



the water tower.

uvm's alternative newsmag

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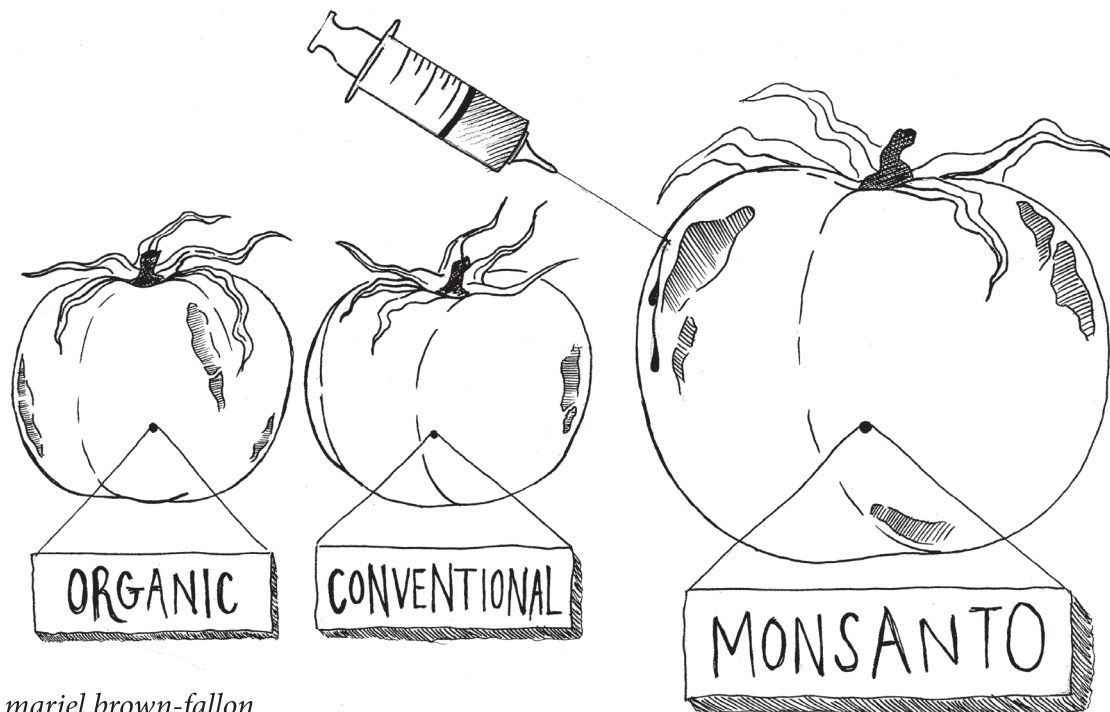
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labeling the *truths* on genetically modified organisms

by terraarguimbau

As the Wings Over deliveryman can vouch, I am very passionate about having the right to know exactly what someone is about to consume. Beyond my late-night munchies, food composition clarity has skyrocketed into the state's legislation through the topic of labeling genetically modified organisms, or GMOs. I want to make clear that this article is not about banning GMOs, (even though over 60 countries including most of Europe, Japan and Australia all have)—that's another battle for another day—rather, that food corporations should be required to label their GMO-based products. Labeling isn't a revolutionary idea; in every nutritional label found on any product, *all* ingredients should be listed. Recently, I took a trip to the Vermont State House in Montpelier for a public hearing on the GMO Labeling Bill (H.112) which is currently under vote in the legislature. At the public hearing, every person but one (who thought this bill should be even stricter) were in favor of the bill. When I think about labeling, it's pretty straightforward and simple; people deserve the right to consumer honesty, or the peace of mind in knowing what's in every bite they get. So, here's my nutrition major, healthful eater, and anti-GMO supporter pitch for why you too should care about the GMO Labeling Bill.

So, the basics, what the heck are them GMOs thingamabobs? "Genetically Modified Organisms" are plants or animals that have been genetically engineered with different DNA, made from bacteria, viruses or other species. Essentially, they are an experimental combination of genes that could never (like Taylor Swift level of "never ever" getting together) occur naturally in traditional crossbreeding. These



mariel brown-fallon

combinations create new species that are able to withstand and behave unlike their natural counterparts. Due to this ridiculous crossbreeding, GMO plants are able to resist the direct application of herbicides, and some can even produce certain insecticides. For big companies,

essentially, they are an experimental combination of genes that could never (like Taylor Swift level of "never ever" getting together) occur naturally in traditional crossbreeding

GMOs are advantageous because these super-powered, bio-engineered plants can survive and reproduce at a massive scale (can you say mono-crops?).

Who's the big bad wolf? As you may know, for Vermont's GMO campaign, that's Monsanto. In the past, Monsanto have utilized sterile seeds, aka "suicide seeds," that don't allow for a second generation to produce. Why is this bad? Besides having a name implying self-sacrifice, these herbicide-resistant crops are cross-pollinating with weeds to create super-weeds. But, maybe you really

like weeds and have a lot of faith in the research of Miracle-Gro. A man named Gilles-Éric Séralini recently conducted the longest study to date involving rats and the consumption of GMOs. The 200 test rats, the same species in Monsanto-led studies, were divided into different

experimental conditions and given Monsanto's Roundup Ready corn for two years. The results showed that rats fed GMO crops had significantly reduced organ functioning or damage in their liver, kidney, adrenal glands, heart, and haematopoietic system—oh, and also some tumors that were half the size of said rats. Females in the GMO-treated group were also two to three times more likely to die than the control group. If this isn't enough to prove to you that GMOs are harmful, keep in mind that these industry studies have never proven with absolute certainty that there isn't something fishy about GMOs.

Why is it important that these foods be labeled? Right now, it is very unclear

hemoglobin homophobia: how blood donors face discrimination

by nickdemassi

If you've been on campus long enough, you've probably seen the American Red Cross signs around campus for blood drives at the Patrick Gym now and again throughout the year. The most recent one was held Monday, March 17th. There are thousands of people in the country who are in need of blood, and when communities come together to donate, great achievements can be made and lives can be saved. One would think "the more the merrier" when it comes to donations of any sort—let alone life-saving bodily fluids. However, the US Food and Drug Administration (FDA) still enforces a policy that men who have had sex with men ("MSM") since 1977 are permanently banned from donating.

Why, you might ask, does the government allow such blatant homophobic, derogatory discrimination against life savers? HIV, that's why. The virus that leads to the infamous AIDS disease, you know, the one your RAs all told you to avoid when they dished out condoms at the beginning of the year. There is a panic running around in the government that all gay males must be HIV-positive (because, obviously, all men who have sex with men do so unprotected, and with such frequency that they spread disease like wildfire). And so, the FDA is afraid that those who handle the needles or who work in the blood banks are at higher risk for contamination if they are handling blood that is HIV-positive. According to the FDA's website, the policy of permanently deferring MSM donors was enacted in 1983, shortly after the AIDS crisis of the 1970s.

"Now wait one minute!" you say, "if the FDA is worried about the safety of its workers, then why not reexamine the safe lab procedures?" Anyone who has taken a lab science at UVM should know that safety is the number one priority of all science labs. So, if the FDA is worried about worker safety, why not require proof that you are disease-free, rather than targeting demographic groups who seem to present the biggest problem? Vermont has one of the lowest rates of HIV infections, probably due to easy access to free, anonymous testing centers. HIV tests can be done in under a half an hour—which is probably shorter than the time you'd have to wait to donate blood without an appointment anyway. So instead of telling all sexually

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inside
me: fukushima
by daveanderson

ccta strikes
by dustineagar

uncovering
by annemoyerbrailean

nfl free agents
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dear readers,

This week's paper is marked by some serious shit like the anti-GMO movement's recent momentum, heme-ophobia and the importance of musical fannypacks, so we completely understand if you're feeling overwhelmed by the sheer greatness of this issue. In light of this, we'll be producing something a little bit...different, well say, next week. That's right, April Fool's Day (aka **the water tower's** fave holiday) is upon us! After thoroughly enjoying this issue (seriously, we've got some great pieces), start counting the nanoseconds until next week's masterpiece comes out. It'll be worth the wait.

