



the water tower.

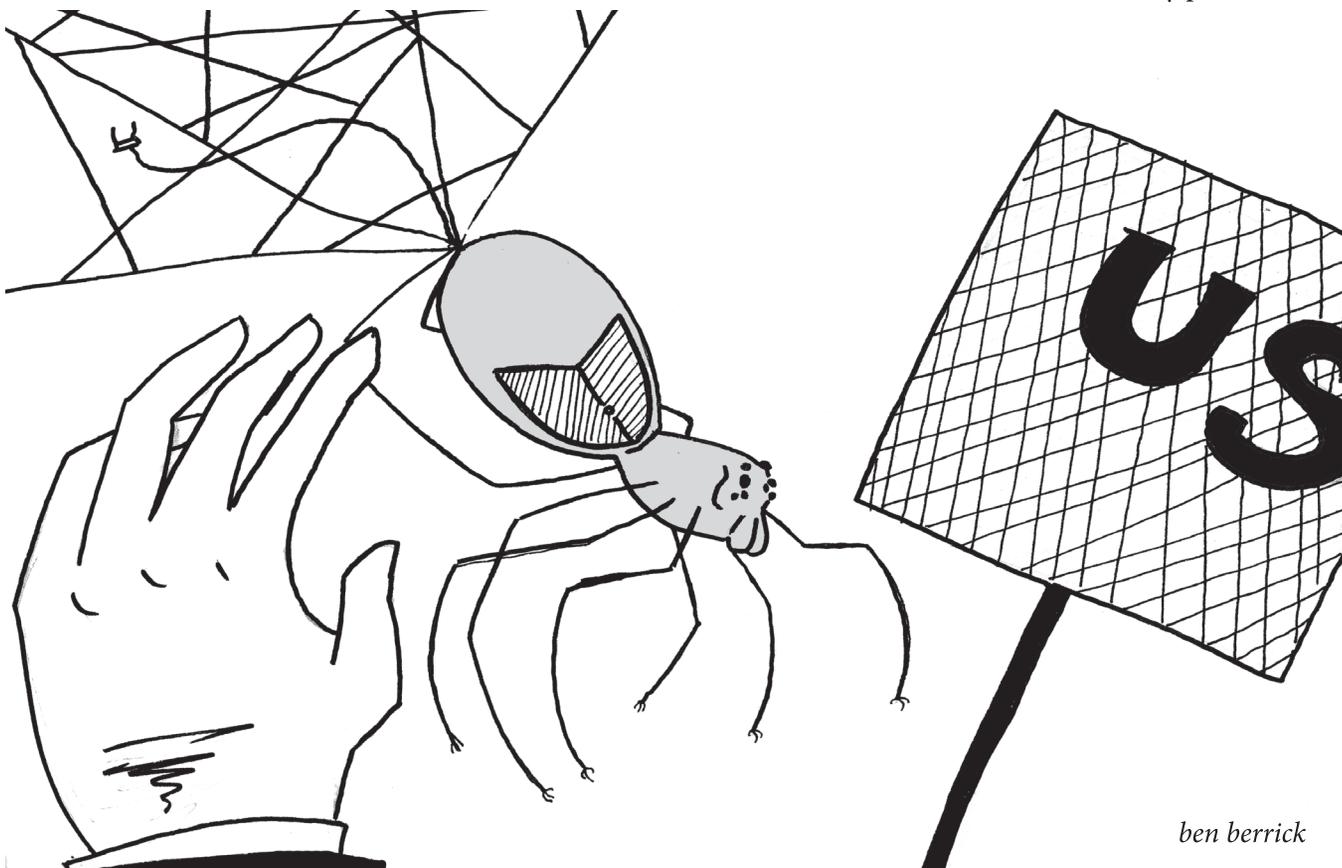
uvm's alternative newsmag

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a deeper look into the **silk road shutdown**

by phoebefooks



ben berrick

The Silk Road, a leading online black marketplace notorious for transferring billions of dollars in drugs, hitman services, and nearly any other illegal commodity, had only just begun to make its way into public conversation when the Federal Bureau of Investigation seized the website on October 2nd. The site's operator, Ross William Ulbricht, known online as Dread Pirate Roberts, was arrested in San Francisco on multiple accounts of conspiracy. The feds additionally confiscated an estimated \$80 million in Bitcoins (an extremely popular online currency) that Ulbricht's site had accrued in its two and a half years in existence.

Hold up a minute. Hitmen? \$80 million? Two and a half years? At first glance it seems as though the users of the Silk Road were getting away with quite a lot for a long time, but what is crucial to understand is that the FBI had known about the Silk Road probably since its inception. Users had remained safely anonymous for so long because the Silk

Road was not your average www.website.com, rather it lay nestled in what is known as the Deep Web.

The Internet, as most of us know it, is considered to be the "Surface Web," or, what is accessible through search engines and intuitive web addresses. Mike Bergen, founder of Bright Planet, a company dedicated to providing "deep web intelligence,"

The remaining sales ranged from everything including *fake IDs*, stolen credit cards, taxidermied rare species, various weapons, and reservations for spots in doomsday bunkers

is credited with coining the phrase "Deep Web." Says Bergen, "Searching on the Internet today can be compared to dragging a net across the surface of the ocean: a great deal may be caught in the net, but there is a wealth of information that is deep and therefore missed."

Accessing the most within-reach realm of the Deep Web requires downloading Tor, a Firefox extension that ensures anonymity of the user. Additionally, in the case of vending sites like the Silk Road, Tor's "stealth mode" provides that seller details are attainable only with a specific URL known solely by the anonymous buyer. URL addresses for Deep Web sites look something like a 24-string keyboard smash followed by .onion, the Deep Web's version of .com, coined cleverly to signify the many layers of the Deep Web, some much more accessible than others.

This intense user protection is how Silk Road users got away with trading copious amounts of drugs for two and a half years. And when I say copious, I mean COPIOUS, like when Johnny Depp playing coke dealer George Jung in Blow said, "If you snorted cocaine in the late 1970s or early 80s, there was an 85 percent chance it came from us." The Silk Road is the George Jung of the 21st century.

... read the rest on page 3

call of the wild: **lost at the catamountain classic**

by franceslasday

It was 6:30 pm, the sun was setting, it was getting noticeably colder, and I could not stop giggling. We were lost in the woods. This is not a real thing that happens to people, I thought to myself. This is the kind of thing that only happens in slasher movies. It was getting dark, and the nine of us from the Hillel brigade of the Catamountain Classic were lost in the woods.

It was near what we thought was going to be the end of our day when things went terribly, horribly wrong. After crossing the river, we could not find the path, and the map was incredibly misleading. We did everything that you're supposed to do when you think you are lost in the woods. We looked to see if the moss was growing on the north side of the tree, we licked our finger to see which way the wind was blowing, we looked for the north star (before the sun had even gone down), and began spewing out some of our most intimate secrets to each other figuring we were all going to die out here anyway. When all that failed, we took out the compass on my phone, determined which way was north, realized that that was completely useless information and then started waiting for Moses to come and lead us out of the woods.

The sun had set and we officially decided that we were lost. At this point, I really could not stop laughing. A strange calm settled over us as we talked out our options. We decided that we wanted to climb three miles up hill in the dark with lots of things to trip over and a very limited water supply. We thought it would be fun since we were lost anyway. We also had to get to the top with cellphone service and a shelter that would keep us from freezing, but those were really secondary reasons.

We traversed as quickly as we could without tripping and snowballing back down the hill, led by a lone head lamp that one of us had decided to bring at the last minute. We sang songs by boy bands from the 90s, Disney and other camp songs. We told each other embarrassing stories and did pretty much everything we could to try to distract

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get
inside
me:

2-4-u
by coleburton

dear bike thief
by wesdunn

hockey
by mikestorage

billy ray cyrus
by leonardbartenstein

the best news team inbox in the universe.



the shit list

with jamiebeckett

Pumpkin Everything: Pumpkins everywhere! Everything tastes like a pumpkin (cinnamon +nutmeg) and you can't walk more than five minutes without seeing a smashed pumpkin in the road. Smashing pumpkins might be better than breaking bottles, yet bottles don't develop that distinct rotting smell flies find so delectable. At least those pumpkins have gone to good use decorating the beautiful streets of Burlington.

Debt: This Thursday, our country will reach its borrowing capacity, forcing us to default on a multitude of existing loans, a scary fact that has global implications. While bipartisanship reins supreme in Washington, I'm sure most college students can agree with me when I say bring on the deficit. Not only do I want to graduate college in debt, transitioning into a crippling economy but I want to also inherit trillions of dollars of national debt. Get your act together, Uncle Sam, and keep borrowing money.

