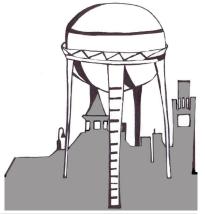
the water tower.

uvm's alternative newsmag



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uvm.edu/~watertwr

thewatertower.tumblr.com

why we hate this town and this school and everyone in it

(psych)

by alex**pinto** and molly**kelly-yahner**

One of the apparent hallmarks of our generation is that we exist under a veil of irony. A deflective, sarcastic, shrug-off attitude seems to be generally winning the day among us kids, at least in the eyes of some older observers we've talked to. And for better or worse, that attitude is often reflected in this paper. Sometimes, though, and perhaps not often enough, we have occasion to sit back and consider everything there is to appreciate about our community. Because for all of the b.s., all of the politics of the university, and all the people that help make our bad weeks worse, in the end, we absolutely love it here, and wouldn't have it any other way.

The question is why—what makes this

place so great? Of course, we can always point to the brochure-fodder. The mountains, the lake, the hiking, the skiing. Yes, they're awesome, but they can also be found in countless cities and towns. So too with the classes, facilities, professors, and other school-related minutia: when it comes down to it, a school is a school, and a good school is a good school. Maybe this

is one, maybe not.

No. What makes UVM great is something other than the physical and institutional realities. Having put in our share of visits to other colleges over the past few years we can confidently say that it's all about the people—there's something unique about the collection of characters that comprise our community here atop the hill in Burlington, Vermont.

Perhaps it's the fact that as a group, we just don't quite seem to fit. Take the big school/little school dynamic, for example. At small liberal arts schools in rural towns there develop very open, idiosyncratic, and just plain crazy student cultures that brim with collective energy and creativity. Spend a night at Middlebury College and you will run across some of the most outrageous behavior imaginable—indeed, it's hard to picture something like a crowded,

full-out naked party happening in an L/L suite, much less there being no negative repercussions from it. But community cohesion as strong as those at small schools comes at a cost: it can be suffocating, making it feel like there's no outlet for those who are "different," and it can become routine after the first year or two of explo-

Conversely, large schools and city schools offer cultural variety: more niches, more scenes, and more opportunities for dissent if you aren't into the same activities most of your peers are. But again, that variety and choice does certainly diminish the collective joi de vivre that comes from being holed up on a college campus and forced to get creative when it comes time for fun—in a big city nobody has to stop doing their own thing.

from a school in Maryland said he was floored by the variety and uniqueness of an average evening here: the quality live music around every corner, people actually drinking beer for the taste of it, the funky theme parties, and not simply pong game after pong game played until the sun comes up. Most importantly, absent from Burlington scene is the sort of contrived, curated, astro-turfed "culture" that college bars and clubs attempt (often successfully) to create, that results in you feeling like you're at some sort of bizarre allinclusive resort for kids who like getting blackout drunk, everyone partying under the watchful eyes of those who profit off of them. Instead, in Burlington, we students mix into the cross-section of our townwe routinely rub shoulders with students from other schools, older people, musi-

...something that makes you stand back and think, even if momentarily, 'yep— this is UVM, and it couldn't possibly be anywhere else.'

Where UVM fits in this dynamic is brilliantly liminal—we manage to walk the middle line. We enjoy that creative energy begotten by a close-knit community of like-minded individuals, but we still participate in the many alternative scenes that come part and parcel with the big stateschool population. It would seem that we succeed in doing the impossible by having

To put it differently, unlike some other big schools, our counterculture, well, isn't: it's also the mainstream. The generic college image-set found in movies and TV the stereotypes that are proven true to an almost shocking extent at some schools we've hung out at—simply do not pervade here. A friend of ours who visited recently cians, artists, young professionals, drifters, hippies, townies-everyone. We're not a one-dimensional student body, and we definitely don't reject everyone who isn't

Which isn't to say we don't still fulfill some expected college-kid duties-we're not that snobby. Not to belabor the nightlife aspect, but it's undeniable that UVM has a deserved reputation in the fun department. Dirty basements, dance parties, kegs, drugs, afterparties—we help set the bar for what defines the college lifestyle. But that's not really the point. What we mean to illustrate by comparing our party culture with those of other schools is that we do it our own way. We're not a Bud Light commercial in the form of a univer-

sity. Instead, there's an affirming legitimacy here—some kind of "X" factor that is hard to pin down—something that makes you stand back and think, even if momentarily, "yep-this is UVM, and it couldn't possibly be anywhere else."

And lest we forget: all that wouldn't exist without the city around us. We've come to realize over time that Burlington is the real deal. Sure it's a bubble—a very liberal, fairly wealthy, highly educated bubblebut not to the detrimental extent that some college towns are, where kids emerge blinking as if in harsh light when they are thrust out of their zone and into a big city. Here the balance is nearly perfect: living downtown puts us out into the world, outside of the explicit boundaries of our school—but at the same time, the sheer amount of art and music and food and energy to be found in this tiny city means that there's definitely something special going on here, something that makes us feel like it can't possibly be real life.

Is Burlington/UVM the only place to find the all qualities just described? Not by a long shot. There are plenty of awesome communities in this big ol' world that are tolerant, vibrant, and youthful just like ours. But there are also plenty of places that aren't. This city and school might not be for everyone, but as far as we can tell, there's a helluva lot of different types of people that seem to be able to find their place here, be comfortable, and thrive in the community. The common thread is respect: we celebrate our differences even champion them—not sweep them away under a rug of bland, whitewashed, mainstream American tastes. Watching a guy in a nice suit carrying on a conversation with someone wearing clothes made out of hemp on Church Street is not merely novel—it's an index of our community's open attitude. It's why we're proud to call Burlington, Vermont our home, and why we'll miss it so so badly when we leave.

get inside

news

libya coverage by james**aglio** and mattlauro

reflections oscars! by erikaweisz

tunes radiohead, duh by jeremyklein

advertise for your club or organization with the water tower. we're **cheaper** than the other guys. watertowerads@gmail.com

the best news team in the universe.



Dear water tower

I nearly snarfed my PBR when I read the front cover article 'The Hipster Takeover' by Sarah Moylan. I had to put down my copy of *The Great Gatsby* and turn off my MGMT vinyl to pop out my typewriter and write this reply. Ms. Moylan does a terrific job of identifying all the reasons why we LOVE being Sladers.

Slade Hall is still groovy. Fuck, it's arguably the grooviest place on campus. At least in our little crunchy hearts. When we wake up in the morning at sunrise, do group yoga, harvest our root crops and partake in chocolate drizzled orgies (yeah, that wasn't just a rumor) we do it consciously. That means that we're a mindful young group of students who roll our own organic tobacco and try to emit fewer carbon emissions. And we were doing that

If you show up to our community pot luck dinners (7pm Monday thru Thursday, 6pm Sundays), you'll meet a group of under showered, half dressed Sladers who'll probably try to hug you before they even get your name. And all are welcome to these dinners, vintage

So, Ms. Moylan, what we're saying to you is COME TO DINNER. MEET US. We'll thro you a dance party and probably take off our skinny jeans. We can't help it.

