



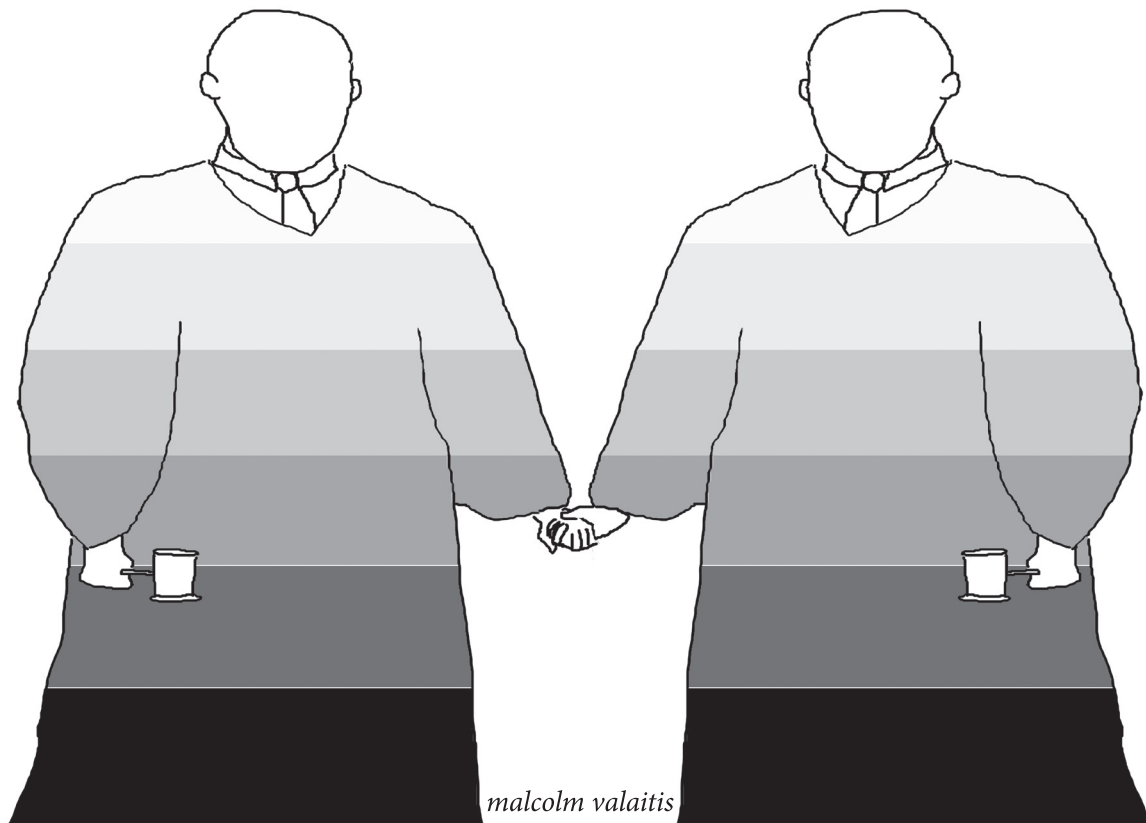
the water tower.

uvm's alternative newsmag

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marriage equality: is it almost here?



malcolm valaitis

by lizcantrell

There are moments when one can almost feel history being made. Two weeks ago, the Supreme Court heard two separate challenges to legislation regarding same-sex marriage. If five justices can find constitutional support for same-sex couples, then we might witness the most significant moment for equality in this country since *Brown v. Board of Education* in 1954.

