

the water tower.

uvm's alternative newsmag

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jon kilik:

uvm alum, foxcatcher producer, and oscar commentator.

a wt exclusive

by kerrymartin

Unsure if your school is cool? There are few better measures of a school's worth than the success of its alumni, and UVM has so many standouts that it's tough to pick favorites. But since John Dewey is dead and the Academy Awards are right around the corner, **the water tower** sat down with prolific movie producer Jon Kilik, a proud Catamount who graduated from UVM in 1978, then gave the Commencement address 25 years later.

He's produced nearly 50 movies in a career spanning nearly 40 years, including *Malcolm X*, *Dead Man Walking*, *Babel*, *The Diving Bell and the Butterfly*, and *The Hunger Games* series. His latest drama, *Foxcatcher*, is based on the true story of Mike Schultz (Channing Tatum) and his brother David (Mark Ruffalo), Olympic wrestlers who fall into a strange relationship with bizarre billionaire and wrestling enthusiast John du Pont (Steve Carrell); it's nominated for five Oscars. Jon visited Burlington in December to host the Vermont premiere of *Foxcatcher* on UVM campus.

Here is an abridged version of our interview with Jon; catch the full conversation online at thewatertower.tumblr.com.

the water tower: How was your time at UVM?

Jon Kilik: I loved going to UVM...I got there and stayed for four years, then worked another year at WCAX before mov-

ing to New York City. After high school in New Jersey, I fell in love with Vermont, the beautiful outdoors, the skiing, hockey, access to the arts, especially music and film. As an extracurricular I was head of the concert bureau, I helped choose and book the big music events on campus. I learned a little about "producing." We brought up Bob Dylan, The Grateful Dead, Bob Marley, Bruce Springsteen, all my favorites. I was in the CAS and ended up taking courses in Film Criticism and Production, two

instead of going to grad school, look for some work, even if it's the lowest level job but at a place you want to be. get in the door.

of each, which made me think there might be career options out there. I decided to pursue it, even though I barely knew what that meant and I didn't know anyone in the industry.

wt: What got you into the movie business?

JK: I've always had the attitude of "just go for it." Even if you don't know what you're doing, take that first step, take a chance, something will happen. Instead of going to grad school, I thought maybe I could find some work, even if it's the lowest level job but at a place I wanted to be.



photo provided by mr. kilik

Get in the door. I took an entry-level job at WCAX, worked on some commercials and industrial films, and got some on-the-job training. After about six months I moved down to New York City. I slept on a friend's couch for a while, and ended up getting some production assistant work through another UVM alum who was working on feature films. She hired me on Woody Allen's *Stardust Memories* as a Location Assistant.

The film industry is hard to get into, but once you've broken in and if you do a good job, they ask you back. They want to work with the same people. I moved up the production ladder in NYC from 1979-1986. It became my grad school...

I had my day job on movie sets which gave me experience and helped me pay the bills, and then by night and during down time I worked with other young artists who wanted to workshop their ideas, with the hope of becoming the next generation of filmmakers. It paid off when one of our scripts was optioned and we were able to make our own indie film called *The Beat*... It didn't do well at the box office but it got released and put me in a position to produce films for other directors. That's when I was introduced to Spike Lee and he asked me to help him make *Do The Right Thing*.

... read the rest on page 5

nepali parliament chair-throwing kerfuffle disrupts assembly

...and other petty squabbles
by jessebaum

On January 20th, the Nepali legislative session was disrupted when several elected members of the Maoist and other minority parties picked up their chairs and microphones and hurled them at the chairman of the Constitutional Assembly, Subash Nembang, as he addressed the room. It's a mark of the force of their anger as well as their expert marksmanship that three security guards were injured and several of the representatives reported "bruises".

I know many people will be thinking, *I don't want to hear about the terrible Communist revolution that overthrew an ancient monarchy in Nepal, and how the Maoist party that fought the war has now lost popular support (and their own elections), partly because they have been accused of using child soldiers.* I hear your cry. I'll make this quick, then cut to the good stuff.

In brief, the Maoists claim that those elections they lost in 2013 were rigged. International observers have denied this, including former president and ardent running-water-advocate, Jimmy Carter. However, some major Nepali voices (such as Nepali expat paper *The Nepali Times*) say the majority party (a relatively centrist party known as the Nepali Congress Party) is in the pockets of the People's Republic of China and caters to corporate interests.

The Maoists, as part of their efforts to (literally) throw their weight around to the highest extent, are now leading a general strike to protest the current regime, in which this chair-throwing no doubt plays a part.

This breed of political punch-throwing rarely affects actual policy, but it's great material for us news-nerds. In honor of the Nepalese Maoists' unabashed use of force on the legislative floor, **the water tower** brings you a historic, international tour of similar such hotheaded governance.

Do you recall...

The Defenestration of Prague? In 1618, four Catholic regents from the Holy Roman Empire pissed off some Protestant Lords, who proceeded to throw the regents from a castle window. Miraculously, it was not fatal. (But it did spark the Thirty Years War, which was pretty damn fatal.)

On the floors of Congress in 1798, the Federalist Congressman Roger Griswold of Connecticut took to Vermont's very own Representative Matthew Lyon with a walking stick.

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me:

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by zackpensak

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by lynnkeating

what a fiasco
by clarkmasterson

the best news team inbox. in the universe.



dear UVM,

Ah, another two weeks in paradise. Lately, we've been thinking a lot about what it means to be a part of student media on campus. I know we've all been thinking it, so I'll just say it... sometimes articles make it into papers even though they are less than popular, biased, misogynistic, inaccurate, pig-headed, and ill-informed, but not at **the water tower**.

Just kidding. The truth is shit happens, and sometimes what you meant is not what was read. But true media admits their mistakes and engages in conversation. It takes courage to forge through the hard-hitting facts of reality and spunky creativity to gift-wrap articles into works of wit and candor.

We pride ourselves on the extra-gritty type of integrity. We intend to be honest in our opinions, admitting both sides of the equation. Each week, we rummage through the Rolodexes of our minds, frantic for our next greatest hit. Our egos ebb and flow during the writing process; oh, the torture, the innovation, the agony! And then comes editing, where your every wondrous thought is shredded into comments and strikeouts. Media is not easy and it is not forgiving, but when done with grace and consideration, it can damn well be something of legend that all future generations of UVM may look back on in awe.

That being said, for our next appearance we'll be putting on a risqué "Naked Issue" featuring the derrières and lovely lumps of many clubs on campus and...

Forever and ever,
your mom & the water tower.

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

thewatertowernews@gmail.com

the shit list with lauragreenwood

Silent Seminars: You know when you're at a party and suddenly find yourself not involved in any of the chatter around you? Doesn't that feeling suck? It's like, someone just *do something* in my general vicinity so I can feel like I'm not just wall art in this apartment. Now, place that feeling in a classroom where no one else has anything to add to "leading the discussion." Everyone avoids eye contact, you doodle about lunch, and wonder why your professor could possibly be smiling.

Arriving Late to Duff Hour: After facing the tundra in your tromp downtown and across Church Street, your spirit delights at the fulfillment of your 3 Needs. Or, nope, scratch that because you got out of class late and flopped around on the ice too long, only to arrive after the keg is tapped. Well, there's always pizza to sob into.

Bunchy Socks: No, I don't do the "stanky leg". This is me trying to extract my pitiful sock who has decided to betray my ankle, scamper past my heel, and take refuge in the musky trove of my toes. Why me?!

Free Coffee: What's a girl got to do to beat the fucking lines these days? Thank you Winterfest for all the opportunities for free shit, but we need a new plague before I ever get to enjoy the offerings again. ■

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the news in brief with kerrymartin

"For every young illegal immigrant who becomes a valedictorian, there's another 100 out there that—they weigh 130 pounds, and they've got calves the size of cantaloupes because they're hauling 75 pounds of marijuana across the desert."

—**Representative Steve King**, Republican of Iowa and host of last week's conservative forum (2016 Republican candidates' fashion show) in Des Moines, paints his picture of immigration in America. Little did King know that he was actually describing Burlington's favorite workout routine. Ben/Jerry 2016?

"If you don't make that number of sex customers, you're going to dearly, dearly, severely pay for it. I mean with beatings, I mean with over and over rapings. With just straight torture. The worst torture they put on you is when they make you watch the other girl get tortured because of your mistake."

—**Clemmie Greenlee**, an activist and former victim of sex trafficking and underage rape, describes the pressure pimps put on prostitutes during big events like the Super Bowl. The Super Bowl is widely regarded by law enforcers as the "single largest human trafficking incident in the United States," rife with underage prostitution. Because FOOTBALL.

"Life is not a dictionary, it's a thesaurus. And I feel like a missionary, to a clitoris."

—**Lupe Fiasco**, Chicago-based rapper, using his fifth studio album *Tetsuo & Youth* to celebrate life's colorful plurality while lamenting the powerlessness of his words. Take it how you will.

