



the water tower.

uvm's alternative newsmag

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you
CAN'T contain the strain



by coleburton

One day in early spring of next year, you get what you believe to be the common flu virus that annually infects so many people. The symptoms began a few weeks after you returned from the Ski and Snowboard Club's spring break trip that involved a layover in a major metropolitan center: an airport full of international departures and arrivals. It begins with a slight fever, the occasional headache, and pain across the body. You feel like shit, but believe that you'll soon get over it as always. Unfortunately, after another few days you suddenly realize blood is evacuating your body, from your eyes, nose, and any other orifice you'd rather not mention to your friends. On top of this, you experience excruciating amounts of pain, vomiting and diarrhea. At this point, you know you can't avoid the doctor's office but after explaining the symptoms over the online appointment system a red flag is raised in some bureaucrats office. Suddenly, the Center for Disease Control (CDC) has quarantined your dorm, questioned your friends and roommates, and given the bad news. Unequivocally, you have the dreaded Ebola. A virus with varying mortality rates of 40-90%, a two to four week incubation period before symptoms show where you can infect others, and effective vectors of infections (all bodily fluids—even sweat—contain the active virus).

Although naysayers constantly utilize the "virtues" of the U.S. medical system as evidence to downplay Ebola's dangers in the States, the simple truth is that the disease will likely spread to America and our system is not designed to effectively handle a pandemic. Even NPR pointed out this statistical likelihood in a recent article, expressly addressing the possibility of American infections. Although many can survive Ebola with proper nutrition and healthcare, the U.S. medical system lacks the necessary supplies and personnel to combat a large scale outbreak on the continent. This is even more likely if it originates in a high population density area and thousands come into contact with infected persons within the incubation period when it shows no symptoms or only those mirroring the flu. Quarantining hundreds of thousands in some urban areas would prove almost impossible, let alone if a metropolis like New York City or Los Angeles became its epicenter. The government would probably initiate martial law, a police state would ensue, and untold horrors could easily occur as paranoia grips the public, military and government.

From the onset, the current Ebola outbreak has been a numbers game. As of August 31, the CDC count of confirmed or suspected cases sits at 3,707 individuals infected, with 1,848 suspected deaths. This may seem relatively small and only a problem for undeveloped countries in West Africa, but the truth is that these numbers dwarf all previous Ebola outbreaks combined and the CDC believes that the actual number of infected has the potential to reach upwards of 20,000. Furthermore, the spread of this Ebola strain follows an exponential growth curve. Some assert that by this time next year hundreds of thousands will be among the infected, and with the nature of modern voluntourism and general global travel patterns, cases will inevitably begin popping up around the world.

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50 cent throwback
by kerrymartin

the best news team inbox



Dear **readers**,

Guess who's back, back again. Thanks for checking out our second issue! Curious about the **wt?** We're meeting again on **Tuesday, September 23** in the **Jost Room, Davis Center 4th Floor** at **7:30pm**. Meet the staff, share some ideas, and find a home for your words and your art!

Still can't get enough? We publish everything we can't get into these 12 pages at **The Spigot, thewatertower.tumblr.com**. Check it out for all new stories and artwork!

Kisses,

the water tower.

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

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the shit list

with katjaritchie

International Book Orders: Because I'm not a fucking idiot, I opt not to pay \$20 at the UVM store for a paperback book worth \$2 on the Internet. However, things get more complicated when foreign language classes necessitate those shitty paperbacks written in said language, thus leading to massive Amazon orders from weird online vendors across the pond. 7-12 business days, *mon cul*. Shit takes eons.

Old People: While acknowledging the inherent value in respecting your elders, I'm sorry, y'all are crotchety as hell. No, grandma, you can't "call and reserve" a spot at this coffee shop ahead of time so you can hover over the same cup of Earl Grey for six hours, waiting for death or whatever you need to do at the same hand-selected table for half the day.

Hair Growth: I'm crawling out of my skin trying to maintain the self discipline to not hack it off or dye it a stupid color again, yet after a year of patiently waiting I can't even pull off a biddie-worthy topknot or side braid without strands coming loose. Meanwhile, everything, shall we say, south of the border, requires constant weed-whacking to stay about as tame as the Amazon rainforest. In case anyone was wondering, smooth legs and flowing mermaid tresses are, in fact, apparently too much to ask. TMI? Get your own shit list.

Mint Oreo Ice Cream: You sweet, seductive bastard. I just can't quit you. My mind, my blood pressure, and my skinny jeans are telling me no...but my hypothermic, bloated body is telling me yes. ■

the news in brief

with kerrymartin

"The owner of the house gets involved, and he probably wished he hadn't. At this point, he's up against nearly the whole Palin tribe: Palin women screaming. Palin men thumping their chests. Word is that [daughter] Bristol has a particularly strong right hook, which she employed repeatedly."

-Amanda Coyne, a blogger on Alaska politics, replaying the drunken brawl that Sarah Palin and her family reportedly instigated at Todd Palin's 50th birthday party. For more content like this, look pretty much anywhere.

"Did he just stroke his box?"

- An anonymous young British boy watching a Buckingham Palace guard. The guard has caused uproar in England for, while pacing the grounds with that famous Buckingham guard discipline, doing little spins, walking in slow-mo, stroking his box. The Queen is stroking her box just watching him.

"We are fixing a 350-year old mistake—Ukraine is Europe. It is shame, this agreement sealed with blood. But that was choice, that was price of independence."

-Arseney Yatsenuk, prime minister of the Ukraine, justifying recent laws to his country's Parliament, known as Rada. The Ukraine-Russian conflict has simmered down but not stopped, and new symbolic deal between Ukraine and the EU was struck under Putin's auspices. He's a slippery fucker, he is.

"This year there will be a different look and feel to the operation, very much focused with local officers and less reliance on mutual aid."

-Richard Berry, Assistant Chief Police Constable in Gloucestershire, England, commenting on cutbacks in his community's annual badger cull. In theory, it's part of a four-year pilot program to humanely cull the badger population by 70% to reduce TB in cattle. In practice, it's Der Wind in den Weiden, von Josef Mengele.

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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are always welcome

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Our generation stands at a crossroads. With sincerity and humor,

we strive to make you reexamine,

investigate, question, learn, and

maybe pee your pants along the

way. We are the reason people

can't wait for Tuesday. We are **the**

water tower.

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no true scotsman: the pros and cons of scottish independence

by zacharynabors

Thursday, September 18th, every true Scotsman (and woman) over the age of 16 (excluding convicted prisoners), will vote "yes" or "no" via national referendum on that much-revised and hotly debated question: should Scotland be an independent country? While Scotland and England have a relationship that dates back many centuries, they officially came together as the Kingdom of Great Britain with the Acts of Union in 1707. Now, 307 years later, its citizens are deciding whether to remain in the United Kingdom, or to become an independent nation. The votes are in and the ballots are cast, but here's some insight into what the secession debate brings to the table for Scotland.

To say there's been much debate on this question would obviously be a gross understatement. Many high-profile Britons have already tossed in their £0.02 on the issue, on both sides of the coin. In 2008, Scottish native Sean Connery vowed never to return to his home country until it became an independent state, and donated thousands to the Scottish National Party, a center-left political party campaigning for the country's independence.

