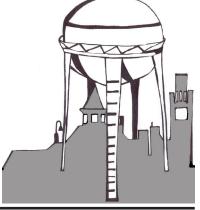
the water tower.

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.

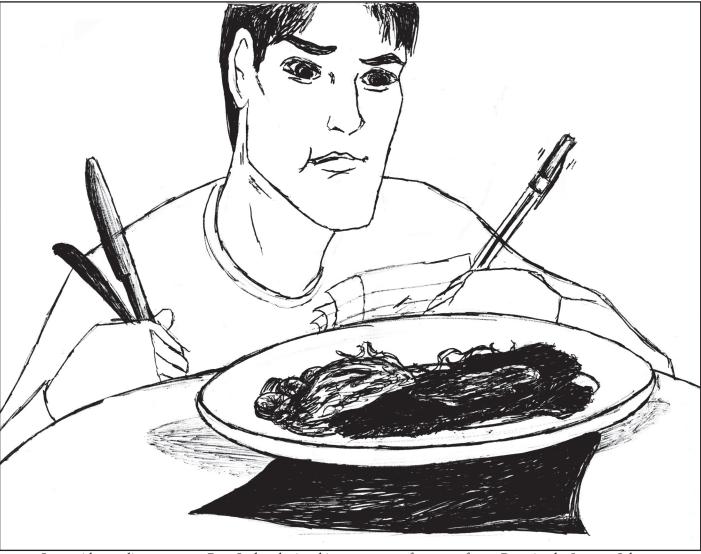
One of the new features of this dining haven is the FöD system. FöD stands for Food on Demand, appropriately described as a "Restaurant-Style Computerized Ordering System". Upon entering the dining hall, the technologically-inclined epicure selects from a tolerable but not extraordinary set of options 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

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 desparate 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 Bankok Post. He also owns several used car dealerships in his home state of Nevada.

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 upliftsuch 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



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european
update
by bendonovan

reflections i <3 england! by georgeloftus

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the best news team in the universe.



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-Biebz (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 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.

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 o anything in this week's issue to

thewatertowernews@gmail.com

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-

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."

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Special Thanks To UVM Art Department Digital Lab

SPORTSBLINK



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 threeand 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 paulgros

"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 Revolucion" 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 CIAbacked 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.

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

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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 sometime outlandish opinions so that you don't have to come up with them yourselves. We can promise that you will agree with everything that we say, but you will respect the te-nacity we have to say it. Every once in a while we will generate something that is trul hought provoking. We are the reason people can't wait for Tuesday. We are the water tower.

don't forget europe!

by jamesaglio

With the recent outbreak of protests of London circa 1940. 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 payments amid speculation that Greece 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

Ireland/Éire: As of next Tuesday there will be no more Dail, the Irish Parliament. At least not for a little man than the tondency to pay undersease eigner. And he's Spanish. Nacho Parliament. At least not for a little while. After the recent economic woes man than the tendency to pay underage and in the wake of much criticism at his general ineptitude, Irish Prime Minister Brian Cowen has officially announced that he is dissolving his goverment on Tuesday and calling

for new elections post haste. The elections ticians are here, to put things on the right 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

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

emphasizing that they can not simply take than to help her out. If that were not classy the money loaned to them and continue enough, the prosecutors are now claiming

egypt's only part of the story

to go about as they did before the collapse. **İtaly:** 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

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 hun-

dred years the world renowned eigner. And he's Spanish. Nacho Duato has been tasked with addgirls to hang out and play doctor" ing 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

course." Aside from the fact that that is the single most terrifying statement I have ever quoted, Papandreou's confidence does provide a certain amount of consolation. Prospects look even better because the Greek government has made a point of

under investigation for allegations that he paid a 17 year old nightclub dancer to pilot his Macchi C.200 Saetta on multiple occasions, Both Berlusconi and the girl deny that they slept together, though he did pay her seven thousand euros on the day they first met for no apparent reason other

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.