Slade Hall is an environmentally conscious intentional learning community where we ea local, share ideas and feelings, and care about this big ol' earth of ours. As for Ms. Moylan' shortsighted view of our community, we'll just use that issue for our compost.

editor's note: While the majority of sarahmoylan's article was her own, the remarks specifically directed at slade hall were an editorial addition. Sarah's an innocent bystander. Don't hate.

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 or anvthing in this week's issue to

thewatertowernews@gmail.com

the shit list

with emily**hoogesteger**

Moammar Gadhafi. On the Libyan leader's list of activities last week: firing upon his own people, refusing to step down, firing upon his own people, living in a bubble, firing upon his own people, and being an absolute and total dick.

Breast Milk Ice Cream. A restaurant in London has started serving a new flavor of gourmet Ice Cream, made from the breast milk of a woman named Victoria Hiley. In case you felt your diet was missing something, now you can pay \$22 per serving to eat ice cream that came from a crazy lady's boobs.

Mexican Drug Wars. Four more decapitated bodies have been found in Mexico near the U.S. border, victims of the nation's ongoing drug wars. According to the BBC, more than 34,000 people have died in the fighting since 2006. For comparison, that's practically the entire population of Burlington. Is it just me, or should we be paying more

Admitted Student Tours. Just to be clear, there's nothing wrong with admitted stuing between you and your midday coffee at the CyberCafe, it's hard not to wish that Vermont winters would scare a few more people off.

the water tower.

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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 urselves. 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 truly thought provoking. We are the reason people can't wait for Tuesday. We are the water tower.

dents - we were there once, too. But when there's 65 high school students, parents, elementary-school-age siblings, grandmothers, and great aunts twice removed stand-

SPORTSBLINK



This is the first ever Sports Blink Movie Sweepstakes. In this Sports Blink I will be referencing a whole bunch of movies. f you are so inclined, send in a list of the movies referenced, along with the respective lines, to the **wf.** Alex Pinto will take the winner out on a date to Trattoria Delia (he is so dreamy, by the way). So, let's check on the playoff situation for the Cats. Men's Hockey right now is in a battle with UMass and Providence for the last two playoff spots of the Hockey East. They look to be safe, but points are tough to come by in Hockey East. If a tie should occur, the winner will be determined by a two-man , sack race held on consecutive Sundays. Women's Hockey however is on the outside looking in, as they have managed to win a few and are threatening to climb out of the cellar, but barring a blockbuster deal for the Hansons, they will be sitting on their couches drinking Boilermakers in a few weeks. Men's Basketball will be granted the top seed, you know a little something for the effort, going into their conference tournament. Unfortunately, their loss to Charleston probably means that they are going to have to win the America East tourney to get into the big bracket. Women's Basketball will most likely take the 7 seed into their tournament. Which brings me to my second point, don't smoke crack.

the news in brief with paulgros

"He'll appeal to a wide audience."

-A source close to the Bieber family, who reports that Justin's largely absent father Jason Bieber has his heart set on becoming a chart topping rapper. Usher is supposedly on board with the whole operation, and is planning to promote the next Bieber family member's rise to fame. It's hard to fathom how absolutely awful their first father-son duet is going to be.

"Twelve civilians were also injured."

-The AFP newswire, on a strange international clash of accidental animal rights activism and geopolitical conflict whereby an American bomb attack in Kandahar, Afghanistan struck a traditional Afghan dogfight that was in progress. Dogfighting is a traditional pastime in Afghanistan that was outlawed by the Taliban, but has reemerged since their fall. Apparently the US wasn't happy about that...so much for the spread of freedom, right?

"The unity of China was more important than those people in Tiananmen Square."

-Muammar Oaddaffi expressing his frankly fucked up philosophy on how states ought to interact with dissenters. Apparently, his philosophy is that states should objectively kill protestors, even if they are, as he has also claimed, being coerced to protest with alcohol and drugs by none other than Osama bin Laden.

"We think that international aid projects could be a good deal better focused."

-British International Development Secretary Andrew Mitchell, on the British plan to cut foreign aid to 16 different countries including Russia and China. The British report that among other things, more advanced developing countries are probably better off developing economies of their own than relying on Western aid. Despite the fact that this is a smokescreen for the fact that the government is out of money, it actually is a smart policy.

we screwed up!

Hey, remember that sweet map on pages 4 and 5 last week? The one with the scary dog and gang sign and N64 logo? Yeah. We forgot to give credit to Kitty Faraji, who created it. So, um, thanks, Kitty.

With both Tunisia and Egypt having successful revolutions, it seems only natural that some of the fiercest protests would occur in the country situated between them, Libya. What might be slightly unexpected is the sheer ferocity of the Libyan government against its own people. Moammar al-Gadhafi, the Brotherly Leader and Guide of the First of September Revolution of the Great Socialist People's Libyan Arab Jamahiriya, was quoted as saying on Friday, 25 February, "If the people don't love me, then they don't deserve to live." The protests have been dealt with violently since they began on 15 February, with police beating and forcibly breaking up demonstrations. This violence quickly turned lethal; a recent evacuee from Tripoli said, "The army was using heavy machine guns and automatic rifles against little kids that were carrying nothing more than pebbles." The number of casualties is debated, but the International Coalition Against War Criminals estimated that around 519 people had died, with almost 4,000

libya by jamesaglio breaks down

injured and 1.5 thousand missing on 22 February.

There are two main reasons that the violence in Libya escalated so quickly. Firstly, al-Gadhafi took a no-nonsense approach to anti-government demonstrations, which allowed for situations like protests being gunned down at a funeral. Secondly, instead of subordinating, the Libyan protestors have decided to fight back, and as of Saturday February 26 the opposition controls most of Libya except for al-Gadhafi controlled Tripoli, Sirt, Ghadames, and Sabha, effectively turning the anti-government protests into a civil war. As the fighting drags on, it becomes increasingly more difficult to discern who is on which side. Units from the Libyan army, al-Gadhafi's central group of support, sided with the protestors as they took the city of Tobruk. Later, two airmen ejected from their plane in order to avoid orders to bomb Tobruk. Did I mention that al-Gadhifi is ordering bombs dropped on his own country? Even one of al-Gadhafi's own sons, Saif al-Arab, has joined the protestors and gone on record as saying that, if Tripoli falls, al-Gadhafi will most likely flee to Latin America or kill himself. Human rights organizations around the world are calling for sanctions against Libya and UN Secretary-General Ban Ki-moon is suggesting that the Security Council take action in order to minimize further causalities. Egypt has gotten most of the press related to the Middle East/African protests, but in just two weeks Libya has proved itself one of the most volatile.

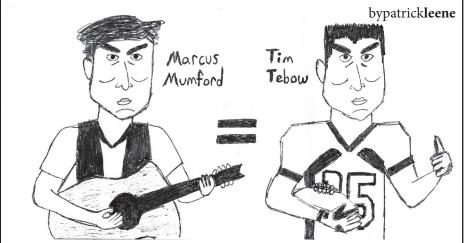
the organic viagra: do you dare?

