watertwr  
Editors

*Editors-in-Chief*  
James Aglio  
Liz Cantrell

*News Editor*  
Kerry Martin

*Around Town Editor*  
Cait O'Hara

*Reflections Editor*  
Phoebe Fooks

*Fashion Editor*  
Sarah Perda

*Fork It Over Editor*  
Jamie Beckett

*Créatif Stuffé Editor*  
Beth Ziehl

*Tunes Editor*  
Dylan McCarthy

*Humor Editor*  
Collin Cappelle

*Copy Editor*  
Laura Greenwood

*Art Editors*  
Malcolm Valaitis  
Kitty Faraji

Staff

*Writers*  
Marissa Bucci  
Wes Dunn  
Rebecca Laurion  
Cole Burton  
Stacey Brandt  
Dan Suder  
Michael Storace  
Patrick Murphy  
Dan Nissim

*Art*  
Ben Berrick  
Barry Guglielmo  
Katharine Longfellow  
Julianna Roen  
Kevin Kennedy  
Mariel Brown-Fallon  
Laurn Schrom  
Liz Stafford

*Layout*  
Craig Pastel  
Special Thanks To  
UVM Art Department Digital Lab

## the news in brief with kerrymartin

### “It is not fair that a Palestinian child cannot grow up in a state of her own, and lives with the presence of a foreign army that controls the movements of her parents, every single day.”

-Barack Obama addressing an audience of young Israelis in Jerusalem during his first visit to the country as president. Israelis have been skeptical of Barack, but after sprinkling his public addresses with Hebrew phrases, he's got them jumping out of their khoodtsahs!

### “Phil right now is in jail, behind bars, serving a life sentence. Because of that, there's nothing left for Phil but the death penalty.”

-Michael Gmoser, an Ohio prosecutor, calling for the execution of the world-famous groundhog Punxsutawney Phil for wrongly predicting an early spring. He's received support from around the nation, in the form of recipes.

### “There is a clear danger of this area becoming a platform for confrontation between East and West.”

-Harry Tzimitras, a research director from Cyprus, describing the potential consequences of his country's escalating debt crisis. Like many poorer European nations over the past three years, this tiny island has been forced to slice budgets to earn its bailout—but the interest on that loan has closed the country's banks, threatened thousands of businesses, and swayed many former EU supporters towards Russia.

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

**contact the wt.**  
**Letters to the Editor/General**  
thewatertowernews@gmail.com  
**Editors-in-Chief:**  
watertowereeditor@gmail.com  
**Advertising:**  
watertowerads@gmail.com

**read the wt.**  
**B/H Library** - 1st Floor  
**Davis Center** - 1st Floor Entrance  
**Davis Center** - Main St. Tunnel  
**L/L** - Outside Alice's Café  
**Old Mill Annex** - Main Lobby  
**Waterman** - Main Lobby  
**Williams** - Inside Steps  
**Online** - uvm.edu/~watertwr

**join the wt.**  
*New writers and artists are always welcome*  
**Weekly meetings**  
Tuesdays at 7:30 pm  
Chittenden Bank 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.**

news ticker: Musharraf has returned to Pakistan, so that's a pretty big deal +++ Seleka rebels overrun presidential palace, take control of Central African Republic +++ China and Russia, bffs 4evah ■

## my son, the alien trial of the century: guatemalan genocide

by dansuder

Senator Dick Morgan (R-NV) announced on Thursday that he now supports reforms allowing undocumented immigrants to become United States citizens. He made the announcements three days after learning that his son is an undocumented immigrant.

“He said to me, ‘Dad... we need to talk,’” Morgan said at a press conference announcing his change of heart. “And I said, ‘Son, I’ll always love you.’”

Immigration reform is a key issue in the US political landscape, with differences of opinion largely falling on party lines. Conservatives in the legislature argue, not unconvincingly that “America is for white people – that’s how God wants it to be.” In breaking from his previously held opposition to the reforms, Morgan is also signaling a shift from the partisan politics the US has seen in recent years.

The son of an oil magnate and an actress, Morgan graduated from Yale in 1971. That, he says, is where he first learned to hate those who were different. While avoiding the draft, he thought a lot about how white people were prettier and smelled better, and about how his ‘Vette needed a new carb and he should mail Daddy and get that taken care of. Upon graduating, Morgan ran his father’s company before his election to the Nevada Senate in 1978. He became the 523rd white man to hold that office.

In 1988, Morgan was elected to the US Senate, and since then has voted against any and every type of immigration reform.

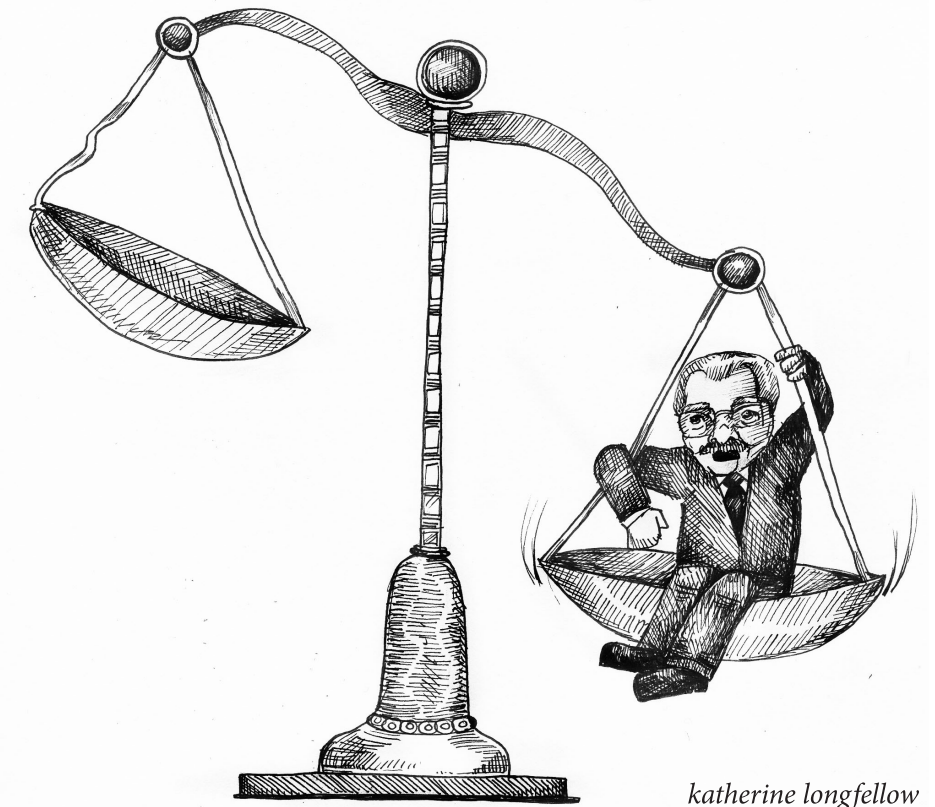
There has always been tension between father and son, but Senator Morgan thinks this change has been a long time coming.