"It's no wonder the candidates show up when the Koch brothers call. That's exponentially more money than any party organization will spend. In many ways, they have superseded the party."

—**David Axelrod**, a former senior Obama advisor, comments on the staggering \$889 million that the conservative, ultra-wealthy Koch brothers plan to spend on the 2016 election, and the donor retreat they recently hosted, where billionaires line up to slip cash wads into Ted Cruz's thong. Hillary will need some serious dough to compete with corporate-backed Republicans...or she'll need to revive the whistle stop train tour as an effective campaign strategy.

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

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join the wt.

New writers and artists
are always welcome
Weekly meetings
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Or send us an email

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

a bombing, an investigation, and a murder in *argentina*

by zackpensak

On January 18th, a murder was committed in Buenos Aires, Argentina. The victim, Alberto Nisman, was an Argentine federal prosecutor, chief investigator of the 1994 bombing of AIMA, a Jewish cultural center, in Buenos Aires. Eighty-five people were killed in that shocking terrorist attack; the investigation was scuttled, and the case was never closed.

Nisman's death has provoked outrage, protests, and fear throughout this South American country of 40 million, on a scale it hasn't seen in decades.

Argentina has long been a destination for immigrant groups that don't necessarily get along: Jews, Arabs, and Nazis. Consequently, its track-record of anti-Semitism is pretty bad, which might lead people to believe that an Argentine extremist group planned the 1994 attack. However, the messy evidence has always pointed to foreign mingling and domestic complacency.

Why Iran would target an Argentine synagogue is unclear; what's clear is that at the time of the attack, \$10 million exited Iran and entered the Swiss bank accounts of then-Argentine-President Carlos Menem (famous for corruption and a fake tan). Menem never prompted a formal investigation.

In 2006, Alberto Nisman publically accused the leaders of Iran of orchestrating the bombing, employing militant group Hezbollah to carry out the attack. Fast-forward seven years; in July 2013 Nisman was invited by the US House Committee on Homeland Security to come to the United States and testify against Iran. Current Ar-

gentine President Cristina Fernandez de Kirchner denied him permission to travel to the US, and the hearing took place without him.

At the beginning of this month, Nisman filed a 300-page criminal complaint against Kirchner and her government that claimed strong ties between the Argentine and Iranian government. Ten years of research done by Nisman accused Kirchner, not Menem, of continuing to conceal evi-

*"the night before he was set to testify, alberto nisman was found **dead** in his apartment with a bullet in his head."*

dence and making backdoor deals with the Iranians. In exchange for the Argentinian help, Iran would send countless barrels of cheap oil to Argentina and purchase large quantities of Argentine grain at an inflated price. Nisman also claimed that Kirchner's government agreed to help get the five bombing suspects' names off of Interpol's Red Notice list, what is basically an international arrest warrant. Nisman had wiretaps of multiple phone calls between Argentine officials close to Kirchner and high-level Iranian diplomats, which confirmed this evidence.

The night before he was set to testify before a closed-door congressional hearing in his nation's capital, Alberto Nisman was found dead in his apartment bathroom

with a .22-caliber bullet in his head.

Although Argentine officials have been quick to distance themselves from any part in the mysterious death, most of the country scoffs at the government explanation that Nisman had committed suicide. Riker Pasterkiewicz, a UVM student currently conducting research in Argentina, told **the water tower** that such skepticism has spread even to casual conversation. "Almost all Argentines I speak with point to Antonio Stiusso, the former head of the Intelligence Secretariat, Argentina's equivalent to the FBI, entering Nisman's home before anyone else as a sure sign that there was foul play. Even if results of an investigation prove otherwise, they are more than disinclined to believe it."

Argentines have reason to distrust their government. There has been a deep and dark history of corruption and murder involving Argentina's government, which can be traced back to the 1978-83 Dirty War, Latin America's most repressive military dictatorship that tortured and saw over 30,000 dissenters "disappeared". Unfortunately for Alberto Nisman, old habits die hard in Argentina. ■

SQUABBLES

— continued from page 1

In 1856, also in Congress (violent place), South Carolina Rep. Preston Brooks took to Massachusetts Rep. Charles Sumner with a metal-tipped cane. Sumner's alleged offense was a speech decrying slavery, and he was beaten to a bloody pulp on the legislative floor. In years hence, Congressmen brought canes and pistols to work as a protective measure.

In Taiwan in 2007, a delay in the annual Taiwanese budget led to a fight where representatives threw water and punches alike. It is worth noting that physical confrontations are not wholly unusual in Taiwanese governance. It is also worth noting that, conversely, our own government never gets around to passing a goddamn budget bill, when foreign lawmakers will smack each other up for the stuff.

In Ukraine in 2010, a full-out brawl erupted in the Ukrainian Parliament over whether to trade the use of a Black Sea naval base to the Russians in exchange for cheaper oil (what else?). Oddly, smoke bombs and eggs were used in the fray, which begs the question, what were they prepared for in the first place?

On February 11, 2006, Dick Cheney shot someone in the face. It may not have happened during a legislative assembly, but don't ever forget that it happened. ■

a series of unfortunate events, by *yemeni snicket*

by staceybrandt

On January 22, the entire government of Yemen resigned—oh yes, resigned. As in stepped-down, said *sayonara*, took an eternal lunch break. As the White House paced around nervously and the Pentagon collectively shit its pants, US officials watched as the Iranian-backed terrorist militia, the Houthis, solidified their control of Sanaa, the capital of Yemen.

In the midst of the months-long siege, Yemeni President Abdu Rabbu Mansour Hadi was rendered powerless by the Houthi insurgency, essentially obeying their commands of "sit...stay...", while Houthi gunmen held his Chief-of-Staff hostage in the presidential palace. Meanwhile, Prime Minister Khaled Bahah announced via the safety of a Facebook post that he and his cabinet members were hitting the high road.

Counterterrorism experts cannot calculate the repercussions of the sudden collapse, but say one thing is for sure: we should brace for a shit storm.

But Yemen is the poorest country in the Arab World! you shout. *It could not possibly have any power!* Precisely. Yemen was already a failing state; now it's a dangerous power vacuum.

The next big question is who will take the power. The Houthis in the north? Al Qaeda in the south? The former dictator and his son? (We should probably set up a bracket for our Fantasy Terrorist League.) Though the outcome is impossible to see, the historical and cultural complexity of Yemen is crucial to understanding the current situation.

First off, a little background. The breakdown of the current Yemeni government is not actually all that sudden. Former President Hadi's authority had been disintegrating ever since his election in 2012, when he replaced ex-president Ali Abdullah Saleh. Saleh was ousted by the Arab Spring Revolution in 2011, but has been working behind the scenes as a puppet master ever since and is also thought to be quite chummy with the Houthis.

Second, during his short-lived presidency, Hadi and his Sunni government failed to officiate the lingering yet fundamental conflict between the (Houthi) Shi'ites of northern Yemen and the Sunnis of the South. The unwill-

"yemen was already a failing state; now it's a dangerous power vacuum."

ing unification of north and south back in 1990 led to a bloody civil war in 1994, which didn't exactly blow off all their steam. In fact, the southern Sunnis have only gotten more radical, forming most of Al Qaeda of the Arabian Peninsula, or AQAP.

So why does the US care about this conflict? Well, to start, the former Yemeni government had been a willing ally in that never-ending saga entitled The War on Terror, directed by our very own executive branch. Former Presi-

dent Hadi allowed US drones to fly as they pleased and the US military to play a never-ending game of hide-and-peek with Al Qaeda. Now that the US can no longer rely (read: step) on the Yemeni government, it is unclear whether American troops will continue to have VIP access to the region.

Surprisingly, it is possible that the Houthis—a terrorist insurgency with ties to Iran—will remain tolerant to US interests in Yemen. Despite relatively clear anti-American mantras ("Death to America!" being an obvious one), the US and the Houthis do share a common enemy in AQAP. Many international terrorists, including the recent Charlie Hebdo shooters, have done their two-a-days in southern Yemen. The failure of the central Yemeni government opens fertile ground for terrorist training.

The extent to which AQAP's attempts will be successful can only be answered by waiting. However, patience and passivity in the Arab World has never been America's strong suit.

The complexity of the conflict in Yemen cannot be understated. However, when one adds up all the parts, the region may be reaching its CCC (Clusterfuck Carrying Capacity). It's true that the Houthis are a threat, but there are stronger forces that they are playing against. If the US plans to carry on its noble, counterterrorist escapades, then it should stop looking at the mess of the game itself and start looking at who's behind it. ■



cullen hairston

around town.



beer and clothing in las burlington:

by georgeloftus(!)

There's an unnamed challenge (at a bar I also won't name) that lives between the whispers of college students and locals around Burlington. Starting at one end of the tap, you drink every beer in order until you get to the end, for a grand total of 20 beers.