Some were not as optimistic about Scotland's future as a stand-alone nation. Sir Paul McCartney announced his support of the "Let's Stay Together" campaign from his home city of Liverpool last month, an organization aimed at keeping Scotland in Great Britain. McCartney wrote several of his most critically-acclaimed songs at his remote farm in Scotland, including "The Long and Winding Road" and "Maybe I'm Amazed," and spent time there with his wife Linda after the breakup of the Beatles in 1970. Harry Potter author J.K. Rowling has also vehemently opposed the split. Previously rather silent on social media, Rowling recently took to Twitter to voice her opinion: a resounding "no." The English-born author has many personal connections to the country: she composed the first Potter novel, *Harry Potter and the Philosopher's Stone*, in a café in Edinburgh in the early 1990's. Furthermore, the magical academy of Hogwarts School of Witchcraft and Wizardry

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Many Scots also point to the "[Ach,] if it ain't broke, don't fix it!" argument: they feel they have been doing just fine in the UK, one of the world's most powerful, richest and influential unions, so why risk losing that?

But what exactly are the pros and cons of Scottish independence? One of the most jarring cons is that Scotland, as of early September, still wasn't sure what currency they would be using should their bid for independence succeed. Two recommended options include keeping the British pound sterling or switching over to the Euro, the official currency of the European Union. If Scotland attained a successful secession, however, they would have to re-apply to join the EU, NATO officials reported, leaving that second option to be a bit of a toss-up.

Many prominent English political parties also declared that Scotland will no longer be allowed to use the British pound after leaving the UK. Scotland is thereby left in a dangerous and confusing situation, especially in the midst of an economic recession, and there would continue to be much debate over the division of the British debt, how much Scotland should pay, and so on.

An increasingly risky option for the nation would be to adopt its own currency, which would allow Scotland to retain more economic freedom, but would lead to "the large transitional costs associated with setting up a new currency," according to JP Morgan economist Alex White in an interview with *The Guardian*.

On the other side of the (Pound? Euro? Whatever, they'll decide on that later) coin, pro-independence supporters (also known affectionately as "yessers") point to the North Sea, where they feel Scotland could pull in a fair

amount of revenue from the oil found there via drilling, which would also theoretically create jobs and bring in extra tax revenue for a fledgling independent state looking to prosper right off the bat. In 2013, around 866,000 barrels of oil per day were produced from the depths of the North Sea, the tax revenue of which would mostly go to Scotland, based on an agreement between Scotland and England established years prior. Many feel that an independent Scotland will be able to create legislation about its economy and government that will be "based on its own priorities", according to the Scottish referendum official site; those who care the most about Scotland will be making its decisions, rather than "outsiders." And of course, many supporters of the so-called "Yes-movement" wish to simply establish a cultural identity of their own, separate from the United Kingdom.

The election spoke for itself, and Scotland voted to stay a part of the UK: God save the Queen! However, as of September 9th, the polls were too close to call for sure. Overall, male voters were more likely to agree to secede than women, and voters under age 55 were also more susceptible to vote "yes". A recent poll, conducted by the *New York Times* from September 2nd to September 5th (with a sample size of 1,084) showed approximately 47.4% planning to vote "yes," and approximately 45.1% voting "no," leaving around 7% undecided. In my opinion, Scotland has every right to declare secession, although they should ensure that they aren't making a hasty decision based on pure nationalism. It's a truly historical moment, regardless of what side you choose to support. Ultimately, however, the people of Scotland are the ones who have to live with their decision—and so it remains that the Highlands are still one with the UK. Now, who's gonna break the news to Nessie? ■

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around town.



a powe-wow getting to s-know the business

by wesdunn

You may have seen some of your more culturally astute classmates sporting a bubbly logo recently – stickers and hoodies that read “POWE”. Surely, you wondered, “what do these people know that I don’t?”

Powe is a new snowboard company started by several UVM seniors. I sat down with three of the founders recently to ask them about what they’re up to, and one of my first questions was about what makes them stand out in the crowded market of the snowboarding world. What made them think they could make this work?

I quickly found out that these guys are not messing around. From their overall mission to the smaller details, Powe. is going where no snowboarding company has gone before. Though they’re quick to point out that the term “environmental” is really vague, their philosophy is centered around a concern for achieving sustainability and respecting the mountain environment that makes snowboarding possible in the first place.

It begins with the boards themselves. After breaking at least four boards each last winter, the founders took note of what worked and what didn’t, and decided to intentionally make the best board they could, finding a custom builder way off in the land of Wisconsin. In designing this dream snowboard, they took things a step further – trying to get away from plastic and carbon fiber materials. The resulting boards will feature hemp topsheets, bamboo sidewalls, poplar cores and a bioresin epoxy. The first batch of forty are coming out next month.

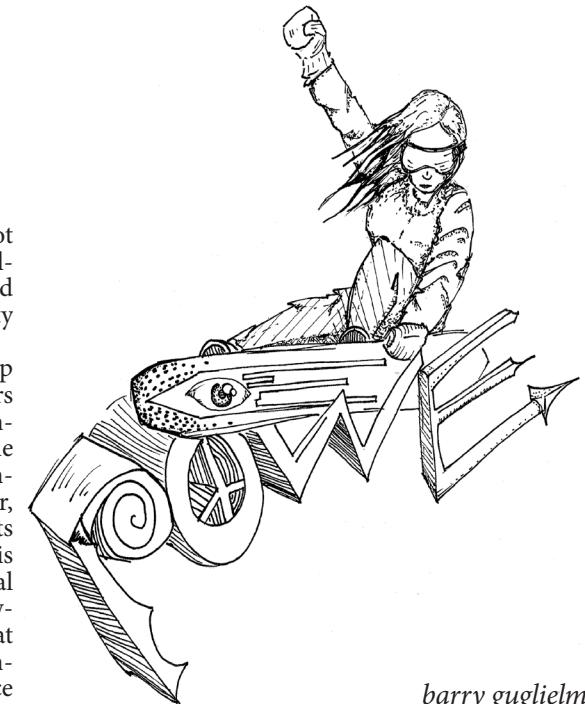
The folks behind Powe. are creating an entire lifestyle for snowboarding, which means they didn’t stop at just the board design. Another major aspect of their operations will be to coordinate children’s environmental education programs – getting kids out on the mountain to learn about what exactly they’re shredding past. And not just the ones that can afford it. “The number one thing I hear from people about snowboarding is, ‘Oh yeah that’s really cool, but it’s such an expensive thing to do,’” one of the founders explained. With that in mind, the company will be aiming to make the snowboarding experience possible for kids who couldn’t otherwise afford it. They’re also hoping to extend this to seniors at UVM who have stayed away from the mountain for financial reasons.

This ties in pretty well to another crucial aspect of their philosophy – building an open, fun community around snowboarding. The way they see it, winter is long, and you’ve got to find a way to keep your spirits up. It’s hard to argue against zooming down a mountain as a way of staying happy during the short, dark days. That’s why they want

to make snowboarding not only more accessible, but all-around more welcoming and cohesive in its community aspect.

The coolness doesn’t stop there. Two of the founders I talked to were in Environmental Studies, hence the eco-themed ethos of the company. Another is an Art major, and he’s turning his talents onto the aesthetic aspects. His job is to crank out original designs for all of the snowboards, since the idea is that they’ll each come in only limited batches. Therefore, once a design is sold out, it will be gone entirely until a new design is drawn up to replace it. As one of the founders explained: “I have this awesome board that’s like, my baby, and I go to the mountain and there’s 50 squids riding the same board...” With Powe., riders can rest easy knowing that their boards are truly unique.