My fellow men (and I suppose "bros" as well)...are you having trouble "getting it up" elp has arrived.

Don't worry, this isn't a prelude to a hidden advertisement for dick-enlargement pills within the Wf. Rather, it's the introduction of a new alternative to the traditional use of everyone's favorite little blue pill (or at least the favorite little pill of the Baby Boomer crowd), Viagra. If you're one of those people who prefers all-natural, organic compounds rather than those synthesized by humans, this could be for you. Here's the catch: it comes from the venom of a spider bite.

Researchers have found that the venom of the four-to-five-inch-long banana spider (if you're feeling curious, go ahead and Google Image search 'banana spider'), also known as the Brazilian wandering spider, contains a toxin (PnTx2-6) which has recently been found to cause long-lasting hard-ons in men. While she has yet to do so, the physiologist responsible for the discovery intends to find out what, if any, are the effects of the toxin in females. Look out ladies.

(In addition to the toxin causing boners, side effects of banana spider bites include excessive sweating, difficulty breathing, temporary loss of muscle control, and "severe pain". Oh, and death, if left untreated.)



our fear of middle eastern democracy: lessons from libya by mattlauro

The American abolitionist Wendell Phillips once stated that "revolutions never go backward". The sentiment continues to ring true today.

While the well-known "Domino effect" that was once pinned to the spread of Communism was more of an idealized notion than a reality, the effect is apparent when looking at the revolutions occurring today throughout the Middle East and North Africa. We could discuss how this has been accomplished through globalization and the behemoth that is social media, but that's another issue for another day. The voices of the voiceless are primed to make themselves heard throughout countries in which citizens are oppressed in one form or another. Currently, and most perilously, that is happening in the North African nation of

What we are witnessing in Libya is the antithesis of what occurred in Egypt. Perhaps we were naïve in supposing that because Egypt transferred itself from one form of government to another with relative peace, the surrounding countries undergoing the same transformations would follow suit. In reality, Egypt is more of the exception to the rule than the rule itself. The most costly price to be paid for a revolution to achieve its aims is the blood that is spilt in the name of the patriotic citizens who sacrifice themselves for it. However, what is now happening is not a coup detat by the people or a sensible attempt at suppression by the current members of the government. It is an inverse French Revolution, in which the ruling class violently attempts to suppress the lower classes. What is happening in Libya is no less than genocide.

What runs through the mind of a man, a tyrant so desperate to cling to power that he is willing to turn an army against his own people? Gaddafi does just that as he turns Libyan against Libyan in a vain attempt to suppress an inevitable progression towards human rights that has long been overdue. He and his son

portray the Libyan revolution as being done by a minority consisting of terrorists and foreigners. They pretend to consider "democratic reforms" while simultaneously making not-so-veiled threats at the general public of Libya, a slap in the face to every citizen living there. What does it say of a family so power-hungry that it is willing to destroy its own nation and

hallucinogenic milk mixed with Nescafe is a direct mimicry of the Korova Milk Bar in A Clockwork Orange. Continuing the movie trend and imitating Samson Simpson from Half Baked, Gaddafi has a hand-picked 40-member group of bodyguards, all of whom are female virgins. Many of us complained and lamented having Dubya as a President, but to put

"what is happening in Libya is no less than genocide"

commit vicious crimes against humanity to retain power?

Camera-phone footage of the violence fills YouTube. One video shows four burnt corpses of Libyan soldiers who refused to fire on protestors; another shows a lineup of some twenty to thirty soldiers lying face-down on the pavement, each one shot in the head after having their wrists bound behind them for refusing to attack their own people. Gaddafi couples the antiquated belief in power through violence with sickening torture and intimidation methods. Dissent is not an option. This is coming from the same man who publicly announced he will die "as a martyr". He will, but only if the cause he is dying for is the tyrannical oppression of six million people. One must wonder if he has some type

of mental illness. From the choice of clothes he sports (no world leader takes him seriously in those threads, let's be real), Gaddafi looks more like a caricature than the leader of a nation in the 21st century. Blaming Osama bin Laden as the reason for the Libyan revolution doesn't lend too much credibility to his sanity. Apparently he's a fan of Stanley Kubrick movies as well, given that his recent allegations that the protestors are fueled by

things in perspective we only need to look at a place like Libya to understand what it's like to truly have an insane leader at the helm of your homeland.

The only thing that comes close to being as sickening as receiving word of a dictator violently clinging to power in the midst of an uprising is to hear the words of other men and women in our own country who paint a pessimistic portrait of the future in these nations based solely within the fact that the rise of certain parties in each nation might not be advantageous to our goals in the United States. We spent more than a decade in a

fruitless set of wars on intangible ideas (the "War on Terror" has been about as successful as a "War on Jealousy" and exponentially more costly), ostensibly to sow the seeds of democracy in a region continually torn by strife and ruled under many a clenched fist. Now that the idea seems to have blossomed and the citizens of nations throughout the Middle East and North Africa attempt to create a revolution of their own, to bring to their own lives some of the freedoms and liberties which we enjoy here in the United States, it becomes condemned by the same people who so adamantly attempted to send the message initially?

This is not to say that the Bush regime was correct or in any way righteous in their attempts to "bring democracy" to Iraq & Afghanistan, but rather that it is viciously hypocritical for us to want people to be free to make their own decisions yet simultaneously align those decisions with an agenda that best suits that of the United States. As a populous, we should be gravely concerned about the genocide occurring in the Libyan state, but if success comes of it, we should also be elated that another group of people are becoming free to make decisions based on the general will of their population. To want all those governmental decisions to align with the interests of our country is nothing more than a contemporary extension of imperialism and colonialism under the guise of democracy and a free and liberated state.

Ultimately, we may not see drastic shifts in governmental reform from many of the countries currently involved in this period of revolution; that does not signify that we should be apathetic, or even more regrettably, fearful towards their cause. As a country famously borne of revolution against the greatest of odds, we, more than any other people, should be in full support of the uprisings of the people in Tunisia, Egypt, Libya, the soon-to-betwo-state Sudan, Kuwait, Bahrain, and

Thomas Jefferson once said that the "tree of liberty must be refreshed from time to time with the blood of patriots and tyrants; this is its natural manure. Well, in the hotbed of the Middle Eastern and North African region of the world, the wheel of uprising began its fateful spin months ago. It continues to spin ever-faster towards the goal of a world of freedom, knowing full well that indeed, revolutions never go backward. We as a nation, both as a government and a citizenry, would do well to keep that in mind.

the hipster girl hookup

by anonymousbro a beginner's guide

So you're a square or a bro and you wanna fuck those arty girls, but realize that you're too mainstream to hit that shit? Don't fret, we got you covered with 8 easy steps to getting that alt chick into your bed.