“You know,” Morgan said, “Reagan once said that sometimes when you have some kind of privilege and your son doesn’t, it’s time to stop being such an asshole. When my boy told me that he was an illegal alie- er... undocumented citizen, I just changed my mind. We still are smarter, and prettier, and don’t steal as much, but you know, for my boy, I can make the change.” ■

by jamesaglio

Efrain Rios Montt, the former military ruler of Guatemala, is currently standing trial on a charge of genocide. Specifically he is charged with the slaying of some 1,700 indigenous people. This, the first time a former head of state has been indicted on charges of genocide, is arguably the most important judicial event of the past fifty years. Although the casualties are not as large as some of those that are regularly reported, it is important that we, desensitized, do not idly pass the significance of this event. Depending on how this trial proceeds, we could be looking at a watershed moment in regard to the treatment of former dictators.

Guatemalan politics in the 1980s is something of an esoteric subject, and likely not familiar to the majority of readership, so a brief history is required. Throughout the 70s, various guerilla groups fought savagely amongst each other, and the entire state was in a general state of chaos. The Guatemalan government actively participated in the bloodshed, notably in a 1980 fire at the Spanish embassy, which the government was accused of setting by the ambassador in an attempt to dispose of bodies. Out of this madness, a junta headed by General Rios Montt overthrew the government in 1982 and quickly went about quieting the opposition with such violence that Guatemala became a pariah state. Part of this campaign involved the death of 1,771 Mayans, who were thought to be working



katherine longfellow

with the rebel factions. After 17 months, Rios Montt was overthrown and the civil war continued.

Finally, after thirty years, Rios Montt is being officially held accountable for the actions of his government. This is obviously incredibly significant for Guatemalan justice and the interests of the Mayans, who have been subject to injustice and persecution for centuries, but it also is absolutely critical on an international level.

The Nuremberg Trials are the closest the world has come to formally prosecuting heads of state for genocide, but the German head of state tried at those trials, Karl Dönitz, was never tried for genocide and was found not guilty of those crimes most similar to genocide that he was accused of (namely participating in the overall Nazi conspiracy). The crimes of which he was found guilty were strictly military in nature.

Other leaders accused of genocide, Saddam Hussein is a recent example, have similarly been officially tried for war crimes or the vague charge of “crimes against humanity,” which can include but does not

necessarily imply genocide. Frankly, it is fairly difficult to prove the systematic intent to destroy that is critical to genocide. As a result, it is more pragmatic to focus the prosecution on more provable charges. This has the benefit of successfully “putting away the bad guys,” as it were, but it creates the unfortunate side effect that genocides are less well remembered than they otherwise might and ought to be. This is an effect observable in nearly every twentieth century genocide, with the notable exception of the Holocaust, which was so signal both in magnitude and in effect on Western social conscience that no amount of culpability avoidance on the part of its orchestrators could diminish its prominence.

Genocide is one of the most awful things that we as human beings conduct against each other, and it is also criminally neglected on the judicial level. Perhaps, hopefully, the trial of Rios Montt will set a new precedent for justice and accountability. ■

## adulescentes fortuna iuvat: child cured of hiv

by patrickmurphy

Human immunodeficiency virus, or HIV, is one of the most recognizable and publicized diseases to affect the human race. Since the 1980s, doctors have been researching in an attempt to prevent, and ultimately cure this virus that can develop into acquired immune deficiency syndrome (AIDS). 33.4 million people worldwide are currently living with HIV/AIDS, so any prospect of a cure would raise more than a few eyebrows in the medical community. Doctors in Jackson, MI did just that earlier this month when a child born with the HIV virus turned up HIV negative on her next doctors visit.

The Mississippi baby is now the second human to ever be cured of HIV in history. The first being in 2007 with Timothy Brown, an HIV positive man with leukemia who, after getting peripheral bone marrow stem cell transplant from a man with the CCR5 mutation (granting him genetic im-

munity to HIV), tested negative 20 months after his transplant. Brown's treatment, however, was so incredibly expensive and difficult that replication for the millions of people worldwide affected with HIV is highly unlikely.

### “the case of the mississippi baby is quite strange.”

The case of the Mississippi baby is quite strange. An unknowingly HIV positive mother gives birth to her child, and, at 30 hours of age, begins aggressive anti-retroviral therapy. The mother and child drop off the radar for about 2 years and upon returning to the hospital, the baby

brings with it an HIV negative blood test. Physicians later found out that the mother ceased administering her child the medications after about 15 months.

This case is different from others in that the mother never went to a doctor

during her pregnancy and thus never took preventative measures to ensure her baby would be born without the virus. Once the hospital realized the mother and baby both were infected, they transferred the baby to the University of Mississippi Medical center for treatment. Many HIV positive

women can prevent the placental transfer of HIV to their babies by taking medications and getting treated by a doctor, allowing them to give birth to healthy, HIV negative, children. Doctors believe that through the combination of three different aggressive drugs (rather than one), and the timing of treatment, the curing of this baby's disease was made possible.

Many doctors are still in disbelief because of this case, but the UMass Medical Center and the medical center at John's Hopkins University confirmed that the Mississippi baby went from HIV positive to HIV negative in mere months. These findings bring the medical community steps closer to finding an ultimate cure for millions of infected babies worldwide. Further testing and research on this Mississippi baby, as well as controlled laboratory trials, will bring a better understanding of the benefits of in-

# around town.



## SMOKING BAN-

continued from page 1

## CON

3. Pollution: Again, I realize that Vermont is far from the top of the list of offenders to the environment, but did you know that you inhale more lethal toxins from cars passing by, standing on the Main Street intersection waiting for the light to change so you can cross, than you do from secondhand smoke. So shall we also ban cars on campus?

This brings me to my last, but most certainly not least, final point. Freedom. I cannot say it enough: this is America, I am an adult, and I have the glorious right to smoke if I want to. And until the day when the federal government of these United States of America

**"instead of spending money, time, and resources on this proposed tobacco ban, the university could make an effort to provide healthier choices for students."**

says that I no longer can, I will smoke where I want. But I will say this, if you absolutely cannot stand smoke, you would have a hard time trying to find a smoker that would not move away if you asked nicely.

I'd like to point out again that UVM does designate non-smoking areas, especially high traffic places like the library, but never really enforces them. I always hear people complaining that they must traverse the smoky clouds to get to the doors of Bailey Howe. This is a critical problem, but before the University bans smoking on campus altogether, we must try to enforce these allocated areas first. If you support this proposed tobacco ban because of health reasons, I propose that you first work to support stricter punishment for alcohol consumption on campus, encourage healthier nutrition options at campus dining facilities, and take steps to reduce the fumes that spew out of nearby automobiles day and night. But whatever, we're all going to die from that big hole in the ozone layer anyway, right? ■

# uvm catamounts: division 1 sports mediocrity

by mikestorace

The University of Vermont is not a highly competitive school in terms of sports teams. This is symbolized by the absence of a football team. Ah football... perhaps my apathy for NCAA pigskin stems from my lack of a team to root for. UVM does have Division I athletics, which is a good start, but, aside from that, times have been tough, especially in lieu of a disappointing weekend of playoff competitions. For most students, our sports teams boil down to two: men's hockey and (more recently) men's basketball. Sorry ladies, but women's sports tend to shy from the spotlight.

As March Madness approaches (quickly!) the anxiety for a national championship grows in all schools with a basketball program. Vermont has caught the March fever! This was proven by the winding line waiting in the lobby of Patrick Gym to buy tickets for the America East championship game. The Catamounts were denied the chance to dance, however, by the University of Albany. The Great Danes (worst mascot ever) played well and outlasted the Catamounts in a very close game televised on ESPN 2.