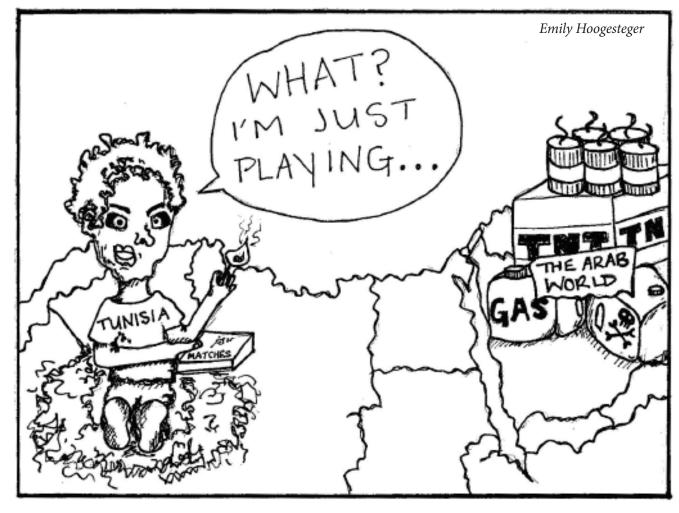
"I was all, like, 'Dude! This is Floyd!" stated Smoot. Jarvis reportedly attempted to play off his ignorance of the song as a joke, claiming that, "Of course it [was] Floyd," and that he was "just kidding." Smoot was then quoted as asking Jarvis to name five songs by Pink Floyd, at which point Jarvis

"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

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 across the nation. 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 cally comes shortly after one gains entry rying around skateboards, and wearing into college. For reasons we haven't quite UVM student Alyssa McDuden. "Oh God, there I go again! Ok, so I've, like, never ac-figured out, the afflicted feel a sudden

the Grateful Dead. But I really like my skull shirt, and it impresses 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.

tually listened to

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 Assholes: The Silent Killer. "The onset of symptoms typi-

more people are claiming ebenstein responded, "Identification is the first step. Only once the afflicted has realto love bands they know long process of returning to civilized so-

"each week, more and

animalistic need for approval, and latch on to whatever they perceive to be 'cool,' or 'steezy.' Claiming to love music they've no thang 'bout it, posers gonna pose. They never actually listened to seems to be the most prevalent symptom; though many of the afflicted have also been observed car-

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, Schliized their condition, can they begin the nothing about" ciety- 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 just gon' pose all over the place, like errywhere, na' mean? "

News ticker: Rumors fly on UVM campus concerning potential Spring Fest artists, including but not limited to: LCD Soundsystem, Lady Gaga, and Paul Simon. The rumors ->

reflections.

student groups who deserve priority registration

he 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?

Skiiers and Snowboarders: Why, 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.

Students with crushes on their professors: Giving these students priority registration will ensure 100% attendance for 100% of the semester.

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

> 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?

Latino Albino Wiccans: This particular demographic actually comprises up a huge part of the UVM student body. İsn't this an equal opportunity institution?

breakthrough aisle five

by lizcantrell

hey 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

I spent about five minutes stewing, then got over myself and checked out my options. There were tons of leather bound ric, I had a flashback to middle school. I convinced it was a tacky chapter of my pride. 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.

per keeper with sweet leopard fur trim, badass, and to hell with it, it still is!

legal pads and "fashion notebooks", but remembered my coveted Lisa Frank trap- past. This was my epiphany: I shouldn't be hating on these groovy patterned journals,

her own person and should be able to rock rhinestone add-ons, and a neon unicorn I should be embracing them. School sup-their school gear whatever way they see front and center. I loved that thing and plies come in a medley of colors and styles fit. Kudos to you, kid with the lemon-lime protected it like my first born child. It was for all tastes. But inevitably, and without backpack and girl with the bubble-gum thought, we grab the generic Five Star scented eraser. I am a school supply addict, It saddened me to realize that I had three subject. Where is the personality, and all of you who put a little too much forgotten my roots. I had pushed that Lisa people?! Hoist your Barney binders high time into picking out your stuff are prov-

by georgeloftus

'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.