John Boeher: I really hate this guy and all he represents. If you don't know why, pick up a newspaper and figure it out yourself. I am going to choose to spare you of my liberal ramblings. ■

Dear **Water Tower**,

As a long time reader, I feel compelled to communicate my thoughts on the journalistic integrity of your paper. I wouldn't wipe my ass with your trifling excuse of a newspaper. I weep at the thought of trees dying to bring your monstrosity to our news stands. Your news team is a paradigm of unprofessionalism, and could only be made up of a bunch of d-league, frivolous children. I only hope that you have the sense and dignity (if you can grasp such a concept as dignity) to end this horror show before it's poison spreads further.

Sincerely,
90% of your readers

Mr. Johnson,
Firstly, the **Water Tower** editors would like to thank you for your professed dedication to reading our paper. We're right there with you: we also wouldn't use our paper as toilet paper, given the plentitude of actual, far more comfortable toilet paper. Only a very sad, desperate person would likely be compelled to use our newsmag. Your compassion for the trees is admirable, but unfortunately fails to consider their acts of aggression against human kind (see: Poltergeist, Evil Dead)—seriously: fuck vegetation. While your use of "paradigm" may have been grammatically flawed, and betrays a clear misunderstanding of superlatives, we appreciate that you think that we're the best at what we do. Additionally, while we would like to take issue with your assertion of our frivolity, we happily count ourselves amongst the D-League: that shit is hard to get into, and some of the other kids are really mean and scary. As for dignity, we'd go so far as to call it an overrated, antiquated concept clung to by those so deficient in both wit and humor that they could assume that they speak for a vast majority of their peers. But what kind of overwhelmingly pedestrian asshole would do that?

Sincerely, your biggest fans,
The **Water Tower** Editors

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

thewatertowernews@gmail.com

the news in brief with dannissim

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"Observers reported clear indications of ballot-box stuffing in 37 polling stations, bypassing critical measures to ensure accountability and deter potential fraud...The counting was assessed in overwhelmingly negative terms, with 58 percent of observed polling stations assessed as bad or very bad, indicating serious problems."

-A report filed by **observers from the Organization for Security and Cooperation in Europe** details the corruption in Azerbaijan's recent presidential election. The Washington Post reported earlier in the week that the results from the election had leaked on the official smartphone app run by the Central Election Commission a day before voting began. While the figures did match the final results released, it is unclear whether the landslide victory by returning president, Ilham Aliyev, is valid.

"I guarantee you that if you're in the van, you'd give a get to your wife. You probably love your wife, but you'd give a get when they finish with you."

-**Rabbi Mendel Epstein** was recorded as having a conversation with an undercover FBI agent about kidnapping husbands in order to force a divorce. Allegedly, Orthodox Jewish wives paid \$20,000 for a kidnapping operation where their husband would be coerced into providing a "get"—the document required by Jewish law in order to issue a divorce.

"The weakness of the system was if derogatory information came in, he could still keep his security clearance and move to another job, and the information wasn't passed on."

-A **Republican lawmaker** reacts to the news that Edward Snowden's supervisor filed a derogatory report on his personnel file in 2009. At the time, as a C.I.A. technician, the report alleges that Snowden attempted to access classified files that he did not have the proper clearance to view.

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contact the wt.
Letters to the Editor/General
thewatertowernews@gmail.com
Editors-in-Chief:
watertowereditor@gmail.com
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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.**

crimes against *humanity*?

the world's biggest bully

by annahill

It is a sad, sad day for the United States when the President is accused of being an international criminal. Recent news has brought to the public eye how the United States has been on an international rampage: ranging from National Security Agency revelations to possible military action in Syria, the U.S. is on a mission to assert its global dominance.

Bolivian President Evo Morales believes he has all the reason to call President Obama a “criminal.” The Bolivian leader has stated the United States government and president are guilty of crimes against humanity, and is taking these charges seriously. The Community of Latin American and Caribbean States (CELAC) held an emergency council, where issues regarding United States relations were discussed; members agreed that the United States’ government’s recent actions have been imperialistic and based entirely on force. Mr. Morales advocated for members of the CELAC council to withdraw their ambassadors from their respective embassies in the United States, to which several countries have responded positively. In a televised press conference, the Bolivian president concluded that his political team would be preparing a lawsuit against the United States government and President Barack Obama for the alleged crimes against humanity.

Tense relations with Venezuela, however, were what evoked this international dispute. Hours before Mr. Morales’ press conference, on September 19th, Venezuelan President Nicolas Maduro was attempting to fly from his home to China to attend talks with the Chinese government. Allegedly, United States officials refused to allow the aircraft into U.S. airspace above Puerto Rico, preventing the president from travelling as planned. Venezuelan officials have labeled the incident an act of aggression against Venezuela, with Mr. Maduro calling the United States an “imperialist aggressor.” But U.S. officials have plainly denied the accusations, saying the confusion surrounding the situation escalated quickly. The State Department regards the allegations as “absurd,” reminding Venezuelan officials that their request was made merely hours before the flight, not falling within the three day minimum advanced notice window required for diplomatic flight clearance. In the end, however, the plane was in fact granted permission to fly over Puerto Rico, and

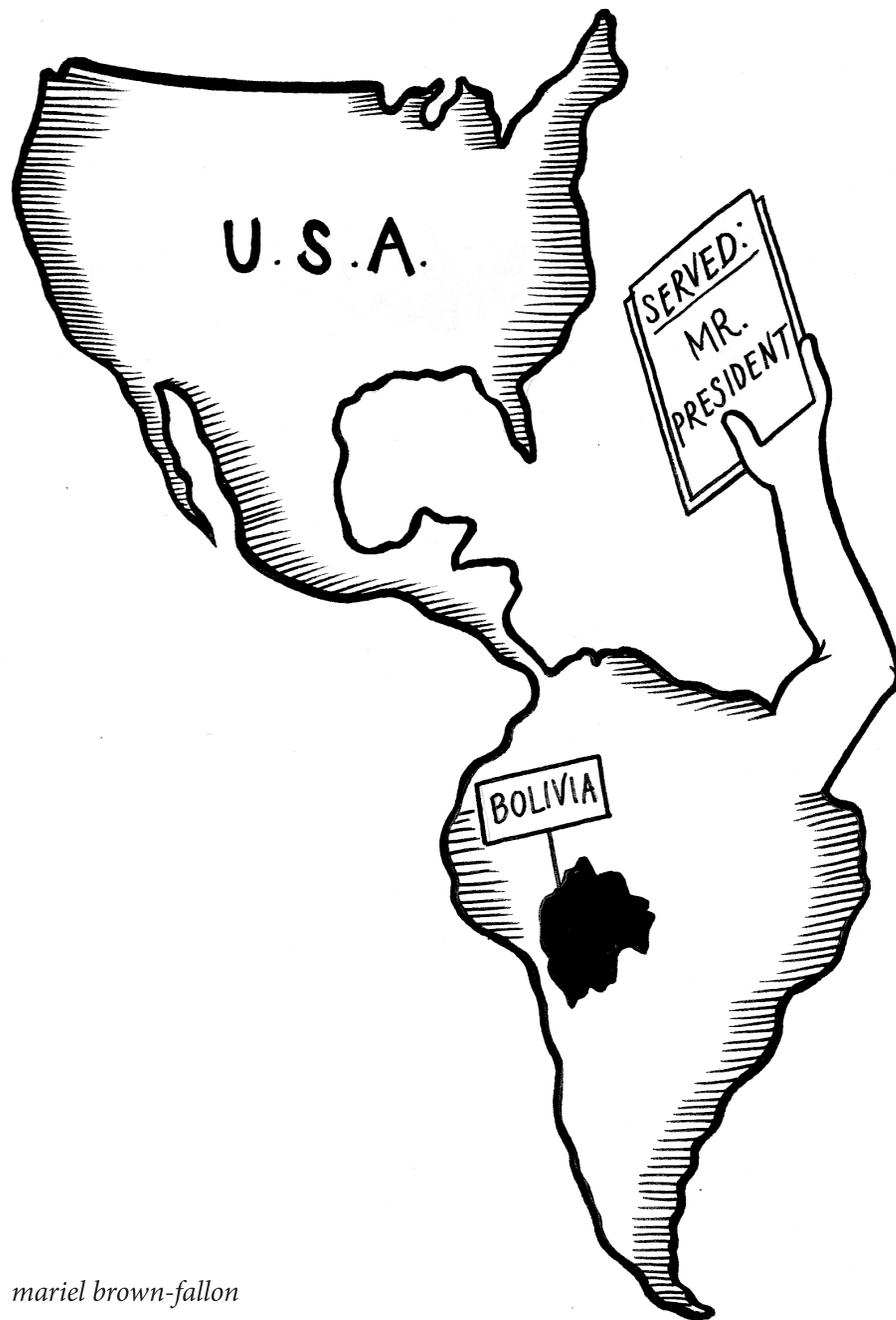
Mr. Maduro arrived in China.

