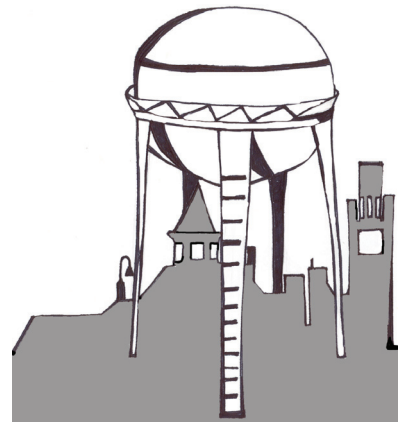


the water tower.

uvm's alternative newsmag



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hate is the new love or why we should all stop the slander of st. valentine's day

by cupidvalentino

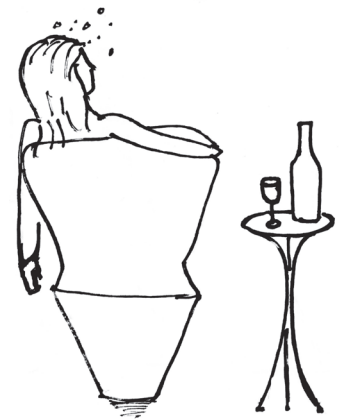
I'll put it right out there: this writer is darn tired of everyone bitching about Valentine's Day.

Listen people. V-Day is just fine. If I have to hear another guy complain about it being a consumerist holiday I might break a box of Russel Stover chocolate over his head. What holiday isn't a consumerist holiday -- this is America, right? Really, there's only one problem with Valentine's Day, and that is people's tendency to have the overblown (and often entirely bullshit) expectations about the holiday.

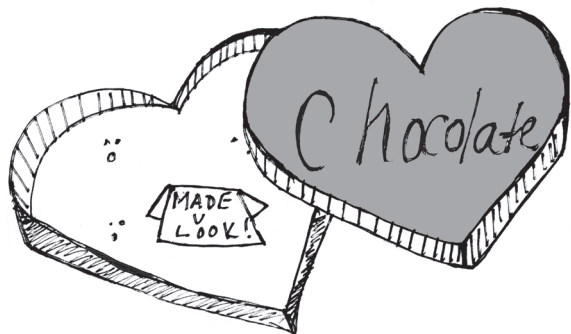
The prevailing wisdom seems to be that any Valentine's experience will be disappointing if it's not filled, from morning 'til night, with romantic surprises around every corner, unparalleled orgasmic pleasure, and a marathon of paycheck-spending on dinner and trivialities. In all likelihood, though, none of that's going to happen--at least not to the degree people expect.

Rather, it's likely to be a pretty average day. Sure, maybe you'll enjoy a nice meal with your significant other, offer an overpriced bouquet of flowers or box of chocolates to the person of your fancy, or pay a little more attention to the fact that you're alone and getting yourself off yet again. But the fact remains that classes probably won't be cancelled, Pam will continue to vend egg sandwiches from her big yellow truck, and that antagonistic dick in your Poli Sci class will most likely still be an antagonistic (and Valentine-less) dick. You'll probably even have some homework to get done.

In fact, I can almost guarantee that you will spend significantly *more* of your time on Valentine's Day dealing with these mundane, everyday banalities than you do careening down the tunnel of love. The sooner you accept that, the sooner you'll be way happier. Once you come to terms with the reality of Valentines Day, it can actually be pretty fun. Don't believe me? Here's some ways to make sure the holiday is a celebration and not a daylong chain of disappointments.



1 First of all, everyone across Btown, whether single or practically engaged (or actually engaged...eww...), is significantly more likely to get laid on Valentine's Day than on any other day in this cold month of February. What could possibly be wrong with that? And if you're lucky enough to already get laid on the reg, your partner will probably have something special up his or her sleeve when it comes to bedtime (/anywhere-in-the-house time).



2 Second, and importantly, you can play pranks on friends and frenemies alike who harbor unreasonable V-Day expectations. Writing fictitious and well-crafted love letters, secret admirer notes, and suggestive gifts can provide you with small amounts of amusement at the expense of silly people who have silly ideas about what Valentine's Day ought to be like. Sending an inexpensive but highly sexualized gift from a fake person to an overzealous or Valentine-crazed friend, for example, is likely to result in an amusing reaction, at little cost to you. Whoever said this holiday had to be 100 percent serious was a loser.

3 Third: V-Day provides a legit reason to get wine-drunk on a Monday. Even if (perhaps especially if) you're alone, red wine is *de rigeur* on this holiday. Live it up, but make sure you drink some water. Those wine hangovers are meaner on Tuesday than they are on the weekend. That's science.

4 Fourth: If you absolutely must, you can be smug and protest corporate culture, either by yourself or with your significant other. Proudly pat yourself on the back for rejecting the notion of a Hallmark holiday, and actually be glad that no one bought you chocolate and a teddy bear. Just don't let me, or any other poor sap, hear you lecturing sanctimoniously about your victory. Keep your satisfaction to yourself. Everyone else is too busy being satisfied in other, better, ways, to care.



vanessa denino

5 Fifth: Food. It might be said that it's the thought that counts when it comes to dates and gifts, but honestly, whether it's a thoughtfully-planned three-course feast prepared by your lover at home, or a trip to a restaurant that's way above the normal student price range, on Valentine's Day you get to eat great food. If you enjoying smoking le pot and you're lucky enough to have a significant other that shares your love for the herb, this might actually be the best day of the year.

6 Finally, for the truly complacent, Valentine's Day can simply provide an excuse to spend a little extra time with someone special. Isn't that really what this holiday is about?

get
inside
me

news
that sounds
a little gay
by jamesaglio

reflections
diva cup
showdown

tunes
mood music 101
by sarahmoylan

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inbox

a place for your face

Dear **water tower**,

Where. the. hell. did. faceplace. go.

It was the first page I turned to every time I picked up the **water tower** on Tuesdays. The highlight of my week. Now it's time for it to come back. I can't express the joy I felt following the slutty Shannon Markowitz's coming of age and learning more about UVM's main pot dealer.

Seeing a devoted girlfriend tagged in a Mardi Gras photo making out with her boyfriend's roommate. The outing club girl falling for the jock. I'm about to graduate, and I don't think I can leave happy without more of the beautiful saga that is faceplace. Please please please return it to its rightful spot in your paper.

Signed,
Marqus Zuckerborg

Editor's note: Ok. Check out thewatertower.tumblr.com on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays!

Sometimes reading the water tower makes our readers want to get naked and fight the power. But most of the time, they just send emails. Send your thoughts on anything in this week's issue to

thewatertowernews@gmail.com

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

the shit list

with emilyhoogesteger

The Redstone Express: The campus bus now only runs until 4:45 instead of 7:00. Too bad for everyone who gets out of class at 5:15. Welcome to arctic trekking 101.

Facebook: Everyone's favorite social network has changed how you view pictures yet again. Honestly, this needs to end. Any more of this and we're going to stop knowing how to stalk people- which would be a tragedy.

Landlords in Japan: Japan has one of the highest suicide rates in the world, and landlords are having trouble reselling apartments that previous owners have killed themselves in...so they're charging the families of suicide victims for the cost. "We offer our condolences...but we'll help ourselves to your bank account."