you drink Stella Artois to get drunk you're Tudor love poems... Don't judge me for the essentially European white trash. They Coors, I was homesick. said I beat my wife and lived in a trailer. If I saw someone drinking Stella Artois to get 4Stereotypes: It might be the most rewarddrunk 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 smoke. A lot. English people really do 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,

2Coins: 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

Beer: I learned the first night here that if a Coors Light where I'd later learn about

ing 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 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

5Proximity: 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 Stanstead 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.)

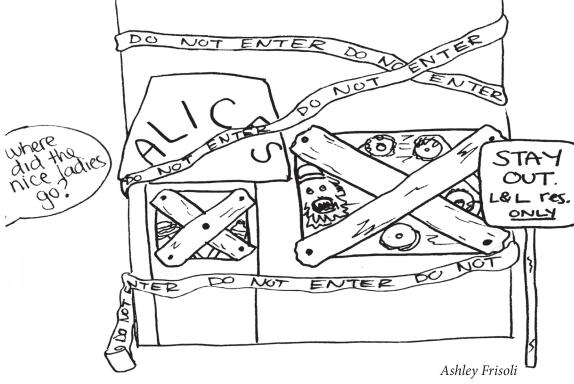
tween fuschia swirls and electric geomet- Frank binder into the back of my mind, and raise your zebra striped pencils with ing that it's okay. Zombie apocalypse 2011

ow 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

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



the complex daily. - Marsh/Austin/Tupper hails Survivor - No one knows what the Cottages and adopts the efficient survival strategy are doing. Quite frankly, no one of voting five unlucky students out of

-- Coolidge remains neutral, and effectively does absolutely nothing. knows where the Cottages are. Oh

an alliance and agrees to divide provisions equally.

-- All of Redstone campus (minus Coolidge and Redstone Hall) forms

ou'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.

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 vear's snowball Armageddon, please keep a few things in mind (especially you freshmen).

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



head. It doesn't matter if you're big or small, a guy or girl, once a snowball leaves somebody's hand, they are no longer liable for the damage it causes or who it happens to be inflicted upon. If you have ski goggles, you may want to don those, as being hit in the face with frozen water will make you (as it has done to me) see stars and wonder why you're suddenly staring at the sky. Flexible gloves are also a must. You do not want to be sitting in the middle of a battlefield with clumsy ski gloves while you're trying to make a suitable snowball. You will be a sitting duck, and people will laugh as they take aim and unleash a salvo of hellish snow on you.

Moving on, keep in mind that positioning is crucial! For anyone who has ever played a first person shooter, you know two very important things about positioning: Never, ever, EVER go out into the open with no cover available, and take the high ground.

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 enthusisastic 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!!!

are unfounded, however, as SA concerts has confirmed that Limp Bizkit will be headlining. +++ Workers quietly install new waterslide in the President's wing of Waterman. +++ Mob of protesters decrying Egyptian president Mubarak's actions gets sidetracked in its march down college street, evidently enticed by bean-bag related games at Sig Phi. +++ Pope seen shitting in woods.

perimeter of the building.
-- Wing/Davis/Wilks residents decide to sur-

render their brains to the rampaging zom-

bies 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 ram-

-- The Back Five (McCann, Hunt, Richard-

son, Sichel, and Ready) are too disgruntled

over not being invited to the McAuley/Mer-

cy End-of-the-World shindig to care about

-- 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

-- U-Heights North and South are locked

approach is better and are for all purposes

incapacitated and thus rendered useless to

in an epic civil war over whose plan of

creating a survival plan.

submit your **love** anonymously

uvm.edu/~watertwr/iwysb.html

I Miss You:

I miss my soccer girls and our snow adventures and pranks. I miss my crew boys (including the two female coxswains) and our dinners at the Grundle together.

