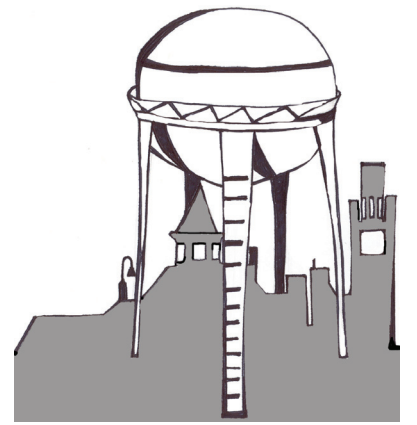


the water tower.

uvm's alternative newsmag



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the redstone dining experience: a comprehensive review

by danielsuder

On a wintry Wednesday in January 2011, a Sodexho staff member wearing a fired-brick-red dress shirt greets a visitor at the newly reborn Redstone dining hall. She swipes the visitor's CatCard, rendering it one block lighter. The patron then glides to his right where an electronic display shows information about how to order, and the veritable culinary ballet that is a Redstone dining experience begins in earnest.

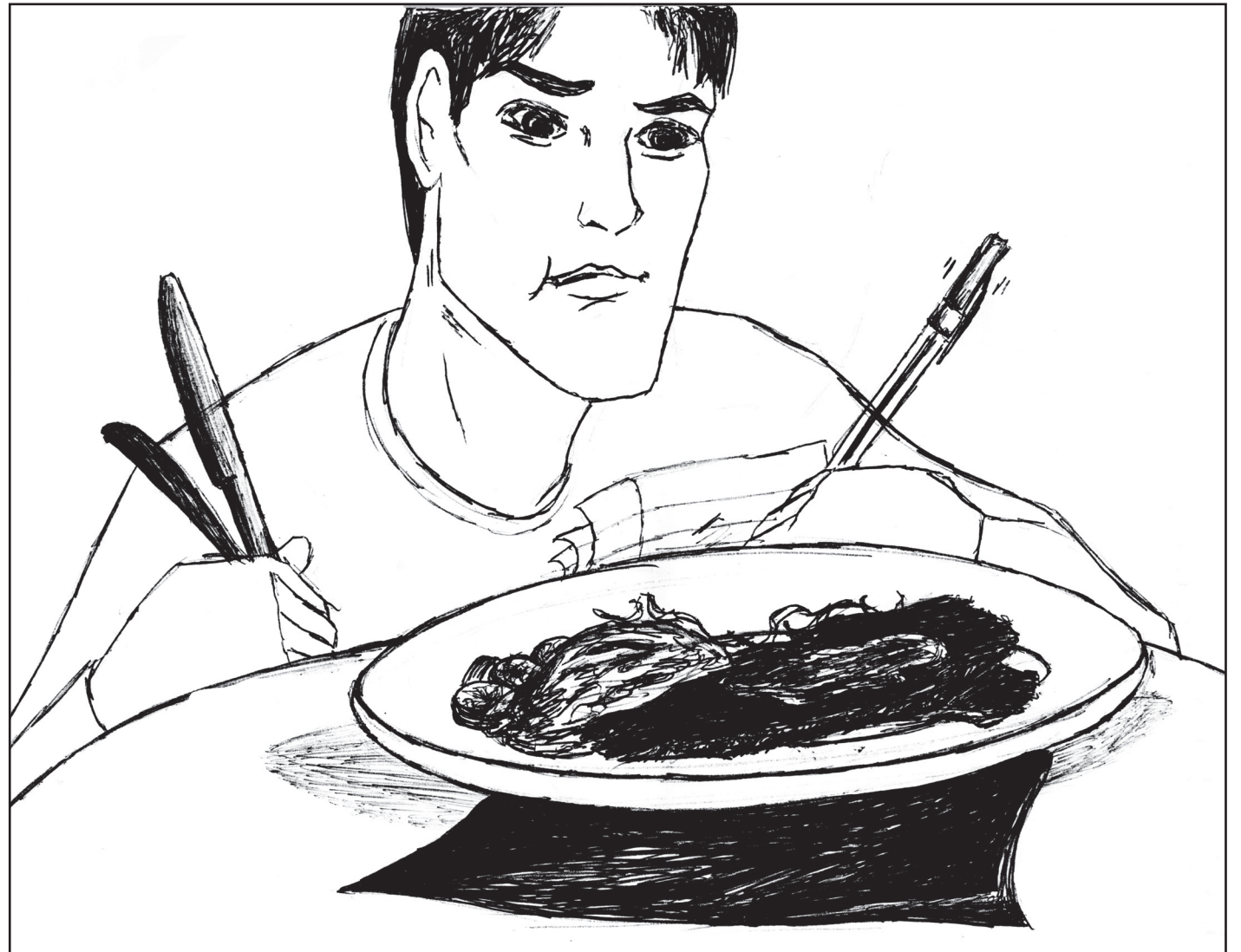
One of the new features of this dining haven is the FöD system. FöD stands for Food on Demand, appropriately described as a "Restaurant-Style Computerized Ordering System". Upon entering the dining hall, the technologically-inclined epicure selects from a tolerable but not extraordinary set of options on a touch-screen menu and then enters his or her phone number in order to receive a text when the meal is fully prepared.

Rumors of outrageously lengthy wait times seem to have been premature. After entering an order for a barbecue brisket platter, I waited an entirely reasonable eight minutes for the text alerting me that my order was "ready at the service counter for pickup." Returning to my stool at a bar-like table--one of an enormous variety of seating options at Redstone--I scrutinized the visual aspects of my platter. Several pieces of sauce-covered brisket rested calmly atop an almost perfectly spherical bulge of mashed potatoes. Nestled beside the beef and potatoes were five comfortably large broccoli florets. A profusion of crispy green onion ribbons were daintily dispensed over the entire dish.

A taste revealed that the brisket was well cooked, and the sauce was delectable. Together, they overcame the bland broccoli and uninspired (if nicely executed) potato. The crispy onion was a clever addition that added a textural interest to this old-world standby.

My dining companion's caprese sandwich had a displeasing preponderance of cheese, with the ratio of mozzarella to tomato far from balanced; but the light basil and olive oil dressing was satisfying and delicious. The chef's interpretation of the classic Campanian salad was novel, but unremarkable. A sandwich more challenging to a refined palate would be appreciated, especially at these prices.

