

the water tower.

uvm's alternative newsmag

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sunday morning, fomo flowing

by katelynpine

It's safe to say that everyone reading this probably has some type of social media account. Whether that is Facebook, Instagram or Snapchat, we're all more interconnected than ever in this digital age. Having social media at our fingertips can be a great thing: you can keep up with your relatives that live across the country, your friends from high school, and distract yourself in your boring chemistry lecture. It's easy to see that social media provides us many benefits. What you can't see, however, is all the damage it does as well.

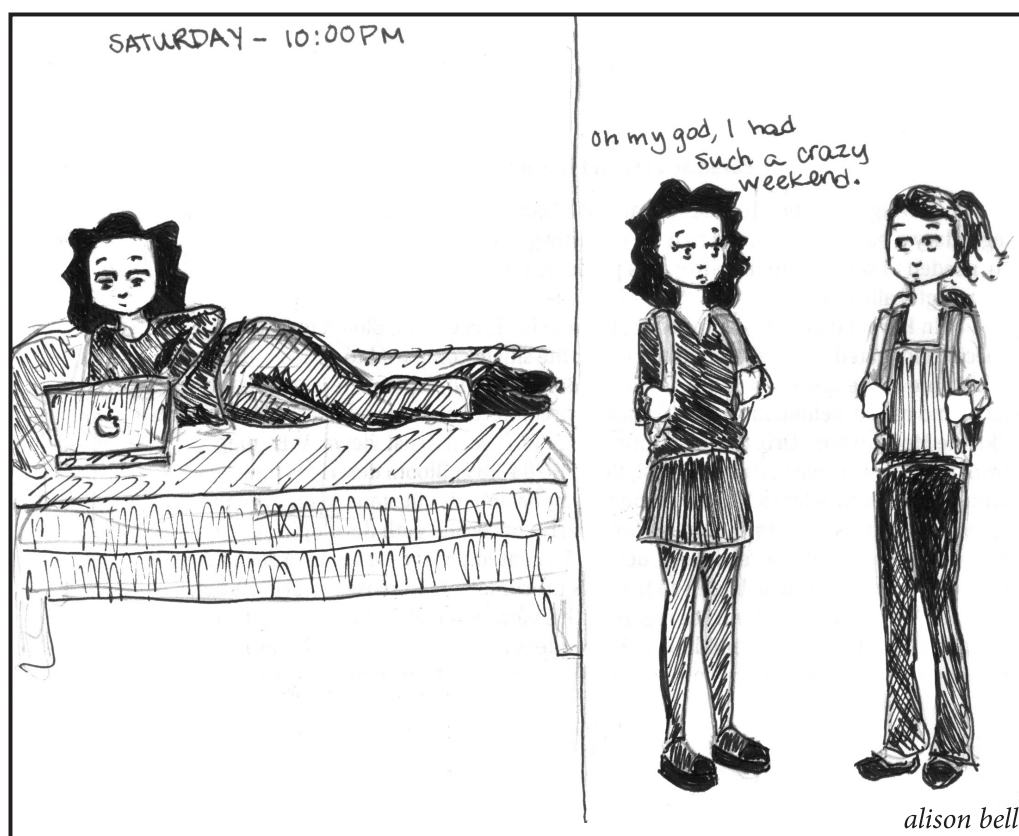
Let me set the scene for you: you've just woken up from a killer night out with your pals. You discover you've made a drunk Snapchat story that's 45 seconds long, and filled with red solo cups, poor singing, and loud music. "Wow, I'm so cool," and, "bitches be jealous," are some of the thoughts crossing your mind as you relive what had to have been the best three hours of your life thus far. Then you check out other people's stories, and much to your chagrin, notice that they had just as much, if not more fun, than you did last night. The same goes for Instagram and Facebook, both filled with filtered photos of under-the-influence shenanigans.

"But I had fun too," you tell yourself, though there's an uncertainty in your voice that makes you think otherwise.

Social media definitely has the ability to make people feel like an inadequate piece of shit. You can go out with your friends, have the time of your life, but forget all about it when you see what you did pales in comparison to others. Once people have the sobriety to compare their experiences, the feeling of not being good enough can set in. I like to call this condition "quasi-FOMO" or "fear of missing out". You can still acknowledge you had fun, but your

fun seems deficient after you hear that girl in your 8:30 seminar talk about how many "wild" house parties she went to over the weekend.

So you're jealous of those around you for having what seems to be more fun than you are. Have no more shame because you're not alone, and here is how you stop the obsession. First, realize that in this case, pictures aren't necessarily worth a thousand words, rather, they're only telling half the story. Those girls in that picture might have ended up having a shittier night than you and that perfectly posed photo may be their only reminder of a good start.



social media can kind of be like that nutrition rule, "everything in moderation".

Second, consider taking a break from social media, or make it a goal to restrict yourself from it as much as possible. I know I use Facebook to message people about group projects, stalk cute boys and keep up with the rest of the **water tower** staff, but that's essentially it. If I don't have to do any one of those things, it's rare for me to go on Facebook. I don't Instagram every waking moment of my life, and I use Snapchat only to show the people I care about funny tidbits of my life. Social media can kind of be like that nutrition rule, "everything in moderation". When it's not in moderation it's even more delicious—or distracting—but it still makes you fat in the end.

Lastly, cherish how much fun you did actually have with your friends. Remember that when you were out, you probably weren't thinking about what that girl from your high school biology class was doing at that exact moment. You weren't comparing yourself to others then, thus what's the point of self-induced FOMO anxiety after the fact.

FOMO is perfectly okay to have. It's normal to feel jealous every once in a while, even if you had a good time. There will always be someone out there who has more fun than you, and that's just a fact of life my friends. It shouldn't be such a taboo to acknowledge that you're envious of someone else's evening. But if you find yourself too caught up in the green-eyed phase, take a step back and breathe. Sometimes it seems like everyone is in a competition to have the greatest night out, but really that's a competition with no end and no point to it. ■

authoritarian america

by coleburton

In ten years' time, as you drive your lovely child to her first day of kindergarten, you're met with an astonishing sight. Surrounding the premises, a ten foot tall chain link fence stands imposingly. It seals off the compound like a prison wall with concertina wire spiraling across its peak as light menacingly reflects off the razor sharp teeth.

Your heart aches as your mind wanders back in time to this century's early teens, when law and order had only begun to equate to fear and oppression. A time when you still held a shred of innocence that developed during the blissful early years of your life, before 9/11, the development of a terror state, and the accompanying militarization of security and police forces.

Looking back at this stage in the development of American authoritarianism, civil rights violations like TSA screenings, police overreach in the War on Drugs, and NSA data collection appear inconsequential compared to the reality of America in the 2020s.

Now one contends with Orwellian forms of oppression and control, ranging from security checkpoints at every major public space—including hospitals, stadiums, and schools—to the constant digital gaze of Big Brother through omnipresent cameras, computers, and every electronic device.

Back then in 2014, you simply believed that 'roid raging cops wanted to play with the military's toys in Ferguson and that government agencies wanted to keep the populace safe by preventing terrorism. In hindsight, it is obvious that those pulling the strings of politicians built this highly structured authoritarian regime.

This grim picture is a distinct possibility that can evolve out of contemporary developments if the erosion of the individual's inalienable rights is left unchecked. For instance, today corporations legally equate to individuals and actually hold greater legal power and tax protection than the average citizen, the NSA tracks every one of your electronic actions, and the police utilize military equipment without proper training or standards for accountability.

The fact is that as a citizen you currently have little to no sway over the federal government, how it functions, and specifically its management of these oppressive tools and programs. One situation where this cancerous issue currently plaguing our democracy is most apparent is the program allowing any municipality or public

... read the rest on page 3

get inside me: secession lesson by zackpensak

know your rights by mikaewaters

soulcycle searchin' by lynnkeating

alt-J album review by erinsmith

the best news team in the universe.

inbox 



Dear **readers**,

So nice, we've done it thrice. However, this editor is left with some burning questions as we release our third edition of news, nuances and ennui upon you, dear readers:

Does anyone read this Letter to the Editor?

Do our readers find it weird that we reverse the meaning of a Letter to the Editor and instead write a Letter *from* the Editors? Why aren't the responses we receive from readers ever succinct enough to fit in this space? It's fair to assume they read the paper and saw this box, specially reserved albeit small in size. Why did our last Instagram picture only receive six likes (one of which being @thewatertower, itself)? Tangentially, is it socially unacceptable to like your own post on social media? (Someone's got to get the ball rolling if it's going to be seen, right?) Was it correct of me to put that last question mark inside the parentheses? Is it worth my time to Google that so that I will not get called out for improper grammar?

Dear readers, this editor decided not to Google the above potential error. Get mad about the grammar if you please, but, in doing so, call us out in a letter to the editor. Or not; either way, we shall keep writing and you'll keep reading (grammar mistakes and all). Follow us for more on Twitter, on Facebook, on Instagram, or fight the man and the inevitable forward surge of time as you shirk modern conventions of technology. If you read this letter, we thank you, dear reader, and hopefully it's occupied a satisfactory amount of your time. If not, this is only page two and you've got plenty of good reads ahead.

Cheers,

the water tower (or at least one of us)

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

thewatertowernews@gmail.com

the shit list with katjaritchie

Blisters: *Fuck that noise.* I'm just trying to glam up my Wednesday with a little peep-toe or platform action before the Northeast freezes into a vast, glacial hellscape, and in return, I get slashes of faux leather threatening to bite straight through my Achilles tendons, leaving puffy little fluid sacks of pain and death in their wake. Of course, one could argue that the true culprit here is the fact that UVM campus covers a span of approximately 15 kajillion light years, at one end of which is the only place I am allowed to park my car, and at the other is every building I would ever have a reason to enter.