I miss my roomie (from fall) and our neighbor and our study break raves. "I MISS YOU, YAA KNOW!

I miss my RA and sending in IWYSB for her and having deep

conversations.

I miss composting...yeah, no.

I miss Trisha the sandwich goddess.

I miss my coaches.

I miss the pep band, although I am not musically inclined. I'll go to a Steak and Shake in your honor.

Ĭ miss Evan Fjeld's mustache. I miss the watertower.

Most of all I miss my best friend. As we put it, "This is not a break up, it is a long distance relationship." I'm sorry I couldn't room with you this semester...but have loads of fun for me! I miss many things and I know things won't be the same from now on. But strong friendships last despite distance. I know this is not a traditional "I want you so bad", but I want

you all so bad. Not sexually, but I want you to all come visit. When: Last Semester

Where: all over I saw: everyone I miss I am: in Oklahoma

We had the same poli sci class three times a week. The few days you weren't there, I found it very meek. We only spoke a few times as I was too shy. But my heart skipped a beat

every time you walked by. The topics we chatted about ranged from broomball to exams.

Neither was a flirty topic so how was I supposed to make you my man? We sat together a few times, but not everyday.

We made eye contact a lot, what more can I say. Your good looks caught my attention but I'm sure you get that a lot.

I think if we got together sometime it could get really hot.

When: Last Semester: MWF 11:40-12:30

Where: Political Science 129

I saw: Tan Man with brown hair, pretty eyes, and nicee arms.

I am: a girl wishing we had made some laws of our own last

Living and learning. Deux choses que je voudrais très bien faire avec toi.

Amongst other things.
With your brown puffer jacket and blue scarf, You look so euro et je pense qu'en faite te queiro, Especially with your sandy tousled locks.

I see you all over campus, every day, Is that you I see through the window of my Italian class now?

You are a mystery I would love to solve, So, how about coffee, fire place lounge?

Tuesday, at 4? It'll be just like the first time I saw you, Except maybe this time I'll find the words

To charm you. When: all the time

Where: everywhere, especially L&L A

I saw: a mysterious european stranger

It was your birthday, and I was all yours. You wanted to go out and break my streak, but for you I was happy to. I had you in my arms as we started to dance. In that moment I had everything within my reach.

Moments last just an instant, but the way you looked at me,

that moment will be engraved in my soul forever. I don't know why things happen the way they do. All I know is I still remain faithfully yours.

I miss you. When: October 23 Where: At a Frat Party I saw: "The Pretty One" I am: Your Red Sox fan

0

I may have said that I'm quite clumsy which prompted you to take a knee. We waited for the bus together, Enjoying the miraculous warm(er) weather. You told me about biathalons and well, walking home is like a marathon.. I'm really glad I caught your name,

and I thought you should know that you've got game. I probably could have kept chatting all night long.. So seeing you again - would it really be wrong?

I am: A girl with icicles in her hair

When: Late last Friday night Where: On the off-campus bus to Redstone
I saw: A Minnesotan gentleman <u>attention readers!</u>

IWYSBs will be read on WRUV 90.1 during *Mr. Green Genes Presents:* The Night Society with Mr. Green Genes Wednesdays 6-8pm

We always hung out and did homework There was something more

But I took too long to say You're the one I adore Come hang out at my apartment

On the second floor I'll make you dinner, play you a song

Go sledding and explore When: Last tuesday

Where: Harvest Cafe I saw: a sexy environmentalist

I am: a shy romantic

I was sitting with my sisters, when you caught my eye. I wish I could have met you, but I was too shy.

With your black jacket and gray hat you were lookin' so fly.

I saw you again in the library and wanted to say hi. But then you and your friend in the USA vest just left

without even a goodbye. So, next time I see you I'll probably do the same, out maybe one day we can exchange our names.