The salad bar presented an excellent opportunity for a second course - one my companion and I could not pass up. Disappointingly, the bar is ascetic and poorly stocked compared to the familiar offerings at nearby establishment The Grundle. Iceberg lettuce and mixed greens, grape tomatoes, garbanzo beans, onions, peppers, and cucumbers lie in the bland bar that is conspicuously unadorned by mushrooms, hard-boiled eggs, or any type of pudding or gelatin treat. Close at hand one finds the standard selection of croutons, bacon bits, and raisins. A Caesar salad bar featuring exclusively lettuce, parmesan, croutons and Ranch was available on the other side of the facility - a seemingly strange



Our resident culinary expert, Dan Suder, depicted in a moment of extreme focus. Drawing by Lauryn Schrom.

arrangement considering Caesar salad can also be ordered through the FöD system.

There was no wine list to be found, but any expense saved on a sommelier has clearly been repurposed to procure an extensive variety of non-alcoholic beverages. Juices, sodas, milk of several varieties, including chocolate, and a wide selection of coffee and tea are available. The drinking cups are a definite aesthetic downgrade from the pleasingly contoured vessels found at the Grundle, but we found them to be functionally identical. The pairing

ing sauce on his or her Thai cuisine, and Redstone dining's offering simply fails to meet those expectations. Still, the chicken itself was prepared well and had ineffable flavor: it is tragic, really, that its appeal was constrained by its being paired with such a listless rice and vegetable melange.

Some facets of Redstone dining remain remarkably distasteful. The avant-garde FöD system is unorthodox but borders on mere gimmickry. However, the interesting seating options, a good selection of cuisine, and remarkable culinary flourishes

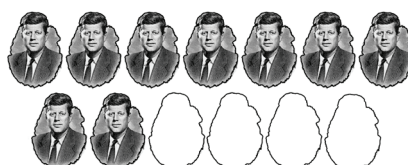
Several pieces of sauce-covered brisket rested calmly atop an almost perfectly spherical bulge of mashed potatoes

of brisket and Coke Zero is admittedly opulent, but one would be remiss not to indulge.

Before a delectable dessert of turtle brownie, my companion and I undertook a stir-fry course. The Thai lemongrass chicken stir-fry was underwhelming, and easily the least remarkable food of the evening. Thai dining options abound in Burlington, and Sodexho simply cannot compete. The Burlingtonian gourmand has come to expect a jovial and uplift-

such as a nacho bar and honey-cinnamon cream cheese will have this reviewer returning for breakfast, lunch, or dinner sometime in the near future.

We give it: 9 out of 13 John F. Kennedys



redstone dining hall quick glance:

pros:

Comfortable dining area, vast fountain drink selection, subtle-yet-pleasing menu options, nacho bar

cons:

Chef's limited grasp of Asian cuisine, contrived ordering system, inadequately contoured cups

should i visit?

For basic brisket or a refreshing taste of orange Fanta, Redstone dining will meet your needs. Only the disparate chowhound will dine here for salads or Thai dishes.

Previous to his writing for the water tower, Daniel reviewed restaurants for The New Yorker, The New York Times, the New Orleans Times-Picayune, the Anchorage Daily News, and The Bangkok Post. He also owns several used car dealerships in his home state of Nevada.

get inside me

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tunes groovy uv obit by gregfrancese

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inbox

Dear water tower,
 I was greatly offended by this week's cat litter section, particularly the future obituary of Justin Drew Bieber (praise be upon Him). While I was intrigued to see a projected age of 107 years for Steve-o, glad that Lil Wayne is expected to lead a long, influential, and happy life, and caught mildly unawares when I came to the word "swag-man" while reading about Julian Assange, I was flabbergasted by the level of disrespect with which your writers treated J-Biezb (praise be upon Him). The only things Justin Bieber (praise be upon Him) could overdose on are love and admiration, and, since it isn't possible for ANYONE to overdose on those things, Justin Bieber (praise be upon Him)'s future cause of death is PRETTY unlikely. The faux-bituary (if you will), seems to imply that Justin Bieber (praise be upon Him) is immature and generally an awful person, in addition to having severe drug and alcohol problems. This is slander and/or libel (I can't be bothered to learn the actual meaning of these words or the difference between them) and I will henceforth boycott the water tower, its online presence in all forms (blog, facebook, and twitter) and attempt to persuade my extremely kind, caring, funny, trustworthy, and, indeed, numerous friends to do the same.
 I expected better things, Dan Suder (Class of 2013)
 P.S. I predict that Mr. Bieber (praise be upon Him) will gracefully age into a modern-day, American, male Jenny Lind (look it up).
Sometimes reading the water tower makes our readers want to get naked and fight the power. But most of the time, they just send emails. Send your thoughts on anything in this week's issue to thewatertowernews@gmail.com

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join the wt.
 New writers and artists
 are always welcome
Weekly meetings
 Tuesdays at 8:00 pm
 Chittenden Bank Room
 Davis Center - 4th Floor
Or send us an email

Our generation stands at a crossroads. As we walk through a world ever connected to a thunderstorm of news and reflection, we risk losing the ability to think for ourselves. **the water tower** is for us non-thinkers. We provide witty and sometimes outlandish opinions so that you don't have to come up with them yourselves. We can't promise that you will agree with everything that we say, but you will respect the tenacity we have to say it. Every once in a while we will generate something that is truly thought provoking. We are the reason people can't wait for Tuesday. We are **the water tower**.