UVM has made it to the NCAA tournament 5 times: 2003, 2004, 2005, 2010, and last year. UVM triumphantly defeated Syracuse in 2005 as a 13 over 4 seed upset, marking their only tournament win. UVM participates in the America East Conference and are able to enter the tournament by winning their respective conference tournament. This is the most popular mode of tournament entry by mid-major basketball teams around the country. Sadly, UVM's basketball team will never be a contender on a national scale. We can continue to make the tournament by beating America East division rivals, such as University of Albany and Stony Brook, but we pale in comparison to the level of talent that AP rated top 25 schools.

The other major sport at this school is men's hockey, which, in recent years, has faced little success. Last year marked a significant low-point, as the Catamounts finished the season with 6 wins and 27 losses, dead last in the Hockey East Conference. This season has proved a slight improvement, as the team finished 7th (out of 10) in Hockey East with a record of 11 wins, 17 losses, and 6 ties.

With their improved season, the Catamounts have landed themselves a place in the Hockey East Tournament with a best of three series versus reigning NCAA champions Boston College. Unfortunately, the Eagles proved too difficult an opponent, and UVM will have to look to next season for hopefully even more improvement.

Hockey East is a highly competitive conference, and six of its teams were in the NCAA top 25 (BC, UNH, UMass-Lowell, BU, Providence and Merrimack). The hockey team has not always been as weak as it has been the last few years; let me commence a brief history. UVM

**"we need to change the culture of losing at this school and look to a future where (some) sports at uvm can compete once more."**

hockey jumped to Division I hockey in the 1974-75 season when it entered the Eastern College Athletic Conference (ECAC). At the end of the 2004-05 season, it accepted an invitation to enter Hockey East, and, since then, has appeared in the NCAA championship tournament five times, including two trips to the Frozen Four in 1996 and 2009. The team went to the NCAA tournament back-to-back times in 2009 and 2010.

People, that was only three years ago. Teams go through droughts as they graduate players and recruit new ones. We need to change the culture of losing at this school and look to a future where (some) sports at UVM can compete once more. Basketball will continue to reign supreme in the America East, and, by doing so, will attract new talent to our program. There is nowhere to go but up. ■



julianna roen

# cupcake bosses of burlington

by rebeccaaurion

I can't be the only person who thinks it's a little odd that Burlington has two different cupcake shops within a block of each other. Don't get me wrong; I love cupcakes just as much as anyone else; probably more so, now that I think about it. But even to me, two shops seemed a bit excessive. That is, until I realized that My Little Cupcake and New Moon are very different from each other, and clearly cater to two very different types of customer. I can proudly say that I've sampled from both establishments, and therefore consider myself a bit of an authority on the subject. Seriously, I've eaten more cupcakes than you can sensibly fit in the Ira Allen Chapel.

Moving on from that, let's get down to the actual comparison. We'll start with My Little Cupcake, which, as you can probably guess, is as adorable a shop as the name suggests. Their mascot is a giant pink cake with a smiley face, for goodness' sake. The shop is decorated in a similar adorable fashion, though perhaps the oddest thing about

My Little Cupcake is that out of the two cupcake shops in Burlington, the one that doesn't share a name with one of the *Twilight* novels is the one with a cardboard cutout of Edward Cullen next to the register. But with a name like "My Little Cupcake", it's not exactly surprising that they'd choose a sparkly vampire as their celebrity of choice.

Compared to their competition, My Little Cupcake is much more affordable, and has plenty of variety of cupcake choices, from plain old vanilla, to red velvet, salted caramel, pink lemonade to even vegan and gluten free options. I've even seen them offer bacon cupcakes. And you get stickers on the to-go boxes, I mean, come on. You really can't be in a bad mood walking out of there, unless you have some sort of vendetta against baked goods.

On to New Moon; they not only sell cupcakes, but also offer a full variety of breakfast and lunch options, as well as coffee and tea. While My Little Cupcake is reminiscent of a Katy Perry video, with its bright colors and frosting a

mile high, New Moon's gimmick is the all-natural organic route. According to their website, their goal is to make the customer "think you were in Firenze." (For the uncultured, that's the Italian word for "Florence") I won't lie, it's a bit ambitious to say that, and having been to Florence myself, I'm not sure they succeed. However, New Moon does provide a unique ambiance to enjoy your baked goods in. They're definitely more upscale than My Little Cupcake, and like their competition, they offer unique flavor options, as well as vegan and gluten free options.

For anyone who stopped by their table during Week of Welcome way back in the Bronze Age of last semester, you

**"i've eaten more cupcakes than you can sensibly fit in the ira allen chapel."**

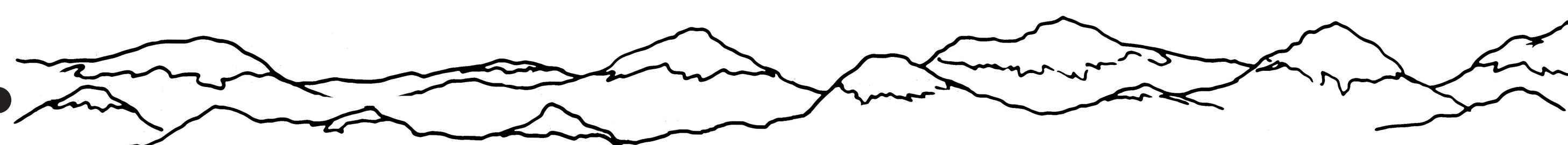
already know how high quality their products are. Seriously, those truffles may have changed my life, given that I still remember them vividly almost seven months later. But I have a very large problem with New Moon, besides their high prices: they're closed on Saturdays. This doesn't seem to make much sense, given that weekends are pretty much the best time for walk-in business. However, they're clearly doing well enough during the other days of the week where it must not be a problem. But it's super inconvenient when I want a Green Machine cupcake (full of green tea and other hippie nonsense) when I'm downtown on a Saturday afternoon and they aren't open.

Moral of the story: whether you want to relive your childhood or impress that hipster you have your eye on with your organic faux Italian lifestyle, feel free to enjoy delicious cupcakes at the establishment of your choice. Unless it's Saturday, that is. ■



katharine longfellow

# reflections.



## things to do while being laid up

by caito'hara

It's no fun being laid up, but sadly—due to sickness or injury—we've all been there at one point or another. And let's be frank; it gets boring as shit. Homework becomes even less entertaining than usual, and even Netflix gets old after you've watched the same shows more times than you're willing to admit in public. Even the Internet has a limit of amusement, before it becomes nothing more than blind scrolling through meaningless bullshit with the occasional giggle at a funny cat video. Thankfully though, there are means and methods to entertain you when the glory of the Internet no longer can.

**Read:** When was the last time you got to read a book simply because you wanted to? Prior to arriving at UVM I was a monstrous book nerd, flying through novels and memoirs at an astronomical pace. But since coming to school, I feel like I've lost that spark. Being laid up gives you a lot of free time, so exploit some of it and pick up a good book. Be it something you've already read, or that new book you've been dying to get at for months but haven't had the chance to, just pick something up and get going.

**Arts and Crafts:** Wanted to learn origami over the summer, but never got around to it? Used to be able to knit like a champ, but skills have gotten rusty? Break that shit back out. Even if your first several attempts don't go quite as intended, it'll take your mind off of things and you'll end up with a cool new way to show off!