Peace n' blessin's,
The Eds

*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*

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the shit list

with lauragreenwood and mikestorage

Professors Who Never Give A's: Every professor grades differently, which I totally understand. However, worse than the "let's fail everyone!" professor has got to be the professor will never give you an A. B+ my ass, what more do you want from me?! Honestly, though, if you will never give us a pat on the back, we'll eventually just lose all confidence and become weepy students who have given up entirely on the concept of a cumulative GPA.

Assignments Over Ten Pages: It's like, we know how to write and sometimes the essay process can be a cool learning opportunity, but cap that shit at five (maybe eight) pages. You and I both know that past that point, I'm bullshitting and you're not reading, so how about we call it a day before I spend ten hours in the library the night before it's due, trying to scramble?

Microwaves and "Department Only Kitchens": As someone who brings a lunch every day to campus, it's safe to say sometimes I want my meal hot. Since the only "public" microwave appears to be in the Marketplace (aka the most inconvenient location ever in between classes), I frequently find myself at a loss with cold leftovers that probably aren't even safe to consume cold. Don't chide me then for sneaking into your precious, PhD-exclusive only kitchen to microwave something. Spread the love from one cold pizza hater to another! ■

the news in brief

with dannissim

"Venetian people realized that we are a nation [worthy of] self-rule and openly oppressed..."

- **Paolo Bernardini**, professor of European history at the University of Insubria, spoke for the Venetian peoples' move for independence. While not legally binding, a survey of the Venetian population, showed an 89% support towards independence.

"There were three keys to our success. Immunize, immunize and immunize."

- **Deepak Kapur**, head of Rotary International's polio campaign in India, commented on India's success on ridding the country of polio. Thursday, the World Health Organization plans to officially announce the news.

"We must refrain from retaliatory steps for now."

- **Russian President Vladimir Putin** addressed the latest round of United States sanctions. As Russia's parliament has approved the annexation of Crimea, sanctions, coming from both sides, will only get worse.

"Based on our observations, this is not a functioning aircraft carrier; it's a large barge built to look like an aircraft carrier. We're not sure what Iran hopes to gain by building this. If it is a big propaganda piece, to what end?"

- **U.S. Navy Commander Jason Salata** commented on the reports of an Iranian-made replica of a U.S. nuclear-powered aircraft carrier. The leading theory behind the build is that the Iranian's hope to explode it in a propaganda film.

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

american work ethic hits *fukushima*

by daveanderson

Imagine you wanted to plow sidewalks at UVM (weird idea, right?). In order to get all of it done, you would obviously need to hire workers. Where would you get these workers? Well, presumably, you might want to check through some resumés and find some people with a good work ethic who have experience driving a plow. Of course, it is just manual labor, so why not have someone else hire a few people, who may not really be trained but need the money badly? This technique would probably save a little cash, but it might develop a suboptimal result; considering how often I eat shit walking at night, UVM clearly doesn't have a history of caring too much about subpar sidewalk care.

Recall, if you will, Fukushima, the nuclear disaster of our generation. The people in charge of the Fukushima clean-up are apparently taking a similar stance on cleaning the nuclear waste as UVM and Burlington take with the barren, ice-filled tundra that are the Main Street sidewalks. Tepco, the lovely and talented faceless organization in charge of Fukushima, has opted to use an even more exaggerated version of the scenario I described above. To go back to the plowing metaphor: if Tepco were UVM after assigning the plowing to, say, the custodial staff, the custodial staff *then* sold the task off to a fraternity, who then asked their pledge class to plow. At this point, it's safe to say the sidewalks are fucked.

The Fukushima clean-up has several degrees of

contractors, with each rung down the ladder progressively less connected to the parent company in charge of dealing with the radiation. Because of this, there are very few ways to control the work or impose proper safety regulations from the top. The companies assigned to hire workers have gone so far as to release internet ads saying "Nowhere to go? Nothing to eat? Come to Fukushima!"

"if tepco were uvm after assigning the plowing to, say, the custodial staff, the custodial staff then sold the task off to a fraternity, who then asked their pledge class to plow. at this point, it's safe to say the sidewalks are fucked."

It appears that they are trying to attract the most desperate laborers in order to save money and fight the labor deficiency while decommissioning the site. There have already been multiple accidents on-site, including pipes bursting and dousing workers with radioactive water. At one point a large spill of radioactive water occurred because workers did not heed an alarm while transferring the water to the wrong tank. The chief nuclear regulator, Sunichi Tanaka, told the *New York Times* that the subcontracting system is at the heart of the problem; that it means "Tepco does not have a clear picture of what's hap-

pening on the ground."

In addition to the dangerous work on the job, the laborers are exposed to a harmful environment off the job as well. The workers are housed in dormitories in an otherwise abandoned area of town; there is nothing to do other than go to the company-built bar, and reports of alcoholism are aplenty. Now I know that this housing situation sounds similar to the average student's college experience (sans radiation), and the fact that the bar has sake makes it sound pretty fun, but it's a terrible environment for the laborers. I mean, honestly, if I worked at a nuclear disaster site all day with other workers who had no idea how to do anything, I'd hit the sake pretty hard.

Though they are trying to push blame off onto the contractors, Tepco is at the top of the ladder. These workers are being mistreated, and a very important and dangerous job is being done like shit. The situation is not getting covered much (perhaps in part due to the attention being given to the Ukrainian crisis) but it's important that people are informed about the situation: both the mistreatment of the workers and the affront to the environmental health of the area. Now that you've been informed: spread the word; read up on other, more "professional" articles, and help circulate information about a truly disastrous situation. ■

BLOOD DONATIONS - continued from page 1

active gay men that they are permanently banned from the system, they should allow them the opportunity to be tested and prove that their blood will not present a risk to those who are handling the needles and working in blood banks.

However, the FDA's website provides a bone chilling statement: "HIV tests currently in use are highly accurate, but still cannot detect HIV 100% of the time. It is estimated that the HIV risk from a unit of blood has been reduced to about 1 per 2 million in the USA, almost exclusively from the very infection, not enough virus in the FDA justipolicy by MSM indif about ulation, over 60% infections firmly be- of losing tially large donors, invest its searching more accurate testing techniques so we can be sure without a shadow of a doubt that any one person is HIV free. That way, one day, anyone who is caring enough to donate blood can be tested on the site of donation and know quickly whether their blood is healthy enough to save a life. This would eliminate the need for systematic discrimination.

Our university stands on a common ground of nondiscrimination and acceptance of all people, regardless of their race/ethnicity, gender, age, ability, socioeconomic status, reigion, and sexual orientation. It is not right that an organization like the American Red Cross should be allowed to hold blood drives on a campus that will not tolerate their discrimination tactics. The Red Cross has been banned from having blood drives in university residence halls, however, the drives at the gymnasium are equally as offensive and should also be reconsidered.

In the meantime, those who are able to donate blood, those who have not been permanently banned, are encouraged to donate in place of those who are unable to do so at this time. There are people out there who need blood to survive, and you will be doing a great service to the Burlington community by donating blood. ■



GMOs - continued from page 1

how safe they are for our diets—especially at the rate our rate of consumption. It is estimated that eighty percent of all processed foods contain GM ingredients, yet how could we know? The studies of GM foods are only short-term and conducted by the same corporations making and profiting from these crops. How backwards can you get? Other long-term, independent studies have proven GMOs to cause pancreatic and liver damage; another study done on pigs (pigs have similar digestive systems) revealed digestive and reproductive disorders. So, if Monsanto thinks GMOs are so great and healthy, why is it that they've spent so much money to ensure states don't label their products! Let's let people choose what they want in their bodies by allowing them access to information. Because there has not been enough research to guarantee that GM foods are safe, people should be allowed the option to choose and support otherwise.