So a snowboard company, based in Burlington, respecting Mother Earth, that turns out awesomely built and designed boards? Fair enough. If you’re curious about how to get in on the action – they won’t be hard to find. They’re closely involved with the Ski and Snowboard Club, and will be at all the rail jams this winter. They’re also looking for riders to feature in a promo video, as part of a larger effort to expand their brand around the Northeast. But mostly they just want people to get excited about and involved in snowboarding. So whether you’ve scheduled all your classes on Wednesday to maximize time on the mountain or have never so much as considered sliding through snow on a plank, Powe. snowboards is a company you’re going to want to keep an eye on. ■



barry guglielmo

johnson & johnson no more fears

— moths edition —

by jackcater

“Moths eat people’s eyeballs...” is what I tell people when they ask why I am afraid of moths. But in reality, I have no rational reason. According to the Oxford English Dictionary, fear is “an unpleasant emotion caused by the belief that someone or something is dangerous, likely to cause pain, or a threat.” After reading this definition, I decided I should not be afraid of moths because they are not dangerous, painful, or threatening. Therefore, I chose to confront my fear head-on, by touching a moth.

It was time to go moth hunting. On the first night, I searched around some outdoor light sources, and was able to find two moths. The first ran away as soon as I got close to it. The second moth I found flying around underneath a streetlamp. I could not get anywhere near this one, and it eventually flew away. This first night of the moth hunt was utterly disappointing. After this, I came to the decision that I needed to confront my fear head on in order to defeat it. I would challenge a moth in battle, and the victor would no longer have anything to fear. This was the only way to put an end to this turmoil for good.

It was the evening of my second night hunting moths, and out of the corner of my eye I noticed movement. Turning towards this disturbance, I could not believe my eyes. Could it be? The supreme evil, come from my nightmares to destroy me? It was! And he was trapped within the confines of my window. Realizing this as my opportunity to defeat my foe, once and for all, I sprung into action. I leapt out of my seat to confront him, and froze at the moment of imminent contact. We locked eyes, and I felt fear sweep over me like a tidal wave. After seconds that felt as though they were days, I came to the sudden realization: I had the power! I could best my foe, and triumph over evil!

Approaching with confidence, I extended my arm, touched his fuzzy body, and knew it was all over. I defeated my nemesis, and conquered my fear. Gently, I guided the moth out of my window, and into the blackness of night in order to save him from further embarrassment.

This was the end of my fear. Now a supreme champion of moths, I could rest easy knowing that they would no longer haunt my dreams. In fact, after the word

of this victory spread amongst the moth hordes, I knew that they would be the ones haunted by me. They could no longer torment the innocent, as they would be too afraid to face another force like me. ■



I am not afraid of you.

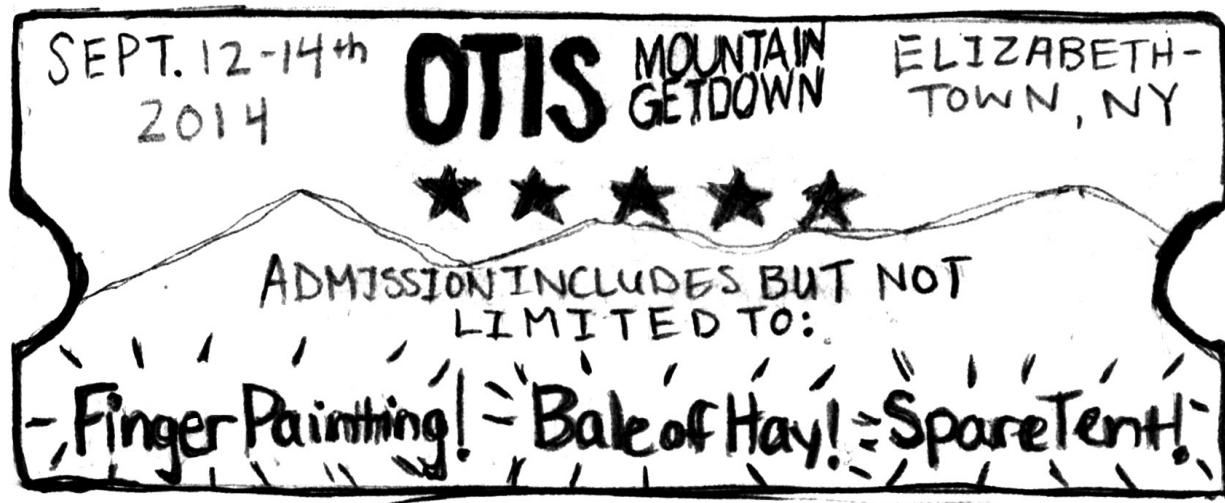
james cohan



an ode to otis: the 2nd rival of the “get down” gets *bigger and better*

by lauragreenwood

Following the hype and appreciation of the return of the Otis Mountain Get Down Festival in Elizabethtown, NY last year, I purchased my ticket ready to have this festival be my first. The succinct Otis Mountain website was mysterious, only releasing little tid bits of history and information about what to expect for this recently-revived festival in the woods on September 12th to the 14th. The modesty of their site exuded the idea that was makes Otis Mountain so great was something that couldn't be really captured or coldly advertised. I was intrigued by the contrast of their humble self-promoting simplicity to the raving, fanatic five-star reviews plastering their Facebook page. What was the big deal about Otis Mountain?



really been under fire as of late with highly publicized incidents of overdoses, shady drug dealers, and violent outbursts which often deter people from the whole scene. Otis Mountain Get Down restored my faith in what a music festival can be, as well as the people who attend them. As soon as we pulled down the shabby dirt road, we were greeted by a beaming twenty-something holding a beer. This welcoming beginning set the tone for the entire essence of the festival. Upon emptying our car, we were offered help lugging our gear, a spare tent to accommodate our large crew, and a bale of hay aboard the shuttle up the hill. The place was just brimming with compassionate attendees and volunteers who genuinely wanted everyone to have a great time with some awesome music.

With set-ups like a fingerpainting spot, a homemade “beach”, a communal lean-to for grilling, and an enormous, central “OTIS” sign up the hill, the mini ski resort was transformed into a quaint, rustic haven for festival-goers. Hidden throughout the grounds were beautiful hallways of sticks and twinkling, ramshackle railings. It was the quintessential modern day hippie-ster Instagram-worthy nature setting. Seriously, look at the #otismountain hashtag on Instagram; it's overflowing with those perfectly-positioned photos that you feel guilty not liking.

For as beautiful as this festival was, I couldn't help but notice there were some aspects of the festival that seemed less emphasized: mainly a first-aid tent. Because it was private property, there were no police officers or security blatantly present – I'm still not sure if this made people more well-behaved. But it really bothered me that the presence of security and safety was not made more obvious. The weekend was cold. College kids were belligerent. There was no cell-phone service. When I saw someone get injured by the fire, you couldn't help but notice the moment everyone thought “Uhh...where do we even bring this bleeding kid?” Call me a mom if you please, but first-aid services should have been more apparent or at least more clearly designated. As they say, it's all fun and games until a lighter blows up into some kids face.

Though, Otis Mountain Get Down really does deserve ample applause for coordinating such an amazing music event. Because there were no million-dollar musicians present, the art was accessible and heartfelt. Each of the musicians genuinely thanked the fans for coming out and most expressed their excitement to be traveling to Burlington within the next few months. For \$40 (or less!), the sheer volume of music that was available during the weekend was a pure joy. With two stages and one DJ nook, Otis Mountain provided a venue for every type of music lover to appreciate. My personal favorite performances were Gang of Thieves, Midnight Snack, Lynguistic Civilians, and—my newfound, one-man-band love—The Suitcase Junket. Some musicians were Burlingtonians, some New Yorkers, but all had that local, down-to-earth connection to the fans that complemented the aura of the Get Down wonderfully.