**Coloring Books:** Not just for kids! In fact, I have a Spongebob one currently sitting on my desk along with a 96 pack of Crayolas. There's something about reverting back to your childhood when you feel

like absolute ass that brings those feel-good vibes back to the surface. And finished pages make great gifts to friends.

**Darts/Basketball:**  
Step 1: Pick up a dartboard or mini basketball/hoop from the toy aisle at your local Walmart.

Step 2: Get a kind friend to set it up for you on your wall directly opposite your bed. The goal is to be able to huck things without having to move.

Step 3: Practice enough to perfect your aim and find amusement in pegging unsuspecting visitors as they come in your door.

Now, I'm not endorsing violence here; only peg unsuspecting visitors if you follow the mini basketball track (and please make sure it's foam first!).

**Beat Angry Birds (Or another test of skill):** Let's face it; this day and age most of us have smart phones and almost every platform supports Angry Birds. And I know the majority of you have played at least once or twice. And I'm sure you've thought to yourself, "Huh, is there an end to this?" Why yes, in fact there is. Now I won't tell you how long it took me to do it as I'd like to maintain a shred of dignity, but there's the oddest feeling of extreme accomplishment when you finally get those game credits to roll.

There are thousands of other things you can do; figure out a Rubik's cube, learn a new language, take apart and rebuild a computer and solve the world's energy crisis just to name a few. But the point is, don't let being laid up get you down. Find ways to keep yourself occupied, and it'll make everything a hell of a lot easier to deal with.

## surfin' the stars

with lizcantrell

Aries: March 20-April 21

As far as the month-long forecast, April showers bring you powers...of persuasion. Friends and foes bend to your will and you find that your requests for eternal mangoes and glory are met. Ask and you shall receive.

Near the 17th, a childhood friend who deeply wronged you reaches out to you. Accept their olive branch and make amends, for the stars predict this will bring you good karm, which you'll need in order to escape a professor's wrath near the 24th. ■

## parents just don't understand: embarrassing family stories

" I was on vacation in Maine with my family one summer and we were poking around some of the local stores. As I was paying for a purse in one shop, my hand (which even in the middle of July would give a *Twilight* vampire the chills) brushed against the cashier. She started back and said, "Your hands are so cold!" My dad was standing nearby immediately quipped back with, "Oh actually she's been dead for years. We just keep her around for tax purposes." The cashier didn't seem to find it as funny as my dad because she immediately looked terrified and scuttled into the back of the store without saying another word. Glad to know my parents have planned out their financial options in the case of my death.

by katharinelongfellow

" After spending 24 hours awake during a sleep deprivation hazing ritual demanded of him by the fraternity he was pledging to, my father and his close friend decided they had to strike back at the fraternity brothers. Deliriously exhausted, they decided on sneaking into the frat house to unscrew and steal every toilet seat in the building. Their plan went off without a hitch, and they hid the seats in the house's attic. Several of the brothers never checked and sat straight in the bowl. He almost got away, but his friend cracked under interrogation, and they had to wear toilet seats around their necks for the rest of the day.

by benberrick

" I used to live in Alabama, and my family owned a chicken named Ethel and a feisty rooster named Fred. Unfortunately, a sly fox nabbed little Ethel. Fred, despondent that his lady chick was gone, became very temperamental and possessive. One day, my dad was walking through the yard and Fred, who still has his spurs, starting chasing him. My dad fired off a few bb gun shots (not directly at Fred, but in his vicinity). Fred dropped to the ground, and my dad thought, "Oh god, I've killed the rooster." Walking over to investigate the fallen fowl, my dad freaked out when Fred jumped up and attacked him. In my dad's words, Fred had been, "playing possum." Fred ran down the road and never came back. And we never got another rooster.

by lizcantrell

" My dad and his buddies were always pulling pranks when they were younger. One time they pulled out a stop sign, twelve foot post and all, and set it up in the middle of a long straightaway. They proceeded to sit and watch cars screech to a halt when there was no reason to stop for a quarter mile each way. When they went to put the sign back, they drove right by the Police Station with the stop sign hanging out the back of the pickup truck!

by bethziehl

" My mother celebrated reaching drinking age in senior year of high school by going to a local bar with friends. Feeling sophisticated, she ordered and downed a Brandy Alexander, a Grasshopper, a Rob Roy, a Tequila Sunrise, a martini (shaken, not stirred), a White Russian, and a Manhattan. She doesn't personally remember how she got home, but apparently she ambled back from the bar in the middle of the road for a mile wailing the maudlin lyrics to "Fountain of Sorrow" by Jackson Browne. What she does remember is waking up with a soul-crushing hangover in her own little fountain of sorrow the next morning.

by wesdunn

" When my dad was in college he helped out with sound and lighting for the theater department. One day, when he thought they didn't have a show, he figured it'd be a great time to take mescaline with a buddy of his. Couple hours later, he finds out there was a show, and when he got there the guy who actually knew what he was doing was shitfaced. Needless to say it was an interesting night.

by caito'hara

" My stepdad Danny is an authentic back-country southern man, hailing from deep within Virginia's Blue Ridge mountains, accent and everything. His favorite story to tell us has to do with his childhood pet pig. He found the pig wandering along the side of the road one day while it was just a little piglet, the size of a small dog. With good intentions he brought the pig home and decided to keep it as a pet, unaware that the animal would one day grow to the full size of nearly 100 pounds. At one particular family gathering, the pig (alas I have forgotten its name) in its full size began "making love" (as Danny articulates it) to one of those extra large bouncy exercise balls in the yard in front of their entire extended family. Grandmas and grandkids alike watched with their mouths gaped as the ball suddenly popped, the pig let out a loud squeal, and abashedly waddled away.

by phoebefooks



katharine longfellow

## terrible tattoos

by rebeccalaurion

Despite the stigmas around body art that still remain in our culture today, tattoos have become much more mainstream. Millions of Americans have them, and this rise in ink has given way to some truly awesome art. When done right, tattoos can be a creative and artistic expression of a person's life, interests or memories. When done incorrectly, a person runs the risk of looking like a toddler attacked them with a Sharpie. I love tattoos, I really do, but there are just some trends that confuse and sometimes astound me for one reason or another. Keep in mind, these are all personal opinions, and everyone is different. Don't bite my head off if you disagree, or have one of the designs listed below. Just because I might not personally prefer a design doesn't mean shit if it's what you really want.

### Cliché, Overdone Tattoos

Here I'm talking about those kinds of body art that almost everyone seems to have: roses, butterflies, anchors, skulls, all that jazz. I'm not a big fan of flash art anyways (those designs you often find on walls of shops that you can basically point to and then get it done), and these ideas are very often featured there. Now, some people have genuinely personal and meaningful reasons for getting one of these designs, and kudos to you. I don't have a problem with that at all. I do have a problem when this isn't the case, and when people get these designs just for the hell of it. In that case, it just seems like a generic stamping.

### Band Names/Logos

I fully support song lyrics; I'd be a giant hypocrite if I didn't, given what I have on my collarbone. However, I draw the line at band names or logos. To me, it just looks like advertising. If your goal in getting a tattoo is to be edgy, hardcore, or counter-culture, you're doing the exact opposite if

you make yourself a human billboard. Instead of getting the band name, why not get a song title, album title or lyric that means a lot to you?