Presently, Vermont has the chance to stand up and become the first state to require the labelling of GMOs. This is the farthest a bill has gotten without a trigger clause being added. A trigger clause means other surrounding states would also have to pass a similar bill to ours in order for Vermont's bill to be enacted. Unfortunately, such a clause would mean an enormous delay for our legislation; thus, the power of lobbying and bureaucratic bullshit would win out, yet again. We don't want this to happen to our bill, therefore we need people to voice their opinions and show their support. You can do so by attending events that support the bill, or visiting www.vpirg.org (Vermont's Public Interest Research Group) to learn more. Spread the word, and get the discussion growing. Vermont can set the precedence for America as to what food standards ought to be. ■

around town. local 597 on strike



by dustineagar

Last Monday, the unionized drivers of the Chittenden County Transportation Authority (CCTA) system went on strike following a collapse in negotiations with the CCTA. The drivers are represented in collective bargaining action by the Local 597 division of the Teamsters union. Among the primary grievances of the union in the negotiations are increased hiring by CCTA of temporary (non-union) drivers, driver monitoring practices by CCTA which are viewed as invasive, and long split shifts during peak times, sometimes lasting 14 or 15 hours. The objectives of the union in negotiations with CCTA can be summarized as maximizing full-time (40-hour weekly) positions while maintaining a hospitable and safe work environment. After several rounds of rejected proposals and counter proposals, the union rejected a CCTA contract proposal on March 14th and announced that a driver strike would commence on Monday, March 17th. At the time of writing, CCTA had confirmed that they have received the requisite written proposal from union negotiators for the negotiations to continue.

Since the strike began on March 17th, union members and the drivers' supporters have been picketing at the Cherry Street bus station. Those who arrived looking for rides were informed that there would be none coming in light of the current situation. When **the water tower** reached out to union members at the picket line for comment about the strike, we were informed that the dispute had been moved under the jurisdiction of a Federal Mediation and Conciliation Service mediator out of Albany, NY and that a media gag order had been imposed on both parties. Thus, none of the drivers were able to comment, and CCTA's comments were limited to an acknowledgement of receipt of the union proposal and that a new round of negotiations would take place over the weekend. Tony St. Hilaire, the business agent for the 597 Teamsters, was also unavailable for comment. Because of the media gag, nobody without a seat at the negotiating table really knows whether the two sides are close to the compromise which would end the strike.

So where exactly does this leave us? The CCTA system

is undeniably a great resource for the people of Burlington. Even though the buses are often (actually, usually) off schedule, they provide an accessible means of transportation to those who lack the luxury of owning a vehicle in Burlington. Unsurprisingly, the strike has disproportionately impacted low-income communities. According to the Burlington Free Press, the CCTA system serves approximately 9,700 riders daily, including over 2,000 schoolchildren who now must find alternate transportation due to the strike.

Some people impacted by the strike have opted to vent their frustration on the drivers themselves. They cite relatively competitive compensation, the fact that CCTA is subsidized by the state and federal governments (around \$9 million annually), and the impact of the strike on their

“because of the *media gag*, nobody without a seat at the negotiating table *really knows* whether the two sides are close to the compromise which would end the strike.”

daily routines. While it is true that the strike would not be underway without a strong motivation by the drivers, it is important to remember the nature of the collective bargaining process. In the end, the prospect of a strike and its consequences are the most powerful leverage that any organized labor group has in negotiating contracts.

Public-sector unions were subject to a wave of popular scorn by conservatives across the country led in part by Wisconsin Governor Scott Walker two years ago. In the debate over how to reduce the budget deficits of the nation and the several states, the first target was the collective bargaining rights of our teachers, fire fighters, police, transit workers, and other public servants. These collective bargaining rights do indeed bring about higher costs on tax payers. So do subsidies to oil companies and mohair producers, pork spending on unnecessary projects, an overcrowded prison system, and well off politicians' lar-

gesse, but those things don't manifest in tangible benefits like better teachers, fewer catastrophic fires, less crime, and safer public transit.

The right to collective bargaining in this country was won through a decades-long, hard-fought battle in which many people lost their jobs, livelihoods and lives. While the strike most certainly impacts many in the Burlington area, it is a part of the same collective bargaining process that has brought us a minimum wage, an end to child labor, OSHA (for better or worse), workers' comp, and general recourse for workers to the owners of the factors of production. Three city councilors and one councilor-elect (Rachel Siegel, P-Ward 3; Vince Brennan, P-Ward 3; Max Tracy, P-Ward 2; and councilor-elect Selene Colburn, P-Ward 1) released a joint statement in support of the drivers:

“When unionized drivers agree to strike in a unanimous vote, rather than accept the terms of a contract, despite the risks to their livelihoods and their families, it signals a deep concern for the existing working conditions. We call on the CCTA to deliver a fair contract to the drivers.” (Burlington Free Press; March 18th, 2014)

Across the Queen City, a great deal of support has been expressed for the drivers. From UVM students demonstrating in a CCTA solidarity march, to local politicians calling on the CCTA to deliver a fair contract to their drivers, to a now widely known group of 70 or so BHS students marching from their bus stop to school as a demonstration of support, the community seems to be overwhelmingly supportive of the drivers. Anyone who has depended on the CCTA system for transportation and had daily interactions with these drivers knows that the vast majority of them are the type of dedicated, kind individuals that we have come to associate with the ethos of our state and our community. ■

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how bout *dem bars?* the dos and don'ts of bar etiquette by dustineagar

Congratulations! You've just turned 21 and your options on Thursday, Friday, and Saturday (and for many, the other four) nights have expanded significantly. Not only are sketchy illegal booze runs necessary to obtain refreshments of a certain type, your state issued identification now serves as your admission ticket (minus cover charge, of course) to Burlington's many bars and night clubs. It's almost like 27 embassies have granted you asylum from the sweaty basement parties of which you have invariably grown tired some time ago. This asylum comes at a price – the same five dollar bill that bought you a bottomless red solo cup in the past now gets you a single pint of Switchback (depending on where you go). There is also a tacit understanding that you will behave like a mature human being, even if it means you must put up a façade to conceal the alcoholic college student at your core.

For the past few years, I have worked at one of Burlington's busiest nightclubs as busser, bar back and bartender. While this is indeed America and you have the freedom to act like an asshole if you so choose, there are certain things that you must do and not do in order to not get kicked out, not look like an idiot, and be a decent human being (probably in that order of prioritization). By following a few simple guidelines, you will limit the toll you take on my faith in humanity the next time you come order a drink from me or my comrades.

DO: Tip your bartenders and waitresses!

We make less than minimum wage, and we make most of our money through tips. By making you a drink, I am providing a service for which I expect to be paid. Tipping is by definition optional, but we tend to remember when someone stiff us and will certainly remember that when you are one of twenty people in front of the bar waiting for their next drink.

DO NOT: Be rude to us. We have what you want and reserve the right to refuse service to your drunk ass. Remember that you are here for fun and that this is a living for us. We're really sorry that we nudged you getting past you, but you have no idea how many people we've had to politely ask to get the fuck out of the way this evening.

DO: Learn how to hold your liquor! That guy puking in the bathroom because he did 10 shots in as many minutes is obviously a rookie and has not yet mastered this tenet of responsible bar patronage. Try drinking some water once in a while. You'll be glad you did when you don't wish you were dead tomorrow.

DO NOT: Crowd the bar. Chances are there are fifty other people who are thirsty and trying to get their drink on. In general, try not to be a drunken human obstacle, especially when it is crowded. It makes you look like a tool and may or may not be a fire hazard.

DO: Get a room! Sucking face in front of the bar is not making you any friends. Also, it doesn't look anywhere near as cute or romantic as it does in your mind. On a related note, *please* don't be that couple having sex in public in the corner. Some poor (sober!) soul on the bar staff is going to have to tap you on the shoulder and ask you to quit doing that. Also, there's no way that that person you just met and decided to fuck on the dance floor remembered to use protection. Gross.

DO NOT: Lose all of your shit. After Mardi Gras, some hot mess (still wearing the beads) came in with her (still drunk) friends. They were on their way back to Massachusetts, and needed to stop in and grab: one girl's phone, debit cards and identification; another girl's entire set of belongings; and a third girl's phone. See the "you booze, you looze" section for a weekly reminder of how being drunk enough to lose all of your things makes you the butt of other people's jokes.

DO: Have a good time! Part of being an adult is learning how to have a good time without being a complete cretin. While everyone has a few nights where they take it a little bit too far, most people eventually figure out how to enjoy themselves without being a general menace to themselves, others, and society. Remember, there is a fine line between a college student and an alcoholic, and that line is called graduation. ■



barry guglielmo

the *new and improved* signal kitchen by marilynora

It's become something of a teenage rite of passage: sitting around in a dank basement on a clawed-up, stained couch, munching on stale Cheetos, listening to chill music with your friends. It's nostalgia in the making, and Signal Kitchen, a newer music venue around town, has capitalized on this. The entrance to Signal Kitchen is located in the alley behind SkiRack, underneath a glowing red light. Sometimes the doors are open and you can see the ID checker hanging around to tell you that you're in the right spot. A lot of the times, though, doors are not open, and you see many Signal Kitchen first-timers wandering around the alley looking for the entrance- eventually they'll find it. Once you get past the doors, you walk down a set of wooden stairs. Finally there, it becomes obvious that Signal Kitchen is basically an open basement with a barely-raised platform.