Overall, Otis Mountain Get Down wholeheartedly deserves their five-star reviews. There was just something about that venue, those musicians, and the people that made you feel like you were at home. No matter the rain or cold, I never felt uncomfortable at Otis Mountain. It was the kind of festival where everyone knows each other and welcomes them into their tent to share good times. My only regret is that, in my senior year, happenstance might not put me in the right place to ever make my way back to Middle-of-Nowhere, NY for this festival. It might be the end for me, but I'd advise every other student to make sure they don't miss out on this opportunity to get in touch with your local music community and go wild for a weekend before graduation. ■

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reflections. weighed down by wearables

by dannissim

With Apple's announcement of its first step into the wearables market, the Apple Watch, I stopped to look at comparable offerings and pondered why I should "wearable". First, a wearable is any electronic device that you wear that collects and/or presents data. I'm talking about fitness trackers (pedometers, Fitbits, Nike Plus sports bands, etc.), smartwatches, and digital glasses (Google Glass and others). These devices either work on their own or as a companion to a smartphone. When Apple steps into a market, they usually leave their competitors quaking in their boots, but I'm not so sure about their stab at wearables.

First, I have to talk about the Apple Watch for a bit. Starting at \$349, it will work with any iPhone 5 or newer and comes in various combinations of three core models. It has a host of functions: messaging, handling calls, maps, Siri, and a slew of others. It has the typical Apple design – smoother than smooth – and overall, it seems to be the best of the current smartwatch offerings. While it very well may reign as king of the smartwatches, it will always, in my mind, fall a little short – the smartwatch has yet to reach its full potential.

The problem with smartwatches in general is their need to pair with a smartphone. Most of the devices do not have their own 3G modem and without a phone, they are only slightly cooler than a Casio calculator watch – those things are fucking sweet. Sure, you can run through some apps, but their core functionality is crippled. The Apple Watch has this great feature where Maps can direct you to a location; you get a little map on



your wrist as well as haptic (meaning touch, specifically in this case through vibration) feedback

"when Apple steps into a market, they usually leave their competitors quaking in their boots, but I'm not so sure about their stab at wearables."

more on their own.

The most exciting wearables for me are the digital glasses, specifically Google Glass. At this point, they are without a 3G modem and that hampers its mobile functionality, but Google's continuing to improve the Glass software and it will one day house its own cellular modem. Google Glass will usher in a new way for us to interact with our world and our content. We started with the PC – what a fucking heavy load. Our PCs became laptops, and then our laptops became phones with the introduction of the smartphone. Smartphones ushered in touchscreen technology, which gave glorious birth to tablets. Google Glass is the natural evolution. A smartwatch is basically a mini smartphone on your wrist. With Google Glass, we will no longer be touching screens with our hands – *Minority Report*, anyone? Imagine walking in a city with your glasses feeding you endless amounts of information about your surroundings, allowing you to easily access more content. Don't worry about getting run over by a bus, you just got to see the trailer for *Transformers: Revenge of Mark Wahlberg's Biceps*.

While the Apple Watch may not be the iPod of smartwatches, it will continue to put pressure on its competitors, which will only mean better devices for all of us. I'll hold onto my Bar Mitzvah money and resist the urge to buy one. As my grandma always said, "I may look young and sprightly, but I'm not spring chicken." Whoops, I meant the other thing she always said: "Don't spend all your money in one place!" ■

a world of trouble

by jessebaum

This week, I was thrilled (to put it mildly) to see that everyone's favorite vest-wearing-Santa-who-also-likes-to-write-about-decapitation is releasing a new book. That's right—the wait is over! George R.R. Martin finally finished *The Winds of Winter*!

Or so I thought. (By the way, if you're disappointed that I used the same dirty trick that the *Huffington Post* used on me, I regret to inform you that life's not fair). The book that Martin just wrote is a *Silmarillion*-esque story detailing the histories of Westeros and Essos, the two continents in his series *A Song of Ice and Fire*.

This raises some interesting questions, namely—what the fuck is Martin playing at? Here we are, dying for another installment (and those actors over at Home Box Office studios ain't gettin' any younger, either) and Martin has decided that we all need some good 'ole cultural histories to enrich what is already one of the broadest series in the fantasy genre?

The sad thing is, I can't unilaterally oppose his decision to put all of the subtext into writing. The series (both the books and

TV show) are hopelessly complex, with the text featuring over a thousand named (named!) characters. Martin himself admits to having trouble with keeping the facts

"the other social aspect of the game is sharing with your friends the hilarious, arbitrarily created sentences that duolingo often has you translate"

straight—he actually consults a fan (who runs the *Ice and Fire* Wikipedia pages) to keep details straight.

At the same time, this is fucking ridiculous. One almost wonders if Martin is trying to give himself time away from killing his creations, which I previously con-

sidered his favorite pastime. Each of his books has taken years at a time to write, and are heavy enough to use effectively as bludgeons (something Ser Gregor the Mountain would surely approve of). Did I mention that he types with one finger?

All I can say is this is an irritating time to be a fan. The show is on hiatus and now it is obvious that Martin is just as bad a procrastinator as us coeds. I mean, my fingers are going numb from all of the cliff hanging.

As the first installment of the series came out in the late '90s, the pressure is on. We, the fans, have followed tens of "main" characters all over the world of the books, yet we still are in the dark about a lot of central plot points. What is the Spider's end game? Has Sansa lost her soul? Is what everyone says about Jon true? And seven hells, where do whores go? ■

boyhood ballyhoo : all the best hits

by mollyo'shea

In case everyone talking about how great this movie is doesn't make you want to see it, here are six very legitimate reasons as to why this movie is fantastic, aside from the story.

Reason Number One is Olivia's (Patricia Arquette) smooth, silky, beautiful voice. It is amazing. She could yell, cry, or curse and her voice still sounded like honey. If you are a fan of the movie *Holes* (honestly who isn't), Arquette played outlaw Kissin' Kate Barlow, so you understand the alluring drawl that she has. She plays Mason's (Ellar Coltrane) mother, so she is a big character and getting to hear her voice in so many scenes was a treat.

Reason Number Two and possibly my favorite part of the movie is Ethan Hawke. He plays Mason's father, a lovable yet drug-addled type turned good guy. Ethan Hawke is one of the most underrated actors of all time, ever. Every movie he's in, his presence on screen draws you close and makes you want to look him in the eyes and tell him all your darkest secrets. He was the moon, the sky and the stars of this movie, and of life in general. If he doesn't win the Oscar for Best Supporting Actor for this role, you will see me throw a full-blown temper tantrum.

Reason Number Three is the music. Although songs were used sparingly throughout the movie, they were carefully crafted around each year, and showcased Mason's growth. It also was a central theme for the film, especially in relation to his dad, who is a bit of a struggling musician. There is a wonderful scene about a Black Album that Mason Sr. gives to Mason for a birthday present. Even if you aren't a Beatles fan or music person, you have to appreciate the touching way that it connects Mason and his dad.

Reason Number Four that this is a great movie are the *Harry Potter* related scenes. Multiple times throughout the movie, scenes show Mason and his family reading, or doing something associated with *Harry Potter*. As this series is very representative of our generation, cinematographer Richard Linklater captures its magic in a way that made me very sentimental about my own childhood. So, major props to Linklater for incorporating J.K. Rowling's world of Harry Potter into Mason's world. As they say in the rap business, game recognize game.