The first case, *Hollingsworth v. Perry*, was heard on Tuesday March 26. The question presented in this case was, "whether the Equal Protection Clause of the Fourteenth Amendment prohibits the State of California from defining marriage as the union of a man and a woman". California's history with same-sex marriage over the past five years is quite complex. In May 2008, the California Supreme Court ruled that a state statute limiting marriage to opposite-sex applicants violated the California Constitution. Same-sex couples were thereafter allowed to marry. However, in November 2008, California voters adopted Proposition 8, a constitutional amendment

that reinstated the definition of marriage as being between two members of the opposite sex. Eventually, in 2009, the California Supreme Court upheld Prop 8, but this finding was overruled on appeal. Prop 8's proponents then appealed to the Supreme Court, and now the California law stands before the Court as a "trial" for other same-sex marriage legislation at the state level.

On Wednesday March 27, the Court heard the second case, *United States v. Windsor*, which challenged the constitutionality of the Defense of Marriage Act, a piece of federal legislation passed under the Clinton administration in 1996. Section 3 of DOMA defines marriage as "only a legal union between one man and one woman as husband and wife", and also defines a spouse as "a person of the opposite sex who is a husband or a wife". The essential question in the Windsor case is whether this section of DOMA violates the Fifth Amendment's guarantee of equal protection of the laws for people of the same sex who are legally married under the laws of

their state.

The *Windsor* case is more of a human-interest story, as it is being brought on behalf of one particular couple. Edith Windsor and Thea Spyer, residents of New York who had been together for forty years, married in Toronto, Ontario in 2007. Spyer died in 2009, at which time New York legally recognized same-sex marriages performed in other jurisdictions. After Spyer's death, Windsor was required to pay more than \$363,000 in federal estate taxes on her inheritance of her wife's estate. Had federal law recognized their marriage in the same way as opposite-sex marriages, Windsor would not have been required to pay those taxes.

Windsor's case went right to the district court level, where the relevant section of DOMA was deemed unconstitutional. At the next phase, the Second Circuit Court of Appeals upheld the district court's finding, and the federal government appealed to the Supreme Court. It is important to note that, in February 2011, the Obama

... read the rest on page 3

haikus from the two best publications on the planet: cosmo and the wt

This week, our staff combed through old **water tower** issues and copies of *Cosmopolitan*, the pinnacle of awful sex-advice. We found some dirty, funny, and weird excerpts from articles and turned 'em into haikus. Here are the shining examples of past prose, presented for your enjoyment.

No, I didn't want
to fuck you, I wanted to
smoke my cigarette
(WT, 2012-10-01)

A rollercoaster
ride of bored, disgusted, bored
bored, AHHH OH MY GOD
(WT, 2011-12-06)

Go to the kitchen.
a spatula waits for you.
do me, iron chef!
(Cosmopolitan)

Slide inside her, wet.
a popsicle does the trick.
cold can feel so new.
(Cosmopolitan)

A road sign in Wales:
"an urge to draw a nice dick,
the reason we're here."
(WT, 2010-03-23)

This position will
make any guy's member feel
just like Moby Dick
(Cosmopolitan online)

Try juicing: where you
mimic juicing an orange
on your partner's penis
(Cosmopolitan online) ■

get
inside
me:

big daddy fogel
by kerrymartin

life of psy
by phoebefooks

couture fashion: the
worst
by staceybrandt

wolf triple take
by wtstaff

the best news team in the universe.



Dear water tower,

I am not a regular reader of your "alternative newsmag," but I do enjoy picking it up from time to time to capture what I assume is the pulse of the University. I particularly like your layout, honesty, and illustrations. What concerns me to no end is the essence of an average UVM student as defined by your newspaper. The students of UVM should be proud to represent themselves and the many great attributes of living in Burlington, VT. I was particularly struck by the article that compared life at UVM with that at Harvard. **the water tower** makes me believe that UVM students are stuck in a passive rut. That the greatest achievements are finding matching socks in the laundry, getting your puke into the toilet, having the appropriate bra size, drinking copious amounts of alcohol, being a hipster but not being a hipster, and getting as much sex as possible in 4-5 years. Who are those people? That doesn't describe a human being! Students at UVM are a part of a greater system even if they constantly declare that they live in a "bubble." Bubble or not, I see so much more to marvel at. To name a few: the view of the waterfront, the L/L community, visitor access to greenhouses outside of Jeffords, that mysterious cube of a building behind LaFayette, the financial benefits of eating at the Grundle, making personal connections with professors, and whoever the dickens Katharine Longfellow is—that girl can draw!