My friend got kicked out at beer 16. I drank my cider too quickly, threw up nineteen of the twenty in the bathroom and excused myself from the competition, despite being the closest since 1994 to complete it.

Meanwhile, two weeks ago in Boston, I cut myself off after 4 PBRs because I felt like I was getting the spins.

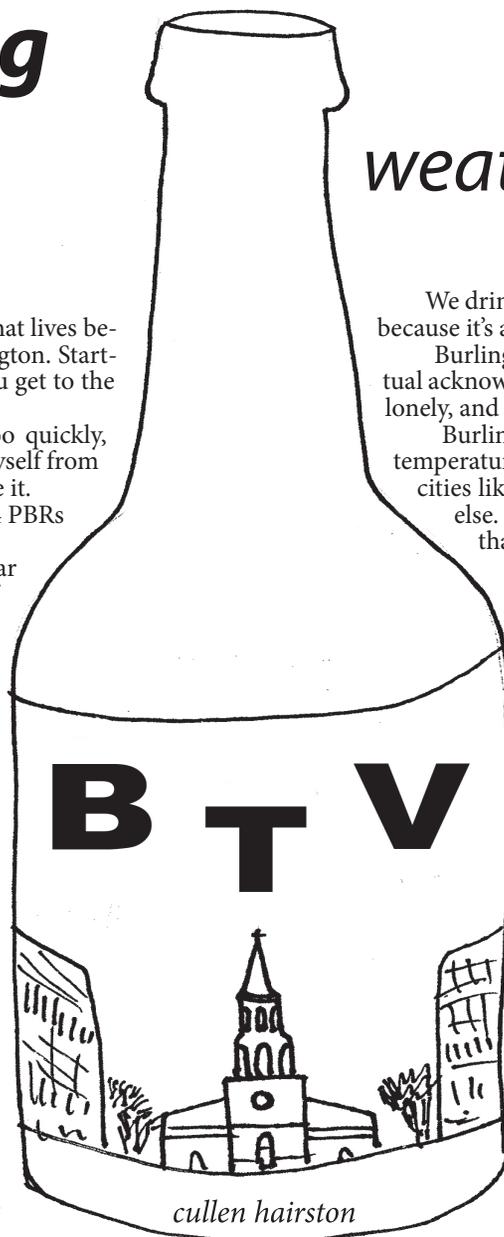
I don't know what it is, but something about Burlington's bar scene makes me want to drink more than anywhere this side of Dublin. Burlington may be a small town, but it's a special one that caters to excessive drinking exceptionally well. I don't really drink any more (no, seriously) unless I'm back here visiting friends, and I think the fault lies more with Burlington than specifically with its bars.

Burlington is really the Northeast's last bastion before the unbridled wilderness of Canada, where wolves reign supreme, bears run the Parliament, and trolls battle for supremacy on Route 133. Here's us, on the raggedy edge of civilization, doing our best to keep our sanity as we stare north at a white tundra of savagery and magic. We drink because of the horrors that are constantly at our door.

We drink because the sun goes down at 3:30, and particles of sunlight are trapped in glass bottles and amber ale that reminds us there's warmth in the world, and you can find it in multiples of six.

We drink because the air is so cold it burns, nature's own whips beating us back indoors when we think about going to the gym or studying on a Saturday at the library.

We drink because of the kindness of the kindred, because of the warmth derived from the sum of a crowd in a low-ceilinged room drinking liquid fire, eating food that's proof of sunlight and science not here, but somewhere near enough to here to be comforting.



weathering the winter

We drink because we celebrate. We drink because we're defeated. We drink because it's an unspoken simile, a poem we know but don't have to recite.

Burlington fosters a camaraderie that's unfounded in other places, a mutual acknowledgement of the hardships we endure. It's a treatise of the cold, the lonely, and the damned.

Burlington, with its limited venues, minimal daylight, and minimal-er temperatures, forces you to be social when you don't want to be. In bigger cities like my current home of Boston, it's easy to leave and go somewhere else. They're big enough to make excuses not to go, or not to stay, but that doesn't happen here.

Motivation can run thin as the ice on Champlain in mid-April, but it's there. We endure because we can. We don't want to leave our marginally heated apartments but we don't want to drink in the shower again. We lace our boots, zip our coats, and wander into the heart of the storm in search of someone that understands, empathizes, and reciprocates.

These are traits that are uniquely Burlington. I've had beers in London, Paris, Santiago, Los Angeles, New York, Boston, and dozens of smaller places in between them all and no place allows commiseration the same way this jewel in the Champlain Valley does. No city possesses quite as great a combination of variety and convenience that Burlington has. We blister and chap in the wind but we do it together for our favorite hole in the wall. We miss the drunk-bus and hike up a frozen 49-degree angle. Together. We don't think it's too far even when it is, we don't falter and buckle with our thermometers, we rise. We walk. We endure. We drink.

The wind chill doesn't break us like it's meant to; it galvanizes us, sparks our stubborn natures and urges us out the door for a drink we want as much as we need. I always drink more when I'm in Burlington. I find the strength in my boots, lined in my ripped jacket and tattered gloves. I taste the strength in a beer made walking distance from where it fills our glasses and tumblers. As much as I love to disparage this weird, little town that thinks it's a city, I could never admonish the bond we forge in

the coldest nights of winter, side by side. ■

butch & babe's: new americans bring fresh flavors to old classics

by kerrymartin

"This place is so Vermont," my friend said, halfway through her kale salad at Butch & Babe's.

"I mean, it's kinda got the suave hipster thing goin' on that could almost make it a New York restaurant," I said, already having scarfed down my I-can't-believe-it's-not-carbonara, and gesturing to the restaurant's earthy yet hip industrial design. "But in NYC, the cool idea is just that you're in the damn restaurant. This place is actually a cool idea, in and of itself."

Glancing at the restaurant's name, story, and parts of its menu, Butch & Babe's may seem like little more than a mid-scale American bistro. Butch and Babe were the founder, Kortnee's, grandparents. In Chicago's south side, they owned a banquet and catering business whose "Midwestern comfort foods" Kortnee attempts to honor and emulate.

However, either from living in Vermont or just from living, Kortnee has learned that the world changes, and everything changes with it: people, traditions, recipes. By updating Midwestern comfort foods to cosmopolitan 2015 Burlington, Kortnee has kept memory of Butch and Babe relevant to the new age.

A large chunk of the Butch & Babe's staff, the

team that took the restaurant off the ground when it opened just a couple months ago, are immigrants or refugees. And the relationship goes both ways: the restaurant has helped these refugees get off the ground as well.

While maintaining an American identity, the restaurant seeks to represent Burlington's vibrant, heterogeneous population of new Americans. Burlington hosts immigrants and refugees from Thailand, Myanmar,

"kortnee has learned that the world changes, and everything changes with it: people, traditions, recipes."

Bhutan, the Congo, Burundi, and Somalia. Narin, a Vermonter born in Thailand, helped form the menu with Kortnee and continues to incorporate the community's unique cuisines; even those groups not currently part of the Butch & Babe's staff will still find a familiar dish on the menu.

Inspired by this multicultural community, Kortnee's restaurant makes a (delicious) statement that the modern American restaurant—and the modern American—should be open-minded.

The menu shifts around with the chefs' creativity, but expect a good treat there any day. Grab a modified American classic, like the burger on Focaccia bread or the mac n' cheese pancakes. Begin tasting the menu's immigrant influence with the Thai-style pork noodle soup. Finally, enter the international with the Jintana chicken, the kimchee pork patties, a side of African greens, and kac kac, a Somali desert. Adventurousness is rewarded here.

This infusing of old ideas and recipes with cosmopolitan cultural exchanges is what gives Butch & Babe's its janky-swanky feel. Hats off to Kortnee; what better way to honor your grandparents than to develop their dreams and recipes to the modern day? And what better inspiration for a new restaurant than from a community starting a new life? ■



internship searching

or how to get a job
and succeed in life,

or how to *not* get paid
but **impress** your peers

by mikaelawaters

Well folks, it's second semester and it's time to get your minds off the mountain (only briefly, no one panic) and onto sunnier things: summer internships. Unbelievably and regrettably, internship huntin' time is only four snowy months away. However, in order to successfully hunt and bag ye ol' internship, one must first know where to look.

www.internships.com

A recent acquisition of everyone's favorite textbook rental company, Chegg, internships.com is an incredibly user-friendly site with some amazing listings. The site allows you to upload your résumé directly, create a profile, and then submit applications through internships.com with no outside emailing or fuss necessary. Very easy to use and very worth the time spent making a profile.

www.idealists.org

For all y'all with grand ambitions of helping others, saving the world, being a good person etc... this bad-boy is the site for you. With the mission statement of, "closing the gap between intention and action by connecting people, organizations, ideas, and resources," idealists.org connects you to jobs, internships, and volunteer opportunities that are all mission/service oriented—domestic and international. While you have the option to create an account, no profile is needed, simple clicks and searches are all it takes to find the third world nearest you.

www.internmatch.com

Similar to internships.com, this site requires the user to make a profile, suggesting internship positions accordingly. internmatch.com also lists jobs as well as internships available in your area and field, and allows the user to apply directly through the site. Perhaps due to the flashy graphics of internships.com, I find that site more worth the time and effort of inputting your resume and crafting a profile. However, the listings differ on each site so for the full hunting experience, I recommend using taking the time to make a profile on this application as well.

www.indeed.com & www.simplyhired.com

Listed on the Catamount job link, both of these sites are incredibly useful in connecting users to positions, but just aren't that snazzy or easy to use. Devoid of colorful graphics or easy-to-read listings, the wealth of opportunities on these sites is overpowered by their lack-luster site designs. However, if you have a lot of time and patience, definitely check them out. No profile needed and worth a quick skim.

