



the water tower.

uvm's alternative newsmag

volume 16 - issue 1 - tuesday, september 9, 2014 - uvm, burlington, vt

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

let's talk about sex, baby, let's talk about responsibility

by katjaritchie

You can go online and see provocative, uncensored pictures of any number of attractive and high-profile women. This has never been a secret of the internet.

As of this well-documented Labor Day weekend, you can look up nudes of Jennifer Lawrence, Ariana Grande, Vanessa Hudgens, Olivia Munn, and approximately 96 other famous women belonging to an exclusive list put out by users of the havoc-wreaking forum giant 4chan. "This is great," thought millions of man-children. "I have been having so many wet dreams about J-Law's quirky and devil-may-care attitude in formal settings, and now by looking at her pixelated boobies, I can stave off my mounting sexual frustration for twenty whole minutes, probably."

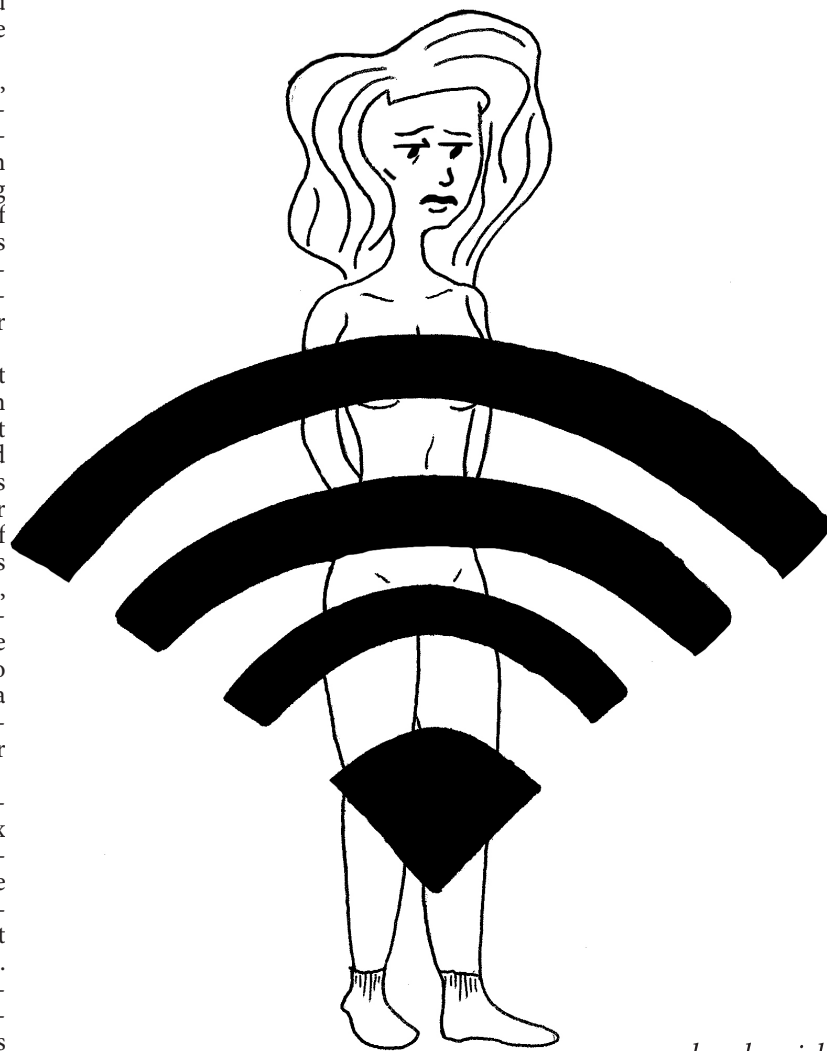
First of all, 4chan is sort of like the poltergeist younger brother of the internet, and they've been around far longer than J-Law's titties have seen the light of Reddit. Through the power of their rabid, organized mob psychology, their more positive accomplishments are also worth noting. For better or for worse, hacker conglomerate Anonymous sprung from the depths of 4chan, going on to infiltrate government organizations as well as the databases of the Westboro Baptist Church, PayPal, and Visa. 4chan users have also launched impromptu stings on threats of violence such as the one made by a teenager in Pflugerville, TX, who vowed to attack his school. 4chan also does stupid shit like leak a whole bunch of women's private property to the internet. It's not a place of pride, but it's not at the very center of hell, either.

However, what happened with all these nudes-gone-viral isn't a grand exposé of the secret, sordid sex drives of unattainable A-listers by mighty internet geniuses. Unlike so many other pairs of readily-available virtual breasts, Jennifer Lawrence's—and those belonging to all the other victims of 4chan's most recent hit list—were exposed without any knowledge or consent. This is theft. It's also of an overtly sexual nature, depicting nudity and sex acts in private, controlled environments, meant for only certain eyes, or maybe no one's eyes at all.

This is sexual assault.

Fortunately, **the water tower** isn't the first publication to make this point and I am far from the only person with this point of view. But this means more than leaked nudes and it affects more than our Google searches and Facebook threads. It calls in to question the notion of responsibility.

Responsibility means more than innovative band-aids for symptoms of a much larger, systematic culture of disrespect. I don't want to live in a world where "personal responsibility" means that deleting your pictures isn't enough because you're already up shit creek for taking them to begin with, or remembering to wear your roofie-detecting manicures and rip-proof, "rape-proof" panties. It's true



ben berrick

that no one was physically hurt in this particular online crisis, but what about others?

What about Steubenville, or Daisy Coleman? What about the Stanford University student who stated, about women who take "undue risk" (they drink! They go out! The horror!) and then suffer sexual assault, "Do I deserve to have my bike stolen if I leave it unlocked on the quad?" What about the fact that a piece of performance art involving a Columbia student literally hauling the mattress on which she was raped around campus, daily, isn't enough to get university discipline for

her rapist?

What about the 37% of college-age women (18-24) who will be raped, according to the CDC? That's nearly one in five. One in five of us. Look around you. Put this paper down for a second and literally, look around.

... read the rest on page 5

all spin all the time

by dannissim

Readers, it was a pretty rough summer. From Ukraine to Syria (still), Israel-Gaza, and ISIS, it was one big shitstorm. Domestically, things weren't going so bad until the Mike Brown shooting knocked down the doors and plunged our country into turmoil. Since the August 9th incident, facts have slowly streamed out as well as many contradictory witness statements, which only magnified the issue. The town of Ferguson, Missouri spiraled into civil unrest because Mike Brown's lifeless body was left in the street for several hours to cool down after sustaining six gunshot wounds courtesy of a Ferguson police officer. Behind all the chaos of this racially-charged situation, TV news did little to assuage the hatred, only using Mike Brown's death as a means to promote their own agendas. TV news has become less and less about actual journalism and more about supporting specific aims.

Once upon a time, you could count on the evening news to give you the straight facts. They were not media personalities; rather, they were journalists who appeared on television. Today, across CNN, MSNBC, and Fox News, we are fed news that is spun to serve some higher agenda. These programs move further and further away from news and closer towards entertainment. The hosts and guests are intelligent and make fair points, but it is quite clear that they serve another purpose. More liberal networks focused on the social injustice of the entire Ferguson crisis. Brown, an African American teenager, was gunned down in the middle of the afternoon. Fox News, a more conservative network, chose to focus on other facts that may place more blame on Brown by airing his convenience store robbery and sticking with the story that he was in the process of running toward the officer when he was killed. Bill O, I'm sorry, but you're living in the spin zone.

In the case of Mike Brown, this style of news reporting is especially lethal given the slow dissemination of information. We live in a society where news is extremely competitive and constantly updating, grabbing information - that is not necessarily verified fact - and broadcasting it as fast as possible to gain an

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the best news team inbox in the universe.



Dear readers,

Welcome back to another year with the **wt!** We're Laura Greenwood and Katja Ritchie, your 2014-2015 editors-in-chief of this band of hooligans. Longtime friends and compatriots, you know the drill. If you haven't seen us around before: we are UVM's alternative newsmag, the spot for all interested in humor, satire, opinion, creative writing and original art. Our next general meeting is **tonight, Tuesday, September 9th, in the Williams Family Room on the 4th floor of the Davis Center, at 7:30 pm.** Missed us? We'll be back **next Tuesday, same time, in the Jost Room** (also DC 4th floor).

This year, we're trying out something that's new to everyone. **the water tower** will be printing **bi-weekly** this year, so make this one last until our next paper comes out on **Tuesday, September 23rd.** Why the switch? First of all, it's cheaper and saves trees to print less. Secondly (and more importantly!) it gives us twice the time to spend on each issue, so be on the lookout for new features, more long-form writing, and a whole lotta game-changin' from us.

We're super pumped on the new faces we've already seen this year, and, as always, our returning staff and editors, who continue to be the swaggiest team on campus. We'd also like to extend our serious gratitude to **you, our readers**, who truly are the reason why we keep this dog-and-pony-show on the road. Seriously. Y'all are the best.

Wanting you badder than ever,

katjaritchie, lauragreenwood, and the **wt** team

*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

Joan Rivers' Death: Before anyone complains, no, it's not "too soon" and I highly doubt the mother and reigning queen of shit-listing would object to her passing being shit-listed. She's staring up at us through the flames of hell, elbowing Hitler or Jeffrey Dahmer and being like, "see, they miss me already." To the original bad bitch who held her own in the boys' club of comedy, rest in peace, and save us a seat down there.