Water pressure in University Heights: yes, we know its environmentally friendly, but it shouldn't take seven and a half hours to fill a water bottle. Although at least you have time to take a nap while waiting for your toothbrush to get wet.



SPORTS BLINK

with mikiecslak

Pitchers and catchers are starting to report to spring training. In the next few weeks we will start to see teams become whole and start practices and scrimmages. With opening day under two months away, spring is in the air. The AL East is going to be looking a lot different this year. Starting at the top, the Red Sox had one of the most talked about off-seasons, acquiring Carl Crawford and Adrian Gonzalez. Tampa Bay signed two ex-Sox, Manny Ramirez and Johnny Damon. With strong pitching, the Rays could help hand New York a third place finish. The Yankees had an abnormally quiet off-season, failing to sign Cliff Lee, who was by far the most highly coveted free agent. Depending on the Yanks are doing come the all-star break, they will be looking to bolster their roster with guys from teams looking to unload some money. It is way too early to speculate any names, but there is no doubt that the Yankees will be active. One of the less talked about moves was the Orioles signing Vlad Guerrero. It probably is not enough to make the Orioles a contender, but he is not a guy you want to see 19 games a year. And as always, the Blue Jays will embarrass themselves; mathematically out of playoff contention by early July.

the news in brief

with paulgross

"My chicken ain't no joke."

-**Flava Flav**, on his newly opened fried chicken restaurant in Clinton, Iowa. Yes, you read that correctly. Flava Flav has opened a fried chicken enterprise and has threatened to "go up against the Colonel, tastewise." You can't make this shit up.

"If not now, when?"

-**Italian woman protesters** speaking out against Prime Minister Silvio Berlusconi, who is likely to be indicted for sleeping with underage prostitutes at his "Bunga Bunga" parties. The septuagenarian leader is noted for hosting wild sex parties where recreational drugs and prostitutes are frequently made available. Very sadly, 17 year old prostitutes were occasionally in attendance. I guess it's quite unsurprising that the Italian public would resent their leader fucking someone who's over 50 years his junior.

"We don't want there to be a political void."

-**Muhammed Ibrahim**, a young Egyptian protester, speaking on the very recent fall of Mubarak and dissolution of parliament. The times are exciting in Egypt and the situation is ripe for strong, positive, democratic change. Still, the risks are many. Egypt stands in a highly volatile position in the world and has a large, poor, and unemployed population. Best of luck to the new leadership is all I can say.

"We seized the pirate mothership."

-A **spokesperson for NATO** on the recent capture of a large Somali pirate ship that apparently was directing other pirate ships. I just like the word mothership.

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

bumming a smoke in bhutan and why it's a felony

by bendonovan

A Buddhist monk was arrested last week in Bhutan for possession of a controlled substance, and could face up to five years in prison. That substance? Tobacco.

The 24-year-old monk became the first person to be charged under the 2010 Tobacco Control Act of Bhutan, which bans smoking in all public places, indoor and outdoor, makes all tobacco sales inside the tiny Himalayan nation illegal, and prohibits possession of more than 200 cigarettes or 120 grams of other tobacco at any one time. Those possessing tobacco products must provide receipts showing that they were purchased outside the country. The Bhutanese government has stated that it intends to be the first smoke-free nation in the world.

You'll be forgiven if you don't know what or where Bhutan is, or what would prompt an entire country to take the pretty extraordinary step of declaring its intent to abolish smoking. Bhutan is a tiny Buddhist country (about half the size of Indiana, according to the CIA World Factbook) situated high in the Himalayas between India and Tibet. It's a country of 700,000 people whose national animal is something called a takin. It is also a pretty strong contender for the weirdest nation on earth.

Part hippie kingdom, part fascist dictatorship, Bhutan is ruled by a monarch who styles himself Druk Gyalpo (literally "dragon king"). The country is governed largely according to traditional Vajrayana Buddhist law and seeks to preserve Buddhist culture. The Bhutanese government officially measures its annual economic output in Gross National Happiness instead of GDP, arguing that the physical, moral, and spiritual health of the Bhutanese people is more important than material wealth. Environmental conservation is a top priority; littering is a serious crime and plastic bags are illegal. To protect the

environment, tourism is limited; foreigners entering the country must either be part of an organized tour (costing around \$200 per day) or be the guest of a Bhutanese citizen. The capital city of Thimphu is the world's only capital without a single traffic light. There is almost no violent crime, and Business Week rates Bhutan as the eighth happiest country in the world.

"deprive any habitual tobacco user of a cigarette with his morning coffee and you'll see a much steeper decline in the Gross Personal Happiness of anybody within earshot of the poor bastard"

That's only part of the story, however. The media is heavily censored; television and internet were illegal until 1999, and cable was not introduced until 2002. Bhutan did not possess an independent newspaper until 2006. Political parties were banned until recently. The Dragon Kings ruled as absolute monarchs until 2007, when the country's first ever elections were held. Members of non-Buddhist religions report harassment and discrimination. Most disturbingly, Bhutan continues to suppress the Nepali minority living in the country. Use of the Nepali language is restricted, violent attacks on Nepalis are not uncommon, and many have been forcibly expelled from the country. The wearing of Bhutanese dress in public is mandatory for all citizens during business hours. In order to preserve its status as an idyllic Shangri-La, hidden away high in the mountains, the hippie kingdom must do some decidedly un-hippielike things.

That gray area, where Bhutan's pursuit of Gross National Happiness runs up against individual rights, is exactly where one man found himself last week. The monk in question--his name has not been released--was caught

with 72 packets of chewing tobacco and some cigarettes, and was charged with smuggling a controlled substance--a class IV felony in Bhutan that carries possible jail time. The BBC reports that many Bhutanese--like their Chinese and Indian neighbors--smoke heavily, despite the ban. Critics of the law argue that it infringes on personal freedom while doing little to reduce smoking.

As a smoker myself, I can certainly sympathize with the monk. Tobacco may be detrimental to Gross National Happiness according to Buddhist teaching, but deprive any habitual tobacco user of a cigarette with his morning coffee and you'll see a much steeper decline in the Gross Personal Happiness of anybody within earshot of the poor bastard.

Beyond my own admitted bias towards self-destructive habits, there seems to be a broader lesson to be learned here, one which Bhutan could just as easily have learned from Al Capone circa 1920: when you criminalize perfectly normal behavior, you turn perfectly normal people into criminals. People tend to stick to their habits--be they alcohol, nicotine, trashy reality TV, or certain mind-altering substances--regardless of what the law says. That's a point that probably needs little explaining in Burlington, but the Dragon King just doesn't seem to get it.

So next time you find yourself complaining about sub-zero temperatures or prices at the bookstore, just remember that it could be worse. You could be trapped in a country full of hippies with no cable TV, petting your takin and shivering your way through nicotine withdrawal while some Buddhist lectures you about plastic bags.