Where: fishbowl and library

I saw: a damnn fine guy
I am: a girl who wears black and gold

"come on, push it, you got this LET'S GO!" is what you shouted at me as I frolicked through the snow you were with a group of frosh as y'all strutted down main

and i was all alone as i approached your steezy fleet i can't say that i want you cause i never saw your face but i appreciate the motivation; i really picked up my pace! so thank you for your words, they truly made a dif but then i ask myself, was that really your motive?

When: thursday Where: by the dc I saw: a big group I am: a runner

so you're a lax bro? i'll root for your team i wouldn't say you're a hippie, but i can tell you aren't clean. your hair wraps so sexy, though, your stash is no more do you play with a D-pole? or are you looking to score? When: not nearly enough... Where: simpson fine dining...

I saw: What was a cheesy mustache

I am: loko4 lax bros

Where: Water Tower cover

I don't know who you are,

I saw: hoping you're a man

I had buffalo chicken pizza,

You wouldn't eat it.

You left around 4am.

How about some coffee?

I said come over,

You said sure.

I saw: I forgot

I am: Drunk

I am: Feeling melancholy without you

I saw: An epic tower

every day.

dated as well

ing shotgun.

When: Daily

your truck

I've been away for a semester I see you've changed again I miss the you from 2 years ago When I first became your friend I wrote a letter when I noticed You first began to change But all you did was laugh me off When Í said your new look was strange You lack the depth you used to have Your perspective is all wrong And though I mean you no offense, I can't come off too strong: You've changed so much it makes me sad You're so alien to me now I just want back what I had, The original Water Tower logo, I want you so bad! When: Freshman year

overheard a conversation in b-town? was it hilarious? dumb? inspirational? tell the ear and we'll print it.

uvm.edu/~watertwr/ear.html

girl 1: did I ever tell you that my thighs are the strongest part of

girl 2: thats ridiculous *girl 1*: you should see me on the honeymoon machine at the

girl 1: you hiccup really weird

girl 2: hey don't hate on me, because I have a spastic diaphragm

This is the first Wednesday this year that I haven't had to wipe anyone's ass and I'm NOT wiping either of yours.

Walking on Church street, from an alley I like it when you call me big PAPA!

dude: so just sprinkle some crack on top, light it up and you'll

Outside Lafayette

controlling girlfriend: You don't need to play Halo for more than whipped boyfriend: Yeah, you're right (sadface).

Dirty 9ine Hickok Place Sunday night

bro i (after beer-shotgun): HORSEDICK! bro 2: WHO'S GOT IT?

Friday Night, Pearl St.

girl: What comes after postmodernism? guy: Hipsters.

Monday at Bailey-Howe

bro 1: So you hooked up with her weird roommate instead of

bro 2: I've made a huge mistake.

guy I to guy 2 and girl: I don't have sex often...(pause)...but when I do, it's like I have magical powers!

Davis Center, Wednesday, 11 PM guy: I told him you can't be a racist if you're only four!

dude: "I haven't read a book since 5th grade... and that was

Vanessa Carlton song playing bro: I love this song! Duh duh duh duh duh duh.

girl 1: Last night I finally ended up telling my boyfriend that he needs to buy a strap-on cuz I can't even pretend that he's satisfying anymore...he didn't take it well. girl 2: I'm not surprised...how small is it? Is it that bad? girl 1: Well 2 and a half inches certainly isn't cutting it for me.

Leaving Billings lecture guy 1: and i peed on all the windows guy 2: all the windows??

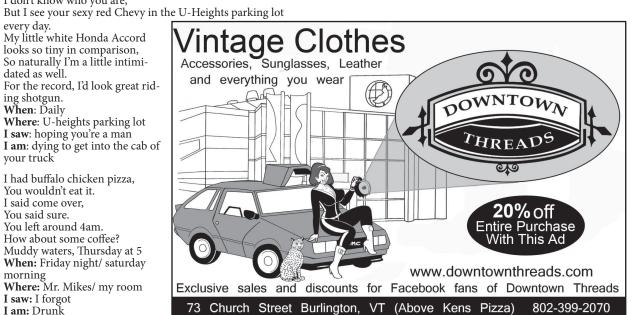
guy 1: yeaaah

girl on phone: yeah I think these girls are in the same situation two girls walking behind her.

girl again: Yeah they're in tights. No, Mom, he offered. It's the 21st century. two girls, very confused.