Winter is Coming: Last night I had my windows open and a fan on in my room, and I was cold. This can only mean the suffocating humidity of glorious summertime is waning, ushering in the crisp air of a true September evening. Fucking bullshit.

The UVM Bookstore: Your one-stop shop for all the books you'll ever need for your courses (except for that one that's sold out that you needed, like, yesterday), organized in a completely nonsensical labyrinth, at twice the price of Amazon Prime.

The Shot Glasses at Rasputin's: If I ever even look in the general direction of Sputie's, I'm not trying to have a classy night, and I'm probably being coerced into going there. As painful as sober Sputie's is, numbing the pain is even worse when my \$4 gets me a fucking thimble-ful of watery Smirnoff. Thanks, guys. Your establishment smells like date rape. ■

the water tower.
uvm's alternative newsmag
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the news in brief

with kerrymartin

"This is a moment of leadership for the administration, for the president. Is he going to succumb to the threats from the Republican Party, or is he going to lead?"

- **Lorella Praeli**, director of the illegal immigrant network United We Dream, challenging Obama to act unilaterally on immigration, in the manner and timeframe he promised this June. GOP radicals have threatened budget block and even government shutdown over the issue. Mr. President still gets nervous around bullies.

"We are forced to at least forecast so that we're prepared if this detention facility is open two years from now, 12 years from now, 22 years from now, so that we're prepared to be able to continue to do the mission."

- **Rear Admiral Kyle Cozad**, head of the Guantánamo Bay Prison task force, asking for additional funding for the now-derelect detention center. Six years after Obama pledged to close it, Gitmo still holds 159 detainees under deteriorating conditions. After years as professional hunger strikers, America must now consider the prisoners' retirement plans.

"What happened—the frolicking at the pool—was an isolated behavior by some of those who were in charge of protecting the compound. We don't condone it and we don't accept it."

- **Omar Hmaidan**, staff member at the US Embassy in Tripoli, Libya, responding to footage of Islamic militants jumping from embassy balconies into the swimming pool. Though diplomats there say the militants are protecting them from battling Libyan factions, it's hard to tell who's on whose side in that country.

"Urine is made up of more than 95 percent water."

- **The American Chemical Society**, in a great use of time, concluding that it is okay to pee in the ocean. Next up on their docket, whether it's okay for me to take a dump in the American Chemical Society's ventilation system.

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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Waterman - Main Lobby
Williams - Inside Steps
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join the wt.

New writers and artists are always welcome
Weekly meetings
Tuesdays at 7:30 pm
Jost Room
Davis Center - 4th Floor
Or send us an email

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

the march before the melt

by jessebaum

join the historic walk for climate change in new york city!

FERGUSON -continued from pg 1

us and the ensuing rollercoaster is difficult to endure. First we hear that a young black male was shot by a white police officer – that brings up race issues. Then we learn that he robbed a convenience store earlier in the day – that led some to suspect that's why he was stopped by a police officer. Maybe, Mike Brown wasn't such a nice guy? Finally came the major argument surrounding the circumstances of his shooting. Was he running away from the officer? Did he have his hands up when he was killed? Was he running towards the police officer? Many news hosts chose a story that best aligned with their beliefs and aired it. At this point, what am I supposed to believe? When, over the course of a week's time, the story is changing so radically, how can I decipher the truth to make my own opinion?

I've given up on TV news – it's all bullshit to me. I think the ridiculousness of it all has left many to stray away from current events or has led many to adopt the opinions of others. Seriously, you might find more honesty in the Kardashians. This year in The Water Tower, we will strive to report the news as honestly as possible. We'll stick it to you – in all holes – and then we'll give you our unfiltered opinion. Love it, hate it, it doesn't matter as long as we get you thinking – that's a job well done. ■

This year, the Arctic had one of its lowest summer ice extents in history, down 66 percent from levels in 1980. Rising sea levels and intense superstorms threaten all of the coastal cities around the globe. And we are currently in the grips of an extinction event so large that geologists are recommending we call these strange times the "Anthropocene"—the age of man. Yet according to a study done by Yale University, 23 percent (twenty-fucking three percent!) of Americans do not believe that climate change is real! Disgustingly, tax-based subsidies to the fossil fuel industries mean that we, the American public, are actually funding this fallacy.

In the eyes of climate activists such as Tim DeChristopher and Bill McKibben, waiting for consensus on an issue that 97% of the scientific community agrees on is silly. And expecting our deadlocked (to say the least) government to act on this issue is beyond futile. The answer, they believe, is

pressure from the public—a display of frustration and activism that will force progressive action. Less than a month from now, on Sunday, September 21, a projected 250,000 people will march in New York to proclaim that climate inaction is a death warrant.

This upcoming mélange of students, hippies, artists, teamsters, Buddhist monks, degenerates, public servants, undead beatniks and the ghost of FDR will be a part of the largest climate demonstration in history. According to the environmentalist website 350.org (the masterminds behind the event), the groups attending represent over 100 million people worldwide.

September 21, the day of the demonstration, is two days before President Obama attends an emergency climate summit at the UN headquarters in NYC, and the demonstrators—which will include dozens of UVM students—are hoping to spur concrete, comprehensive action from our head of

state. And before you decide that legislative change (regulating industry and promoting energy reform) on the issue will have no effect whatsoever, let me remind you that the US is responsible for about 25 percent of global fossil fuel consumption. So there's that.

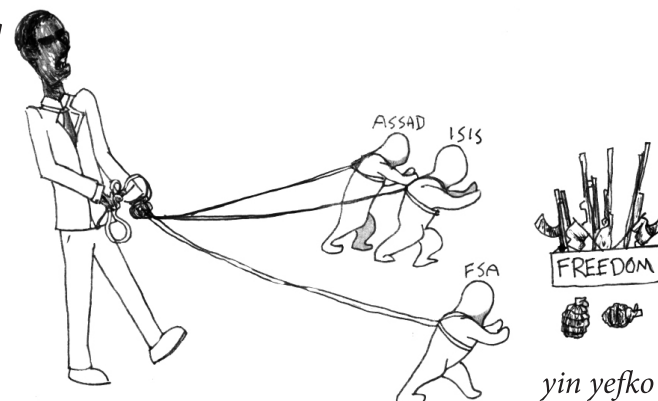
Though there are no guarantees, the march represents a larger push to address climate change as the imminent danger we know it to be. And as a native New Yorker, I can promise you that 250,000 extra people clogging the streets of midtown Manhattan will not go unnoticed.

You should know... different groups on campus are organizing transportation to get students to the march! If you are interested in going to the demonstration (all the cool kids will be there) contact Sophia.Hoffacker@uvm.edu or Ruth.Schafer@uvm.edu. ■

the demon babies of syria

how the levant's forgotten war has swallowed its neighbors

by kerrymartin



Exactly two years ago I was in Cook Dining Hall, scouring the Internet over a bowl of breakfast cereal, looking for answers. The plan, to not totally butcher my first article as The Water Tower's News Editor. Eventually, I spat out a passing-grade piece about what back then was everyone's favorite topic: the Syrian Civil War.

Things are different now. The news is not as new as it used to be, and I trust it less. I have a moustache, and a sense of decency (yes, they're compatible). And I'm not interested in reading what everyone has to say about the big stories, unless its Wolf Blitzer with some holographic chart of his own personal Ebola outbreak. It's only right that I set this year's tone early, with a few words on what nobody's talking about: the Syrian Civil War.

Yes, in fact, it's still a thing, a major thing, if we're getting technical about it. September 15th will mark the war's three-and-a-half year anniversary; over 190,000 people killed, 130,000 captured or missing, 4.5 million internally displaced inhabitants, and 3 million refugees, according to UN estimates. Both sides wage on, with the ever looser and hungrier coalition of rebel groups caught in stalemate with Bashar al-Assad, Syria's president and top advocate for the Limp-Dicked Nerds Born Into Wealthy Political Dynasties Society.

Perhaps calling the war forgotten is too extreme, but considering the Middle Eastern conflicts that get the most airtime, Syria deserves a lot more media attention. Why? Because the Syrian army and rebels are these other conflicts' dysfunctional parents, still screaming in the trailer park even with the kids gone.

Want to meet the kids?

First, let's introduce **Sunni-Shi'ite sec-**

tarianism. To be honest, these guys have never exactly been best friends; they got off on the wrong foot in the 7th century. But they haven't always fought so much. Looking at the grand scheme, the intensity of sectarian violence sparked by the Syrian Civil War is unprecedented. Seriously, most civil and political violence in the modern Middle East has been over territory, or a global war against Islam, or ethnic conflict (not that I'm condoning any of those). The violent sectarianism is fairly new.

Bashar al-Assad, in bad faith, is a Shi'ite, a minority in Syria. And although Syria's Arab Spring Revolution wasn't sparked with sectarian motives, most of Assad's opposition was Sunni. The early, mumbled fears of a sectarian war were confirmed when similar sectarian strains poured out of Syria's borders, into Iraq and Lebanon.