The music has always been great, but Signal Kitchen's layout has been sparse and lackluster, making the entire operation feel not-legit. I don't mind sparseness; music is all that matters to me; but trying to convince some of my apprehensive friends to come to shows with me was at times hard because they said it felt "too ghetto." Fortunately, this has changed. A few months ago, Signal Kitchen shut down for renovations, and a couple of weeks ago they finally re-opened.

I got to check out the new Signal Kitchen last week when I went to the How Sad/Cayucas show. Walking down the wooden steps was the only familiarity in this visit, because once at the bottom of the stairs, it became apparent that Signal Kitchen has taken the basement rite of passage and turned it up a notch.

So there I was at the very front of the stage, being an

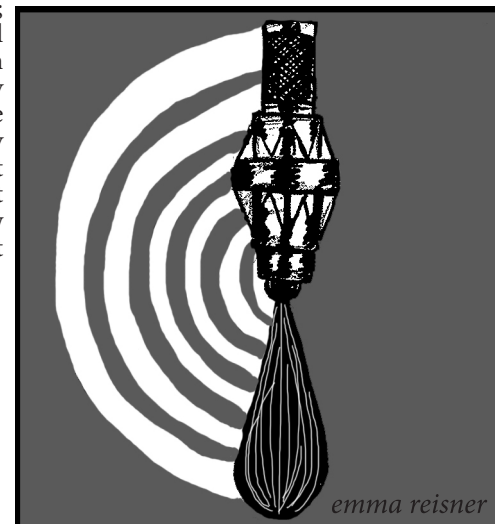
annoying concert-goer with my cell phone out. I wanted to dance, but I also wanted to video How Sad's amazing performance to watch over and over again later. I asked my friend Micaiah to video the performance since he's just a wallflower at concerts anyway. He pointed out that someone from Signal Kitchen was videoing it already. My mind reassured that at least someone was capturing the performance, I danced my happy heart out. Turns out one major modification of this redevelopment is videoing. Signal Kitchen is trying to video all of their concerts to put up online. This is a great idea. Knowing this, I no longer have to be the loser glued to my phone all night. I have yet to find the How Sad performance online, but I'm not too worried; I'm sure it'll be uploaded eventually.

The actual concert area hasn't changed much. It's still an open floor, but there are new areas to chill at if you don't want to stand the entire night. Before the renovation, seating at Signal Kitchen was dicey. A lot of the time you would just end up sitting cross-legged on the floor because of the limited seating. The renovation has brought a bevy of seating. Brightly lit, immediately to the left of the stairs were plush booths to sprawl out in. My favorite thing was the armless teal leather sofa to the right of the stairs. That is one swanky piece of furniture; there will be no Cheetos-eating on that.

Divvying up the seating area from the actual performance area is one beautiful, glossy raised bar. Previously, you couldn't sit at the bar; this has been remedied, and now it's a legit bar. You can sit at it! You can nurse a drink all night and watch the concert from afar! You don't have to get your glass jostled out of your hand by some thrashing 18-year-old! It's the perfect place to listen to the music

adequately, but also if you want to chat with your friends a little, you don't have to scream in their faces or learn American Sign Language to have to communicate with them. The bar is the pinnacle of classiness, and I would almost say it's near perfect. One aside: the bartender was hard to flag down, despite the fact that it wasn't that busy... and when I finally managed to get their attention they gave me bourbon instead of the whiskey I had ordered. Therefore, only *near*-perfect.

Signal Kitchen has always been my favorite concert venue because they manage to pull in some great acts. Since its renovation has upped the ante for the rest of the venues in town; Signal Kitchen has clearly become the classy adult basement you now hang out in. ■



emma reisner

reflections.

dear diary:

thank god for rejection

by vanessakahn

I'm a confident person, but that doesn't stop me from occasionally second-guessing myself when sending a risky text, or making the first move. Sometimes I need Coach Taylor from *Friday Night Lights* in the back of my mind chanting, "Clear eyes, full heart, can't lose." If there's anything I've learned from my expansive experience on getting rejected, is that we really never lose, because there is always a lesson to gain.

Let me explain: never have I learned so much about myself, than the time I got rejected in high school in front of a huge crowd—it was no private matter. I decided to ask a boy to the Sadie Hawkins dance in the most public of social atmospheres. To understand the gravity of my rejection, you need to understand my high school's courtyard. The courtyard is where all the students of Boulder High linger between classes, where social hierarchies are defined. The courtyard is a social respite from long and boring classes, where we observe each other shamelessly, and on one particular day I just happened to be the entertainment.

I went up to my conquest, gave him a hug and put a note on his back that said, "Winter Ball??" If by Winter Ball I meant bawling to my best friend in our favorite coffee shop, I got what I wanted. I ended up going to Winter Ball solo. He had nicely let me down by saying he would be skiing, however, we ended up in the same limo to the dance. This isn't close to the last time I would encounter rejection, it's only the most poignant example.

But I'm not jaded by the fact that I've been rejected.

In fact, I appreciate the rejection in hindsight for what it taught me about myself.

It taught me to get back on the damn horse. There is nothing worse in life than getting rejected and letting it knock us down to the point of never making ourselves vulnerable again. It's easy to sit back and wait for things to happen, but like Chuck Palahniuk said, "If you don't know what you want, you'll end up with a lot you don't." Being rejected taught me that even if I didn't land myself a date,

"if someone passes me up in my glory and shame, i don't want them either. sometimes rejection is just the universe doing me a favor"

at least I knew what I wanted and went for it.

I also learned to have a sense of humor about things that go wrong in my life. It would be nearly impossible to navigate through this maze of life without being able to laugh at myself. Who knows, maybe I will make my next #TBT to that time I got rejected in front of everyone in high school; god knows someone snapped a photo. I've found that my ability to laugh at myself has been an essential component of my happiness. It would take up way too much of my energy trying to figure out why people

act the way they do, so I've vouched for laughing at myself instead; it's just easier. I know who I am and the people who love me know who I am, and if someone is to reject me, well hey, joke's on them.

Rejection has also taught me to believe in fate. One of my best friends always says that relationships should flow. This is such a simple concept, but as I think about it, why would I want to force anything when it comes to a relationship? I want to be with someone who wants me from the start. I want someone who loves every part of me... like the fact that I have no sense of direction, I talk with my hands way too much, and I occasionally sleepwalk because someone in my dream "needed me to come over." If someone doesn't even want to find out about these things and passes me up in my glory and shame, I don't want them either. Sometimes rejection is just the universe doing me a favor.

The last gift rejection has given me is perspective on the amazing people in my life. I see my friends through a different lens when shit hits the fan and they're the ones staying up until 2 AM with me and the only boys we can trust, Ben and Jerry.

So, I need to start applying the same advice I would give my friends and learn to be vulnerable, even after a hurtful rejection. I need to put myself out there, get rejected, cry about it, but then put myself back on the playing field, because every rejection gets me one step closer to my person, or at least that's what I keep telling myself. ■

by lauragreenwood

ful that I'd ever need such frivolous technology in my life. Becca...I'd like those back now.



christopher schneider

And then there's all this data and internet hoopla. A week ago, if someone sent me a picture I'd respond back

uncovering the truth: the real meaning behind the davis center mirror fast

by annemoyerbrailean

As a Women's and Gender Studies major and whole-hearted feminist, I am very aware of the arguments surrounding the level of femininity that feminists are "allowed" to exhibit, as well as how women can use their appearance to empower themselves. I could not agree more that "the focus of educating young women should not be to abstain, reject or refrain from one's femininity and appearance, but to project one's fierce, powerful, smart and independent self out to the world."

I am, however, deeply concerned about the lack of research that went in to the article which appeared in the Tuesday, March 18, 2014 edition of the **water tower** that completely debased the mirror fast held in all Davis Center bathrooms. To be clear, this mirror fast, which was the covering up of all but one mirror in each bathroom, was facilitated by Living Well and held in conjunction with National Eating Disorder Awareness Week. This event had no relation to any feminist movement or statement. As the person who created and organized this event, it was by no means my hope to offend anyone's femininity nor did I wish it would empower women to "rip their bra off while chanting 'F-E-M-I-N-I-S-M.'"