Men Who Don't Understand Feminism But Don't Like it Anyway; see also **Women Who Don't Understand Feminism But Claim to Be Against It:** I can't roll my eyes back any further into my brain without severing some vital tendons. While you assclowns were polishing the outdated McCain/Palin stickers on your pickups and impregnating each other, the rest of the population was actually firing neurons in their brain and even making some semblance of progress, sometimes. Fucking get with the program.

The Monthly Bloat: Boo, hiss. Like Regina George after a KalTeen binge, these sweatpants are all that fits me right now.

What Am I Going to Be for Halloween?: The struggle, am I right? After exhausting the slutty versions of nearly every profession I could think to defile without disrupting any serious childhood dreams, my reserves are depleted. ■

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the news in brief with kerrymartin

“I'm amazed at how petty and abusive some of these practices are. Cutting corners is increasingly seen as a sign of libertarianism rather than the theft that it really is.”

—Eric T. Schneiderman, New York Attorney General, decrying America's accelerating wage theft trend. Employers, especially those of immigrants, will blatantly ignore overtime hours worked by employees, underpaying them by tens of thousands of dollars over just a few years. Anyone looking for volunteer work at Late Night Taco Bell?

“There's the obvious great concern that because of the condition of the border...that individuals from ISIS or other terrorist states could be [crossing it].”

—Rick Perry, Governor of Texas and 2016 Republican presidential candidate, yapping uneducated, misplaced foreign policy bullshit and fear mongering in order to push his racist immigration agenda. Perry deployed the National Guard to the border to expedite deportation of this summer's adolescent immigrant influx. He's also been indicted for abuse of power. Chris Christie 2016?

“I don't believe, given who I am, that [Putin] would make the same judgment. Let's leave it at that.”

—Chris Christie, Governor of New Jersey and 2016 Republican presidential candidate, citing his global Rocky Balboa reputation as a legitimate foreign policy clincher. But even his immense human mass wouldn't be sufficient for deflecting Ruskies on rampage...Lord knows it didn't work on Hurricane Sandy. Rand Paul 2016?

“I'd love an endorsement by Sarah Palin; what's not to love?”

—Rand Paul, Senator for Kentucky and 2016 Republican presidential candidate, being what's not to love.

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

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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 reason people can't wait for Tuesday. We are **the water tower.**



how to keep your drunk ass out of jail: a tale of constitutional rights

by mikealawaters

In 1787, a group of distinguished white men sat around an impracticably large piece of paper to give drunk co-eds everywhere a gift: rights. In 1789, those same guys helped you out a little more by adding ten amendments. These two obscure things—the US Constitution and the Bill of Rights—surprisingly give to college students more than just the plot for National Treasure one, two, and three. They give us, the barely-functioning-drunk-toddlers-of-America, a chance at not ending up in jail, in the drunk-tank, or with an expensive citation. Rights give you the chance to actually make it through college and become the graduated disappointment your parents always knew you would be. But, in order to assert the protections that the star spangled red, white, and blue give to you, one must first actually know them.

The Fourth Amendment

“The right of the people to be secure in their persons, houses, papers, and effects, against unreasonable searches and seizures, shall not be violated, and no warrants shall issue, but upon probable cause, supported by oath or affirmation, and particularly describing the place to be searched, and the persons or things to be seized.”

Your boy Madison really hooked us up here. The fourth amendment protects citizens from unreasonable search and seizure. This means that without a warrant or probable cause, the police cannot search your person or your property. That water bottle full of vodka you’re walking down Main Street with? Without your consent, they cannot seize it, smell it, or dump it out. Your backpack stuffed with 10 Labat Blues, a handle of Admiral Nelson, and some nice marijuanas? Unless you expose paraphernalia giving the authorities probable cause to suspect that you are in possession of illegal substances (drugs, or alcohol under the age of 21), they cannot search you without a warrant. If an officer asks to search you or your property you have the right to refuse. An officer can pat down your clothing if they suspect a weapon, but if your thirsty Thursday includes a loaded glock in your belt, then I really can’t help you...

The Fifth Amendment

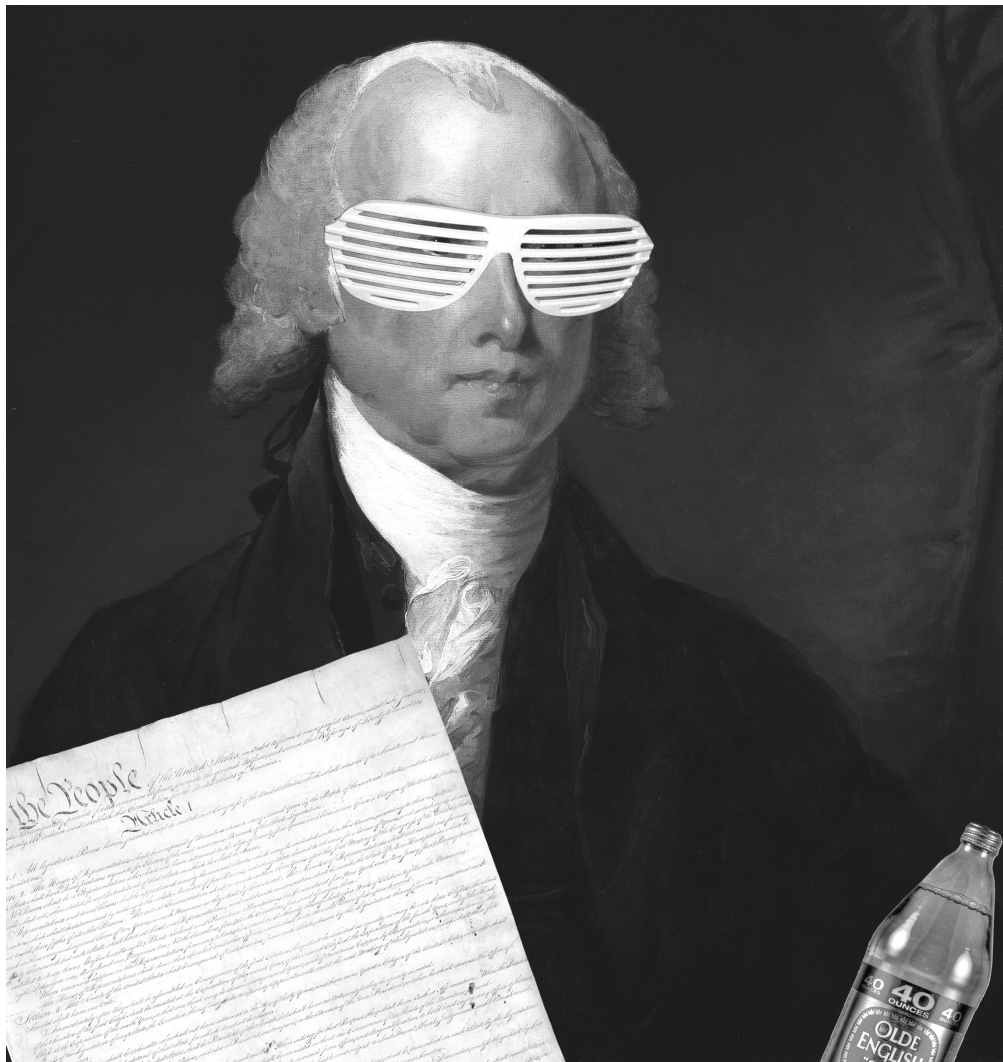
“...nor shall [any person] be compelled in any criminal case to be a witness against himself.”

This not only protects you from testifying against yourself in court, it also extends outside of a trial to mean that a person has no legal duty to answer the questions of a police officer. If you do not wish to submit to questioning, state that you are invoking your right to remain silent. Sometimes—when you are drunk, holding a box of miniwheats, in a snuggie, and perched in your friend’s shrubbery—silence is your friend. If you aren’t currently doing, holding, or connected to anything illegal, just don’t speak. Don’t.

Unless under arrest or investigation, you cannot be detained: Except if you are being locked and loaded into a cop car or investigated due to probable cause/evidence, you have the right to terminate an encounter with a police officer. Calmly ask the officer if you are free to leave and if they say no, ask the charges on which you are being arrested. If you aren’t being arrested, they have no choice but to let you go. So go. The longer you stay with an officer, the more time you have to say dumb shit. Because you are drunk and you are stupid and a run in with a cop is a good sign that it’s bedtime for junior.

Police officers rely on their intimidation and your ignorance. They are slippery creatures who know that most terrified, drunk idiots would rather dump out a water bottle and submit to questioning and detainment than assert their rights. Know your rights and use them, but also use your heads. Don’t prance on Church Street with a handle. Don’t urinate in any place that’s not a toilette. Don’t smoke a blunt by a cop car. Washington and crew have done the intoxicated masses a huge favor. They’ve made it pretty easy to not get arrested, so do

them and yourself a solid by learning where your rights end and police liberties begin. Contrary to popular belief, the best way to, “FUCK DA PO-LICE” isn’t by screaming that when you pass a cop car, it’s to beat them at their own legal game. Party, but party responsibly. The constitution wants you to. ■



ben berrick

alf) hours

by mikestorage

It’s time to play ... FAMILY FEUD! (Say that in your best Steve Harvey voice.) This high-stakes game where two families guess what the “survey says” in order to win some big money is an afternoon classic in any household. What could be more fun than seeing an elderly woman say, “Never,” when asked the question, “At what ages should a woman stop wearing a thong?” Nothing can beat Steve Harvey pretending—or is he?—to hit on a bunch of middle-aged woman while their husbands look uncomfortably at the camera. Family Feud will be sure to make you laugh, cry, and cringe. Before you know it, you’ll be screaming at the television, “What?! There’s no way 64% of the survey said that!”

family feud

All instances are ONE drink:

- Steve Harvey Shits on Someone
- Steve Harvey Hits on or Touches a Woman
- Black vs. black game
- Race War!
- Stupid Answer
- Steal an Answer

Drink gets FINISHED:

- Steve Harvey Smile Directly into Your Soul

(BONUS)

If you guess an answer right, you choose someone to drink ■

around town.

