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 has so many standouts that it’s tough to pick than the success of its alumni, and UVM are few better measures of a school’s worth including career spanning nearly 40 years, dress 25 years later. Catamount who graduated from UVM in worked another year at WCAX before mov- got there and stayed for four years, then at UVM?

date online at thewatertower.tumblr.com. interview with Jon; catch the full conversa-

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Here is an abridged version of our in- terview with Jon; catch the full conversa-
tion 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, ac-
cess 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 Mar-
ley, Bruce Springsteen, all my favorites. I was in the CAS and ended up taking cours-
es 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.

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 Al-len’s Stardust Memories as a Location As-
sistant.

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 be-
came 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 work-
shop their ideas, with the hope of becoming the next generation of filmmakers. It paid off when one of our scripts was optioned 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 direc-
tors. 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

get what you into the movie business?

JKC: 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.

... read the rest on page 3

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.

What got you into the movie business?

JKC: 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.
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 as rare as 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. It takes courage to forge through the hard-hitting facts of reality and ill-informed, but not at the water tower.

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...
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 AMIA, 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, to which might lead people to believe that an Argentine extremist group planned the 1994 attack. However, the messy evidence has always suggested anti-government 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 corrupting and a fake 71). Menem never prompted a formal investigation.

In 2006, Alberto Nisman publically accused the leaders of Iran and 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 Argentine 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 evidence and making backdoor deals with the Iranians. In exchange for the Argentine 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 Iranian officials close to Kirchner and high-level Iranian diplomats, which confirmed this evidence.

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

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

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 around nervously and the Pentagon collectively shit their pants, US officials watched as the Iranian-backed terrorist militia, the Houthis, solidified their control of Sanaa, its pants, US officials watched as the Iranian-backed terrorist militia, the Houthis, solidified their control of Sanaa, the capital of Yemen. The Houthis are a faction of the political party called the ‘Ansar Allah’, which is a group made up of Shias and is a part of the larger movement known as the ‘Houthi Revolution’.

The next big question is who will take the power. The Houthis—armed with Iranian-backed missiles have taken over much of Yemen, including Sanaa, and are in control of the capital city. The Houthis are a threat, but there are other factors at play. Even if results of an investigation prove otherwise, they are more than disinclined to believe it.

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.

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 officate the lingering yet fundamental conflict between the (Houthi) Shi’ites of northern Yemen and the Sunnis of the South. The unwillingness of the Houthis to unify the country has only resulted in further conflict and chaos. In 2015, the Houthis overthrew the government of Yemen and took control of Sanaa, the capital city.

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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 President Hadi allowed US drones to fly as they pleased and the US military to play a never-ending game of hide-and-seek with Al Qaeda. Now that the US can no longer rely (read: stop) 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 south 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 holds 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, counterterrorism escapades, then it should stop looking at the mess of the game itself and start looking at who’s behind it.
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.

We have a friend at the bar that we frequently visit. One week, we decided to visit beer 16. We started drinking a wonky craft beer, but as we continued, we realized that we were drinking a Pilsner. This particular Pilsner is known for its crisp, refreshing flavor. We took a few gulps and were immediately impressed. It was light and easy to drink, with a subtle hint of hops. We both finished our glasses and decided to order another.

Meanwhile, two weeks ago in Boston, I cut myself off after 4 PBRs because I felt like I was getting the spins. Meanwhile, I was surrounded by people drinking and partying. The atmosphere was electric, and I couldn't help but feel a sense of longing. As I walked back to the hotel, I couldn't help but think about the contrast between the two situations.

In Burlington, with its limited venues, minimal daylight, and minimal 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.

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. Meanwhile, two weeks ago in Boston, I cut myself off after 4 PBRs because I felt like I was getting the spins. Meanwhile, I was surrounded by people drinking and partying. The atmosphere was electric, and I couldn't help but feel a sense of longing. As I walked back to the hotel, I couldn't help but think about the contrast between the two situations.

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We drink because we celebrate. We drink because we're defeated. We drink because it's an unspeakable 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.

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KILK - 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 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 Carell 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.
Ten years ago, young women obsessed over the face of Chris Martin, the ultimate embodiment of all things rock and roll, and from that time on, have been保鲜确保自己在岁月的洗礼中永葆青春。In the meantime, the world has moved on and new icons have emerged. The latest trend to sweep through the fashion world is "lumbersexuals" - a new hybrid of the intellectual hipster and the rugged lumberjack.

"Lumbersexual" is defined by the Urban Dictionary as, "a metrosexual who has the need to hold his own outdoors and is based on the fact that he needs to work with wood and be outdoors."

These men, who are often hipsters or other fashionable types, have adopted the style of the lumberjack, with beards, chiseled bods, and a love for nature. They are often seen in zines and webpages where men with grizzled beards and chiseled bods have been deemed to be "the perfect man." Sightings of these icons have been popping up in unexpected places, from the streets of New York to the beaches of California.

The concept of the lumbersexual was born when a group of fashion designers noticed a trend among young men who were adopting the style and look of the lumberjack. Initially, it was seen as a novelty, but as time went on, it became more and more popular, and many men embraced the look and lifestyle as a way to express their individuality.

In a recent survey, more than half of the respondents said that they had seen lumbersexuals in their daily lives, and many more expressed interest in adopting the style themselves. The trend has even spread to fashion designers, with many releasing collections that are inspired by the look of the lumbersexual.

Despite the popularity of the lumbersexual trend, there are still some who are skeptical of its lasting power. They argue that it is just anotherfad that will eventually fade out. However, the trend shows no signs of slowing down, and it is likely that we will continue to see more and more lumbersexuals in the years to come.

References:

fork it over.

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

by katjaritchie

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.

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.
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 of 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.

caffeine rules everything around me: cream

by katelynprice

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’ 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 so in my drink, so it wasn’t like my 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.

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 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 aliconado 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.

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

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.

5.0.
Downtown, Saturday Night
Recently-laid lass:
Pussy put his ass to sleep, now he callin' me NyQuil.

The 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?! 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?!

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,
Slag 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

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

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

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
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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.

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UHeights North Girl (screaming): HOW HAVE YOU NOT OPENED MY SNAPCHAT?!
by alvastwing

What the f**k 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 Ye 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 re-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 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” 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 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.

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

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 tempered my expectation of 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 as the course of many 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 plug in 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 revitalized 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 instruments and rap patterns. There was an element of jazz and guitar prominent on many tracks, including: “Dots & Lines”, “Black Skinhead”, 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 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. Final Rating: 4.5/5 Stars.
“Mr. Ackroyd has been killed, but the room was locked from the inside!”

Daverson and Barton, as well as a few of the other people who were sitting in the dining car, gorged themselves like squirrels by leonard bartenstein

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 in "murder on the trans-asian bullet train" part one
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