the shit list

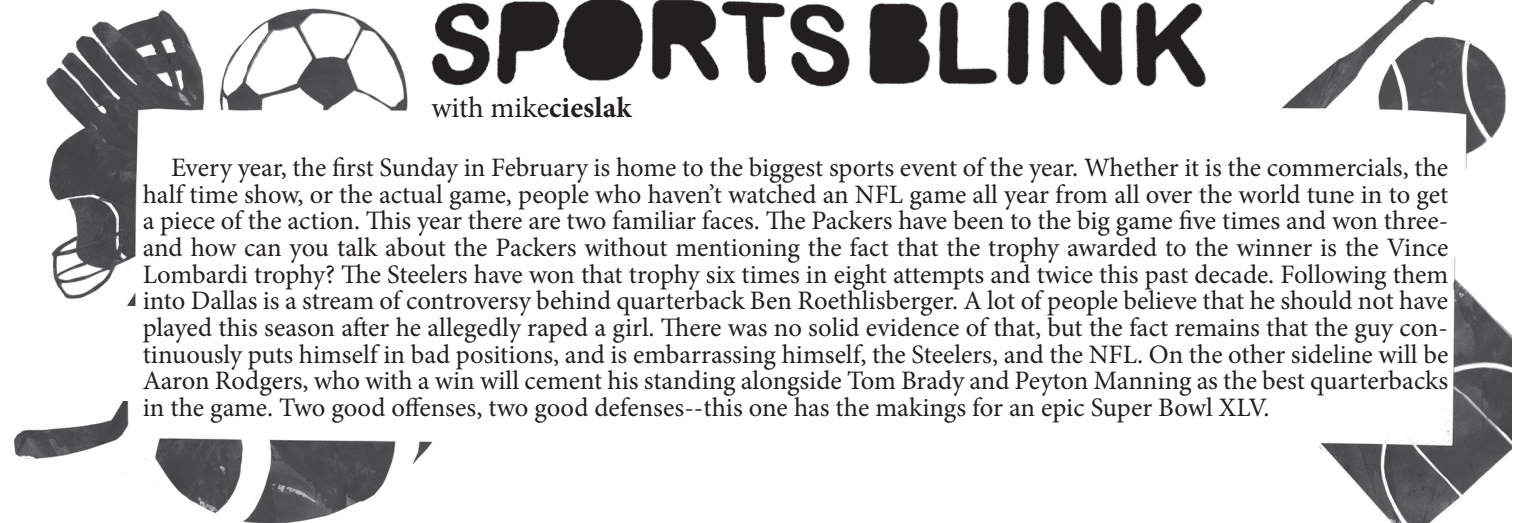
with emilyhoogesteger

Beards for Belgium. Belgian actor Benoit Poelvoorde announced in mid-January that he is starting a campaign encouraging his countrymen to grow beards until Belgian political parties finally break a deadlock that began last June. We anticipate the protest will be an unqualified success, resulting in several thousand hairy men who still have no idea how government works.

France. This week, the French constitutional court upheld a ban on gay marriage that was challenged by a lesbian couple with four children. Paris: The City of Love! (*Unless you're gay, in which case: better try Amsterdam).

Scanner Fail. At first, your professor is a hero – to save you buying a textbook, he scans class readings and posts them on the internet. Then you realize he has no idea how to align pages, and you spend the next two hours tryin- t- figu- ou- wha- th- fuc- i- i- sup- pos- t- sa-.

Czech Doctors. Nearly 4,000 doctors in the Czech Republic (a quarter of the number working in the nation's hospitals) have announced they are resigning their positions on March 1st unless the government provides them with higher wages. In some regions, so many doctors are threatening to quit that hospitals may be forced to close. It appears that when translated into Czech, the Hippocratic Oath reads: "Never do harm to anyone...unless it benefits your paycheck."



SPORTS BLINK

with mikicieslak

Every year, the first Sunday in February is home to the biggest sports event of the year. Whether it is the commercials, the half time show, or the actual game, people who haven't watched an NFL game all year from all over the world tune in to get a piece of the action. This year there are two familiar faces. The Packers have been to the big game five times and won three and how can you talk about the Packers without mentioning the fact that the trophy awarded to the winner is the Vince Lombardi trophy? The Steelers have won that trophy six times in eight attempts and twice this past decade. Following them into Dallas is a stream of controversy behind quarterback Ben Roethlisberger. A lot of people believe that he should not have played this season after he allegedly raped a girl. There was no solid evidence of that, but the fact remains that the guy continuously puts himself in bad positions, and is embarrassing himself, the Steelers, and the NFL. On the other sideline will be Aaron Rodgers, who with a win will cement his standing alongside Tom Brady and Peyton Manning as the best quarterbacks in the game. Two good offenses, two good defenses--this one has the makings for an epic Super Bowl XLV.

the news in brief

with paulgross

"The people of Southern Sudan have been waiting for 55 years."
 -Archbishop **Daniel Deng**, on the recent election results that a whopping 99% of the oil rich, mostly Christian and Animist South Sudan affirmed a referendum to secede from the poor, mostly Muslim north, headed by brutal dictator Omar al-Bashir. The two sides are in negotiations about an agreement to share oil rights, but it's a good week for freedom, as a well principled self-determination movement successfully moves forward in its struggle for freedom.

"You have taken back your rights."
 -Egyptian opposition leader, Nobel Prize winner, and probably the reason there hasn't been a nuclear war, **Mohamed El-Baradei**, commenting on massive protests that have erupted in Cairo against the corrupt and dictatorial three decade long regime of Hosni Mubarak. The protests were inspired by the recent Tunisian revolution that has sparked widespread calls for democracy. The latest challenge has been finding an adequate translation of "Viva la Revolucio n" into Arabic.

"I'm hoping to help any way I can offer."
 -**Jon Stewart**, on his recent appointment to the board of the foundation tasked with building the 9/11 memorial and museum. Stewart, who has been an outspoken advocate for the well-being and rights of 9/11 first responders and aid workers, in my view, is well qualified for the position, though assuredly the museum and memorial won't be funny at all.

"Allende...may have been killed by snipers."
 -The **New York Times**, on a recent Chilean investigation into the death of democratically elected president Salvador Allende. In a CIA-backed coup in the late 70s, Allende was overthrown for being too far left, and replaced with repressive right wing dictator Augusto Pinochet. Initial autopsies indicated that Allende committed suicide during the coup, but new evidence indicated he may have been shot dead by a CIA-sniper. This year has been, like, the year of evil revelations, what with the Nixon tapes, wikileaks, and this. The US has been pretty awful, it seems.

don't forget europe!

egypt's only part of the story

by jamesaglio

With the recent outbreak of protests in Africa, the news media has not really been focusing on anything else (no seriously, all of the top world stories on CNN are about Egypt). Even so, life, with all its government breakdowns, underage sex scandals, and finely choreographed Russian dancers, is still going on north of the Mediterranean Sea. Here is a brief selection of happenings in Europe, garnished with Second World War airplane metaphors.