Sweet Jesus, that's bleak. I need a cigarette. ■

that sounds a little gay

with jamesaglio

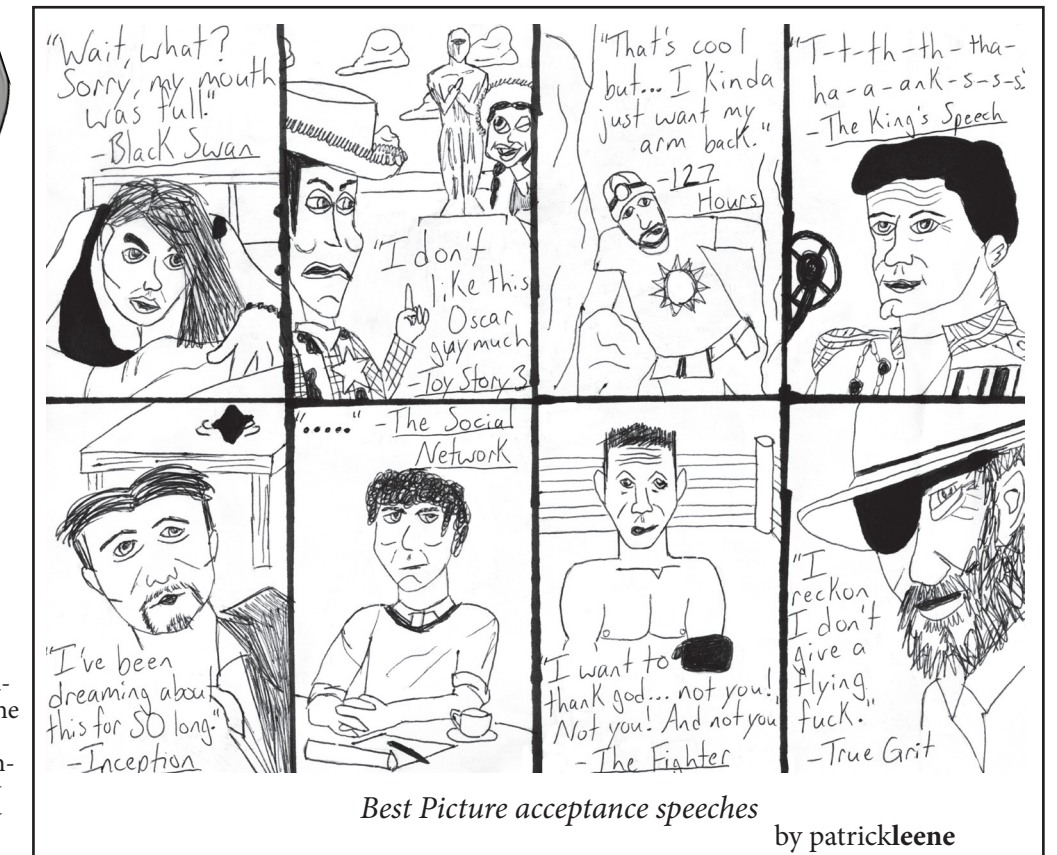
A symphony can move a man to tears through its complexity, while a hopping club beat can summon primal impulses through its simplicity. Music is one of the central elements of human culture, and it has a huge influence on the way people think and act. One particular example of this is the representation of homosexuality in music, how it has evolved, and how it has changed the culture around it.

Homophobia is not anything new, with anti-gay sentiments visible throughout history. What is relatively recent, however, is the concept of an openly gay community. For much of the 20th century, homosexuality was illegal in many countries so the subject was highly taboo. After the Holocaust, when most of the laws that endorsed the genocides were repealed, the anti-gay laws stayed on the books for decades. Gay survivors were kept on the list of sex offenders and could be jailed for repeat offenses. Even when greater awareness of the gay community began to occur in the late 60s and 70s, it was mostly confined to certain enclaves and expressed mostly in the countercultures, where it mixed with the various other groups that were found there.

An early musical exception to this rule was "Lola" by the Kinks off their 1970 album entitled: Lola Versus Powerman and the Moneygoround, Part One. Telling the story of a naive gentleman who had left home and had never kissed a woman, the man spends a night dancing with a transvestite. "Lola" charted No.2 in the UK, and No.9 in the US. With its mantra that "girls will be boys and boys will be girls", "Lola" is mostly meant to be silly, in that unique 1960s British pop-rock kind of way. It is notable, however, in that it accepts that such a subculture exists, and does not paint it as evil.

In the 1960s, something magical happened in Jamaica. Namely, ska was invented. With its innovative sound and its funky upstroke on the offbeat, ska quickly became a hit sensation not only in Jamaica, but also in areas with large numbers of Jamaican immigrants. At first, it was mainly popular with the poor, working class Jamaicans, but it soon became popular in the poor, working class white neighborhoods and then wildly popular in the club scene. With messages often speaking out against social injustice, the first wave of ska was directly responsible for the rise of 2 Tone in the late 70s, and helped shape much of the punk movement.

The late 60s and 70s were a weird time in England for gay rights. Homosexuality was only decriminalized in 1967; so many Brits were secretive about their homosexuality. Most of the counterculture songs of the time were race related. The two movements are similar with messages that people should be treated as people, no matter what. Consequently, many gay Englishmen



Best Picture acceptance speeches

by patrickleene

became highly involved in the punk and ska scenes, and many straight Englishmen began to support the gay community, such as Billy Bragg; then an ordinary punk who became inspired to create socially active music after hearing Tom Robinson's "Glad to be Gay" while attending Rock Against Racism in 1978 to see the Clash. Later on in the British scene, gay slurs became quite common as insults without a homosexual connotation. Both the Camden Palace poofs and the queers in the GLC are mentioned in Transmetropolitan and "cheap louds faggot" is said in The Fairytale of New York, both by the Pogues, both not referring to homosexuals.

In America, the straightforward, stripped down style of hardcore was conducive to more direct expressions of gay support, and some hardcore musicians, such as Darby Crash of The Germs and Gary Floyd of The Dicks, who were openly homosexual. As with all radical movements and statements, however, there was a backlash, and within the hardcore scene there developed a small group of far-right activists who received a good deal of media attention and generally gave a bad name to the whole scene. As something of a backlash to the backlash, queercore was invented. Queercore is hardcore punk by gay musicians about being gay. Bands like Pansy Division, Sister George, and Gayrilla Biscuits (who play gay-themed Gorilla Biscuit covers) celebrated their lifestyle.

Today music seems to be going back to a negative view of homosexuality. The popular music scene is governed by hip-hop culture, which largely frowns on homosexual and effeminate behavior with its emphasis on male power and virility. The filler phrase "no homo" has been used by various artists, such as Lil Wayne in "Let the Beat Build" to assert that they are, in fact, straight. Perhaps less influential, but certainly more depressing, is the anti-homosexual trend on that little Caribbean island where much of this story began. Jamaican reggae music today, specifically the Dancehall and Ragga scenes, are radically anti-gay, with artists like Buju Banton and Elephant Man often calling out for violence against the gay community. What is worse is that this is from a movement that inspired changes in outlooks of many people and without which, the common perception of homosexuality might have remained unaltered. ■

reflections.

diva cup showdown: there will be blood

diva do

by **williamdanube**
I really hope the world ends in 2012, because I am not sure if I could handle any future developments in my life more exciting than the Diva Cup. For those of you unfamiliar with the doodad, a Diva Cup is a little, flexible cup that is inserted in lieu of a tampon and basically collects all the drippings. Because it is made from silicone, there is nothing to throw out and kill the environment with; you simply remove, rinse and repeat. Due to the fact that it catches rather than absorbs, it does not have the tendency to create dryness and irritation in the same way a tampon would, making it much more comfortable for all involved. As an added bonus, there have been to date no reported of Toxic Shock Syndrome resulting from the use of a Diva Cup, which eliminates that whole dying possibility.