Yours thoughtfully,
Hennie Himmelfarb

Hennie, We ask our writers to write about topics that interest them, and that they think their fellow students would be interested in. On the whole this has worked out well for us. While your despondency about UVM students' rut as reflected by our paper is lamentable, the paper is both created by students and completely open to submissions. We print what people write. We have actually printed articles on several of the topics you mentioned. I hope that you will become a more regular reader of the paper, and perhaps you will see that.

Thank you for your comments,
James Aglio, Co-Editor in Chief

*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*

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the shit list with jamiebeckett

National Safety Counsel – Last week, not a week after the Pegasus tar sands pipeline spill in Arkansas, Exxon Mobil was presented with a safety award. Currently the Federal Aviation Administration has issued a no-fly zone placed over the location of the spill preventing media coverage. I am confident that after receiving the Green Cross for Safety medal, Exxon will restore Arkansas to its pristine state, just like BP cleaned up the gulf...

Laney Supermarket – A supermarket was evicted in Georgia, and instead of donating the leftovers, thousands of pounds of food were taken by police to a landfill. Hundreds of local residents were waiting outside hoping to snag some free food, which instead shall feed seagulls. While the locals bellowed "mine" over and over again, the sheriff who arrived on the scene justified this wasteful decision by stating that there was a very high potential for a riot to break out.

Student loans – Thirty seven million Americans share roughly a trillion dollars in student loans according to the Federal Reserve. Personally, I am anticipating another year's tuition hikes, and I am even more excited to rent a place in Burlington, which is known for having an excess of affordable student housing. ■

the news in brief with dannissim

"For a generation of Americans—especially Chicagoans—Roger was the movies. When he didn't like a film, he was honest; when he did, he was effusive—capturing the unique power of the movies to take us somewhere magical."

-President **Barack Obama** reacts to the death of much revered film critic, Roger Ebert. Ebert died last Thursday only days after the recurrence of his cancer, which had left him unable to speak since 2006, but did not hold him back from doing what he loved: writing movie reviews.

"Today is both a sad day and an exciting one for HBO's Game of Thrones. Sad because we've all gotten to know Peter on set and love him dearly as a friend. We'll miss him sorely."

-Game of Thrones creator **David Weiss** shares the news of Peter Dinklage's replacement on the show. This cruel April Fools' joke enraged many fans, but all were relieved when Dinklage assured everyone that he wasn't going anywhere.

"The relentless show of force on a daily basis by not just North Korea, but also the U.S. and South Korea as part of their annual military exercises, has captured the attention of the world, and made the Korean Peninsula a place associated not with 'Gangnam Style' but with nuclear weapons and stealth bombers."

-**John Delury**, an American scholar who teaches at Yonsei University in Seoul, made this remark about the escalating tension in the Korea Peninsula. North Korea hasn't been this hostile since Kim Jong-Il ran out of Hennessy.

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

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are always welcome

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Tuesdays at 7:30 pm

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Our generation stands at a

crossroads. With sincerity and

humor, we strive to make you

reexamine, investigate, question,

learn, and maybe pee your pants

along the way. We are the reason

people can't wait for Tuesday.

We are **the water tower.**

news ticker: ten Afghan children, two women killed in NATO air strike. So that's, you know, awful +++ John Kerry threatens Iran, off to a good start +++ China to start cruises to disputed territories ■

DOMA-continued from page 1

ministration announced it would no longer defend DOMA's constitutionality, but would still enforce the law unless and until Congress repealed it or the Court declared it unconstitutional.