Personally, though I can see the link between eating disorders and feminism, I by no means had any intention of relating the two. As I stated previously, these signs were in all bathrooms: men's, women's, and gender neutral alike because all genders can suffer from eating and body image disorders. The mirror fast had no intentions of encouraging any gender to be ashamed of their appearance, but instead to draw attention to the subconscious desires we have to scrutinize, perfect, and manipulate our images. Primping tends to be a habitual action, one that the



emma reisner

mirror fast hoped to challenge and create conversation around by disrupting this potentially unhealthy behavior. I believe there is nothing wrong with daily grooming routines but only so long as is done in a healthy and intentional manner.

"the mirror was not my problem, but the way i interacted with it was"

When I created the project, I understood its meaning might come across as vague, so I created a write-up that was attached to every poster. The write-ups explained how the week without mirrors would provide an opportunity for inner-reflection, en-

couraging "everyone to note how often they rely on their image to reflect the status of their day, their well-being, and their self-worth". The flyer also explained that Living Well was inviting bathroom-goers to "try a day without criticizing their reflection".

As someone who has suffered from an eating disorder,

I can first-handedly speak to how awful an acquaintance the mirror can be. I would obsess over my reflection, staring in the mirror for much too long, willing myself to find imperfections just so I could punish myself for them. The value of my worth as

a human being rested on whether or not I perceived weight gain or even the slightest imperfection in my reflection. Every interaction between the mirror and myself caused my mind flood with toxic thoughts. During the countless hours I spent in front of a mirror, not once did I have a positive thought or affirmation in regards to my appearance. Clearly, the mirror was not my problem, but the way I interacted with it was.

There is nothing inherently wrong with mirrors. Mirrors can be incredibly useful, decorative and, at times, necessary. This is not to say, however, that mirrors are completely harmless; with the wrong mentality, mirrors can be deadly. Someone who is already predisposed to eating/body image disorders could do real damage to themselves in front of a mirror by means of self-attacking thoughts. Thoughts can lead to beliefs, and beliefs can lead to actions.

The intent behind the mirror fast was not to tell women they don't need makeup to be powerful and independent, and it was by no means trying to belittle anyone. The very last thing I ever want to do is to cover up female empowerment.

To be perfectly clear: the sole intent of this mirror fast was to gently raise awareness to the mechanical habit of self-devaluing and self-checking in hopes of changing the conversation we have with ourselves.

If anyone has any questions, comments, or concerns, Annie Cressey (located in Living Well on the first floor of the Davis Center) would be happy to assist. Additionally, further information can be found in the novel we based the fast off of: Mirror Mirror Off the Wall: How I Learned to Love My Body by Not Looking at It for a Year by Kjerstin Gruys. ■

a summer's woe: my experience canvassing

by jessebaum

Have you ever seen a bright poster, advertising for well-paying jobs working in defense of women's/environmental/ gay rights? If so, DO not trust these offers, because they are filled with lies.

Or at least, that was what I gathered from my experience. I noticed these fliers around campus last Spring, and ended up speaking to a recruiter in the Davis Center about the jobs. The woman (let's call her Jill) painted me a beautiful picture of a job where I would work from 12 noon to 6 pm every day, making fifteen bucks an hour doing "environmental outreach," the nature of which was left open to the imagination. Later that week, I had a phone interview with Jill and another organizer, and I was hired. Fool that I was, I even turned down an interview for another internship later that week, such was my complete relief to have my summer worked out.

But all was not as it seemed. A few weeks later, I decided to do some digging on the organization I had so happily agreed to work with, and found some disturbingly angry rants. Apparently the job I had in store for me was street canvassing, where you memo-

rize a script about a particular issue, stand on the street desperately trying to catch the eye of anyone who would listen, and hopefully talk them into giving you some money for

"I decided to do some digging on the organization I had so happily agreed to work with, and found some disturbingly angry rants"

your efforts. Worse than that—though I was already horrified, thinking of the three long summer months ahead, on the street in NYC in the hellish humidity—there were strict quotas for fundraising, and if you couldn't make quota 3 days in a row, you were fired.

To add insult to injury, the pay was way lower than I was led to believe. You made the higher wage if you collected over a certain amount of money on the streets, otherwise you made nine dollars an hour, and the hours were way worse than 12 to 6. Most of the people I started with had next to zero knowl-

edge fracking (they were hired because they could string a sentence together, and because the turnover rate was staggering) and the organization itself seemed ominously clueless—no one could even tell me where the money we were raising went.

So that was how my summer started. My fellow canvassers and I were on our feet for hours, heckling New Yorkers who all had places to be. By the end of the first day my heels and ankles were aching and I had zero dollars to show for it despite my pleading to what felt like millions of randos. Not everyone was rude, some listened politely and then declined to give us money, and others just didn't speak English. The rest were pretty rude.

After a week (well... four days) of shooting pains in my calves and thousands of renditions of, "Excuse me Ma'am/Sir, do you have a minute?..." I quit. I spent a week with some friends in Block Island and began an excruciating job hunt.

Masochist that I am, I got a second job canvassing, this time as a phone banker for the Working Families Party (a third party in NY). And I ended up loving it. I would get up late in the morning, walk my dog (Pepper), and work from 4pm to 9pm every night. This of course allowed for ample time after work to hang out on my friend's roof and stare at the skyline, after which I could watch The Tudors until an ungodly hour. Then rinse and repeat. The office had coffee and AC, and the job itself wasn't bad either—turns out it's a lot easier to ask for money when I'm not covered in sweat talking to someone wondering why an eleven year old (on a good day I look three years younger than I actually am, on a bad day it's closer to ten) would ask them for a donation to an unheard of C3.

In summation, street canvassing is Satan's anus of jobs. Avoid it if at all possible. The bottom line, however, is to know what you are getting into. People seem to know that college kids will sign onto absolutely any paying job—who gave them the memo? Do your homework or you'll become another casualty. ■

welcome to the new age: confessions of a 20-year-old smartphone virgin

Last weekend, I received a picture of my friend wearing a fake moustache on my phone. To most, this may be the most mundane occurrence, but as someone who just got their first data plan—much less a smartphone—that picture message blew my mind. This is my confession of being that person who showed up not just fifteen minutes late to the party, but more like five years, four grades, three email accounts, two iPods, and one laptop too late to the party. I was honestly the last soul in my close and halvesie friend groups who was still using a dumb-phone.

I think "mind-blowing" is the best way to describe the entire experience of a phone upgrade thus far. Much like one's first successful sexual experience, getting a smartphone has left me at an absolute loss for words for all the unimaginable joys that I am now capable of experiencing. There has been much mockery of my childish glee at every feature I find, but perhaps my freshly-popped smartphone cherry can remind everyone of the wonders of this technology.

First of all, it's like, I have a touch screen. What?! I remember way back when I almost got some fancy LG phone with touchy screen wonderment, but rather opted for the less-fancy LG Envision. Yeah, look that baby up. I was rocking that mobile device freshman year of college. To be honest, touch screens always made me extremely nervous. They just came across as too delicate and too advanced for what I was interested in or could fathom using. As every person I'd ever known got that touch screen thingamabob, I realized I was the only person not getting it both literally and mentally.

Now, as I swipe away giddily, I get why people don't understand my fascination—it's like "weren't touch screens so early 2000s"? Don't you guys realize how crazy it is that the screen picks up the slightest pressure of your finger but won't react to a pen cap? I was given a pair of "touchscreen-usable gloves" a few years back to which I scoffed and re-gifted immediately, doubt-

fashion five-oh.



music + fannypack = jammypack by mikaelawaters

An accessory. A necessity. A statement. A triumph of human engineering and the symbol of pure, American freedom: The Jammypack. For those poor souls who have yet to witness the glorious championship of invention that is the Jammypack, allow me to blow your minds, open your hearts, and expand your definitions of life, love, liberty, freedom, happiness, and jam.