- 1. Have a project going on. Girls are super social and want to be a part of something bigger than you. Thus, you need to be doing something that satisfies their urge. Whether it's promoting a concert, a DIY art installation, or a shitty band, if you build it, they will cum [sic].
- 2. Have loot. Girls are girls. No matter how many times they claim to reject materialism, those drinks aren't going to pay for themselves. Always have enough cash so you have an excuse to leave somewhere with a chick. "Oh you wanna get out of here and get a slice of pizza?" Now you have a chick alone and you just made a spontaneous date for like \$10. Beware though of paying for too much stuff, especially before you fuck a chick, because then you can fall into the "generous friend" category and that will leave you both broke and not laid, which is the worst ever.
- 3. Have drugs. You don't need to be an addict but definitely have a little box at your house with weed, some stimulant (coke or adderall), a depressant (Xanax), and a flask of whiskey. Once you figure out a girl's choice of poison at a party, casually drop that you have a bag/pill/joint at the crib if she's down. Let her bring one friend if necessary, which will maker her feel more safe knowing she won't get murdered at your crib. More than one friend or a male bringalong = you're not hooking up tonight. ABORT! ABORT!



- 4. Groom to look like "us" not "them." Burlington is full of idiot college kids who look like their parents have been dressing them all their lives, so when they finally get the freedom to pick their own wardrobe, they come out with socks and sandal combinations that make vaginas get Sahara-Desert-dry. Be a big boy and read vicemagazine.com, streetboners.com, and other hipster publications, learn the look and recreate it. Make sure not too go too overboard; something as simple as a proper pair of shoes and some decent cut jeans will put you light years ahead of your college competition. When you look like "us" chicks will let you fuck "us."
- 5. Have tea. Bitches love that shit. It shows you're sophisticated and love simple pleasures. Get green tea to show you care about antioxidants and some peachy stuff to show you're comfortable enough with your masculinity to drink something that bros think is "faggy." Have one decaf and one caffeinated and make sure it costs at least \$10 per package. Fair trade
- 6. Be funny. This is not to be confused with being a clown. Clowns are monkey-men that do tricks for girls and then are dismissed. Clowns do not get laid. Clowns hang out in the friendship zone. Instead learn the ability to crack jokes about whatever's going on around you. For example, if a drink is good, say, "This mango juice is so good, I want to fuck it. But since it's mango juice and I'm a man, I can't. Now I know what Romeo and Juliet must've felt like. Unrequited love is the worst!" This is good because you referenced Shakespeare (so smart!), used "unrequited" (so eloquent!), drink mango juice (so cosmopolitan!), and you want to fuck fruit (so irreverent!).
- 7. Go to the right spots. There are different sub-genres of hipsters around Burlington that you'll find at different spots: Radio Bean = disheveled hipster girls (scrugg beard and tighter pants). Esox and Manhattans = Skate, metal, snowbro hipster girls (buy gear at Maven). 3 Needs = hippy hipster girls (wear a gem). O.P. = shitfaced hipster girls (bring pendant, wear vintage).
- 8. Befriend hip gay dudes. Arty girls always have some of these bros around because they dress well, party a lot, and won't try to finger fuck them if they pass out at the crib. Not only will your new gay hipster friends help you get it in with their girl friends (once they trust you, of course, until then its cock-block central) but they'll help you do things like feng shui your apartment (see #4) and select teas at City Market (see #5).



With spring break just around the corner, it's time to start thinking about what your plans will be. Consult the stars and leave your worries

Aries, March 21-April 19: Expect a dull, meaningless break with long nights spent reading about the history of the armadillo.

Taurus, April 20-May 20: You will need to bring 3 feet of blue yarn with you on vacation, and possibly a copy of Reader's Digest. Plan accordingly.

a rare species of sea urchin that causes your foot to turn purple and swell to cantaloupe size proportions.

Cancer, June 21-July 22: The sweetie you've been lovin on finally realizes they're ready to commit. No more rando one night stands for you (or them)!

Leo, July 23-August 22: You like to stand out from the crowd. Spring break in Tijuana? Boring. You opt for an ice hotel and get down with the Eskimos.

Virgo, August 23-September 22: Pack your bags and choose a destination at random. As long as it begins with the

Libra, September 23-October 22: Mischievous Libra that you are, you get into some legal troubles near March 7th. Who knew you couldn't tie a giraffe to a telephone pole in Atlanta?

Scorpio, October 23-November 21: Spend some quality time with the family this vacation. The stars predict that Grandma will slip you some booze to bring back to school.

Sagittarius, November 22-December 21: This break is all about rest and relaxation. Buy yourself a few gallons of ice cream and soak it all in. No really, take a bath in ice cream.

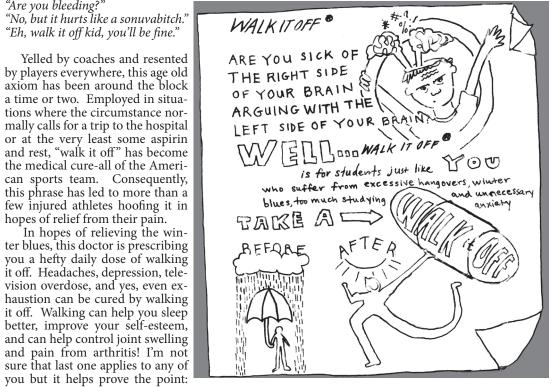
Capricorn, December 22-January 21: You had to stay behind in the dorms. What to do? Make friends with the custodial staff, learn Riverdance, and perform for everyone when they return.

Aquarius, January 22-February 18: Your spring break is awesome. Make an fb album with song lyrics as the title so everyone knows what you listened to on your drunken nights. No one's ever done that before, so you'll def stand out.

Pisces, February 19-March 20: Happy Birthday to you, fish. This vacation brings you much happiness and cheese. Not necessarily in that order.

walk it out "Coach! I think I just broke my toe!"

reflections.



Eliza Carver

DIY medical field. No pills, no guilt, and definitely no experience necessary. Administer daily for at least an hour and you will find yourself feel-

ing better and going to some unexpected places.

"Are you bleeding?"

"No, but it hurts like a sonuvabitch.

"Eh, walk it off kid, you'll be fine."

hopes of relief from their pain.

walking is the wunderkind of the

Why does this treatment work so well? Well it's pretty simple. It gets the blood flowing, it gets some sunshine on your face, and it gets you out there meeting new people and seeing new things. No matter where you walk, you are guaranteed to experience more stuff than you will sitting on your ass watching TV. Humans, being the social creatures we are, need to interact with people or else our brains start trying to interact with themselves. Your left-brain tries to talk to your right-brain but, let's be honest, they'll never get along. Right-brain is just too random and freewheeling for left-brain to put up with. Social isolation can lead to anxiety, eating disorders, addictions and substances abuse not to mention talking to yourself in the shower, which is probably the weirdest thing you can be caught doing (maybe). All of these things can be prevented by just getting out and socializing, feeding that primal instinct to talk and laugh and connect with other people.