Reason Number Five is the cinematography. We all knew Richard Linklater was a film genius and a great writer after *Dazed and Confused*, and in *Boyhood* he continues to showcase his talent. He used a 35mm camera throughout all twelve years for cohesiveness. He carefully crafted each scene, panning to each character at perfect times, and creating beautiful and thoughtful shots, both wide and close up. The cinematography was done in a unique and interesting way that showcased the characters well and helped move and change the story.

Reason Number Six and most perhaps important, is the editing. Man, movie editors do NOT get enough credit. It's hard enough to edit a film shot all at once, let alone have to weed through 12 goddamn years of footage and try to smoothly link it all together. So let us all take a second to praise the genius that is Sandra Adair, who has edited almost all of Linklater's films. The continuity of the film was beautifully done. It was seamless; you didn't



notice Mason (getting older, it just happened, mimicking how we feel about ourselves aging, which helped create the purpose and theme of Linklater's movie. In case watching a child grow into a full adult in 3 hours doesn't make you want to see this movie, consider these other reasons, because this is a film you won't want to miss. ■

HAWKEYE - continued from page 1

both ears with an arrow, leaving him deafened. His brother, Barney (also known as Hawkeye sometimes), was injured as well.

"Hawkeye #19" is almost entirely written in American Sign Language. This makes it very difficult to read, but it also helps the reader get a feeling for what it is actually like to be deaf, as Hawkeye is. This issue is largely about Hawkeye working his way through the immediate recovery from his injuries, and adjusting to life now that he is deaf.

This run of Hawkeye comics has been widely considered to be an independent comic from the main continuity of the Marvel universe. That means that what happened in this well-written series has been widely considered to not reflect the events going on in the larger world of Marvel comics. Were this to be true, it wouldn't be that big of a deal that Hawkeye was deafened, because he would have just "gotten over it" in the grand scheme of things, and the world would have been deprived of a great, disabled superhero.

Thanks to the recent debut of the limited series *Hawkeye vs. Deadpool*, we can rest easy that a deaf Hawkeye is incorporated into a larger Marvel comics universe. In "Hawkeye vs. Deadpool #0," Hawkeye wears his hearing aids, and Deadpool pulls up his full-face mask so that Clint can read his lips. Deadpool even signs for Hawkeye—which shows the influence of the Hawkeye series outside of its own, isolated comic book run. There's, of course, then the question of why this matters. Sure, more disabled superheroes provides a more realistic

world, but this is realism in a world where there's literally a big, talking cartoon duck, and an entire underwater civilization living below the ocean. What really matters, then, is not realism, but representation. By incorporating superheroes with disabilities into the mainstream, those with disabilities, most notably children with disabilities, can see that even with their inhibitors, they can be super.

For example: In 2012, a mother was having issues getting her four year old son to wear his hearing aids because he didn't want to seem different from other kids. The mother sent an email to Marvel comics, asking if there were any superheroes that had experience with hearing loss, so that she could show that it's okay to have hearing aids to her son. Marvel responded by sending her pictures from Hawkeye's childhood, when he too had to wear hearing aids. After seeing one of his favorite heroes wearing hearing aids just like him, the little boy wore his enthusiastically. A new superhero was then designed around this boy's hearing aids, showing how they can be used for super-powers.

So Hawkeye is important, and the fact that he is now deaf is important. It shows that people can be super, no matter their abilities. It shows that people who are disabled are just like everyone else, and that they are not to be forgotten or left behind. ■

fashion five-oh.

fútbol fashionistas

by lynnkeating

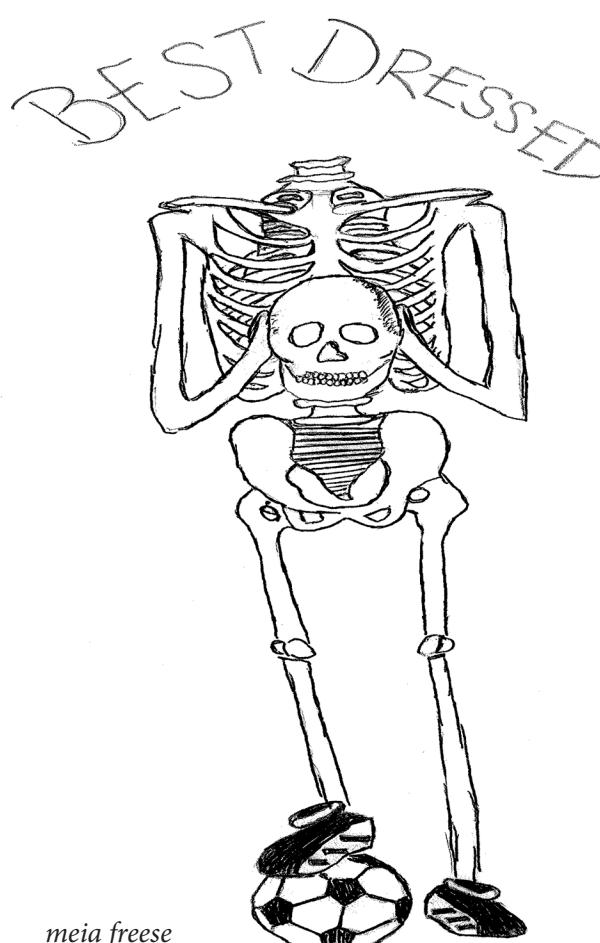
4 minutes and 48 seconds left: The Vermont Cata-mounts score again, capping off a 2-1 win in the men's soccer game against St. Francis this Sunday on Virtue Field. Some attribute this win to the long hours of pre-season, unbearable buckets of sweat or the grueling Saturday morning practices; but they're all wrong—this win is attributed to their accessories.

The first soccer game in history focused on only using a ball, made out of a pig or cow bladder. The players had an overflowing passion to play, even though they had to deal with using an irregularly shaped, unpleasantly heavy, and anything but aesthetically pleasing bladder of a ball. One bladder-soccer-ball, twenty-two players, and two goals: that was it.

Coming back to today's game, the requirements to win demand ostentatious embellishments from flashy uniforms, to unique hairstyles.

Sitting in the stands, my eyes follow the dancing skittles that swerve along the turf field. Hot pink, neon orange, lime green, bright yellow; the competition of having the best cleats alone distracts me from the actuality of the game. Since when did our soccer players become shoe addicts? Why do they need to flaunt such wild colors? Do they think they are better players because of their shoes? These obnoxious colors contrast with an all-white uniform that reminds me of karate warrior garb. I wonder how much trouble they would encounter for wearing crazy patterned color underwear.

Mesmerized by the lush long locks breezing through the wind, I watch the players race across the field. Does the hair ever get in their eyes? If it were me instead, my hair would be sweaty, gluing itself to my eyeballs, blinding all of my abilities to defend the goal. This is why I prefer the far more functional buzz cut, even though it does not appear as luscious as the other hairstyles. Other teammates spend hours before the games focusing on their hair gel, AKA additional goop, giving the hair that extra support it needs. Some fashion the headband look,



which is a great fastening method without all the chemicals. Hair preference has become essential for this sport; it would be a crime if you brushed it off. This "look" is not just with soccer, it is seen from men's basketball to the



women's equestrian team. Athletics have become material dominating, going beyond the necessities to seemingly amplify performance.

"Keep working blue", a proud mother for St. Francis shouts. Little does she know that these uniforms are more than just a shirt color. If you catch a soccer player standing, which is peculiar, you can see tiny details and symbols that must have taken months to design and construct. A few specially designated players even have the honor of wearing "Captain" patches on their sleeves, which are supposed to stand out to the referees, but to them it symbolizes years of hard work and dedication. Instead of just being a good soccer player, you need a patch to officially define your "goodness".

