crowd control: UVM's housing crisis, rising population, and what will happen next for students

By Kerry Martin

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, Buckingham, 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:

- Dorm overcrowd, declining to tenement-like conditions.
- In August, the huddled masses of incoming 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 medievalsqualor. Its overwhelmed facilities will crumble: grass and trees will be compacted to bare dirt, dining halls will ration supplies in an "All Simply To Go" 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 U Heights 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 UNHCR, 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.
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 ephemeral spring break. After SPRINGBRRK, 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 chiiiiillll 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 the best way to think of it is... midterms seem to stretch).

...stick after our ephemoral spring break. After

SPRANGBR8K

March? My chest just tightened a bit right there.

Is anyone else having a hard time grasping that we're in our final full week of

...of the time, they just send emails. Send your thoughts on

anything in this week's issue to

thewatertowernews@gmail.com

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“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...

“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 see unscientific that many homoeopathic 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 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?

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

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 65 percent of Indians live in rural areas and most of the country’s exports are agricultural.

The amendment is meant to cut through red tape...too bad the [red tape] 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 the 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 futility 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.

And that’s just it. ISIS is tapping into the universal desire be a part of history. Twitter, Tumblr, and Facebook have been excellent platforms to share information, but they do not do justice to what ISIS has accomplished on the ground. The好玩的 experimentation with sepia cannot be downplayed, and the playful presentation is a relic of a more innocent time.

For these reasons, the proposed amendment is a blow to the Indian government and its goal of development. What is more, the amendment is seen as anti-farmer, which is huge considering that 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 be consent from the area’s inhabitants. 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 65 percent of Indians live in rural areas and most of the country’s exports are agricultural.

The amendment is meant to cut through red tape...too bad the [red tape] happens to be consent from the area’s inhabitants.

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 intelligentia 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 loneliness 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 GB 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 Johns Hopkins University which revealed that depressed patients find it easier to keep their eyes on the sky. 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 lumps over the broken glass of our mangled pseudo-reality.”
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. Neverending 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. I 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 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.

Power happy hour: House of Cards

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
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 contemporary 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.

• 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 a 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 diners.

• 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 insurgencies in Western Europe, the Arabian Peninsula, Japan, and Cuba.

• 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.
Folks, it’s that time of year again. That time where we all gather and prove why our spuds are the best of the bunch as we prep for Potato Show Season.

With multiple boil-in-the-blue编辑es under my belt, I’m here to help you prepare your potato just right in time for the show. Here are some tips to get you started:

**Preparation Tips:**

1. **Rinse your potatoes:** This is the first step in the process of making sure your potato is clean and free of any dirt or debris. It’s important to get your potatoes as clean as possible before the show.

2. **Grow your potato:** Visitors are often impressed by the size and health of the potato, so it’s important to ensure yours is growing as well as possible.

3. **Enjoy your potato:** Whether you’re growing it for the show or just for fun, it’s important to enjoy your potato and make sure it’s as healthy as possible.

4. **Use a potato peeler:** A potato peeler is the perfect tool for getting all of the skin off of your potato, and it’s a great way to make sure your potato is as healthy as possible.

5. **Use a potato masher:** A potato masher is the perfect tool for mashing your potato into a uniform consistency, and it’s a great way to make sure your potato is as healthy as possible.

6. **Enjoy your potato:** Whether you’re growing it for the show or just for fun, it’s important to enjoy your potato and make sure it’s as healthy as possible.

With these tips in mind, you’ll be on your way to preparing a potato that’s sure to impress everyone at the show. Good luck and have fun!
the peels.

sexy vs. skanky
what's hot and not this week

WORD SEARCH

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university of vermont  old mill  redstone
burlington  kalkin  williams  trinity
catamounts  the college of arts and sciences
billings memorial library  davis center

CONNECT THE DOTS!

A tiny tater.

I'm so hungry...

by leonardburstenstein
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 ambition, and with that, the sky is the limit.

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PLEASE DRINK RESPONSIBLY
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 intrigued 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 look in men with man buns, men feel an urge to label ordinary things with a gender in front of all of the things that they accessorize with? From “man” trucks, to “man” man buns.

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” 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 strangely 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.

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**highlight reel**

**the return of march madness**

by michaelstorage

The time has come, ladies and gentlemen, for the best and most exciting tournament in all of sports. That’s right, its 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 Okara 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 shoot-ers. 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 tournament at all. This controversy was increased due to a questionable goalling against SMU. Now they have knocked off fellow underdog UAB and will go deeper into the Madness.

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.
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 apocalyptic 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 officially 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.

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How you doin’, UVMeeses? 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. Screwin’ 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! Send your lines to thewatertowernews@gmail.com with your favorite rapper in the subject line. The best student rapper of the semester gets a fabulous prize!

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“i major in English but I’m taking courses such as Anthropology, Environmental Studies and Chemistry. I’m taking these courses because they count towards my transition into the fall term as a Sophomore.”

Memesi
English ’17

Summer Registration is Open!

“I major in English but I’m taking courses such as Anthropology, Environmental Studies and Chemistry. I’m taking these courses because they count towards my transition into the fall term as a Sophomore.”

uvm.edu/summer
"Guess what I just got?" asked Daverson, clutching 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 buy drugs, thanks to the weird arrangement that the drug dealers have thought 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 your bookstore," said Barton.

"Yes, and to save your bookstore," said Daverson, annoyedly. "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 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 destroy Valencé's drug empire? Find out next time in

**creationism science**

**grant daverson: ace detective**

*by leonard bartenstein*

"Drinking coffee by yourself, spending money seems to help fighting off the demons on the weekends" - Plantation Land, Sun Hotel