For an extreme example of advertisement through body art, check out some pics on the Internet of people paid by companies to get logos or slogans on them. If that doesn't terrify you, there's something wrong.

### Relationship Tattoos

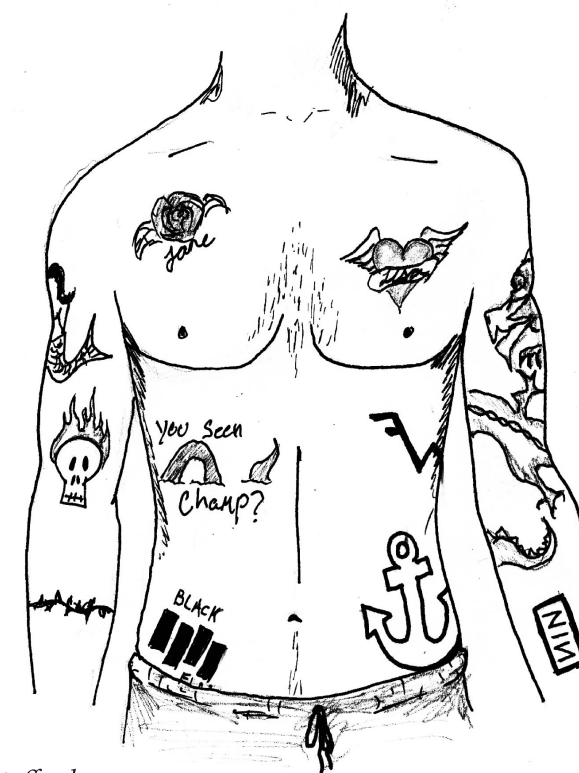
Names, matching puzzle pieces, portraits, wedding rings, all of these need to go. I really shouldn't even have to say this, but unfortunately I do. So before you go out and get your sweetheart's name on your ass, think about how you'll feel if that relationship ends. You'll be stuck with a permanent reminder of someone you might rather forget, and explaining why you have your ex's face on your arm to your new girl is going to be hell. Awkward.

### Mythical Creatures

I feel the need to mention this out of necessity, since the subject is so polarizing. Some people love dragons, fairies, fictional characters, all that stuff. Seeing as I have the Cheshire Cat on my shoulderblade (Tim Burton's interpretation, not old timey Disney, in case you were wondering), I'd again be a hypocrite to have an unfavorable view on these. The only advice I will give about these is to be very careful that your artist is going to do a good job. There are too many poorly designed dragons in the world, and the last thing you'd want is to look like a ten year old's art project. Do your research and you should be all set.

Opinions aside, at the end of the day it's your body, and you should get what you want, and what's going to make you happy, should you decide that a tattoo is

for you. If you want to get a crazy detailed Tinkerbell or a chipmunk shooting lasers out its eyes, I'm obviously not going to be able to stop you. Your body is your business, in the end. As long as you're being smart about your tattoo, meaning finding a good artist and a design that you'll be happy with in the long run, not to mention thinking about your design for longer than three hours, then really, what does it matter what anyone else thinks? Just for fuck's sake, make sure you're sober when you get ink done. Seriously, that's common sense. ■



liz stafford

# fashion five-oh.



## obsessed clothing disorder

↑  
(with my)

by sarahperda

Outside of Kalkin, and even within its walls occasionally, Type A people on this hippy-dippy campus tend to get a bad rap. As if to further accentuate my position as an extremely atypical UVMer, last semester's plethora of BSAD120 personality tests have truly reaffirmed that I am embarrassingly Type A. I'm the first to admit that my inherent neuroticism has its setbacks, however, there is one category in which I challenge anyone to channel their mild to severe OCD and outdo me in: closet organization.

Despite the fact that my closets are filled to the brim with clothes (ask my roommates, they all hate me for it), they are so orderly that I could go blind overnight and still be able to get dressed without missing a step. It may sound a little ridiculous, but if you want to take Spring Cleaning to an entirely new level, or could use a little structure in your life, here's how to go about it:

### 1. Color-code your closet

Stop rolling your eyes, prima donna; this is not a joke. Color-coding your shirts makes it disgustingly easy to get dressed in the morning when your eyes are still glued shut. You know how you're never able to find the shirt you really want to wear the moment you want to wear it because your closet always manages to mush it way into Narnia where you'll never find it again? Guess who doesn't have that problem because of her impeccably ordered clothing collection? Depending on how much clothing you own, this tip can be anywhere from semi-helpful to a full-blown lifesaver. You'll moan and groan the first time you sort all of your clothes, but trust me it's a worthwhile task in the end.

### 2. Racks on racks on racks...of shoes

Shoe racks are one of the greatest inventions for shoe addicts like myself. Rather than having a mountain of footwear comparable in size to Mt. Mansfield (see, I can speak Vermonter now and then), shoe racks allow said shopaholics to keep their collection in one spot. Sandals in one section, flats in another, boots in another...get it? Good.

### 3. Feels like a midget is hangin' from my necklace

The title is pretty irrelevant, but Luda was on the right train of thought: necklaces matter; so don't merely toss them in a pile and allow them to get all tangled up. The best approach is to buy hooks and hang them from your walls. The necklaces stay neat, and make your room look prettier than bare-naked walls. When you get all of those, "oh, you fancy huh?"-esque compliments, I expect to be name dropped and credited.

### 4. Separate outerwear from innerwear

Anything that makes contact with the great outdoors (i.e. jackets) should be stored separately from things you don't purely inside (i.e. shirts). This serves two main purposes: 1. You still avoid rooting around a mess of clothing looking for one item in a heap of unrelated ones and 2. You keep your clothes fairly clean for reuse if you're one of those laundry-avoiders. That being said, I do not condone wearing things twice. Ever. Because that's filthy. But, apparently, most people do partake in outfit repeating without washing, so here's to trying keeping your garments squeaky clean as long as possible.

### 5. Match your damn socks before you shove them in the drawer.

Self-explanatory. Don't be such a bum; it's really not hard. ■

# fork it over.



## the sodexo monopoly

by jamiebeckett

Sodexo has a monopoly over all the food that can be served on UVM's campus until 2016. As history and economics professors will attest to this, monopolies mean there is no competition. When an entity has no competition, the quality of the product decreases. If this monopoly were to end, it would force Sodexo to raise their standards because of competition from local vendors. This means better food, a stronger local economy, and if we could get local farms on board, this means steps towards sustainability.

The University of Vermont has an activist student population, and I believe that this issue is similar to the Divestment move-

"we should act as *leaders* and take this major step towards *localization* and sustainability by *ending sodexo's monopoly*."

ment we've seen in the last few months. Students and Professors at UVM are not a fan of large corporations running our lives. While Sodexo might not loom large compared to large investment firms such as Blackrock All-

Cap Energy, it is a corporate monopoly which dominates the college and university dining services. Many of the courses taught at UVM emphasize the importance of sustainability, which stems from a strong local economy. The disconnect between how the University runs and how the students and professors feel about these issues needs to come to an end. The world is at a vital turning point with recognition of climate change and the subsequent actions that need to be taken to combat it. I am not saying that ending the Sodexo monopoly will end climate change. Further, I am not saying that Sodexo has no spot on campus. Frankly, they are somewhat affordable and we do need some corporation to allocate the resources for unlimited dining hall options that some students genuinely prefer. However, if this University is serious about combating climate change, we should act as leaders and take this ma-

jor step towards localization and sustainability by ending Sodexo's monopoly, which limits our progress on this vital issue.