So, little Catamounts, if you find time to take off your skis or put down the bong, the summer is closer than you think and internships are an amazing opportunity to file papers and be yelled at by a boss who doesn't know your name. Peruse these sites, beef up your résumé, update that LinkedIn, and remember that it's always better to apply and get rejected than to end up working at Taco Bell because you have zero skills or job experience. Happy hunting! ■

KILIK -continued from pg 1

wt: Did you have a previous interest in wrestling before *Foxcatcher*?

JK: I have a really deep, deep interest in sports; it's been a part of my life, my whole life...the training and discipline I saw wrestlers go through wasn't so different from the discipline I went through for track or cross-country. To me it's the sports psychology that's interesting, but also as a metaphor for so many things. In *Foxcatcher*, this guy had to put in his 10,000 hours of hard work—blood and sweat and tears and guts to be a world champion and represent his country, but after he did that, he came home and didn't find any opportunities, he had to struggle to get an assistant coaching job. I found that very tragic. And when you put him together with a very wealthy person, who is struggling in his own way with isolation, you start to feel that something shocking is going to happen. These two guys from opposite extremes meet, it's fascinating but uncomfortable to watch. It's a really bizarre and interesting story and seemed to speak to bigger issues going on in the country right now, issues of class, of the 1% and the 99%, an American Dream broken, power and greed and corruption...

wt: Steve Carrell gave an incredible dramatic performance in *Foxcatcher*. What do you think this will do for his career?

JK: It just shows that he's got incredible range, dramatic range; after this you have to wonder what he can't do.

wt: The same question of Mark Ruffalo?

JK: Oh yeah, he always brings a humanity to everything he does, that is just powerful, human, strong, sensitive, deep.

wt: And Channing Tatum?

JK: He's been doing a lot of work, and his performance in *Foxcatcher* gets a little taken for granted. He's the guy that carries you through from the first frame to the last, and he does it without a lot of words; it's his presence and his feel, he gets it right, especially if you know the real Mike Schultz.

wt: What movies or projects are in your near future?

JK: We're getting ready to start shooting something in Louisiana, it's a Civil War story based on a real person named Newt Knight. Matthew McConaughey plays the lead, we'll shoot that in March.

wt: How do you compare the Oscars to the other awards; the Emmys, SAGs, etc.? Or to the festivals, like Sundance, Cannes, etc.? Is there a particular one you trust or enjoy more?

JK: That's an interesting question. You just have to trust the work itself, because that's what lasts. As great an honor as it is to get recognition at film festivals and awards...that stuff is forgotten pretty much five minutes after. It's really not as important as whether or not the movie can hold up over time...

wt: Which awards do you think *Foxcatcher* is most likely to win?

JK: I don't know that it's likely to win any, because it's not very flashy. I think it's the hardest, toughest, most demanding of the nominated films...On the one hand I don't think it's going to win anything; on the other hand I think it's the best movie of the year, and I'm a very tough critic about my own work. ■

dance moms happy hour

by mollyo'shea

With the return of its new season, Dance Moms is back and more dramatic than ever. Here is a game to celebrate another season of extremely talented children getting screamed at for our entertainment. If you can't keep up, just remember Abby Lee's prophetic words: "everyone's replaceable!"

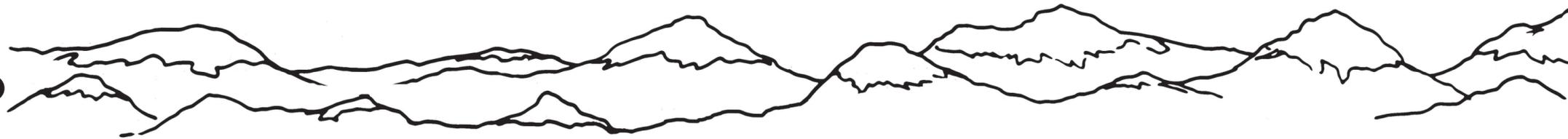
Take a drink when...

- Abby makes a child cry.
- Abby insults a kid to their face.
- Abby invites a guest onto the team.
- Abby talks about wanting the kids "to be more like Maddie".
- Any mom complains about her kid getting compared to Maddie.
- A mom talks shit about another mother.
- A mom is upset about her kids place on "the pyramid".
- The moms go out drinking.
- The moms get in a fight.
- * BONUS DRINK* if the moms and Abby get in a fight.
- A mom swears in front of the kids.

Finish your drink when...

A mom cries during their kid's solo.
The Candy Apples show up to a competition.
Any dancer says they don't want to do it anymore.
You wonder why these moms don't have jobs, or even other things to do.

Drink responsibly. ■



lum·ber·sex·u·al: the definition of sexy

by lynnkeating

Ten years ago, young women obsessed over the smooth, baby face of Aaron Carter. Almost everyone hung a poster of the "I Want Candy" kid with his stubble-less chin, chain necklace, and frosted, porcupine hairdo on their ceilings. The dream of this poster coming to life and Aaron himself serenading a sweet lullaby was enough to make girls swoon in their sleep. Worshipping his sparkly eyes and perfectly-groomed hair, his boyish ripeness was irresistible.

However, as the years progress, tastes mature and develop as well; we have found ourselves less attracted to 16-year-old superstars, and more allured by husky, hunky, smoldering... lumberjacks?

"Lumbersexual" is defined by the Urban Dictionary as, "a metrosexual who has the need to hold on to some outdoor-based rugged-ness, thus opting to keep a finely trimmed beard." Sightings of these icons have been popping up in thousands in high-fashion magazines and webpages where men with grizzled beards and chiseled bods have been deemed "lumbersexuals".

While derived from the word "lumberjacks", these men do not necessarily have to be an actual lumberjack to be a lumbersexual. In fact, lumbersexuals are a mocking hybrid of an intellectual hipster and an inexperienced outdoorsman. It is actually preferred that they do not cut down trees, because this would ruin

their ecological footprint, and who could date a guy who doesn't love the environment? On the contrary: if he eats, breathes, sleeps among the outdoors, while sporting a thick beard, consider him to be a hot new number.

Flannels, particularly of the plaid variety, are a key part of the uniform, which these lumbersexuals must be wearing at all times. Initially, the purpose of the flannel was to keep actual lumberjacks warm in the winter months while they prepare the lumber. The lumbersexuals

"a metrosexual who has the need to hold on to some outdoor based rugged-ness, thus opting to keep a finely trimmed beard."

who adopted this style radiate their own heat through innate sex appeal, making them easy on the eyes.

Crucially, the beard is the foremost important asset of a lumbersexual. He must go all out, or nothing. No mustaches, no chinstraps, no mutton chops. We are talking thick, full-fledged, could-be-birds-living-in-it beards. Unlike lumberjacks, who consider beard-growing and a beard's unruly nature an innate part of manhood, lumbersexuals believe growing a rich beard to be a privilege and they revel in this ability.

A real lumberjack doesn't care about the fine lines like a real lumbersexual does. Conditioning their beards with organic oils and scented creams, lumbersexuals are urban woodsmen with corporate jobs—of course they need beard care to support their pricey lifestyles!

"Bearbrand" is a company that claims to be "a movement for urban beardsmen and the bearded lifestyle. Simply put, we change lives." Their beard oil is an expensive mixture of essential oils, combining with natural fragrances for the beard to have practically a life of its own. Smells advertised as, "Lumber Yard", "Four Vices", and even "Urban Garden" seem to provide more than just beard care—a man can change his whole aesthetic.

To cut it short, the times have changed. People are no longer seeking the pop star elevated on an illuminated stage; we now have the courage and the sexual drive to go on long, dangerous conquests into the dense woodlands searching for lumberjack dreamboats. Though, to find these bearded babesicles in Vermont, we will most likely settle for a short meander to the local, fair-trade coffee shop. There, the beards run wild and our natural instincts will lead us straight to the perfect mate. ■



eating vegan on a meal plan if all else fails... "just eat grass"

by cullenhairston

Did you make a New Year's resolution to eat healthier? Maybe you want to minimize your carbon footprint and environmental impact? Eating vegan is one of the best ways out there to do both. So, with the help of my veteran-vegan friends, I've put together a little guide of tips and tricks on how to eat vegan at dining halls, on points, and even on the go.

