

the water tower.

uvm's alternative newsmag

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uvm.edu/~watertwr • @thewatertower • thewatertower.tumblr.com

crowd control:

uvm's housing crisis, rising population,

and what will happen next for students



by kerrymartin

As you've probably heard by now, this summer UVM will tear down and start rebuilding several structures on Central Campus: Cook Physical Science, Angell Lecture Hall, and Chittenden, Buckham, and Wills, the "shoebox" dorms.

While the administration has promised to complete state-of-the-art new buildings by 2016, they are misjudging the level of human displacement that will inevitably result. Their plan to house upperclassmen at the Sheraton demonstrates a grave underestimate of the situation to come.

With the largest freshman class in UVM history imminently approaching, and with upperclassmen clamoring for Burlington real estate, the University and the State of Vermont must prepare for the refugee crisis and deplorable human rights situation in their near future.

Here follow the inevitable consequences of the purge of the Shoeboxes and unprecedented influx of bodies to the Burlington area, with needs to address and mouths to feed:

Dorms overcrowd, declining to tenement-like conditions.

In August, the huddled masses of incoming

while the administration has promised to complete **state-of-the-art** new buildings by 2016, they are misjudging the level of **human displacement** that will **inevitably result**.

freshmen will arrive at a UVM far different from their college pamphlet dreams. The austere administration has yet to unveil its plan of "forced quintuples," overcrowded three-bunk dorm rooms where the five students must decide amongst themselves

which two will be bedless, reliant on each other's body warmth.

Overused bathrooms will also require IRA to issue each room a chamber pot, and remove the window screen for expedient waste disposal.

A plague will chase even more students off campus.

The quintuple situation will quickly reduce Redstone, Athletic, and Trinity campuses to medieval squalor. Its overwhelmed facilities will crumble: grass and trees will be compacted to bare dirt, dining halls will ration supplies in an "All SimplyToGo" system, and human waste will flow in the gutters.

Pestilence will ensue, fecal-oral infections that will only exacerbate the sewage situation. The decorative stream between UHeights North and South turns into the Ganges, and the Amphitheatre crumbles into a cyclone of disease-ridden, half-digested chicken patties.

Burlington tightens its borders.

The upperclassman influx engulfs and ghettoizes a quadrant of town bounded by Maple, Prospect, North, and Battery Streets. Organized, nonviolent, but unbearably annoying gangs force families to flee, bankrupt Burlington's boutique mainstays, and make the owners of Pearl Street Bev and Rasputin's the new oligarchy.

The embattled City Council members can take no more. Already concerned about overthrow by the gangs, the Ward leaders decide to employ and arm a paramilitary group in order to secure the porous University Terrace border.

UVM halts building projects in order to construct temporary refugee camps.

As soon as the first tents are pitched on the Redstone Green, asylum seekers from the dorms far exceed capacity. Within weeks, with the help of UN-HCR, UVM establishes (and fills to capacity) full-fledged refugee camps on the Redstone Green, Patrick Gymnasium Fields, and the Grasse Knoll. The hockey rink looks like the Superdome after Hurricane Katrina, except FEMA isn't even there.

Despite this, thousands of students remain in the dorms, where cannibalism has already become a way of life.

And it stays this way. ■

angel roe

get
inside
me:

development in india
by jessebaum

the suite life?
by rachelharris

dropping your major
by clarkmasterson

march madness preview
by mikestorage

the best news team inbox. in the universe.



wuzz gewd,

Is anyone else having a hard time grasping that we're in our final full week of March? My chest just tightened a bit right there.

March is a weird month, dragging out like a the cheesy string of a mozzarella stick after our ephemoral spring break. After SPRANGBR8K, we all get back and slug through weeks of midterms (because the longer you're in college the more expansive midterms seem to stretch).

We're all chiiiiiiiii because procrastination is cool. But now as we approach the final week, reality is slapping us all hard across the face like a wet tuna in an Asian fish market. Suddenly that final project is not so imaginary. Your summer plans are not so far off. The weeks to graduation can be counted off in one breath. Well, I guess it's time to face the music, meet your maker, pay the piper, bite the bullet, and cross that freaking Rubicon.

Procrastinate in lil' spurts. Small ones, like sitting down with the **water tower** and lol-ing at how bizarre our April Fool's "Tater Wower" insert is, or like, coming to our general meeting on **Tuesdays @ 7:30pm** in the **Williams Family Room** on the 4th Floor DC. That kind of procrastinating is good for the soul, I promise.

play on playa, the wt.

*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 cullenhairston

Straight Boys That Flirt With Me: I know you might not realize it, but flirting is the worst when you're actually kind of attractive. You should know that inviting me back over to your place late at night is not as platonic as it sounds. Do us both a favor and be real with me, I can't put up with this shit all day.

Carrying Groceries Up a Hill: Realizing I paid way more than I should have for apples is bad enough, but not as bad as the walk from City Market back up College Street. And then the worst part: remembering there's a free shuttle right when you step back onto campus.

Bathroom Graffiti: I don't care how clever or inspirational you think you are, but nothing can be important enough to be scrawled in permanent marker on the inside of a stall, just waiting to be removed by someone who probably deserves more pay for dealing with shit like this. Get a Twitter account if you think your thoughts are so insightful.

Canker Sores: You know those weird little bumps you get on the inside of your mouth sometimes? The ones that hurt like hell and cause every daily task to become a nightmare? Why do they exist? What is their purpose in life? To make brushing my teeth the most painful part of my day? ■

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the news in brief with jessebaum

"I do not think there is any conscientious Nigerian who doesn't understand that Nigeria deserves a better president than Jonathan...I do not envy the Nigerian electorate who are stuck with the task of settling for the lesser of two evils."

—**Journalist Fisayo Soyombo** writes candidly on the current campaigns going on in Nigeria, pitting the wealthy and ineffectual current president "Goodluck" Jonathan against the country's brutal ex-dictator Muhammadu Buhari. In a field of 14 candidates, the two are neck and neck. Oh Fela, if only you could see it...

"After smelling the chemicals all day, I had no appetite. I would work on an empty stomach every day."

—A **whistle blower in China**, previously employed by a jeans-making factory speaks about the process known as "sandblasting" which makes jeans look worn and well, badass without the hassle of actually wearing them in. The sandblasting can have intense and dangerous side effects, such as a lung disease known as silicosis.

Hollister and American Eagle factories were discovered to both use the dangerous fashion technique within their factories. Damn Chinese factory workers stealing American jobs...

"The whale hit one side of the boat, leaving two people injured and another passenger hurt who, unfortunately, later died in hospital."

— **Tourism company Cabo Adventures** reports in Mexico reports on two whale-watching fatalities. The tourists were off of the coast of Cabo San Lucas, Mexico in an inflatable boat when the whale rammed into the boat's side. It seems that whales can kill humans in this way (though it is quite rare) begging the question: should we learn to fear all threats that may eventually, through freak chance, become our doom? Or should we embrace death as an omnipresent reality, fundamental to existence?

"People who choose homeopathy may put their health at risk if they reject or delay treatments for which there is good evidence for safety and effectiveness."

—**The National Health and Medical Research Council of Australia** comments on a recent review conducted on well over 150 medical studies on homeopathic medicine.

The results are discouraging to aficionados of alternative medicine, many of whom seem unaware that many homeopathic remedies have been shown to be mislabeled, or simply contain a jumble of different types of herbs, such as grass. Not the fun kind.

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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Williams - Inside Steps
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join the wt.

New writers and artists are always welcome
Weekly meetings
Tuesdays at 7:30 pm
Jost Foundation Room
Davis Center - 4th Floor
Or send us an email

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

the scramble for *india*: prime minister modi's development projects and their *malcontents*

by jessebaum

Thousands of people marched to New Delhi this month to protest proposed amendments to a 2013 law that would allow the government to seize property for military development, infrastructure or private industry. It would basically be American eminent domain, on steroids.

In theory, like eminent domain here in Our Fair Nation, compensation will be provided to those displaced.

In reality, millions are still waiting to receive compensation from the Indian government from decades of such land acquisition, and the new law would only expand the types of projects that allow for the land to be taken.