How do we do this? While their contract is not up until 2016 and most of us at the University now will never see the fruits of this change, we need to elect student leadership that will pressure the administration to deny Sodexo's provision that they monopolize what vendors can serve food on UVM's campus. ■



malcolm valaitis

# trash.

## i want you so bad



remember to check out the overflow on the blog!  
thewatertower.tumblr.com

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

All I wanted was ice cream, but love was in the air, When I went to Ben & Jerry's and saw your nice hair. You had me at "Hey, what's up?" And that's when I got a close up Your beautiful blue eyes made me swoon, For a Thursday night I was over the moon. I ordered sweet cream and cookies and peanut butter froyo, when I left you had me aglow. **When:** Thursday, 6:30 **Where:** Davis Center **I saw:** a hot scooper **I am:** just another girl

I've witnessed a lot of ballet and technique in the last few years and I have never really been impressed by any of it. That is, until your elegant second position hands made by heart shimmy. Your enchanting smile and joyful eyes create a warmth that dances inside of me making the world seem like a brighter place. I know we are both seniors and will most likely be going our separate ways. But I thought I should let you know. Wink Shimmy Shimmy Wink **When:** Every Wednesday (And Thursdays) **Where:** Jazz Dance Class **I saw:** A frequently busy dancer **I am:** That guy who wont stop shaking his ass

I always thought that every man was an island until I saw your face Your beautiful eyes and musical laugh make me absent minded And I apologize for that We spend time together only occasionally Yet I continue to wonder if you would like to spend more time with me You're one of the most amazing girls I have met It didn't take long for me to realize that I long to be your knight in crumpled corduroy It is your company and personality I truly long to enjoy **When:** every once and a while **Where:** here and there **I saw:** a beautiful smile **I am:** wanting to see more of you

Desde la primera vez que te vi Me has gustado a mi Tienes una muy linda sonrisa Que siempre hace que mi corazón se derrita Y aquí lo voy a terminar Porque en español me cuesta rimar La neta, soy un indigno gringo Pero sería super chido Salir una vez contigo **When:** Los martes **Where:** Clase **I saw:** Una princesa mexicana **I am:** Un yanqui

# the ear

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

Between Tupper and the Marche, 3/22

Biddy Girl 1: So listen how my life used to be.

Biddy Girl 2: Ok sure whatever.

Biddy Girl 1: I would wake up every morning and watch an episode of *Saved by the Bell* and then my mom would melt me chocolate chips for breakfast.

Bailey Howe Library Friday

Girl 1: What is your worst fear in life?

Girl 2: Well... oh my god what if I get wicked fat someday!? That's definitely it.

Walking by the amphitheater at night

Guy to friend: Girls with tall pony tails are not smart.

The Davis Center Tunnel

Blazed Girl 1: Yeah that weekend was intense. One sec I'm eating a quality brownie and the next second I'm 90% sure Christian Bale killed a cat with his shoulder blades.

Not-so-blazed Girl 2: What?

Blazed Girl 1: The heater told me it was true so I'm taking it's word for it.

Night class

An obvious non-Vermonter: My car got stuck in the snow when I tried to move it for the parking ban, but thank God a guy was there to help me. He used one of those personal plow things...

Group of girls: (questioning looks)

Obvious non-Vermonter: Ya know, they kinda look like Wall-és...

Confused Friend: Do you mean a snowblower?

Obvious non-Vermonter: Ya!

# SUMMER UNIVERSITY

REGISTER NOW!  
500+ courses,  
140+ online!



Ruby

Communication  
Entrepreneurship '13

smart is...  
Saving your seat  
for the elective you want or  
the requirement you need

Classes begin May 20<sup>th</sup>

Catch Up. Get Ahead. Online. On Campus.  
uvm.edu/summer



The University of Vermont

100 YEARS  
1869-2009

# tunes.



## every thug needs a lady: the ja rule story

by joesiebert

In 1999, Ja Rule released his debut album *Venni Vetti Vecci*. This full-length thrived in a mainstream New York hip hop climate that craved the type of R&B-influenced hip hop pioneered on the Notorious B.I.G. album, *Life After Death*. Ja Rule crafted numerous Billboard Hot 100 hits, several of which cracked the top ten.

These hits do not stray far from a formula that he championed from roughly 1999 to 2004. On the tracks that resonate most with his fans, Ja teams his raspy growl of a voice with a smooth, sexy hook or verse from an R&B voice, often frequent collaborator, Ashanti. Without fail, Ja Rule focuses his content on the argument that “every thug needs a lady.” This phrase, from the chart topping “Put it on Me,” captures a sentiment that is, for him, transcendent.

In the aforementioned “Put it on Me,” Ja opens by asking, “Where would I be without my baby?” The question is unthinkable, as he continues, “The thought alone might break me.” The track unfolds as an intimate conversation between the separated thug and his lady who is, in this case, female rapper Vita. Ja spends his first verse reminding Vita about the material things he provided her. He insists, “I’ll be the first, to see Jacob, to frost your wrist

up.” Vita, at first, expresses her appreciation for these gifts but moves to reflect on “nights that you kept me warm.” This shifts the song’s focus from standard hip hop materialism to a declaration genuine love. Ja caps the song with a verse matching Vita’s affection and a final bout of the chorus where he exclaims his loneliness and asks his lady to, above all, “put it on me.”

“a thug needs a lady to hold him down in the streets, in prison, and elsewhere.... ja rule reiterates this necessity in the strip club anthem, ‘down ass bitch.’”

The music video for this single indicates a prison bid as the reason for the separation, but the song gives no actual indication. In any case, the point is, a thug needs a lady to hold him down in the streets, in prison, and elsewhere. And, more than that, the bond is mutual. Ja Rule reiterates this necessity in the strip club anthem, “Down

Ass Bitch.” This is an apparent sequel to “Put it on Me,” in which the thug and his lady have reconciled and Ja uses the track to celebrate the woman “who celebrates the thugs.” Charli Baltimore replaces Vita, and proclaims that she is the “Bonnie to [Ja’s] Clyde.”

These are only two of the many explorations of the relationship between the thug and his lady. Ja Rule spends several tracks examining the consequences and wrestling the meaning of this link. For example, in “Between Me and You,” a duet with Christina Milian, Ja breaks the vow he has with his wife to be with another woman. In “Always on Time,” he goes back and forth with Ashanti about their mutual unfaithfulness.

In all cases, though, the tracks relate back to his central thesis: every thug needs a lady. Thus, we must remember Ja Rule, for he offers several epics that celebrate the merits of the long-lasting and monogamous love. He stands in stark contrast to current mainstream hip hop, which glorifies excessive partying and one-night stands. These songs paint pictures that pale in comparison to the strong bond shared by the thug and his lady. ■

## doubts as *dorris* drop descends:

### earl’s recent singles may be ill omens

by dylanmccarthy

Earl Sweatshirt’s story outclasses every other Odd Future member’s by far. When Tyler, The Creator’s video for “Yonkers” appeared in 2011, OFWGKTA gained thousands upon thousands of fans and temporary fans. Most of these folks took advantage of the collective’s entirely free music catalog of 13 some-odd self produced albums (myself included). All that glitters is not gold, and a lot of those albums flat out sucked. Gems like Tyler’s *Bastard*, Frank Ocean’s *Nostalgia*, *Ultra*, and the collective’s *Radical* mixtape were enough to keep fans craving more. However, even the dark rap opera of *Bastard* couldn’t compare to what was going on in Earl Sweatshirt’s debut *Earl*.