In July, Mr. Morales’ flight, traveling from Russia to Bolivia, was grounded. Suspicions that fugitive Edward Snowden was on the flight led several European Union countries to close their airspace and force the plane to land. Despite outright denying the accusations, Mr. Morales was still made to land and have his plane searched. In recent weeks, it was revealed that the United States government was behind the decision to ground the Bolivian flight and search for Snowden.

Several weeks ago, National Security Agency documents released by Snowden revealed that the U.S. had been monitoring the communications of the Brazilian and Mexican presidents. Brazilian President Dilma Rousseff criticized the United States for their multi-continent spanning surveillance activities, and shortly thereafter cancelled a trip to Washington, D.C. She and other Latin American officials have demanded an end to the electronic surveillance, with no admittance of fault from the U.S. or NSA.

Most recently, on September 30th, Mr. Maduro announced the expulsion of one U.S. diplomat along with two other employees from their embassy in Venezuela. Although he made no mention of any evidence, he accused them of conspiring with the extreme right in Venezuela to sabotage their economy and power grid. In a publicly televised speech, he told the diplomats to get out of the country immediately, even yelling, “Yankees go home,” in English. Mr. Maduro has a history of making unfounded accusations against the United States, following in the footsteps of the former socialist president, Hugo Chavez. The United States embassy in Venezuela has outright denied the allegations brought up against their employees, but has of course had to comply with Mr. Maduro’s decision.

So why does South America suddenly hate us? Well, it’s actually not so sudden: U.S. relations with many South American countries, including Bolivia, Venezuela, Ecuador, Mexico, and Brazil, have been less than friendly. In fact, our international reputation is in the toilet—and that’s putting it politely. Regardless of our government’s good intentions, clearly something has been done to piss everyone off. With so many accusations flying around, whom can we believe? The leaders of potentially hos-



marie brown-fallon

tile countries, or our own government, who has been found to not have the best track record for telling US citizens the truth? President Obama may be an international criminal by other countries’ standards, but I doubt many Americans will be jumping on that bandwagon anytime soon. As a fig-

ure of great power, Obama will most likely never be found guilty of crimes against humanity; life will go on as it always has, with more spying, accusations, and international head-butting to follow. Only time will reveal how relations between the United States and South America develop. ■

SILK ROAD—continued from pg 1

But according to a study done at Carnegie Mellon, narcotics made up only 36 percent of exchange on the Silk Road. The remaining sales ranged from everything including fake IDs, stolen credit cards, taxidermied rare species, various weapons, and reservations for spots in doomsday bunkers.

For all of you out there who are by now clutching your Mastercards and downloading Tor in anticipation of finally getting that stuffed sea turtle corpse you’ve always dreamed of, plus maybe a few grams of DMT, take a step back because you’ll first need to acquire some Bitcoins. The Bitcoin is an online currency worth about 1 to every 126 US dollars, though the exchange rate has been difficult to track due to the Bitcoin’s complete decentralization. All Bitcoin transac-

tions are public, however, so the Silk Road utilized a “tumbler” for security that generated false transactions, making it impossible to track a single exchange.

So how then did the FBI catch Ulbricht? The official report claims that Ulbricht was found through a YouTube Bitcoin tutorial that he posted, though in it he did not allude to the true nature of his activities on the Silk Road. Deep Web users stand suspicious of this report, as further investigation would have required FBI agents to read Tor messages, which should be anonymous. Rumors are circulating among the community that federal agents actually hacked into Tor’s network and contacted the server’s host country (likely not the US) requesting the IP address of the primary site operator. Further, the \$80 million seized in Bitcoins reportedly cannot even

be accessed sans a password that is yet to be discovered.

Regardless of what actually happened, I do feel good that our government has cracked down on a network that facilitates murder, theft, and ecological crimes. Additionally, a large portion of the Deep Web is invested in child pornography and bestiality, meaning the trading of animals for use of sexual relationships. Yeah. There are webpages on the Deep Web run by people that will steal anything and sell at a discounted price. There are manuals available on making bombs and hacking into ATM machines. The Deep Web is scary, ultramodern, and almost too insane to trust at first (I myself had to see it to believe it), but effectively it is a gateway for anarchy, and thus can be a dangerous tool for the wrong people. ■

around town.



midterms are *coming*

by racheltaylor

the *study spots* to save you

It's the eighth week of classes and you know what that means, folks: it's midterm time. Whether you've been preparing for weeks or you like to cram everything into your brain the morning of, everyone needs to (or should) study! I'm sure you all have a nice cozy spot where you are used to studying by now, but I'm here to tell you a few spots, both on and off campus, that I've grown to love over the years.

New Moon Cafe

One of my favorite places to study (and eat) downtown is New Moon Cafe, on Cherry Street. Located directly across the street from American Apparel, this cute little cafe is a great place to spend a Sunday afternoon studying for that huge exam you haven't even begun to think about yet.

They have amazing salads (if you're trying to be healthy) and an incredible bakery selection (if you're not). They have comfy couches in the front and a big, quiet room in the back. And here's the kicker: they have free WiFi! What could be better? They also tend to attract localvores since everything from their food down to their tables is made locally.

The Waterfront

If you are not easily distracted by bikers, slackliners, or the beautiful Lake Champlain, then the waterfront green is the perfect study spot for you. This is absolutely one of the most amazing places to spend the day in Burlington.

If you're feeling stressed out, take your books down to the green and soak up the sun. And once you're done studying, you can walk over to Burlington Bay and reward yourself with a delicious creemee. It's a perfect way to spend some time outside while also hitting the books. Maybe even pack a Frisbee for when you want to take a break. Whatever you do, make sure to hit up this beautiful study spot before the weather gets too cold.

Muddy Waters

Another incredible little coffee shop that I recently discovered is Muddy Waters, located on Main Street around the corner from Church. This small café is a great place to go and people watch—and study.

They have comfortable chairs in the front and I definitely recommend trying out some of their freshly squeezed juice! Though their music can be a little bit loud, it is the perfect spot to get some work done if you bring your own headphones. So make a study playlist and head on down!

CWP Rotunda

For those of you Redstone readers who are interested in staying close to home, look no further than the Christie Wright Patterson Rotunda. If you don't mind being distracted by people walking by, then this is the place for you.

This location is wonderful for those who prefer to study in a group. The booths are located between the Wright gym and CAPS. So put on your slippers, go down in your PJs and cram for that exam.

2nd Floor-Bailey/Howe

If you're not interested in making the trek downtown or even taking a step off of Central campus OR if you simply prefer a remote spot with very few distractions, the second floor of Bailey Howe is prime.

Now, I know that it tends to get crowded up there, but there is a new study lounge to the right of the stairs, and all the way down the hallway. They have brand new desks with comfortable rolling chairs. This private little room is right next to the 'Microfilm' sign and it is one of my favorite places to go when I have to sit and read in silence since it's not as daunting as the third floor. ■

5 things to do *before* it snows

by rebeccaaurion

Yeah, the sun may be shining and the icy breath of winter may not have come yet. But this is Vermont, people, and soon enough snow will be falling and we'll all be wishing for summer again. So you might as well start making the most of the activities you'll be missing. I've compiled a handy-dandy list of five suggestions you should do now, before the ground turns whiter than your teeth.

One Last North Beach Trip

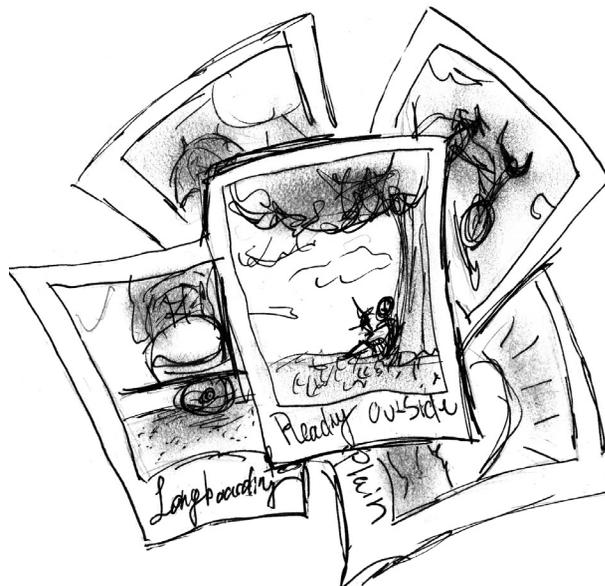
Even if you're just sitting on a towel doing homework, you'll miss the beach when the water is frozen over. And in December, the last place you'll want to be is near a lake. Unless you plan to take up ice fishing. In which case, leave some for Champ. Sea monsters get hungry, too.