With a mission of, "Bridging the gap between Action, Sports and Music," Jammypack embodies *freedom*; a social tool designed for the perfection of the party, recreation, and frothy lounging. Jammypack is an LA-based company that manufactures 'affordable-portable-durable audio' equipment. Simple, you might say? Think again! Jammypack products are booming speakers sheathed in fannypacks, backpacks, and coolers, clothed in the worlds most outrageous and aesthetically-pleasing patterns. Re-read that sentence. Take a moment. Process. Let it sink in – flamboyantly-patterned fannypacks (backpacks and coolers too) with built-in speakers exist. They are real, folks, and you aren't living your life to its fullest potential until you own one.

There is very little you should be thinking aside from, "where can I get one!?" But, if you are a cynic, pessimist or perhaps a communist, allow me to further convince you.

1. Pragmatic and Sensible Storage

Unless you are a buyer and wearer of cargo pants (in which case you are excluded from society), safe storage on your person is an issue. Jean pockets are too small and prone to expelling their contents. Backpacks are too bulky when trying to dance, thus leaving the wearer vulnerable to chucking it in a corner and forgetting about it. Purses present a similar problem and exclude the male population. Lastly, roller bags, while ideal, are simply not socially acceptable. But, fear not, cell phone, CatCard and key totes, Jammypack is here to save the day. With zipper pockets, roomy compartments (still not talking about your cargo pants), and a hip strap and clip, Jammypacks are the ideal evening storage solution.

2. Fashion Statement

In addition to the practicalities of Jammypacks (because who cares about that), they are just plain cool. With confident colors, pulsating patterns, and stellar styles strapped to your waist, a wearer of a Jammypack is a god among men. A stallion among ponies. A lord amongst peasants. Leave the earth tones and grey scale to the plebeians, the aristocracy wears Jammypacks.

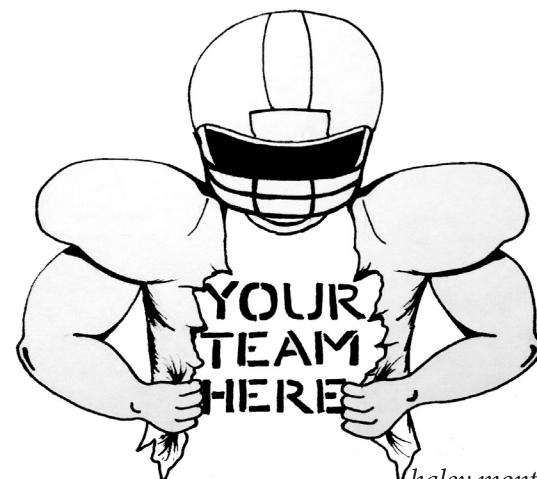
3. Because this is America

And here, the issue is never one of necessity or sensibility, but pure, unadulterated material desire. If the world's coolest invention exists – The Jammypack – then you must have it. It doesn't matter if you already own a storage compartment that clips at your hip. It doesn't matter if you're set in the portable audio equipment department. It doesn't matter if you already own an excess of eccentric patterns. Jammypacks are cool. And for that reason only, it is your American duty against terrorism and the far left to go out, spend money, and keep our economy booming.

So, go forth, UVM, and spread the ideals of leisure, lounging, recreation, fun and freedom. Never let the man tell you where to play music or from what device. Roam the greater Burlington area with music at your hip and unadulterated patriotism in your heart. Don't hoard the music and be true to who you are. Let there be music, and use promocode 'UVMJAM' to get 20% off. ■

highlight reel.

mercenaries for hire: nfl free agency by mikestorage



Vhaley montgomery

The NFL Free Agency period began on March 11, 2014, and we have seen a lot of action on the market this season. However, unlike most years, the most money has been spent on the defensive side of the ball. The salary cap provides a difficult dilemma for teams, and oftentimes, seemingly shocking moves are made as a result. Although it is difficult to accurately calculate due to multi-year contracts and guaranteed money, NFL teams have between \$115-130 million in cap space per year. Each team can spend as much as they have in cap space, or money that is not locked up in contracts. The shopping spree has been lucrative thus far.

Biggest Spenders

Denver Broncos

John Elway is looking to prove that he can make up for the Super Bust 2014 in the short window that is Peyton Manning. Manning turned 38 years old last Monday, meaning he may only have one or two more seasons left in the tank. The big-name deals keep piling up. Cornerback Aqib Talib signed a six-year, \$57 million deal; defensive end DeMarcus Ware signed a three-year, \$30 million dollar contract; and safety T.J. Ward (the dude who injured Gronk) signed a four-year, \$23 million dollar deal. On top of all those defensive moves, they also landed Emmanuel Sanders in a shady three-year deal. Sanders had apparently already agreed to go to the Kansas City Chiefs when the Broncos landed him.

Bad Moves

New Orleans Saints

The Saints are in salary cap trouble, as they only have \$2.49 million left in cap space. They landed Safety Jairous Byrd this off-season, but they overpaid him with four years at \$26.5 million. They also cut Lance Moore and Darren Sproles, and have yet to give Jimmy Graham the money he is demanding.

Good Moves

Baltimore Ravens

The Ravens have abided by the strategy, "In Flacco We Trust," and they have managed to keep his cronies together. They signed contract extensions for tight end Dennis Pitta and receiver Jacoby Jones. They also signed Steve Smith to a three-year, \$11.5 million contract, who was surprisingly cut by the Carolina Panthers.

New England Patriots

The Pats, like the Broncos, also have a short window, as Tom Brady will be turning 37 this summer. Due to this shortening timeframe, the Pats did something that they do not usually do during the off-season: they brought in some big names. When Aqib Talib walked, the Pats upgraded to Darrelle Revis. Revis' deal is for one year at \$12 mil. This just in, New York Jets fans are not happy about Revis in New England.

Tampa Bay Buccaneers

Defensive back Alterraun Verner marks the biggest signing by the Tampa Bay Buccaneers. In 2013, Verner had five interceptions, two recovered fumbles, and 57 tackles for the Tennessee Titans. They also signed quarterback Josh McCown, who did great things for the Chicago Bears last year during Jay Cutler's absence.

Still Waiting for a Home:

LeGarrette Blount
Jason Avant
Lance Moore
Knowshon Moreno ■

trash.

i want you so bad

someone on campus catch your eye?
couldn't get a **name**?
submit your **love** anonymously
uvm.edu/~wafertwr/iwysb.html

There's this girl I've known a while,
Always liked her just a tad
She lives with a crazy style,
That pushed my want from good to bad
It started sophomore year
At a formal by AXO
A future Prez in training
I was about that kinda flow
The timing was never right
Or I was at a loss of words
But now I'm hoping for an ending
Just like Revenge of the Nerds
Our friends are now intertwined
On way more dimensions than one
Almost enough to call the Jersey Shore
And say the smoosh rooms on the run
You're a little different
But I'll keep hoping that you show
So I can find out what its like
To be getting high while I'm feeling Lo
When: four years running
I saw: An Alpha Chi
I am: Down.

I saw you St. Patricks day in a fine ass Kilt,
My eye ran up and down your thigh and I nearly did melt,
I heard your swell bag-piping and singing quite out of
tune,
Though I still admit your great beard did make me swoon,
If I could lift that kilt I would give you first prize,
If only I could distract my attention away from your eyes..
So dear Viking warrior and noble Celt so fearless,
Be brave of heart and for me slightly reckless,
For dying in your bed many years from now,
Would you be willing to trade all the days from this day to
that for one chance, just one chance, to come back here as a
young man and tell
Our enemies that they may take our lives but they will
never take our freedom!
When: Monday March 17, 2014 at 9:42 PM
Where: Valhalla
I saw: A true Viking
I am: waiting to be ravaged and plundered

You come around every once in a while
Usually with a nice big smile
A foreign flame
Yet so tame
Let's drink some vodka
And go running by the watah
Don't be shy
We'll fly off into the sky
Hope you catch my rime
Cus you're truly a dime
When: now and again
Where: Church street and Bike Path
I saw: a sexy babushka
I am: prolly not gonna make it past mile 5



Each time I finish,
I tell myself it will be the last time.
That I won't come back to you again.
That the torture you put me through,
late nights
stressing out
self doubt
denial

Was more than I could take.
Yet still you return.
Bringing with you more pain.
It seems like we just did this, not too long ago.
The dance of wits, the battle for control.
It seems like you think this is a game
When it's anything but for me.
I content myself with knowing
That this time next year will be the
absolute
last.