To be sure you're eating enough of the right food, it's important to remember to diversify what you eat. Get plenty of grains, protein, fruits and vegetables, and don't forget to treat yourself every once in a while.

If you're still on the unlimited meal plan, the dining halls have decent options. Most nights last semester I'd look forward to that crockpot of brown rice at Simpson. Top that with the veggie chili there and you've got yourself a nice meal. The Grundle and Cook don't have as many options at Simpson, but the salad bars at all three are definitely worth the trip, and no, ranch dressing isn't vegan. Neither is Caesar. But if raw salads aren't your thing, the entrée sections often have lots of cooked vegetables (and meat, which you can skip on).

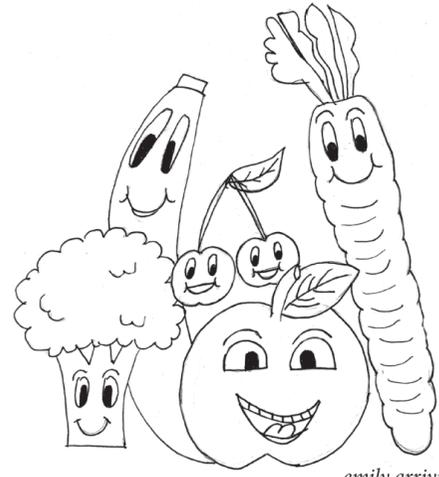
Switching to points is a good decision in my opinion, and there are some great options at the retail locations. Recently, I've been getting Marché salads and splurging on those heavenly, massive vegan cookies. If I ever run out of points this semester, you can blame those delectable circles of sugar. The sandwiches and wraps available at the Marché are also good ways to eat vegan without spending a lot of money. The applesauce that comes with it isn't half-bad either, and an easy way to

get some fruit into your diet.

My go-to vegan option is definitely the tempeh burger at Brennan's with the mango salsa. Pair that with a salad or fries (based on how your day went) and you have yourself a meal of champions. Don't eat it every night however; the body can only take so much fermented soy. Brennan's is definitely by far the best place to eat vegan and get a decent amount of food.

If all else fails and you're stuck with what seems like no options, know there's always something. Just eat grass! Sure, it's damp, dead, and under a few inches of dirty slush and cigarette butts, but just think of the health benefits from a nice helping of brown grass. By now you should've learned in Vegan Academy that by declaring yourself a vegan, you gain the stomach and digestive system of a free-range cow. Grass is local, organic, kosher, gluten-free, nut-free, and most importantly, won't rack up a meal plan bill.

Whether it's spinach with light dressing, delicious vegan chocolate chip cookies, or clumps of dead, wet grass, know that you're not only on a healthier diet, but also making the world a greener place. And slowly but surely, you will gain your vegan powers and channel the energy of all the vegans who've gone before you. ■



do you like to **write?**
draw?
talk about the **crazy shit**
that happens to you?

the water tower



wants you!

we meet on
tuesdays @ 7:30pm
in the **williams family room**
davis center, 4th floor
bring your shit...
we want to read about it.

review of a young doctor's notebook netflix's new syphilitic saga

by jessebaum

Have you ever thought, *I love Daniel Radcliffe, but I wish I could see him in a more opiate-laced role!* Well, fear not.

Starring Daniel Radcliffe (The Boy Who Resists Type-Casting) and John Hamm (*Mad Men*), *A Young Doctor's Notebook* is a new(ish) series that focuses on a bright young doctor (Radcliffe) sent to work in 1917 Siberia. Filled with syphilitic peasants, grisly amputations and stern-faced Slavic nurses, the show veers into the darkly comedic quickly after the opening scenes.

Though the doctor begins ideologically determined to "save" the peasants that stream into the tiny hospital, he soon becomes depressed and pines for Moscow, or at the very least, a current newspaper. It's easy to see why: sometimes, we might use Siberia in a hyperbolic sense, as in: my German class is in Waterman? It might as well be Siberia! It turns out, the real Siberia is exponentially more isolated, and lonelier than the sub-basement where the Underground Copy currently resides.

In a creative twist, the doctor is followed around by his future self (John Hamm), who steals every scene that he appears in, as he sneers and filches pharmaceuticals.

In any case, if you are going to tell me that you don't want to see Don Draper and Harry Potter tango and bathe together, then I don't know what to say to you.

"if you don't want to see don draper and harry potter tango and bathe together, then i don't know what to say to you."

Besides the fact that the first season (there are two) is conveniently on Netflix, the show is also great to watch when the sun has already set at 6 o' clock and it is negative ten degrees outside. Sure, sometimes it's great to watch *Weeds* or *Californication* and drool at the sun-soaked stars fucking under palm trees. I hear ya. But for the days when your toes ache from the cold and you want to watch some good old-fashioned Russian misery, you now know where to turn. ■

meat! a carnivore's guide to campus eating

by leonardbartenstein

There has been a trend, it seems, to eat things that are not really food. By this, I mean things that our food eats. By this, I mean vegetables. This is reprehensible and disgusting.

To begin with, the only real food is the kind that you have to kill to get. Otherwise, there is no real hunt, and no real struggle for survival. Anyone can pick up a plant. They do not fight. And what separates us from the animals that we eat? Or ability to eat them. Think about it: would you rather be the fearsome lion, devouring its prey on the savannah, or the tiny kangaroo rat, which nibbles on seeds or something stupid like that? I think you know the answer.

I am not one to eat anything that is green, because that is not a natural color for food to be. Food is a healthy red or brown or reddish-brown, depending on how you like it cooked. Whoever said that food should be another color is some sort of tripped-out hippie who doesn't know what they're talking about, because they're so high on those vegetables they've been smoking.

Listen, there are plenty ways to avoid eating any vegetables when living on campus here at UVM. For example, when you're at a dining hall, walk directly past the salad bar and make your way to wherever you see a grill of any sort. Feel free to knock over the bar on your way, actually. You might be able to trap some hippies underneath it. They wouldn't be able to lift it off of them with their weak, grass-fed arms, and it'd be hilarious.

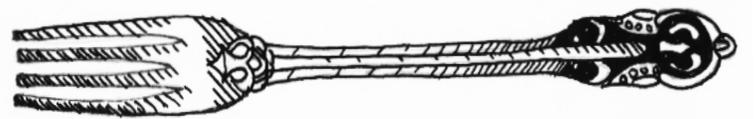
Ask for meat. I'd recommend something red, if possible, because we all know that poultry is fake meat for the weak, who can't handle the full birth of real meat. If you're going for meat, dilly-dally not with the halfway cutlets. Then, remove any sort of bun or bread or vegetables that might sully the thing. Throw them directly in the trash. Or the recycling. Not the compost, though. That is a place for the weak non-carnivores to hide their meek dreams that I don't really care about hearing.

If you really care about the carnivorous lifestyle, which, to be honest, should just be known as the correct lifestyle, perhaps you'd be ready to take the next step. Don't wait for someone else to kill and clean the animal for you. Just go out and eat that thing on your own. Whatever type of beast you might plan on eating—and may I add, the bigger, the better—just eat it. Don't bother killing it, though that might be fun. I promise you, meat tastes best when it is fresh. As fresh as possible. Just eat



it. Put it in your mouth. Chew. Eat the damn live animal and enjoy it, you person who is living your life in the best way you can. ■

fork it over.



how to make kickass mac: “out of the box”

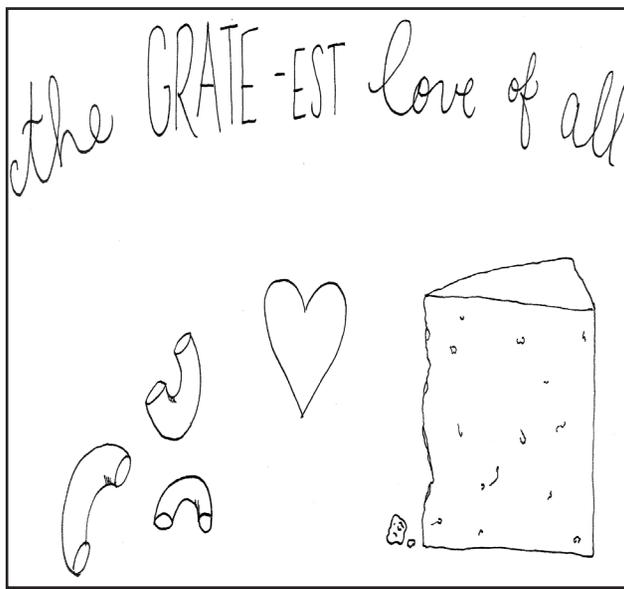
by katjaritchie

1. Cook some pasta. If you require further instruction here, you are beyond my help. Godspeed.
2. Grate the cheese beforehand so you can dump it in as you go: start with 1/4 - 1/3 of the Cabot cheddar-size blocks. My favorite is the Seriously Sharp or the Alpine Cheddar from their fancy collection.
3. Melt a good-size chunk of butter in a small saucepan (like 2 tablespoons). Keep the heat on low: butter burns!
4. When the butter is melted, add a heaping spoonful of flour: one to two tablespoons. Mix the butter and flour together to form a thick paste. Texture can vary slightly here; if you get a fairly solid lump or something closer to natural peanut butter consistency, that's fine. My apologies to the health nuts: you must use white flour. Anything else will be grainy and horrible; I have tried and shed tears about it.