Take a Picnic

Take your sweetheart (or platonic life partner, bestie, chinchilla), go find a patch of grass and stuff your face. It's cheap, it's romantic, and there are plenty of spots in the area to choose from. Just remember to double-check your food for ants. And be careful about grass stains, they aren't cute.

Wear Your Favorite Clothes

Not that you can't once the cold weather comes in, of course, but all your awesome t-shirts with snazzy designs and witty phrases will soon be hidden underneath oversized sweaters and coats with more padding than a Victoria's Secret pushup bra. And forget about sun dresses when you're trudging through snow 2 feet thick. Show off your style while you can.



liz stafford

Adventure Times!

Get all those hikes, bike rides, kayaking trips and other outdoor stuff out of the way now. Sure you can go snowshoeing or skiing in the winter, but when will the trees be as green or colorful as they are right now? Go climb that mountain, get in tune with nature or whatever it is you outdoor people do. Collect some leaves to make a scrapbook, pluck a flower or two before they die or just lay in the grass and watch the clouds. Say hello to Mother Nature, I'm sure she misses you with all the time you've been spending inside studying for midterms.

Go Barefoot

I kind of hate myself for even writing this, but if you must go without shoes, get it out of your system now. Look, I get it. Who doesn't want to be a hobbit; living in a cozy hole in the ground, getting chubby on seed cake and reading books all the time (if you don't, you're lying). But listen to me closely, people: you are not Frodo Baggins. You are not on your way to Mordor to destroy the One Ring. Your soft human feet are not meant to walk on gravel, branches and broken beer bottles all the time. I respect your pain tolerance, believe me. But protect your little toesies with some shoes once the frost sets in. ■



2-4-U redemption

by coleburton

the hidden gems of *bolton* and *smugg's*

A few weeks ago this *cough* esteemed *cough* publication committed a true travesty (at least in my opinion). What could this be you ask, apart from the all the Onion-esque articles, opinionated columns—like one writer's complaints surrounding the Outing Clubs sign-up process or just insane stories like our cover piece for last year's Halloween issue ("Disease Strikes: Campus in Crisis" involving a World War Z-esque outbreak of projectile vomiting). Well, any of you readers who consider yourselves powder junkies might guess that I'm talking about the Smuggler's Notch and Bolton Valley reviews. These two hidden gems in the 6-pack of resorts were made out to be the runts of the litter. (Bolton barely got two lines, and the Smuggs section seemed more concerned about broken Dolce & Gabbana sunglasses.) If you count yourselves among the lucky ones to have owned a pass to either, like the illustrious Trip-Maj or current Smuggs-Bolton, then you know why I must defend these awesome mountains, and this article isn't for you. It is for any of you who read that last ski-related article and thought to yourself, "Well there's no way in hell I will be going there this season." To show you why it's a viable option, I will look at why our other staffer's comments on Smuggs and Bolton are just plain wrong and why these mountains really don't suck balls.

As a matter of fact, yes, Smuggler's Notch is a family resort and it does have decrepit lifts that are at least 30 years old and as slow as the snot dripping out of your nose at the top of Madonna 1; but these are actually a blessing in disguise for a few reasons. Because this resort has a large main base/lodge area at the foot of the "kiddie mountain" geared towards the family experience, all the noobs are busy catching edges on the greens and blues of Morse. Meanwhile, across the ridge, all the die-hard ski-freaks know to stay on Madonna or Sterling all day, avoiding the pizzaing children and sloppy out-of-towners who won't think twice to cut you off. At Smuggs, you should be hitting the main mountains and catching every ride-able woods section in sight, because let's be honest, skiing the East is all about the glades; not the ice-sheets called trails. After all, what's more fun than hurtling through frozen timber at twenty miles an hour? Nothing, if you ask me. (Just don't ask my roommate MC Rick Floss since he epically failed at this last season when he rode into a tree and nearly blew-out his knee.) And sure the slow lifts suck. Sometimes they feel like never-ending deep freezers inside an F5 tornado, but they also keep mountain traffic down to a minimum. Even on the busiest days I never saw a massive group of skiers at a trailhead like at most big-time VT resorts. And on top of this, Smuggs simply isn't an "easy" ski. For Pete's sake it has the only triple black on the Eastern seaboard, and before you call it such, just try going down Black Hole or even just the Madonna's main liftline without tumbling or taking a spill - then you can tell me it's an



frances lasday

"easy mountain." I could go on praising this place, but I do need to get to Bolton Valley, which in my apartment's opinion is the best kept secret of Vermont ski resorts and honestly our favorite place to go on any given weekday.

Not only is BV not 'just Smuggs but worse', it's probably better in just about every way apart from sheer size and vertical drop. At Bolton Valley, you get the local's ski-resort experience—a place where lifties know you by your getup and even when all the lots are filled to the brim with VT licensed cars, the lifts still have almost no wait. Not only do you have this, but it's westward facing slopes allow it to have night-skiing, which lets you get out there late in the day but keep skiing the slopes till after the sun goes down. A big plus is that Bolton is also the only Vermont mountain to have this option, and, as icing on the cake, the glades here are crazy good, well-cut, expansive, and just steep enough to be fun. I have honestly had my best woods-day at Bolton, lapping Doug's Woods at least seven or eight times (among another six or so other runs) and finding pockets of virgin powder every time in a sea of perfect snow, and all this just days after the last storm. You can't do this mountain justice in two full days of skiing, much less two lines of written word, even if you lauded its white stuff as God's jizz.

Unfortunately, I couldn't get around to praising the 'slack-country' at Smuggs enough, which is probably the coolest part about the resort. It's out-of-bounds riding without a hike or a poor bastard who needed to stay with the car since you just ski back down to the base along the Notch roadway. If you want some sick-nasty, insanely good riding (imagine a near perfect thirty minute tree-run) hit it up on a Pow-day or if you just want something more relaxed but still equally epic, catch a ride to the nearest resort, aka; Bolton, after your early class, avoiding all the lines, and literally ski the day away. Even if you don't want to ride on these killer mountains and search for all the best runs, get a different pass. Just don't miss out on the college deals, because you'd better pick one up soon since most will rocket up in price at the end of the month. (What I'm saying is, don't go and lose perfectly good booze money out of sheer laziness in the next few weeks.) But no matter what you decide to do, find a way to make it out to the mountains this season, because I think it'll be a real one for a change. See ya on the slopes folks, freezing on the bus, or thawing out between runs in the lodge; but whatever you do, don't forget to pray... For snow! ■

LOST -continued from pg 1

ourselves from what we were actually doing which, was stumbling our way up a mountain in the dark.

Reaching the top was a momentous occasion. When we heard the stranger's voice echoing from the shelter responding to our noisy ascent brought tears to some of our eyes. Our noble saviors were quick to the rescue, offering up food, water and even one of their sleeping bags to get us warm again. It was like Christmas morning. Being Jewish, none of us had actually experienced Christmas morning before, but we decided that this is what it must be like.

After being watered, fed, warmed up, and even bear hugged by our saviors, we assumed the spooning position and got way closer to each other than we had ever expected. Just as I had gotten into a position where I was a little bit warm, head lamps beamed into the shelter. It was one in the morning and the Outing Club had come to rescue us. After embarrassedly averting their eyes from the state of cuddling in which they found us, they regained their senses and began pulling sweaters and headlamps out of their packs like a spring cleaning event at a yard sale. It took us another 3 hours to climb back down the mountain.