While these benefits are certainly invigorating for the soul, they are merely some of the lesser reasons that I am totally pumped about the little cup that could. I am a firm believer that that one of the major issues facing our society these days is that the modern Western woman is not fully in tune with her body. Because there is a certain amount of probing and digging around inherently involved in the retrieval of the Diva Cup, I believe women everywhere will be able to become more intimate with their intimates, creating a greater sense of unity and world peace. Would that these were the only ways in which the Diva Cup will improve all of our lives, the creator of this glorious device would still be nominated for all of the Nobel Prizes, including Literature. But fortunately, that is not all. The best use I



vanessa denino

can think of, and the one that I have seen spreading most rapidly through the cold hell that is the Burlington Party Scene, is the use of the Diva Cup as a makeshift shot-glass. Now I know you are thinking, "I don't want my vodka to taste like pennies." But let us be real, ladies, by the time it has come down to using this particular product for that, you are already three sheets to the wind and taste is the furthest thing from your mind. Besides, we have

diva don't

by **jordannawexler**

There is no greater abomination than the diva cup. Remember when they used to say, "If you've used a tampon, you're no longer a virgin?" Well, using a diva cup comes with the same deal. Beware of the titillating advertisements you may have seen on the sidebar on your Facebook. Ignore Katie Holmes' recent radio campaign for the product. And do not be tempted by Hoarders' product placement this season. Diva cups are the gateway drug: the gateway to hell. Why? Let me count the ways.

1. Diva Cups are Anti-American— Face it- the only reason we girls all get along is because we hate our lives, mostly because we bleed monthly. In the bathroom, we relate to each other biologically by asking, "Hey! Any bitch in here got a tamp?" If you have a Diva Cup, you miss out on female camaraderie. And that is extremely un-American.

2. Celibacy as Life— No one on earth, not even Carrot Top will want to fuck you. In fact, only David Spade will be mildly interested. What, you're expecting Joe Dirt himself is going to want to lay you down when you've got a red cup of crunk juice stuck up there? You're kidding yourself.

3. Penis Envy is Anti-Feminine— Having a 4.3 centimeter vessel hiked up in your lady parts is just sublimation. What you really want is a penis. And if you have penis envy, well, it's just a slap in the face to one Susan B. Anthony.

4. TSS Will Go Bankrupt— Yes, it's true. If you refuse to use those good ol' tampons, you will definitely not get TSS. And if you don't get TSS, that brilliant disease will go out of business. TSS actually stimulates the economy, believe it or not. And if every woman stopped using pads, the only consumer left would be Richard Gere.

5. You'll Have No Friends— I don't want to walk around with someone who smells like period blood. ■

all seen how you drink; we know you just toss it all to the back of your throat and swallow, so taste is irrelevant anyway.

The most common complaint I received from women during polling was that they were afraid of spills. Afraid of spills? What kind of un-American cockmamie fascio-communism is that? Do you think the captain of the Exxon Valdez was afraid of spills? What about the manager of the Deepwater Horizon rig? Or the chief in-

spector at Chernobyl? Do you really think that any of these bold individuals were afraid of spills? I should think not. Rather, like good Americans, they grabbed their particular spills by the testicles and rode them to glory. And look at them! Now they, like December 7, 1941, will always live in infamy. And I think it would behoove the women of this fine nation to follow in their shining footsteps. ■

the beginner's guide to being a public nuisance

by **gregfrancese**

1. The Library. The Library is probably the best place for you to begin your training as a public nuisance because there is no other place on campus that demands an unreasonable amount of quiet from a stressed out student population. It is recommended that you start with something you are most comfortable with – your phone, for example. Isolate yourself in the quietest corner of the library (preferably on the 2nd or 3rd floors), but close enough to a noticeably stressed out person (you can usually tell this by their intense level of concentration, or the small puddle of drool that has accumulated on their bio book), and place your phone on the desk. Now, when you get a text message or phone call half of the library will know from the sound of your phone vibrating against the desk. Extra credit if you answer your phone, though you must remember to gloat at all the pissed

off faces glaring at you. Saying, "No, I'm in the library, I can definitely talk" upon answering your phone scores you double extra credit.
2. The Davis Center. Thousands of people pass through the atrium of our beloved student center, which makes it a prime spot for being a public nuisance. One of the best ways to graduate to an intermediate-level public nuisance is to strategically position yourself in the middle of the atrium and stay there. When people are hurriedly walking towards you don't back down because that's what a considerate person would do and consideration is for public nuisance n00bs. If you really want to be effective, pretend you're searching for a song on your iPod, or stand there having a conversation with your friend, oblivious to the surrounding chaos you are creating. There's one rule to remember for the intermediate public nuisance-maker: more

participation means more obnoxious.
3. Roadblock. Going on the theme of more is better, the sidewalk is your next classroom. When people are on their way to class they commonly use sidewalks as a means to get there. Use this little fact of knowledge and enlist the help of your significant other, or, if you're lacking this, someone you feel comfortable holding hands with. Walk side by side with that person, locking hands and making an impassable chain of nuisance. To reach this level of being a public nuisance seems to be easy on the surface, but it will require a certain level of endurance. Not physical endurance; more along the lines of the type of endurance needed to withstand the anger associated with backing up an entire sidewalk full of people. Complete this act of nuisance and you should almost be ready to graduate to the advanced level of being a nuisance.

4. In-Class Participation. To reach the highest level – expert – of being a complete public nuisance, you need to be able to have a complete disregard for your classmates. Because of perpetual budget cuts at our beautiful university, class sizes are becoming larger, making this last level even more rewarding. While your professor is lecturing 100 kids on the political consequences of having sex with an intern, your job is to start talking to the person sitting next to you at a normal conversation volume. Talk about what ever you want – how unattractive Monica Lewinsky is, how much you really want to find the best weed in the world, or whatever else – just make sure that you don't whisper. Whispering is for the considerate, and you, being an expert public nuisance, have no room for consideration. ■

lovescopes

by **bitsyvalentia**

Aquarius: January 20-February 18

Let's just say that, while you're mildly satisfied with your love/sex life, things could definitely use an update. Instead of consulting Cosmo or Dr. Ruth, check out the water tower's sex advice column on page 6! Our trusted sexperts can answer all your amorous questions and get you ready for the big night.

Pisces: February 19- March 20

You are a fish, and fish love water. Go skinny dipping in the lake to spice up the night. While it's highly unlikely, you might be a little cold after, which presents the perfect opportunity to thaw out with your lover in front of a roaring fire. No bearskin rug required. Unless you're into that sort of thing.

Aries: March 21-April 19

This Valentine's Day, Cupid sends good vibes your way. Expect someone to show their affection in an unusual but sweet way, such as spelling both of your names in a gigantic heart made of Starburst wrappers.