The opening track, “Thisniggaugly” is the majority of Odd Future laughing at Earl, tossing a few looped insults at the idea of Earl being able to rap. Earl stutters but his ‘brother’ Tyler believes in him, telling him to just say something and then the rest of the album is gold. Earl establishes himself as the crew’s best rapper, with a fast paced double entendre driven style. He performs so well it’s hard to believe he was 16 years old when he recorded the album. Naturally this album has plenty of ‘shockcore’ moments, and it’s easy for skeptics to marginalize his entire sound to simple immaturity. Yes “Couch” is essentially Tyler and Earl attempting to gross each other out and “Pigions” does feature a solid fifteen seconds of someone fapping, but the cheesy high school love story of “Luper” and the mock club track “epaR” prove there’s so much more.

After Tyler closes the album with “I told you he could rap! Dumb motherfucker!” you wonder, “Wait, where is this kid?” Earl’s not jumping around with Tyler on Jimmy Fallon, nor is he at any of Odd Future’s shows and the other members are all starting songs with “Free Earl!” Soon everyone knew that their beloved Earl was deemed ‘at risk’ by his mother, and sent to a therapeutic retreat school in Samoa.

Odd Future’s fan favorite rapper was nowhere to be found during the collective’s rise to power, but Tyler promised great things when Earl returned. Responding to some skepticism during an interview, Tyler promised that Odd Future would “rule the world when Earl returned.” Words like that demand some serious follow up, and Earl’s first verse with Gang did just that. The longest verse on the 10 minute wonder “Oldie” proved that Earl hadn’t lost any of his talent during his year long absence, if anything he’s aging like a fine wine. So Earl’s back, but now what? What’s the next move here guys? That’s where things get complicated.

The last half of 2012 was a mixed bag for Odd Future. Although the summer powerhouse of *Chamel Orange* was a gigantic success, heavily featured MCs on *The Odd Future Tape Vol. 2* such as Domo Genesis and Mike G failed to have the stopping power to reach out to fans who hadn’t already heard Tyler and Earl’s tracks. Yes, the rest of the gang started looking like Yamcha, Tien, and Krillen to Tyler and Earl’s Goku Vegeta bromance. With a dearth of Earl solo material following his welcome home single “Home,” the gang needed new Earl material to soar. November 12th saw the release of Earl’s single “Chum.” Any fan of hip-hop will tell you that an MC needs to advance their ideas over time, move onto different things. *My Beautiful Dark Twisted Fantasy* wouldn’t have sold if Kanye were still yelling about how he dropped out of college, and a lot fans stopped listening to Atmosphere because Slug was rapping about Lucy for seven straight years.

“Chum” was a far cry from anything else in Earl’s catalog, and it caught a lot of people off guard. Earl had been hinting in recent interviews that his new material was going to have a much more sentimental tone, but you can never take what these guys say in interviews at face value. “Chum” is that ‘deep’ song Earl spoke of, but is it really all

that deep? Rappers often think ‘more personal’ is cruise control for ‘better music’ and ‘Chum’ falls into that very same trap. Sure, Earl still sounds as good as always, but these lyrics are subpar at best. At age 19, Earl simply does not have enough distance from his childhood to really move any listener with the tired “Ohhh man my dad left me, and I’m not too keen on that mother of mine either” routine, and I wasn’t the only person left skeptical at the end of the track.

Some fans went into a fit of rage; bum-rushing Earl with messages insisting “Chum” was a sign that he went soft before he ever really hit his peak, and he responded to this new flock of skeptics with his latest single, “Whoa.” The track opens with Tyler saying “Niggas think cause you fuckin’ made Chum and got all personal/ That nigga won’t go back to that old fuckin’ 2010 shit...” Sounds promising right? “Whoa” is a gigantic step back for Earl, and fails for the same reasons Eminem’s *Relapse* failed: Self consciously trying to replicate previous songs when those songs are known for their vulgarity isn’t a good idea. Odd Future are not a bunch of Eminem acolytes; they always were self-aware of their vulgarity, but a self-aware return to self-aware vulgarity is one ‘self-aware’ too many. The first time criticism from fans due to “Chum” pushed Earl into a regress; “Whoa” is the product of playing it safe and ignorant, and can’t compare to a single track off of *Earl*.

With Earl’s sophomore album *Dorris* nearing it’s release, it’s anyone’s call what the rest of it will be like. Will Earl take the mixed opinions on “Chum” in stride and refine a more personal approach to his sound, or attempt to make *Earl 2*? Hell, even if *Dorris* is a sophomore slump I’ll have your back Earl. ■

# créatif stuffé.



## *rabbi*

by lizcantrell

The old rabbi shuffled along the gray, crooked sidewalk, his spine bent like a melted spoon. The tap of his cane kept time with the slow intake of his breath as he sucked in January’s chill. He moved slowly, his head bobbing with each deliberate step.

He reached the street corner and tuned left, as he did everyday. The synagogue loomed two blocks ahead, its massive double doors and lean windows forming a wry grin looking down upon the empty street. He was retired, but went to temple each morning out of habit.

Today it was particularly cold, and he was un-

comfortable. As he passed the narrow passageway next to the old shoe factory, his cane crunched bits of broken glass. He wrinkled his freezing nose at the caustic smell of burnt plastic wasting away in the alley. Even the cats stayed far from this place. They understood that God did not extend his grace past the threshold of the synagogue doors and into the city.

The rabbi was almost at the temple. He thought maybe someone might be there, but it was unlikely, given the hour and the temperature. He did not mind being alone. ■

## untitled

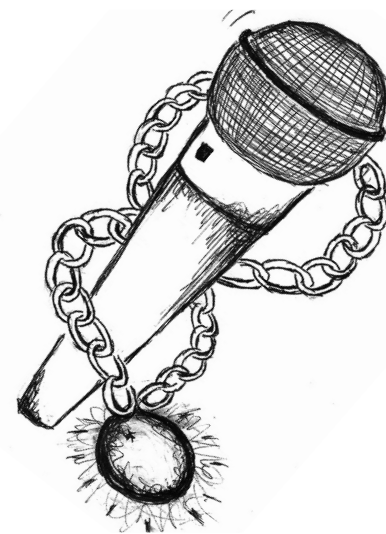
kittyfaraji



## the cipher

with kerrymartin

Stretch out those hip-hop hamstrings, UVemcees, because it’s time to bring your rhyme-slingin’ back to **the water tower**. When you work hard and play hard all week long, nothing puts your mind at ease better than lyric therapy. This week, we comma splice **Grammar**.



You see me? Be cautious, check my sentence structure—flawless. Don’t be thoughtless in your solace; can’t beat me with them clauses.