It was a very emotional moment when the sun finally rose and came back to laugh at us. As I sat shivering in the back of the van I thought about our day. My feet hurt, we had stumbled up and down a mountain three times, we became so close with each other atoms were getting jealous, the stars were spectacular, and we had all somehow managed to avoid the serial killer that was waiting behind the trees. It ended up being an awesome adventure, plus, now I had something to write an article about. So the moral of the story is when going on an adventure, the most important thing to pack is a positive attitude, and perhaps an updated map. ■

reflections.

an open letter to my bike thief

by wesdunn

Dear Sir or Madam,

Allow me to take this moment to tell you a little love story. I met her on a hot July afternoon in Herkimer, New York. She was very old, but had been lovingly fixed up and was running like a charm. At first sight of that aquamarine frame, I fell into a love as impervious as her old-style road tires. My baby was beautiful—I'd never met anyone like her. For god's sake, she had stem-mounted, freewheel shifters! You know what that means? I didn't need to pedal to shift! As long as that wheel was rolling, I could pull the levers and switch gears. And nobody knew how to pull those levers like I do.

But now, you heartless asshole, my heart is broken. It was ripped asunder when I went to the bike rack by Alice's on Monday morning to find my love absent. In a frenzy, I checked every possible other place I could have locked it—the library, Waterman, Redstone... nothing. I posted on Facebook about my loss, and people said they'd seen it in Harris, but when I checked it was too late.

“the remainder of your brief mortal span will be an *orchestra of misery*”

Have you ever heard about that special hell for bike thieves? It's where you will continue to live forever in the miserable fucking existence that is your life. You didn't steal an apple from the Marche. You didn't steal my water bottle from a table at Bailey-Howe. You stole my bike. I tuned that thing countless times, changed its tires, installed a rear-wheel rack and put custom brown tape on the handlebars. I rode it all over the streets of upstate New York and Burlington. It was not just a bike. It was a work of art. It was my freedom. I don't have a driver's license because I've always been able to take public transport or bike, so my bike was quite literally like a car to me. It was how I get anywhere more than 15 minute's walk, how I transport things I can't carry by myself.

This is what you've stolen. And for what? A few extra bucks, if you can manage to pedal it to someone. (Good luck, my buddy from police services and I are watching all the bike shops and Facebook pages.) Your own transport? Good luck, you fuck. I will hear, from a mile away, the chain loudly complaining as you screw up the shifters. I will see through whatever you use to try and cover the bright aqua frame paint. I will simply sense my bike; you cannot run nor hide.

I swear by all the salt in me: if I find you, the remainder of your brief mortal span will be an orchestra of misery. I swear by the night sky and the ever-moving moon: I'll make a game of you. I will slit you open and splash around like a child in a muddy puddle. I'll string a fiddle with your guts and make you play it while I dance. You may have gotten into UVM, but you are not wise enough to fear me as I should be feared. You do not know the first note of the music that moves me. You have taken my freedom, and I will see you suffer exorbitantly for it.

In case you couldn't read all that (I'm assuming a few words went over your head), I offer a brief summation:

A.) Your life is a waste of time and energy.
B.) This could be ameliorated somewhat if you were to find some useful task, like being dragged on the end of a line behind a boat to serve as shark bait.

Yours in unrestrained contempt,

Wes Dunn

P.S. Both wheels are wicked untrue and rubbing on the brakes. In other words, I can run faster than you can ride my bike. Look sharp, scum. ■

not that there's anything wrong with that!

confessing our celebrity crushes with katjaritche and benberrick

The Sultry Foreigners

Katja's pick: Marion Cotillard

Ugh. Okay, let's review: petite, great rack, sexy hair, rocks a smoky eye. And she's French. And she's the kind of gorgeous that just makes you want to kill yourself, in the best possible way.

Ben's pick: Idris Elba

What can I say? I'm a sucker for cocoa skin and British accents, both of which Elba has in spades. I'd been a fan of the BBC's Luther, where he had played the titular detective, but with his command performance in Pacific Rim as Stacker Pentacost, head of the giant fighting robot program, I found myself completely head-over-heals. His rough baritone voice and imposing stature naturally lend themselves to the kind of power and leadership that would have me crooning “Oh Britania” in bed any damn day of the week.

The Cougar and Silver Fox

Katja's pick: Tina Fey

She's not completely in the cougar-zone yet, but I am completely and shamelessly head over heels for her. I have seen every episode of *30 Rock*. I scour Netflix for her SNL appearances. I have read her memoir, *Bossypants*, cover to fucking cover. Her life is the role model for my dream career path. And she's an unabashed feminist, which gives me a total lady-nerd-boner every time I see it come out in *30 Rock* or SNL writing. Tina Fey may actually be Lady-Jesus.

Ben's pick: Sir Patrick Stewart

I'm a Picard man, and certainly am not ashamed to admit it. Like a fine wine, age has only improved Mr. Stewart, who has made, and still makes, the most definitive case for the chrome dome on balding men. Outside of his acting, he has been an active supporter for marriage equality and social justice, so basically he's perfect for the bohemian college illusion I surround myself with. And besides, I mean, come on: how could you not? Any man who tells you that he would not sleep with both the best captain of the Enterprise AND Professor X is, at best, a fucking liar. Oh, and he's best friends with Gandalf. Seriously.

The ‘Rough Around the Edges’

Katja's pick: Angelina Jolie, circa 1990s

Did you see her as the fantastically dangerous sociopath Lisa Rowe in *Girl, Interrupted*? That—minus the stringy, blonde mess. Don't get me wrong, current Angie is still smokin', but let's face it: she was way more interesting before she home-wrecked Brad and Jen, adopted twelve thousand Third World babies, and became a philanthropist. Casual heroin use? Check. Long, wild hair? Check. Destructive whirlwind romances, tattoos everywhere, and general lack of fucks to give? Hell yes (remember the regrettable Billy Bob Thornton ink?). And, homegirl's got both legitimate acting chops and a brain. Sign me the fuck up.

Ben's pick: Scott Eastwood

With the sharp jaw and piercing gaze of his famous father Clint, Scott gives off the kind of stubbled rough-n'-tumble, but stoic, vibes that made his dad's Man with No Name the original quiet badass, long before pretty boy Ryan Gosling was driving around to Kavinsky tunes. With a grimace that practically does the work of undoing your belt buckle all on its own, Scott Eastwood is the kind of guy I'd want to pull my hair during, and share a cigarette with after.

Judgement Free Zone

Katja's pick: Courtney Love, cracked-out, 90-pound, Hole-era version

I do love me some angry '90s girl rock, and Hole did it best. There's something about the heroin-chicness (complete with actual heroin addiction!), the barely-there body, the bleach-blond chaos, the dark lips and the grunge of Courtney Love in her prime that totally works for me. She was the original young rocker trainwreck, and some twisted part of me finds that sexy as hell. Bonus: have you checked out pictures of her and Kurt's daughter, Frances Bean? Tattooed, pouty sexpot status; must run in the family.

Ben's pick: Sean Connery

Bear with me, as I know that Mr. Connery is a bit old for a heterosexual college man to be poppin' a broner for, but James Bond is still James Bond. I can't get down with his ideology of old-school manhood and the acceptability of beating one's wife, but I'll be damned if his honey sweet Scottish accent doesn't give me scrotum tingles. Plus, I honestly couldn't pass up being considered a Bond girl: those bitches had serious class.



marilyn mora

The Girl and Boy Next Door

Katja's pick: Emma Stone

Fuck me, what's not to love about this girl? She rocks a sexy auburn and platinum blonde like it ain't no thang, she's lovable in the “girlfriend” role (see: *Superbad*, *Spider-man: Whatever-the-Fuck*, I'm not a superhero buff) without being overshadowed (confined?) by the trope, she's funny as hell, and also straight bangin'. Stone's so relatable it hurts; she's like the friend you feel like you should have, but, deep down, know you're not cool enough to hang out with. Emma elicits in me a deep and conflicting trichotomy in which I equally want to be her best friend, be her, and be on top of her. And I'm so okay with it.

Ben's pick: Andrew Garfield

I confess, I had never heard of Andrew Garfield until the most recent *Spiderman* remake, but sitting there in the theater and looking deep into his soulful brown eyes, getting caught up in his goofy grin, and finding myself celebrating with him on his superhero journey of discovery, I knew that I wanted to be his Mary Jane. I found myself imagining us laughing together, walking along a beach shimmering in the last light of sunset: dinner on the patio of some beautiful seaside restaurant, the wooden railings—painted white—supporting the weight of our backs as we would lean back and hold hands over a bottle of a sweet red wine. Then, we could retire to our suite to make the kind of passionately tender butt-love that can only come from long term commitment. Needless to say, he would be big spoon.