Taurus: April 20-May 20

It's total bullshit, but your love life has been declining faster than the temperature outside. Break the dry spell by getting a flashy new haircut or outrageous outfit. Pea-cocking can work if done (un)tastefully.

Gemini: May 21- June 20

As you are the sign of the twin, you will have two choices come February 14th. You can spend an intimate evening in or embark on a wild, all night slore fest. The stars advise taking it easy with your significant other. Sometimes a night on the couch is all you need.

Cancer: June 21-July 22

Your friend with benefits tells you it's over. While they are getting some dignity, you ain't getting anything. But you know what they say, the best way to get over someone is to get under someone else...

Leo: July 23-August 22

Known for your sexual prowess (you are the sign of the lion, after all), you always have a good lineup of V-Day options. This year your night will include a plethora of jungle creatures, as you sample from all walks of life: athletes, nerds, hipsters, professors, Capricorns. Whatever prey is on your radar is instantly yours. Rawr.

Virgo: August 23-September 22

You traditionally despise Valentine's Day, but you never know how to properly show your aversion. Try wearing all black and quoting Alanis Morrissette lyrics as a rebellious "fuck you" to all the happy couples.

Libra: September 23-October 22

Your Valentine's plans take a turn for the weird. In an attempt to get creative, your partner cooks you a zesty exotic meal, hoping to seduce you with hot flavors. Unfortunately, they forgot you were allergic to cayenne, and you end up spending the evening in the hospital. Silver lining? Your doctor is smokin' and you score a follow up appointment.

Scorpio: October 23-November 21

Oh Scorpio. While you intend to be funny, your acerbic tongue and sharp humor often put off potential mates. This Valentine's season is the perfect time to end the lonely nights. Exhibit zero personality to lure them in, then bombard them borderline offensive jokes with once you've ensnared them in your web.

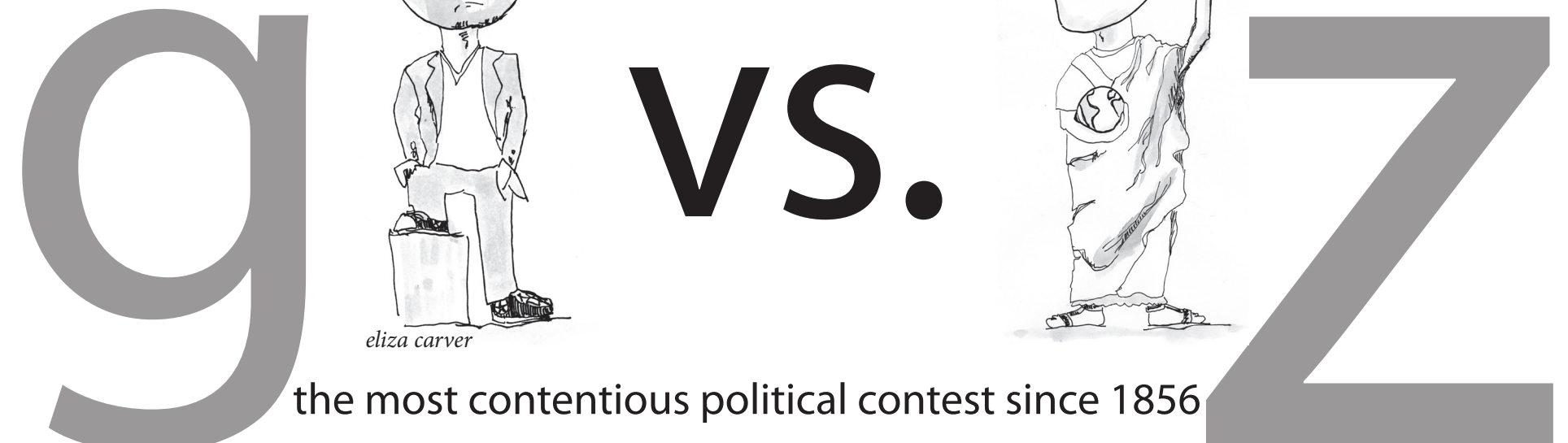
merry lupercalia!

by **timrobinson**

An ancient pagan holiday, Lupercalia takes the debauchery and "creativity" of Roman celebrations to a whole new level. Celebrated on February 13 through the 15, this three day festival has some interesting traditions. If you thought painting hard-boiled eggs on Easter was weird, wait until you get a load of this. Plutarch describes the ceremony like this:

"Lupercalia, of which many write that it was anciently celebrated by shepherds, and has also some connection with the Arcadian Lycaea. At this time many of the noble youths and of the magistrates run up and down through the city naked, for sport and laughter, striking those they meet with shaggy thongs. And many women of rank also purposely get in their way, and like children at school present their hands to be struck, believing that the pregnant will thus be helped in delivery, and the barren to pregnancy."

Ummm....yeah. Along with all this naked jogging and thonging there is also a good deal of goat sacrificing, blood smearing, and some weird thing they do with milk. I don't know, don't ask. So if you get a nice Valentine's card this year (or not), just be glad that your not being flogged with thongs and smeared with goat's blood. ■



by **candicepawenty**

For an English major, I have taken more than my fair share of American politics classes. What is behind my zeal for political science? Could it be my love for James Madison or my fascination with the convoluted logic of the legislative process? Madison was a swell guy, but my love for American politics has a lot more to do with a certain Professor Gierzynski.

Close your eyes, lean back and imagine going to class every day only to find that a sex God is your professor with salt and pepper hair tousled just so. Piercing blue eyes staring into your soul every time you sit in the front row, a perpetual five-o'clock shadow, a "not-too-serious" button down shirt, professional but still casual.

Perhaps the hottest part of Prof. G is his intellectual fervor for politics. If impassioned rants against the stupidity of Fox News turn you on, then he is the man for you! His entire aura is a blend of youthful

energy and a maturity achieved through a life full of rich experiences. And did I mention the eyes?

Although Prof. Geirzynski is clearly the king of my heart, some people believe that there is another man that controls the sex appeal of the poli sci department: Prof. Zakaras.

While I admit that Prof Zakaras has a certain geeky boy charm, he lacks the maturity of Prof. G. Meeting Z in the halls, one could imagine he is simply an extraordinarily tall and embarrassingly overdressed graduate student. There is certainly no pepper in his hair (and pepper adds spice to any meal!)

When it comes down to the question of Gierzynski versus Zakaras, it is really personal preference. I've certainly made my choice. ■

by **shellykalamanzia**

The "hot for teacher" fantasy seems overrated. I mean really, how attractive can a stuffy old lecturer be? Well, Professor Zakaras of the political science department proves that the sexy professor stereotype lives on.

Young, passionate, and never without a crisp dress shirt, Professor Zakaras looks more like an approachable grad student than an uptight, tenured professor. But don't let his charm and good looks fool you into thinking he's just a substitute. This guy is brilliant. Just a few minutes in his Intro to Political Theory class will have you pondering the ethics of justice, the pursuit of liberty, and fundamental questions about human nature. He engages

students, speaks with clarity, and displays his knowledge in a non-arrogant fashion. Plus, he always looks like he just stepped out of a GQ spread. To put it more primal terms, his discussion of Hobbes makes all the ladies in the class want to return to the "state of nature," and for good reason.