An estimated seventy percent of Indians have not received any compensation from land acquisitions (and this is actually a conservative figure).

The amendment is most likely going to affect rural, impoverished areas within India, especially areas that have rich mineral deposits beneath them. For this reason, the proposed amendment is seen as anti-farmer, which is huge considering that that (despite megacities such as New Delhi) 65 percent of Indians live in rural areas and most of the country's exports are agricultural.

The provisions for privately funded projects and public-private partnerships (between

corporations and the Indian government) are meant to cut through red tape that impedes so-called "development" projects. Too bad the main hurdle happens to be consent from the area's inhabitants.

To give a minute amount of credit where it may be due, the current administration is under

a lot of pressure—both domestically and internationally—to grow their economy. Scaling back their hopes for economic growth by half a percent was seen as a concession. And while we can talk about how exponential economic growth is predicated on the fallacy of infinite resources, as Bartelby might say, I would prefer not to.

At the end of the day, the goal of importing multinational corporations rather than prioritizing the quality of life of the majority of India's citizens is questionable, to say the least.

It should also be noted that (from a historical perspective) forcing people off of their land is often synonymous with disenfranchisement and subjugation rather than true national growth.

With Narendra Modi, India's so-called "Capitalist Hero" Prime Minister, it's fair to wonder whom he really serves. ■

"the provisions for partnerships (between corporations and the indian government) are meant to *cut through red tape*...too bad the [red tape] happens to be **consent** from the *area's inhabitants*."

what do *they* have that *i* don't?

Understanding the (dubious) attraction to isis

by staceybrandt

I want to know what ISIS is doing to stir up so much talk in the Middle East. They are like, the masters of getting people to join their club. They make it look so easy. One time, I tried to start a poetry club at my high school. It did not work. Even after a lively announcement on the loudspeaker and an all-nighter of desperate poster making, all of one student attended my preliminary "Poet's Circle" and she told me it was for extra credit.

It is logical that certain demographics such as unemployed Middle Eastern youth would be inclined to join ISIS on their whirlwind adventure of establishing a global caliphate. C'mon. If you had nothing and were suddenly offered a free upgrade from a nobody to an ass-kickin' *Call of Duty* character, wouldn't you take it? And what about all that free stuff? Military-grade weaponry, a Grim Reaper-inspired ensemble, and all-you-can-eat snacks from intimidated store clerks who would rather not die by bullet to the head are just a few of the luxuries that ISIS dishes out to young boys who are starving not only for their next meal, but for a purposeful existence.

However in recent news, it is not only the disenfranchised young man posing in the ISIS brochure as the model recruit, but the poised, proud, and presentable...teenage girl? Yes, young women from all over the world are flying off to Syria with one-way tickets to the Jihad U. Just last month, three British teenagers whom Americans would admire for their academic prowess and "well-roundedness" hopped on a plane to Syria to begin an accelerated ISIS training program. Seriously? How do they do that? ISIS has managed not only to rally locally but has reached halfway across the world to pin an inspirational button on the most popular girl in school.

The romantic notion that women who arrive at ISIS camps will be treated as some sort of Disney warrior-princess wielding an AK-47 on the front lines is quite an attractive image for a graphic tee, but contains just a few inaccuracies. Don't worry: the fundamental misogyny that we've come to know and love within extremist sects of Islam has not gone away. The primary role of women in the ISIS organization has been and will likely continue to be "community builder," or more descriptively, "baby-making machine gun". ISIS wants women so they can pop out little jihadis, mother families, and foster a multi-generational following for years to come.

Judging from the qualities of these international female recruits—young, independent, type-A—they're not journeying to Syria to drool over hunky, bearded rebels; it's a given that they will become de facto wives of ISIS soldiers and perhaps even proud militant moms. But I am not convinced that is their primary initiative. These young women are restless. They are searching for meaning outside their mundane, suburbanized, Westernized, cable-televized, iEverything lives where they most likely feel they are not making an impact.

And that's just it. ISIS is tapping into the universal desire to be a part of history. Twitter, Tumblr, and Facebook have been excellent encouragement to novice radicals. Now any internet-surfing, pizza-ordering, self-diddling young person can participate in the Islamic State's continual propaganda schemes from the comfort of their own laptop. In a deeply ironic twist, this Western individualist, I-can-learn-anything-on-YouTube attitude makes Western youth the perfect candidates for ISIS recruitment. Wow. Let that sink in. As ISIS continues to play Peter Pan over social media appealing to the lost boys and girls of the Western world, foreign conflicts begin to look a lot more domestic. ■

this week in science

by clarkmasterson

When you've gone from dial-up internet connections to phones that are more powerful than the computers used in the first spaceships, you know that science is a badass force to be reckoned with. Here are just a few fascinating events from the past week in the world of science:

According to a new study conducted by the Universities of Edinburgh and Queensland, genes linked with a greater risk for the development of autism may be associated with increased IQ levels. Around 70% of those displaying autism have some intellectual disability, but some have higher than average nonverbal intelligence. The study revealed even those who carry genes associated with autism, but do not display traits, scored higher on average for the cognitive tests. As we intelligentsia have always known, genius comes with a cost.

also...

A study conducted by Brigham Young University concluded that loneliness and social isolation are a major threat to longevity. The results show loneliness can be compared to compulsive eating, smoking 15 cigarettes a day or being an alcoholic, all of which are presumably more fun. Alcoholism, social isolation and smoking are all actually higher risks to health than obesity. In other words, passing up the opportunity to have a doughnut with some friends could actually be your undoing.

and then...

NASA's Magellan spacecraft sent images back to earth of mountains, volcanoes, and craters, proving once and for all that indeed, *everyone* is now on Instagram. The main goal of the scientists is to observe active volcanism in the future, as well as other geological processes... but

the playful experimentation with sepia cannot be downplayed in this instance. The GBT is the world's largest fully steerable radio telescope, measuring 100 meters in length. At the current rate of technological proliferation, this means teenagers will be carrying pocket-sized versions in five years or so.

lastly...

A study was conducted at Johannes Gutenberg University Mainz (JGU) revealed that depressed patients find time moves more slowly, proving once and for all that a watched clock proves that you have a mental illness. When asked about the results of the study, one of the patients replied that "Of course time moves slowly to people such as myself...it limps over the broken glass of our mangled pseudo-reality." ■

around town.

the suite life at *uvm*

by rachelharris

As an eight-year-old watching *The Suite Life of Zack and Cody*, entranced by their epic adventures in the Tipton, absolutely nothing seemed sweeter to me than to live in a hotel. Never-ending fun and mischief with messes that you don't have to clean up because you live in a hotel with servants? Ummm, yes.

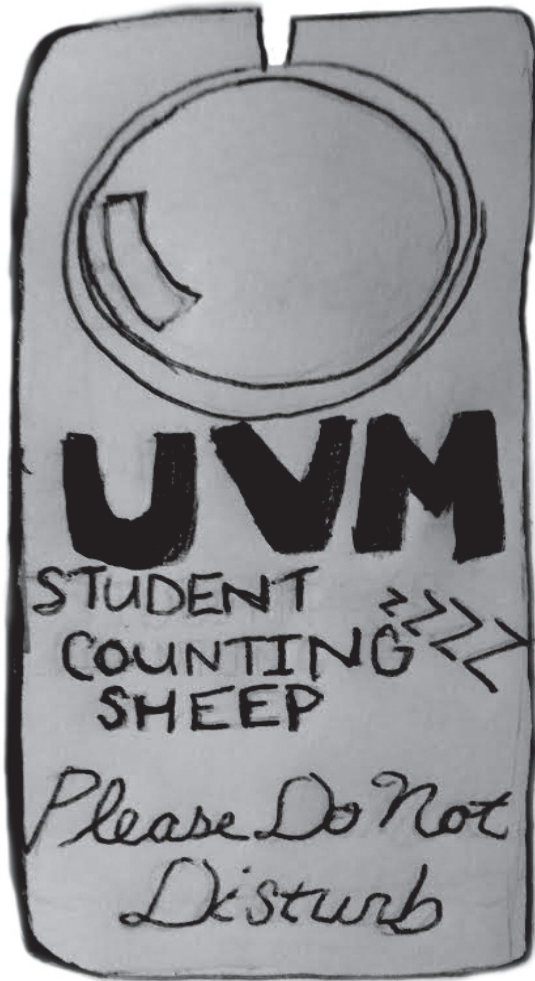
That dream just might come true twelve years later in the Sheraton Hotel in Burlington, Vermont. It's a little late, but hey, I'm up for an adventure! If I live in the Sheraton, I will one hundred percent be referring to it as my home at the "Tipton," the doorman as Esteban Julio Ricardo de la Rosa Ramirez, and the manager as Mr. Moseby. I assume the rest of its semi-permanent residents will follow suit.