To be fair, Iraq's sectarian track record preceded the Syrian Civil War, when the country erupted in all-out sectarian civil war during the American occupation, to Bush's drooling bewilderment. Since the American troop withdrawal from Iraq, Sunni-Shi'ite bombings and skirmishes have killed over 100 a week, and many more Iraqi militants have taken their fight to the Syrian battleground. Lebanon, though, had become a hopeful example of interfaith co-existence, but has recently been wracked with the same intersect violence.

Assad, though a huge asshole, is cunning: he saw how he could frame the sec-

tarian conflict in his own country as a barbaric, terrorist uprising, making himself the more modern martyr. At Assad's command, the Syrian Army focused its attacks on the non-fundamentalist rebel groups, so that the extremists could make strides and Assad's efforts could gain global legitimacy as a war on terror.

If you were alive and cognizant this summer with some small access to the media, you should realize that Assad kind of succeeded.

Yes, I'm referring to **the Islamic State in Iraq and Syria**, our second child, which showed its true colors (black and white) this summer by sweeping from Syria far south into Iraq, claiming many territories: towns less than a hundred miles from Baghdad; prosperous peoples

all around the northern Kurdistan region; and hard fought-for battle sites in the Iraq War like Mosul and Fallujah. It has imposed Sharia law so harshly that its former ally Al Qaeda has cut ties with the group. Last month, footage of ISIS beheading an American journalist circulated the media. The ISIS crisis, apart from a great rhyme, is ongoing; lo and behold, Obama and Assad share a common enemy.

Our third child is, well, of less certain parentage, but we'll just go with it anyway. This most recent chapter of **the Israeli-Palestinian conflict** escalated in large part due to the Syrian Civil War.

Recent Syrian rebel attacks have spilled into Lebanon, as rebel groups (not ISIS)

have attacked Hermel, a Lebanese town holding many Syrian refugees, and Aarsal, home of a Lebanese army base. Lebanon's powerful Shi'ite political faction and paramilitary force Hezbollah suffered casualties while defending the country, and Assad has stepped up his support of Hezbollah to combat the Syrian rebel spillover.

Hamas, the main political party in Palestine's Gaza Strip and a longtime ally of Hezbollah, was emboldened by Hezbollah's territorialism in Lebanon and more willing than usual to demand rights from Israel and break ceasefires. Israel pressed on all sides with conflict and, able to hear the bombs from Syria to the north, was more anxious than usual to secure its borders.

Given all this, why does the Syrian Civil War itself come up so rarely these days? Be there conspiracy here? Governments sway the press everywhere, even in the Land of the Free. The administration wants silence about Syria: America's failure to arm less-radical rebel groups against Assad allowed the Syrian Civil War to slip into a transnational sectarian conflict and for ungoverned Syria to become a hotbed for Islamic extremism. It's possible that the Obama administration pointed the media more towards Iraq and the allegedly free-standing Gaza conflict in order to distract from our past failures in Syria that perpetuated these crises.

Or maybe these conflicts outside Syria have become and will remain more relevant and deadly. Regardless, if global powers fail to interfere humanely and just leave these conflict zones to fester in their own hatred, then Iraq, Lebanon, Palestine, Israel, and Syria will never stop drinking each other's poison. ■

around town.



house rules: party etiquette

by emmacronin

1. RSVP: everyone loves surprises and your host-to-be is no different. Make sure to forgo any warning of your arrival and/or any form of invitation. If possible, walk right in without ringing the doorbell, and if someone is watching the door, ignore his or her presence and muscle your way through any way. As the saying goes, when the bouncer closes a door, he opens a window. Use this window to enter the house.

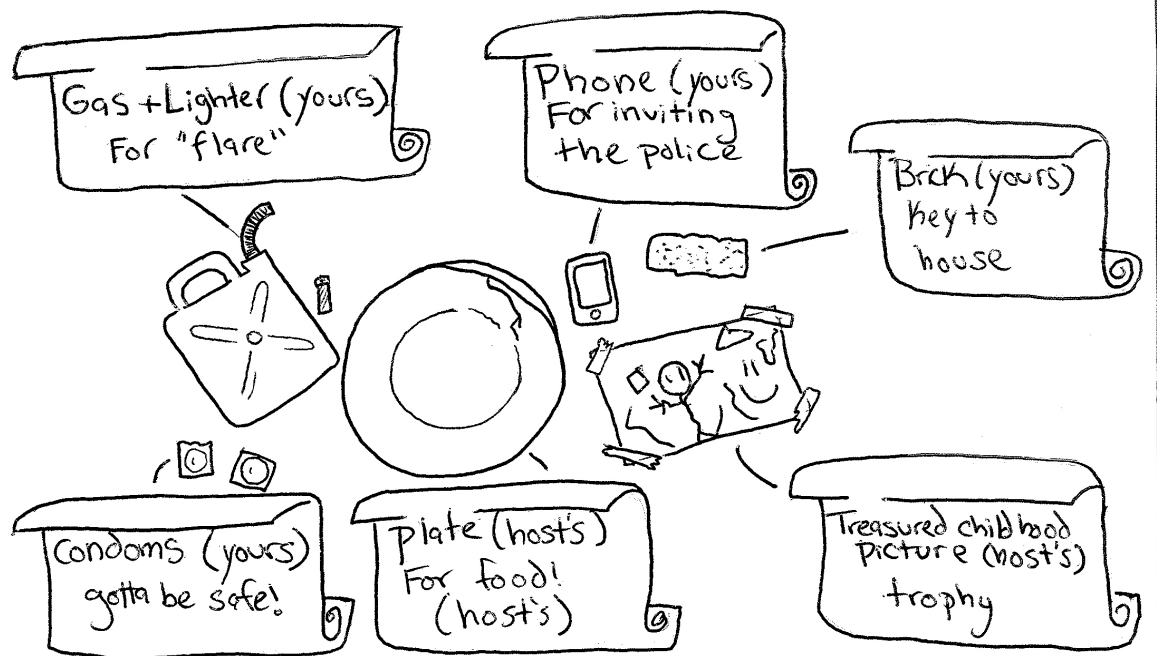
2. Be Inclusive: once you have arrived at the party, drop a pin or send out a yak with the location. Utilize all past group texts or make new ones specifically to alert other uninvited people. Encourage other people there to do the same. It would be selfish to keep the event all to yourself.

3. Leave your mark: your host will want something to remember you by. Sign a wall, burn your name into the front lawn, smash things, start a small fire, the more creative the better. Once you develop a "signature", use this at all parties you attend.

4. Take a goodie bag: just like your host, you will want something by which to remember the marvelous night. I recommend taking a trophy from the house. Bonus points if it's something that can't be replaced or that carries sentimental value to its previous owner.

5. Be considerate of the other partygoers: A lot of people in a small space can become uncomfortable. If the venue gets hot, let some air in. This can most effectively be done by throwing a brick or heavy object of your choosing through a nearby window. This method also has the added effect of allowing those passing by to enjoy your music selection, and gives your host that push to remodel that they have been waiting for.

6. Dress to impress: dressing well is a form of good manners, or whatever it is that Tom Ford once said. Luckily for you, there is a very simple rule for house party dress codes: if you do not look like you belong in a low budget rap video



ben berrick

or in the video for Blurred Lines, you are over dressed.

7. Thank your host: they have put a lot of time into planning this event and having the police called is a great way to make sure they get the recognition they deserve. That way, everyone can know about the fantastic party your host threw, including his parents and future employers.

8. Keep the guests entertained/contribute to conversation: sometimes, even despite your best efforts, there is an awkward lull in the conversation. An easy way to remedy this is to save all your drama from the week to settle at the party. Need to have an emotional yelling match with your ex? Now is the perfect time to do so.

9. Compliment your host: he or she undoubtedly has great taste in food and beverage. Show your approval by consuming as much of it as possible and raiding the fridge and pantries. It's classic good manners to try each food or drink at least once.

10. Be friendly to other guests: everybody loves new friends, and parties are one of the best places to meet people so you'll want to be outgoing and put your best foot forward. Try and hook up with every breathing person there and launch yourself at unsuspecting candidates. Three seconds of eye contact or more is an open invitation—no one is off limits. ■