While Professor Gierzynski may have a certain rugged sex appeal, Professor Zakaras' attractiveness lies in his slightly nerdy, but incredibly hot intellect. Those glasses, that mind: he's like a younger version of Atticus Finch. Whether you love Plato's Republic or not, his class, and his hotness factor, will not disappoint. ■

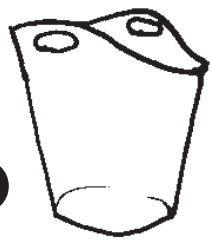
Sagittarius: November 22-December 21

You're not into big gestures, and that's okay. Problem is, your love interest has ridiculous expectations. The obligatory candy/flowers/teddy bear combo pack is not gonna cut it, especially if they are an emotional and needy Aquarius. Your best bet is to spout some sentimental platitudes along the lines of, "I wanted to get you something really great, but no gift can capture everything I feel about you." (insert puppy dog look and cue Nicholas Sparks movie music).

Capricorn: December 22-January 19

Cupid's been playing his game, and you have a friend who is hopelessly in love with one of your mutual buddies. Be a good wingperson and set up an accidental rendezvous, then make like a tree and leave. While they score big, you get points for the assist.

trash.



i want you so bad

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

I left a note for you in the Cynic,
And I know that you really want my dick,
And let's just stop playing this silly game
Because I know you know I feel the same.
And now we're friends and I don't want to stay
Like that anymore---is this too cliché?
So let's not waste time; I'm transferring soon.
Let's meet and lick each other like a spoon.
You're gonna have to meet me at halfway
On Monday, the 14th: Valentine's Day.

When: Whenever I can
Where: Usually in the DC
I saw: A cute girl
I am: A cool dude

You noticed me with Pokemon in line,
At Redstone Market, you were looking fine.
Most people would think that was kind of lame
You didn't; I forgot to ask your name.
All I know is you live at Redstone Hall,
Had I your number, I'd give you a call.
Alas, I don't; we may not meet again,
But if we should...I'll get your number then?

When: Saturday
Where:: in line at Redstone Market
I saw: a cute girl
I am: a hopeless romantic

I danced on the other side of the floor
The opportunity was knocking right at my door
I didn't think I would be that shy
But I wasn't ready for the smile in your eyes
I wish our handshake was something more
Maybe I should have taken you to the dance floor
Our brief introduction was far too blunt
But I think you should know that it's you that I want
Holy hell, you lit up club 590
Maybe you can light me up too, come find me?

When: Saturday Night
Where:: Club 590
I saw: A Fine Freshman Boy
I am: A Sexy Senior Gal

They call you Nala
that is a bitch ass lion name
but i like it.
I would let you maul me any day of the week.
I could be like a young gazelle and you could tear me
apart.
I gave you a massage one time.
I was massaging your back but i wish i had massaged
your penis.
I cooked you breakfast one day.
Maybe next time you can eat me.

When: all the time
Where:: the lion's den
I saw: a sexy lioness
I am: a horny biotch in l/l

I wanted you so bad when I first met you at the start of
freshman year. I still want you so bad today even though
you are mine. I also promise that I will want you so bad
in days to come. You are my pillow every night, my best
friend and everything in between. I hope everyone can
find a valentine as amazing as you.

When: When Louis gave us a kiss to build a dream on
Where:: here, there, everywhere
I saw: My handsome man
I am: Your pwincess

you've got three names (on facebook)
that all make me grin
i love your new hawk
wish you had a twin
the more of you the better
you're so freaking lewd
wanna see you this weekend
perhaps in the nude
go vroom vroom baby
i know you like cars
do you wanna meet?
i see it in the stars



When: sometimes
Where:: all over
I saw: a mohawk in a VW
I am: a girl stuck walking

6

attention readers!

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

Your friends call you cat in the hat,
you eat lots of wings so you're kinda fat,
You're my TA in solid works,
let's get some champagne and pop the corks,
when i walk by,
you look at me,
you even once told,
this how you always imagined it would be.

When: Solid Works
Where:: simpson store/votey
I saw: cat in the hat
I am: the grinch

I love you so much because you're so cute and nice.
Thank God I met you last year. I hope I know you for
many more years and our relationship continues to be
amazing. Thank you for being so good to me. Happy
February 14th and 18th!

When: everyday
Where: everywhere
I saw: my best friend
I am: so lucky

I see you all the time
I want you to be mine
You live on my floor
Please come knock on my door
I like you so much with your blonde hair
I'll do anything for you even go down there!
MC3 is our home our lovely estate,
thinking of my rack will help you masturbate...
After seeing other guys
You are the one I need
I will even go to the mini mall with you to smoke some
weed.

When: Every Day
Where:: Trinity
I saw: A cute blonde man
I am: A tall brunette

Hey Number 42 or should I say Optimus Prime
I know you've been with a lot of girls but I'll be sure to
rock your world,
Your body and pecks makes me go insane
Just like the wrestlers in RAW I want you to bring me
pain
In me I'll let you score and keep you cumming back for
more,
See you on the court next time I cum

When: Every basketball gam
Where:: court/bedroom
I saw: your pecks
I am: horny

I'm well aware you can't be mine
You foxy number twenty-nine,
But even under goalie pads
You're ten times cuter than other lads.
A man among men and a god on the ice,
Your gorgeous eyes can surely entice.
The way you handle that hockey puck,
Really makes me want to... snuggle.
So, cheering from the stands I will adore,
I want you SO bad, Rob Madore.

When: hockey nights
Where: Guttererson
I saw: world's hottest goalie
I am: a girl in green and gold

When you were mad drunk you broke your armchair
and no matter what anyone says
you shouldn't cut your hair
Your grizzly/panda bear shirt
gives me the need to squirt
You're from the college of state
anyways
my hard nipples cannot wait...
AHHH DGA TAH
AHHH DGA TAH
AHHH DGA TAH

When: every night
Where: w4
I saw: Dr. Love
I am: Dripping...yea dripping

the ear

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

UHeights South Hallway
Girl: My pockets! Those motherfuckers!

UHeights hallway
girl: So where did you park?
boy: IN YOUR MOM! OH!

Handy Court
Drunken bro climbing through snowbanks: yo shit it's the
Oregon Trail out here... don't die of dysentery

H/M lobby
guy: they're almost intimidatingly chill

Saturday morning at Simpson dining
22yr old guy: there's just something about the word
'freshmen' that makes me want to pillage it

DT house party
Girl: You're a HOOKER!
Guy: Yeah?! And you're in the Klan!

AGR
Guy 1: Were you dropped on your head as a child?
Guy 2: No, but I got hit in the head with an ice cube
once.

Buell St. kitchen
hipster: goddamit Bob, these were my favorite pair of
boxers!
bro: don't worry, ill sew 'em for you brah

In Harris Millis
girl 1: you remind me of Rose from titanic, 'cause you're
naked with just a necklace on
girl 2: no I have underwear on too
girl 1: well she probably did too, i didn't like...see her
vagina or anything

Library 2nd floor.
Dude to dude: I'm feeling really romantic, want to hear a
poem?

Outside the marche
girl: "go go gadget arms!"

Outside Bailey Howe
Girl 1: It's so freaking cool!
Girl 2: Milk was a baaaad choice.