The obsession with having the latest and the greatest accessories has obstructed the love of the game. Even the field itself is accessorized. Plastic, fake grass, doused in black pellets trying to replace our enriching soil goes by the name, "turf". Soccer used to only require a patch of grass, but now this turf is mandatory if you want the game to be taken seriously...I mean it's easier to run on turf anyway. Virtue Field has soccer lines, lacrosse lines, and field hockey lines; it's hard to focus on what lines pertain to you. Then to top it all off, right smack in the middle of the field, a Catamount is leaping over a "V" for Vermont. We can no longer have a field. It has to have plastic grass and a picture to entertain the crowd during the game.

Some say soccer requires the least amount of materials, but it's hard to believe after analyzing this game. From the hair, to the shoes and shin guard tape patterns, the attempt and options to stand out are endless. Maybe all this singularity through these various items is mainly there to help their mothers identify their soccer-star-son. ■

fork it over.

the bunny bids goodbye

by jessebaum

Fuck Monsanto.

That seems as good a way as any to start an article about the increasing corporatization of food (Get excited!). Last week, General Mills (Genetically Modified and Generally Malicious) bought Annie's Homegrown, of Annie's Mac fame. The acquisition set General Mills back about \$820 million.

In fact, most Marche veterans (if you have ever been a part of the thirsty-Thursday through closing time Saturday crush on turnt people, then you are one of these people) have a favorite Annie's delicacy.

However, that's too bad. You are now forbidden from buying their delicious food (and even their graham crackers are far better than The Leading Brands) unless you want to give your money (or hard-earned points) to the giant food conglomerate.

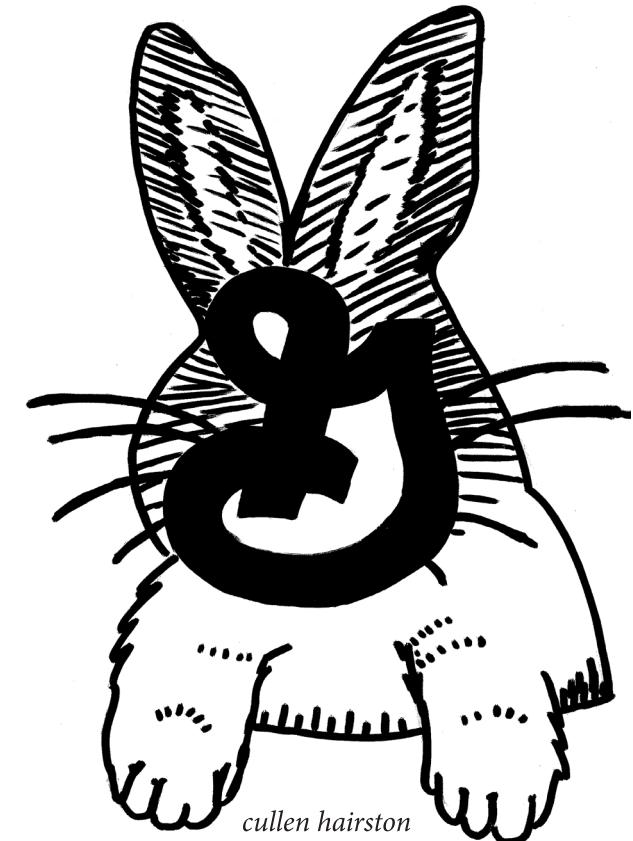
To assuage the fears of those of you that survive on several boxes of Annie's pasta a week, rest assured that the actual products you are consuming are not likely to change. After all, Ben and Jerry's still tastes great, doesn't it? (Mmmm... Unilever). But at the same time, Annie's is now a part of something much larger—a company with

enormous energy demands, that relies on conventional, non-sustainable, agriculture and all of the petrochemicals and social and environmental baggage that come along with that. The acquisition represents the general trend of large companies buying up smaller, natural

food brands (such as Kashi, owned by Kellogg) in order to profit from the organic craze while carrying on with business as usual.

One of the problems with this is that as large companies infiltrate the organic, non-conventional food niche, the rules change. As organic food has gotten more popular and grown in market share, the list of chemicals, additives and stabilizers, emulsifiers and other junk that you can add to food and still have it be "certified organic" has steadily grown. There are organic oreos, hostess-style cakes, organic cheese-its. Big Organic, as Michael Pollen calls it, mirrors what the organic movement in the 70's sought to correct. But you knew that already—without that framework and philosophy, Annie's never would have existed at all.

With that in mind, maybe this buy-out was the next logical step in Annie's evolution. Nevertheless, it's hard not to mourn when another independent food supplier essentially bites the dust.¹ So don't be fooled. Annie's isn't a bunny anymore. More like a hulking, scary dude wearing bunny ears. ■



cullen hairston

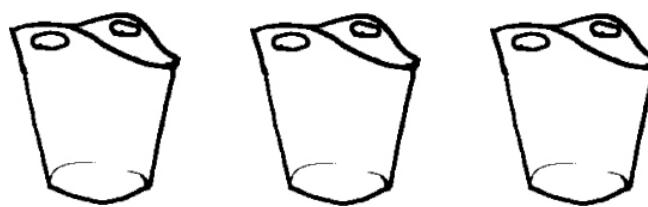
¹ Eden Foods (despite some dubious politics) is one of the largest remaining independent organic foods company, however other large names such as Amy's Kitchen (the canned soups and beans) and Organic Valley also remain independent for the time being. Stay tuned.

trash.

i want you so bad

someone on campus catch your eye?
couldn't get a name?
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It was the semester of last
When I loved your "dulce" ass
Your smile, laxed style, and spanish flare
Oh jesus, I worshipped your fresh-out-of-bed hair
I believe you are gone now, graduated
And here I am left my loins not satiated
The toils I faced when sending you emails
First write, then rewrite- my composure so frail
I aspired and admired your spanish debate team
How I longed for "conversaciones" that'd make me cream
You speak beautiful spanish and so do I
Sorry I didn't then, but you made me feel shy
If you ever perchance come back visit here
Know that "este mujer quiere compartir" a beer
When: Spring
Where: The Huber House
I saw: A missed opportunity
I am: Still admiring



Time goes by,
The clock ticks and it tocks.
I must say you are pretty dam hot!
I'll see you around and we will exchange a few words.
Lovely, excited eye contact melts my heart like a turd.
There are a few things that I know to be true.
Read on, and I will tell them to you.
My friends are all Charleses,
But we have a good time.
Sitting next to you in class
Could be distracting for a guy.
GC this one goes out to you,
You are fresh as fuck and an OG, true.
Smart, pleasant and personable,
The list goes on and on.
But I don't know you too well,
Let's hang.
When: On occasion
Where: Red Rocks
I saw: A lovely lady
I am: A distracted, procrastinating and aspiring entrepreneur

Last year you asked me on a date
With fear I hesitated,
I hope it's not too late.
I keep thinking about what we could have been.
Because you do in the future I have hopefully forseen.
We've been drunk every weekend
On vodka, whiskey and wine
And each time my feelings have only deepend.
So open your eyes to see what we could be.
Please give us a second chance for me.
When: Everyday
Where: In my dreams
I saw: A second chance
I am: A second chance

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ear

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Cook Commons

Excited freshman girl: ...And I was like, "Do you even go to UVM if you don't have stickers on your water bottle?"

Outside Harris-Millis

Girl talking about Canterbury Tales: The inn keeper made it a round trip rather than a linear pilgrimage, so it was kind of like a road trip.

Friend: A medieval road trip?
Girl: Yay! Verily!