Why might I be living in the Sheraton? Better question: why would I *not* live in the Sheraton? Thanks to UVM knocking down shoebox dorms on Central Campus and Coolidge on Redstone, housing is going to be a bit tight next year. There will not be the option to live on campus for most juniors and seniors. Not to worry, though, because some of those juniors and seniors without apartments will be experiencing every eight-year-old's dream of living in a hotel.

Perhaps living in the Sheraton will spark a sequel to the book-turned-movie *Eloise*. It would, of course, be called *Eloise in College*, featuring an eponymous upperclassmen college student who lounges in the Sheraton Hotel. Instead of a nanny, there will be an attentive RA. In place of Eloise's turtle, Skipperdee, who eats raisins and wears sneakers, there will be Eloise's roommate, Skippy who drinks beer and wears flannels. I think it will be a movie worth seeing.

Approximately fifteen percent of juniors and seniors live on campus at UVM, and they are given two options for on-campus housing next year. They can request to live at the Sheraton, or in the Quarry Hill Apartments, which is a twelve-month lease through UVM.

After much research on UVM's website, neither myself, my



keely farrell

two roommates, the guys down the hall nor even our RA could figure out exactly how all of this is going down. Do you have to pay for an additional semester of housing at Quarry Hill because it is a year-long lease? The washing machine and dryer are "on site," but do you have to pay for them?

Another important question from countless students is: "what can I do to keep the hotel bed in my room?" Please leave the hotel bed, UVM. Student protests to keep Sheraton beds will be announced soon. Pay attention to important dates.

Most of the Redstone Lofts and apartments, a popular option for upperclassmen students, have been filled as lucky students scrounge to put down deposits on the vacancies after the university's abrupt email.

Another popular housing option for upperclassmen is the apartment scene in downtown Burlington—especially those on Loomis, Buell and Pearl Streets. These are also hard to line up, with flaky roommates and rapacious landlords lurking around every corner.

Juniors and Seniors who were planning to live on campus because of the short commute and housing that does not require a yearlong lease will now be forced into considering these new options. But I will be rockin' the hotel lifestyle. When else will I have such an opportunity without being it being in the context of having to get my life back on track?

Approximately 3,000 students are expected to enroll in UVM class of 2019. Watch out, freshmen, UVM may be the place where you can experience unending adventure and festivity at local hotels (where most of the residents will be 21 or older)! Begin quiet chanting that builds in volume: UVM, UVM, UVM! ■

power happy hour: house of cards

by mikestorace and wesdunn

The third season of *House of Cards* has finally been released. This show has taken over the world of television in a manner similar to the way Frank Underwood has taken over the free world. Props to Netflix for the amazing practice of releasing the series all at once. Thanks to that and this drinking game, I can stay drunk all day! (Please drink responsibly.) ■

take a drink when:

Frank stares into your soul
Frank screws someone over
A text message is displayed on screen
Doug Stamper talks on his cell phone
Doug Stamper reminds you of an angry baby bird
Someone mentions "Amworks"
Claire calls Frank "Francis"
A character has a drink
Claire and/or Frank smoke a cigarette
Viktor Pretrov smirks his smirky smirk
Gavin freaks out

finish your drink when:

Frank raps his knuckle
Pussy Riot give a toast
Meechum gets sassy
Someone dies
A long-simmering plotline finally boils over



the tater wower.

uvm's one-time-only newsmag

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in the **potato-
verse.**

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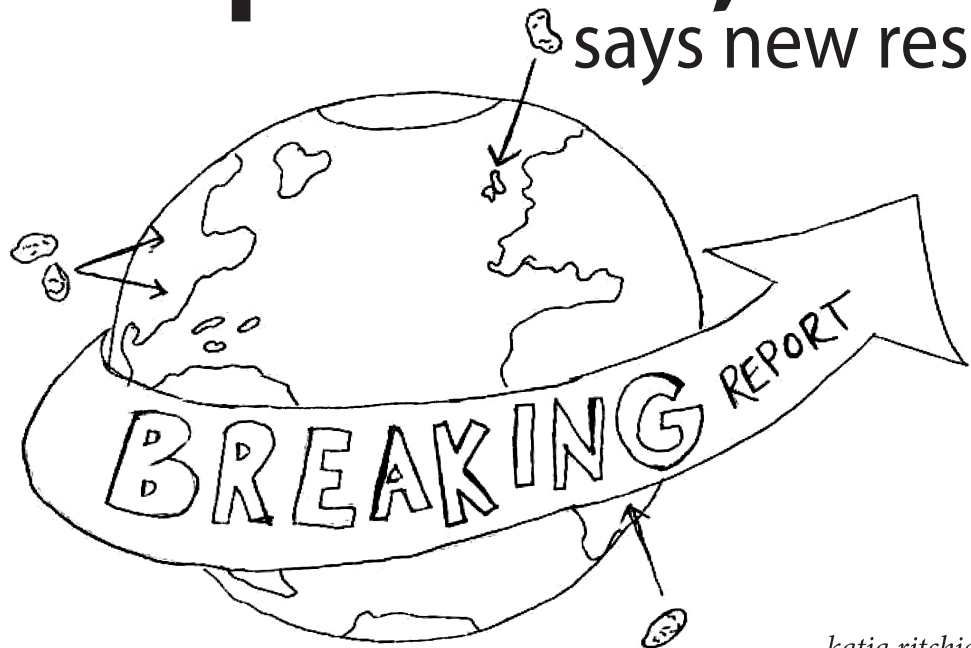
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Front page logo courtesy of Google Images.

Our generation stands at a crossroads. To the right are the perilous cliffs of punditry and pessimism. To the left is the desolate wasteland of apathy and ignorance. We choose neither. Instead, we brave the trail of the tater. With sincerity and humor, we strive to make you reexamine, question, learn, and maybe pee your pants along the way. We are the reason people can't wait for April Fool's Day. We are **the tater wower.**

up to **95%** of
world social conflict
caused by **potatoes,**
says new research



katja ritchie

by kerrymartin

A recent study by a team of historians, sociologists, and political scientists at Yale and Cambridge argues that a large portion of total global conflict—as much as 95%—can be traced back to potatoes or potato-related causes.

The findings, published in the latest issue of the prestigious academic journal Potato, use historical and contem-

porary examples to debunk the dominant assumptions about warfare, terrorism, and civil unrest that tend to place only 30 or 40% of the blame on the unsuspecting root vegetable.

The article makes these compelling cases:

- Neolithic times: The potato's original cultivation and domestication in the Andes Mountains 10,000 years ago enabled the ascent of the Inca and other empires, who went on to spill the blood of potato-less tribes. However, the luxury of the potato gave Native Americans no incentive to modernize, which became the critical disadvantage contributing to their eradication by Europeans.

- Classical period: The only potato to reach Eurasia before the “discovery” of the Americas was named Jesus Christ who in 32 A.D.—centuries before the invention of the crinkle-cut—was crucified and devoured by hungry Israelite peasants. He fried for our dins.

- Medieval through Early Modern period: Centuries

of religious warfare ensued, from the Crusades to the Thirty Years War to the spread of colonialism, all in the many eyes of their spudly Lord. Transcendence of the potato became central to the religions of the Middle and Far East, and a clash of cultures waged on.