**Waiting for the Redstone Express on Tuesday morn-
ing**
Bro: I better get a seat on this bus.
Girl: I'll show George my tit if I have to.

Walking outside marsh life science building
girl 1 to girl 2: "You should give him a dinosaur egg..."

The grundle
spunion 1 to spunion 2: Dudeee, i wish I had a dollar
everytime I've been tripping in a dining hall.

South 1 floor 2
Girl: In this utopia that Walt Poleman created.

UHS Lobby
Girl 1: Where is she?
Girl 2: In her room eating FUCKING oatmeal.

Party on Colchester
Girl: You can dress a piece of shit up in a purple tank
top all you want, but at the end of the day, it's still a
piece of shit

Vintage Clothes
Accessories, Sunglasses, Leather
and everything you wear

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fashion five-oh.



one man's boat shoe odyssey* by colbynixon

I have this thing where I am kind of averse to wearing real shoes. I will avoid wearing shoes at all costs, often opting for the most minimally acceptable footwear choice. As such, I often find myself wearing Sperry Topsiders while balls deep in snow. This was the case the other evening when I decided to head downtown. My traveling companion scoffed at this decision and asked me incredulously if I would be able to make it through the snow. Later I would be asked such questions as, "do those things even have treads?" or "where's the boat?" One guy even came to question my judgment directly. "I appreciate the fact you wear boat shoes, but dude, you can't be doing that this time of year."

The first stop of the evening was at this very modern home with an open concept floor plan, where it was encouraged to leave shoes at the door. My Topsiders, already caked in the equivalent of three daily values of table salt looked woefully pitiful next to the plethora of Merrills, Tims, and Bean Boots deposited there by the other attendees. At this point, my shoes were still (more or less) holding some degree of water tightness, after all they are meant to "get wet." After some time at this soiree, I (my crew) decided it was time to roll out. The hardest part of the process was digging my shoes out of the footwear pile like a pair of lost Chilean miners. Having accomplished this, we rolled out.

I was advised to keep my shoes on at the next establishment, as I would come to find out the basement could only be accessed via an exterior bulkhead. At this point the leather of my abused Topsiders was discolored beyond reason, and my feet were beginning to get damp despite the wicking power of my Patagonia socks. We soon left this marginally decent party and called it a night. I'm now sitting at my desk trying to figure out the best way to remove my shoes, which are more frozen to my feet than a dead tauntaun on Hoth. I may have to sleep in them.

*This narrative is based on true events, and is an amalgamation of events over a span of several nights. Any resemblance to real people or places is not coincidental, and if it sounds like you, it probably is.

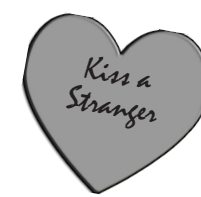
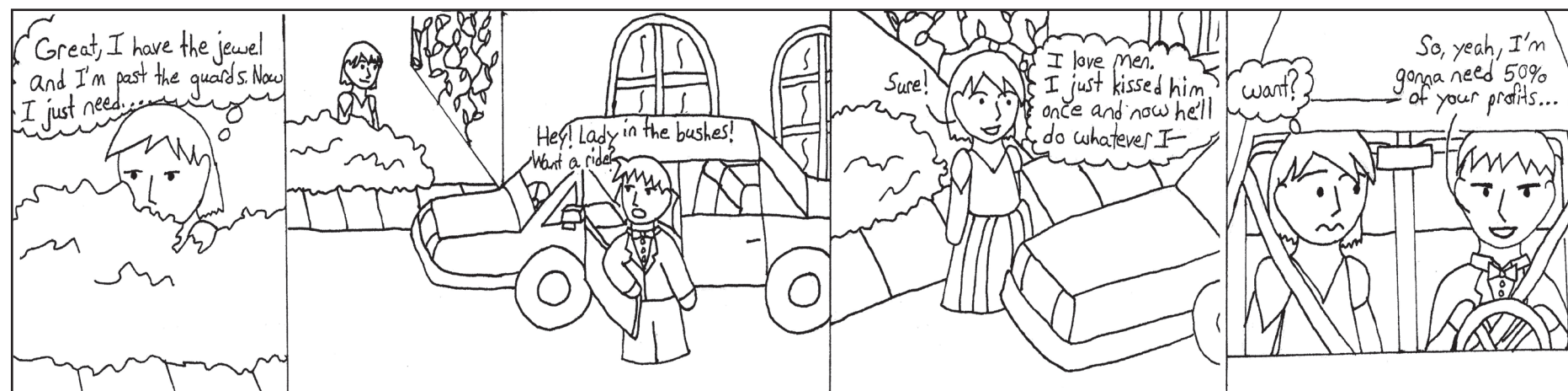
créatif stuffé.



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 thewatertownews@gmail.com by Tuesdays at 4:00.

german bear wrestling with alextownsend

Last week on GBW: Aarram received a slew of kisses from a mysterious girl who then suddenly ran away.



no brains for dinner

by joshhegarty

"Yeah, so a huge party of them came in and refused to sit by the porch, so I had to double sit Amy and it totally messed up the rotation, and when they left, Amy came up and totally bitched me out," said Heather.

"Yeah, Amy is really dramatic. It's not like you can control how many people come in at a time. And if they ask for certain seating, it's not like you can say, 'Oh, no, sorry, I'll get yelled at by a bitch with roots,'" replied Jennifer.

Just then, a party of four walked into the restaurant. Their eyes were all glazed over and they were drooling. They were obviously zombies. Heather picked up her large UV flashlight and shined it in all of their faces until their eyes reverted to normal and the drooling stopped.

"Four please," said the oldest looking man, "and could we please sit away from the porch?"

"Absolutely," said Heather.

She looked at Jennifer with annoyance on her face and then led them off to their table. They seemed nice, but zombies always did when they weren't having an outbreak. And zombies hated the porch, too much of the parking lot's harsh lighting leaked in through the windows. They preferred to sit near the bar, where it was darker and more comfortable.

She returned to the host station just as the night manager was walking in. Jeff was always late, always rude and never apologetic. He walked into the backroom and there were loud noises, possibly shouting, which stopped soon before the day manager, Ryan left. The night carried on as usual for the next few hours. Many people came in, regular and zombie, and the restaurant soon filled up. There began to be a wait of about thirty minutes. The lounge filled up with hungry customers waiting for tables. Mostly, they were human, but some were zombies, which needed to be attended to regularly with their UV flashlights.

A nice looking family walked through the door, mother, father, son and two daughters. The mother walked up to the host station and put their name on the list. They were the Robertsons. After being told to just sit tight and that there would be about a 25-minute wait, she leaned in close to Heather and began to whisper.

"Do you happen to have any extra flashlights?"

"Well, we only have the two with us and we need those," replied Heather.

"Is there any way you could get another one from the back or something? We really need one."