UHeights North Hallway

Guy to friend: You're gonna shake my ass? I'm not quite sure that's how it works.

Davis Center, 1st Floor

Dudebro: My dad was way cooler than my mom though. He was close with Audrey Hepburn and stopped the war in El Salvador.

Outside Living/Learning B

Girl: I'm telling you, I'm the perfect third wheel.

South Willard Street

Girl to Group: When I was younger, we'd take BB guns and shoot the bunnies.

Outside Alice's

Girl: I guess I can be kind of bossy sometimes.
Guy friend: Are you like a dominatrix or something?
Girl: No! Stop talking!
Guy: There you go, being all demanding and stuff.

Davis Center, 3rd Floor

Fiscally minded youth: Well, my dad won't be too happy about it, but that's because he's paying for it.

Bailey/Howe Basement

Son of liberty: I carry my pocket constitution with me everywhere. You know, in case the cops try to get me. I can pull out my rights without memorizing them.

Communist comrade: Dude, the police aren't going to sit there while you skim your pocket constitution.

Bailey/Howe

Academic dude: I wasn't good enough at math to be an engineer, and I wasn't good enough at science to be a doctor. So that's why I chose business.

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

tunes.



what makes music popular? (but not necessarily good)

by jeremypustilnick

Have you ever flipped on the radio and heard a song and just went, "God this is awful"? Well you probably weren't alone. Chances are, many other people would have also found that song repulsive. But how come you found it so tasteless, and why am I claiming that many people experience the same problem? You say, "Well it simply didn't sound good, and everyone likes music that sounds good," but what does sounding good really mean?

Look at mainstream music. I'm talking about big timers out there like Taylor Swift, Nickelback, Miley Cyrus, and Coldplay. What is it about them that makes their music so savory to a majority of people? The answer is that our ears find sounds at certain frequencies and patterns to be most pleasant. That being said, not everyone has the same taste in music, but generally the pleasure centers of our brains start going haywire when a certain tempo or pattern is achieved in the music to which we are listening. Looking at the popular artists' albums, you'll notice that most of their music is not just written by the artist whose name is plastered all over the front, but by a heaping list of people you've never even heard of before. Lady Gaga's "Applause" was written by Lady Gaga herself, Paul "DJ White Shadow" Blair, Dino Zisis, Nick Monson, Martin Bresso, Nicolas Mercier, Julien Arias, and William Grigahcine. But how come so many people are needed to write just one song? Well I hate to burst your bubble, but these people you've never even seen or heard of have been paid to manipulate you. Many of them have fancy degrees in sound mixing, acoustics, otolaryngology (the medical study of the nose, throat, and ears), and any other field you can think of that deals with how your ears hear. They have capitalized on that certain range and pattern of sounds that are pleasurable for you to hear. This isn't necessarily a negative thing. After all, they are providing a service for you: producing music that you enjoy listening to.

But there is a reason why you enjoy these songs. Let me give you some examples. For those of you who have

heard "I'm Coming Home" by Diddy and at least moderately like the song, chances are it's either because you can relate to the lyrics, or because you enjoy the chorus. Same thing for Jason Derulo's "Whatcha Say". There is a reason why the part of the song that is repeated the most is what is repeated the most: it has hit the sweet spot of musical soundness.

A good song that demonstrates a clear transition from musical soundness to something that just doesn't sound

really be a good life, good life," ended at a lower note, I might not have noticed anything wrong with the song, but it didn't, and once the pattern was broken, the chorus became a massive train wreck. Does that mean I hate the song? No.

So how do I (and probably you as well) determine whether a song that is not musically perfect is bearable, aka a good song? It's quite simple actually, and we usually do it quite unconsciously. Using the cost/benefit analysis of economic theory, we determine whether the enjoyable/beneficial parts of songs outweigh the costs of those one or two not-so-great parts. The cost of Bob Dylan's up and down voice in "Like A Rolling Stone" does not outweigh the melody. However, the rap-resembling lines after "There's no going back" in Katy Perry's "Dark Horse" are a big turn off for me. They just aren't part of the pattern of music that is pleasurable sound-wise to me.

Many popular mainstream songs make use of the same 4 chords, so much so that they could all be combined to make a song that would be pleasurable to listen to because it would make sense. Now you're probably thinking to yourself, "1. Why am I still reading this crap? and 2. Well this nut job writer who just wasted about five minutes of my life that I'll never get back just claimed that he can combine a lot of mainstream songs and make a single song that sounds good. Make him prove it." My response is to listen to "4 Chords"

by The Axis of Awesome. Please. Take another 5 minutes of your time and listen to the song. I promise it will blow your mind. But as you go into the future, I hope you notice more about the music you find pleasurable, and share in the hope that one day we won't have to apply the cost/benefit analysis to music because songs will be 100% pleasurable to your ears. ■



james cohan

quite right is OneRepublic's "Good Life". The song starts out with pleasant drumming and a cheery whistling before hitting the chorus. After the first two lines of the chorus, "Oh, this has gotta be the good life, this has gotta be the good life," the song continues with the same musical notes instead of shifting down an octave (getting lower) as the thought concludes. What I am saying is that when they start singing, "This could really be a good life, good life," there is something off about the music. Had "this could

shady aftermath: a throwback to get rich or die trying

by kerrymartin

If you listen to 50 Cent's debut album Get Rich Or Die Tryin' (2003), he invites you, perhaps even drags you against your conscious will, to enter and embrace the man at hand. This pulling is already evident in the album cover: from each edge, cracks in a glass window spiral into the focal bullet hole, which frames the cover's centerpiece, the diamond-studded cross 50 wears on his bare, chiseled chest. Without the bullet hole, you would never notice the invisible veil between 50 and you, and the center of focus would not be the cross but the cold stare on his well-shadowed face. It is because 50's been shot (and yes, he was shot nine times) that he is accessible to you: you may not know him, but you see his experience and know what it is supposed to have rendered him, a survivor of the streets, resurrected. 50's stare does not look for a common experience in anyone, and as he pulls you into him, he pulls you away from what you thought you knew and loved. You could be his shooter, and still, he invites you to worship him.

Religion gets a bit of airtime on the album, but little enough that his cross becomes an obvious prop. From the album's title and from its "Intro"—six seconds of either coins falling on a table or bullets loaded into a gun, a planned ambiguity—two non-religious themes emerge that dominate the album: money and violence. So, you could say the cross is misplaced. Or you can say, as 50 successfully evoked, that this is just a man trying to be

faithful, a martyr trying to support his family, but where he grew up, that means robbing, pimping, and dealing heavy drugs. His intense success allegedly comes from an inherent religion behind his irreligious acts. Even more, in combining the two, he rises above both; his street life and his faith become the Religion of 50.

50 Cent wasn't the first gangsta rapper to find widespread commercial success, nor was he the first to evoke religious imagery. Successful gangsta rappers like Dr. Dre, Snoop Dogg, N.W.A., Nas, and Wu-Tang Clan had already made millions glorifying bloody street life, long before Get Rich Or Die Tryin'. But 50 did a few things differently: first, unlike other gangsta rappers, whose lyrics and beats had a grating, dissonant, and punkish feel, 50 Cent songs are utterly danceable, packaged for the club (catch a hint from the album's most popular single, "In da Club"). Gangsta rap had lost its shock factor by the early 2000s, so instead of punk, 50 laughs over gunshots and candy beats. Second, his use of religion is different than that of gangsta rap's two biggest martyrs, 2Pac and The Notorious B.I.G., shot to death within six months of each other. Eerily, both had compared themselves to Christ before their deaths (as has Nas) but within a Christian context, positing themselves as prophets of the Lord. It's obviously, painfully self-centered, but not as selfish as the Religion of 50, nor as widely appealing.

