a harrowing tale: the recent rise of heroin abuse

by dustineagar

Our country is having an identity crisis. No, not the type of identity crisis that led you to dress in black and listen to Slipknot during that awkward fall of eighth grade. Rather, American society is struggling to define and clarify its moral boundaries. Since time immemorial, people have sought to find ways to alter their consciousness by various substances, for one reason or another. For just about as long as the abuse of those substances has led to problems for individuals, families, communities, and societies in general. Thus, social and (more recently) legal norms have emerged regarding the appropriate role of these substances in society. These norms vary widely between communities of all scope. Marijuana laws, for example, vary around the world. Uruguay has recently legalized and regulated the sale and production of cannabis. Conversely, as of 2009, possession of the drug in Laos carries a mandatory death sentence in certain cases. Between these two extremes, there are a range of degrees of stringency and enforcement of these laws.

In the United States, these laws vary so widely that no one is really sure what they are. Cannabis is still a Schedule-I controlled substance under federal law, and yet many states are legally condoning the use of the drug for medicinal purposes. In Colorado and Washington, weed is now legal for recreational purposes (no wonder the Super Bowl was so dull this year). The discrepancy between state and federal law on this issue reflects a change in societal attitudes and norms regarding drug use over the past four or five decades. The Controlled Substances Act, or Title II of the Comprehensive Drug Abuse Prevention and Control Act of 1970, serves as the basis for much of Federal law governing drug offenses. Putting aside President Nixon’s guano insanity and Dr. Henry Kissinger’s plans for global domination, of which the act was surely an integral part, the imposition of harsh prison terms for the use, transport, and distribution of psychoactive substances reflected the attitudes of the body politic at that time. And racism.

The widespread abuse of heroin in the United States had, until recently, been thought of as akin to a contagious disease that had been eradicated. A recently released study by the Substance Abuse and Mental Health Services Administration, an adjunct of the U.S. Department of Health and Human Services, indicates that between 2007 and 2012 the number of people who had reported using heroin in the past year increased approximately 80%.

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Last year, I had the opportunity to speak with federal magistrate John Conroy about the resurgence of heroin in Vermont. As prescription painkillers become more expensive and difficult to access, users of narcotics will turn to the black market, and heroin, as a substitute. Heroin, while cheaper than prescription painkillers, can be more dangerous due to the unregulated nature of its production.

Mr. Conroy has done pioneering work on federal programs oriented toward a treatment approach to drug offenses. These programs are gaining traction across the country, as social attitudes about the best way to deal with the problems associated with narcotic use shift from incarceration to treatment, as perceptions of drug abuse shift from moral transgression to physiological disorder. Importantly, the profile of the narcotics abuser is expanding from inner city impoverished minority to encompass white middle class suburban dwellers.

The idea of liberalizing drug laws relating to heroin and narcotic abuse is not gaining traction in the way that marijuana legalization is in the United States, unless you are Ron Paul, or of Libertarian political orientation. The question about how to best deal with this new (old) problem is becoming more relevant as it rears its ugly head in more affluent communities around the country.

The redefinition of our social norms regarding drugs is an ongoing process, and warrants thought, consideration, and input by those who desire to be informed and politically active. Unfortunately for social conservatives, like those who crafted the Controlled Substances Act, the problems associated with drug abuse can no longer be contained to some socioeconomic, racial, generational, or political minority. How much of the fabric of American society are we willing to sacrifice as collateral damage in a war against a problem we don’t adequately understand?
Dear readers,

You know we love you, we truly do, but we have a bone to pick with you: the silence has GOT to end. After four weeks of publishing the quips, quips and queries of our editors and staff, we at the water tower have yet to hear from the UVM community. Have you loved the paper? Have you hated it? Do you just have a lot of feelings you’d like to publish in this tiny box? If you want to say it, chances are we want to hear it! Send your comments and questions to thewatertowernews@gmail.com; your brush with fame via being published awaits you.

See you next Tuesday,
Sarah and Cait
Co-Editors-in-Chief

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

the news in brief

“For most Americans, there are no golden tickets. At least not like the kind you see on TV. More families are struggling today than at any time in our history. And here in North Carolina, we’ve suffered more than our share of pain.”

— Clay Aiken spoke last Wednesday about his bid to run as the Democratic candidate for a congressional seat representing North Carolina. Ruben Studdard will not be running, so maybe Aiken will have a chance this time.

“We want you to stay... We would be deeply diminished without Scotland.”

— In a speech last Friday, British Prime Minister David Cameron pleaded with the Scottish people to vote to remain as a part of the United Kingdom. The vote, which will be held in September, could prove to be a historic moment.

“My mission is to achieve a turn-around of the electronics business and to further grow it to contribute to the Sony group as a whole.”