Loomis St.

girl: I need to bombard him sexually





fashion five-oh. your drink as an accessory

crew's weekly pilgrimage to Hyde Street, Drinks are definitely a status symbol and and you've got the basics- shirt, pants, can often be a reflection of character. Beshoes--but to really complete your get-up if you're a dude, you throw on a Hartford Whalers hat, possibly a watch, and call it meant to be comprehensive, nor do they good. If you're a girl, you probably throw on a whole bunch of things (necklaces, tucky moonshine, or wiper fluid. earrings, etc.) that no one but other girls (and possibly me if you're lucky enough to find yourself at the same party) care about. Chances are, though, you've given very little thought to your most important accessory. I mean, I'm sure you've given it some thought, as in, "can't wait to get hammered off that Keystone and Zhenka tonight," but you haven't really given it any thought. Picture it this way: you walk onto a porch and you see some guy drinking a Long Trail Double Bag, chances are, you go over, give him a high five and say, get your hands on Patrón, Grey Goose or "this guy knows what's up" with a goofy grin plastered on your face. Or you see that kind of reserved dude from down the hall shotgunning a 4Loko over a sink at a

So you're getting decked out for your turns out that brah is bat-shit insane." low are listed the tiers of beverages found at Burlington parties, which are in no way include outliers like Dom Pérignon, Ken-

This is the A-list (as far as **TIEF** 1 Burlington goes). If you find yourself drinking Stella Artois, Magic Hat, Long Trail, Red Stripe, Dogfish Head, or a microbrew of any kind, you've made your way into this rarefied atmosphere. Likewise if you're drinking a wine that isn't in a box or a pink zinfandel, welcome. Many liqueurs such as Bailey's and Kahlua, as well as Limoncello, Campari or Disarronno fall into this cat-Gosling's Black Seal Rum.

If you're drinking this, 2 chances are, you value taste, but know that such a fleetbright and tight party and think, "wow, ingly ephemeral experience is not worth

\$10.49 a sixer. Beers in this category include Heinekein, Budweiser, Amstel, Corona, and even a couple of light beers. Your wine may have a screw top or synthetic cork, and Skyy and Captain Morgan are more your speed. By selecting this option, you have made a "safe" choice- you are neither too cheap nor too pretentious, and people dig that sort of person.

So after buying that Stowe tier 3 so after buying that slowe pass and dropping bank on erage than it is), you may find yourself new textbooks, your (parents') money seems to have disappeared. You're now forced to ingest such beer as Keystone and Genesee that would have the homeowner's flower garden. A bit off Trappist monks rolling over in their graves. I wasn't even aware there was such a thing as Genny Light until I recently purchased some at my local neighborhood Rite Aid, an experience to say the least. This is the land of pink zinfandel, boxed wines and blackouts. This is like when that Jersey girl down the hall says she had her sister pick up some Franzia for sangria and you're all invited to her "classy" party. You may find

yourself crying, naked, in your own drool,

Feeling a little créatif? Wishing Vantage Point was published more than once a semester? Well now you can submit your creative writing, short stories, poems, drawings, black and white photos, and any other créatif things to the water tower's new section, créatif stuffé. Send your submissions to thewatertowernews@gmail.com by Tuesdays at 4:00.

next to a toilet after consuming some S.S. Pierce. Or after a night of Pinnacle Vodka (which masquerades as higher class bev-

"...you see that kind of reserved dude from down the hall shotgunning a 4Loko over a sink at a bright and tight party and think, 'wow, turns out that brah is bat-shit insane."