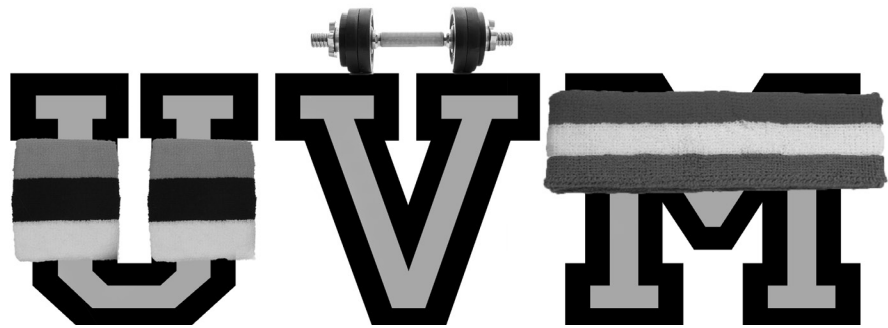


burn, baby, burn:

uvm group fitness inferno

by mollyo'shea

I feel like I am not alone when I say I hate exercising. That being said, I know the importance of incorporating exercise into your life, so I decided to get UVM's group fitness pass; I knew going to the gym and working out on my own was just not for me. It is also only \$130 for the full year, which is a pretty sweet deal for a gym membership, especially with all the pass has to offer. It gives you access to all the different exercise classes that UVM has, like yoga, zumba, spinning, and more. After attending a plethora of classes, I decided to do a review of them, for the people like me who need a fun and motivational way to workout.



ben berrick

Yoga 60, with Stephanie Tuesdays 4-5pm

This class was an awesome way to get back into the swing of all things regarding yoga. I suggest this class for all levels because the instructor was really kind and also did a lot of repetition. Stephanie was very soothing and also pulled on my legs during shavasana, which I had never had a teacher do, but it felt awesome. It was a slow and relaxing class, which really helped me center myself for the day. This class was much more for my mental health rather than physical.

T.B.C. 50, with Mike Wednesdays 6-6:50pm

I'm sure if I went to this class every week I would have a killer bod. T.B.C stands for 'Total Body Conditioning', and it lives up to that name by actually working every muscle in your body. You get to work your arms, your core, your legs, and all of the fun muscles that you didn't know you had. The instructor was nice and wanted everyone to work hard and have a good time. I worked a lot of muscles I wasn't used to working, or even knew were there. I don't do a lot of upper body, so those parts of the class were extra difficult for me. It was rough, and my entire body was sore for about two days. I still highly suggest going because it was an awesome workout and it made me feel really strong and powerful. I definitely will be going again. After taking it, I felt like one of those fit chicks that you see on instagram. #beastmode

Step and Sculpt 60, with Khristine Tuesdays 5:15-6:15pm

I am going to start this review by saying my calf's look so good now, seriously. This was a fun and upbeat workout with an AMAZING teacher. The premise of the workout revolved around you stepping, and dancing, up and down on this block like thing until you start to cry, and then you kept going for 30 more minutes. It incorporates squats and core as well. I'm not going to lie to you good people, doing the core portion at the end of class killed me a little bit. For some, this workout may be only a moderate one, but for gym noobs like me it was definitely pretty challenging.

Cardio Kickboxing Plus 45, with Khristine Thursdays 4:45-5:45pm

Khristine is an awesome fitness instructor, plain and simple. She is very motivational and is always there to remind you that the pain is temporary. Cardio Kickboxing was one of the most enjoyable classes I have taken at UVM. It was so fun but still challenging. I severely lack rhythm and have no natural instinct when it comes to kickboxing but it was fun regardless. You keep moving the entire time, so it is a great workout and I only looked at the clock to see how much longer I had like once during the entire class, which is a record. It was awesome and I highly suggest you go and check it out.

Zumba 60, with Jessica Thursdays 6:30-7:30pm

Let me just start this one by saying you will look like a total goofball when you go to this class. Especially me, because I have long gangly arms that barely coordinate with my body when I walk, let alone when I am trying to do upbeat, Latina dance moves. That being said you just have to accept the fact that you are going to look like a complete fooligan and just have fun! The class was very enjoyable and seemed to be really popular. It was so popular in fact, that the entire female population of UVM was probably there. Seriously, I got there about five minutes early and the room was filled with people, so I suggest going early to get a spot where you can see the instructor. It's a good workout and you get sweaty—like, really sweaty—but you also will be smiling the entire time. Also, she played Beyoncé, so that was awesome.

So whether exercise is your niche or not, some of the classes were really fun and a great way to exercise. These classes don't make exercise feel like a chore, and if you want a fun way to exercise to help you get healthy try one of these classes! ■

trailer park boys

by benberrick

With the release of season eight, everyone's favorite trio of drunk, criminal, but entirely irresistible Canadian trailer park dwellers are back in business. For those unacquainted with the Sunnyville Trailer Park crew, the availability of the shows entire run (including movies and specials) on Netflix makes for an excellent opportunity to start from the top and binge uncontrollably. We, here at the **water tower**, opted for this route and developed a few rules to make the show all the easier to drink to. Veterans of the show can pick any episode and give it a try, but new watchers definitely have to start from the top to learn the characters. Will you be the Liquor? Only a little drinky-poo will tell.

two installments of... happy (h)

Drink Whenever:

J-Roc says, "know what I'm sayin"

Ricky uses a word the wrong word in describing something

Ricky demands smokes

Bubbles raises his hand to head level and points

Ricky calls someone a dick

Someone references Randy's cheeseburger intake

There is a cut to Sara, who explains something that wasn't clear
Ricky or anyone around him refers to him growing dope as getting his life back together

Every time Julian drinks

Finish your drink:

Julian says he will not do something and then immediately rationalizes doing it

Bubbles agrees to participate in a plan he initially refused ■

AUTHORITARIAN—continued from page 1

institution to receive Mine-Resistant Ambush Protected (MRAP) armored trucks for the price of shipping alone.

Currently, states like California, Ohio, Florida, and New York own dozens of these million dollar mobile gun bunkers—even states like Vermont, New Hampshire, and North Dakota acquired one or two apiece in the past few years. Obviously, the federal government incentivizes local police into holding the belief that such confrontational and controversial military equipment will soon be a necessary tool in their daily arsenal.

Concurrently, some police officers appear to be conditioned to perceive every individual as a possible threat, ready to pull the trigger at a moment's notice if they feel endangered; if you don't believe me simply peruse threads on Officer.com for a while.

This perception falls in line with the ideology promoted by programs like MRAP redistribution; mainly that the police wage continual war with the American populace and that any individual remains a potential threat in the back of their minds. Why else should they receive such instruments of war?

The MRAPs only highlight a broader issue; the government's holistic approach to militarizing local police by liquidating billions of dollars' worth of military equipment, basically handing over the leftover products destined for recent—and pointless—conflicts in the Middle East. Items given to these local institutions come nearly free of charge and include mil-spec hardware and weaponry like silencers, grenade launchers, and night vision equipment.

In the past six years alone, the Pentagon gave away 533 aircraft, 93,763 machine guns, and 180,718 magazines to police agencies. Undoubtedly, the local cop has become a dog of the military in the last decade and carries fire power nearly equivalent to that of the National Guard or Army, all while lacking the hard-boiled fortitude and training to efficiently and safely use weapons like grenade launchers or automatic assault rifles.

The key difference being that a soldier is at least trained and educated on the proper methods when using such deadly weaponry, training that many cops obviously do not receive or consider in their daily life. The clearest example of this problem being the highly circulated photograph of a dreadlocked African-American man in Ferguson raising his hands in fear as a squad of cops-turned-

soldiers approaches with guns raised. A true soldier is specifically trained to never raise the muzzle of a firearm until one actually intends on pulling the trigger. These cops actually believed that a dude carrying a satchel—derogatorily referred to by some as a nurse—represented a threat!

I see this program as a single facet of a broader directive. The overarching intention is containing and limiting the American individual's right to freedoms awarded by the founding fathers in documents like the Bill of Rights. This is all in order for the elite class to retain their monopoly on power as wealth continues to concentrate in the smallest section of society, the top.

In the background, the actual puppet masters of politicians foresee the likely effects of the current wave of chaos descending on humanity at a global scale: disease, protests, and conflict spanning the world. To combat future movements like Occupy or the events in Ferguson, the oligarchic leaders plan on attacking the average citizen's rights through intimidation, accordingly limiting their willpower and ability to affect change.

This intimidation ultimately fosters complacency within the population with regards to the current trajectory of daily developments. If one is conditioned to expect tear gas, rubber bullets, and assault rifles raised at protesters, then she will be less likely to question the underlying implications of these actions. What kind of example is shown to future adults through the constant flow of mainstream media depictions of this militarized police state as



angel roe

commonplace?