After spending months and months and months indoors while it's been colder than Dante's hell, it's tough to break the routine of class, class, home, eat, sleep, shit, sleep, repeat. Just taking a walk is simple though: put on shoes, step outside the door, pick a direction and continue walking until you're tired or have to do something else. Walk to some woods, walk around said woods, and walk home. Maybe you'll see a deer or a cool looking bird, maybe you'll meet a friendly hobo who teaches you how to play the banjo, who knows! The possibilities are endless and you'll only find them if you're out there ready to stumble upon them.

crosswalk civility

by greg**francese**

Driving sucks. Not only can it be bad for the environment, but it's expensive and finding parking in Burlington is on the verge of impossible. Walking sucks too. It takes a lot of time and energy to walk up and down College Street, sidewalks look like ski slopes in the winter, and you run the risk of getting hit by a car while crossing the street. This last point - the real possibility of getting hit by a car while crossing the street - could be avoided if there were more crosswalk civility.

Pedestrians, especially Burlington's pedestrian elitists who pride themselves in ditching the car and scoff at any driver who dares to invade their piece of road designated by a strip of reflective white paint, need to pay more attention to basic principles of science that don't prevent two ton cars or trucks from being stopped by a 150 pound person. Drivers, who always seem eager to demonstrate their superiority over the pedestrian by rolling into a stop and parking in the crosswalk, should realize that all people standing on a street corner aren't looking to whore themselves out, but maybe they are patiently waiting to cross the street. More importantly, the use of the middle finger by pedestrians to demonstrate anger at the guy who parks his Jeep in the crosswalk does little to help paint themselves as the Earth-loving, patient people they are for walking instead of driving. But don't be offended if you are drivir g that Jeep and find yourself in the way of a pedestrian because you can put your two ton, all terrain vehicle in reverse or sit there and gloat over the fact that you were able to give a pedestrian the sense of entitlement they crave while crossing the

the semi-return of the

by jahala**dudley**

Redstone residents: our suffering is finally over! Instead of waking up an extra fifteen minutes earlier in order to stop by the Marche or the Marketplace for breakfast, Redstone Market is once again available to fill our rumbling stomachs with those coveted breakfast sandwiches. That's right, Redstone Market has switched its hours to better meet our hunger needs. After our brand new and shiny Redstone dining hall was finally opened (and wake up calls from grumpy construction men with heavy machinery ceased) it was bad news for point users on Redstone campus. No more foot long snacks!

No more coffee for the morning commutes. We cannot deny that there have been some conditions behind the sandwich counter demand, Redstone Market has increased its redstone market hours. The Redstone Market will now be open from 7:30am to 2:30pm and in addihours. The Redstone Market will now be tion, they will now open their doors at 6pm. Redstone Market customers finally have ample time to breeze through aisles, grab some very fresh salad, and wait patiently in line to be checked out.

Should these new hours diminish our right to the illustrious Redstone Market we once knew long ago? Certainly not. Why should we be weaned off our hot sandwich customs? Redstone Market will be happy to place a sandwich through the oven for you, but say goodbye to specialty hot subs? Say goodbye to pasta bowls? Most importantly, say goodbye to Friday's culinary masterpiece, the Steak Bomb? And where is that people, you might as well head back to your pizza they promised? This simply will not do.

How was a point holder expected to ever enormous improvements around the store smile again? Fortunately due to popular lately. First example, the breads. White and wheat rolls from last year have come to make another appearance, and this is good stuff, for those who heed to the larger stomach. Klinger's Bread is readily available as well, to enrich your sandwich that much more. Second, for those of you who love a Chicken Parmesan and Meatball Sub, these are now pre-made and ready to munch! Third, there is a giant hole between the Redstone Market and the Redstone dining hall, and if you are just sneaky enough, maybe you can squeeze by and catch a free gorging session.

Nevertheless, these improvements should not make up for what we have lost. Upperclassmen, we must think of the past years when a Simpson Store line of twenty was not an intimidating sight. Now if there are seven dorm and heat up the Ramen. Have the work worsened? Or have our standards for sandwich makers gone down? It should not take thirty minutes in line to order a BLT sandwich.... yes lettuce...with lettuce, I said... lettuce. UVM dining services openly take our comments for review on small pieces of paper, and one cannot deny that the variety of food to fit each individual's needs and appetites are more or less answered. Still. do not be fooled, Redstone Market is lacking from what we know it capable of. There are hundreds of Redstone point holders, and one Redstone campus point acceptor. Standards should not be lowered. There are still improvements to be made and although this may seem awfully difficult now, we must have confidence that one day they can be achieved. We know you got it in you, Redstone Market, we simply miss what we used

just do me sex advice for you!

Remember months ago when **the water tower** had a sex column? Well, those bitches backed out on us! So we're starting fresh to death with two NEW sexperts: Tit & Twat! Most of us have all kinds of questions about sex... What is a peen? Where is the condom store? Can I put scrunchies up my butt? So we're here to help. Just email us at wtjustdome@gmail.com with your question and a sexy pseudonym, and we'll be sure to answer it each week in the **W1.**

Do Kegel exercises (vaginal exercises) really work?

Oh, weird you should ask that—I'm clenching my vaginal walls right now! For those who aren't familiar with the term, Kegel exercises are exercises that strengthen the small muscles surrounding the vagina and bumhole. And they do work! Women with bladder problems are often encouraged to take up a Kegel regimen to avoid problems associated with frequent urination. But unless you are pregnant or you pee constantly, you are probably more interested in the SeXy aspects of the coochie clench. Practicing Kegel exercises regularly can lead to more intense orgasms, increase arousal, increase blood flow to the vag, and apparently they can even help you to have a more toned and super-lubey vagina! Ooh la la!

No one wants to have a weakling vaginne.... wussy pussy, whiny vagyny, or wimpy wazoo...I mean, it's all just too obvious! You can do Kegels virtually anywhere at any time; friends and bystanders will be none the wiser. You probably want to start this instant. First, make sure you are working the right muscles. Next time you find yourself urinating, try stopping the pee flow midstream. As fun as it is, don't make this a habit—it's bad for you. Now that you know which muscles to clench, empty your bladder and try holding the clench for 10 seconds at a time and then rest for 10 seconds. Repeat this 5 times. Now try clenching for one second and resting for one second. Do a set of 5 rapid clenches in succession.

Ta da! Your brand new, strong, toned, lubed-up, sexy vagina is closer than you ever dreamed.

I'm a first year living in the dorms and I have a LOT of sex toys. How am I supposed to clean them when I have to share the dorm

First year? You're too young to be doin' it! Just kidding, of course. We expect all UVM students to have been sexually active since birth! Naturally, sex toys are going to be part of the question, whether you're gay, straight, bi, tri, or Kornbread. Living in the dorms can be the pits, and having dirty sex toys can be even worse than the pits.... you know, the STI-pits. As long as you're not opposed to getting up at 6am on Saturday mornings, you should be all set—everyone's going to be too hung over to be up at this time! Set an alarm and mark it on your calendar each week. Grab some antibacterial soap from your own collection— Mason Hall's generic dispensersoap isn't going to cut it. Put your dildos in a bag and reel 'em in! If you're worried about the janitorial staff judging you should they happen to stroll in, don't be. I'm sure they've seen weirder things going on it there. At least you're not boning in the bathroom! Or maybe you are. Whatever you choose to do, just keep that shit CLEAN!

in case you missed it:

y sweeps oscars by erikaweisz

Best Screenplay: Toy Story 3. The script's subtle allusion to the salience of blind faith in our culture makes us question whether the power of love can truly trump the forces of evil. Lines such as "Where's your kid now?" and "There's a snake in my boot!" rip viewers from their comfort zones and command them to confront their own mortality.