— Sony CEO Kazuo Hirai spoke in an earnings conference last week about its sale of the VAIO PC business and company restructuring. Sony has sold its PC business to a Japanese investment fund and will also spinoff its TV business into a wholly owned subsidiary.

“In writing his will, the Holy Father knew he was entrusting these notebooks to someone who would treat them responsibly. I had no doubt these were such important items, testifying to the spirituality of a great pope, that it would be a crime to destroy them.”

— Cardinal Stanislaw Dziwisz spoke in defense of his decision to not burn the late Pope John Paul II’s personal notes. As the late Pope’s secretary, he was entrusted to destroy the notes as part of John Paul II’s personal notes. At the late Pope’s request, he was entrusted to destroy the notes as part of John Paul II’s personal notes. Instead, Cardinal Dziwisz has gone ahead published the notes with royalties going toward amuseum honoring John Paul.

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

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New writers and artists are always welcome.
Weekly meetings
Tuesdays at 7:30 pm
Williams Family Room
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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 water tower.
you won’t see-more hoffman
by alexgriffin

I have a bit of a fetish for great obituary writing. How do you balance life and death? How do you weigh the irretrievably lost with the irrevocably given? No matter what someone does while they’re alive, when they’re gone, and there’s something in that departure that will always keep us from being left behind feeling like we’ve been beaten around the head. The obituary is the gamest attempt we have at making our ears stop ringing. By sifting through the departed life, an obituary can point the way forward in a way that a bleakly brief Twitter post or a shared news article can’t even begin to nudge. It’s an art because it means trying to keep the flicker of an existence alive while acknowledging the body’s gone—sticking a candle in a dead fireplace and hoping to bring it out burning. There’s even an award, the Grimmys, for the best obits over the course of a year.

For me, Lester Bangs was maybe the best there’s been when it came down to the task of coming to perspective on what the loss of a public figure meant, whether it was excoriating the aimless dreamers who sang “Hey Jude” in vigil by the steps where John Lennon died, or freezing the death of Elvis into a single, lonely thought that’s always going to bear repeating in full: “…We will never again agree on anything as we agreed on Elvis. So I won’t bother saying good-bye to his corpse. I will say good-bye to you.”

There’s been an incredible amount of ink spilled on the untimely passing of Philip Seymour Hoffman, the man who eerily brought bangs back to life in Almost Famous and maybe the only actor in the world who truly seemed capable of rousing anything to come alive, the man who eerily brought bangs back to life in Mission: Impossible—III

watchable, ruined any possible future interpretations of Truman Capote by completely nailing him, and rendered an obsessive gay porn camera man the most loveable part of Boogie Nights. Heck, by transforming himself into a raving mutant, Hoffman even made Adam Sandler—the Walmart man even

Lord of the (olympic) rings: the twin toilets
by daveanderson

The Sochi Winter Olympics kicked off this Friday following a slew of controversies regarding gay rights, environmental policies and high temperatures which can only be attributed to Putin’s hot bod. Perhaps one of the most important issues are the dreaded twin toilets. BBC reporter Steve Rosenberg first uncovered the toilets when using the bathroom at a biathlon center. Last month, Rosenberg tweeted a photo of the two toilets side by side to the shock of his followers. Recently, a second pair of toilets was found in another Sochi Olympic restroom. The picture of the twin toilets has circulated around Russia as a bit of a national joke with people hunting for more instances of this occurrence.

The Sochi Olympic committee denied having any knowledge of the twin toilets and refused to comment. This left many unanswered questions, chiefly; “Would using these toilets be considered an act of gay protest?” Some have speculated that the second toilet could be for a security officer or perhaps more of a symbolic placeholder for President Putin. It is unclear if the toilets were put together to save space or if it was some bizarre plumbing error. Could they be the first hallmark of a revolution by the disgruntled plumbing proletariat? Unfortunately, due to the lack of a response we can only speculate as to the origin of the toilets and the questions they raise.

President Obama has already declined to attend the Olympics and will send two openly gay athletes in his place, a move which is obviously in protest to Russia’s anti-gay laws. Another coy political move is required to show that the U.S. does not support Russia’s toilet policies as the toilets’ proximity to one another is in direct opposition to Western ideologies. In fact, it’s fair to say that getting your leg hairs tangled with someone else’s while you’re trying to take a shit is probably the antithesis of freedom.

The discovery of the toilets prompted investigation into more obscure Olympic controversies. The quickest to be uncovered was Putin’s disappointment at the Olympic committee’s flat out refusal to host “Putin bear wrestling” as an event. Though Putin was disappointed that his other suggestions “Waterski Shooting” and “being shirtless in Russia” were shot down, he expressed heightened annoyance at the exclusion of the bear fights. “It’s very simple,” Putin explained, “each country sends their best bear and I wrestle it into submission.”