ridin' solo the wonders of road-tripping alone

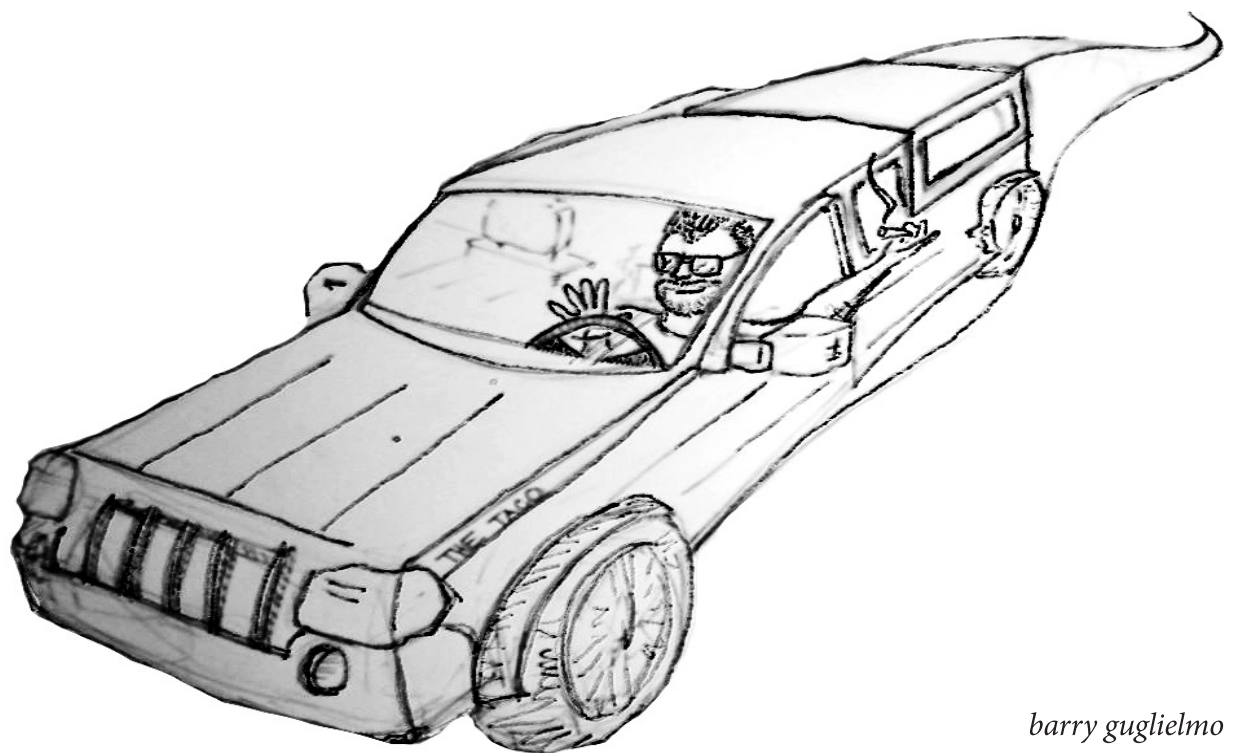
by staceybrandt

If it wasn't for an unshakable bout of love—a steady tug on a love string that I had previously not known to exist inside my body—I probably never would have experienced the thrills of the solo road trip. Before summer, my longest solo mission consisted of a straight shot to the beach forty five minutes away: a drive I can do with my knees and entire upper torso bumping along with the latest summer jams. But this summer, coasting at high speeds, a little love-drunk, I tackled a three and a half hour journey. With the help of my GPS, Susan, and her charming, robotic sophistication (I love the way she says, "Eight. Zero." when she means eighty. She must be British), I departed from the familiar charms of Massachusetts to tread the foreign soil of New York.

It would seem that a drive of over 200 minutes has the potential to cause feelings of boredom or even loneliness; cruising by street signs and white lines and blurry trees, one seems to be carried along by some oversized treadmill. But to my surprise, the absence of other passengers like one's parents, siblings, or even one's closest companions, allowed for some unimaginable delights.

Choice of music and volume control became the first little dream-come-true. Unlike the usual clash of musical tastes, when driving alone there is no need to worry about inquiries from mom such as, "What is this rap music? It

4 is hurting my ears." or "Do you have any dubstep? What about trap?" from hipster rideshare passengers who will pay for gas money with crumbs of



barry guglielmo



reaching impasse

(on the cliffs of insanity)

by jessebaum

Today I happened to catch a glimpse our esteemed University President Tom Sullivan crossing the Street to Waterman. I mention this because it seemed to be a gross anomaly. Outside of appointments scheduled months in advance—namely convocation, commencements and bank (sorry, board) meetings—he is largely MIA, ensconced in his suite of executive offices behind frosted glass.

It is interesting then, that his role is such a communicative one. Everyone in the UVM Community receives his periodic reminders, sympathies, and updates. Perhaps you recall the email last week, urging you not to panic, just to note that negotiations between United Academics (a union made up of part-time and full-time faculty at UVM) and the University had shut down, but everything is peachy: carry on.

I spoke with Denise Youngblood, the President of United Academics, who filled me in on the conflict. The disagreement that led the negotiations to “reach impasse” (the administration’s idea) is primarily budgetary one: the Union is asking for regular pay increases, a fund to support childcare costs, and severance pay for lecturers who have worked for UVM for ten years or more. On the other side, the University is asking faculty to shoulder a twenty percent increase in health care premiums, a move that for some staff would actually decrease pay. United Academics refused, and the administration has decided that that will not stand and declared that the Union’s proposals are beyond what UVM can finance.

The shortfalls in the budget seem suspect (at best) when UVM’s Office of Institutional Research has consistently reported top-level admin salaries that tower over the rest of the university’s staff. Consider that in 2012, the average annual administrative salary was \$210,000, and that of the average full-time lecturer was far less than half of that. When taking into account part-time faculty and other branches of

the staff, the average fell well below a third. In the past ten years, administrative pay has jumped up almost ten percent each year, yet faculty pay increases at less than three percent in the past three years.

Furthermore, United Academics claims that their level of

“over 76 percent of college and university professors nationwide are adjuncts who are paid only \$20,000 a year on average. could one live in a college town such as Burlington and pay for food, heat, rent, insurance and other such costs? support a family or even—flying spaghetti monster forbid—save some money so that one’s children can attend school? the answer is a depressing, ‘no.’”

compensation and salary, when adjusted for the cost of living, is more than twenty thousand dollars below comparable schools such as SUNY Binghamton, University of Connecticut, and William and Mary (the salaries were disclosed by the American Association of University Professors).

And while the administrators are making more than 95 percent of all Americans, students are borrowing exorbitant sums and paying for library printing. Professor Youngblood also stressed to me that tuition hikes are not driven by increases in faculty pay- in 2011 there was no net in-

crease in faculty compensation, yet there was an increase in tuition. No wonder the Union is calling bullshit.

However, just like hacky-sack enthusiasts and rampant Frisbee-usage, this situation is not unique to UVM. Economists such as Paul Krugman have been reporting for years both on rising inequality between top-earners and the middle class, how wages continue to lag behind the soaring cost of living. Krugman (a Princeton professor and NY Times contributor) and many of his colleagues have noted that the trends in higher ed reflect that of other American industries- stagnant wages and reliance on part-time workers who are cheaper to employ. Stable positions like college or university professors have become so hard to find that it is now referred to as “the Adjunct Crisis,” where, according to The Atlantic, over 76 percent of college and university professors nationwide are adjuncts who are paid only \$20,000 a year on average. Could one live in a college town such as Burlington and pay for food, heat, rent, insurance and other such costs? Support a family or even—Flying Spaghetti Monster forbid—save some money so that one’s children can attend school? The answer is a depressing, “No.”

SO what does this mean for “The University” (funny how that only seems to include our blessed admin) and the United Academics? It means that until “The University” sees fit to adequately compensate its teachers (and aren’t we all here to learn from them, anyway?), the school will feature stressed out and underpaid faculty, and the institution will essentially be at war with itself.

And what can you, the lowly student, do? If you’re a dirty red like myself, you can let your professors know that you support them. Write Sullivan a letter. Slip it under those glass doors. Ask him, when he writes you those emails, who he thinks he is really speaking for. ■

RIDIN’ SOLO *continued*

granola they have generously left behind.

On my journey to New York, I chose to rock to a playlist which might as well be entitled, “Now That’s What I Call a Bar Mitzvah! 2004”. Billboard hits like Usher’s “Yeah!” amped up the party atmosphere while R Kelley’s “Ignition” offered some relevant driving motifs. My spirit awakened when “CAROLINE! (caroline!)” called out from the speakers, and, to my surprise, Outkast’s “Roses” really did smell like the dump truck I was tail gaiting. By the time the slow dance section

arrived, my nerves had dissolved into Ashlee Simpson’s “Pieces of Me” and I couldn’t help feeling like I was thirteen again and freedom was French kissing me for the first time with a little too much tongue.

Aside from my untainted musical experience, there were plenty of other liberties to be thankful for during my ride including personalized climate control. Generally when traveling in a group, selecting the “perfect” temperature (one which will satisfy an assortment of bodily preferences) becomes a journey to the extreme climates of the earth. First, most will try a natural solution: the windows. Glass slides down and waves of hair come to life and people are yelling and the bass of the radio and oh, that’s right, we’re on the highway. After that small disaster, the windows shut up and the inside of the car becomes a sealed vacuum, a controlled environment for a series of air conditioning ex-

periments which may result in temperatures ranging from hot yoga to the freezer aisle.

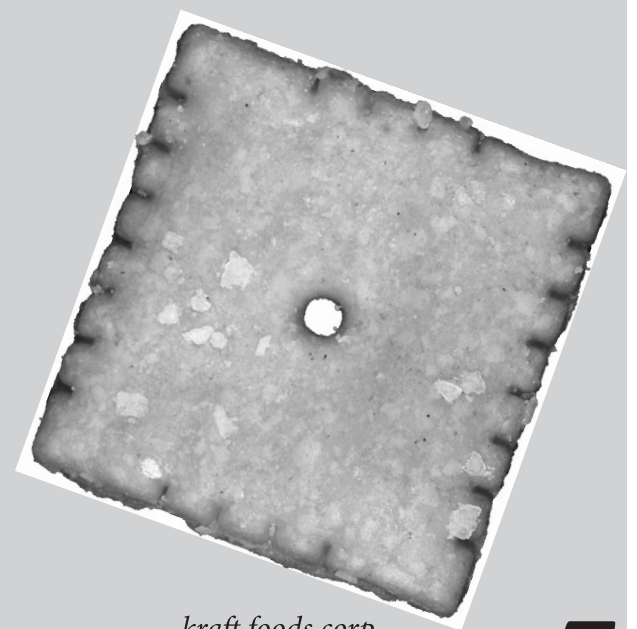
On my drive, however, I quickly discovered a comfortable mixture of A/C and natural ventilation- a temperature that worked for me! I was neither choked by that weird car humidity in a cloud of evaporated sweat, nor did my leg contract isolated bouts of frostbite from focused air-conditioning vents. Somewhere in between the damp warmth of a steamed vegetable and the arctic burn of a frozen pizza, I achieved a sort of lukewarm, a temperate climate. It was perfect.