With the case history under our belts, let's get down to the legal matters. The issue in both the *Hollingsworth* and *Windsor* cases is Equal Protection. Equal Protection law centers on different "levels of scrutiny." Race, national origin, and religion are traditionally considered "suspect classes" because, among other factors, people who have historically been marginalized because of those traits are generally at a disadvantage in the political process. Any government action, regulation, or law that discriminates against these groups is subject to "strict scrutiny." In contrast, "quasi-suspect classes," such as gender, receive "intermediate scrutiny." The lowest level of scrutiny is termed "rational basis," and this level simply requires that a government action be rationally related to a legitimate government interest. In the *Windsor* case, the district court struck down DOMA on rational basis grounds, but the circuit court

of appeals went one degree higher and claimed that sexual orientation met the "intermediate scrutiny" level. This is a positive step for same-sex marriage advocates, because it means the government faces a tougher standard in enacting laws against those of homosexual orientation.

To set aside the legal jargon and put it in human terms, those who support the right of same-sex couples to marry in California and who believe that the federal government should recognize the legality of same-sex marriage so that spouses can collect federal benefits are making an argument about human dignity. They claim that giving a legal relationship called "marriage" to opposite-sex couples while only permitting "domestic partnerships" to same-sex couples denies these relationships equal value and respect.

The case decisions will be released in June. The Court could strike down both government actions, uphold them, or split the difference. Some clues came from the justice's comments during oral arguments. Predictable liberal Justice Ginsburg, for example, questioned the two kinds of mar-

riage in states that allow gay marriage, "the full marriage, and then this sort of skim milk marriage," while Justice Sotomayor similarly asked, "what gives the federal government the right to be concerned at all at what the definition of marriage is?" On the conservative side, Justice Roberts suggested that gays and lesbians should not be considered a "suspect class" and pointed to recent shifts in public opinion to suggest that the issue will work itself out. Justice Kennedy emphasized that it was inappropriate for the federal government to interfere with the states' right to regulate marriage, whatever "side" of same-sex marriage those regulations may be on.

Speaking personally, the decision could not be clearer. When a state defines marriage as the union of a man and a woman, or when the federal government refuses benefits to a legally married couple, it says this: "even though you have been in a romantic partnership of the same nature as opposite-sex couples, we disapprove of and disagree with your choice of whom you'd like to marry. Please change to suit our narrow-minded view of what love is and

should be, reapply at a later time, and have a very happy and straight day."

Opposite-sex couples are never required to prove their love or to explain why they chose their partner. They are never asked questions of the deeply probing and insulting nature that same-sex couples are subject to. Same-sex couples are attacked on the basis of their character, abilities, interests, physical traits, and lifestyle—on the essential qualities of being human.

Our nation has perpetrated similar attacks on race, religion, gender, and disability, and we have since recognized that human judgment and prejudice results in error and injustice. It's time we see the same error and injustice in our treatment of same-sex couples. When Edith Windsor won in district court, she said, "It's thrilling to have a court finally recognize how unfair it is for the government to have treated us as though we were strangers." We can only hope the justices will come to the same conclusion when they hand down their decision in June. Until then, the nation waits. ■

mariel brown-fallon

blackberry releases new phone: fails to produce competitive product again

by dannissim

Research in Motion (R.I.M.), now known simply as Blackberry, is famous for their QWERTY phone that changed the mobile game. Blackberry products excelled because of their top-rate keyboards, Blackberry Messenger (BBM) service, and enterprise services.

Enter 2013, where the QWERTY phone is a thing of the past, the BBM service has lost exclusivity, and enterprise services are offered with every major cell phone on the market. Blackberry has struggled to ship their latest product, the Blackberry Z10, to the market in a timely manner. Blackberry has floundered for the past year: releasing weak products featuring their old operating system. BB10, Blackberry's latest operating system, is here, and many are wondering if this is the answer to all of Blackberry's problems. I was able to grab some hands-on time with Blackberry Z10 to try out some of the new features.