It is also reported that there will be heightened security throughout the games. For some time it was assumed that the security was in order to negate any kind of terrorist threat, but in fact the bulk of the security force is going to be placed in the figure skating arena to make sure it “doesn’t get too gay.” Officials will be measuring the hems and inseams of the male figure skaters pants as a stray bulge is an obvious sign of gay protest. Hopefully the Sochi Olympics will overcome the numerous controversies nipping at its heels. After all, the Olympics are about building international unity, like when everyone felt like China had officially become the supreme leader of the world for the first ten minutes after the 2008 opening ceremony. The Russian opening ceremonies are likely to have a similar effect as Putin has hinted that he will slam back three bottles of vodka in five minutes, tying the previous Russian record held by cosmonaut Yuri Gagarin.


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Mache
Psychology ’14

Classes begin May 19th
As beautiful as life is in this zany little city tucked away into the mountains, sometimes it's nice to get out of Burlington and breathe the less clean air elsewhere. Spontaneous travel breeds memories and happiness, and sometimes during these dark winter months that's exactly what the doctor will order. Now, I know there are about a billion reasons you can't get where you want to go. You don't have a car. You get sick on the bus. Train food sucks. The times just never work out. Well, if you're not one of the 1,727 people that already likes UVM Rideshare on Facebook, all your problems might be solved with a click of a button and start to scroll. I bet someone's going exactly where you want to go next weekend.

Now I know that the thought of getting in the car with a complete stranger might be intimidating, and you'll always have that friend that insists it's extremely dangerous (Hey Ada, remember that time you climbed Camel's Hump by yourself in the middle of winter?) but try to have a little bit more faith in humanity. Now I can't promise you that your trip will be perfect, (you might get lost, there might be traffic, maybe the heat won't work properly) but I can tell you that you'll (probably) get where you need to go, and you might even make a friend along the way.

From my experience, there are three types of people you'll meet: first, there's the classic gal pal type. She brings a snack (most likely raw veggies and tasteless, gluten free crackers) and water bottles for the ride. She tells you to turn left, and there might be a few close calls. You might want to pack a few Xanaxes when she decides to pass the car in front of you, when there's an eighteen-wheeler coming towards you on the other side—(which I assure you, she'll absolutely do). She'll gossip the entire way, telling you all about her shifty-boyfriend, her alcoholic roommate and how her parents won't pay for her cell phone bill anymore. After the car ride, you could probably write a short book about her life, and you'll stay friends on Facebook, liking the occasional inspirational status and pictures of Burlington that have the #Ilovet Vermont.

The second type of person you're likely to encounter is a bit “off.” He might smell a little funny, and when you get into his car you'll probably initially regret accepting his invitation to “take you wherever you need to go.” He might speed excessively, have a bit of road rage, and ask you weird questions like what your sex number is (Of course he couldn't just ask you what your favorite pizza topping is). He might have some strange ideas/fantasies about how you're helping pay for gas, but don't worry, I've never seen “road head” agreed upon as proper payment on Rideshare, so you should be fine. When you're safe and sound back in Burlington, you might get the occasional late night text that reads “hey, u wanna go for a ride:) ?” and you'll definitely see him everywhere on campus, but feel free to look away. Maybe you should even walk in the opposite direction.

Lastly, you might find yourself in the car with someone quite delightful. During the ride, the conversation will come easy, which may be partly do to the fact that eye contact is not involved (because that'd be dangerous and these car’s are pretty good drivers). So it's possible to speak your mind without the worry of having to look into their eyes and wonder what it is they are thinking about what you've just told them. Whether it's about your middle school drug experiences, your dead mom, or your 30 year-old lover, it all just flows. Oddly enough, when you get out of their car you might be a bit disappointed. You'll hope to casually run into her or him again, but realistically you probably won't. And if you do, it’ll probably be the day you forgot to brush your hair. I guess you can't win them all.

So here it is: get away ever once in a while. Stop worrying about the paper that's due next Tuesday, and the drunken mischief your friends will undoubtedly get into without you (no, UVM won't hibernate while you're gone). Find a ride, pack a bag, hit up the ATM ($20 bucks should usually do), and go. The truth is that we're all exquisitely young and we don't have much tying us down. We can go anywhere we please (so long as we're back by Monday morning). Plus, you never know, you might meet a wonderfully kind stranger (or a weirdo). The truth is that we're all exquisitely young and we don't worry of having to look into their eyes and wonder what it is they are thinking about what you've just told them. Whether it's about your middle school drug experiences, your dead mom, or your 30 year-old lover, it all just flows. Oddly enough, when you get out of their car you might be a bit disappointed. You'll hope to casually run into her or him again, but realistically you probably won't. And if you do, it’ll probably be the day you forgot to brush your hair. I guess you can't win them all.