Historically authoritarian regimes thrive when complacency consumes influential parts of their populations; just look at the USSR or Nazi Germany. As an intelligent and independent individual in modern America, do you want to fall into this trap enforced through fear and disillusionment?

Or would you rather retain a shred of dignity and openly voice your dissenting opinion on what clearly will become the new standard for American governance?

If current trends continue, oppression will become the norm across the board for the ninety-nine percent. As an individual, do you want your children to grow up without any memory of America in the twentieth century, where hope and prosperity appeared—even if falsely advertised—around every corner? Or is a state run upon the majority's complacency and enforced through violent intimidation from above the US of A you want our generation to be remembered for in the future? ■

secession movements:

a worldwide review

by zackpensak

Scotland, Scotland, Scotland, you poor thing. You came so very, very close, but in the end we all know that close only counts in horseshoes, hand grenades, bocce, and that game where you guess the amount of gumballs in a jar to win a trivial prize that you will enjoy for no more than 10 hours then put in the back of your closet and forget about for the rest of your days. I digress.

So, as all the wannabe William Wallaces slink back into their bagpipes, let's take a look at other secession movements around the globe that are still currently going on.

Vermont

A natural place to begin, this movement is one that many of the students at UVM don't even know about. In 2003, a network of several activist groups called the Second Vermont Republic was founded. In the following nine years they garnered a lot of media attention, holding multiple conferences on potential secession methods, but have all but committed themselves to straight chillin' since 2012.

South Carolina

This one might be my favorite American state trying to secede, simply due to how outlandish and batshit crazy some of their tactics have been. In 2000, South Carolina became the last state to remove the Confederate flag from flying atop its respective statehouse. However, the removal sparked anger; those darned Sandlappers wouldn't be denied, passing a bill in the State House so that the Confederate flag now flies in front of the Capitol, directly next to a monument honoring fallen Confederate soldiers. Since then, they have repeatedly tried to get their own currency, even suggesting a state conversion to gold doubloons. Keep up the good work guys, it's goddamn entertaining.

Venice

Venice is to Italy what Boston is to the United States. Although both cities were integral in the formation of their respective nations, if you were asked to name a major city in Italy, the canal-ridden town wouldn't be your first choice, maybe not even your second, but would definitely fall inside the top three or four. However, this third- or fourth-round Italian city draft pick could soon be the Republic of Veneto. Venice currently makes over €70 billion every year in tourism, yet is given only €50 billion by the Italian government. No wonder why, in a recent poll of the city's occupants, 89% of Venetians voted that they would want the creation of their own sovereign state, which would be the third independent nation within Italy, after Vatican City and the great San Marino. Out of all the secession movements mentioned in this article, Venice separating from Italy would make the most sense, as they are currently held back economically by the Italian government.

Catalonia

Ahhhh yes, Catalonia, the stomachache that Spain just can't seem to cure. Every time they think that things are settling down in that tumultuous tummy of theirs, a new rumbling revolution begins. This region of Spain has a completely different culture than the rest of the country as well as their own language (Catalan). Although the lispng Catalans have been fighting for independence for well over a century (as have the Basques), Spain simply cannot afford to let them go, as they are still recovering from massive economic instability.

Quebec

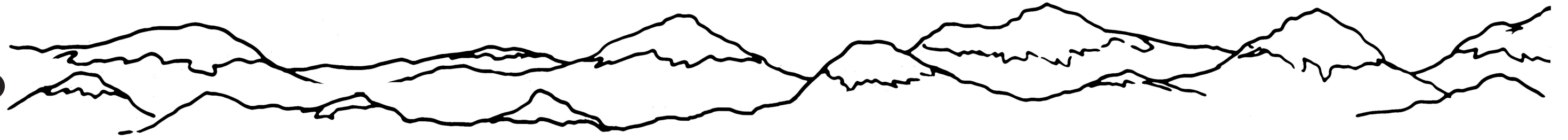
Our good 'ole northern neighbors grappled with the secession question for decades. In 1995, a referendum for independence went down to the wire, with those voting to stay with Canada winning by only two percentage points. Since then, the separatist support has steadily declined. Earlier this year, the Parti Québécois, the main separatist group, won only 25% of the vote in the provincial election, their worst result since 1970. The PQ now has a touch of xenophobe, trying to ban all religious symbols in public institutions, a tough bargain in Montreal, one of the most culturally diverse cities in Canada.

Northern Colorado

With the Denver liberals forcing statewide gun control, natural gas regulations, and mandatory bong rips, country boys in Weld County are unhappy, passing local laws to legalize drone hunting. (KM) ■



liz barrett



for the *love* of sex

by emmaboe

For the love of the mind-numbing, jaw-unhinging, make-you-forget-about-fracking genre of banging. For the reverence of the latex gods and the "I Hear the Female Orgasm" holy text. For the epic glory that is the proper use of your rockin' college bod in its prime. For the love of sex:

Stop letting hook up culture steal your orgasm.

I am a firm supporter of sexual liberation and cheer on every impulsive (consensual and condom-clad) encounter you choose to have. My point is not that you should holster your libido. My point is, if you so decide, go forth into the mystifying mattresses of casual pleasure, and amass satisfaction. However, be wary of what hook up culture might be stealing from you.

What we see before us is a plague of willingness to give up orgasms for the sake of avoiding the most dreaded word of all words: Intimacy. College students recognize the manifestation of this fear-inducing word in the luxurious "O" faces of their partners, and dub further encounters to be in contradiction with the casual hook-up agreement under which the frequent undressing began. I would argue that there is no need to button your flannels back up, you beautiful humans, you.

Collegiates foster a propensity to end coitus with their sex buddies because they take unsurpassed sexual satisfaction to mean a level of vulnerability and togetherness that is simply unacceptable. This kind of closeness seems inherently incompatible with the free wheelin' and solo cup brandishing images that Hollywood loves, and that dad laughed about nostalgically when he helped pack the Volvo. "Ah, Junior, be sure to bring your Trojans huh huh huh."

This incompatibility can lead to pretty dangerous consequences. During a study session last year, I overheard the words "She came way too fast when I looked in her eyes last night. I think the sex is getting too intimate. It's time to end this." Within that same week, a friend from back home recounted, "He says that the sex is getting to good between us, so he wants to hook up with other guys instead."

...I mean, I understand that you're young and getting it and not looking for a commitment, but dear God why do we let our own personal sexual freedom make us fear exceedingly good sex? Why does the choice to have noncommittal sex exclude us from the right to cum hard? Why do we equate cumming hard with commitment?

Do we really think that immense pleasure goes hand in hand with a ball and chain? Do we really think that the best kind of getting it on is a form of vulnerability that undermines our ability to explore youth to its most rambunctious and satisfying potential? I'm going to go ahead and decide that no, it does not. Orgasmic euphoria does not, unless explicitly stated, translate directly to "will you go steady with me?" and using teamwork to achieve a proper sexperience does not disqualify you from the right to say "Nah breh, relationships aren't for me. This is COLL-EGE." Avoiding mind bogging

sex is a rather large, and contradictory, sacrifice to make in order to sustain your sex life. I advise that you be damn sure of your causation theory between steamy moaning and reluctant "I do's" before you quit on the biggest of Os.

We devote ourselves so adamantly to ideas of the hard-core frat-touring American university experience, that we forget what should be really important: cumming. We are so obsessed with our own beer soaked exclamations of independence that we decide any forms of intimate connections are epicly lame. We fear these connections so much that, in fact, we are willing to throw a woman out of our bed for cumming hard and a man out of our arms for satisfying us too well.

For the sake of heart-jolting, eye-bulging sex, and for the blatant worship of post-grunting euphoria. For the love of sex, let us stop equating any interaction that has the slightest glimmer of intimacy, even when it's in the form of "Yes! Yes! Yes!", with a sentence to life in suburbia. Let us stop kicking the lovely human from the bar (or let's be honest the library) to the curb because we think damn good means "he wants to get serious." We don't have to let sexual liberation hinder sex itself. ■



keely ferrell

find your soul with ... *soulcycle?*

by lynnkeating

Your heart is beating so rapidly, feeling as if it will burst out of your chest any minute from now. 1, 2, 3, 4 is your rhythm, "I think I can, I think I can", you repeat to yourself, pedaling faster and faster uphill feels riveting yet never-ending. Pushing and exerting all the power you have left, your sweat beads turn into sweat streams. Your legs are propelling you to the peak, forcing you to stand on top of your pedals fully engaging every square inch of your body to reach the top. Muscles in your legs decide to pop out of nowhere, but now is not the time to question their existence. As you finally deservingly reach the top, you look around to appreciate your well-earned view to see the field of 25 other basic bitches on stationary bicycles.

Why do we work so hard to stay in place? Where are we going? Weren't bikes made for transportation? Since when did it become hip to not go anywhere?

Cycling is not bicycling. Cycling is a lifestyle. Cycling is a life-changer.

"Find Your Soul" blares in bold print on the SoulCycle webpage, a new cycle facility that has become all the rage. This overpowering font makes you second-guess yourself whether or not you know your own "inner soul". You think to yourself, "Maybe biking in place will change my life".

