labeling the **truths** on genetically modified organisms

by terraargumiaub

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 compositions 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 they GMOs thingamaboobs? "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.

GMOs are advantageous because these super-powered, bio-engineered plants can survive and reproduce at a massive scale (can you say mono-crop?). 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 why you too should care about the GMO labeling bill. When I think the bill, it’s very unclear why you too should care about the GMO labeling bill. Why is it important that these foods be labeled? Right now, it is very unclear why you too should care about the GMO labeling bill. Why is it important that these foods be labeled? Right now, it is very unclear why you too should care about the GMO labeling bill.
the news in brief

"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 piece. "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?"

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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 resumes 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 sub-contracting system is at the heart of the problem; that it means “Tepco does not have a clear picture of what’s happening 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 needle 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 p r e v e n t i o n .” The window period, where the virus is present but not cur e n t l y n o t i c e d, is a period over 60% of infections firmly being destroyed by losing tially large d o n o r s, invest its searching for 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, religion 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.

Cross has been banned from having blood drives in university residence halls, however, the drives are allowed to hold blood drives on a campus that will not tolerate their discrimination tactics. 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 is currently accurate period, refers to the earliest stages of when tests are recently accurate to recognize the blood stream. The fies their deferment stating that while vi r u s a c c o u n t 2% of the US popu l a t i o n, they account for of all new HIV in the country. I believe that instead out on a poten group of healthy the FDA should resources on re and developing 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.

**American work ethic hits Fukushima**

by daveanderson

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 profit ing 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 first bill to pass in Vermont that would have 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,vpprint.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.
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.

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 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’ largesse, 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 councillor-elect (Rachel Siegel, P-Ward 3; Vince Brennan, P-Ward 3; Max Tracy, P-Ward 2; and councillor-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.

Registration is Now Open!

“I took a Summer U class and it helped to relieve a lot of stress in getting basic education requirements off my plate during the regular semester.”

uvm.edu/summer
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 documents serve as your admittance ticket (minus cover charge, of course) to Burlington’s many bars and nightclubs. It’s almost like 27 embassies have granted you asylum from the swept aside baubles and trinkets 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 shot 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 buss er, 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 waiters!
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 stirs us and will certainly remember you 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 lose” 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. On the flip side, a newbie college student who is new to this whole scene is allowed to assume that the bar staff will return your lost item to you. As of this summer, Signal Kitchen’s bar has a very good return rate. If you lose something, contact me, and I will do my best to find it for you.

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 hours 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.

The new and improved Signal Kitchen

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 SkillRack, 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 made 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.

Dressing 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 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 a d u l t basement you now hang out in.
As a Women's and Gender Studies major and someone who has attended every conference the university has to offer, it's hard to imagine the real complexities of that little pocket-sized gadget in our hands. The social media era is always a lesson to gain.

During one of the most pivotal moments of my life, I decided to ask a boy to the Sadie Hawkins dance in the front of a huge crowd—it was no private matter. I decided to do so after several weeks of藕tendently asking him out, by sending him texts, calling him, and even asking him in person. It was the entire experience of a phone upgrade thus far. Much more was to come. Let me explain: never have I learned so much about my person, or at least that's what I keep telling myself.

When I created the project, I understood its meaning could come across as vague, so I created a write-up that was attached to it. The write-ups explained how the work without mirrors would involve an opportunity for inner-reflection, encouraging everyone to rely on their image to reflect on the status of their body, their well-being, and their self-worth. The file also explained that Living Well was striving bathroom-goers to "try a day without criticizing their reflection."

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

I spent a year practicing this advice, and I can honestly say it was the most transformative year of my life. It was a time of healing and growth. I learned how to trust my intuition and how to listen to my body. I learned how to love myself and how to accept myself for who I am. I learned how to let go of the past and how to embrace the future.

I am now a different person. I am stronger, more confident, and more self-aware. I am grateful for this experience, and I am proud of myself for being brave enough to take this journey. I hope that my story will inspire others to do the same.

I am no longer afraid of rejection. I am no longer afraid of failure. I am no longer afraid of the unknown. I am no longer afraid of anything. I am no longer afraid of my own voice. I am no longer afraid of my own thoughts. I am no longer afraid of my own emotions. I am no longer afraid of my own body. I am no longer afraid of myself. I am no longer afraid of the world.
or money that is not locked up in contracts. The shopping spree has been lucrative thus far.

Times, seemingly shocking moves are made as a result. Although it is demanding.

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 love, liberty, freedom, happiness, and joy.

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. 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.

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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 toters, 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 (beau

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/~watertwr/ybvl.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.

Trash.
I want you so bad

someone on campus catch your eye?
couldn’t get a name?

submit your love anonymously
uvm.edu/~watertwr/iwysb.html

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 smooth rooms on the run
You’re a little different
But I’ll keep hoping that you show
So I can find out what it’s 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. Patrick’s 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,
That that this night 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

First Floor of Bailey-Howe
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.

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
I’m sorry honey, that doesn’t sound fun.

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

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

Rite Aid
I don’t even know what skin color I am.

The Fishbowl
A buddy: 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; every one 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.
It's no fun if everyone knows what you're going to do next.

It's a different world for me to be involved in than what I'm comfortable with. I'm used to listening to different types of beats and styles to keep the people on their toes. I'd like to experiment with different dimensions. I'd like to experiment with different styles and sounds, and I'd like to bring some of that into my music. Expect the same real hip-hop you've been getting, just with some different dimensions. I think that rap right now is very watered down. It's 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.

The music industry is one of the hardest sectors to break into. Offentimes, 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 can work 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.

Water Tower: First, tell me a little bit about Summer Memoirs.
C: 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.

WT: 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.

WT: 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.

WT: 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.

WT: 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.

WT: 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.

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. ♦
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, college mother who hadn’t seen the Clinton I couldn’t I was doing 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 how the library is truly the best place on campus to study before class. 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.”

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.”

cooking with janis
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 spiced carrot 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. “Apparantly, California was just hiding this the whole time. It’s quite brillant, 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... that. heard was concert to with friends down room, tagonistic responses to quess-stuff like The last we 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...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.”
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.

Check out the new album, *Good Kid, Faap City*. It’s as real and honest as Kendrick’s but about a subject a bit more relatable to us at UVM then gang banging and life in Compton. Features tracks such as "Bathtubs (Jerks)", "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.