Duh

Katja's pick: Rihanna

Ben's pick: Paul Rudd ■

happy hour true blood

by rebeccalaurion

Does anyone even watch this show anymore? Really? Even I gave up after season 4, if we're being honest. But I'm assuming the same ridiculousness continued after I jumped ship. Don't get me wrong, some of the absurdity only added to *True Blood*'s charm, and why it's lasted so long. And with the final season airing this June, it's time to celebrate this show with all of its flaws, weirdness, camp, and questionable acting choices, because it really is addictive as hell, and the entire reason my HBO subscription lasted as long as it did. Basic rundown: waitress reads minds, falls in love with a vampire and everyone takes their pants off all the time in between getting murdered. As always, keep it classy, keep it safe, and good luck not getting sucked into the world of Bon Temps.

Take a drink when:

- Sookie reads someone's mind.
- Bill says ‘Sookie’ in his creepy old man voice.
- Someone dies in a really gruesome way.
- Vampire politics.
- Tara would be a better protagonist than Sookie.
- Anyone else would be a better protagonist than Sookie.
- Unnecessary nudity/sex scene.
- Pam is flawless.
- Thank god Jason's pretty because that boy has no common sense whatsoever.

Finish your drink when:

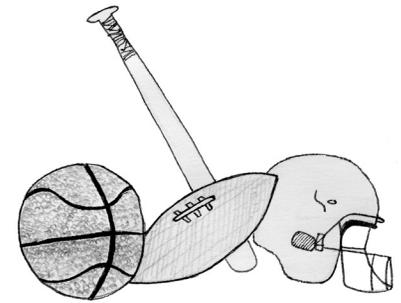
- Sookie cries.
- Yet another supernatural creature/entity is introduced (Werewolves, shifters, faeries, Bigfoot, etc.)
- Sookie calls it quits with Bill/vampires/supes/anything unnatural (again). ■



juliana roen

highlight reel.

the *big bad* bruins:



a season preview

by mikestorace

The Boston Bruins are coming off a heartbreaking loss in the Stanley Cup Finals last season. The Chicago Blackhawks stole the cup right out from under their noses with two goals within a minute late in Game 6. It was a tough loss for the Bruins, and that Stanley Cup victory would have marked their second in three years. Despite their recent successes, the Boston Bruins' General Manager, Peter Chiarelli, has made some big changes this off-season. These moves have drawn a lot of controversy and invoke the classic rhetoric, "if it ain't broke, why fix it?" Why change up the roster of a successful NHL team?

This season brings in a lot of new faces, most noticeably at the wing position. The most radical move by the Bruins was the blockbuster trade with the Dallas Stars. The Bruins shipped Tyler Seguin, Rich Peverley, and prospect Ryan Button in exchange for Loui Eriksson, Joe Morrow and Reilly Smith. Seguin accumulated 32 points in last year's shortened season, and at age 21, appeared to be a building block in the Bruins franchise. However, with a huge salary and some office issues, Chiarelli decided that Loui Eriksson holds the key. The 28-year old winger is the former assistant captain for the Dallas Stars and will assume a new roll on the second line alongside Patrice Bergeron and Brad Marchand. This line is shaping up to be an all-around strength for the B's. Patrice and Loui are excellent team players that play solid fundamental defense, and Brad Marchand is looking to net some more goals coming off a great season.

Also, say goodbye to Nathan Horton and Andrew Ferrence. Horton was a free agent at the end of last season. Instead of resigning with the Bruins, he decided to head west to the Columbus Blue Jackets. The former Bruin was another core member of the team, but signed an enormous seven-year, \$37 million contract elsewhere. The aging Ferrence faced a similar fate, has signed with the Edmonton Oilers, and been named the Oiler's captain (only the 14th in franchise history). I wish that both of these players could have stayed with Boston, but the Bruins clearly had other plans with their salary cap space.

With Horton, Seguin, and Ferrence out of Boston, Peter Chiarelli decided to spend the extra cap space on two players that have been, and will continue to be, fundamental parts of the Bruins franchise. Both Tuukka Rask and Patrice Bergeron are here to stay as they each signed eight-year contracts. The Bruins have decided to pay these players some big bucks for their crucial services. Tuukka is arguably one of the five best goalies in the league, and is staying in net for the long term. Patrice laid his body on the line last year, and played through a broken rib, punctured lung, and separated

shoulder during the Stanley Cup Finals. The man bleeds Bruins hockey and will almost certainly be the future captain of the team.

Another surprise came at the veteran wing position. The Bruins did not resign Jaromir Jagr, who took his ancient services to New Jersey. Jagr was signed exclusively for the playoffs last season, where he tallied 0 goals and 10 assists. It was incredibly frustrating watching Jagr in the playoffs, as he could not find the net despite his best ef-

in each conference will score wild card spots. The Bruins will now be competing more frequently with the Detroit Red Wings, a significant NHL contender, and I am excited to see how they will face off throughout the season.

The Bruins certainly have a lot to work on this season. The first of these is chemistry with the influx of new players. The first line is certainly going to be the most productive on the team. It is comprised of Milan Lucic, David Krejci, and Jarome Iginla, and the three must find a way

to consistently score. The third line is currently the weakest out there and is also the least definite. It is currently made up of Jordan Caron, Reilly Smith, and Chris Kelly. Chris Kelly, the assistant captain, is the only constant on this line from last season. He will have to lead these less experienced players. I'm also hoping to see more of Carl Soderberg this season. The Bruins signed the Swedish Player late last season, and he will hopefully find his place on a line when he returns from an ankle injury.

Another important area of the team is the young defensive unit. Younger players like Torey Krug, Dougie Hamilton, and Matt Bartkowski will have to look up to defensive role models like Zedona Chara, Johnny Boychuck, and Dennis Seidenberg. Hopefully both young and old can contribute offensively, while keeping the defensive mindset that is at the forefront of the Bruins.

Another key focus this season is the power

play and penalty kill. The Bruins have one of the best penalty kills in the league, and they definitely will hope to keep this kill elite. The power play, on the other hand, leaves a lot to be desired. Although it did improve a bit last season, it should be a lot better. The Bruins are currently scoring about 30% of the time they have a man-advantage, granted this is only 4 games into the season. Power plays provide the prime opportunity for goals, and the majority of these chances need to be utilized. Look to new players, like Loui and Krug, to contribute, and to a lot of different power play combinations as coach Claude Julien hopes to improve this unit.

Although some of the offseason moves may be disheartening for Bruins fans, fear not, for the new face of the team is as strong as ever. Seguin, Horton, and Ferrence may be gone, but new faces like Eriksson and Iginla are here to pick up the slack. The Bruins are thirsty for a repeat Stanley Cup Finals appearance, and their new team have the heart and skill to do just that. ■



ben berrick

forts. In reality, it was Jarome Iginla that the Bruins wanted from the beginning. At age 36, the veteran Iginla has one thing on his mind: a Stanley Cup. Well guess what, you've come to the right hockey team. The move was definitely surprising due to Iginla's blatant snub last season. Right around the trade deadline, Bruins fans thought that he was coming their way, when out of nowhere he instead ended up in with the Pittsburgh Penguins. Iginla learned his lesson the hard way as he paid witness to the Bruins' dominant sweep of the Penguins in the Eastern Conference Finals. I guess he finally saw the light and decided to join a team that is in greater need of his scoring production.

The NHL itself has also faced some significant changes this season, most notably the new divisions. The NHL is now divided into four with the Pacific, Central, Metropolitan, and Atlantic divisions. These are said to be more arraigned according to geographic location. I'm not sure how much this is actually true, but the division shake-up is a welcomed site by many fans. Three teams from each division will make the playoffs, and the next top two teams

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

To you, this I write my love for you grows,
But grows out of sight. No hint of a clue
To you will I send, sweet words written in secret,
So please comprehend. Each day we cross paths
and I see you walk by. My courage escapes me.
I guess I'm too shy.
Dear Shannon, what I'd say
If I could get near...
Soft things I would whisper In your little ear.
I'd tell you about all these feelings inside.
How tender I feel when I look in your eyes.
That I long for your kiss to touch my shy lips,
The weight of your hands to rest on my hips,
Your warm firm embrace to hold me so close.
But your hand in my hand I desire the most.
But for now, here I wait and you'll never know...
How much I adore you, How I love you so.
When: nearly every day
Where: Harris Millis
I saw: RA Shannon
I am: A very secret admirer

You were my everything.
To my life many good things did you bring.
You gave me food and shelter,
but now my life's all helter skelter.
I'm sorry I was drunk and maybe a little high,
but I didn't think it'd cause you to say to me your last good
bye.
Now that you're gone I'm scared and alone.
Without you the streets I roam
begging for a falafel or maybe just some ramen,
and hoping that maybe a neighbor will let me in.
I'm going broke without you here
and how I long to once again hold you near.
There's a space in my wallet where you used to be
and right now it stays open, waiting for thee.
But soon I may cave and replace you,
cause that seems to be the only thing left to do.
So come home soon my dear
for soon i fear
will come the dreaded day
where the words, "fuck it" i'll say
and I'll move on away from you
and get someone just like you, but new.
I want you back in my life
cause without you this life is filled with strife.
When: June Orientation 2012
Where: The CatCard Place
I saw: My first college student ID card
I am: lost without you!

ear

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

Kalkin

Girl: My roommate tries to be all environmentally friend-ly and won't let us use plastic bags, yet she leaves the lights on all the time. I tell her, why don't you follow me around town and pick up the dog's poops with your hands then!