SoulCycle is a trendy exercise facility asserting that their classes do more than just, "change bodies, it changes lives". Whoa, sign me up! I want to plop my butt on one of those uncomfortable bikes, fashion a dank ass tight tank top and say it changes my life! Only 25 glitzy, glamorous, life-changing studios exist in New York City, The Hamptons and Miami but lure in over 20,000 riders per week. This desirable class has grown to become so popular that if you want a spot, you must reserve a bike weeks in advance. There's even a waiting list. No, this is not a party; it's a spinning class. Ranging from \$70-\$100 per class, this 45 minute workout is the most expensive in the country, basically requiring you to obtain a separate job just to attend. Since when has the idea of working out become so luxurious?

This company's website promotes their "inspirational instructors, candlelight, epic spaces, and rocking music, riders can let loose, clear their heads and empower themselves with strength that lasts beyond the studio walls".

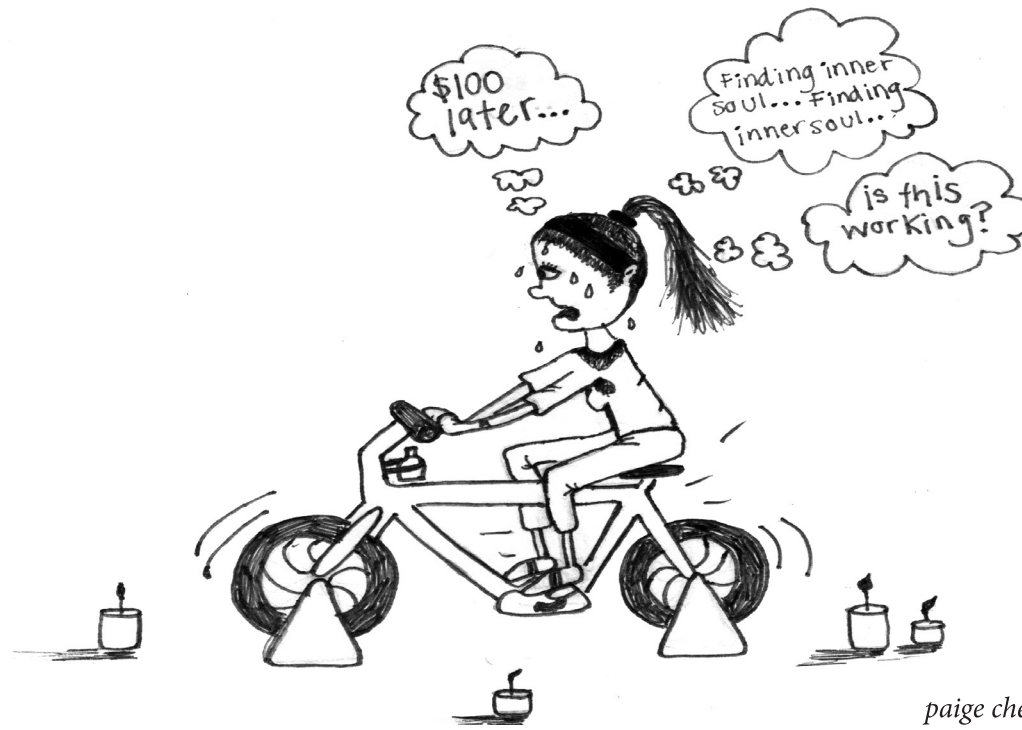
Beyond the studio walls? But the bikes are stationary! More importantly, how are you supposed to ride a bike, excuse me, SoulCycle, next to candlelight!? When have I ever been able to bike next to a candle? Last time I checked biking does not require candles nor is it safe. Do they change the candle scent seasonally? What if someone has an allergic reaction to the smell, or what if

This raises another important question of why cycling rooms have to be so dark. You walk inside and the struggle instantly begins by finding a bike in the dim studio. Is it to help riders be less insecure so no one can see them? I get it, people sweat and it's gross but are we really trying that hard to disguise our humanly bodily functions? I was always told to strictly never ride my bike at night, that even my grandma sent me a reflective vest for when I have to bike back from late night study sessions in the library. Your whole life you're told to not bike in the dark, yet here you are forking over money to bike in the dark for 45 minutes.

SoulCycle has become the new cycling class among celebrities from the Kardashians Klan to Anderson Cooper. Wearing T-shirts that promote SoulCycle, these famous stars secretly make you want to join their fitness clique. Instead, if I wore a shirt that read, "Bike to be on time to Class", I don't think I'd inspire anyone to join my clique, and most defiantly not motivate others to change their lives.

SoulCycle promises that you will release stress, burn fat, tone muscles, improve aerobic endurance and change your body immediately by going to their classes. They are multitasking the invention of the bicycle that was originally made to simplify our ways of getting from point A to point B. I bet most of the religious SoulCyclers haven't even ridden an actual bike since the time they had training wheels.

Are you looking to be on the guest list to these cycle parties? If you sign up now and have \$3,500 to spare, you will be blessed with the package, titled, "SuperSoul", granting access to a total of 50 classes. Or you can run the risk of not having a "SuperSoul" and just ride your bike to class unlimitedly. ■



paige cherrington

the smell doesn't cohesively emulate the essence of the ride? Lady Gaga even had her birthday bash at one of the SoulCycle classes. Do they provide birthday cakes along with their candles?

ibreakup : a tale of *privilege* and *heartbreak*

by tatekamish

This weekend I experienced one of the worst incidents that a white female between the ages of 15 and 22 can go through: the separation from an iPhone. My iPhone 4 and I were coming up on our three-year anniversary when all of a sudden it said, "It's not you, it's me", and shattered into tiny pieces. Or maybe it was more like, "Fuck you, stop dropping me all the time." Regardless, I didn't need its shitty, misleading maps app to tell me it was time for us to part ways. A phoneless weekend in Burlington proved to be more interesting and enjoyable than I expected. Perhaps, it was even just what I needed.

By always being attached to my phone, it felt as if I was still attached to my friends and family back home. Sure, it provided me with security, but it also distracted me from the present. Instead of curling up with a pint of Phish Food to wallow over my recent break up with my main man, iPhone 4, I took it as an opportunity to be more present and embrace my current surroundings. Plus, I got to feel like an old-time badass as I casually checked my pocket watch when I walked down to Church Street. As I walked down Main Street Sunday afternoon, I realized it was the first time I wasn't distracted from my own thoughts by texting, Instagram-ing, Twitter-ing, Facebook-ing, Snapchat-ing

or music-ing in a while. I mustered up a "hi" to the first person I passed, and received a "hello" in return. I then promised myself I would say hi to every person I passed during my trip to Church Street.

"all of a sudden it said, 'it's not you, it's me', and shattered into tiny pieces. or maybe it was more like, 'fuck you, stop dropping me all the time.'"

The reactions I received were varied. Some people reciprocated my greeting with a gentle "hello" and a smile. Others avoided eye contact with

me like I was that random-ass girl they swiped right on Tinder to last night. Some seemed genuinely surprised that I greeted them in the first place. As I walked without my iPhone and encountered all of the love-struck people with their phones, it became blaringly more apparent how 'single' I was. Whether they were staring down at a screen or gabbing with a friend, it was like I, the person right in front of them in the flesh, did not even exist.

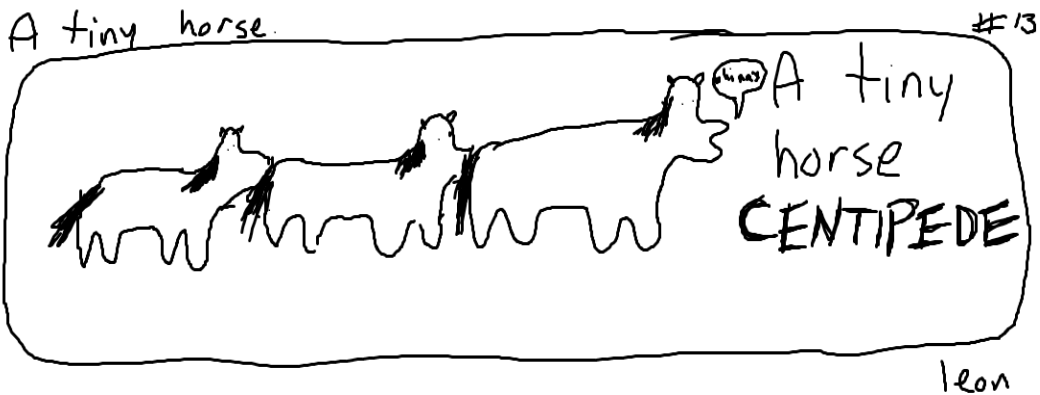
Then again, who needs to actually meet people or date when there is such a thing as the AT&T store? Here, I went on a series of speed dates in search for just the right match. I took a selfie or two to introduce myself to the green iPhone 5c, and I knew it was meant to be. Sorry boys, but I am officially back off the market and with a new bae. But maybe this time and in this new relationship, I'll take a break every now and then to say hey to my fellow pedestrians or to smile at a human male. Who knows, maybe some daring person will look up from their phone as well and smile back. Crazy, right? ■

cat litter.



collincappelle

And now, in a disturbing turn of events for "Tiny Horse"...



leonard bartenstein



cullen hairston

let the mass hysteria begin

by coleburton

ALERT! ALERT! This is Operator Bandit Nine-Two.

First Ebola case within the contiguous United States seen in Texas. Further cases imminent. Densely populated areas of the country will remain danger zones until pandemic subsides. I advise emergency survival operations to commence immediately. Evacuate to predetermined wilderness sites and initiate plan Sierra Hotel Tango Foxtrot. I repeat, emergency plan Sierra Hotel Tango Foxtrot...