Ireland/ ire: As of next Tuesday there will be no more Dail, the Irish Parliament. At least not for a little while. After the recent economic woes and in the wake of much criticism at his general ineptitude, Irish Prime Minister Brian Cowen has officially announced that he is dissolving his government on Tuesday and calling for new elections post haste. The elections will be in approximately 4 weeks, and it is widely expected that the current leading party, Cowen's own Fianna Fail, will be ravaged more spectacularly than a lone Heinkel He 111 set upon by a squadron of Hawker Hurricanes over the pitted ruins

of London circa 1940.
Greece: Greek Prime Minister George Papandreu has recently declared that his country will not default on their debt payments amid speculation that Greece would once again cause the value of the euro to dive like a Junkers Ju 87 Stuka. When questioned about such speculation, Papandreu said, "Well, maybe people will believe things, but that's why we poli-

emphasizing that they can not simply take the money loaned to them and continue to go about as they did before the collapse. **Italy:** Nothing is a greater mark of a fine statesman than the tendency to pay underage girls to hang out and play doctor. With this in mind, I think it can be comfortably stated that Italian Prime Minister Silvio Berlusconi is currently the most respectable politician of the week. Currently

than to help her out. If that were not classy enough, the prosecutors are now claiming that a second underage girl was at Berlusconi's homestead in the latter months of 2009. Berlusconi & Co. are claiming that these claims are groundless and politically motivated... he has not yet claimed to have a wide stance. **Spanish Russia:** Heads up ballet fans, have I got some news for you. For the first time in over a hundred years the world renowned Mikhailovsky Ballet is going to be choreographed by a foreigner. And he's Spanish. Nacho Duato has been tasked with adding some modern moves to the prestigious company. While the Mikhailovsky company pulls a good crowd, its organizers are concerned that eventually the Russians will grow bored of the same classical ballets. With this in mind, Nacho has arrived on the scene to revolutionize Russian ballet in much the same way that the Messerschmitt Bf 109 revolutionized the dogfight. ■

"nothing is a greater mark of a fine statesman than the tendency to pay underage girls to hang out and play doctor"

local student claims to love pink floyd, cracks under questioning

by michaelsheerin

Tragedy struck the UVM campus last Thursday, when local freshman Chad Jarvis unwittingly revealed he knew very little of 70s progressive rock band Pink Floyd, despite constantly referencing them in conversation. "He's always wearing this dirty-ass *Dark Side of the Moon* shirt, like, every day," reported a former friend of Jarvis, Todd Smoot. "You'd think he'd be really into them, right?"

The startling revelation came to bear at 3:00 PM on Thursday, January 27th, when Jarvis overheard "Fathers Shout," a track from *Atom Heart Mother*--one of Pink Floyd's less popular albums. Upon commenting that the song was "pretty good," and "sounds a lot like Floyd," Jarvis accidentally revealed his terrible secret.

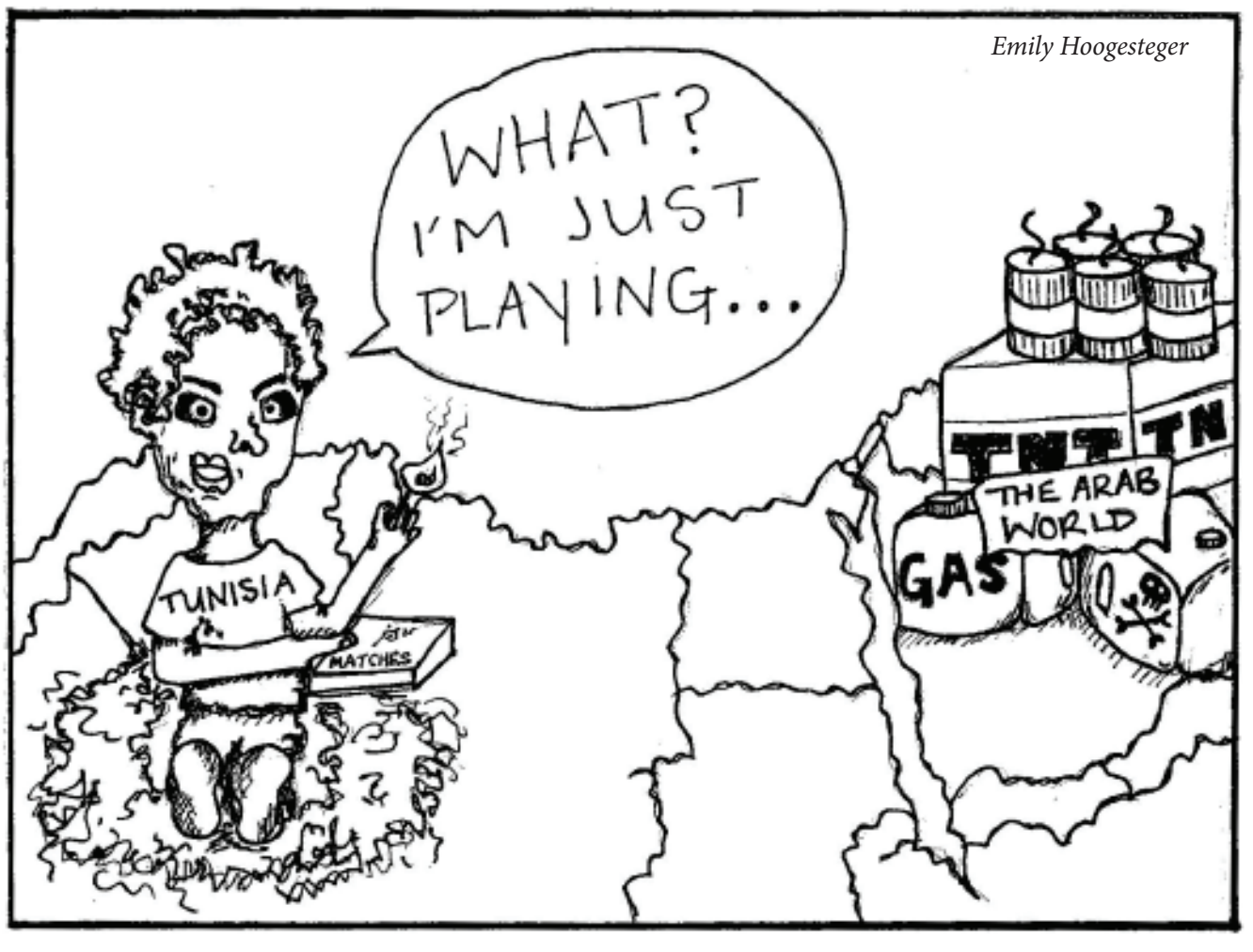
"I was all, like, 'Dude! This is Floyd!'" stated Smoot. Jarvis reportedly attempted to play off his ignorance of the song as a joke, claiming that, "Of course it [was] Floyd," and that he was "just kidding." Smoot was then quoted as asking Jarvis to name five songs by Pink Floyd, at which point Jarvis became visibly nervous.