- 1848-1854: One of history's greatest cover-ups, the Irish Potato Famine, was not caused by a bad harvest, but by the smuggling of potatoes off the island for revolutions and insur-

one of history's greatest cover-ups, the **irish potato famine**, was caused by the **smuggling of potatoes...**
[for] **insurgencies in western europe, the arabian peninsula, japan, and cuba.**

gencies in Western Europe, the Arabian Peninsula, Japan, and Cuba, as food, ammunition, and light explosives.

- 1848: Marx declares, “History is starch struggle”; 1928: the USSR inaugurates collectivist potato-culture; 1946: Churchill announces, “An iron griddle has descended across the continent.”

- 1979: CIA encourages mujahideen insurgents in Afghanistan to wage a holy war against the Soviets, funded by opium from their potato fields. The US-backed mujahideen would later fracture into Al Frieda, the Potaliban, and the Islamic State of Oregon and Idaho.

- 2015: Baked potatoes remain the leading cause of death in the United States. ■

get
inside
me:

elections, egyptian-style
by kerrymartin

starchy sex tips
by staceybrandt and mikaela
waters

activity page
the tw staff

reflections.

preparing for the potato show season

by alvaswing

Folks, it's that time of year again. That time where we all gather and prove why our show specimen is truly the finest of the bunch. Yes, that's right: it's Potato Show Season. With multiple Best-in-Show blue ribbons under my belt, I'm here to help you peasants prep your spud to look as fine as possible.

Step One: When harvesting a normal potato field the average farmer will merely grab his tots and throw 'em all together in a fat satchel. This is a common first mistake. The first and possibly most important part of the spud selection process is analyzing each potato individually. Caress each one and feel for any imperfection or growths. A true master of his trade will likely do this with his eyes closed so as to heighten his sense of feel. Once a great candidate is selected from the field, then it's only onward and upward.

Step Two: A Show Potato should be marinated in fine imported Italian oils for no less than 24 hours. This will smooth the skin and give the Potato and slender sleek appearance.

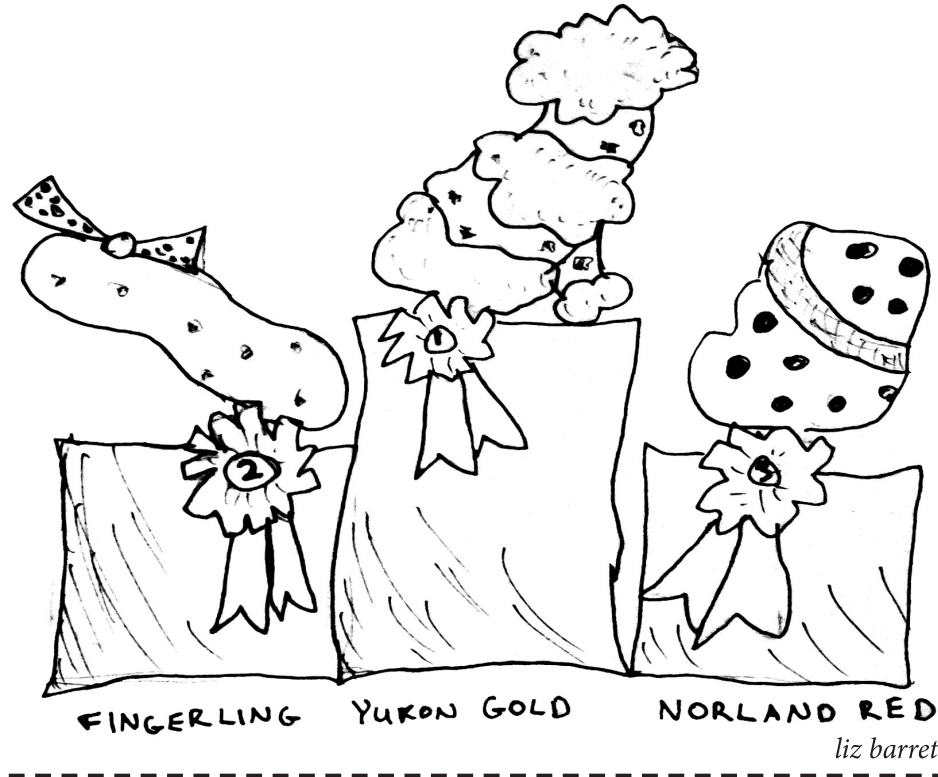
Step Three: This is the true step that separates a good owner from a great one. The day before the show a potato should be massaged and soothed. Rub your spud down and get them as comfortable as possible. It's not common knowledge, but potatoes do in fact have different sexes. A female tot should be massaged for your average six hours while male tots are far more ornery and take close to eight hours to get into peak form.

Step Four: It's Show Day, baby! At this point your potato should look immaculate, polished, smooth, lusty, and most importantly...polished. On your way to show time, it is best to play whichever music your potato prefers. I have had spuds who prefer Dr. Dre's *The Chronic* and others who prefer an artist like Adele. Blast this music as loud as possible. Get your lil' contestant in the mood for their big day. I should also note that music should be played for the entirety of this process of the potato's prep period. Mozart is recommended because it best fosters advanced intellectual growth and true beauty.

Step Five: Once you place your potato on it's display (usually a fine silk pillow or a rare animal skin) make sure its best angles are shown. The judges will lift and analyze your little lord, but first impression is very important!

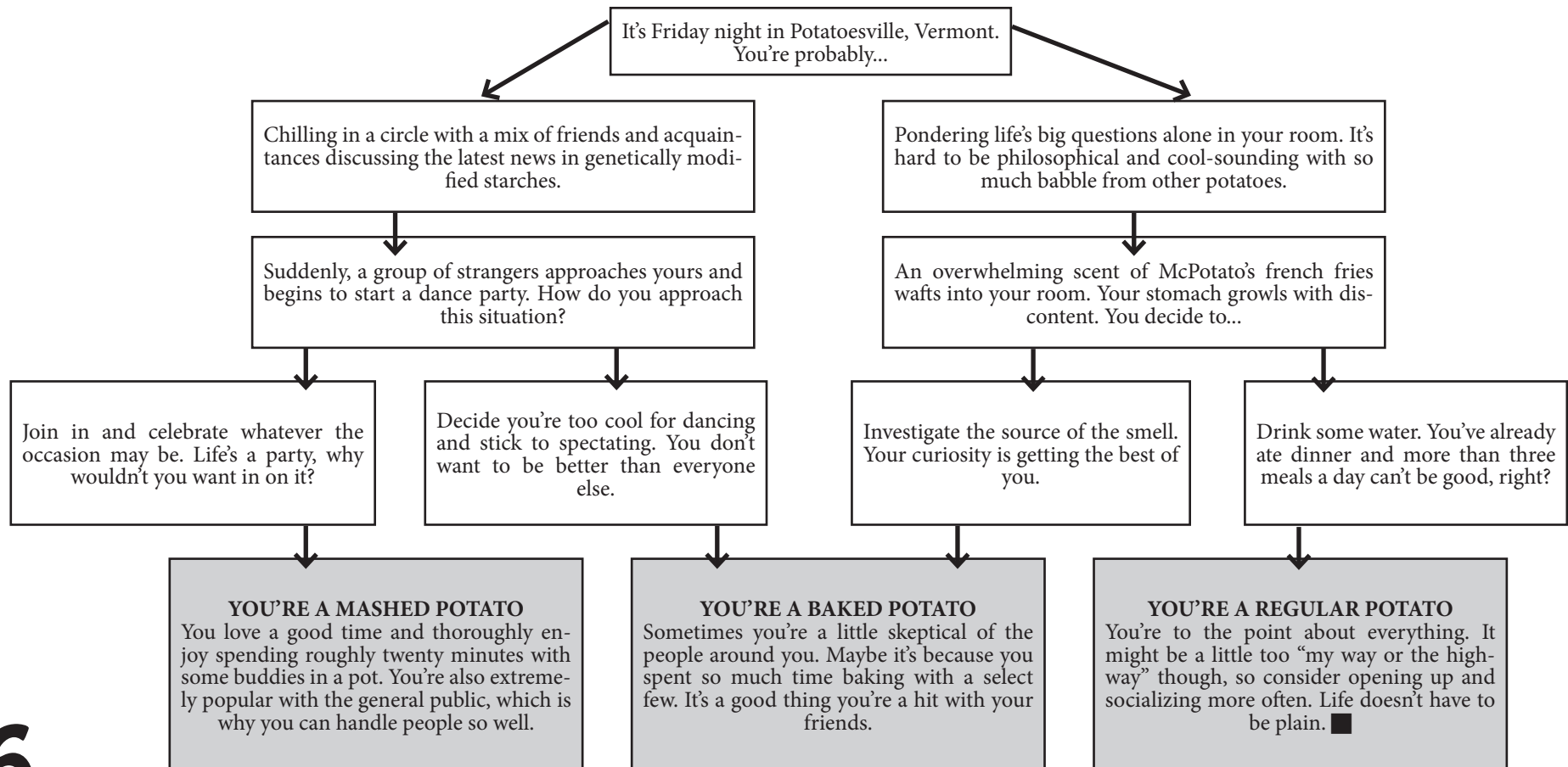
Step Six: Sit in the front row as close to your own spud as possible so you are able to see how well their analysis goes.