Good luck.
Over and out. *tschhhhhhhrrrrrrk



Lyric of the (Bi)Week:

"Beets bleed and tables have legs. I boiled up a feast and the table it ran away a bloody mess..."

- Beets Untitled, Laura Stevenson & the Cans

cr8tiph stewf the cipher

with kerrymartin

fuck you: an open letter to the woman who cut in line for the bathroom this afternoon

by benberrick

You didn't see us when you sauntered by and passed the woman exiting the tiny room, slipping past her and through the threshold we had been staring at with the desperate longing of a dog at the window waiting for its master. How could you have seen, after all, given that you were so deep in conversation with your friend as you walked the length of the hall? As you strode along the depressingly beige carpet so confidently, perhaps you didn't feel nature's clarion call at all, but rather found an opportunity to freshen up with the departure of the sacred cubicle's former occupant. Maybe you were simply better at hiding your distress than I, and my equally uncomfortable bench-mate, and taking the steps necessary to prevent the same catastrophic voiding of your bowels that I and my strange intestinal bed-fellow now concentrated all of our willpower—all of our very spirit—to forebear.

I do not know your story, and I will likely never see you again, but I have something that I must impart to you: go fuck yourself. Two clearly uncomfortable people sitting on the bench directly across from the bathroom should have been a significant clue as to the necessary order of things.

Perhaps you might have thought that we could have simply gone upstairs, not knowing that every men's bathroom stall was full, as though some hypersonic pitch that used testosterone as a key to unlock a thousand unfortunate sphincters had been sounded. Despite what you may have thought, escape wasn't an option for us: this was the very reason that we

now found ourselves comrades of the puckered buttocks outside what we prayed would be a last bastion of hope. It isn't just that you cut in line, though, that dooms you to suffer the eternity in hell that your actions surely necessitate. How long could whatever you had to do in there take? You were a small woman: thin in frame and petite in stature. What kind of butt-birth, then, must you have been forced to labor through to have stayed within the confines of that most desperately sought wash-closet? Certainly you must have either passed a full quarter of your weight or completed a fine sonata worthy of comparison with the great musical masters.

To my unfortunate bench companion: I hope that you have found sweet intestinal relief from the pain and terror written across your face. To be forcibly locked into that prairie-dogging purgatory—never knowing whether the next internal cramp would be the one to fill our pants with shame, smells—is a fate that I would wish on none save the monster that trapped us together. I did not stay to see whether you ever did reach that seemingly unattainable bathroom; I could not wait and risk committing that cardinal social sin and so I fled, waddling with shame and urgency to the closest haven, abandoning my post in a coprophobic frenzy. I am sorry to have left you. Our time together made us brothers; a bond forged under a pressure nearly as intense as that exerted by our own terrified buttholes. I will never forget you. ■

Are you still listening, UVemcees??? Hip-hop hamstrings feeling limber? 'Cuz it wouldn't be another week at the water tower without your wicked spittins! Still feels lonely up here on center stage...waiting for others to snatch the mic. Til then, though, let's blow some air about Scotland.

Now you probably thinkin' *Braveheart*, it's a trademark, Picture Mel Gibson spittin' William's twitty diction, fiction! Real Scots screamin' "Freedom" cuz they buried in the graveyard, *Trainspotting* addiction, now listen as I spit this vision. Scotland isn't shit but friction, England's rug burn Never on the upturn, never global concern Highland Games, another name for givin' sheep a love churn A backwards folk up in the hills far past the point of return. Yeah I've been to Edinburgh, went to check out Glasgow Almost caught the Mad Cow, better off in Macau Nessie ain't shit but frozen sticks No monarch of this shithole ever gonna make me kowtow. [Slower] You cannot underrate it as a nation-state Unemployment rate would be overweight Rampant livestock rape just to procreate As if hair weren't already half their body weight. Thanks for staying UK, reinforcing the lesson That men can't rule themselves when that's how they're dressin'.

Next issue, we bloodsuck Teen Paranormal Romance as a Literary Genre. Please write raps and contribute, however long or short they are! Send your lines to thewatertownnews@gmail.com with your favorite rapper in the subject line. Submissions are due by Tuesday, October 14th. The best student rapper of the semester gets a fabulous prize! ■

grant daverson: ace detective

by leonardbartenstein

"Hey!" shouted a voice from the small crowd out front of the bookstore which he was staking out, sneakily. "Hey, Daverson, come over here!"

Despite his efforts not to be caught, that was what Grant had become: caught. Leering over the collar of his trench coat, Grant strode over to the small group of policemen that had gathered. "The hell are you doing here?" the same police officer who had called him over now asked him, "him" being Grant.

"I don't think you need to ask that," said Grant. "You know why I'm here."

"No," replied the officer, "I don't know why you're here." She leered at him. "That's why I asked you."

Grant pulled back from the conversation, keeping his exterior façade of stoic aloofness that he strove so much to maintain. "Diana, you've hated me ever since the case of the knife party."

"That's Officer Pembleton to you, Daverson, and I have plenty of good reason not to like you, especially after that night."

"What's this all about?" asked Rich Barton, who was just joining them from the inside of his bookstore, in front of which they were conversing. "Why are the police here? And what's a knife got to do with it?"

"The police are here," said Grant, scowling at the counterparts with an unhappy and scornful look on his face, "because they enjoy getting in the way. It's what they do best, and they like doing it."

"Shut yourself," said Officer Pembleton. "We're here to investigate the nearby drug-related murder of one of Valencé's cronies. We happened to loiter under this awning for a quick break, and Grant Lame-erson here decided to accost us."

"Who's accosting who, then?" asked Grant, puffing up his chest a little like an angry bird that puffs up its chest when meaning to look aggressive and intimidating.

"Oh," said Rich, letting out a sigh of relief, and feeling relief at this statement. "I was worried that you would be here about the dru—"

"That's enough from you, Barton," said Daverson, elbowing the smallish man in his side to keep him from spilling the beans like a toddler spills their cereal all over the floor, even though there are little anti-spill corners on the toddler's high chair tray.

"But if they're here to investigate and probably take me away because of my supposed, but not actual, involvement in the drug dealing—"

Daverson shot him a look that told him to shut up. Rich replied with a look that asked why he should shut up, if the cops were here already. Daverson scowled and gave him a look that told him, "the cops weren't here for that, you idiot, they're here for something else, and you're telling them exactly what we don't want to tell them."

"Can we help you two?" asked Officer Pembleton. "You seem shifty, as if you have something to hide, like someone who doesn't want me to know something..."

"There is nothing of that sort," said Rich. "Not at all." "Really?" asked the Officer. "Because just a minute ago, it seemed like—"

"It seemed like nothing," said Rich. He decided to change the subject so that he would not be considered suspect, or considered to be a suspect. "What's with this whole knife party?"

"The knife party?" asked Grant, his voice going really high, like that lady in that musical about the killer plant. You know the one.

"The knife party," confirmed Officer Pembleton, a smug smile slithering across her lips. She grinned victoriously and happily.

"Yes, the knife party," said Rich Barton. "I would like to hear that story."

"I'd be happy to tell you about that story, which we



yin yefko

are talking about, the story of the knife party," said Officer Pembleton. "I'd be happy to tell you that, starting now."

Just then, the radio on her hip began to go off. "Robbery on South Prospect, all units respond, any officers—"

Some static interrupted it, cutting it off. "That's a tale for another day," said Pembleton, motioning to her fellow officers that it was time for them to go and get in their car and go to the robbery to stop the robber, arrest them, and put them in jail. "But don't think for a second that I won't be watching you," she pointed at Grant, "and you," she pointed at Rich, "at all times, like a hawk, or similarly well-sighted and observant bird of prey."

And with that, she left the two men behind, both slightly scared, offended, and more motivated to figure out what was going on with these drugs before the cops did. ■

Look out for more of Grant Daverson's adventures in the next issue of **the water tower**.



tunes.



Δ this is all yours

by erin smith

After only a couple days on the market, alt-J's sophomore album, *This Is All Yours*, has already received some pretty unforgiving responses. After listening to it on repeat since it was released last Tuesday, I can confidently say that I understand why. alt-J received an overwhelming amount of success following their debut album, *An Awesome Wave*, leaving the trio (previously a quartet) with enough confidence to experiment.

Guitarist and vocalist, Joe Newman, keyboardist, Gus Unger-Hamilton, and drummer, Thom Green, decided to implement an array of inconsistent sounds, styles and structures into their latest songs. Some of these experiments include; recycled lyrics, featuring other successful artists for one clip of vocals, and the sampling of Miley Cyrus...?

Upon first listen, the album will seem sleepy and two-dimensional. After the third or fourth, however, it is clear that the songs are exceptionally dense and articulately layered. Though, this doesn't actually improve them. This leaves the music feeling much heavier in comparison to their previous songs, which were light and clever without sacrificing complexity or quality. In a review by pitchfork.com, Ian Cohen goes so far as to write, "Ten minutes pass on *This Is All Yours* with barely a pulse..."

Predicted hits are "Every Other Freckle", "Left Hand Free", and "Hunger of The Pine". "Every Other Freckle" and "Left Hand Free" seem to be the highlights of the album, holding a faster pace and the typical unique, yet catchy melodies, we've come to expect from alt-J.

"Hunger of The Pine" is guilty of including a sample of Miley Cyrus chanting, "I'm a female rebel!" from her track, "4x4". This insert is probably the most confusing, being completely irrelevant to the rest of the lyrics and upholding no structural needs to the song as a whole. The track, "Warm Foothills" is no better, featuring notable artists such as Lianne La Havas on vocals for no more than one or two words at a time.