"At first he was all, like, 'C'mon dude, of course I can name five Floyd songs,'" reported Smoot. "So I was, like, 'Then do it, man!' Then he got all nervous, and was, like, 'um...Wish You Were Here, and uh... Another Brick in the Wall, and...Money.' And so I was all, like, 'that's only three, man.' And then he's all, 'Give me a second to think, dude!' And I was like, 'No way man! You're, like, the Pink Floyd guy! How can you not know five of their songs?!' Then he mumbled something about having class, and just sorta power-walked away. Kid's like, a total fucking poser. For real."

As of press time, Jarvis could not be reached for comment, though he was spotted walking around campus in a Phish shirt and Birkenstocks.

Jarvis' situation is not unique; each week, more and more people are claiming to love bands they know nothing about on the national. The epidemic, dubbed "Poserism," has hit college campuses particularly hard; many schools have formed support groups for afflicted students.

cartoonisia



"I used to be a total Dead-head" said UVM student Alyssa McDuden. "Oh God, there I go again! Ok, so I've, like, never actually listened to the Grateful Dead. But I really like my skull shirt, and it impresses guys when I bring them up in conversation. I've heard that Johnny Garcia was, like, really great, but I'm more of a Ke\$ha person. It's just, like, way cooler to be a Dead fan, like, you know...right?"

"Poserism is a strange disease," stated psychologist Theodore Schliebenstein, author of bestseller *Poser Ashholes: The Silent Killer*. "The onset of symptoms typically comes shortly after one gains entry into college. For reasons we haven't figured out, the afflicted feel a sudden rying around skateboards, and wearing jackets meant for snowboarding, when in fact they have no experience in either sport. None at all!"

When asked what, if anything, can be done to stop the spread of posers, Schliebenstein responded, "Identification is the first step. Only once the afflicted has realized their condition, can they begin the long process of returning to civilized society--a process we call 'undouchification.' If the poser never realizes his disease, he will keep posing until he either graduates, transfers, drops out, or is murdered by his peers for being such an insufferable bastard. To use vernacular that the youth of today would understand: If you don't do no thang 'bout it, posers gonna pose. They just gon' pose all over the place, like errywhere, na' mean?" ■

"each week, more and more people are claiming to love bands they know nothing about"



reflections.

top 5 student groups who deserve priority registration

by erikaweiss
The Student Government Association recently reformed the priority registration policy to ensure that incoming honors college froshies can't register for classes before fifth year seniors. But have the SGA senators overlooked some major student subpopulations deserving priority registration? Of course they have, stupid. Why else would I be talking about this? ■

- 1) Skiers and Snowboarders:** Why, why should you have to choose between school and steez? Shredders don't have the energy to wake up early in the morning unless there is promise of fresh powder on Stowe and eight Red Bulls.
- 2) Students with crushes on their professors:** Giving these students priority registration will ensure 100% attendance for 100% of the semester.
- 3) Big time partiers:** These clowns can't—literally can't—wake up before 10:00. If they can't get up for class, how can they be expected to wake up for registration?
- 4) Students without smartphones:** If you're unfortunate enough not to have an iPhone, you're obviously not going to have steady internet access. Do you even have a computer? Do you even know what a computer is?
- 5) Latino Albino Wiccans:** This particular demographic actually comprises up a huge part of the UVM student body. Isn't this an equal opportunity institution?

breakthrough in aisle five

by lizcantrell

They say the first step is admitting you have a problem. Easy enough. What's harder is confessing what the problem itself is, but I'll cut right to the chase. What's my drug of choice? School and office supplies.

Yeah I said it. Pretty hardcore right? You may laugh, but this is a serious affliction. I go through at least three different agendas, planners, or day journals a year. I obsessively stalk out new brands of highlighters, agonize over pen performance, and salivate over notebook paper thickness. I could spend all day gazing at the rows of translucent three ring binders and debating the merits of cork versus whiteboard.

Naturally, when it's back to school time I go ape shit. Last week I was giddy with delight as I skipped down to Staples with my roommate to pick up my new swag. I was stunned to find that they had run out of notebooks, but my shock quickly turned to anger. This is your job, Staples folks: to make college kids go broke from spending \$50 on new semester goods. We can't dish out the dough if you got nothing to show!

I spent about five minutes stewing, then got over myself and checked out my options. There were tons of leather bound legal pads and "fashion notebooks", but nothing like the simple, forest green one with perforated edges that I was craving. I picked one up with a black and white houndstooth cover and a lime green polka dot interior. God help me. I was gonna be that kid with the obnoxious notebook.

As I was contemplating my choice between fuschia swirls and electric geomet-



Katie Gagliardo

ric, I had a flashback to middle school. I remembered my coveted Lisa Frank trapper keeper with sweet leopard fur trim, rhinestone add-ons, and a neon unicorn front and center. I loved that thing and protected it like my first born child. It was badass, and to hell with it, it still is!

It saddened me to realize that I had forgotten my roots. I had pushed that Lisa Frank binder into the back of my mind,

convinced it was a tacky chapter of my past. This was my epiphany: I shouldn't be hating on these groovy patterned journals, I should be embracing them. School supplies come in a medley of colors and styles for all tastes. But inevitably, and without thought, we grab the generic Five Star three subject. Where is the personality, people?! Hoist your Barney binders high and raise your zebra striped pencils with pride.

Corny as it may be, everyone is his or her own person and should be able to rock their school gear whatever way they see fit. Kudos to you, kid with the lemon-lime backpack and girl with the bubble-gum scented eraser. I am a school supply addict, and all of you who put a little too much time into picking out your stuff are proving that it's okay. ■

i < 3 england

by georgeloftus

I'm going to be blunt so I can avoid being anything less than perfectly clear: If Canterbury, England had a vagina I'd try and fuck it. It doesn't matter if I were equal parts Brad Pitt and Bon Jovi, because she would shoot me down. Let me tell you with five reasons why even after getting her the lobster dinner and holding the door open she still wouldn't give me a squeezer after the twelfth date. Oh, England, you cruel, beautiful bitch, I think I love you.

1) Beer: I learned the first night here that if you drink Stella Artois to get drunk you're essentially European white trash. They said I beat my wife and lived in a trailer. If I saw someone drinking Stella Artois to get drunk in the states I'd assume they were a national bank branch CEO who was paid a seven figure salary and actually has the last living unicorn in a vault made out of gold and space diamonds. Stella is the second cheapest beer here and is worth the extra 20 cents per can over Fosters. It's the closest thing Europe has to Natty Light, ZOMG.