Everyone knows how to make a box of Kraft or Annie's, and at this particular phase in our young lives, it's likely to become a diet staple. If your waistbands and your arteries begin to protest in the face of such mass amounts of starch and dairy, you can jazz it up to a certain extent by adding vegetables or protein, but you're still eating processed box noodles and mysterious cheese-powder. Not that there's anything wrong with that. Except that it can be made super easily from scratch.

DIY mac is questionable at best as to its health benefits, but it's creamier, tastier, and just plain better. It also relies on a basic white sauce base (called roux—we're gettin' fancy), which, if you're going to venture into any further cooking endeavors, will undoubtedly be of use. My grandma taught me how to make this shit when I was 10. I was fully capable of it in the 4th grade, and I never looked back, so I have the utmost faith in you all.

That's a total lie; I still crave Annie's nearly constantly, but this is still dope. All measurements are approximations, but this will make enough pasta and cheese sauce to feed one glutton or two humans possessing self-restraint in the face of sharp cheddar.



katja ritchie

5. Add some milk: sorry vegans, anything dairy-free will yield disastrous results. Again, I have tried. Start with like...1/2 cup. Use a whisk to break up the flour-butter paste and get that shit blended.

6. Keep stirring; it'll take a good few minutes to thicken. If you're impatient like me, crank the heat up to medium-high to speed the process along then put it immediately back to low at the first sign of thickening. You've made a roux!

7. CHEESE TIME. Throw that shit in there and stir it up until it's all melted. You should be using one or two big ol' handfuls of cheese.

8. Once it's all blended and beautiful, season to your liking! No matter what, I tend to use a little bit of salt (really, not much at all) and some black pepper. Use a blend of cheddar and parmesan, and add oregano, basil & garlic to get a bomb alfredo. For classic mac, season lightly and consider using scary orange cheddar. I don't recommend mozzarella, it gets sticky and stretchy and doesn't blend well.

9. Pasta. Cheese sauce. Love connection. ■

caffeine rules

everything around me: **cream**

by katelypine

It was a dark and snowy night when my roommate and I ventured out in her car in search of a good burrito. We ended up going to Moe's and eating mediocre “Mexican” cuisine, a decision we later came to regret; however, next door was our saving grace: Starbucks.

I'm a Dunkin's girl, through and through. I've never been a fan of coffee though, so my love is pretty much limited to their donuts and hot chocolate. Walking into Starbucks at 9 o'clock at night, I felt a twinge of betrayal, but that could have been a hunger pain because my junior burrito was not at all filling.

Much to my chagrin, there was no food left in the display other than this sad looking croissant. This left me with drink options only. I silently contemplated my choices (or lack thereof). Do I get coffee or hot chocolate? I had sworn to loathe coffee after a couple of taste tests in the previous years. Hot cocoa and I go way back and it's always been an option, but I was feeling adventurous. I was feeling out-of-the-box. And so, after nearly twenty years of breathing, I ordered my first caffeinated beverage: a tall caffè mocha.

Upon first taste, I wasn't a big fan. It was too bitter on my tongue for me to enjoy. I decided to wait a little bit, let it cool down and let my mouth feel normal again. On the second sip, I felt a little bit better; however, on the third sip, I found

“after nearly twenty years of breathing, I ordered my first caffeinated beverage.”

my new love. The mocha was smooth going down, and there wasn't so much whipped cream that it took away from the flavor.

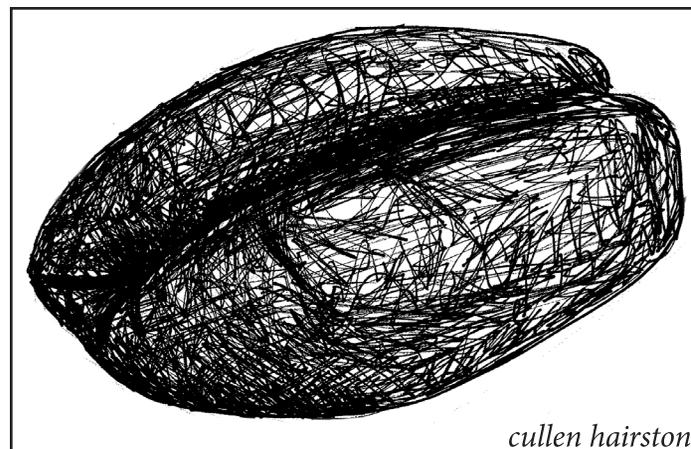
There was only one shot of espresso in my drink, so it wasn't like my energy skyrocketed, though I did go through a period in which I felt like I was bouncing off the walls (it was in

this time that I convinced my roommate to take someone's unlocked bike, and ride it around, only to get discovered by the bikes owner a mere fifteen seconds later). I can only imagine what I would be like on a couple more mochas.

Miraculously, I was able to fall asleep pretty normally for a week-

end, but I did notice my lack of energy in the morning. One of the first things I did when I got to the library the next day was order a mocha, though I did not enjoy this one like I had the one from Starbucks.

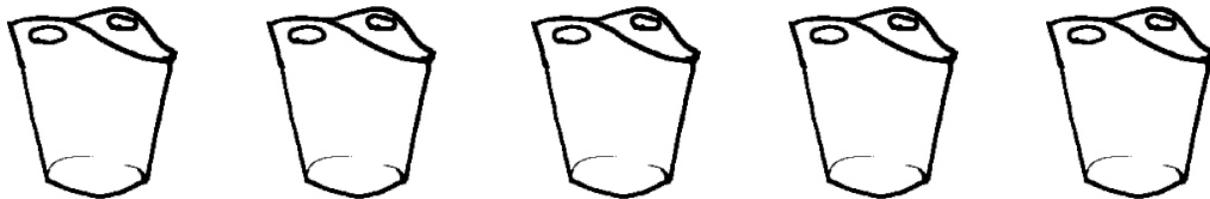
I think taking the plunge and ordering a mocha from Starbucks was a step in the right direction for me. While I definitely couldn't go and order a black, regular



cullen hairston

coffee like my father does, I can now appreciate the energizing qualities and bitter taste like the average college student does. There is no coffee aficionado within me (yet), but I can now see the key to a late night study session in the future. I finally won't feel awkward going on coffee dates and not getting something with a degree of coffee in it. It may be a baby step, but it's a step, and that's all that matters to me, and my local Starbucks. ■

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

Scruffy, nerdy, goober guy,
Your passion for life has caught my eye,
Smart, quirky, and all kinds of cool,
Your nonchalant personality makes me drool,
Glasses, word porn, and substance to boot,
Slug life, vantage points, and good guy-ness do suit
Let's talk about stuff that is mad deep,
End it in a cuddle season in which we sleep.

When: Last week
Where: SGA comps.
I saw: A subtle stud
I am: A public prince

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

you booze, the you looze ear

booze makes you lose stuff
whether you **lost something** you truly loved,
or **woke up with someone else's** by mistake,
the wf wants to hear about it
uvm.edu/~watertwr/ybyl.php

Groggily studying for finals at the end of last semester, I decided to go to the men's room for a quick job in the stall.

I figured despite my standard engineer's diet of Wings Over and Sodexo, my little pink starfish (that's my asshole) would still be able to survive the chaotic firestorm careening towards it at frightening speeds.

I thought wrong. There in that bathroom, I lost something. Well, a couple things.

I probably lost an organ for starters, I also lost my dear sense of smell, poisoned by the rotten, decaying pile of shit's shit, never to return.

The worst thing I left in that stall though, the worst thing I left, was my righteousness.

I am unholy after that night, an empty shell coasting through life always thinking, "What could have been?"

When: Finals week: Midnight
Where: Votey 2nd Floor Bathroom

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

Downtown, Saturday Night

Recently-laid lass: Pussy put his ass to sleep, now he callin' me NyQuil.

The Cynic Office

Cynic-er: Jupiter ascending...what's that about? Is the planet just getting higher?

Living/Learning B

Girl: HOW DO YOU NOT DRINK FOR 9 MONTHS?!
Do you know how many weekends that is? 45! What are you supposed to do?