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the great valentine’s debate: duration dilemmas

by katjaritchie

Valentine’s Day is right around the corner, and, not unlike your most regrettable hookup’s premature orgasm, no amount of enthusiasm, disinterest, or dread is going to stop it—so gird your loins and get your tissues ready. Everyone’s got a different dynamic in this most infamous of holiday seasons, and the question lies in how much of a to-do to make of the big VD. Whatever your scenario, let this be your guide to exactly how big a deal to make of this Valentine’s Day, and how to do it in Burlington.

Okay, so you’re dating now—no more pretense of pretending to be a commitment-phobe or “I’m just having fun right now!” while secretly wanting to journal your feelings out into a Lisa Frank notebook with little heart doodles. This takes some pressure off in that you can go on a real-live, adult-person date without dancing around the subject. Kickass food: El Cortijo, Our House (Winooski), American Flatbread, Shalimar (Indian, on North Winooski Ave), Asiana. Kickass music: Nectar’s, Radio Bean, Monkey House; hell, see what’s going on at Higher Ground or the Flynn! Hit Duino/Duende, attached to Radio Bean, for a convenient combination of the two, and get a lil’ tipsy (fun-tipsy, not hold-my-hair tipsy: you still have to impress this person a little) at ⅓ Lounge. What Ales You, for Three Needs for a fun nightcap.

happy hour: once upon a time

by rebeccaaurion

Hello again, lovely readers. This week we’re tackling Once Upon a Time, a show that might very well be (read: definitely is) a diet, low-calorie version of Bill Willingham’s Fables graphic novels, but at the very least is pretty to look at. It’s good in its own right, though I prefer my fairy tales a lot darker than ABC can provide. But that’s another story entirely. As always, keep it classy, keep it safe, kiddies.

Take a drink:
Magic!
Flashback to the homelands
Costumegasm
The characters have no idea what’s going on.
Tension between Emma and Regina (double if they look like they’re gonna make out)
Henry is adorable and deserves to be the main character

Finish your drink:
Mr. Gold makes a deal with someone.
Someone’s fairy tale identity is revealed (Pilot ep doesn’t count, that’s freaking everyone)
Regina’s story breaks your heart
Emma gets a new love interest

Mr. Gold Makes a Deal

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After a decade, "mean girls" still "totally fetch"

by katelyn pine

It's been a decade since we first watched the film and I have no doubt in my mind that it is an absolute classic. I have watched the movie countless times and I can recite nearly every line. From "there were lots of smiles and fits of laughter that, for all I know, started after someone asked in arabian, "do you think the white girl knows she ate bull testicles?"

by staceybranch

I know it’s a little late, but I’m going to talk about New Year’s. My particular story is relevant and contains topical points about New Year’s Eve in particular, but even if you’re not aaran, you can relate. I’ll be your voice in this case.

This year however, one of my best friends invited me to her house for a New Year’s Eve and I was thrilled. Masha’s family is very close to mine and I was excited to see them over the weekend. I recently told them about my interest in learning Armenian and they invited me over to learn some words in their language. I was thrilled to have the opportunity to learn about a new culture as I felt to have been transported across the globe, to Armenia.

At about ten o’clock that night we sat down for a dinner. If Beyoncé wrote lyrics about this particular dinner she would describe it as "totally fetch." It was a very intimate gathering and we talked about our lives and our families. We shared stories and laughed a lot. It was a wonderful evening and I left feeling very grateful.

Incredibly grateful that Masha’s family had taken me in for the night, I could only show my gratitude by accepting the three pounds of food they insisted on my taking home to my family. It was a magical evening and I hope to have many more like it in the future.

"presents and birthday"-

by leonardburtstein

I’ve seen a lot of jokes going around about this new app, “Flappy Bird.” Despite the fact that it sounds like some sort of awful newfangled masturbation technique, I decided to give it a try. After I downloaded it, I started in app.

Imagine this: you’re a bird. You’re a small, spritely creature, probably only a few inches tall. You have wings, but you cannot fly. You have a beak, but you cannot make any sounds with it. You don’t have a tail, or a body, or any other organs that you can think of.

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So now, according to the high scores I’ve see...
Welcome to the first week of the winter wonderland that is Sochi, Russia. Let Putin's Games begin. And don't you dare use the double toilets per stall, rabid stray dogs, dirty drinking water, toilet-paper-less toilets, or unfinished infrastructure as an excuse. Russia has got this under control (I think). They are carefully sitting through all of your complaints, and promptly tossing them in the Gulag. Vladimir Putin is too busy running the underground KGB to care about capitalist "first world problems."