Best Visual Effects: Toy Story 3. Did you see that fire death scene in 3D? I did. My hands were so clammy that the popcorn was drenched in sweat (I told my friends that it was just extra butter). (Natalie Portman's rash was acting up again.)

Best Foreign Language Film: Toy Story 3. The powerful combination of the Spanish language setting on Buzz Lightyear's space suit and the end credits song "Hay Un Amigo en Mi" (Gypsy Kings) established a multilingual appeal and managed to successfully jerk

Best Director: Lee Unkrich, Toy Story 3. For me, it was the brilliant action-packed opening scene segueing into the nostalgic "home movie sequence"... as Unkrich so eloquently said in his acceptance speech, "This is not only a victory for me, but for pot smokers everywhere!" (Natalie Portman continued to claw at her rash until she broke the skin, or did she????)

Best Supporting Actress: Barbie, Toy Story 3. Barbie looked stunning on the red carpet in her Fashion Fairytale ball gown. In her acceptance speech, Barbie thanked Skipper for the late night conversations about hopes and dreams, (Fellow nominee Winona Ryder was reportedly seen stabbing herself in the face during the speech, muttering "I'm nothing, I'm nothing!")

Best Actor: Lots O' Hugs Bear, Toy Story 3. His chilling portrayal of the terrifying Lotso rivals Anthony Hopkin's Hannibal Lecter in Silence of the Lambs.

Best Actress: Jessie, Toy Story 3. There wasn't a dry eye in the room as Buzz Lightyear accepted the award on behalf of his beloved Jessie, who is still in the intensive care unit of Sunnyside Day Care after a tragic accident with the Easy Bake Oven. (Natalie Portman pulled a black feather out of her nasty blood rash, or did she????)

Best Film: Toy Story 3. Woody and Buzz walked on the stage, arm in arm, while an orchestral rendition of "You've Got a Friend in Me" chimed throughout the entire Kodak Theater (Natalie Portman ran on stage, tore the Oscar from Woody's plastic fingers and stabbed him repeatedly in the abdomen... or did she?!?!)

letter "Z", you're golden. ye West arrested for shoplifting in Minneapolis sporting goods store +++ Living/Learning approves "Exploring The Kama Sutra Through Social Justice" program +++ Content's of Lil Wayne's cup revealed: Four Loko, soy sauce and heavy cream +++ Walk it off.

trash.

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

I'll never forget your seafoam eyes, or the way the sig ep guy's let you pass by. You stashed your jacket and dragged your friend to the basement, i followed in amazement. Only to see you get upset when your "guy" was getting it on with someone else. Without thinking you went up and called him out. The way you scared him was really hot. I tried to say hi but you were already heading out the door, hopefully you and

that guy are no more? When: last friday Where: sig ep party I saw: a girl with a K tattoo I am: hoping to learn your name

bikes with flair seeking skirtbike. who are vou? we think you're sexy. are you looking for a good time away from your studies at the library? do you want to go on a mustache ride? or a wild romp down the Causeway? ever considered riding a tandem?

When: every day this week Where: railing outside the library **I saw:** a skirtbike

I am: handsome purple fixie, dashing blue bike, alluring green trek

I met you on a speed date, We are both from the same

I thought you looked cute. I was the one in a suit, Sometime we should talk, Or chant a Rock Chalk, Lions, Tigers, Bears, Oh Meet up with me and baby

we'll fly. When: Thursday Where: Speed Date I saw: A Jayhawk

I am: Classy.

<u>attention readers!</u>

IWYSBs will be read on WRUV 90.1 during The Dinner Table with Casey the "X-Man Mondays 6-8pm

Puerto Rican papi got us going berzerk That way you make our bodies baila, shake it, and

A celeb of the gym-world you move so good, I'd be your solo dance partner if I could. Your classes're madd packed to the brim This Zumba Angel can commit no sin. You dance way better than the average man Of yo booty shaking we're all a fan. The way you switch yo hips is just too much Every zumba-mami's got a major crush!! When: Mon and Wed classes

Where: da gym I saw: one fine instructor I am: a Zumba fan

I was on the phone with you and really enjoy your glasses. I like to creep on you over the phone but could never tell you. Hope you feel the same way. Maybe at this party tonight we will hit it off, it's close to your

place and mine so that's not an issue at all. Come walk When: saturday late night Where: East Ave I saw: a hot RA I am: interested friend



Church Street Burlington, VT (Above Ken's Pizza) 802-399-2070

tell the ear and we'll print it uvm.edu/~watertwr/ear.html

Friday Night, Christie bro: I JUST WANNA FUUUUCK

UHeights South, Friday Night girl: can you tell I have herpes?

girl: no but seriously if you looked at me would you be like "ewww"?

cop: We are only doing this because we've got nothing

Saturday Morning, Simpson

bro 1: Dude how'd it go with that girl last night? bro 2: It was lame, man. I left my dick at the party.

guy (referring to his bag of chips): Well, if I don't get laid tonight, this will be my substitute.

guy 1: It's so nice out today!

guy 2: I know, dude! I'm only wearing three layers.

Between DC and Library girl yelling on the phone: Mom! It's obviously getting infected, WHAT DO YOU WANT ME TO DO?!

Outside Living and Learning

dude 1: So President's Day is probably the best thing the presidents have done for us.

Buell Street Kitchen

hipster: So, are you glad you bought Pietro's Flashlight? bro: No man, it doesn't even feel good. *hipster*: Does it feel better than your hand? *bro*: No way. I love masturbating. There is something tried and true about the hand.

Life in the Se

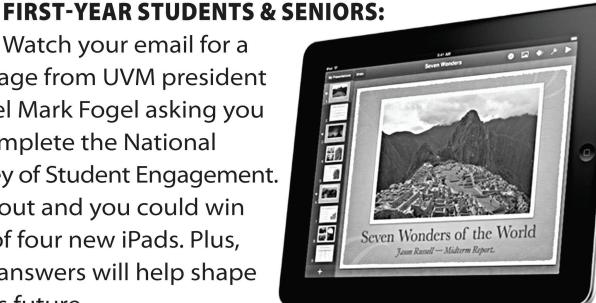
Redstone Dining Hall

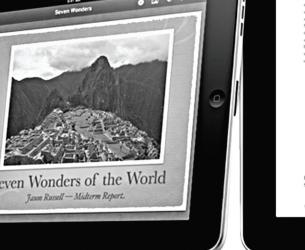
girl 1: How do I look? girl 2: Wayyy too classy, take it off.

Take a survey. Shape UVM's future. (And maybe win an iPad.)