Marché

Girl: Listen to me, no—listen to me: there's nothing "scrumptious" about Auschwitz, you piece of human trash.

UHeights North

Girl (screaming): HOW HAVE YOU NOT OPENED MY SNAPCHAT?!

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THINK SUMMER U

Registration Opens February 11th

UVM SUMMER UNIVERSITY

catch up. get ahead. online. on campus.



The University of Vermont

UVM.EDU/SUMMER

tunes.



the (d)evolution of kanye west

by alvaswing

What the fuck is Kanye doing? This is a question I feel like I ask myself more and more often. With the release of his two new tracks “Only One” and “FourFiveSeconds”, it’s finally time to take a deeper look into the recent evolution of Yeezy.

Kanye is easily one of the most interesting celebrities, and is constantly in the news. For many, he is the face of everything that is wrong with the rich and famous. While I usually hate what Kanye does in the public, I can say at the same time that he is a major part of the reason I care so much about rap music.

Kanye’s discography is nothing short of unbelievable. His first two albums (*The College Dropout* in 2004 and *Late Registration* in 2005) are still two of my go-tos for pretty much anything. Over the next seven years, Kanye went on an absolute roll. It seemed like every album he came out with has built upon his past success, yet had fresh sounds to it. At the end of this run of solo albums *My Beautiful Dark Twisted Fantasy* is widely regarded as one of the greatest hip-hop albums of all time. Kanye took a completely new approach to rap with this release, and the album featured a seemingly endless variety of beats, hooks, and his own personal verses.

Less than a year later, *Watch The Throne*, his joint album with Jay-Z, vaulted Yeezy to a seemingly unachievable height of fame. A combination of critical success and ease of listenability prompted so many to purchase this album. (I personally have the album in my car. It’s been there for two years, and I listened to it literally every single time I found myself behind the driver’s seat.)

After a two-year hiatus, whispers of a new Kanye release started to radiate through the music world. Loyal West fans spent hours searching the Internet for leaks and hints as to what direction Kanye would take this time. For most, the first listen came during a bold *Saturday Night Live* performance in which he rapped “Black Skinhead” and “New Slaves”, two of the most famous songs on the brand-new *Yeezus*.

Critical acclaim was certainly mixed. Many people

worried Kanye would be heading back in the direction of his release *808s and Heartbreak*, an album generally regarded as an experimental train wreck. When *Yeezus* was finally released in the summer of 2013 the response was even more divided. Loyal Kanye fans were disgusted that he would venture so far from his initial soulful beats and easy storytelling style. On the other side, critics called this album a revolution in which Kanye yet again changed the rap music world. While I tend to side with those who miss the old Kanye, it’s impossible

“kanye realized there was only one logical path for him to go: somewhere new.”

to deny his ability to consistently develop new styles to display his musical creativity.

Now, Kanye has yet again graced listeners with two new tracks. Both of these new songs, “Only One” and “FourFiveSeconds,” feature Sir Paul McCartney. It had been rumored that Yeezy had been working with McCartney, and the unlikely duo ignited rumors throughout the music world. Now, we finally get a sample of what this pair have been up to.

While I have not been playing these songs on repeat, it’s easy to see that this is, once again, an altogether new Kanye. He goes with a heavily auto-tuned, a cappella version of his voice for the entire song on “Only One”, while McCartney provides an almost hypnotic beat. There is definitely a lot to appreciate about the track, and Kanye delivers catchy lyrics that don’t sound like anything else



he has done. “FourFiveSeconds” *barry guglielmo* is much the same as far as Kanye’s contribution goes: heavily auto-tuned. What should be noted about this track is Rihanna’s feature is fantastic. This is certainly *her* song, even though it is rumored to appear on both on her and Kanye’s upcoming albums. Both tracks were in many ways a true goodbye to Kanye for me. Many could say they could’ve seen this coming after *Yeezus*, but as such a big fan of his early work, these tracks were sad for me to listen to.

Kanye is a musical genius, and while I believe his new release will undoubtedly be successful, the last evolution of Kanye is gone. (*MBDTF* will never be topped.) Still, if he had stuck to his soulful raps and catchy hooks, people would be let down by their inability to reach the peak they previously had. Kanye turned a corner and while I miss the old Ye, it’s easy to see what he’s done. What I recommend is to look at the upcoming Kanye as a completely new artist. He will continue to release fresh-sounding tracks and revolutionize the music industry. At this point, I, like many others, will look forward to his newest full LP to see what direction he takes his musical vision. ■

lupe fiasco: *tetsuo and youth* a review

by clarkmasterson

Lupe Fiasco has always been a polarizing rap figure. He initially made a splash with his laidback rhymes on *Lupe Fiasco’s The Cool*, and his rise to prominence gave him the platform to become increasingly outspoken in his political views. Seeing him beef with rappers such as Kid Cudi and Freddie Gibbs on Twitter left me disappointed, and I yearned to hear the music as opposed to the petty squabbles. I remember blissfully skateboarding in 7th grade, listening to “Kick, Push” and feeling a wave of courage rush over me as I made a first attempt at a new trick.

A vital characteristic of maturation is change. I shouldn’t have been so surprised that Lupe’s music has steadily evolved over the course of nine years in the rap game. I substituted his intricate and thought-provoking rhymes with the drug-fueled, synth-heavy trap music of Gucci Mane and other southern rappers; it was music I could party to and live in the moment. As I have personally matured, I have made it my goal to focus more on socially-conscious rap, such as that of Lupe Fiasco. My first listen to *Tetsuo & Youth* certainly rewarded my re-

talized interest.

The whole album is powerfully symbolic, consisting of four skits expressing each of the four seasons. Every season represents a part of the journey of life. What intrigued me was the use of the summer skit first, as opposed to spring, which is associated with birth. I was immediately immersed in the vibrant vibes of freedom and beautiful weather, slowly fading to dysphoria as fall led to the dead of winter. Such is the transition of the album: the mood goes from upbeat, complex rhyme schemes, to slow, synth-driven beats and lyrics consisting of death, drug dealing, and streets saturated with assault rifles.

However, the arrival of spring at the end of the album created a feeling of rebirth, and a chance to escape all the unspeakable horrors of urban poverty.

I was intrigued by the experimental nature of the album. Lupe was not afraid to use a wide variety of instrumentals and rap patterns. There was an element of jazz and guitar prominent on many tracks, including: “Dots & Lines”, “Little Death”, and “No Scratches”. These songs also made use of a singing chorus, which created a soulful feel. The duration of some of the songs (“Chopper” is 9 minutes and 33 seconds) suggests Lupe may have struggled to cram all he had to say within the confines of 12 songs (4

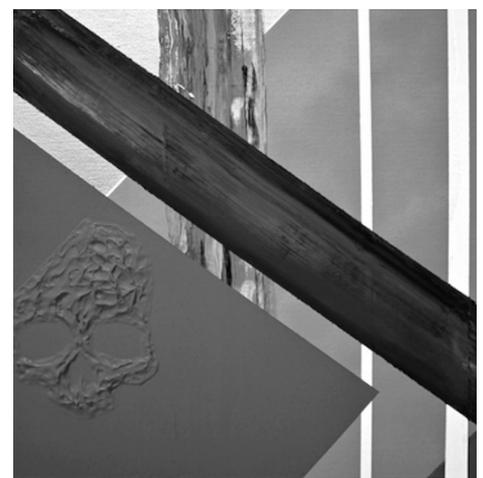
“this album was in some sense a therapeutic one for lupe”

wordless skits).

With so much on his mind, it becomes clear this album was in some sense a

therapeutic one for Lupe, in which he could be introspective but also convey the realities of ghetto life to those who are unexposed.

I recommend this album to anyone who appreciates socially conscious rap, or is looking for a more experimental and varied approach to the art. You can find *Tetsuo and Youth* on iTunes or Spotify. ■



album art: google images

Final Rating: 4.5/5 Stars

èffuts evitaèrc

upon discovering atlantis

in a vermont slush puddle

by staceybrandt

It was not my intention to fall into a nearly forgotten undersea land, a thousand leagues below the sidewalk at the crossing of Pearl and S. Williams Street. I can only describe it as being flushed down a toilet. Others might describe it as being sucked down a drain, falling down a rabbit hole, being consumed by a tornado, or any sort of transportation from earth to mystical place via forceful rotating front. As my body was pulled downward into the swirling darkness, I had no sense of time (my cell phone was not functional) and no sense of direction (I generally have a horrible sense of direction, especially in malls), but a rough estimate would be six minutes in the high-speed spin cycle until I got spit out in an alternate sub-marine world.

At first I did not realize I that had just discovered a place that humanity has been searching for for thousands of years. It did not seem plausible that this city of legend—a city which I believe to be more suited for some obscure part of the Mediterranean—could be located beneath the metro Burlington area. Additionally, I could breathe, which for me greatly diminished the possibility of being underwater. But slowly I came to my senses, and as I strolled along the sandy bottom a massive, shimmering conch appeared suddenly before me and I began to consider that I was not in Burlington anymore.