Some tracks are well done but not geared towards alt-J's base audience. "Bloodflood Pt. II" and "Leaving Nara"

both have an M83-esque progression that sways in and out on repetitive, symphonic-like swells. Sadly, these songs lack a hook to compel their audience's attention.

The heavily juxtaposed contrast, and evenly balanced variation of styles, effectively cancel each other out, and leave the listener with no impression from the album as a whole. About half of the songs can hold their own place individually, but the glaring lack of consistency throughout the album makes it impossible to appreciate as a whole.

I have a theory that alt-J left the buzz of *An Awesome Wave* with a misguided image of their audience. In the wake of that ambiguity, they have decided to test the waters and decide what direction to take from their previous debut album. My theory credits them with self-awareness. If you listen to *This Is All Yours* with the expectations you built from *An Awesome Wave*, disappointment is inevitable. Although, if you consider yourself a true alt-J fan, just go along for the ride and you are guaranteed to find at least a few tracks that suit your taste.

Personally, I think it's interesting to hear alt-J explore



ben berrick (and alt-j album art)

other genres, and I happen to have a serious obsession with Joe Newman's unusual voice. I would still consider the album a fun listen, but ultimately, a far fall from *An Awesome Wave*. Hopefully this is only a sophomore slump, rather than the beginning of descent. ■

the rise of lil dicky by elikarren

If you rewind a few years back, David Burd was nothing more than a pawn at a San Francisco advertisement agency. Even though he was making good money and was living comfortably, his aspirations reached beyond the walls of his cubicle. Initially he used his love of rap music and charismatic personality to turn his monthly progress reports into rap videos. This stunt would help catapult him to copywriting material in the creative department. But still, David did not feel completely fulfilled.

He began working late nights on a brand new project. His plan was to create audacious raps as a way of getting himself known in the comedy community. The more attention he could get in the comedic world, the greater his likelihood of writing for movies or television shows would be. Over the next year, he would write rap after rap, testing his comedic skill and hoping every new song would be the one to get him on the map. However instead of putting them out on a regular basis, he would wait. Silently, he finished the songs and got ready to start the next phase of his life.

Then Lil Dicky came to life. The fire would start when he dropped his debut mix tape, *So Hard* in April of 2013. Accompanying it was the music video for the song "Ex-Girlfriend," a ballad of penis envy towards his girlfriend's god-like specimen of a boyfriend. The video instantly sky rocketed him to the top of Reddit's, "Listen to This" page. Within twenty-four hours of it being uploaded to YouTube, it had already surpassed a million views. His first musical at bat had effortlessly become a home run, and

he instantly took the cake as the new king of joke rappers. Even though all of the 17 tracks on the *So Hard* mix tape are deeply rooted in Dicky's comedic sensibilities and his audacious

satire, his nasty flow and extreme talent are undeniable. Aside from that, his gorgeous wordplay and hilarious tales of the simple white male made him accessible to his audience. Some of the best examples here are 'Jewish Flow', 'Too High', and 'Sports'.

For the next five months, Dicky released a new song every Wednesday and the occasional music video to go along with them. After the success of *So Hard*, all of the new songs that he quickly crafted came together to make a project called "Hump Days." This would find him rapping over weirder beats and paraphrasing movies like "The Lion King" in his songs. During this time Dicky quit his job and spent all of his time and money focusing into his rap career.

After living the dream for five months, releasing 32 songs, 15 music videos, and accruing a fresh new fan base, Dicky officially ran out of money. Then Dicky was forced to look the harsh reality and make a choice. The easier choice would have been to go back to his old job at the advertising agency, and hang up the towel for another day. However, Dicky decided to take a gamble instead.

Cracking his shell as Lil Dicky and allowing the online audience to meet him as Dave, Dicky took us on a tour of his house in a parody of *Cribs*, and laid down the line about the direness of his situation. It was with his honesty and his charisma that people decided that they wanted to help him out via his Kickstarter campaign. There was nothing in it for them besides the fact that they were helping a starving artist accomplish his dreams; and the hope of making a mixtape to live up to *So Hard*. After being open for only a few weeks, the Dickheads, the term he affectionately gives to his fans, backed him with force. His initial goal was to get to \$70,000, but after three weeks

he had already hit over \$100,000. After a whole month, the Kickstarter reached a grand total of \$113,000.

With the incredible support from his fans, Dicky has been working tirelessly for the past year. He played his first show in his hometown of Philadelphia in February, and took the SXSW Festival by storm in March. Every city that Dicky goes to, the audience leaves astounded by the sheer talent and charisma of a man who accidentally fell into rapping. But somewhere along the way, in the quest for comedy, David came to the conclusion that nothing could make him happier than rapping. Even though he never expected it to be his trade, he realized his potential and discovered he had a voice that needed to be added to the hip-hop conversation.

His acceptance to the hip-hop game was best delineated in his remake of Drake's, "Pound Cake," which he dubbed "Russell Westbrook On A Farm". In the song, Dicky makes the correlation between himself as a rapper and Russell Westbrook if Russell never knew his basketball talent until he was a man. This song is also very notable because it shows Dicky's first true attempt at crafting something much greater than the joke rap. In the six-minute song, he makes no jokes, and only spits the truth. For the second half of the song he imagines himself as one of the top players in the game, coming in late, but tearing everything up. After completing his first US tour, and taking time to complete his first official album, it appears that Lil Dicky has a chance to prove his dominance to the rest of the world. Given the relentless onslaught of brilliant new music, the release of his first official label single, "Lemme Freak", and his debut album *Professional Rapper* hitting stores sometime in the late fall, it would appear that Dicky season is coming. ■

trash.



ear

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

i want you so bad

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

i thought i was going to bed
an hour ago
sitting here with my steel water bottle
has never been the same since you

somehow endlessly shifting time
like just-honeyed tea
with a strong chimney of spice
has filled these small chipped cups
that i surround myself with

it was ten minutes ago i wrote that
on keys that don't tap right
because i miss my typewriter
at my own desk looking out my own window
at a crabapple that never blooms long enough
in front of the cloudy mountains past the swamp and over
the power lines

i want to be writing you letters now
scrawled in black ink
with my favorite cheap pens
sometimes, i'm not certain you remember those letters

the way you talk lately has changed
but i can hardly blame you

if i were to call you, i would want to leave you a voicemail
like always
when i used to wake you up on mornings before school
when we were so young
i wonder if you have saved those voicemails
if perhaps you keep those letters in the same place
that when you open your drawer, you can only smell
my own chimney of spice
sweeter, warmer, than this tea
potent
i wonder if you ever hope it will fade
but i have never heard of ghosts smelling like anything

i remember when i used to talk to you
it would always be a couple of hours

When: sunset on a cloudy horizon
Where: on that swing bench by the waterfront
I saw: the dog we dreamt about
I am: some poet kid

Your accent is strange
And so is your style.
But I'd be willing to forgive the latter,
Just for a little while.
Stop talking about me in other languages,
When I'm right in front of you.
You may think I don't understand,
But you're wrong my friend.
And trust me when I say,
"Ich verstehe, mein Freund"
When: Multiple occasions
Where: Multiple locations
I saw: A bilingual companion
I am: An educated individual

you have the coolest sweatshirt on campus
and strikingly beautiful eyes
mickey and minnie mouse
wish I wasn't on the phone so I coulda said hi

When: wed (oct 1)
Where: library
I saw: cartoonz
I am: bashful

It's the luck of the Irish that we first met
At an audition, all but drenched in sweat
Since first year we've been friends through and through
And now we are seniors, our time almost thru
The way you jig with such spirit and pride
The way you volunteer and smile so wide
You love wine and I love beer
You can't parallel park and well, me neither
Every time that we chat: the topic of sex
The laughter, the surprises, the desires...and regrets
So I want to thank you, my partner in crime
When we got high at the science museum, a hell of a time
I love your style, floral dresses all year
And the way you appreciate mayo proudly, no fear
You're now in grad school which, damn...impressive
If only you had more time, I wouldn't feel so depressive
Let's keep having dinners and doing my laundry poorly
Because our schedules make me miss you sorely
You're busy with class, babysitting, ASB, the rest
But please, let's make more time to watch "Say Yes to the
Dress"

When: Ever You Need a
Break
Where: Ever We Can
Drink and Eat Thai
I saw: An Irish Worcester
Lass
I am: Not quite Irish but
Also from Mass

Oh Stevie
It just might be,
That you're the only cat for
me.
I've had two before you,
Both died tragically.
Stevie, my Stevie,
I admire your longevity.
You're orange and fat,
And you don't acknowl-
edge my presence.
But you're perfect to me
And your purr is a present.

When: Everyday
Where: At home
I saw: The love of my life
I am: Cat obsessed

Willard

Bladderless boy: Stop laughing! I really just peed myself!

University Marche

Drunken dude: Daddy's home!

Redstone Market

Girl 1: OMG, I love her aura.

Girl 2: I agree, she has one of the nicest auras I've ever met
in all my time at UVM.

College St.

Finely-dressed Man: Would you like to have a conversation
about Jesus?

Rushed Girl: Oh shoot, no sorry. I'm really late for a meet-
ing.

(Man smiles and begins to walk off)

Girl (shouts): I'll do Jesus later, I promise!

Walking and Talking on the Phone

Girl on Phone: Ya but his girlfriend is gonna be here ,so
I'm not even gonna get laid this weekend. It sucks being
the other woman.