Of course there are some small disadvantages to riding solo. To start, there’s

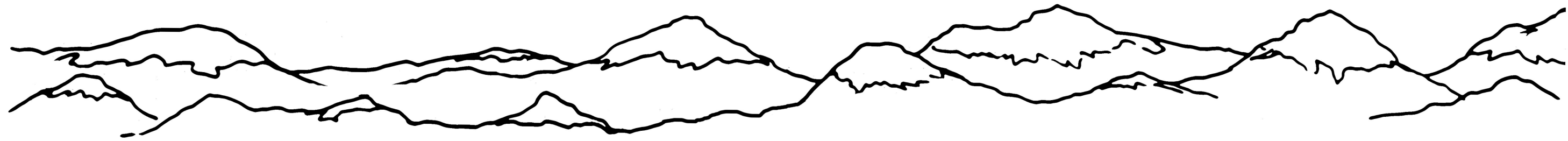
“of course there are some small disadvantages to riding solo. to start, there’s no one to put cheez-its in your mouth one by one. no one to blame farts on”

no one to put Cheez-its in your mouth one by one. No one to blame farts on. You can’t doze off and think about unicorns- unless there is a unicorn in the road, in which case, rule of thumb is to stop and let it cross. You also can’t drive in the HOV lane. If you do, it’s likely you’ll be pulled over and be forced to quip, “High Occupancy Vehicles? I thought it stood for ‘Horribly Operated Vehicles!’” The officer probably won’t laugh. All things considered, I do believe the pros outweigh the cons regarding the single occupancy road trip. It can be a time of self-discovery and luxurious silence, of peering deeply inward and then quickly outward to avoid large objects in the road. I will most certainly take this sort of me-time again and encour-

age anyone who is apprehensive about driving alone to fire up the ignition and make the best move of your life. ■



kraft foods corp.



“bitch” please, *don't* call me that

by lauragreenwood

I've always struggled to firmly capture what my role is in the feminist movement. As I debate with my roommate about why I wouldn't always necessarily call people out for being sexist, she is flabbergasted that I am not more passionate or enraged at the disproportionate inequalities that are inflicted upon my gender day to day. I guess I just don't always see it that way. I feel that uniformly defining a “feminist” is so difficult and entangled with political and personal disputes that I feel I can't put myself into any traditional category. I am proud to be a woman, that's for damn sure, but I struggle to capture what my role can be in changing the way gender is expressed and treated in my community and nationwide. In a fit of road rage last week, I believe I've found what small task I can do.

Anyone from Massachusetts can vouch that driving is a competitive activity filled with bouts of rage and aggression. I may not be the person to honk or shout, but you can be certain that I am cussing silent hexes upon you and your fancy sports car every time you bum rush me on the highway. Driving back to Vermont recently, the scene went as such:

I stop at sign, look both ways and turn left. Enter: male motorcyclist, middle-aged, full leather get-up, with similarly aged woman on the back. They feel I've cut them off in my left turn, honk, and we continue to the intersection ahead. All a routine Masshole interaction, until the motorcyclist pulls up next to my open window and shouts, “How about looking before you turn, bitch?”. This statement I replay over and over in my head during the hours of driving I have ahead.

“How about looking before you turn, bitch?” “Bitch” is the one word in that statement that I could not get over. I empathize with road rage and agree that I'd made a driving error. But I couldn't fathom how a man of this age, with presumably his wife attached to him, could look at a girl who could be his daughter's-age and call her a

“bitch”. That's fucked up.

The word “bitch” has always been uniquely two-faced in my experience. On the one hand, I frequently participate in humorous debates about whether I'm “being a bitch” or “am a bitch”. The reality is that I'm just being mean, but am trying to lighten the impact of my callous cattiness by claiming it's only a digression and not a personality trait. Like most swear words, it's thought that using “bitch” with a light-hearted tone makes the implications of the term funny. On the other hand, “bitch” has also been the cruelest insult I've ever received. When expressed with spite and stinging injury, there is no worse insult than calling someone a bitch. Used against a woman, it invokes disdain for acting with strength and is meant to make the receiver feel shame for standing up for themselves. And I'm a hypocrite because, even though I've felt the pain of seriously being called a bitch, I've definitely stoked fights against friends and family by a throwing in the nasty insult. I'm instantly remorseful when I say it, but nonetheless have stooped to such a shameful low in fits of anger.

So, as woman whose always been uncertain about my feminism, I want to put an end to the word “bitch”. This isn't like the “bossy” movement that flitted across the internet recently. I'm not making a statement about the power of woman and how it's labeled. This is my own personal mission because, in my experience, “bitch” is just too ugly hate from way below and tosses it, boiling hot, into someone's face. I may not be a fully formed feminist, but I do know that no person should ever have a balding man in leather call them a “bitch”. My experience was not unique, but for all it was, it's caused a change. I'll look closer before I turn and I'll make sure I don't ever perpetuate the culture of hate surrounding the misplaced expression “bitch”. ■



ben berrick

empty suites and empty tables

by leonardbartenstein

This is my second year living in the Living and Learning Center, but my first year as a program director. For those of you not familiar with the way Living and Learning communities work, program directors are the leaders of their respective suites and programs. I, along with my fellow program director, Tenzin, run “Book House 2: the House of Books”, a program focusing on reading. Before we became program directors, though, we required training, so as to not abuse our newfound power.

So, the Monday before everyone arrived on campus, we joined the rest of the PDs, RAs and International Students for “training”. After the “training” business was over, I moved into my suite, trying my best to fill the space. However, despite the futon, TV, and general mass of stuff, hanging out alone in my suite at night left me with a distinct hollow feeling. The three other bedrooms and other half of my own room were totally unoccupied. For those of you who haven't spent a night in a place specifically designed for community engagement alone - it's creepy. This was only made worse by the wind tunnel between Living/Learning and University Heights North, and the various noises that wafted into the room.

Needless to say, I was super excited when the frosh moved in on Friday, and the rest of my suitemates joined me on Sunday. My suite was filled, and the

community that I moved into L&L for could begin. Complete with the surges of first-years walking around campus and the weaving long boarders, the campus felt right again.

When thinking of what UVM is, what do you think of? The campus? The old buildings of Central, the Davis Center, the fields on Athletic, the haze over Redstone? As someone who experienced the place without the people, let me tell you right now, UVM is nothing without its students to fill and define it. The amphitheater is not the amphitheater without the questionable smells. The Davis Center is not the Davis Center without a million people trying to get up and down the state's longest continuous stairway. The front of the Bailey-Howe isn't the front of the Bailey-Howe without a bunch of people loitering. The Living and Learning Center, a place built specifically to foster community and intelligent discussion, just isn't the community it was meant to be without its members. This school just isn't what it is, and what it is supposed to be, without the people who make it up.

So, thank you for that, UVM, and thanks for coming back. Because I tell you, it's just not the same without you. ■

CELEBRITY LEAKS - continued from page 1

(Okay, pick it back up, I'm not done.)

This all starts with respect for private property.

It took a while for me to be able to communicate that I was angry about this whole business, and that while my anger did not have an agenda, per se (“Well, what are you going to do about it?”) it was still valid. But I am angry. I am angry that one hundred successful and high-profile women have lost some extremely private property and are suffering for it. I am angry because I am being told that “it's just about famous people,” while faced with a list which contains no men. I am angry because this sort of exploitation seems to be a hidden clause on the contract of every successful woman in the public eye, and that is terrifying. What's more so, for me, for all the smart and ferocious and educated and ambitious women I know, it is also personal. So, what am

I going to do about it?

Not a damn thing. Not by myself, anyway.

Sexual responsibility falls on everyone's shoulders. Your body is private property—the physical being as well as any representation of it, no matter how famous or fuckable you are. This is also true of every other body of every other person you ever encounter. Be safe when you are walking on the street alone, but also do not harass people. Watch your drink at a party, but also do not put dangerous drugs into other people's drinks. Protect your intellectual property, but also do not go looking for what is not yours. Do not make available to others what is not yours.

Yes, I am angry. No, I don't have a plan, and I don't need one. Let's not tolerate a culture where the exploitation of a hundred women is merely symptomatic, or an internet craze. The pictures are already out there. That doesn't mean we shouldn't all call bullshit. ■

conscious capitalism: a review and reflection

by daveanderson

This summer I had an urge to buy a new book. The only issue with this urge was my being separated from the beloved collection of bookstores in the Burlington area (and no, I am not talking about the University Store.) Disappointed but not deterred, I wandered downtown to one of the bookstores I went to in my youth. Since books are obviously not cool in high school, I had not visited any of my hometown bookstores in a long time. I was shocked to learn that the store was closed. And after a quick Google search even more shocked to find that essentially every other book shop in the area was also closed. I figured that I would just have to turn to Amazon.