7

cat litter.



cat litter:
by drew diemar, willis schenk,
ryland tinsley, and caleb demers
artwork by malcolm valaitis

My dearest, most _____ love,
adjective

I have been thinking of you _____ since first seeing you in _____. I remember seeing you walk by, your long _____ flowing
adjective ending in -ly UVM building body part

_____. When I first looked into your deep _____ eyes, my _____ melted.
adjective ending in -ly color body part

Since our first encounter, my _____ for you has grown like a _____. I look forward to our paths crossing every day, and seeing your smile
noun plant

_____ my existence. I was _____ when I found out we have _____ together, watching you take notes makes my _____ shake.
verb ending in -s adjective class body part

I joined _____ just so I could see you more. I can feel my heart _____ in my _____ every time you talk about (verb ending in -ing)
UVM club verb ending in -ing body part

more members.

The other night, I dreamt of a sunset in _____. You were there, sipping a glass of _____. I don't remember what we spoke of; I only remember your
place liquid

_____ _____ to your ankles. I _____ when I woke up.
article of clothing verb ending in -ing verb ending in -ed

I know this letter might _____ you, but I figured if I'm going to confess my _____ love for you, I might as well do it on Valentine's Day. I would do
verb adjective

anything for you. I want to make you fresh _____, and pick you colorful _____. I want to take you to the top of a _____ and make love
animal plural noun geographic feature

to you. I think we were meant to _____ together until the end of time. If you feel the same way, meet me Monday at _____, at sunset. If you don't show I
verb campus location

promise I'll never bother you again. But I know you will. Yours truly, _____. (name of your most awkward friend)

tunes.



mood music 101:

how to get some valentine's lovin' by sarahmoylan

Let's face it: a lot of people hate Valentine's Day, but a lot of people wouldn't hate Valentine's Day if they were guaranteed a hook up! V-Day could be a great opportunity for you to take things to the next level with that someone you've been eyeing for a while. Mood music is essential here, but if song choice has got you stumped, never fear-- the music experts of the **WT** have got you covered! Consider the best-fitting social stereotype of the guy or gal you hope to seduce and consult the table below. You'll be sure to have a Valentine's Day that you won't soon forget.

you want to hook up with a...

...so put on this song...

...and make sure to turn up the volume for these lyrics...

bro/bro-ette

David Guetta "Sexy Bitch": Loud beats, blatantly horny lyrics, Akon...there's nothing about this song that a bro wouldn't love.

"She's nothing like a girl you've ever seen before!/
Nothing you can compare to your neighborhood hoe!"

prep

Vampire Weekend "Cape Cod Kwassa Kwassa": If your beloved likes LaCoste polos and Sperry Top-Siders, anything by Vampire Weekend should be met with success. This song is among VW's sexiest.

"Is your bed made?/ Is your sweater on?/ Do you want to fuck?/ Like you know I do!"

hippie

Phish "Love You": Okay, so a love song by Phish might be the ultimate hippie-music cliché. But this one's jammy, breezy, sweet, and totally apropos.

"Thinkin' you are a nice little one/ To put it all around you it's just good/I like it/I like it."

hipster

Ariel Pink's Haunted Graffiti "Every Night I Die at Miyagis": No self-respecting hipster will be able to resist the coy lyrics, lo-fi guitars, and sexy feel of this song.

"I just to see the smile on your face/Yes, I see through all the trends/Let's be friends/Don't say no."

arty guy/gal

Animal Collective "Bluish": The members of Animal Collective are pros at creating subtle sonic landscapes, and an artist can really appreciate that. Bluish is their best love song.

"Put on the dress that I like/It makes me so crazy, though I can't say why/Keep on your stockings for a while/Some kind of magic in the way you're lying there"

athlete

Athlete "Gwen Stefani's Bubble Pop Electric": There's nothing subtle about this song—it's basically the song equivalent of a Gwen Stefani sex tape. Athletes, though, will certainly appreciate the fast beat—it gets the blood pumping like a morning in the weight room.

"Take it to the back seat/Run it like a track meet!"

"indie" sells out (literally.) by jeremyklein

Showroom of Compassion, the latest release from Cake (the band; sadly dessert foods do not have the capacity for creativity) has topped the Billboard 200. There are a few reasons why this matters. First of all, Cake? Sure they're responsible for such modern American hits like "Short Skirt/Long Jacket" and "The Distance," but the top selling album in the country? If there's anyone out there who could have foreseen this happening, they might want to go into hiding, because a shadowy government organization is surely going to capture you and exploit your clairvoyance. Yes, Cake's triumph is that unlikely. Another reason this achievement for Cake is worth noting is the fact that Showroom of Compassion, in order to top the charts, only had to sell a grand total of 44,000 copies. According to Billboard themselves, this marks the lowest selling number one album since Nielsen SoundScan began tracking album sales in 1991. And before you scoff and say, "Well of course sales are down, the physical format is dead, I've read so in this very paper," know that the Billboard 200 tracks both physical and digital album sales.

Some might say that this shows how irrelevant the Billboard 200 has become; everyone is illegally downloading their music, and the chart, which only accounts for actual sales, cannot then accurately reflect what is actually popular among the general public. There is also the prevailing notion that music which is considered mainstream and

charts on the Billboard 200 is, for lack of a better word, crap. So if it doesn't reflect what is popular, and only serves to inform jaded hipsters on what not to listen to, what real function does it serve? I'm not however, ready to declare the art of the album chart dead just yet. In some ways it has reflected music that is widely considered both "popular" and "not crappy." For instance, Kanye West's *My Beautiful Dark Twisted Fantasy*, sold 496,000 copies in its first week, enjoyed a one-week stint at number one, and still remains in the top twenty after nine weeks. In addition, the album received rave reviews from pretty much every reputable publication in existence, and would go on to top many critics' "Best of 2010" lists. Admittedly, Kanye's widespread commercial and critical successes are a rarity in today's music world. But the Billboard 200 still shows us something, and is related again to Cake's surprise number one: the increasing presence of "indie rock" in the mainstream consciousness.

Cake independently released Showroom of Compassion, and its success represents just one of the latest triumphs for independent music. Other notable number one albums in the past year: The Decemberists' *The King is Dead*, Vampire Weekend's *Contra*, and Arcade Fire's *The Suburbs*. Other notable "indie" artists that have found success on the charts include Grizzly Bear's

Veckatimest, which reached number eight, as well as The National's *High Violet*, which reached number three. The Black Keys' *Brothers* reached number three, and still sits at number twenty on the charts after thirty-six weeks. There has also been an alarming increased use of "indie" music in commercials these days. There's Sleigh Bells' "Riot Rhythm" for Honda, The Morning Benders' "Excuses" for Reese's, and The Drums' "Let's Go Surfing" for Volkswagen. On a recent episode of *The Colbert Report*, both The Black Keys and Ezra Koenig of Vampire Weekend appeared on the show, engaging in a humorous faux-debate over whose group had sold out more to corporate America. Whether you have realized it or not, Zales, Tommy Hilfiger, Sony Ericsson, Hewlett-Packard; all of them utilize "indie" music (specifically, The Black Keys and Vampire Weekend) in their advertising. Perhaps the greatest "indie" triumph came this summer, when Arcade Fire headlined two nights at Madison Square Garden— an arena that has hosted pretty much every successful mainstream artist ever—otherwise known as The World's Most Famous Arena. The concert was broadcast live on YouTube, and directed by Terry Gilliam (Fear and Loathing in Las Vegas, Brazil) Who woulda think? It looks as though what we know as "indie" is here to stay. ■