Watch your email for a message from UVM president Daniel Mark Fogel asking you to complete the National Survey of Student Engagement. Fill it out and you could win one of four new iPads. Plus, your answers will help shape

UVM's future.







Look for an email from President Fogel **ASKING FOR YOUR OPINIONS ABOUT UVM.**

The University of Vermont

fashion five-oh. essence of a biddie

What makes a biddie a biddie? Is it her attitude, her manner of dress, her taste in music, a love of Smirnoff Ice? No one really knows for sure, but as they are the most vapid and superficial social group, a great place to start would be to assess their style of apparel. It is not only what they wear, but how they wear it. My 57 year-old aunt wears oversized sweaters, and so do biddies, only my aunt doesn't throw on spandex, tear out the collar and belt the damn thing with the expectation that guys will be all over it. As it bears mentioning, there is diversity among biddies, but all are essentially variations on the theme. Much like the blog, "Stuff White People Like," **the water tower** will examine "Stuff Biddies Like."

Biddies love Uggs, as they are both warm and fashionable, right? A real, authentic biddie will have at least three different pairs of Uggs in varying styles and colors, especially that one that looks the color of (and is as tasteless as) the pink zinfan-

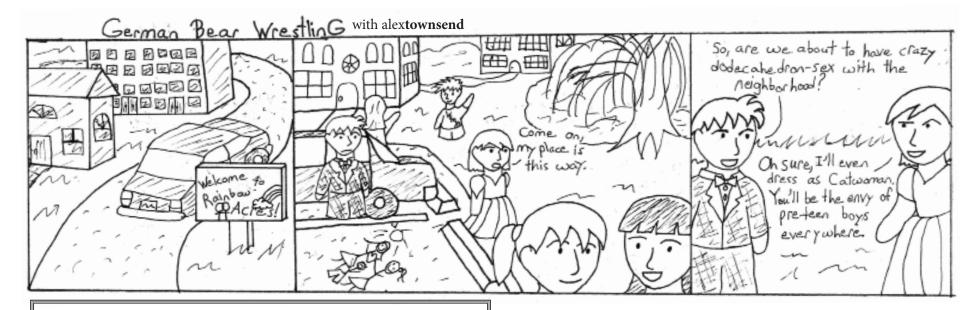
Spandex: This only makes sense, when considering who actually wears Uggs with jeans these days (that would be "cool moms"). The biddie will only wear her Uggs with spandex, typically black, but on the occasion of a "bright and tight" themed party is known to clean out American Apparel with her parents' credit

Remember parents' weekend? That is literally the weekend of highest volume sales for The North Face store downtown, and the only reason that ridiculously overpriced store is in business the rest of the year. Each year on that first weekend in October (during a time I call "the great sadness"), a fleet of SUVs with Jersey and Massachusetts plates invades Burlington, with the second stop (after Three Tomatoes, of course) being The North Face store so that every biddie can get her jacket for the long, harsh Vermont winter. Biddies are apparently unaware that such brands as Mountain Hardware and Arc'teryx make equally as good and comparatively priced jackets (though sadly they have recently discovered Patagonia).

This is only a small sampling of what biddies like, and although nearly comprehensive, there were a few things left off the list due to space constrictions. To see other "Stuff Biddies Like," please visit our blog in the upcoming week. If you are not a biddie and enjoy some of this "stuff," I hope I have not offended you with this article. If so, feel free to write in to complain (a favorite biddie "pastime") at thewatertowernews@gmail.com. Be sure to leave your number, just in case we need to, um... follow up.

créatif stuffé.

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.



calling all artists

we want your poems, cartoons, drawings, short stories, black and white photographs, (and even your) "artistic entities that cannot be confined to the strictures of conventional media.

send them to thewatertowernews@gmail.com, and find unparalleled fame

all-nighter: part 4am

blueberry cranberry potion keeping me awake and yet i want to sleep strange tales of siberian banishment reach my ears

wind chimes, wind chimes somewhere off in the dark

through the open window they are ringing, singing delicately clanging metal rods

not so delicate pull-tab atop a pyschoswirling can of poison i pour the electric blue down my throat

letting it coat my tongue

carbonated fuel i could fly, fly

if only i drank it when my eyes were open as it is i sit, sit

and write

wind whistling in the post-moon pre-dawn dark the room is quiet but for the windchimes and the wind and the tapping keys and the

i can feel the bitter bubbles slide down to my stomach a direct contrast with the smooth feel of the aluminum in my hand

i am an invincible young fool i care not for the giant warning X on the side

hum of some electric beast

Bathing in perennial fluorescence fluorescence -Dilution of the skin under Pale lighting, pale paneling, pale A cupboard of blank slates, Stacked one after the other

The scribe, the pauper, the teacher english

by matt**lauro**

One in the same Solitary, voluntary Slowly does he engrave (Though given his wages, some would denote him a slave) Following a good find,

Slowly carving, engraving
The dealer, pushing the opium of the mind A slam, A crash A shattered hourglass

Seventy-five minutes melt from the clock into oblivion

Where we are, no time Merely the essence.

All the little toys in a row

i care only for the gift it brings of letting me see the sunrise from the wrong side of

Green Tea, Gentian Root, Vitamin B, Yerba Mate, Vitamin C, Taurine

a mantra that clings to the tongue instead of rolling off it

a medicine a killer a placebo i care not

Thunder, it proclaims

but the thunder it brings to my heart rate and restless fingers is heard only as the windchimes

there is no accompanying lightning

no crack of white energy shattering the window and splitting open the room my hair is unruffeled by the gusts that swirl around the corners of the outside world it is just me in this box

it's an endurance test and i know i can win and i know i will lose in the long run for as i sit pleased and exhausted at the finish line the poison will be in my gut still sitting at the back of my brain

waiting to watch me slump over worn out and empty my eyelids flickering and projecting blueberry cranberry lightshows across my irises and even with this premonition

i sip, sip, sip at the liquid blue love/hate, love/hate

oh how i love the night and its quiet windchimes oh how i hate all-nighters and Moxie fucking energy drink

tunes.



'the king of limbs' reminds us why we'll always love radiohead

by jeremy**klein**

This past Valentine's Day— a day that aside from being Valentine's Day, was just like any normal Monday— came with the announcement that a new Radiohead album was imminent, this time to be released on the upcoming Saturday for download. It would be entitled *The King of Limbs*. In typical Radiohead fashion, a fresh blog post read, "It's Friday... it's almost the weekend... it's a full moon... you can download *The King of Limbs*. now if you so wish!" As with *In Rainbows*, by self-releasing via the Internet, Radiohead have created a communal listening experience, where many listeners are all hearing the songs for the first time. This sort of thing has become a rarity in today's Internet-frenzied world, as many will download early leaks of albums while dedicated others wait until an actual physical release date for their first listen.