I will remember you with zero fondness
And walk away with joy.
When: Every 5-7 weeks of the semester
Where: The dungeons of classrooms
I saw: Another midterm
I am: Ready to graduate

you booze, you looze

Booze makes you lose stuff. Whether you lost something you truly loved, woke up with someone else's by mistake, or straight-up want repent for your klepto tendencies, the WT wants to hear about it.

uvm.edu/~wafertwr/ybyl.php

Downtown

I could have sworn that I wore pants out last night, but I woke up this morning without them. RIP khakis, you served me well

Student Ghetto

Last weekend it was my dignity. This weekend, it was what little skin remained on my knees. Goddamn side-walks and the stupid ice.

My Couch

I always tell myself this will be the night that I actually go out and be social. But a bottle of riesling and a pint of ice cream later and all motivation is gone. If found, please give hugs.

Somewhere on Pearl Street

I guess this is what I get for hanging my keys off my handlebars. If anyone sees a smiley face house key, please don't throw it away.

the ear

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

First Floor of Bailey-Howe

Girl 1: They wanted us to show up to show solidarity.
Girl 2: I hate that word, everyone at UVM uses it too much!

The Fishbowl

A biddy: Wait...like, biochem is a class??

Marche

Elliptical bunny: Wouldn't it be great if I worked out then ate this whole mango?!? I'm gonna do that tomorrow...

Downtown

Less than enthused boy: The only thing that bothers me about crossfit is that it's the opposite of Fight Club; everyone talks about it all the time.

DC Atrium

Flustered blonde: I'm just having a frog day

Friend: A what?

Flustered blonde: A frog day. I feel like bouncing around the pond and meeting people, but really I just end up chilling on my lily pad all day.

Crossing Main Street

Preschooler: I got stuck in a box today.

Mom: I'm sorry honey, that doesn't sound fun.

Preschooler: No, I was in there for a while.

Bailey/Howe Staircase

Befuddled gent: I mean, why the fuck am I suddenly getting facebook friend requests from strippers?!?

D-Building L/L

Surprised lady: Oh my god! THAT'S why my vagina was so cold!

Grundle

Bro: Being a redhead at UVM is like being a wounded gazelle on the Serengeti.

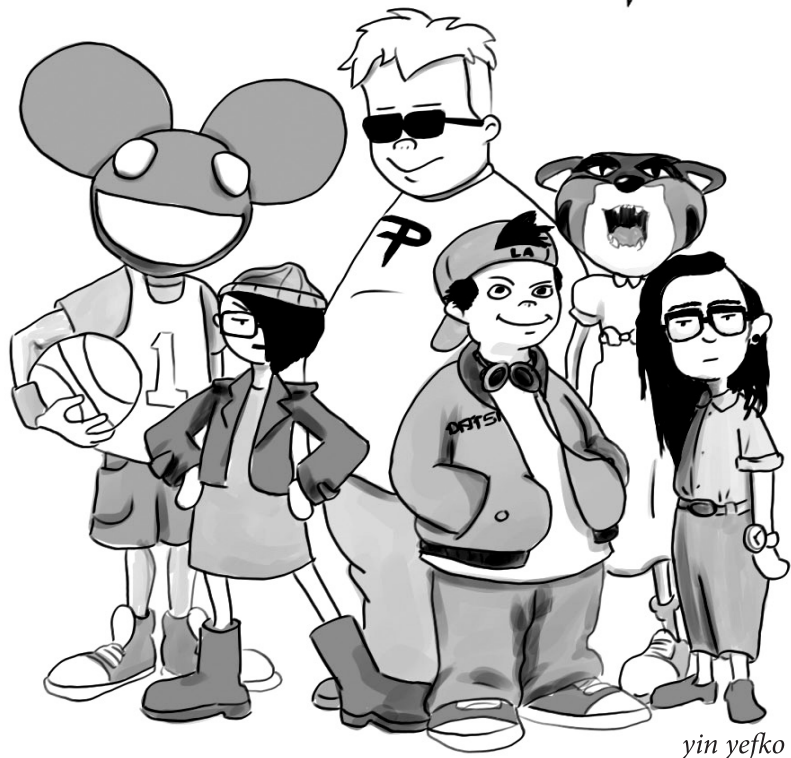
Rite Aid

Confounded chick: I don't even know what skin color I am.

tunes.



Disney's RECESS



recess review

by leonardbartenstein

Now, it's none of my business whether you like Skrillex or not. His music seems to be either something people really like or really don't like. The brostep that you probably know him for is either hardcore and awesome, or grates at your ears like a really bad rugburn. There doesn't seem to be any in-between.

Well, no matter which side you fall on, you're probably going to enjoy *Recess*, Skrillex's album that dropped last Monday. Skrillex goes back to his pre-Skrillex, post-From First to Last days, when he put out electronic music under his own name: Sonny. This allows a much more diverse sounding album than any of the EP's he has released before, with a mixture of not just dubstep and brostep, but trance, house, and EDM as a whole making an influence on his work.

Before Skrillex's first album released last week (and it is his first album—everything else he's released came in the form of an EP or a single), he decided that the best way for his fans to get a preview of the tracks would be through an app called "Alien Ride." This is a seemingly standard Galaga-style spaceship shooter, in which you blast asteroids and upgrade your ship to make it through the universe, going for a high score. Depending on what high score you receive, you can unlock tracks off of *Recess* to stream for free through the app. I have to say, it got me excited for the album, and was a great way to have people test ride the music before buying.

The album itself keeps Skrillex's brostep big wubs and bass drops in some places, such as in the first track, "All is Fair in Love and Brostep," but takes a softer side in songs such as "Coast is Clear" and "Ease My Mind," the latter being reminiscent of "All I Ask of You," from his wildly popular *Scary Monsters and Nice Sprites* EP. A personal favorite of mine comes in "Stranger," which combines a deep backbeat with an awesome breakdown and screeching runs, followed by a slowed-down section, finishing the song perfectly. The title track, "Recess," is simultaneously juvenile and adult, a neat spin on Skrillex's earlier songs such as "Bangarang" or "Scary Monsters and Nice Sprites," with an innocent buildup and a bass drop into some radical beats afterward.

The different sounds on this album all work together to create a cohesive album that is probably the best yet from Skrillex. On a scale of one to ten alien emojis, I would give this eight and a half. A great mixture of all that Skrillex has learned throughout his career into a magnificent auditory masterpiece of EDM. ■

artist spotlight: chosin

by dannissim

The music industry is one of the hardest sectors to break into. Oftentimes, the road to fame and popularity are dependent on the right person hearing your music at the right time. The mark of a true musician, however, is one who works their way up through adversity – successes and failures – and never stops till they reach their goal. I sat down with one such artist, Chosin, to discuss his career and his latest rap album, Summer Memoirs.

wafer tower: First, tell me a little bit about *Summer Memoirs*.

chosin: This has been a project in the making for quite some time. I spent a summer in New Jersey doing an internship and a lot was going through my mind during the 10-week span. I wrote some of the best lyrics I've ever thought of and had some great ideas. I thought, "Why not call it 'Summer Memoirs,' since it is basically a compilation of works and ideas from my summer away which stuck with me. I have been making hip-hop music for about 8 years now and I can honestly say that this is some of my best work thus far.

wf: Who are some artists that influence your work? What works would you compare your latest album to?

C: As far as rap "legends," Nas originally sparked my interest in hip-hop on a deeper level. From then on, artists like Pusha-T and J. Cole have been my favorites. I love when there is content behind the music so storytellers like J. Cole, Pusha-T and even the group Slaughterhouse have been my role models.

wf: What notable venues have you played? What are some UVM events that you performed at?

C: I haven't really played any notable venues around here besides Nectar's and Athletapalooza last year, but I'm booked for the Venue in April and possibly somewhere else local soon. Back in New York, I'm popular at Putnam Den in Saratoga and am actually the performer for Albany College of Pharmacy's Spring Fest.

wf: How do you manage to record during the school year?

C: In order to record during the school year I hop a bus back to New York and usually try to bang out as many songs as I can in a day or so before coming back to school.

wf: Do you have any hopes for the future? Is this a viable career or a passion?