And it’s satirical how I spit rhymes around you, like spherical. I’m categorically empirical with my atypical, subliminal material. I wax lyrical about a pronoun, reflexive, I’m just overprotective of my grammatical licks, all about a prefix, infix, and a suffix. You better check my linguistics, ‘cause my compounds are delicious.

by 2Kittenz, the flow-slingin’ feline

Next week, we support **Utopian Socialism**. Send your raps to thewatertowernews@gmail.com with the subject “My flow is too grimy, Ganges River” or something to that effect. Once again, best rapper of the semester gets a \$25 gift card to Boloco! ■

# old *billy*

by kerrymartin

All the world’s a stage  
And all the men and women merely players.  
That’s what Old Billy wrote,  
And one of his players said,  
But after each performance,  
After the stage simmers in back stabbing  
Throat slitting  
Kidnapping  
Back talking  
Hate  
The men and women vanish  
Into darkness  
And the players spring from the curtains  
All smiles  
And give a handholding bow  
Just as you like it.  
I leave this comedy,  
And watch the rest of the audience hurry  
From the heated theatre lobby  
Through the fall night’s bite  
Into their heated cars  
And drive away.  
I held the door for little old ladies in their fur coats  
Who gave me beams that said,  
“Marry my daughter,  
As long as your clothes always look that nice.”  
Stopping for dinner on my way home,  
The stage already an age away,  
My server is a man with big fists  
Who tells me his name (David)  
The specials (Spinach salad and Braised lamb with prune sauce)  
The soup of the day (Split pea)  
And how great the dish I order is  
All smiles.

He pours my wine in a way that promises a good tip  
And sends me on my way  
With a pleasant belly  
And a head full of a ‘98 Bordeaux.

I leave this comedy,  
Speeding on the freeway to an empty home  
Where there’s another bottle of wine  
Sitting on a table set for two.

I’ll pour two glasses,  
One for myself,  
And one for Old Billy  
So I can get drunk and tell him he got it wrong,  
That in fact,

All the world’s the stage after the performance,  
A handholding bow.  
And while the oldies file out of their seats  
And hobble to their cars,  
Anyone is welcome to go backstage

To join the back stabbing  
Throat slitting  
Kidnapping  
Back talking  
Hate

That drenches the backside of the curtains in blood.  
Old Billy just smiles,  
A closed-mouth smile,  
Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans everything  
And sips his glass,

As if to say something  
That I still fail to grasp.

## *proximity*

by bethziehl

The pages of your journal  
Are warped and water stained  
And I wonder if you’ve been crying.  
I don’t dare read what is written,  
For I promised I never would.  
Seeing your handwriting  
And touching those pages  
Is enough to feel close to you.  
I like to look at your drawings  
And see the items you’ve  
Placed within the pages.  
It makes me feel as though  
I still know you,  
As though we haven’t  
Grown apart in the past year.  
I wish my thoughts and feelings  
Flowed as yours do.  
Maybe then I wouldn’t feel  
As though I’ve lost you.

# cat litter.



collincappelle



on the web at [www.satirestyx.com](http://www.satirestyx.com)

## Tip o' the Week

Watch out for the April fool's water tower next week.

\*wink wink\*

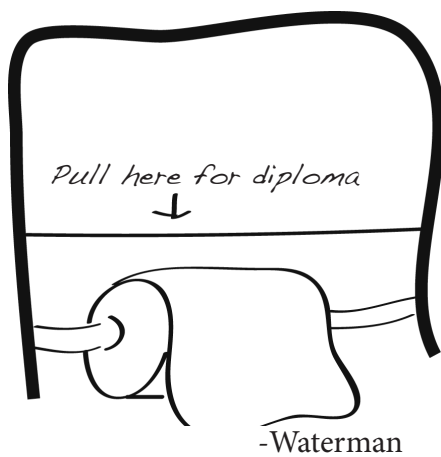
## scrawl on the walls of the bathroom stalls

How to sort your shit out:

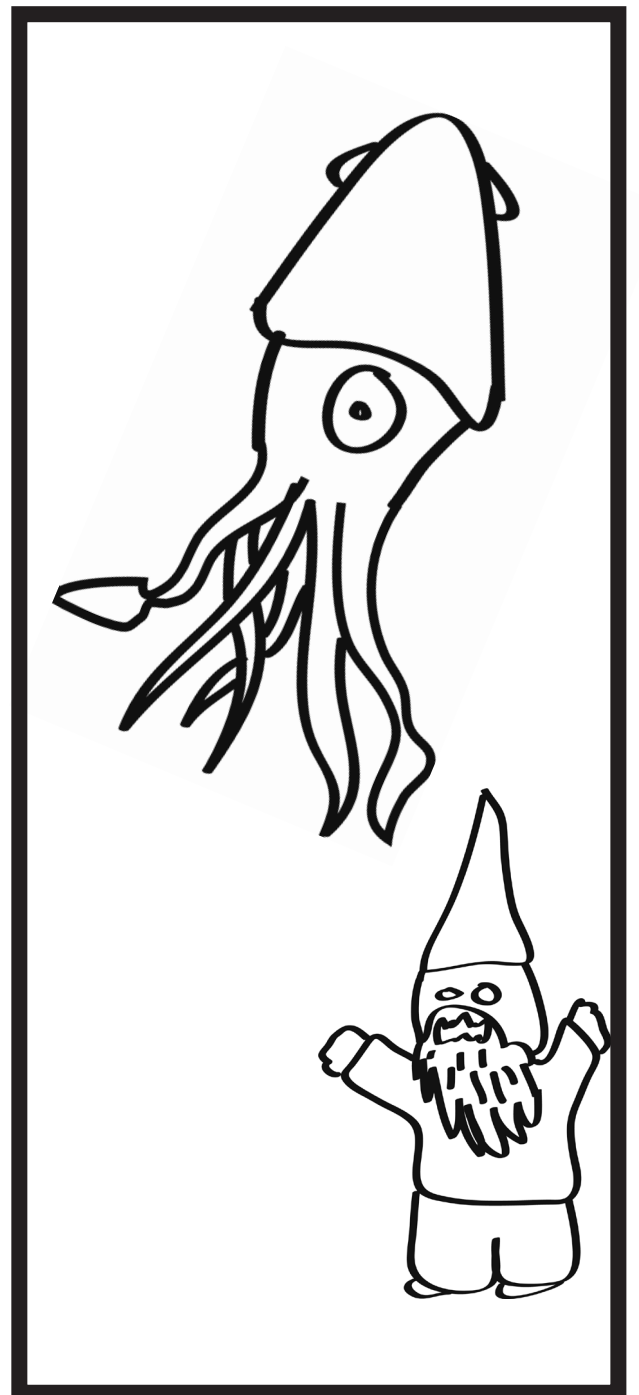
```
private static void quickSort(int a[], int first, int last)
{
    int left, right;
    int pivindex = pivot(first, last);
    if (pivindex >= 0)
    {
        left = pivindex + 1;
        right = last;
        do {
            while (a[left] < a[pivindex]
&& left <= right)
                left++;
            while (a[right] > a[pivindex])
                right--;
            if (right > left)
                swap(a, left, right);
        } while (left < right);

        swap(a, pivindex, right);
        quickSort(a, first, right-1);
        quickSort(a, right+1, last);
    }
}
```

-Perkins,



Here I Sit So Broken Hearted  
Went To Shit But Only Farted  
Yesterday I Took A Chance  
Went To Fart And Shit My Pants  
-Votey



A recreation of the famous moment when Gnome Chomsky met the heavenly one-eyed squid and the idea of Universal Grammar was created.