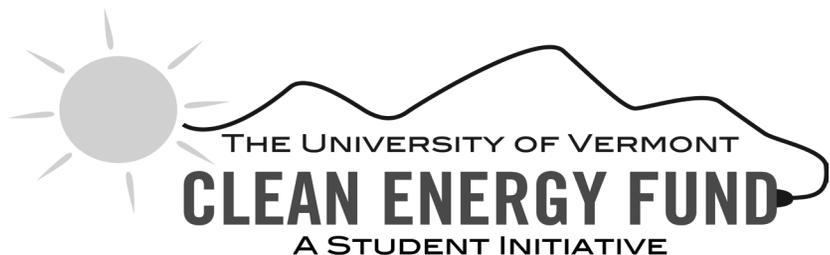
Outside of Cook Dining Hall, Lunchtime

Seemingly Typical Guy: I like looking at girls' butts.
Apparently Not Horny Girl: My butt sweats.... a lot.

Marche, Friday Night

Dude 1: (showing his friend a pic on a phone): So, what do you think of her?
Dude 2: Hmm, she's at least a six.
Dude 1: With or without a standard derivation factor?
(They laugh)

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



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SITE LEADER APPLICATIONS DUE BY FRIDAY 9/20 AT 5 PM - PARTICIPANT APPLICATIONS DUE BY FRIDAY 10/25 AT 5 PM



billy ray's hilibilly heart

by leonardbartenstein

Miley Cyrus has been making a lot of news lately, which is great and all, but let's be honest: she isn't the real star of the Cyrus family. The real star is her father, Billy Ray, who is much too often forgotten, and who still does still support his daughter: speaking to *Entertainment Tonight* about his daughter, Billy Ray said, "It wouldn't have mattered if Miley would have worn jeans and a flannel shirt ... a tux ... or a nun's habit. The song's a smash ... and her performance vocally on the tune reflects her roots and sheer God-given talent." Good old Billy Ray, standing in, defending his daughter, because he loves her as any good father should. He did his best in raising her right, but once he was out of Hannah Montana, he seemed to fall into the background (with a brief resurfacing when he and his wife went in and out of two divorce filings), with Miley taking the spotlight alone.

Well, Billy Ray, you have not faded from my memory. Your achy breaky heart will be at ease when I tell you that I still remember. And hey, you've got a lot going for you! You have your new album, *Change My Mind* (out October 23), coming out soon! That's great, isn't it? And yeah, you had a bit of an issue with your wife, but hey, you seem to have reconciled at this point (or at least at the point at which I am writing this), so you won't be lonely now. And, your new album is being released on your new record label, Blue Cadillac Music—you're not just a country superstar, but an indie country superstar! It really does seem like things are going good for you, and that's great to hear—it seems like you're a busy man!

Billy Ray, despite your wild rise to fame and his life as a superstar and Alvin and the Chipmunks cover (that's how you know you've made it big), you try to keep to his country roots. On his website, you say "I'm not country because I've had success on the country



barry guglielmo

charts. I'm not country because somebody said I was. I'm country because I'm Billy Ray Cyrus from Flatwoods, Kentucky, and I grew up listening to country music and bluegrass music and outlaw music and southern rock, and hard-ass rock and roll. I'm a little bit of all of that stuff." And let me tell you about Billy Ray: he is country music, even if he no longer has that trademark mullet that all of the ladies lusted for and men strived to imitate back in the nineties. The country in Billy Ray might seem to be going away, but he always manages to bring it back to Tennessee.

Cyrus's new album has some really deep, introspective tracks, like "That's What Daddys Do," talking about how he needed to just man up and be a good father, and "Hope is Just Ahead," written about the Columbine shooting. He is very excited about this new album, and let me tell you, so am I. Billy Ray has been great since the beginning. His debut album, *Some Gave All* (1992) went nine times platinum, with its leading single, "Achy Breaky Heart." The album held the #1 spot on the Billboard top 200 for seventeen weeks, breaking the record for male solo records. *Change My Mind* is Billy Ray's thirteenth studio album, and from his first album to now, Billy Ray has achieved so much success throughout his storied career.

So keep on going, Billy Ray, because I write these words by heart. I can't wait for your new album (out October 23). ■

recently in tunes

with dylanmccarthy

Hello again, lovelies. Enjoying your pumpkin spice flavored things? Good, good, so am I. The past week hasn't been the most exciting one for music. Although, admittedly I am having trouble distinguish reality from gaming thanks to the advent of GTA V. Have no fear though, for in this day and age there's always a pop icon, rock star, or has been saying something stupid or doing something great.

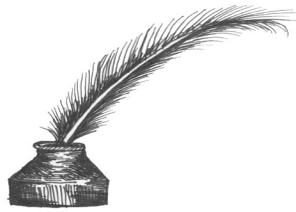
Kanye West and Jimmy Kimmel have one of the more awkward conversations in recorded history. I'm pretty ambivalent about things that have happened on Twitter, but when it comes my lord and savior Yeezus, I'm always going to be interested. After Kimmel poked fun at Kanye West in a sketch, Kanye lost it on Twitter saying true things like "KIMMEL PUT YOURSELF IN MY SHOES... OH NO THAT MEANS YOU WOULD HAVE GOTTEN TOO MUCH GOOD PUSSY IN YOUR LIFE" and "SARAH SILVERMAN IS A THOUSAND TIMES FUNNIER THAN YOU..." Kimmel (obviously) being the more mature of the two invited Kanye to appear on his talk show, and damn was it awkward! Kanye and Kimmel kept things icily professional, with Kimmel being able to sneak out the occasional one-liner in hopes of placating his audience but that just made things even more awkward. Kimmel clearly wanted to keep Kanye calm, and shit I can't blame him. The interview did yield some magnificent Kanye quotes, though: "For me to say I wasn't a genius, I'd just be lying to you and myself."

Neutral Milk Hotel extends tour. These guys might be the original hipster band, and in spite of lead man Jeff Mangum dropping off the face of the earth for a damn decade the band never stopped gaining fans. After his reappearance in Burlington a few years back, the band has been in full swing, extending tours essentially wherever they could. Go out and buy a ticket.

Dave Grohl and Stephen Malkmus slated to have an all out brawl in hopes of settling who really was the best band of the 1990's. If you ask the critics, it's a pretty decisive split between Pavement and Nirvana as to which rock group was the best of the '90s. After years and years of confusion Stephen Malkmus of Pavement, and Dave Grohl formerly of Nirvana are going to have an all out deathmatch to settle the question once and for all.

David Byrne has a lot of negative things to say about the Internet and streaming. Lead man and brains behind the genre re-defining Talking Heads ("Psycho Killer", "Once in a Lifetime"), Byrne's certainly got an opinion worth listening to. Shit, most of the Talking Heads' stuff hasn't aged a day. You can still groove to their best like it was '77-'85. However, in a *Guardian* article seemingly written by himself, Byrne says some downright ignorant things. The best line being "the internet will suck all creative content out of the world." Byrne's managed to stay extremely relevant throughout his entire career, working with hipster favorites like St. Vincent, but saying things like that really dates you. He lashes out against streaming services like Spotify, criticizing them for the low payoffs given to streamed musicians. Shit Davey, are honestly expecting bands to become millionaires off of Spotify alone? Sure they probably deserve more than they're getting, but Spotify is the leading counterpush to torrenting, and any hate towards them is a win for the pirates. ■

créatif stuffé.



a view across

by bethziel

Standing on this mountaintop, nestled between the tall pines that know centuries of stories and the forest creatures with endless energy that bound between the trees, I look out across this vast land and marvel at how the 2,974 miles between you and me can seem so insignificant. I can picture you beside me, as though we've conquered this mountain together like we have other mountains so many times before. My heart aches with missing you and calls don't compensate for having you and your joyful personality around. You believe in me when I don't know how to myself and with your encouragement, I get through. You push me and I push back, but you make me face my fears and usually, I am grateful. It's comforting to know that somewhere out there, across this distance, you are standing on another peak looking back at me, brother. ■

duck tales, awoohoo

by wesdunn

You know that windowless brick cylinder building near the Catholic Center on the way to Redstone from Athletic campus? Could you say what's inside it? If you're about to say "stuff for the cell tower," I'm afraid to say you couldn't be farther from the truth—that's only what they want you to think.