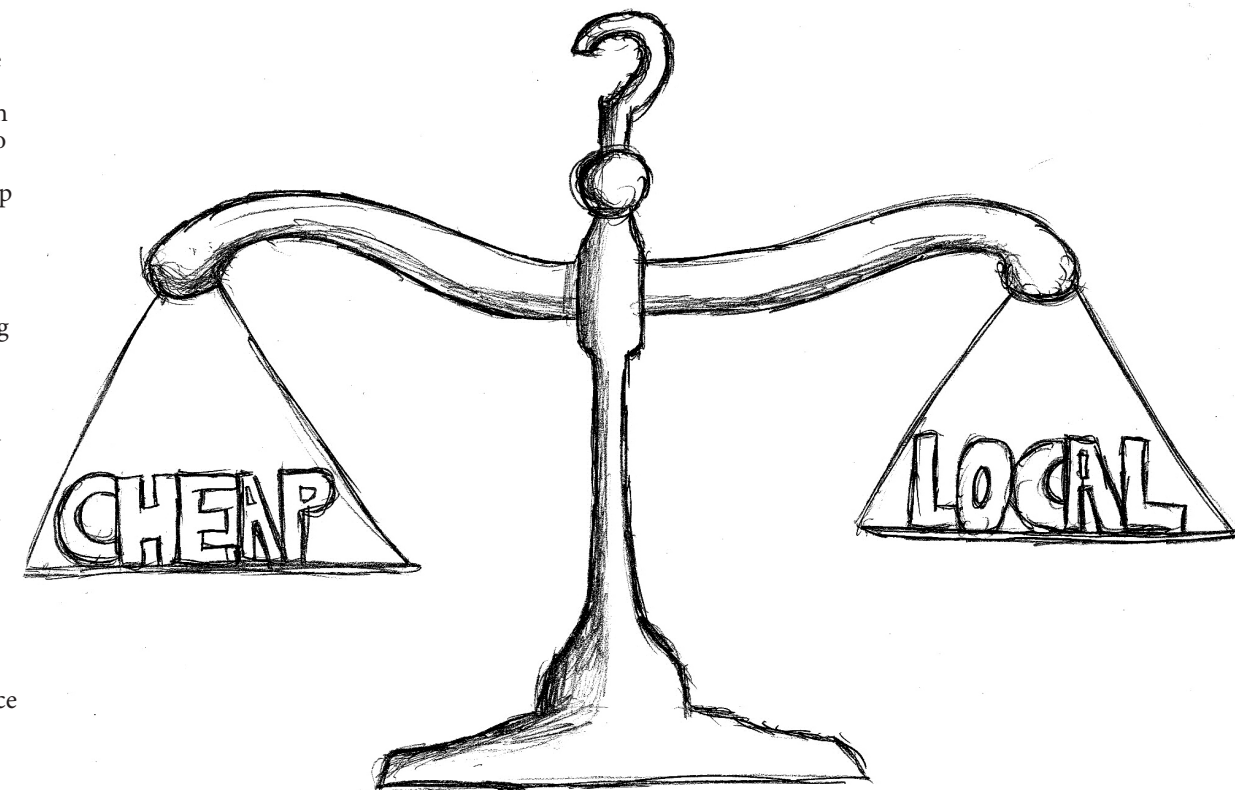
As I was ordering the book, I began to make the connection between the insanely low prices online and the disappearance of all the slightly more expensive, bricks and mortar bookstores. The idea of a free market requires that if someone can sell something for less they should, thereby driving down the price and benefiting the consumers. The issue here is that the extra three dollars you pay at a bookstore may not just be paying for the book. If every single person in an area were to fully support online stores, then their local market would collapse. The extra three dollars could be thought of as a fee to keep that storefront open, and local markets functioning. The three extra dollars could even be thought of as a fee to avoid overreliance on monopolistic servers like Amazon (freedom isn't free, right?).

If you are wondering who actually cares about a local market, the answer is that everyone should. In a culture that reveres the idea of a free, healthy market, your local market is essentially your community. Burlington' focus on local busi-

ness can be seen on Church Street, through the crowds of happy people walking around, getting to know each other. If the sense of responsibility towards our own local market was not present, then the Burlington culture based around farmer's markets and local stores would not exist. We as a people need to start thinking of our community as a commodity and must assign value to the markets around

us and respect that value with a little more expenditure. As our servers and trade networks become more pervasive and better at undercutting the goods that we are selling to each other, we must get better at understanding exactly what is happening as we support these networks. Essentially as our machines get smarter, so must we.

This means more responsibility falls on the classic “rational consumer.” The term “rational” is always a little vague, but in the modern market, it has to include the ability to think of long term consequences. Servers like Amazon or stores like Wal-Mart have access to computer power that allows them to market their products ever more efficiently. This puts a pretty heavy task on us; to think a step further than what the massive chains want us to think. The modern consumer has to think past the short term benefits that are



christopher schneider

presented by larger corporations.

The task to go against stores that have millions of dollars devoted to marketing and manipulation of the market to make sure we support them seems daunting. But if the idea of a local market's future diversity and health is valued as much as cheap prices currently are, then there is no reason why a capitalist society would not eventually turn to support their community. The challenge is the responsibility of consumers to be more conscious of their own effects on the market than they have been ever expected in the past. ■

fashion five-oh.



the wonderful world of jorts

by benmoffat

Two Words: Jorts.

Threw you off there, didn't I? Well, if there is one thing that mankind has been missing out on through these fine years we have had on this planet, it is denim fashioned into pant sleeves for your thighs and upper-leg region. First, let's define this godly garment. Jean shorts, or jorts, are not purchased or obtained at their length, nor are they "booty" shorts or capris. You must first have a pair of denim pants, preferably the classic blue jean, that have some sort of meaning to you. There doesn't have to be a strong connection to the original jeans, but one shall never go out and buy a brand new pair and then proceed to make jorts. This would be an utter outrage and a disservice to the general UVM community and to the big man himself: you fucked up. The more of a connection the better. The more grease, dirt, and burn holes you have on the jeans, the better. So after you find the jeans that are ready to evolve into magnificent jorts, you're ready to cut.

First rule in cutting, don't be a pussy! You can never go too short; bearing in mind that one is never to cut below the knee level. When cutting, it is really easy to get off course and make a zig-zagging cut. This is not a mistake: this is extremely badass, unique,

and adding to the character of this piece of clothing that you're preparing to wear for several weeks straight. Anyways, after you beheaded your jeans, put the jorts on and try them out in your preferable strut. You can adjust any unlevel pant-legs by rolling up the bottom or you could simply rock your jorts "pirate" style and let the fraying whisper around in the wind. Well, congratulations! Your jorts are complete. Now it's time for you to go and walk around campus with your denim attire before the weather turns to sub-zero-holy-shit-it's-way-too-cold-to-wear-my-jorts weather. Though some people may say that jorts are for NASCAR enthusiasts and overweight 40-year-old men, which are really one in the same, just know that we are part of New England, a place where jeans in the short variety will soon come to spread the enjoyment of free leg movement with a bit of high ride as well. One small disclaimer about jorts is that they are not ideal for getting wet, as they take a long time to dry, or depending on the what they are wet with, dry and clean.

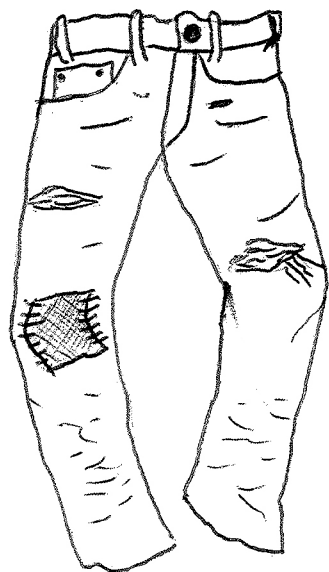
Here is an anecdote from summer camp this summer to illustrate the rare poor timing of wearing jorts. On a fine alcohol-filled summer morning, in the mindset of the oh-so responsible counselor Ben Moffat, a bit to much was had to drink. Returning to

camp from his day off, this counselor realized he was way to jolly to portage and paddle a canoe, after falling over with a canoe on his head. So he had his campers paddle him and his C.I.T. to an island for a little overnight. On the way there, the counselor (who was wearing jorts) may have passed out and pissed himself while lying down in the middle of the canoe. Although the kids had a great amount of enjoyment from trying to wake up their counselor by hitting him with their paddles, the counselor wasn't having as much fun as he had to throw out his jorts that he now had a serious connection with.

In conclusion, as Chance the Rapper says, "Cigarettes on cigarettes, my mama thinks I stank. I got burn holes in my jorts, all my homies think it's dank." Anyhow, jorts are making a come back, so join the squad. #TEAMJORTS #GreatForEverything-WhenDry ■

Evolution of JORTS...

WELL SEASONED BLUE JEANS



OFFICIAL JORTS



TIME FOR NEW JORTS.

fashion police: uvm

alexandra rose

by katelynpine

Each fall, hundreds of students at UVM commit heinous fashion crimes when donning their fresh-off-the-rack outfits. I know part of the appeal of UVM is that you can wear whatever you want without the judgment of others because they probably look just as strange as you do, but think again. These violations are not only hideous, but make the surrounding bystanders cringe with disgust. I'm here to give all you fashion felons a wake up call when it comes to your new garb.