That's how the album sold 872,000 copies in its first

week and over 8 million copies since, making it six times platinum and the fourth highest-grossing rap album of all time, losing the Grammy for Best Rap Album of 2003 to the highest grossing rap album of all time by quirky rap duo OutKast. That's how his single "P.I.M.P." reached the top five songs in the US, UK, Ireland, Denmark, Norway, Australia, New Zealand, Germany, Switzerland, Hungary, and Romania. That's how "In da Club" broke Billboard's record for most-listened-to radio song in a week.

Curtis Jackson never had it easy. Raised by a young, single, lesbian, coke-dealing mom in the poorest neighborhood of Queens until she overdosed when he was eight, he moved in with his grandparents and started selling drugs a few years later when he wasn't amateur boxing. He spent some time in a correctional facility and never graduated high school. Just as his rap career was about to take off, he was shot nine times, including in the chest and face, and spent five months recovering. It only postponed his success. He's doubtless impressive, making it that much easier to fall for the 50 Cent mythology. He pulls you in, he makes you see, he makes you love. And while his authority is never compromised, he also gives you exactly what you're looking for, without shame or fanfare. If you just look at his later album covers, you'll see he could never quite do it as well again. ■

this shit again. how things work

by wesdunn

You hold your breath
When walking past steaming street vents.
I love that mist,
The oil by the curb, the sweat on your shirt
Cracking open paint cans.

We had fished for people
Wanted their names,
Their addresses and phone numbers –
Email worked too.
Mostly we wanted their affirmation.

Saying “stop” cost too much
Not even Monopoly would want our currency
Maybe they actually arrived,
But I imagined a dark room where our petitions
Weren’t even recycled.

So we acted locally.
First I keyed my manager’s Mercedes
From the passenger door to the gas tank.
I made dinner from our “vacant” lot garden
A fine salad, and the other tenants asked
Why I’d harvested it all at once

The best answer:
That is how things work
Their ultimatum, more inclusive than they
thought.
There is so much room left by the word “how”
This, this here, this is how things work

My rent was unpaid
My walls were unpainted
In debt for being rear ended by a Mercedes,
I had to leave, but we are not invisible,
You said, let’s leave marks.

You pressed me up to the dripping red paint
And I let you kiss me.
It felt so good, so clearly good
To let someone do something to me
Before they did it. ■

grant daverson: ace detective

by leonardbartenstein

A week later, and night had fallen like a toddler down the stairs when the safety gate was accidentally left open. It was the dark, gritty sort of night which frequently descended on Burlington noir, the white lights of the streetlamps dancing off of the dark lake below the town. Grand Daverson, private investigator, slipped down the back alley behind the Ben & Jerry's like a villain in a Looney Tunes short would slip on an ill-placed banana peel.

A dark rat darted down the dark alleyway, much like a feral plague infested rat would scurry through the alleyways of Italy in the Dark Ages of bubonic plague. This rat was not a harbinger of death, though, but a harbinger of mystery. P.I. Daverson pulled his collar up around his face and slid down the back alley, doing his best to seem suspicious. He wanted to attract the derelict, back-alley, low down, ramshackle, of questionable morals, no good, bang-beat types, the types that would try, if they were given the opening and the right set of situations, to push drugs.

Daverson didn't like working with drugs: not one bit. He avoided dealing with the hard stuff like a spooked dog avoids a loud and scary vacuum cleaner. Back when he was on the force, toward the end of his rocky career, he had been on a drug bust with his new rookie partner, straight out of the academy, Chuck Greenleaf. They were facing down the notorious Rachael Valencé, whose greasy, unyielding grip had a grip on the delinquent minds of Burlington noir.

Greenleaf took point, busting in the door with a foot, his gun at the ready. His hands were gripped tightly on the piece, ready for action. He wanted, more than anything, to prove himself as a man. Daverson stepped up right behind him, ready to go as well. Valencé wasn't there, but a

large group of his cronies were there, making the drugs in the drug den. A shot was fired from a gun that was held by one of the druggies. From there, Daverson couldn't tell what was even happening, because things were going faster than that guy who jumped out of the spaceship and freefell to earth went—his air speed velocity, when adjusted for wind resistance.

When the drug-dust settled like that hot chick who ended up with Macaulay Culkin, and when all was said and done, the only one left standing was Daverson himself, standing alone. On the floor beside him, with twenty-seven bullet holes in his chest area, Chuck gasped for breath, blood choking his throat. Grant knelt down next to him. “Greenleaf, stay with me, you can do it, come on—“

“I’m going to that great big backstage of a Dave Matthews concert in the sky...” He gasped. Daverson held his hand tight, clutching it between their chests.

“Don’t you give up on me, rookie...” he said, but it was too late. He was already dead. A single morose tear found its way down Grant’s maudlin face, following his cheek like the Colorado River follows through the Grand Canyon.

His face was wet again, a month later, when he stood in the rain, a little removed from the grave, collar turned up, hat pulled down. The water was from the rain, not from his eyes, because his heart had already grown cold, like a cup of coffee left on a desk all day, forgotten. The higher-ups had seen what had happened and blamed Daverson, because he was supposed to bring in anyone not Rachael Valencé who was in on her ring and question her. Now that they were all dead, there were no witnesses.

Daverson was asked firmly but politely to leave the force. He turned and left the funeral as he had left the chief’s office that morning: unhappily and without waiting for the priest to stop talking.

Now, he found himself back in the drug game. And this time, he wasn't going to stop. This time, it was personal. Personal, like a teenage girl's secret thoughts recorded in her password journal. ■

the cipher

by kerrymartin

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 burn one for **UVM Tuition**.

I guess I knew it, you could say I already blew it
As soon as I said, “Screw it,” put my check in the mail.
College recruitment, talkin’ like Nike, “Just do it,”
Now I’m too far into it, pay tuition like bail.
And always, in all ways, I already know it,
Just need paper to show it, never was gonna fail.
These hallways, all days don’t make me a poet,
But my diploma ain’t dressed like I bought it on sale.
It don’t wear Prada either, maybe Gap or Lacoste,
And maybe the cost’ll buy me back what I lost
From job offers I’m tossed to be boss, not the bossed
English Degrees Celsius, melt off the frost!
Please! We’re sick of spending forty-plus G’s!
Cut the fees, and the bullshit “Public Ivy League” tease.
To whom the fuck you accountable? Board members with cheese?
Cuz I’ve got bricks of Cabot I’d rather not spend on you crackas,
You fuckin’ actors, I pay you fuckin’ rhetoric flappers?
Life savings hackers, conservative candidate backers,
Private-corner-office-fappers, private bank account blackeners,
I came maple, but lost my syrup to these tappers.
I’m out-of-state, that’s valid; you out-of-touch with reality
If you charge me more per year that I’ll make full-time salary.

Next issue, we bag and pipe **Scotland**. 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** student rapper of the semester gets a fabulous prize! ■



kevin neville

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

cat litter.



collincappelle



#11



#12



alison bell



The bushes are coming back and you can be the writer.
E-mail ideas to thewatertowernews@gmail.com

Sadly Pia is no longer with us so she can no longer be the inspiration for the back page, (she's not dead, she just moved to Boston), instead lyrics from songs will now be the inspiration for the back page

This issue was brought to you by:

“So write a song without a hook.
Remember why you wrote songs in the first place”

- It Ceases to Be ‘Whining’ If You’re Still ‘Shitting Blood’
by, Bomb the Music Industry