But seriously, get excited, because the Olympics have officially begun. The next sixteen days will be filled with the magic of international athletics. Now, the United States is known internationally as a world power. We generally do pretty well in the Olympic Games, because according to the American Way, anything besides first in the meal count is a failure. Altogether, the United States has accumulated 2,653 total medals in Olympic history (before the start of Sochi), which makes us first in the world! The second place country is the Soviet Union, which obviously isn't even a country anymore. So, fuck yeah, I'd call that world dominance. In distant third place is Great Britain with 802, so I think we're in good shape.

The United States has won 2,400 of its medals in the Summer Olympics, making us, once again, in first place. While the grand ole U-S-A is doing pretty well in the Summer Games, we seriously need to pick up the slack in the Winter Games. We have only won 253 medals in the Winter Games, and are currently in second place to, get this, NORWAY. That's right, ladies and gentlemen; we are getting our asses kicked by the Scandinavian giants, who maintain a slight lead of 303 total medals. As far as the 2010 Vancouver Olympics are concerned, the United States came in first for total medal count, but was edged out by the Canadians for more gold medals. Well, we will have to see how Sochi plays out. The Russian hosts will certainly not take lightly to a capitalist takeover.

I love the Winter Olympics, but let's be honest, the best event is the Men's Hockey tournament. The NHL has taken its Olympic break, and the stars are headed across the pond to Sochi to duel it out on the international stage. NHL players and players from other leagues alike pride themselves on playing for their country, and the amount of energy these players exhibit on the ice is evident to all that watch the tournament. Now, let's take a look at the prominent countries looking to take home their country, and the amount of energy these players exhibit on the ice is evident to all that watch the tournament. Now, let's take a look at the prominent countries looking to take home gold medals. (Fortunately, the hockey tournament doesn't start until this week with the group stages. Qualifying rounds beginning February 18.)

Canada
Everyone remembers the Canadian gold medal winners of Vancouver 2010. Canada defeated the United States in the championship game thanks to a Sidney Crosby goal in overtime. Canada will be looking to reinstate their dominance, and will be packaging a team that is burning with talent. They have first been dealt some bad news as Steven Stamkos will not being playing for the team in light of his unhealed broken tibia. Instead, Martin St. Louis has been officially named to the team. It was a bit confusing that St. Louis hadn't been named to the team in the first place, as he is an incredible talent. At goalie, they have a competition between Roberto Luongo, Carey Price, and Mike Smith. Luongo was the goaltender in Vancouver so he will maintain his starting position. At forward, Canada sports the star-studded lineup of Patrick Sharp, John Tavares, Rick Nash, and Ryan Getzlaf. At defense: Duncan Keith, Shea Weber, Drew Doughty, and PK. Subban look to set the bar. This team is well-rounded, impressive, and definitely a favorite.

USA
Team USA also contains some major talents. At goalie, they are incredibly strong, but I have no idea who will actually get the start. Ryan Miller started in Vancouver, but Jimmy Howard and Jonathan Quick are also great in net. Watch out for the powerful forwards Phil Kessel, Patrick Kane, James van Riemsdik, and David Backes. The USA has a pretty weak and inexperienced defense, though, which may present some difficulties deep into the tournament. Luckily, defenders like Kevin Shattenkirk, Ryan Suter, and Ryan McDonagh have a great goalie squad to back them up.

Russia
Team Russia will also be a powerful force in these Olympic Games, as they will be backed by the home crowd. Alex Ovechkin is down right filthy. Everyone knows the where on the ice he's going to score from, and no one can do anything about it. Pavel Datsyuk and Evgeni Malkin are pretty damn good themselves, and are looking net some goals on the world stage. Putin has made quite the impressive hockey arena, and he has high expectations for this team.

The Winter Games schedule of events:

**Thursday, February 13**
Men's Ski Slopestyle
Fuck yeah. This is one of the best events of the entire Olympics, and this is the first year this classic X-Games event has gone to the Olympics. These guys fly all over the place while they pop insane grinds and spin off more degrees of rotation than I can count with a compass.

**Friday, February 14**
Men's Skeleton
So yeah, this might be the most insane event in the Olympics. Like seriously, these guys fly down the track face-down, head-first on a sled. Like you must be missing some brain cells to do this event.

**Monday, February 17**
Men's Snowboard Cross
This event is a total shitshow, but it is super entertaining to watch. Four contestants race down the track as they hit jumps and try to out-position their competitors. Usually at least one athlete wipes out due to awkward positioning. Imagine hitting a lip while someone is hitting that same thing right next to you. Definitely a cluster-fuck.