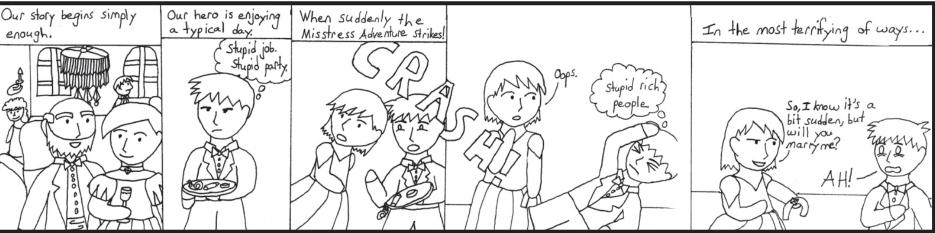
shoeless, wandering the streets of Boston alone, because your friends got kicked out of a party while you were taking a nap in track, I know, but essentially, no one is going to blow you for a six-pack of Natty

Ultimately, what have we learned? Your beverage is a reflection of you, so that girl in the jeggings might judge you as soon as you punch that hole in the side of the PBR can and start chugging. And remember kids, drinking in the ResHalls is bad, and is not endorsed by this writer or **the** water tower.

créatif stuffé.

german bear wrestling with alextownsend

Last week on GBW: Aarram, a young waiter was crashed into by a mysterious lady who promptly proposed to him.



queer mob

on Wallace's forehead.

It was ridiculous. Wallace was a man who prided himself on his ability to seeing a man lose both his thumbs in an "accident" with a cigar cutter. Wallace had been eating lunch at the time. His chewing good at his job. hadn't even slowed.

in surprise. He didn't speak though. It was a precious, rare treat to see Wally actually nervous. Peter watched the small, shrewish man squirm and waited for him to break the silence.

"You...you've known the boss for a while, right?" Wallace finally said. "Longer than you," One-Shot spoke bluntly. "Long enough that he don't need

make off with the chickens the first chance Wallace winced inside. He knew he

wasn't exactly trusted by the new boss. Wallace was a guy who liked to be the friend of whoever was the biggest shark in the sea. He could be a very good friend too, but as soon as someone bigger and tougher came along Wallace would always grab whatever goods he could and run to the other team.

He had already worked directly under two sequential crime bosses of the Boston area and, now that the dust of the recent turf war was settled, he was working on

Beads of sweat were starting to form worming his way into the inner circle of the new top gangster of Massachusetts.

Wallace was well aware that most of the criminal underworld regarded him keep cool. He'd gotten his first job after as just a turn-coat in waiting. The only reason he was still alive was because of his one redeeming quality: he was very very

He took a moment to recover his So when Wallace walked into Peter natural poise. "Look, you don't gotta sneer "One-Shot" O'Brian's apartment, visibly at me at like that. Max just so happens perspiring on a cool autumn day, Peter to know that I can get anything he needs knew well enough to quirk an eyebrow done better than anything else could do. You've seen me in action, Pete!

"If the boss says he needs a room cleaned out, bam! The next day it's so nice new moms wanna raise their kids there. He says he needs a guy to disappear, bam! In a week the fella's neighbors'll be swearing they never heard of the guy. And if Max tells me he wants some leggy dame to take to dinner, then bam! Two minutes to watch me like a weasel that's ready to on the phone and I'll have him the sweetest

looking broad on this side of the Atlantic." A slow smile of comprehension grew on One-Shot's face. "But he didn't ask you for some leggy dame, did he?"

Wallace tried to stay calm but his nerves were starting to show again. "Is this some kind of test? I mean, I heard the rumors and all but...I mean..." Wallace slumped his shoulders in a gesture of defeat. "How am I supposed to know what sort of John's the kind the boss would like? Leggy? Is leggy a good thing for a fella to

One-Shot snorted. "How the hell

should I know?"

Wallace flung up his hands. "You've known Max for years! You've gotta know what his type is! Please man, you gotta help me out. I'm in over my head here! I'll...I'll owe you one, okay?"

