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, Arizona 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 booby-babies, 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 lives 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. It’s 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-aid’s 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-proof “rape-proof” panties. It’s true 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

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 street by a white police officer 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 has possible to gain an... read the rest on page 3
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

Welcome back to another year with the uvm's alternative newsmag and is a weekly student publication at the University of Vermont in Burlington, Vermont.

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Davis Center: Main St. Tunnel
L/L: Outside Alice's Café
Old Mill Annex: Main Lobby
Waterman: Main Lobby
Williams: Inside Steps
Online: uvm.edu/~watertwr

Join the wt: New writers and artists are always welcome.
Weekly meetings: Tuesdays at 7:30 pm
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 see your pants along the way. We are the reason people can't wait for Tuesday. We are the water tower.
by kerry.martin

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 news ticker:

news ticker: plane crash in Jamaica, or more wrecked aircraft from Star Wars filming...NFL season kicks off, it was a good summer, Dad...John Kerry unable to solve geopolitical conflict, pouting

...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 from the dysfunctional parents...

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 excepting 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 proactive 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, degerenates, 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 demonstrations is two days before the president of the United States is to attend a summit at the UN headquarters in NYC, and the demonstration—which will include dozens of UVU 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.
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 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.

around town

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 mum such as, “What is this rap music? It 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...
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 was in a meeting 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: the University 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 compared by the American Association of University Professors (closed by the American Association of University Professors).

Furthermore, United Academics claims that their level of 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 increase 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 Friesbee-useage, 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.”

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.
I've always struggled to figure out what my role is in this movement. As I delude with my roommate about why I wouldn't always necessarily call people out for being sexist, she'd interrogate that I am not more passionate or outraged at the disproportionate inequalities that are inflicted upon my gender to-day. I guess I just don't appreciate it in that way. I feel that unfairly defining a "traitor" is so difficult and empathized with political and personal inequalities that I feel I can't put myself into any traditional category. I am often at a loss for words when I try to capture what my role can be in changing the gender is expressed and treated in my community and in society. In a state of road rage last week, Don't I find what small task I can do.

To someone from Massachusetts that driving is a controversial activity filled with a mix of rage and annoyance. A few days ago, I wasn't the person to book or short, but you can be certain that the same person was already lurking in the same way you have made me in the future. They feel I've cut them short, but I am the one doing the伤害ing. This is my own personal mission be-...
Two Words: Jorts.

Throw 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 “bootsy” 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 then proceed to make jorts. This would be an utter outrage and a disservice to the general 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 then proceed to make jorts. This would be an utter outrage and a disservice to the general connection to the original jeans, but one shall never go out and buy a brand new pair and

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 over-night. 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

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’re 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.

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 lower appliques. That mental image should scare you away enough to stop you from every wearing something as unflattering as that.

by benmoffat

Evolution of JORTS...

**WELL SEASONED BLUE JEANS**

**OFFICIAL JORTS**

**BADASS ZIG-ZAG**

**TIME FOR NEW JORTS**

**fashion police: uvm**

alexandra rose

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.

I'm so hungry, I COULD EAT A HUKE

by leonardbartenstein

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

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

the latest nude celeb pic released by hackers
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 mischievous 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 morning, 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 Vert, 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 hit single, “San Francisco.”

We were captivated by the wide spectrum of characters walking around the festival. Attendees ranged from 16-year-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 Aesop Rock’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 albums 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 Electronik 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 Vertre 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.”

Arcitc 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, sliced-back hair, look. Osheaga was capped off by an amazing scene of blue fireworks going off above a blue-lit stage, as the sound of Arcade Fire’s version of performing their signature closing tune “Florescence Adolescents”

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**burlington concerts**

**fall 2014**

**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.

**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.

**Tweedy**
September 29: Flynn Center for the Performing Arts
Jeff Tweedy 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), Tweedy’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.

**Allways**
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!
This weight of loneliness behind this wall
And for this massive weight brought up off me.
I long for some reprieve from this despair
And clouds loom that as ash are best described;
Despite the arid earth of the terrain
Instead I'm drowned by these relentless fears
I feel the waves of dread wash hope from me.
Remaining captive here behind this wall
And sadness is my joy described
This hopeless sense of drowning in my fears
The wall of bricks, all heavy with despair
The grass is sick in that barren terrain
In turn that barrier encloses me.

An open field surrounding this lone wall
Such as it seems I cannot well describe.
I'm still behind this wall of my despair
This joy was something I could not describe.
The thunder from above growls with despair.

My dream would let me fly from this terrain
If only I was not behind this wall
If only I was not behind this wall–
Then I could feel a joy I can't describe.

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.

I long for some reprieve from this despair
And for this massive weight brought up off me.
I feel the waves of dread wash hope from me.
Remaining captive here behind this wall
And sadness is my joy described
This hopeless sense of drowning in my fears
The wall of bricks, all heavy with despair
The grass is sick in that barren terrain
In turn that barrier encloses me.

A dream would let me fly from this terrain
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If only I was not behind this wall–
Then I could feel a joy I can't describe.

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HIGH HOLIDAYS 2014

GRAND MAPLE BALLROOM
DAVIS CENTER 4TH FLOOR

ROSH HASHANAH

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

Rosh Hashanah Dinner and Services
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
NON- STUDENTS $36

For More Info, Contact Sharon@uvmhillel.org

Hillel
The University of Vermont

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