2) Coins: The biggest note here is a 50. Granted that will get you insanely far, but most of the spending I've done here has been with coins. Imagine if you could get something substantial with a quarter. It makes me feel like I live in the 1930s, and it's awesome! I can buy a pint with 2 coins here. I can buy a large big mac meal with 3. Think about how long you have to keep the leftover change from the end of the day until you can buy something worthwhile. Maybe every 3 days you could get a taquito dog at On the Run, but here, every 3 days you could buy a large pizza and a dozen hot wings. But you know what? Don't get the hot wings.

3) School: Imagine the lobby of Cook Physical Science Center. Imagine it on a Thursday night. Hoppin', right? Now imagine it with 400 people sweating, dancing, and drinking mixed drinks at a discount price. Every college building here has a bar, a restaurant, or pub, and every weekend, that service extends and essentially takes over the largest available space of said building. The formal hall where I had my international students welcome reception, complete with grilled salmon and Portobello stuffed with aged chevré was the same place I danced my sweet little ass off at two days later at "dress like a professor" night. I didn't dress like a professor but I did order

a Coors Light where I'd later learn about Tudor love poems... Don't judge me for the Coors, I was homesick.

4) Stereotypes: It might be the most rewarding thing in the world to find out a stereotype is true, and that was all I spent my first week here doing. French chicks? They smoke. A lot. English people really do have crumpets with their tea, and there really are double-decker buses everywhere. Romanian people sound a lot like Borat and are about as vain as AC Slater from Saved by the Bell. Americans? Apparently we dress like shit and have an accent that comes off as a cheese grater on the side of someone's head—their words, not mine. Before you get mad at me for misrepresenting American fashion, when the comment was made I was wearing dark jeans, checkered vans, and t-shirts that fit under button down shirts that didn't have flames or dragons on them. What more could I do?

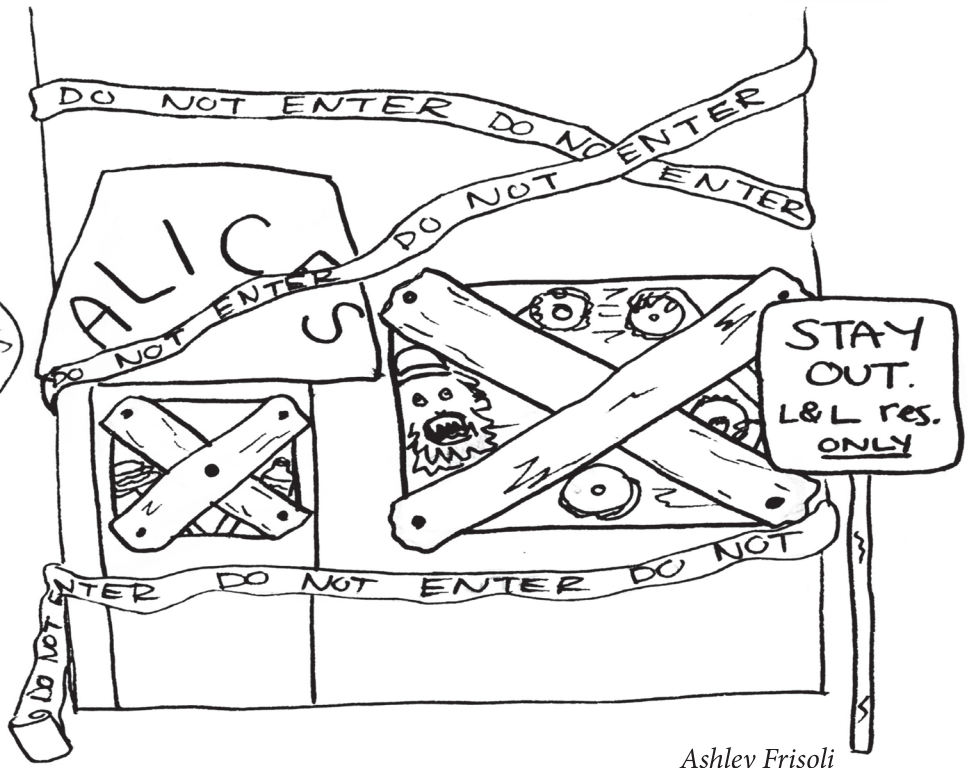
5) Proximity: It takes me six and a half to seven hours to drive from my house to UVM. It takes an hour to get to the nearest Starbucks and about 25 minutes to the closest McDonald's... driving 50 mph. Hopping on a bus downtown in Canterbury I was taken to a ferry. Six hours later I woke up in Paris. After a 45-minute train ride I was at Stansted airport in London. An hour after getting on the plane, I was already through customs in Dublin. This spring I'm pretty excited to find out how close Madrid and Lisbon are. Everything is just so much closer and makes everything so convenient. I could throw a baseball from my window and hit the nearest pub, and I'm not what you would call "athletic". Also, apparently about 15 minutes away from where I go to school is the town of Sandwich. That's where the sandwich was invented, fuck yeah! (See? I told you I wasn't athletic.) ■

zombie apocalypse 2011

by lindsaygabel
Now that the academic apocalypse of last semester has subsided (until May), and what with 2012 a mere year away, we UVMers are left suspended in delirious fascination with apocalyptic phenomena. We are? Indeed, my friend, we are. And so, in honor of my former roommate and very good friend who happens to be absolutely obsessed with zombie culture, I invite you to reflect on the very real possibility of a Zombie Apocalypse. Here is a comprehensive and - I daresay - incredibly realistic forecast of likely residence hall responses to such a situation. ■

- Harris/Millis is in an uproar over the fact that they are at a great disadvantage should an emergency escape be necessary, as the inconvenient, prison-inspired L-design of their complex restricts their ability to achieve full speed before having to turn a corner when sprinting down the hallways.
- McAuley accepts the likelihood that the zombies will eventually take over and thus devotes the time it has left to partying 24/7 (this is not too much of a change, however, from their regular 20/7 schedule, which allotted time for 1 hour of class, 1 hour of sleep, and 2 hours for transportation to central campus).
- Redstone Hall secretly evacuates using a century-old underground passageway connecting the two campus castles.
- Converse and the Redstone Hall refugees proceed to fortify the main entrance, station defense guards at side entries and on the turrets, and dig an impressive moat around the rest of UVM.
- Slade employs their advanced environmental know-how and highly developed wilderness skills to form a tribal culture governed by primal instincts. Their survival tactics include fashioning wooden spears from old hall furniture, cult-like chanting, and covering themselves in war paint. Think *Avatar*. Or possibly *Lord of the Flies*. It could

Where did the nice ladies go.