One-Shot paused for thought. Coming from Wally, those words meant a lot. "There was a fella from the Russian ballet a few years back...

Wallace jumped on the information. "Oh? Was he a cute guy? Blue eyes? Kind of dreamy hair?" One-Shot stared. "What? How can

hair be dreamy?" heard of. It's hair that's, like, wavy? You know, it

looks like it'd feel all silky if you touched it." "What is it with people and silk? I mean, I'd prefer velvet hair if anything.

Wallace ignored him, deep in thought. "I should probably avoid anyone with a beard. Those would probably be all scratchy."

frowned. "Doesn't that mean he likes Wallace scoffed condescendingly. He was back in his element now. "Please, two beards is a terrible idea. What if they got

tangled up? I mean, could they even find each others' mouths?" serious. This was more complicated than he'd thought. "Should we ...should we precedent. look for someone who's really tough? He doesn't want a woman so maybe he'd like someone who's the manliest guv around."

"Hmm, maybe an athlete then? A wrestler? But no, you said he was with someone in the ballet."

"Yeah, but that was a really tough guy

a, uh, ballerino." "What the hell is a ballerino?" One-Shot shrugged. "Do I look like a dancer to you? All I know is the guy could break my arm with one hand and do it on

Wallace paled a bit at this. He already had a boss that wouldn't hesitate to break him in half the moment Wallace failed to be worth keeping around. The thought of giving him a date that could do the same thing was less than appealing.

"Maybe," Wallace said haltingly, "we should try thinking about someone a little more sensitive. You know, like a "Er, I dunno. It's just something I've poet or something. I mean, the boss is

always dealing with so "Please, two much stress. He could beards is a terrible use someone understanding-like, right? idea. What if they Should I call Harvard got tangled up? I and ask for some poetry majors? Some philosophic mean, could they type?"

One-Shot shrugged, even find each others' mouths?" sinking back into a chair.
"As long as it's someone who won't make a stink

"But the boss has a beard," One-Shot about the boss's work."

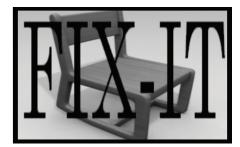
Wallace nodded, made a mental note to check the selection of the economics majors too, and headed for the door. Somehow he didn't think he was going to wind up betraying Max the way he had previous bosses. The man hadn't even done anything to him yet and he'd already One-Shot's expression turned more caused Wallace more worry than either of the other ones. This was a worrying

cat litter.



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 **wt.** 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 indepth 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

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 of the past and future. She was unable

years became overshadowed towards indie and electronic Vampire Weekend and Pretty Lights. Highformance Halloween 1984 and host-

ing 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

to understand why

jam bands or reg-

"Unable to understand her friends, who by a growing why her friends, who once showered as shift away from why her friends, who once as she, began Phish and Bob showered as rarely as she, avoiding her at promarley and showered as rarely as she, tests, and eventualbegan avoiding her at ly stopped coming all together because acts such as protests, and eventually they were too busy pre-gaming to Lil' stopped coming all to-Wayne or blasting MGMT in their lights. High-lights of her life gether because they were rooms while dropincluded toking too busy pregaming to Lil'ping acid. She is up with Phish too busy pregaming to Lil'ping acid. She is survived by anyone band members Wayne or blasting MGMT that has a tapestry in their room and their first per-in their rooms while drop-occasionally gets a fix from listening to

ping acid."

gae after a bong rip or while wearing tye-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

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 unlistenably 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 Poly-

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. Deefhoof 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 ablum, 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

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

RIYD (recommended if you dig): Mice

dope mc's matching game (fresher than your other tests, better than your ever-best)

this week: wu-gambino mobster alteregos

- 1. Johnny Blaze a. Ghostface 2. Noodles b. Masta Killa
- 3. Tony Starks c. Method Man 4. Bobby Steels d. RZA

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