**Tuesday, February 11**
Men's Snowboard Halfpipe
Today includes the qualification, semi-finals, and finals. Well damn, this is an awesome event. That's right, boys and girls; a medal will be awarded today. Shaun White is trying to win his third straight gold medal in this event.

**Wednesday, February 12**
Men's 1000m Speed Skating
Speed skating gets a little repetitive for me, but it's basically the winter version of track events. Watch some dudes sprint on ice for a medal.

**Thursday, February 13**
Women's Ski Jumping
This Winter Olympics marks the first time in history that women's ski jumping has made it to the Olympics. It truly is tragic that these talented women have been prevented from competing on the largest international athletic stage.

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**Thursday, February 13**
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**Thursday, February 13**
Men's Ice Hockey Team Group A 3rd/4th Place Playoff: USA vs. Canada

**Thursday, February 13**
Women's 1000m Short Track Speed Skating

**Thursday, February 13**
Women's 1000m Short Track Speed Skating

**Thursday, February 13**
Women's 1000m Short Track Speed Skating

**Thursday, February 13**
Women's 1000m Short Track Speed Skating

**Thursday, February 13**
Women's 1000m Short Track Speed Skating
trash.
i want you so bad

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

Hot, Sexy, and Cute
Classy and Kind
Exciting and Fun
With an Open Mind
I walk home and pray
That your door isn’t closed
And that I won’t wonder
Are my feelings exposed?
Sooner or later
I’m just waiting on you
To Mack, then look back
To say you want me too

When: January-present
Where: 250 Colchester
I saw: A boy on my floor
I am: Maybe friendzoned

At the Davis Center I've seen thee
For many a day, yes more than three.
And each time I've seen you
You've had a grapefruit in hand, it's true.
And being someone like me,
Who's lacking in the department of vitamin C
I can't help but feel attracted to you.
And though it's crazy, it's true
That through the power of grapefruit
I've started to find you rather cute.
So, come share your grapefruit with me
Cause a future with you is something I can see.

When: Every Day
Where: The Davis Center
I saw: A Grapefruit Goddess
I am: Vitamin C Deficient.

Hey short red hair and big beautiful booty
I’ll give you something to do, you don’t need to be moody
I got a dick for you, it’ll drive you wild
Gotta use that condom though, we can’t have no child
I’d like to touch your butt
If you’d be so kind as to let me
And kiss your ruby lips
Just make sure you don’t forget me
Let’s make it happen this V-Day
I may be a little shy
But honestly this year
You’re the only one who’s caught my eye
This may not be as dirty
But some things are meant to be
If you’d like to get dirty
You know just where I’ll be
You can find me waiting naked
Perched atop your bed
I’ll be waiting starfish style
I don’t even expect any head
If you hope to make it happen
You know you can count on me
I’ll be there to make you come
Just think of how great it could be

When: Valentine’s Day
Where: All over your bed
I saw: That big booty
I am: The man to steal your card

You’re obsessed with all things Boston
And you work for Seventh Gen,
I hear you’re quite an animal
Will you come to my love den?
Friday night is coming up, so please don’t think I’m crude,
Will you come to my love den?

I tend to surround myself with stupid people.
I let you touch my ass
I like baking and writing
Just don’t fool with my heart

If you think you’re picking up what I’m putting down
I can take it from adjacent, behind, and above
If you hope to make it happen
I don’t even expect any head
I’ll be waiting starfish style
Perched atop your bed
And me waiting naked
You can find me waiting naked
If you’d be so kind as to let me
And kiss your ruby lips
Just make sure you don’t forget me
Let’s make it happen this V-Day
I may be a little shy
But honestly this year
You’re the only one who’s caught my eye
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You know you can count on me
I’ll be there to make you come
Just think of how great it could be

When: Valentine’s Day
Where: All over your bed
I saw: That big booty
I am: The man to steal your card
Are your weekends feeling lackluster? Are you sick of hearing nothing but dubstep and (somehow) Watch the Throne in the many basements of Burlington? You’re not? Well, to be honest, me neither. Whether you descend the hill in total sobriety or in the midst of a game of “Charlie 40-Hands,” it’s damn near impossible to not enjoy some late night bonging—unless of course you’re at one of the sports houses (all the attitude of a generic fraternity with none of the funding!). When push comes to shove, it’s the music and the subsequent dancing that makes a party a party, and not just a bunch of people you kind of know standing around… and that one game of pong. If you randomly end up in that DJ position, or are just having a party of your own, here are some classier tracks that’ll still guarantee a gyrating room.

“Face to Face” - Daft Punk
Yeah, you remember Daft Punk. You remember that 3 year stretch of time when “One More Time” was everywhere. Yeah, I know “Get Lucky” has taken the place of their go-to overplayed track, but let’s look back to the past a little here. If you dig a little deeper into their catalogue you’ll see there are dozens of incredible dance tracks that keep their dance-ability without all of the repetition found in their big hits. Don’t believe me? Slap this song on, Nancy.