Step Seven: Enjoy the show. You and your team have put a lot of time into this and not enjoying the fruits of your labor would be a catastrophe. Good luck and welcome to Show Season! ■



what kind of potato are you?

by katelypine



potat-oh...YES!

"10" ways to have spudtastic sex

tantric tater tips

(Warning: the contents of the article may contain content that is inappropriate for younger audiences. Reader discretion is advised)
(Important Health Advisory: Thorough washing of potato is encouraged before intercourse. When using potatoes as sex toys, ALWAYS use a condom.)

by mikaelawaters, stacebrandt, & leonardbartenstein

Want to blow his mind? Want to rock her world? Leave the whips and chains to the Fifty Shaders. We're talking potatoes. Sexperts have recently discovered the sensual power of the common, household spud and this starchy root is jumping right off your grocery list and between your sheets.

Peel off those clothes and bring your sex life to a boil. This season, it's all about the potato. A quick tip before you get started: Mood is everything. Before you begin your potato play, you'll need some ambiance. Replace your scented candles with steaming hot baked potatoes strategically placed around the room. This will get your senses tingling and ready to explore what your new friend, the potato, can do for you.

Starch-tingly Sexy: Potatoes are great for many different uses, but one of my personal favorites is the cold, sensual juice that oozes from its flesh when cut. Slice a potato in half and rub it over your partner's skin, causing some sexy goosebumps at the cold sensation--and then use your warm tongue to lick it right back off.

Potent Potato: Use potato peelings as a sort of a natural aphrodisiac--place them at various places along your partner's body like cool, blood-drawing leeches, and let them breathe in the earthy and arousing aroma.

Frie-day Night Fantasy: For tantric tater novices, a hard, raw, uncut spud can be quite intimidating. Try starting out with a smaller and more flexible variation. French fries can be a quite playful little toy. Great for tickling nipples and naughty parts, make sure your fries are warm and not right out of the fryer. You want your rod to be firm, yet soft and supple. If you're feeling adventurous, condiments can add a tantalizing wetness to your intimate play. Take the fry between your fingers (or between your teeth) and insert slowly into your favorite crevice or cavity.

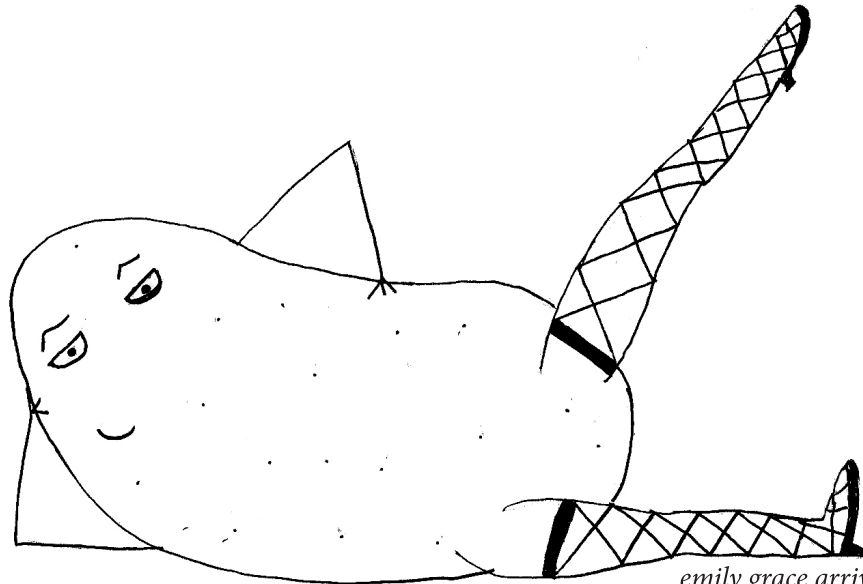
(For a more adventurous and experienced Potato Player): Use a potato peeler to smooth down the sides of a potato, so that they're slick and moist. Then, create a hole in one end of the tuber and insert either a finger or a penis, depending on your preference. Proceed to insert this whole thing into either a vagina or an anus, depending on your preference or your ability to take such a girthy root vegetable.

Mix and Mash: Turns out there's more to mashed potato preferences than just lumpy or whipped. The better question to ask is, "where do you want me to lick it off". For some serious tantric tater play, coat a sensitive area of your partner in a light to medium coat of mashed potatoes. Once sufficiently covered, begin to lightly lick the potatoes off their body building up to vigorous tongue strokes. Make this move your own by adding toppings or seasonings (salt, pepper, shredded cheese, chives) and being creative in the mashed-potato place. We recommend between the toes or the soles of your partner's feet.

live and let fry a potatobituary

by jackbarfuss

It is with great sadness and heavy heart that we honor the potatoes that have passed away in the wake of the previous weekend. However tragic their loss may be, it is without question that these noble warriors gave the ultimate sacrifice for a cause far greater than any single individual. Sometime around the late hours of Friday and Saturday evening the potatoes fell prey to the likes of Chopin, Vikingfjord, and Karlsson's in efforts to end the ongoing war on sobriety. It is all too seldom that we may witness purely selfless acts such as these and further scarce is the appreciation that these sacrifices deserve. Though the acknowledgement is limited, the effects of these acts can be felt far and wide. Whether it be in the form of a fraternity brother attempting to court a fair maiden with a fine libation, or someone looking to unwind after a hard days work in the cheapest possible manner, or perhaps a nomad residing under the bridge attempting to stave off the bitter kiss of a winter night with an elixir hidden behind the mask of a brown paper bag, we salute their efforts and remember the sacrifices these potatoes made, so that others may drink. ■



Yam-al play: When graduating from potato to yam, a new level of trust must be established between partners. Though both edible tubers, yams and potatoes differ in length and girth--especially at their ends. Yams tend be both growers and show-ers in the crop world, so it is important to agree on a safe word in case it becomes too much to handle. Start by circling your partners rear to test the waters then, if it feels right, you can venture into deeper ground. The yam might not fit at first, but try microwaving it in tinfoil for 3 minutes and 45 seconds on high to reduce stiffness. Some will count out yam-al play all together deeming it "unnatural", but keep an open mind. Yams could bring you to exciting new heights and provide unexpected pleasure.