C: Honestly, I would love to see this flourish and become a lucrative thing for me. It is really hard to get into the business and that's why I'm still in college studying, but this is a passion of mine and so far has taken me to some places I would never have gone before. If people keep liking and sharing the music, there is no reason why I wouldn't make this a full time thing.

wf: Would you like to share some comments on the rap scene at the moment, maybe some criticism and hopes?

C: I think that rap right now is very watered down. There's only so much you can say about taking drugs, or picking up girls, and I think we have heard it all. I don't know what people see in a lot of the new artists that are "standing out" but to me, most of it is garbage. I'm done listening to the same ignorant sounds over and over. It's time to bring content and lyricism back to hip-hop.

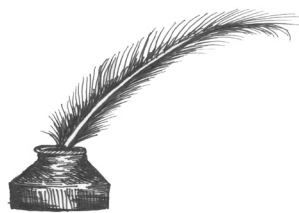
wf: What should we expect next?

C: You can definitely expect more new music from me. I will probably focus on getting a notable artist for a feature on a single after the album release. As far as content, you can expect the same real hip-hop you've been getting, just with some different dimensions. I'd like to experiment with different types of beats and styles to keep the people on their toes. It's no fun if everyone knows what you're going to do next.

10

Dan Batista, the man behind the Chosin moniker, is a sophomore Business major at UVM. *Summer Memoirs* was just released on SoundCloud (www.soundcloud.com/chosin) and will soon be available for purchase. Be sure to give it a listen. ■

créatif stuffé.



lost on tour

by caito'hara

As I was walking to class last Friday afternoon, I desperately tried to recall what I was supposed to have ready for the rest of the day, a process hindered by having slept through my alarm that morning. As I meandered across campus, trying to organize my thoughts and avoid death by rogue bicycle, a tour group appeared, seemingly from nowhere.

There's a method for handling these things. I put my head down, smiled at the weird kid in the back I had so briefly made eye contact with, and tried to pass like they weren't taking up the entire goddamn sidewalk. In that exchange, something strange happened. Rather than ending up

around how got the group. knew, I was ing along gloating college mother who hadn't seen the Clinton I couldn't I was doing

"i couldn't remember what i was doing before the tour or why i had the weirdest feeling that i was going in the wrong direction."

them, I some-absorbed into The next thing I quietly walk-between a dad about his own days, and a looked like she sunlight since administration. remember what before the tour

or why I had the weirdest feeling that I was going in the wrong direction. But I couldn't be, could I? I was supposed to be walking along with this tour, feigning interest like every other kid who's been forced to go through the never-ending campus visits. I listened intently as the bubbly guide told us all about the LEED certification of the Davis Center, and how the library is truly the best place on campus to study before class. There was a brief stirring in the back of my mind as she said that; it was like trying valiantly to remember someone's name when you've only ever met them while trying to keep your words from slurring too hard. But as quickly as it came, it went, and I happily continued on my guided way.

I must've gone on three or four tours that day, because I sure as hell didn't go to class. It was like being in a trance, following one guide after another and hearing the same things over and over again, without really hearing them at all. The wind was picking up and we were walking out of the library, myself for the umpteenth time in a few hours, when I heard my name.

I turned, confused, and saw one of my friends walking towards me. "Where have you been? I didn't see you in either class today," she asked, with a look of concern on her face.

With a jolt, I realized where I was, actually was, for the first time all day. I laughed at her bewildered expression and took her arm.

"Why don't you let me get you a cup of coffee; I've got quite a story for you." ■

cookingwithjanis

by katjaritchie

Janis Joplin was there when I learned how to read

and "Three Little Birds" woke me up each morning as I put on my best striped socks before school, barely noticing the actual robins outside my window.

My mother seldom had NPR on as she made banana bread, studying the black-and-white text of the vegetarian cookbook,

no glossy, full-color, split-open loaf opposite the recipe digitized steam wafting from the fresh-baked example,

gratuitous in its piping-hot languor from the photo.

She traced whole wheat flour with one forefinger down a page already wrinkled with spilled carob cake batter on one side, long since dried crisp.

Come on, come on/

Take another little piece of my heart, now, baby, she sang to me at four years old,

and let me lick the spoon. ■

thirty-first state embarks on journey of self-exploration

by wesdunn

LOS ANGELES – Sources reported early on Monday morning that the entire state of California had separated from the continental United States in a sudden, 9.5 magnitude earthquake. At approximately 6:17 local time, a massive tremor parted California cleanly along the state line, instead of acting along the well-known San Andreas fault line. "We had no idea that there was a fault that far east," explained Los Angeles seismologist Jack Mehoff. "Apparently, California was just hiding this the whole time. It's quite brilliant, honestly – it's the last place we'd have expected."

Over the course of about thirty seconds, the third-largest state in the union broke cleanly from neighboring Oregon, Nevada and Arizona, drifting aimlessly out into the Pacific Ocean in a vaguely southwest direction.

"I think [California] is just going through a phase right now," Mehoff explained. "We had been noticing some signs recently – increased antisocial behavior, spending a lot of time

in her an-friendly tions... that. heard was concert to with friends down

"it remains unknown where exactly california is heading, but sources have stated that the most populous state in the union...is self-reportedly 'exploring,' 'figuring things out,' and 'knows this guy who's looking to sublet like, really cheap.'"

room, tagonistic sponses to ques-stuff like The last week from her after that she went some last week in Mexico.

We asked her a few questions about the extra bags she had with her and why she was getting back after curfew, you know, and she just muttered something about being 'so ready to get out of here.'"

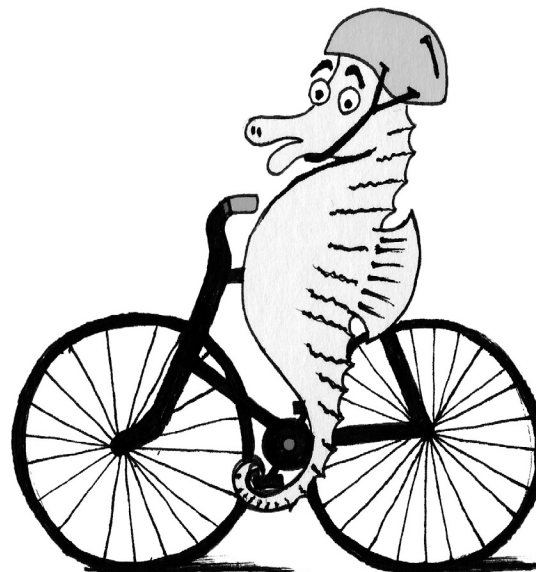
It remains unknown where exactly California is heading, but sources have stated that the most populous state in the union, comprising one-eighth of the country's total, is self-reportedly "exploring," "figuring things out," and "knows this guy who's looking to sublet like, really cheap."

President Obama's administration issued a hasty statement by Monday afternoon regarding one of the most agriculturally productive state's apparent search for identity.

"We obviously implore California to please come back as soon as possible," press secretary Robert Gibbs said in a prepared statement. "We understand that she feels a desire for independence, but we wish to stress that she will have a very difficult time supporting herself adequately. For one thing, there's health care..."

Gibbs promised that the Golden state would not be unjustly reprimanded upon its return. "We just want to put this behind us. Despite the unnecessary and selfish harm she inflicted upon Nevada in particular, we are ready to move on."

California does not appear to respect this entreaty, however, with sources reporting that the ninth-largest economy in the world has no intention to return to the (now less-) United States. "It's not like I'm gonna get hurt anyway, and I know this guy who's starting a band and needs a promoter, plus I got this sick part-time barista job," the state is quoted as saying, adding that it will be "like, totally fine," and furthermore that the White House "can choke on Russia's dick." ■



haley montgomery

cat litter.



by collincappelle



A tiny horse. with leonardbartenstein



Tip o' the Week

Stay tuned for the April Fool's edition next week



best *new album*



Check out the new album, *Good Kid, M.A.A.D. City*. It's as real and honest as Kendrick's but about a subject a bit more relatable to us at UVM than gang banging and life in Compton. Features tracks such as "Bathtubs (Jerk)", "Bitch, Don't Walk in the Room Without Knocking", and the smash hit "Pornographic Justice".

the most **important equation** I learned this week was not in my math class



Hot glass dishware plus cool liquid equals a massive explosion. Don't try at home unless you want burnt linoleum and bloody fingers. Lookin' back, it was pretty cool though.