“Ignition (Remix)” - R. Kelly
C’mon guys, I don’t need to pitch this to anyone. You all know this is the essential weekend song of our generation.

“Method Man” - Wu Tang Clan
98% of Wu Tang Clan songs are gonna get the “Can we put something more fun on?” “Method Man” is one of these exceptions, the other being “Gravel Pit.” Although Method Man has seriously waned in rapping ability, on the only eponymous track on Enter the 36 Chambers, Method Man absolutely WRECKS shit. Free of the violence purveying most of the Wu’s tracks (assuming you skip the intro…) Method Man drops timeless lines like “I got fat bags of skunk! I’ve got white owl blunts/ And I’m about to get lifed!/ I’ve got myself a 40/ I’ve got myself a shorty/ And I’m about to go and stick it!”

“Coca Butter Kisses” - Chance the Rapper
All of Acid Rap deserves a listen if you haven’t given it a chance yet, but for our purposes this song is a must have. Lyrics are all over the place here, so don’t expect to walk away knowing what cocoa butter kisses are. However, if it’s getting late and you’re looking for something a bit more mellow that still has an all too danceable beat, look no further.

“Face to Face” - Daft Punk

“Method Man” - Wu Tang Clan

Hello again lovesies, another week, another stretch of seven days to be amazed by the world of music. It’s been a bit of a strange one this time, so I’m cutting the preamble (which I love so much) and diving right into the thick of it.

DMX and George Zimmerman boxing match still up in the air. I’m not even going to touch the results of the Trayvon Martin trial, if you want that look literally anywhere else. I’m more interested in George Zimmerman’s apparently unending desire for public attention, and the fact that his ‘for-charity-boxing-match’ has attracted many angry rapper opponents. The Game didn’t have a lot of nice things to say about Zimmerman, but DMX really hit it out of the park. Speaking of a desire to straight up urinate on Zimmerman, and immediately disregard the rules of boxing upon entering the ring. DMX isn’t exactly my favorite rapper, but I’d pay to watch him lose his shit any day.

Kendrick Lamar humble, and not at all upset about Macklemore robbery. Looks like the fans were more enraged than the artist on this one. I bashed Macklemore enough last issue so I’ll leave that as is. The fact that Kendrick lost two awards most of the country thought were a given and can say that Macklemore’s victory was “well deserved” is amiable to say the least.

David Bowie personally challenges George Zimmerman to mortal combat. Mr. Bowie (or “The Sovereign” as some of us know) is not too keen on not being in control of things. After all the press buzz surrounding George Zimmerman, the king of Glam decided he’d host his own battle. Will George Zimmerman battle Bowie? I’ll keep you posted.

Grammy producer issues formal apology to Trent Reznor after cutting Grammy performance short. Mr. Producer dodged a bullet here. After being the essentially the only figure in the ‘industrial’ music for the past 25 years, he’s gotten more than enough experience at being creepy as hell. Making music videos that are love letters to Poe, recording an album in the house where the Manson murders occurred just because, the existence of the song “Closer.” Bottom line is, this is not a guy you want on your bad side. Mr. Producer issued his apology with seconds to spare.

Daft Punk still whining about anonymity years after everyone knows what they look like. It was a good run guys, you kept the whole ‘anonymous robot’ persona alive a lot longer than anyone else, but to throw a hissy fit over some unwatermarked photos post-Granny’s because you want to hide your identities is just ridiculous. Sure, if your identities were still a secret I’d understand, but any Dick, Tom, or Jane can just Google “Thomas Bangalter” and/or “Guy-Manuel de Homem-Christo” (the most French name ever) and see your faces. Keep the robot masks for your performances, but embrace your identities guys! You’re pretty good looking for a pair of 39-year-old robots!
I'm not a lazy person; in fact I quite like busy, full days. I carry a notepad around and make lists with boxes. It makes you feel like you've really accomplished something when you see all the boxes checked off. The lists come in handy too. For example, once, I went to Foxwood Casinos and watched the entire series of Laguna Beach straight through. When I told my friend about this amazing feat she said, "Marilyn, you have no life.

I pulled out my notepad really fast and shouted with righteous indignation, "What did you say? Why yes I do; let me show you these lists. Man, you're going to feel really stupid once you see these lists..."

"Pa-pow! She probably felt like a big idiot after seeing my filled-in checkboxes. Getting such a fulfilling, busy life leaves me with no down time. I live by those lists; I die by those lists; they tell me where I'm going and what I'm doing.