When utilizing these tips, go forth and explore each other's bodies and enjoy the rewards. However, please keep in mind that "no means no" still applies. Potatoes are a great bedroom resource, but respect your partners boundaries and comfort level. Although we guarantee our potato friends will make them giggle with delight, an unexpected yam in unexpected places can be quite shocking. ■



leonard bartenstein

the peels.



sexy vs. skanky

what's **hot** and **not** this week

WORD SEARCH

P	O	T	A	T	O
O	T	A	T	O	P
T	A	T	O	P	O
A	T	O	P	O	T
T	O	P	O	T	A
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the water tower royall tyler theatre grundle
university of vermont old mill redstone
burlington kalkin williams trinity
catamounts the college of arts and sciences
billings memorial library davis center

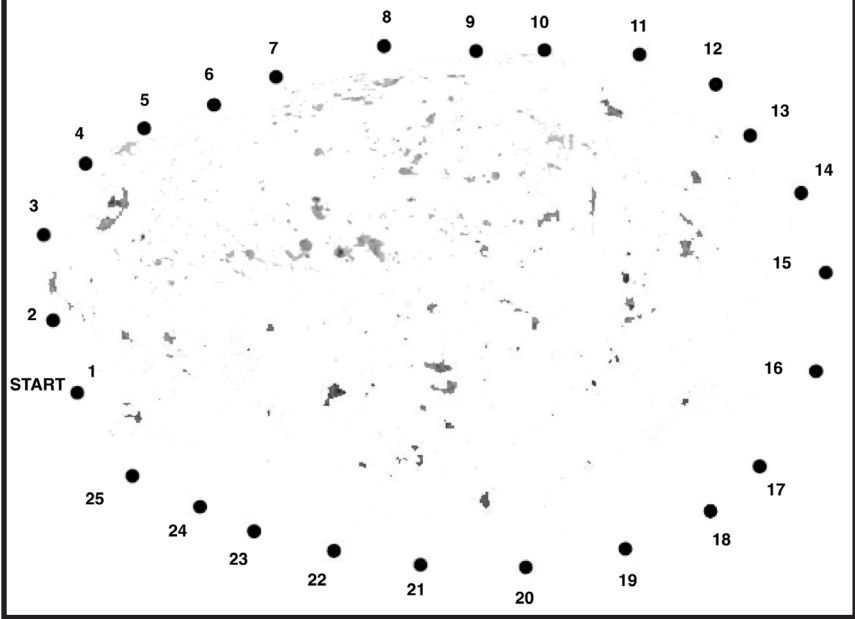
sexy



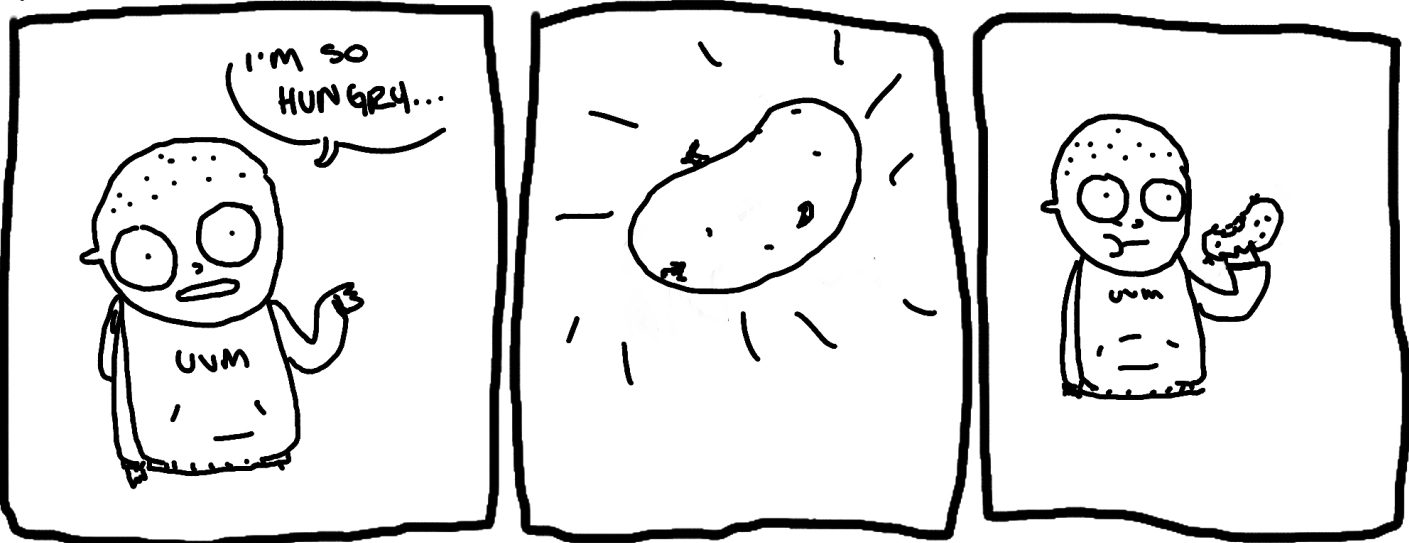
skanky



CONNECT THE DOTS!



A tiny tater.



reflections.

how i came to **drop** my major by clarkmasterson

It took me two years. Two years entrenched in a fugue state: an idle unquestioning of my dissatisfaction with my field of study. As a science major, it gave me a sense of delight to have people say, "Oh wow, you're a science major? You must be very smart!"

I was always appreciative of the compliments, however, this was merely superficial. I was floundering: my grades were plummeting, I was constantly in survival mode, and each day was a struggle to drag myself out of the bed and hit the books. I got so used to feeling overwhelmed and consistently behind that I simply adapted to it. I was depressed that so much money was being spent on something I felt to be a complete waste.

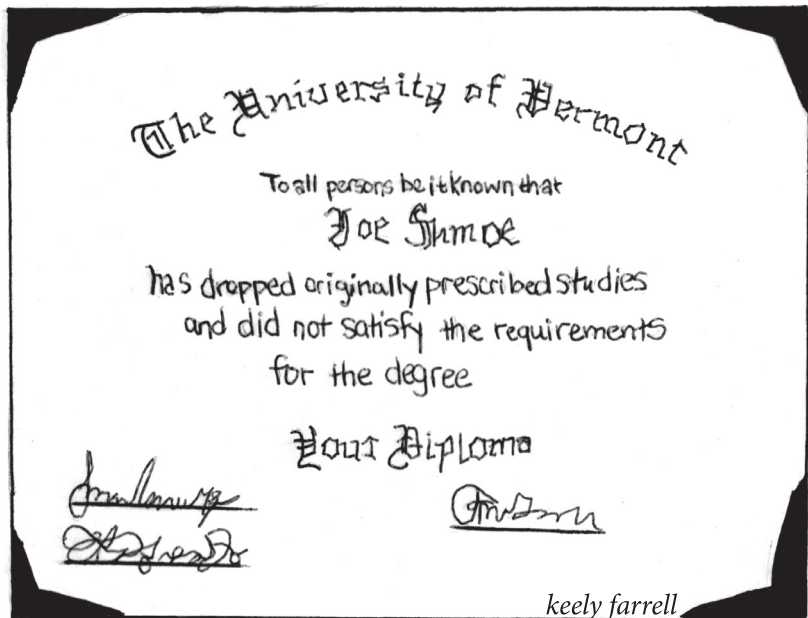
Over this last spring break I decided to be solitary and ask myself if I was happy. Sometimes it's simple things like this that we forget to do, yet they have drastic consequences.

As a transfer student, I made a decision two years ago to change my situation and I never looked back. Two years later, I found myself in the same situation, poised to place my passion and wellbeing before the artificial image I had cultivated. My thoughts became sharper and more focused. I was aware of myself. I began to proactively plan for my future semesters and life after college. I now know what I want to pursue as a career and how I will go about making it happen. The fire under my ass has been effectively lit.

My eyes have been opened and I no longer lament on my burdens, but rejoice over my blessings. I have a smart head on my shoulders, friends, family, and a girlfriend who all love me and believe in me. I asked myself how I could possibly overlook all these things. The answer was simple: I lacked passion for what I was studying and I was afraid to make a change so far into the game.

I encourage all students to frequently question where they are and where they plan to be. Are you excited? Can you see yourself dedicating a lifetime to it? If so, I applaud you. If not, don't wait on it like I did. Address the problem now because it is never going to get better. Don't worry what your peers or even what your family might think. At the end of the day this is your life and your happiness.