Ashley Frisoli

- perimeter of the building.
- Wing/Davis/Wilks residents decide to surrender their brains to the rampaging zombies in exchange for complex-wide Wings Over. The zombies, however, are dissatisfied with the significant lack of substance within the cerebral matter, and thus continue rampaging.
- The Back Five (McCann, Hunt, Richardson, Sichel, and Ready) are too disgruntled over not being invited to the McAuley/Mercy End-of-the-World shindig to care about creating a survival plan.
- Living/Learning attempts to design some sort of Zombie-Human Peaceful Co-existence program, which ultimately fails despite valiant efforts, and instead resorts to complex self-preservation by restricting all outside access to the Marche and Alice's Cafe, effectively paralyzing the campus bagel distribution system. The subsequent scarcity of bagels is a devastating blow to student morale.
- U-Heights North and South are locked in an epic civil war over whose plan of approach is better and are for all purposes incapacitated and thus rendered useless to

- go either way.
- Marsh/Austin/Tupper hails *Survivor* and adopts the efficient survival strategy of voting five unlucky students out of the complex daily.
- No one knows what the Cottages are doing. Quite frankly, no one knows where the Cottages are. Oh well.
- Coolidge remains neutral, and effectively does absolutely nothing.
- All of Redstone campus (minus Coolidge and Redstone Hall) forms an alliance and agrees to divide provisions equally.

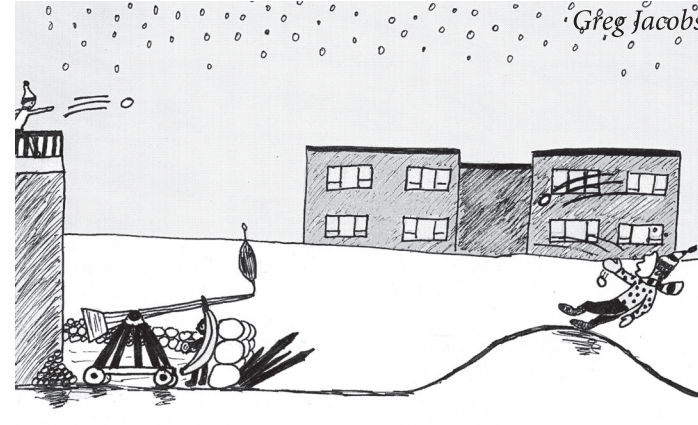
snow wars

by jonathanfranqui

You're on your way back to the dorms after a long night of studying in the library. You feel reasonably confident that the two hour nap you took didn't really encroach on your studying time. In fact, you feel absolutely elated by the snow falling all around you, covering everything in a pristine white blanket of frost. After hiking across campus, your dorm finally comes into view and thoughts turn to your bed and some "original" medical show (*House*, *Royal Pains*, *Grey's Anatomy*...really all the same crap). However, when you pull out your key card, you hear an odd noise which snaps you out of your blissful demeanor. Then suddenly, the noise is back, and closer. You sit there wondering momentarily what sort of thing makes a piff noise, when you turn around just in time to get a face full of that pristine white blanket in the face. FUK.

Unbeknownst to our weary traveler, they step foot onto a battlefield. That beautiful snow which was once passionately revered has become something horrible; it has become ammo. Ammo which is plentiful and readily available when UVM breaks out into campus wide snowball fights wars. Bear in mind, for the sake of your livelihood, that these snowball wars are nothing like the ones which you had as a child or in your hometown. You are not walking to the battle ground with a squad of friends; there is a freaking army behind you. When you begin your attack, remember one thing; all is fair in love and war. If you are going to make it through this year's snowball Armageddon, please keep a few things in mind (especially you freshmen).

First and most importantly, dress appropriately. And no, I don't mean for the cold, but the onslaught of snow/ice pellets being flung by your



Greg Jacobs

We will ignore the latter as UVM lacks any real high ground, but having cover is a good idea. Trust me, all fun in this war quickly evaporates if you're being hit so frequently by snowballs that you can't even take good aim when throwing your own. If there isn't any available, build some! The least you can do if there isn't any accessible cover is to crouch and present the smallest target possible while moving towards a wall or friend. Just remember your friend probably won't be an enthusiastic bullet sponge and will move quickly.

Finally, be ready for anything, as people tend to be pretty creative and ballsy in the war. Last year I heard rumors of crude catapults being incorporated into the fight which launched boulders of snow. That's right; UVM students will get medieval on your ass if you're not careful. Honestly, I won't be surprised if the siege machines advanced into trebuchets this year, even though I really hope they don't (for all you engineering majors, give everyone else a fucking break, and play on our level of crude stakes and industrial rubber catapults). Also, don't be surprised if you see some impressive feats of snowchitecture, as people will spend hours constructing sturdy snow forts which not only provide cover, but are a great place to blaze. I would strongly advise against the urge to try and destroy one by running into it, as it will be snowfort-1, you-on your ass wondering why you're staring up at the sky (this happens a lot for multiple reasons during this war).

And now I bid you good luck as you venture out in the vast abyss with your buddies and army in tow. Remember, do not take this lightly, as your enemy is a mass of rowdy (probably drunk) college students looking for blood. There is also no shame in retreat, as sometimes you have to put aside your pride and admit when you're sick of having your ass handed to you on a frozen platter of ice. On a serious note, keep it fun guys. And finally, in the name of good sportsmanship, I just want to say that Redstone doesn't have anything on Athletic. BRING IT!!! ■

cat litter.



cat litter:
by drew diemar, willis schenk, ryan
tinsley, and jared sassone-mchugh
artwork by malcolm valaitis

Submitted: 9/4/05

Subject: Coffee

Please include details of your complaint: Green Mountain Coffee Roasters in all the dining halls? I know I'm supposed to like local stuff but that shit tastes like it's been sitting there for three hours (which it usually has.) I suggest Ben and Jerry's replaces GMC as the official Vermont dining hall option.