Here's the short version. If you like Radiohead and have somehow not downloaded or hear'd The King of Limbs yet, please go listen to it. You will like it. Hell, you might even love it. But if you have never, ever liked Radiohead, The King of Limbs is unlikely to alter your views. The album is only eight tracks—clocking in at about 37 minutes— and is essentially split into two halves. The first half is made up of more experimental and free-flowing tracks. The drums and guitars (if present at all in the former) are quick and frantic. Thom Yorke puts on his signature wail, and lots of noise looms in the background. Album opener "Bloom," though not containing any discernable guitar part, fits this mold well. It begins with a classical piano-sounding intro that quickly begins to loop continuously throughout the rest of the song. An electronic drumbeat and a short pulse of electronics enter before giving way to an organic drumbeat, one that does not really fit in time with the rest of the song. Later they incorporate strings and brass orchestration, further adding to the already chaotic atmosphere. It's fitting that the first words sung are, "Open your mouth wide," as it is certainly a lot to digest upon first listen. "Feral," the album's fourth track, takes the experimental, avantgarde feel to the highest degree. It has the same vibe as "Bloom," but does something more interesting with Yorke's vocals— his words are cut up, processed, and turned into just another electronic instrument in Radiohead's internalized orchestra.

"Lotus Flower" is equal parts experimental and melodic, and acts as the bridge between the album's two halves. It blends both styles together well, and embodies— if it truly exists— Radiohead's definable sound. (Also see its enjoyable music video featuring Yorke dancing wildly while singing. It's ridiculous and

They could release an album made up entirely of blues standards or Hall & Oates covers, and we would still hail them as the geniuses of their time. That's part of what makes Radiohead so great; no compromises, no bullshit, they just release top notch music.

hard not to enjoy.) The final three songs may be the most melodic songs Radiohead have maybe ever put together. A standout from this group is "Give Up the Ghost," which sounds borderline Neil Young-esque. The song is relatively simple in theory (Yorke singing, gentle acoustic guitar plucking, orchestral backing), yet it remains something all its own. It begins with the vocals, "Don't haunt me / Don't hurt me." This eerie warning is looped and lingers throughout the song in the background, as the track builds and builds before fading out into a ghostly electronic loop.

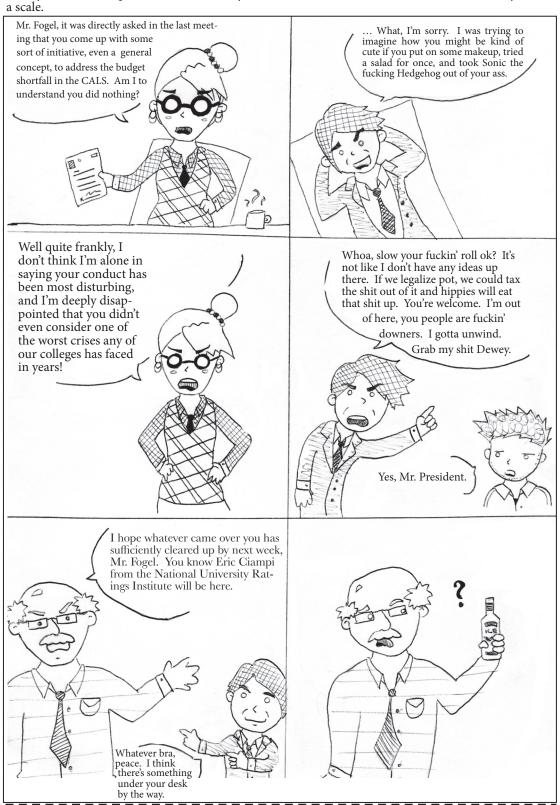
Radiohead has become synonymous with unpredictability. We never really know what to expect with each record, but at the same time, we don't really care what "type" of music they seem to put out. You can't put a name to it; it's an amalgamation, undefinable. It's become implied that everything Radiohead produces will be great, or at least better than the majority of everything else out there. The greatness of something as experimental as *Kid A* was has earned them our infinite trust. They could release an album made up entirely of blues standards or Hall & Oates covers, and we would still hail them as the geniuses of their time. That's part of what makes Radiohead so great; no compromises, no bullshit, they just release top notch music. Their unpredictability has gone so far as to transcend what they do musically, finding its way into how we, the dedicated Radiohead fans, access and listen to their music (see the "pay-what-you-will" model of 2007's In Rainbows).

1997's OK Computer has come to be regarded as a modern masterpiece. 2000's Kid A completely confounded all expectations as to what a follow-up to OK Computer would sound like. Despite this, Kid A proved that Radiohead were more than your average band. They were damn talented musicians. But the short runtime of *The King of Limbs*, along with vocals like, "If you think this is over, then you're wrong," ("Separator") have lead some (Internet trolls, my roommate, and the like) to believe that this release is not actually the full LP, and that more The King of Limbs material may come out at a later date. Frankly, whether or not this comes to fruition does not matter. If they release another eight songs, great—but if this is truly it, accept it. We have another great album from one of the best bands on the planet. Stop being so greedy.

the adventures of president by drew diemar artwork by katie gagliard brogel and dewey john

artwork by katie gagliardo

In our last installment, President Brogel had inadvertently been zapped by Professor Camus' latest invention, the Mentality Switching Raygun, when his trusted but klutzy sidekick, Dewey John, spilt a bottle of bootleg Coca-Cola on the now defunct laser. The president passed out, and when he woke up with Dewey at his side, he possessed the mentality of some bro who had snuck into Camus' laboratory to steal





by emily**lozeau**

shilpa ray and her happy hookers - "teenage and torture"

Shilpa Ray may be ass-kicking crazy (or at least she sounds like it), but she's also insanely talented. With a voice cool and disaffected—perhaps the product of many a pack of cigarettes—her business is rock. The product: a consistently awesome album of percussion bumping full-throttle garage jams. Clap your hands and don't wash your hair, the race for queen of cool is on (by the by, her hookers are dudes, which makes her even cooler). Every song is a rhythmic standout, strong in the vocal yelps and croons, and I equally effective in their bluesy melodies. In a way, she's the real life reincarnation of Gilda Radnor doing Candy Slice and the Slicers. If you haven't already heard of these gems, listen up yo!

If You Like: Beat the Devil, The Kills, Blondie, The Black Keys **Play:** "Hookers," "Heaven in Stereo," "Venus Shaver," "Liquidation Sale," "Erotolepsy"

the luyas - "too beautiful to work"

The second release from Montreal-based the Luyas— although you may as well say they orbit around the moon— sends echo-feedback-ambient rock back to Earth via the paper cup and string method. This album also sends artists from Arcade Fire and Owen Pallett into rotation into space, which may put more spotlight on this band. But quite honestly, they should need no help. Ever since I heard their tune "Dumb Blood," their innocent, space nonsense has stuck with me. Singer Jessie Stein's highpitched, angelic vocals play off the harsh background noises, as if they're bouncing around the walls of a cave. They even employ a string instrument called a zither— how more intergalactic could you be? Their music is as beautiful as the title suggests. You'll put down your biology homework and be transfixed by the sweetness that's practically dripping out of the jewel case.

If You Like: Galaxie 500, Stereolab

Play: "Tiny Head," "Moodslayer," "Cold Canada," "What Mercy Is"