Understand you are not alone in your struggle and nobody is totally sure of what the future holds. I am writing this for all students who have struggled to declare a major, have switched majors, are thinking of switching majors, or are simply unhappy with their major. Passion will spark your



keely farrell

ambition, and with that, the sky is the limit. ■

i thought i was normal, until i realized not everyone has **three feet**

by zackpensak

I always thought that the small foot growing out of my lower back was normal. Yeah, it was a bit of a nuisance at times, but hey, who doesn't have a body part that causes a bit of discomfort once in a while? Growing up, I never really questioned my backwards extremity, and even when I would play sports and see other guys without a bump just above their tailbone, I just assumed it would come with age. However, this past March, I realized that I have been living my twenty years of life in naïveté.

I sat at a table with my grandmother, enjoying a lovely lunch of cold, flavorless roast beef sandwiches. At some point, our conversation transitioned from my current academic pursuits to the Pensak family history. I listened with great interest as my grandma told me about her parents, who both grew up in Russia before immigrating to America while in their teens. Their journeys to the ole U-S of A seemed relatively normal until my grandma hit me with a bombshell: her parents, my great-grandparents, were first cousins.

Questions began flying through my head like a curious bird attempting to find its home. Did my great-grandparents know that they were related before getting married? Does this mean I am inbred? Should I never have kids in the worry that they will have weird mutations? Who did actually frame Roger Rabbit? I became a man in a quandary, a Pensak with *preguntas*, a boy searching for the truth.

Then I was knocked on my ass with the biggest question of them all, a question that would make me rethink everything I thought was true in the world: is

the incest three generations back in my family the reason I have a foot growing out of the center of my lower back? Is it not just a normal experience for a teenager, going hand-in-hand with acne and an ever-fluctuating voice? I drove home a broken man, having had my vision of reality shattered by the words of an elderly woman with a cold-cut sandwich.

When I lay in bed that night, I thought back on my life and realized that there have been red flags all along that hinted towards my unique physical deformity. Like in sixth grade, when my friend Andrew's dad asked my father if he was doing experimental testing on my body for some fucked-up research. Or freshman year in high school, when a school bully told me that I should audition for *Ripley's Believe it or Not*. Or just last year, when I was told by the UVM soccer coach that my spot on the team was being revoked because he "didn't want to get accused of cheating."

As my head hit the pillow and my third foot hit the sheets, I realized that whether I wanted to believe it or not, I am different than other college students. The actions of my slightly incestuous great-grandparents have given me a very special gift that not many other people in this world have. Luckily for me, I have the ability to disguise my foot, especially in Vermont where I can wear multiple layers of shirts for the majority of the school year. Let's just hope that my younger brother Gabriel is able to cope with the confusion when he goes to college next year and is asked why a hand with seven fingers is growing out of his right earlobe. ■

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fashion five-oh.

stop the knot:

man buns (a counter-attack)



by lynnkeating

Buns are getting a lot of attention. No, I'm not talking rear-end buns, or the "Hot Cross Buns" you learned how to play on your recorder in elementary school. I'm speaking, of course, about the bun that is spun from the hair, being found lately on the heads of men. Limelight divas such as Leonardo DiCaprio and Oscar-winning actor Jared Leto have endorsed this look, encouraging ordinary, basic men to sprout man buns that you can find in your very own neighborhood.

But let's take this time to be honest with ourselves here, to reevaluate this so-called "man bun" fad. We've been too accepting of this style, and the repercussions have been charitably excused. Truthfully, no one really likes these things. In fact, it has invigorated people enough to take action, including the making of "Stop the Knot," a YouTube clip where a group of Australian men drive around their town and surprisingly chop off man buns. Even Fabio does not conform to the bun; he lets it run wild and free.

Males that sport their hair in a bun never just say, "I am wearing my hair in a bun today." Instead they exclaim, "I am wearing my hair in a *man bun* today!" Why is there this compulsion to label "man", in front of all of the things that they accessorize with? From "man" trucks, to "man" burgers and now "man" buns, men feel an urge to label ordinary things with a gender in front of it.

Buns were originally utilized for ballet. Every single strand of hair has to be perfectly in place to complete the smooth, polished look, and to keep it from getting in the dancer's face. This is why man buns give me PTSD from when my Russian classical ballet teacher used to yell at me for having a messy bun. To see man buns become popular

gives a sense of mockery to the dedicated ballerinas' buns. Man buns are a sloppy, fake version of the bun. We should shun this pseudo-bun.

Those with man buns should not be seen as dateable. If I were to be in a relationship with a man bun man, no one would pay attention to *my* hair. People of all genders and sexualities would approach him and admire his tightly wound bun, instead of complimenting my hair that I spent hours blow-drying. The worst part is that I would be considered to be "sloppy" if I just wore a bun.

The worst part of having to date a bun man is that they are potential threats for stealing hair ties. When I wear a hair tie on my wrist, that hair tie is for me, myself, and I. If someone begins to snatch them away from me to make their own little bun, it would paralyze my hairdo possibilities for an entire day's length.

The cost of these ties is not the issue. I fear the feelings of isolation, separation and loss of self-control that they would evoke. This is something that a lot of people overlook in men with man buns. Personally, I cannot risk my hair tie relationship for a man who chooses to entangle his straggly locks with my personal ponytail-tiers.

When I see these little dingle-dangles sprouting from men's heads, I see it to be a burden and a waste of attention. I have hair too. I've been doing that hairstyle for years. Why does suddenly having a man sport it make it so attractive? Let's be done with the man bun once and for all. ■

"from man trucks to man burgers and now man buns, men feel an urge to label ordinary things..."

highlight reel

the return of march madness



by michaelstorace

The time has come, ladies and gentlemen, for the best and most exciting tournament in all of sports. That's right, it's time for March Madness. All the conference tournaments have been played, the tickets have been punched, and the committee has made its decisions on who will dance. By the time you read, the first round of the tournament will have already unfolded, and upsets will have inevitably occurred. For this reason, I will keep my tournament picks to a minimum.

favorites

Duke

The Blue Devils had a very disappointing 2014 tournament, losing in the first round to #14 Mercer. Coach K will be looking for a better performance this year behind talented freshmen Jahill Okafor and Tyus Jones. It's odd that Duke received a #1 seed despite only finishing fourth in the rankings at the end of the regular season.

Kentucky

UK is the team to hate. Everyone outside of the state of Kentucky surely wants to see the Wildcats receive their first loss of the season. However, it is going to be difficult for anyone to beat this team who plays stellar defense and has huge size in the paint.

Wisconsin

Frank Kaminsky is arguably the best player in the country. At 6'11", he is a powerful presence down low, an absolute monster on the glass, and a player who can shoot the three ball with deadly accuracy.

underdogs

University of North Carolina

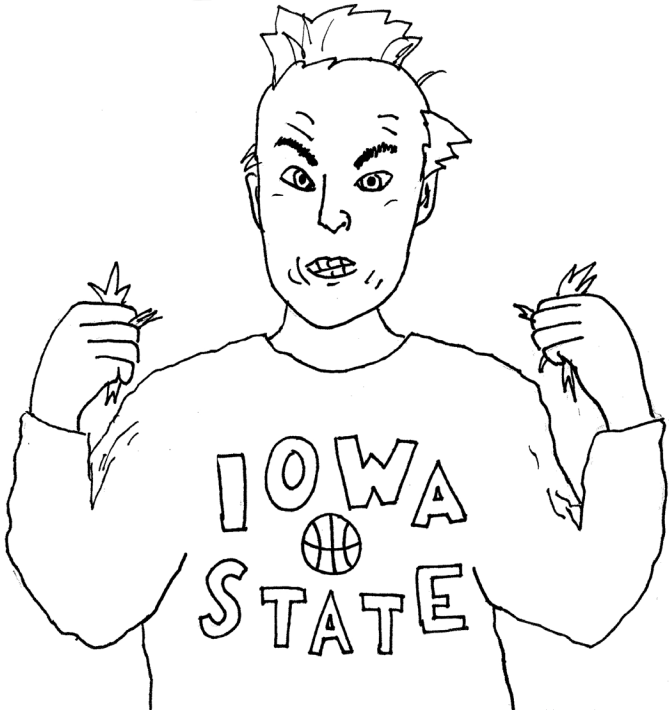
UNC has beaten some of the better teams in the country this year. At only a #4 seed, the Tar Heels have lost a few disappointing games this season. However, this fast-paced team is capable of beating any team in the tournament, including the #1 seed, Wisconsin, in their region.