I was making that familiar journey the other evening, walking past the Catholic Center, when I saw fast movement up ahead near the music buildings. As I got closer, I saw that a figure was dodging furtively about the trees, running from one to the next. When I was halfway past the little dirt parking lot, I saw the person, clad in a burgundy bathrobe, dart across the pavement behind the brick cylindrical building.

I'm used to much weirder stuff than that in my daily life here at Groovy UV, so I didn't think much of it. But as I came around the corner, I saw a thin ray of bright golden light shining on the pavement, and traced it back to a door in the side of the building. It was barely ajar, but the light coming from it was unnaturally bright.

I stepped closer to check it out and found that I was able to pry the door open—it didn't make a sound, sliding

smoothly out. I could hear metallic clinking noises, and my eyes took a moment to adjust to the bright gold light that was coming from...actual gold.

The interior of the building was cavernous and filled with gold coins, jewels, dollar bills (Canadian and American) and other articles of treasure. As my eyes continued to adjust, I discerned it to be essentially a pond of treasure. A small skiff with oars floated at the end across from me. A continuous, melodic twinkling noise arose from the constant shifting of precious gems and coins. A crown floated by me as I stared

"the interior of the building was cavernous and filled with gold coins, jewels, dollar bills (canadian and american) and other articles of treasure."

—the real deal, to be clear. It had red satin interior, emerald inlay, the works. I looked up, and stepping out onto the diving board suspended twenty feet above heaping pile? None other than President Sullivan. I watched as he poised to leap, but decided I'd make my exit while the bathrobe was still on.

This I swear—the interior of that brick building is a Scrooge McDuck safe, and Sullivan apparently winds down his day with a swim in the university's material assets. ■

hai-poops of the week

Diarrhea, ouch!

You make my anus tingle
Peeing out my ass.

The dog dropped a deuce
All over my sister's bed.
She threw out her bed.

Wet poop: what's the deal?
I wipe, but to what avail?
Stuck here forever.

So much depends on
How the toilet bowl is
shaped

This morning, I pooped
It was a major stinker.
Air freshener; help.

Coprolite; fossil
You were once a fresh steamer
Now you are ancient.

Oh, morning coffee
You go straight to my rectum
Where's the toilet? ...NOW!

Swills of beer and gin
Washed down with Marché cheese sticks
Rough shits, I'm sweatin'

My stool has three legs
Way back, I thought all stools did
But my doc says no.

Poop spray on the walls
Learn to aim, you plebeian.
I'm not paid enough.

Dog poop on my shoe
Where's a stick? I need to scrape.
Filthy animal.

Yes, defecation—
It's what I like to do best.
I love it so much.

Bowels full; bathroom
Empty; I sit to release;
Boss enters... Damn it.

Pooping is so great.
Slides right out of my sphincter
Like a small birthed mouse.

Brown streak on the bowl
A smell not so bad but worse
And yet it feels great.

Unloading comes now,
Docked at the porcelain spot
And plop, down it goes.

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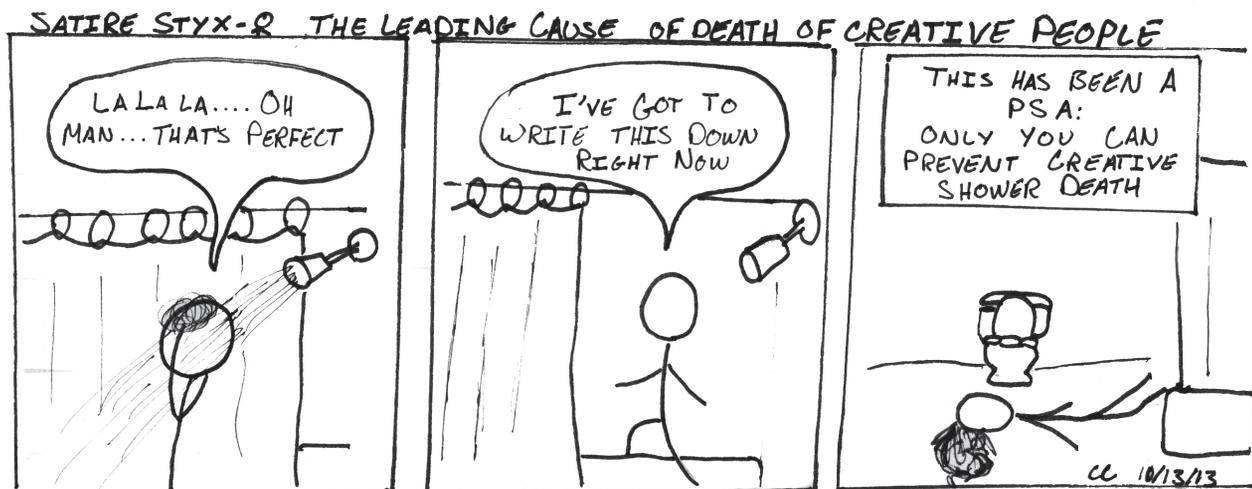
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Think you've done Halloween? BE AFRAID

cat litter.



collincappelle



Tip o' the Week

It is not a good idea to start marathoning a tv show the week before exams. I repeat, not a good idea



the words of our generation

With the recent purchase of a pair of AKG headphones, I have delved back into the depths of my musical library. What I found was there have been a lot of lyrics that have moved me in some marginal way. Here I present some of the more hilarious, emotional, or dark lyrics in my Arsenal of Despair (yeah I've named my music library, so what).

"Then we got out of Dodge/ Like them Dukes of Hazard/ Music and tabs of Lucy/ Take your chance with this rapper" – Chance the Rapper, "Smoke Again"

Pretty much the perfect end to a perfect song. 'Nuff said.

"The flask is an alcoholic's paintbrush/ The flask is an alcoholic's toothbrush/ I need to go throw up now/ I wanna be the queen of all the belly rubs now" – Andrew Jackson Jihad, "Fucc the Devil" (not a misprint)

Just one of the many lyrics that AJJ sings that makes me become dangerously introspective. They are the kings of weirdness and have little gems like this peppered through out their discography. I suggest giving them a good listen to.

"Pushed my gramma down in front of a train/ I like to watch people wiggle around in pain/ Especially if it's those that I love/ Gonna send'em to the great god above" – This Bike is a Pipebomb, "Murder"

A seemingly very dark lyric, but the delivery is so fast and upbeat you barely notice. The whole song is a description of how killing all your loved ones will put them in heaven

so when you finally make your joyous ascent, you will be surrounded by the people you love. How cute is that.

"When I park my Range Rover/ Slightly scratch your Corolla/ Okay, I smashed your Corolla" – Kanye West, "Hold My Liquor"

The misunderstood rap god shows in this song that he cares about you. He's sorry he hit your Corolla and comes clean that he did some hefty damage to it. But honestly you drive a Corolla, that thing deserves to be smashed. So really, good 'ol Yeezy did you a favor. You should now thank him.

"And I know I'm not dead/ Because I just threw up/ In my own mouth/ Swallowed back/ This hangover ain't that bad" – Bomb the Music Industry, "King of Minneapolis pts. III and IV"

The guitars drop off and all that is left is the thumping of the bass drum and all that's left is Jeff Rosenstock's angelic voice delivering you one of the most true statements ever.

"Climbed out onto my roof/ So I'd be a poet in the night" – Jawbreaker, "Condition Oakland"

For the times when you are lonely Jawbreaker is always there to guide you through. "Condition Oakland" is one of my favorite songs of all time simply because of its imagery.

"They will never catch him or catch up/ They asked me what it was/ I told them fuckers it was ketchup" – Tyler, the Creator, "Tron Cat"

Speaking of imagery, this song is basically an unrated version of *Silence of the Lambs*. Admittedly, this is not my favorite line from this song, but I feel uncomfortable printing any of the others, as they are very graphic.

"I close my eyes and seize it/ I clench my fists and beat it/ I light my torch and burn it/ I am the beast I worship" – Death Grips, "Beware"

No list, not even your shopping list, is complete without a little Death Grips. As you may have noticed by now, I am a fan of the darker lyrics. "Beware" starts with a sample of a Charles Manson interview and does not let up. Talk about dark. ■

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