Submitted: 3/8/10

Subject: Toilets in DC

Please include details of your complaint: Sure, motion-sensing toilets are a good idea but can't they calibrate them so my grundle doesn't get misted by premature flush every time I lean forward?

The **wf.** found these complaint slips discarded in the garbage. We are reprinting them to ensure that the voices are heard.



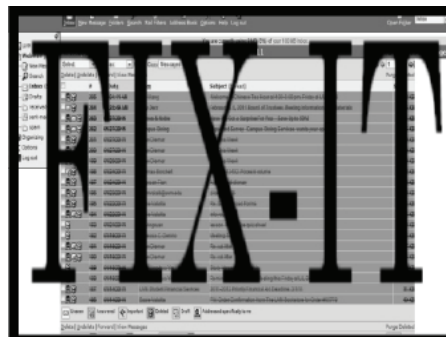
Submitted: 2/3/08

Subject: Cook Commons

Please include details of your complaint: What kind of stoned UVM alum did they find to design this place? The tiny serving room is usually a shitshow at lunch and dinner...and at breakfast...and at whenever classes get out. Good thing they have all those single doorways to the seating area too, so you get to practice your skills at dodging other pedestrians with trays in hand before enjoying your meal.

Submitted: 10/4/92

Subject: Washing machine keypad
Please include details of your complaint: Washing clothes is boring enough, do I really need an in-depth explanation of how many credits are left in plan 51? "Oh no, I didn't mean to select machine number 4! Oh thank god, it's asking me if I'm sure. No. Phew. That was close."



Submitted: 1/14/11

Subject: Mail slots

Please include details of your complaint: Put some windows in 'em. I'm a busy girl, don't got no time to be checking every day just to see Kesha still wants me to vote for her.

Submitted: 8/11/06

Subject: Dorm furniture

Please include details of your complaint: Every dingle dorm in UVM has at least one faulty chair. Someone needs to come in and level out those legs before somebody accustomed to chairs with fixed positions (i.e. everyone) gets hurt.



Submitted: 4/11/00

Subject: Push-bars in Bailey Howe entrance

Please include details of your complaint: These things are either some sort of half-assed device to count the number of people entering the library or a questionable attempt to slow them down. Either way, pointless.

tunes.



obituary

groovy uv 1969 - 2011

by gregfrancese

BURLINGTON, Vt. - It is with great sadness that we report that the jam band slash reggae music scene at the University of Vermont has died. Groovy UV, as she was known among her friends, lived a decently long life, but in the past few years became overshadowed by a growing shift away from Phish and Bob Marley and towards indie and electronic acts such as Vampire Weekend and Pretty Lights. Highlights of her life included toking up with Phish band members after she hosted their first performance on Halloween in 1984 and hosting such acts as The Grateful Dead and, more recently, The String Cheese Incident. She spent the last years of her life pretending she still had the same love for THC and jamming, but the Bob Marley tapestries were unable to fool anyone into thinking she still had it in her. What she failed to hear, according to some, was the increasing sounds of "dope beats" and

electronic mashups of her peers. Live music began to become less entertaining as her friends drowned her out with their noise-cancelling iPod headphones blasting the electronically fused sounds of the past and future. She was unable to understand why her friends, who once showered as rarely as she, began avoiding her at protests, and eventually stopped coming all together because they were too busy pregaming to Lil Wayne or blasting MGMT in their rooms while dropping acid."

"Unable to understand why her friends, who once showered as rarely as she, began avoiding her at protests, and eventually stopped coming all together because they were too busy pregaming to Lil Wayne or blasting MGMT in their rooms while dropping acid."

or while wearing tie-dye. Calling hours will be at 10 PM in the basement of Slade, a place she liked to visit and intends to haunt. She requested that her remains be archived in the music collection at WRUV. In lieu of flowers she requested that her presence be made on every student's iPod, even if it's on a playlist named "Ironic." ■



with emilylozeau

SMITH WESTERNS- "Dye it Blonde" on *Fat Possum*

Smith Western's previous self-titled album smacked of NoBunny, of King Tuff, of effervescent bubblegum puss. The tracks were vocal fuzzy and physically so and cute. On Dye It Blonde, with the exception of "All Die Young" this rowdy punksters have done what so many before have-cleaned up their sound with the help of real equipment. Just once it would be nice to hear a band that is totally crunchy and unlistenable but grandly raw from start of career to finish. But let's work with what we got: a fine piece of the pop punk variety, actually going in a Beatles, T. Rex, Cloud Nothings (though this band was technically first) direction. It's a classic step. Clean hooks and dribbly heartfelt surges that for a moment, in "End of the Night" recall the original wall of sound of yesterday, and the power melody of today, and can still probably hope to be featured in a Target commercial.

PLAY: 4, 6, 7, 8, 10

RIYD (recommended if you dig): Cloud Nothings, Happy Birthday

DEERHOOF- "Deerhoof vs. Evil" on *Polyvinyl*

Deerhoof vs. Evil (the evil of terrible, uncreative music) should be the subtext. And it's a war they are likely to win. Like previous Deerhoof albums, the sound is chaotic. I tend to place this band in my mind around the place where Dirty Projectors is located. But for different reasons. I enjoy this band WAY more than the latter, but their sounds are not so different. There's symmetry and measure that makes the cacophony make sense, in a way that sounds like a gigantic noise army fronted by a tiny Japanese goddess that even Thom Yorke called crazy. Song from song, and sometimes within the same, the sound can go from sweet to deafening, classical to electronic. I have now listened through this album four times. I feel it has taken me that long to be able to adequately write this. It may very well be a masterpiece of engineering. The aesthetic of this band reminds me so much of the IFC "show" Food Party, and not just because Satomi Matsuzaki reminds me of the host, Thu Tran. Deerhoof would involve puppets, non-traditional ingredients and plot twists for the intergalactic songstresses of the world. Honestly, you will either love this band or find them unlistenable (and this is their tenth album, so maybe your mind is already made up). But before you decide the second, listen to it at least a half dozen times, and I can almost promise you will be in love.

PLAY: 8, 3, 2, 11, 1, 6

RIYD (recommended if you dig): Mice Parade

dope mc's matching game
(fresher than your other tests, better than your ever-best)
this week: wu-gambino mobster alteregos

- a. Ghostface
- b. Masta Killa
- c. Method Man
- d. RZA

- 1. Johnny Blaze
- 2. Noodles
- 3. Tony Starks
- 4. Bobby Steels

answers: (cheaters get merked) A-3; B-2; C-1; D-4