Getting sick deviates from my lists—which is always an adventure because I don't know what's going to happen. Mostly though, I end up putting on my favorite preggo jammies and just dawdle all day in though, I end up putting on my favorite

I soon found myself sitting at the table trying to keep my composure. In my hazy state I reasoned, "Just keep your head tilted kind of high so the snot doesn't run, just keep it a little tilted..."

As the employment manager was droning on about what she expected from her employees I began ever-so-slightly arching my back so that I could get my head at the right altitude and angle that I thought would prevent mucus runoff. I reassured myself, "Surely this doesn't look weird; I mean if anything it just looks like I have really good sitting posture, that's something that I would want in my employees..."

I then noticed that the employment manager had suddenly stopped talking and was giving me major side-eye. She had noticed my extremely good posture. This was surely a plus, but unfortunately the 160-degree angle I now found myself reclining in had done little to alleviate the slow dribble that had begun to escape from my nose. I wasn't worried though. I knew the employment manager couldn't see the dribble. I mean, how could she? My sitting position placed me so high up and away from her, she couldn't possibly see the surreptitious snot.

Babbling about my employment history, I then noticed a napkin at a nearby table, and I wondered if it'd be rude to grab it and blow my nose. I didn't know the rules, so I decided against it. Unfortunately, by now the snot had hit my mouth. Trying to talk as snot dribbles into your mouth is hard. The only plus was that it was kind of acting as a moisturizer for my cracked, chapped lips. Desperate, I did what anyone does when they have nothing. I wiped my nose on the back of my hand, casually. I began to talk faster, trying to impress the employment manager with my dazzling verbosity all the while moderately swatting at my nose. My hands and eventually my shirt sleeve became makeshift Kleenexes.

Needless to say, the interview ended shortly after that. Being the professional that I am, I offered a handshake goodbye. Except right then I knew that despite my brilliant sitting position and what I had thought was sneaky snot wiping, I had been seen. The manager had basically seen me wipe my snot on the back of my hand for the past twenty minutes, and in that moment I knew she did not want to shake my hand. I could see it in her eyes. Yet now we were caught in the moment and neither of us knew what to do. Awkwardly, she finally grasped just my fingertips. Upon leaving, I ripped up my list, and walked away knowing full well that there was no point in continuing my day as planned.

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The cousins at the beach, back when by Stacey Brandt

I. We play 3-on-3 because that's what's fair. Fair like our rules, and the boundaries we carved into the damp, open sand. Fair like the build of our frames—all shoulders, knees, and back bones, tanned legs and bare feet set to compete—five bare chests and mine, the scoop of a slick black one-piece. Fair like symmetry. Three facing three. Football gripping. Waterlogged and leather-heavy. Get on with it—hut-hut—Hike! Draw-back hand-off, the ball fumbles into cries slips through sun lotion hands skirmish sand skidded sprays—

I come up with it, bursting clear through shouts and sandy claws, hoping I get tackled down hard. Give me a sand-scrape, or a big bruise to go with my knee-scar and scratched-off mosquito bites, so I can prove once again that I am not a Girl, but a Tomboy.

ii. The radiance of dark blue water in the sun, we sprint to it. Tripping on waves, we launch out into flat splash-dives, then down like ducks. Deeper, lungs burn—laughing out silver, helium bubbles. We come up licking cold seawater from our chins. Summer breathes into us. We shiver, goosebumps glittering. —by ensor MVP Young L-Money

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The cipher with Laura Greenwood

Stretch out those hip-hop hamstrings, 'Vencesees, because it's time to bring your rhyme-slingin' to the water tower. When you work hard and play hard all week long, nothing puts your mind at ease better than lyrics therapy. Two big games this week: gear up for The Olympics and pucker up for Valentine's Day.

Two events coming up, and I'll be specific. To contrast them both, it's straight-up horrific Sochi Olympics, for the guts and glory Valentine's Day, for the wo and the worry. Two events inspired by one driven winner. Both make me cry and examine my Tinder For one, there's Russia with athletes so fit. Their muscles, their skill, their effort, their will. Competing for our nation like it's WWII I'm weak in the knees over red, white and blue. But stop, step back, put the games on pause 'Tis the season of love and I seem at a loss. I'm happy to be single, unlike Rihanna. Not looking for any gent to cling like a piranha. But V. Day's got me thinking 'bout my options. Love's open season, all the best up for auction. Place a bid, be determined and you may just win. Limp noodle handshakes won't give you a grin. I admire the eye candy, but the Olympics is but for show. True challenge is to be happy and work for love to grow. Don't wallow in singledom with a Nutella binge. Next Friday (for us all, single, wed or married) So play hard this season, admire team USA. And for love, make a move, cause there's no day like V Day!
in the increasingly aggressive effort to get students to sign up for summer courses, the university has finally overstepped its bounds.