1. **Knee-high Converse sneakers** - Personally, I find this particular item very self-explanatory. Converse can be stylish, but not when they're higher than the length of your ankle. If you've arrived at college and you're still stuck in an "emo" phase, because that's the only time these sneakers could be remotely acceptable, the first think you can do to get yourself out of that phase is throw these suckers away. They should have never even arrived in Burlington.

2. **Flannel** - Those who know me personally know how I feel about flannel, and it's not a good relationship. I'm going to keep this one short by just reminding you that it's still September and nearly 80 degrees outside. Your flannel should be hanging in your closet and not on your body.

3. **Bejeweled jeans** - I know for some of you, the more bling the better, but a line has definitely been crossed when there are butterfly patterns running up your leg. I understand, I shopped at Limited Too when I was in elementary school too. If you're in college and you're still wearing these, my only question is, why?

4. **Bodycon dresses** - Is it the weekend? Are you too drunk to function? If the answer to either of these questions is "yes", then you're allowed to wear your hip-hugging material. Are you going to class? Are you meeting a professor for office hours? If the answer to either of these questions is "yes", you need to take a good look at your choices and pick another outfit.

5. **Mini-jackets** - To be perfectly honest, I don't know what to call this one exactly. Think of a vest, but shorten it so it doesn't extend all the way down your torso. Then make it sleeves-optional and filled with pockets and sewn-on flower appliques. That mental image should scare you away enough to stop you from every wearing something as unflattering as that. ■



liz stafford

trash.



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 could get lost in your brown eyes,
Deep and brown as a really dirty pond.
Your hair is brown.
That's not a complement, it's just how it is.
You're handsome as all sorts of hell.
Wouldn't mind seeing beneath your clothes as well.
I see you in almost every class.
I like your flat and shapeless ass.
So text me or call me or send a fax of your face
I'm pretty sure you know my number.
When: Most of the time.
Where: All around you
I saw: My dream man
I am: Just a human being

All I have to do is pick up
The phone and you're here.
You're expensive to have around
But you're completely irresistible, I fear.

I love how damp you get
The way I have to dab you with a napkin,
That savory, salty taste
And wiping the taste of you off my chin.

Hot and wild at night,
You're even better the next morning.
I can "share" you with my friends
Without giving any warning

I wish I could take you all at once,
Tearing ravenously into your greasy box.
So forgive me, baby, for being a dunce,
I want you so bad, you saucy fox.

When: All night, every night
Where: Leonardos, Kens, Manhattans, etc.
I saw: A hot and ready treat
I am: Drooling

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

Friday afternoon GEO 001 Lecture

Guy 1: Girls always look sexy on fridays. It's definitely because they are looking for you to ask them what they are doing later tonight.

Guy 2: Yo, you should see the gym on Fridays!

Guy 1: That's the only reason you would see me at the gym.

9:51 on the off campus bus, Friday

Drunk girl to possible party girl: You look like sex put on a cake with a dolphin dancing on top!

Near the Diaper

Bro: Have you seen The Notebook?

Harris-Millis

Flustered freshman: Ugh, my backpack must weigh like seven pounds. It must be all that beef jerky I brought with me.

On Church Street

Some guy: Well, with a prostate like that...

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

cat litter.



collincappelle



by leonardbartenstein



the latest nude celeb pic released by hackers

tunes.



osheaga 2014 or once on this island

by zackpensak

When summer rolls around every year, a silent and invisible infection seeps into the hearts of college students across the country. This condition is neither miasmatic nor waterborne, nor does it transfer between hosts via physical contact. In fact, the ailment I speak of produces no tangible negative effects. Let it be revealed: the malady that is being referred to is that burning desire of young adults to attend a summer outdoor music festival. Finally, after years of hollow promises, I acted upon the aforementioned virus this past summer, and attended Osheaga.

For those of you whose knowledge of music festivals extends only as far as Lollapalooza, allow me to quickly give you some context. Osheaga is an annual music festival held in Montreal during early August. The 120 or so bands that performed this year were spread across six stages on Parc Jean-Drapeau, a small island in the St. Lawrence River in the city of Montreal. Upon our arrival at the Parc on Friday morn, we were immediately wowed by the impressive organization of the entire event. There were booths placed strategically all along the walkways of the island, with delicious local food, pricey souvenirs, and intoxicatingly cold alcoholic beverages available around every turn. Right as you enter, you are introduced to Scène de la Montagne and Scène de la Rivière, the two main stages, which were majestically connected in front of a few acres of standing room and a hill for lounging.

Our first stop at Osheaga was Scène Verte, the third largest stage, to see The Mowgli's perform. This alt-rock band from Southern California started the festival off with a bang, maintaining an extremely high level of energy in the 85-plus degree heat for the entirety of their forty-five minute set, which reached its climax when they played their 2013 hit single, "San Francisco."

We were captivated by the wide spectrum of characters walking around the festival. Attendees ranged from 16-year-old old boys dressed in pick-up basketball attire, to gorgeously radiant mid-20s women, to middle-aged parents with toddlers in hand. It seemed that every color in existence was on display across the 520-acre park, a fact that was summed up well by my girlfriend Claire

when she whispered to me, "I feel like the people here are the trendiest people in the world."

After we watched Awolnation's performance, we squeezed ourselves into the main-stage crowd to get good spots for Childish Gambino, AKA Donald Glover, the actor-rapper extraordinaire who starred on the NBC hit-show *Community* while simultaneously producing his wildly popular album *Because the Internet*. Unlike many artists who elected for style over comfort, wearing jeans and leather jackets in the heat, Gambino didn't worry too much about his stylistic choices, sporting a Hawaiian shirt that he tore off halfway through his performance, and flower-covered beach shorts. He danced around the stage for nearly every second of his hour-long set, riling up the crowd with hit songs "3005", "IV", "Sweatpants", and "Bonfire."

We next travelled to Scène Piknic Électronik for one of the best performances of the entire weekend. Flume, a 22-year-old Australian electronic music producer and DJ, absolutely brought the house down, energizing a soaking wet crowd being sprayed by huge cooling hoses to rave as the sun set. Energy went through the nonexistent roof as he seamlessly transitioned from song to song, with the crowd's animation peaking on "Holdin On" and "On Top."

After about four hours of soaking up the tunes in the sunlight, we slithered our way into the front of the Scène de la Montagne crowd for the best performance of the afternoon: Modest Mouse. In many people's minds, Modest Mouse was a surprise inclusion in the American summer circuit, with their last album coming in 2009. However, despite their lack of recent music, they performed like a band in the prime of their careers, and frontman Isaac Brock led the way with his trademark painstakingly passionate voice. One of the most captivating moments of the weekend came during the chorus of "Float On", when the 5,000+ people in the audience and on the hill joined together in one voice to sing the refrain of one of the most well-recognized songs of the past decade.

Three musicians from three completely different genres capped off the night. First was Nick Cave & The Bad Seeds, an Australian post-punk band that has been

on the scene for over thirty years. Unfortunately, their unique musical style did not go over too well with the crowd, as many people left the show early complaining about how creepy, zombie-like, and positively drugged up Nick Cave himself seemed. Next we travelled across the island to see the entertaining individuality of Danny Brown. The 33-year-old hip-hop artist from Detroit lived up to his reputation of putting on crazy, and at times, hilarious, shows in which he constantly runs around the stage, letting his long hair flap in the wind and showcasing his signature front tooth-less smile. Last but certainly not least was Jack White, currently one of the biggest names on the American rock scene. White performed a total of twenty songs, a very balanced mix of his own solo productions, and songs from his former band The White Stripes. The night ended on a high-note as White finished his set with "Seven Nation Army."

The day three schedule was thick with bands from the two categories that my friends and I decided bands were to be separated into: chill-on-the-hill bands, and party-in-the-crowd bands. Sunday kicked off with two British bands in the latter category, Bombay Bicycle Club and The Kooks. After this, we continued the international trend by making our way to the Scène Verte for the Australian band The Temper Trap who delivered a stellar performance capped off with an electrifying cover of the 1982 Clash song "Rock the Casbah".

Arctic Monkeys closed out the festival with a 20-song, 90-minute performance that featured songs from all five of their studio albums. Arguably the biggest crowd of the three days was in attendance, as every inch of the standing room and hill seating was occupied. My friends and I found a prime location in the middle of the hill, and watched in awe as lead singer Alex Turner strolled around the stage oh-so-casually in his trademark leather jacket, slicked-backed hair, look. Osheaga was capped off by an amazing scene of blue fireworks going off above a blue-lit stage, to the sound of Arctic Monkeys performing their signature closing tune "Florescence Adolescent." ■

burlington concerts fall 2014

by mikestorage

Neutral Milk Hotel

September 9 and 10: Higher Ground

These guys are indie rock legends. They have only released two feature length albums: *On Avery Island* and *In the Aeroplane Over the Sea*, but these two stellar albums have catapulted them to fame. Neutral Milk Hotel have recently returned to playing live performance after a long hiatus from lead singer, Jeff Magnum, that had led to the band's breakup.