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

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fork it over.



the great *pumpkin beer* standoff

by mikestorage

'Tis the season, ladies and gentlemen, for apple picking and leaf peeping. 'Tis the season for wearing pants in the morning, and regretting that decision by the afternoon. But, most of all, it is the Harvest. More specifically, it's the season to harvest pumpkins and to transform their flavors into beers. I have taken the liberty of tasting and rating these beers so that you can make well-informed decisions of which pumpkin beer to buy and imbibe.

*I have rated all beers on a scale of 1 to 5 in four different categories. **Fullness** indicates how heavy a particular beer was both upon first taste and in the duration of the bottle. **Aftertaste** indicates the quality of flavor after the initial sip had waned and how long the beer's flavor lingers in the mouth. **Drinkability** indicates how easy each beer was to drink. And **Pumpkin** is, well, pumpkin. All beers were tasty, but please read more details to determine the tastiest. ■*

Wolaver's Pumpkin Ale (5.35%): 5/5

This pumpkin beer does not overwhelm you with pumpkin taste, but it certainly fulfills requirements in terms of flavor. The best thing about this beer is how hearty it is. Unlike the Long Trail Imperial Pumpkin, the spice combination in the Wolaver is absolutely perfect. This was the best pumpkin beer that I surveyed.

**Pumpkin: 3—Fullness: 3
Aftertaste: 5—Drinkability: 5**

Harpoon UFO Pumpkin (5.9%): 4.5/5

Although it has the second-highest alcohol content of the beers that I sampled, this UFO, or Unfiltered Offering, certainly does not feel as heavy as its abv. declares. This beer tastes light and drinkable, but it does not overwhelm with pumpkin flavor. This beer, like the Wolaver, strikes the perfect level of pumpkin and combines this flavor with a spicy aftertaste.

**Pumpkin: 3.5—Fullness: 3
Aftertaste: 5—Drinkability: 5**

Shipyards Pumpkinhead (4.7%): 3/5

The Pumpkinhead is the quintessential pumpkin beer, and is lusted after by almost all fall pumpkin seekers. Although it contains the most pumpkin flavor of the sampled beers, the flavor ends immediately after each sip hits your tongue. This very sweet beer does not possess a long-lasting flavor, but it is quick and easy to drink.

**Pumpkin: 4.5 — Fullness: 1
Aftertaste: 1.5 — Drinkability: 5**



barry guglielmo

Samuel Adams Octoberfest (5.3%): 2.5/5

Sam Adams is a very popular beer in New England. While their Boston Lager is a fine beer for all occasions, their Octoberfest leaves much to be desired. This beer sits heavily in the stomach, an amorphous blob of anonymous flavor. An initial flavorful aftertaste becomes masked by a darker presence that does not leave the drinker until after the beer's completion. One beer connoisseur described it as "a very generic beer."

**Pumpkin: 1—Fullness: 4
Aftertaste: 3—Drinkability: 3**

Magic Hat Wilhelm Scream (5.4%): 3/5

The Wilhelm Scream starts off with a blast of pumpkin that greets the drinker with the taste of fall. This ale is crisp and flavorful upon first sips, but falls flat once the initial sip has worn off. The artwork on the bottle and the beer's creative name surpass the quality of the beer itself.

**Pumpkin: 4—Fullness: 2.5
Aftertaste: 1—Drinkability: 4**

Long Trail Imperial Pumpkin (8%): 4.5/5

This delicious, top-shelf ale is only sold in pint bottles, and it features cool artwork by Jess Polanshek on the label. The beer is delicious and immediately allows the pumpkin flavor to roll onto your tongue. Almost immediately after the pumpkin flavor hits your mouth, a delicious spice erupts onto the scene. The pumpkin and spice compliment each other perfectly in this amazing autumn ale.

**Pumpkin: 4—Fullness: 4.5
Aftertaste: 3.5—Drinkability: 3**

highlight reel

family friendly: *kinfolk on the sideline*

by wesdunn

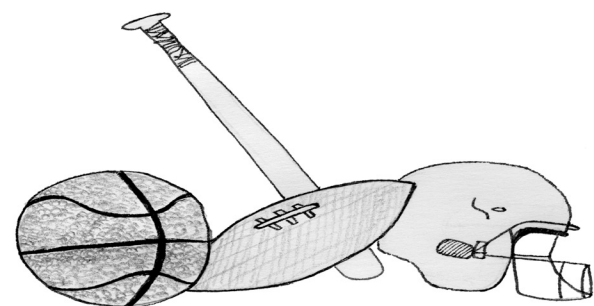
A viral video made the rounds last week, showing Italian soccer player Alessandro Florenzi bounding up the stairs of Stadio Olimpico in Rome to celebrate the goal he had just scored for his home team, Roma FC. Unlike some athletes' displays of victorious exuberance, Florenzi wasn't preparing to do anything wild, stupid or offensive. He made a beeline for his 83-year old grandmother, who had made her first trip to see him play live. They had a nice hug, and then he shuffled back down to the field, where he was promptly assigned a yellow card for "celebrating with the crowd."

This obviously was not a popular decision on the part of the referee. For one thing, this is Italy, a place with no shortage of attachment between young men and their matriarchs. C'mon, the dude had just scored a goal and wanted to celebrate with a cherished family member. This episode drove home for me the idea that, even at the professional levels of sports, family spectators are fundamentally important.

I'll admit a personal bias in this regard: I'm a runner, which means that pretty much the only spectators I ever get are family members. In high school, football games turned the surrounding mile of streets

around the stadium into parking lots. Cross country? We usually had about half the team's parents at home meets, and maybe like two or three when we travelled. When I started with the Varsity XC team here at UVM, I figured things might be different—this is, after all, D1 collegiate athletics. Our first race featured exactly zero spectators, because who the fuck wants to drive to Orono, Maine? Our next one was at Zoomass Amherst, so a bunch of parents showed up to that. There were also some slightly hungover students who were probably grabbing coffee and then noticed a disproportionately high amount of short shorts and decided to investigate. Put simply, family spectators are my bread and butter.

As Florenzi demonstrated the other day, this isn't just the case for sports that would otherwise have no fans. Your family is hugely responsible for the fact that you're even on the field, court, rink, or whatever. So you're genetically gifted? Guess where that came from. Got a great work ethic and impeccable self-discipline? If mom and dad hadn't handed you a bow and quiver and forced you to start feeding yourself at age nine, there's no way you'd be where you are today. Who invested all the time and money to help you figure out what sport was right for you when you were



tiny? Who helped you develop with your sport as you grew up?

Becoming a successful athlete definitely requires a lot of intrinsic motivation and devotion of time and effort. It also requires a shit-ton of privilege. In most cases, getting good at a sport requires a pretty high degree of stability (a reliable bed, shelter, food, and free time that you don't have to spend working a job). For many of us athletes, this was graciously provided by our families until quite recently, if not still.

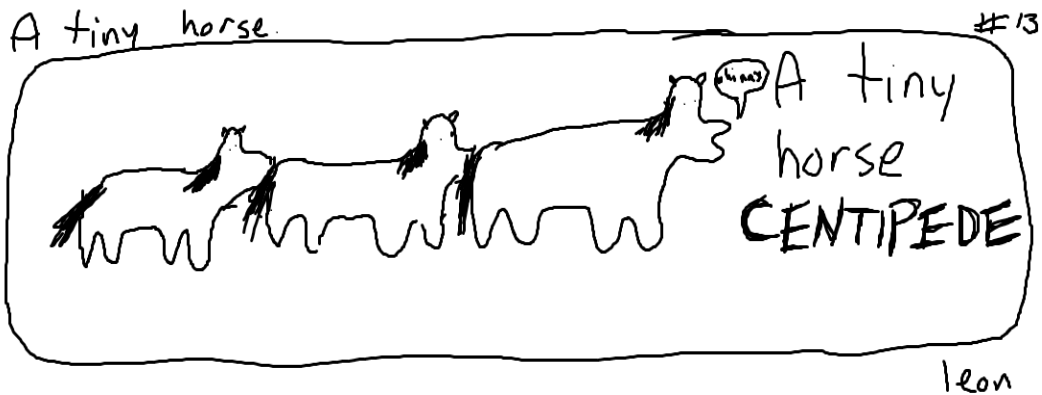
So when you see your favorite athlete cavorting about, doing whatever it is they do, you have to realize that there's probably a little armada of people who are at least 50% responsible for that. Families should definitely be in the stands. They should be acknowledged and celebrated. If a player wants to run up and share a moment with them, great! Nonna Florenzi is at least partially responsible for the goal that preceded that hug, if only in the sense that her presence helped spur on Alessandro. Nobody is an island, unless they are a cross country runner in Maine (which technically makes our team an archipelago, I guess). ■

cat litter.



collincappelle

And now, in a disturbing turn of events for "Tiny Horse"...



leonard bartenstein



cullen hairston

let the mass hysteria begin

by coleburton

ALERT! ALERT! This is Operator Bandit Nine-Two.

First Ebola case within the contiguous United States seen in Texas. Further cases imminent. Densely populated areas of the country will remain danger zones until pandemic subsides. I advise emergency survival operations to commence immediately. Evacuate to predetermined wilderness sites and initiate plan Sierra Hotel Tango Foxtrot. I repeat, emergency plan Sierra Hotel Tango Foxtrot...

Good luck.

Over and out. *tschhhhhhhrrrrrrk



Lyric of the (Bi)Week:

"Beets bleed and tables have legs. I boiled up a feast and the table it ran away a bloody mess..."

- Beets Untitled, Laura Stevenson & the Cans