In the absence of certain known indicators of Atlantis, such as a bustling forum of

merpeople or a half-naked Poseidon proudly mounted on a seahorse before a pair of golden gates, I was not completely convinced of my location. I began to consider other theories. Perhaps there was not just one Atlantis, but multiple Atlanti, and this society would more resemble its terrestrial counterpart, Vermont. Perhaps I would encounter a tie-dyed octopus on acid or some hipster sea-cucumbers partaking in the irony of watching *SpongeBob* while listening to Phish. I reveled in the possibilities. The landscape opened up and thousands of little seashell houses stretched as far as the eye could see. If this mythical land could fulfill my search of meaningful relationships and a good education, I could see it as a great post-grad option.

Unfortunately, as is the case with most lost cities, the inhabitants were nowhere to be found. I did conduct a momentary search: I approached a large boulder, half-believing that they had hidden themselves away like the little crabs that used to scurry away from

me at the beach. Discovering the village under a highway of tropical-looking fish, I saw in the distance two spires resembling a pointy shell I found one time in Florida. “I castle!” I exclaimed, bubbles bursting from my mouth, “how womburfle!”

Swimming proved to be a speedier alternative to walking underwater. I dashed along, kicking my legs and pushing through the water with great strokes. I could have been flying. I reached the castle and could not believe my eyes: a great ball was beginning! Longitudinal windows stretched up further than my eye could follow; perhaps the castle’s roof broke the surface. I entered the great golden doors and again believed my eyes deceived me. I blinked rapidly to clear away any trace of imagination, but the scene continued as reality. The guests of the party were neither human nor fish in likeness, but were all of the same species of reptilian brute with a squat body and incredible arching neck—my head scarcely exceeded the high ankle of these creatures.

I did not take me long to realize that in addition to my recent advancement in oceanic archeology, I was now encountering the unbound creature who has

eluded Vermonters for centuries and has recently gained quite the celebrity thanks to a clever T-shirt campaign. Yes, it was Champ, the monster of Lake Champlain, and all of the extended members of his

“perhaps I would encounter a tie-dyed octopus on acid or some hipster sea-cucumbers partaking in the irony of watching *spongebob* while listening to *phish*.”

species.

I cannot speak of a time of greater amusement, eating and laughing and intricately neck-dancing. I also cannot disclose much information about what I have witnessed, as, subsequent to my exit from the same slush puddle I had arrived in, I was immediately apprehended by men in black coats and driven to a warehouse where I was sworn to secrecy. Thankfully for you, reader, this association is allowing me to publish some of what I have seen.

Ever since, I have been splashing my foot into puddles in vain, searching for a point of reentry to no avail. Though I wish to rediscover that undersea utopia, I have only discovered the failure of my boots to keep out water and a violating wetness deep in my socks. But I will keep splashing! Don’t mock me and my noble quest! I am not taking part in a foolish child’s game. I am on my way to Atlantis! ■

Previously: Grant Daverson got a lead on a shipment of drugs coming over the Trans-Asian Bullet train, so he and his mild-mannered companion Rich Barton are taking that train trip to investigate.

Daverson and Barton were sitting in the dining car, gorging themselves like squirrels who ate a lot of nuts before winter so that they would be full enough to survive on peanuts that came in frustratingly difficult-to-open packages. They watched the people go and come from the car as they rode, the countryside of the world’s largest continent rushing by them outside of the windows. “Do you notice anything suspicious yet?” asked Barton, mouth full of salty legumes.

“Not particularly,” said Daverson. “Not that I know what to look for. It’s not like this sort of a case is going to jump out at me or something. I’ve got to contemplate it, and think about all of the possibilities of what could happen...”

At that precise moment, at that exact instance, that point in time that could not even more infintessimally be located, a man burst into the dining car, looking incredibly flustered. “There has been a murder at the vicarage!” he shouted, holding a cell phone in his hand. Daverson and Barton, as well as a few of the other people who were sitting in the car, looked up at the man.

“What the hell is a vicarage?” asked Daverson.

“It’s like a place where a British priest lives,” said Barton.

“Oh,” said Daverson. He turned to the man who had so abruptly interrupted the calm of the dining car. “What does this matter?”

Before the man could answer, another man burst into the car, from the other end. “Mr. Ackroyd has been killed, but the room was locked from the inside!”

the cipher

feat. kerrymartin

How you doin’, UVemcees!?!? Entering the pits of second semester? Well, good news, the water tower has some lush lyrics to keep you limber. Don’t leave me hangin’ up here on center stage...waiting for others to snatch the mic. Send me your raps, on my topics or on any topic! Even no topic! Just go off! But until that happens, I’m still here, and this week, we don’t get the big deal about Poker.

Not a ramblin’ man, nor a gamblin’ man,
It’s been known to twist minds like an ampersand,
Still, I like to deal cards, maybe land a hand,
Drinkin’ beer or some port-wine Sandeman.
Eights and Aces in they faces, uppinn’ wages, runnin’
bases,
Offendin’ all their graces, as I overtake their paces,
Take it to the bank, damn, this paycheck-replaces!
Might just buy me an oasis, with exotic embraces.
Or a Vancouver cougar, still I gotta maneuver,
Be a big money mover, dam these chips like I’m Hoover
Before I wake up a loser in a pot of manure,
Shit, I’m losin’ my humor, bout to bet my own scooter.
Need a suture real quick, fuck, I bleed my own blood,
All good a bit ago, now I’m chokin’ the mud,
Had a flush flash flood, now each hand is a dud,
Just learned this is Hold’em, too, not Seven Card Stud.
Oh boy this is fucked, I bet and lost my own mother,
Yet I’d do it again if I you gave me another.
by un-buff bad bluff Kerry Martin

Next issue, we expose Nudity. Please write raps and contribute, however long or short they are! Send your lines to thewatertowernews@gmail.com with your favorite rapper in the subject line. The best student rapper of the semester gets a fabulous prize! ■

grant daverson: ace detective in

"murder on the trans-asian bullet train"

by leonardbartenstein

part one

“Who the hell is Mr. Ackroyd?” asked Daverson.

“The doctor’s neighbor,” said the new murder-crier.

“I honestly do not care,” said Barton. He mused for a moment, putting himself into a pose much like that of Auguste Rodin’s “The Thinker,” showing that he was deep in thought. Then, he spoke again: “Unless either of these murders had anything to do with drugs, or their distribution.”

“No,” said the two men, both at the same time, like a Greek chorus of only two people.

“Then it is inconsequential. And trying to figure out those murders will probably just frustrate me, anyway.”

At this moment, the door to the car closer to the front of the train opened and a conductor stepped through. “There has been a murder,” she said, her face more grave than a cemetery.

“Don’t tell me there’s another body in the library, because I think I speak for everyone in the car when I say we don’t care,” said Daverson. The others, wishing to just get back to their discussion of international politics like they actually understood any of what was going on without all of these interruptions, nodded along.

“This is no murder in the library,” said the conductor. She caught Daverson’s eyes with her own, establishing a contact between them, and emphasizing the seriousness of what she was about to say. “There has been a murder in the train bathroom.” ■

Next time: Who was murdered? How is it connected to the shipment of drugs? How will they dust for prints in the world’s smallest type of bathroom? Find out next time in the next installment of grant daverson:

ace detective



cat litter.



with collincappelle



A tiny horse.



leonard bartenstein



angel roe

WALMART ★ BINGO

by alvaswing

the water tower presents...

Obese couple in matching rascal scooters	A giant	Someone wearing dark sunglasses inside	Someone who brought their animal into the store	Anyone in a cape
Not a single employee in sight when you have a real question	A car in the lot sporting more than one spare tire	A family of four all dressed in camo	Children on exercise equipment with parents nowhere to be seen	Someone in a trench coat who might not be wearing pants
An old woman in a nightgown and slippers	Mother with more than four kids around her neck	FREE SPACE	Acne-crustad teen running the entire electronic setion	Pregnant teen couple
An unsold six pack of beer with more than three beers missing	Guy dressed like a cowboy	Someone with only napkins in their cart	A man wearing only one shoe	A 100-year-old woman working the register
A man in a shirt three sizes two small	A man in a shirt three sizes two big	Three employees all under 5'0"	Someone dressed for the complete opposite season	Employee wrangling shopping carts in the least efficient way possible

Lyric of the (Bi)Week:

"She don't need you for shit but your dick and your veins
 And your guts and your (body and blood)
 Every man say she thick and they wish they could bang
 When she strut, she got (body and blood)
 Nails did, hair did, body right, teeth white
 Knives sharpened, gettin' (body and blood)
 If you a bad bitch, let 'em know you ain't out for the dough
 You want (body and blood)"

-Body and Blood, Clipping