Grand Point North Festival

September 13 and 14:

Grace Potter, lover of all local music, hosts and promotes this Burlington festival along the waterfront. The second most popular Vermont festival (first goes to Friendly Gathering) features a stellar lineup this year with The War on Drugs and Lake Street Dive on Friday, Trampled by Turtles and the Devil Makes Three on Sunday, and performances by Grace Potter & the Nocturnals performing sets on both days.

Bassnectar

October 9: Memorial Auditorium

If you are a dubstep fan, than this is the concert for you. Get pumped up for the sweatbox that is the Memorial Auditorium, and prepare to rage your face off as Lorin Ashton dishes out beats at a high intensity.

Flying Lotus

October 18: Higher Ground

Flying Lotus, or Steven Ellison, is an incredible music producer. He mixes electronic beats and incredible samples to create complete albums. His new album comes out October 7 (just a few weeks before the show), and he has already released a song with Kendrick Lamar.

Twedy

September 29: Flynn Center for the Performing Arts

Jeff Twedy is coming out with a new album, and I am certainly excited. The former Wilco, frontman's new album is a solo project that features his 18-year old son on drums. *Sukierae* will be available September 22, 2014. Although this show is a bit expensive (\$38-\$48), Twedy's new album will probably compel me to buy a ticket.

moe.

September 24: Higher Ground

These guys absolutely kill it. moe. definitely falls into the genre of jam-band, and they are a funky band that mixes electronics, funky lyrics, and killer guitar jams to keep audiences entertained for hours. moe. has been playing in Burlington yearly, and they absolutely kill it live. Tickets are a little pricier for this show at \$30, but they are well worth the money.

Alvays

October 12: Signal Kitchen

This band falls into the dream-pop chillwave genre. They only have one self-titled album, which they will draw from for this performance. These guys are pretty awesome and will surely deliver a great Sunday evening show. The best thing about this show is IT'S FREE!

créatif stuffé.

escape

by jimmihayes

Such as it seems I cannot well describe.
An open field surrounding this lone wall
In turn that barrier encloses me.
The grass is sick in that barren terrain
The wall of bricks, all heavy with despair
Together held by mortar thick with fear.

This hopeless sense of drowning in my fears
And sadness is my joy described
By light through the gray clouds and eased despair.
Remaining captive here behind this wall
In such a ceaselessly dark terrain
I feel the waves of dread wash hope from me.

Cannot the monster of my heart leave me?
Instead I'm drowned by these relentless fears
Despite the arid earth of the terrain
And clouds loom that as ash are best described;
Allowing no rain to fall on the wall.
I lose no thirst, my hunger is despair.

I long for some reprieve from this despair
And for this massive weight brought up off me.
This weight of loneliness behind this wall

Created by so many tears and fears.
And even worse than I can here describe.
Alone in emptiness in such terrain.

I had a dream one night the rough terrain
Saw color come to the field of despair.
Then I could feel a joy I can't describe.
Some sunny rays touched a flower by me
And in the air went most of my worst fears.
If only I was not behind this wall—

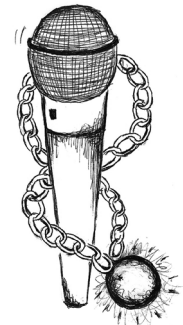
If only I was not behind this wall
My dream would let me fly from this terrain
And I now feel the air return my fear
The thunder from above growls with despair.
Dry air and flying dust just stifles me.
This joy was something I could not describe.

I'm still behind this wall of my despair.
I fear that this terrain is hiding me.
What is not fear, I cannot well describe. ■

the cipher

with kerrymartin

We're back at it, UVemcees!!! Hope
your hip-hop hamstrings are limber,
'cuz the **water tower** is pinin' for
some rhymin'! I'll start off the cipher
this week, but next issue, I want all
you line-spitters out there to show
me what you got. Right about now,
though, we're about to rip into Fresh-
men.

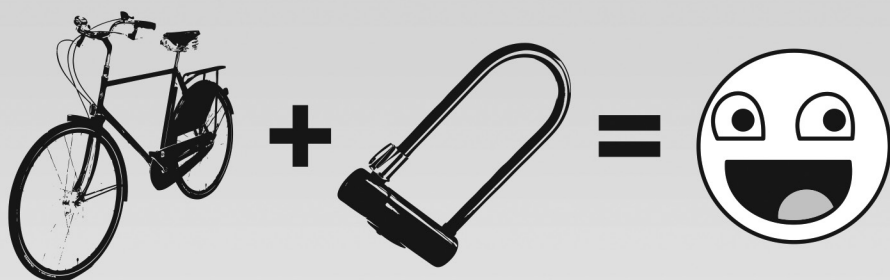


I've put in my four years, I'm written in lore here,
Pro'ly drank more beers than you and your four peers
But I'm living with more fear than I had sophomore year
Two freshmen I see, I see wet behind four ears
To me, it's a riddle how they look so little
So twiggy and weak, man, there's nothing to whittle
Babies soft in the middle, barely know how to piddle
Academic advisors gotta wipe off the spittle
And they stupid as hell, too! The class's disgrace
Put your hand down! Swallow your ineloquent face
Know your place, 'cuz I know it ain't Hickok Place
Stop screamin' on my porch, scram, pick up the pace!
But I take steps back to reflect on how I used to be
Rules of etiquette, through smoke, they were loose to me
Seniors spat abuse to me, never let it rooster me
Jeeves was tryna ease my mind but I kept actin' Wooster-ly
Yeah I was an idiot, and yeah they are too
N' I got every reason to believe they'll come around soon.

Next issue, we shred UVM Tuition. Please write raps
and contribute, however long or short they are! Send
your lines to thewatertowernews@gmail.com with
your favorite rapper in the subject line. Submissions
are due by Tuesday, September 16th. The best student
rapper of the semester gets a fabulous prize!

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Advertisement

grant daverson: ace detective

by leonardbartenstein

It was a dark, gritty, Burlington-noir night. The twinkling lights of the perpetually present Christmas lights twinkled like twinkling stars, and Grant pulled his fedora down over his eyes. The popped collar of his trench coat rippled against his cold cheek in a slight, late summer breeze. He scanned the passers-by for anyone suspicious. He leaned against a brick storefront with a large display of various candies. A thin cigarette found its way to his mouth, like a very long and skinny moth might skip the circling and go right to a light. He lit it and inhaled.

"Hey," came a voice next to him. He glanced to the speaker, who shifted from one foot to another, glancing around like a college freshman at their first party would for the authorities.

"Hm," grunted Grant. He exhaled slowly, the smoke curling from his lips and joining the Christmas lights above.

"You're—you're Detective Daverson, right?" The smaller man's meek voice slapped Grant's heart with pity. What a pathetic-sounding man.

"So what if I am?" asked Daverson, tossing his barely-smoked cigarette to the street and extinguishing it with his heel. "And it's former detective, by the way, if you want to be official about it."

"That's right," said the smaller man, his eyes still darting around. "They kicked you off the force when..."

"If you want me to help you, you won't finish that sentence," said Grant, shoving his fists into the deep pockets of his trench coat. He glanced around and began to walk. "Walk with me," he said, and the smaller man came along, struggling to keep up with the private investigator. "What's your story?" he asked.

"Oh!" said the man. "My name's Rich Barton, and I—"

"I know who you are," said Grant, cutting him off. "You run the bookshop at the end of the street, that's right."

"Exactly," said Rich. "And I've got a drug problem."

"Maybe you should try rehab," said Grant. They had stopped now, in front of the man's bookstore. The coincidence of the situation was incredibly coincidental.

"No, not like that," said Rich. "There's some sort of code—the drug dealers are using my bookstore to distribute drugs, by hiding different drugs in between the pages of books in my store."

"That's actually a pretty good idea," said Grant, fingering the worn pack of cigarettes in his pocket. They were stacked there like little logs made out of rolled paper and tobacco.

"Whether it's good or not, the police are starting to sniff around," said Rich, "and I don't want to take the fall for this."

"So you want me to find you a drug dealer?" asked Grant, raising an eyebrow. "Shouldn't be harder than falling down the stairs on a night where it's rained, but it's cold, and the stairs are covered in ice."

"So you'll do it?" asked Rich. He gave a nervous grin.

"We'll see," said Grant, walking away. After a few steps, he stopped and spoke again. "I'll let you know when I find something."

Shoving his hands further down into his pockets, he disappeared into the small city night, like a person in camouflage disappearing into a forest that is the same color as the camouflage. ■



HIGH HOLIDAYS 2014

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ROSH HASHANAH

*Services for Medical Students
Wednesday, September 24th 3pm
in Rowell Hall 110*

*Rosh Hashanah Dinner and Ser-
vices
Wednesday, September 24th,*

*Rosh Hashanah Morning Service
Thursday, September 25th at
10:00am*

*Kayak Tashlich (Casting Off
Ceremony-email MJ@uvmhillel.org
for info)
Thursday, September 25th at 3pm*

YOM KIPPUR

*Kol Nidre
Friday, October 3rd at
7:00pm*

*Morning Service
Saturday, October 4th at
10:00am*

*Yizkor and Ne'ilah
Saturday, October 4th at
6:00pm*

*Break the Fast
Saturday, October 4th at
7:30pm*



SERVICES FREE FOR STUDENTS - MEAL TICKETS \$5
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