North Carolina State

NC State has pulled off quite the upset by knocking #1 seed Villanova out of the tournament. They have incredible height in the paint, play very physical, and have some clutch shooters. These boys are poised to make a deep run with the elite eight in sight.

UCLA

The Bruins' position in the tournament was controversial. Many believed they did not deserve to be in the the tournament at all. This controversy was increased due to a questionable goaltending against SMU. Now they have knocked off fellow underdog UAB and will go deeper into the Madness.



cullen hairston

There is just something so incredibly exciting about a play-until-you-lose-style tournament. March Madness is the most exhilarating sports tournament in existence. It is fast-paced, with rapid-fire games for two and half weeks. In the first two days alone, 32 games are played. Another March Madness once again brings up the debate about whether or not college athletes should receive compensation for their efforts on the court. If you are interested in this topic, check out John Oliver's video on The NCAA released on March 15, 2015. ■

tunes.



feel the *illinoise*

by cullenhairston

If you don't know who Sufjan Stevens is, you've probably heard some of his music. Stevens has been writing and recording albums for almost two decades now, with his music spanning many genres, including folk, experimental, and electronic.

One of his most well known albums is 2005's *Illinois*, which was the second album in his "Fifty States Projects", in which Stevens planned to create an album for every state. However, this project was quickly abandoned (What's the best way to quit something? By pretending it never existed in the first place).

The remnants from the scrapped project, combined with his two massive Christmas albums, an

apocalypse-themed electronic album (*The Age of Adz*), and even an orchestral album dedicated to the Brooklyn-Queens Expressway, give Stevens his eclectic style.

In comes *Carrie & Lowell*. This album is Stevens' eighth with original songs, and is definitely one of his most interesting. This album, which will be of-

ficially released March 31, contains introspective, emotional lyrics that relate to his mother and stepfather, Carrie and Lowell. Much of this album is inspired by the recent death of Carrie, who was absent throughout most of his childhood.

For the seasoned Sufjan listener, *Carrie & Lowell* has all the themes you'd want and expect, including references to Christianity ("No Shade in the Shadow of the Cross"), vague homoeroticism ("Eugene"), and of course, his dysfunctional family growing up in the American Midwest ("Carrie & Lowell").

The album is intimate, with Stevens sharing some very personal stories through his songs. The stories are poetic and somewhat vague, leaving the listener to decipher what's actually going on. (Did Sufjan Stevens have a crush on his male swim teacher from childhood, who smoked cigarettes and called him "Subaru"? No one's totally sure.)

Carrie & Lowell is quite possibly one of the best Sufjan Stevens albums. He returns to an earlier style, reminiscent of early albums *Michigan* and *Seven Swans*. This return makes *Carrie & Lowell* so special – it feels like a long-awaited return home after being away for so long. This home isn't by any means perfect, but it's home. Even though Carrie was a shitty mother that Stevens and his siblings rarely saw, he still felt connected to her as her son, and the album reflects this complicated relationship.

Even if you haven't listened to much of Sufjan Stevens, listen to *Carrie & Lowell* and reflect on your childhood and your family. Reflect on what it means to be away, regardless of where your true home may be. ■



cullen hairston

the cipher



feat. kerrymartin

How you doin', UVemcees?!? Post-spring-break slump, or takin' a great dump? 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 push through

Procrastination.

Do the very opposite of what I need to do.
Screw in' off a little bit but I'll start workin' soon.
I promise you, I promise me here right in front of you,
I'll start that goddamn paper between midnight and two
Hit the loo, take a poo, readin' through the daily news
In the time it took to poo, man I could have done an interview
Twenty-five past two, now when was it when this thing is due?
Fuck this school, good thing that I like a good screw.
Harder work, sooner cash flows, but then there's Super Smash Bros
Eatin' Ben & Jerry's instead of learnin' 'bout the lactose.
Codes of labor law, god damn I gotta crack those,
First a side project, map the size of Luda's afros.
Research paper on the news of Yucatan Peninsula?
Guess I'm searchin' Netflix for some Mexican cinema
Vids of narco gangs scare my shit like an enema
Now on WebMD, and I think I have eczema.
The biggest waste of time is still writing for this newsmag
But how else to show the world that I'm a big fucking douchebag?
by hold-up, last-minute latecomer **Kerry Martin**

Next issue, we reject **Adulthood**. Please write raps and contribute, however long or short they are!

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grant daverson: *ace detective* by leonardbartenstein

“Guess what I just got?” asked Daverson, clinking the jingle bells behind him as he came into the store, letting them bounce off of the front door like the most annoying sing-a-long that anyone could have ever listened to, even worse than those *Teletubbies* VHS tapes that were mass-produced in the late 90s.

Barton looked up from the pricing he was doing, on some new S&M-lite erotic novels he had just gotten in. They were flying off of the shelves lately. “Did you get any evidence against Valencé?”

“No, not really, but better.” He held up a baggie. “You see that? That is a bag of drugs.”

“I can see that,” said Barton, pushing down the hand with the baggie like a Bible-thumper repressing a gay child’s sexuality in a state south of the Mason-Dixon line. “Why do you have that?”

“I found it though one of the setups in your books,” said Daverson. “It was in the middle of *A Farewell to Arms*.”

“So you figured out the whole code, then?” asked Barton. “The code that is allowing people to by drugs, thanks to the weird arrangement that the drug dealers have though my bookstore?”

“No, I just wanted to look pretentious in a coffee shop, so I stole it when you weren’t paying attention,” said

Daverson. “I wanted to be a bohemian hipster, with a sept-syllabic coffee order and a scarf in August.”

“Seriously?” asked Barton, incredulously raising an eyebrow with an air of incredulity. “I don’t believe it.”

“Believe it,” said Daverson. “That’s how you get street cred these days, and street cred is what you need to solve a mystery like this.”

“And how exactly are you using that street cred?” asked Barton.

“As a matter of fact, I’m using it,” said Daverson, matter-of-factly, “to get these drugs.”

“And what are we supposed to do with those?” asked Barton.

“We are doing nothing with them,” said Daverson. “You can buy your own. These are for me.”

“Well, other than that, what is it that we’re supposed to do?” asked Barton, throwing his hands up in the air as if he did, as a matter of fact, care. “We don’t have any leads except that you have the ability to buy drugs!”

“Honestly, anyone with fifty bucks and the desire to buy drugs in this city can do that,” said Daverson. “That’s why we’re going to take her down.”

“And to save my bookstore,” said Barton.

“Yes, and to save your bookstore,” said Daverson, annoyingly. “God, it’s all about you, isn’t it? People’s lives

are being ravaged by these drugs. We’ve got a duty to stop Valencé.”

“You just paid her money for those drugs,” said Barton.

“I don’t think we need to get into specifics,” said Daverson, “or begin pointing fingers about who bought drugs from whom. Besides, it’s you who brought me into this whole mess.”

“Me?” asked Barton, pointing at himself. “Yeah, I pulled you in, but you were more than eager to take on another case, probably to impress that Officer Pembleton and show her that you can still be a real detective, rather than a half-wit, nickel-and-dime private eye who can’t find the head of a drug empire in a city of less than fifty thousand people.”

“Is that how you feel about me?” asked Daverson, a hurt tone in his affected voice.

“It is.”

“Fine,” said Daverson. “Well, your bookstore isn’t even that good, and I prefer Baz Luhrmann’s versions of books better than the original.”

With that scathing remark, he turned on his heel and marched right out the door, taking the baggie of drugs with him, and slamming the jingle bell door behind him.

What will become of our heroes, now that they seem to have broken apart to work separately? Will they be able to destory Valencé’s drug empire? Find out next time in

grant daverson: *ace detective*

cat litter. with collincappelle



Lyric of the (Bi)week:

“Drinking coffee by yourself, spending money seems to help fighting off the demons on the weekends”

- Plantation Land, Sun Hotel