Right of the bat, the Z10 is solidly built. Its tech specs are up to par with the Galaxy S3 and iPhone 5 with features such as 4G LTE an NFC, or Near Field Communication, used in several ways such as mobile payment and information sharing. The Z10 has been released to AT&T in America with other carriers coming soon. The BB10 operating system ran smoothly with switching between applications and menus without any glitching or lag. I was impressed by the Z10's virtual keyboard and was also very impressed by the instant-shot capability of the camera.

The Z10 has many strong features, but why should anyone buy one? I mean, in a market where the iPhone is the app king, and the Samsung Galaxy line rules the Android market; why should anyone want a

Blackberry device? Simply put: there is no reason.

When it comes down to it Blackberry isn't offering anything unique, and I foresee its drift into irrelevance. They had a mess with trying out the tablet market with their Playbook device. Blackberry's financials have been in the red for the past year and just started seeing some profit this past quarter. I can't imagine why anyone would want to buy a device that not only has very little third party developer support, but also is running an unproven operating system. My past experiences with Blackberry devices have been less than stellar, with phones freezing up constantly. The Blackberry Z10 does not have that "it" feature to separate itself from the pack. It boasts a Siri-esque voice control and has the Blackberry Hub where you can control integral features, but nothing got my nerd sense tingling.

I am left pondering the fate of Blackberry. I do believe the Blackberry will continue to exist as a corporate device; my dad never has a moment where his Blackberry is not in hand. I foresee them downsizing or even getting bought out. There have always been little rumors swirling around about who is thinking of acquiring the company. There are also some rumors of Blackberry licensing its BB10 operating system to other producers. I hate to say that the Blackberry we knew three years ago has been railroaded by the iOS/Android powerhouse and has never been able to recover. In our smartphone age, the Blackberry is no more than simple pawn in the cell phone market. ■

around town.



a singular experience at a single pebble

by caito'hara

As college students, we generally think of Asian food as one broad category of “shitty Chinese take-out.” This shouldn’t be taken as a negative, as shitty Chinese is a genre of food in and of itself, and there are definitely varying degrees of success. But when was the last time, especially in Burlington, that you had Asian food and left not only extremely satisfied, but with your bowels still intact? Never? Let me tell you, you’re missing out.

Down on Bank St. you’ll find A Single Pebble. It’s tucked into a seemingly small building and is so nondescript that you have to be looking for it or you’ll pass right by. I had heard good things about it, but was still somewhat hesitant as I walked in. Within moments, I knew I was about to have a fantastic meal. The smells wafting out of the kitchen were enticing and intoxicating, people were laughing, and it felt as though some of the stresses we all carry were lifted off my shoulders.

My favorite thing about this place is that food is brought to you as soon as it’s ready, no matter the order. By the time food gets to your table, it’s approximately just cool enough to almost not melt the roof of your mouth. But with a focus on family style dining, it’s nice that it stays hot as things get shared.

Down to what we all really care about: the food. Lemme tell you, this may have been one of the best meals I’ve had in recent memory. We’ll start at the beginning. There aren’t really “appetizers” per say, but you can order small dishes and dumplings that can be consumed as such, and you’re given enough of each thing to feed a small child for 2 days. I tried the Mock Eel, also known as braised shitake mushrooms in a ginger sauce. What the description fails to mention is that they are flash fried before coming out, giving them a crispy exterior and a melt in your mouth interior. This was

“The smells wafting out of the kitchen were *enticing* and *intoxicating*, people were *laughing*, and it felt as though some of the stresses we all carry were lifted off my shoulders.”

the first thing I tried, and frankly, it could have been the last thing and I would have gone home happy. Next time I go, I really want to try their Sliced Barbecue Hanging Pork, if only because you can’t go wrong with a name like that.

Seafood lovers rejoice! A Single Pebble delivers. It took some time to make a decision. Although they only offer a handful of seafood dishes, all of them sounded amazing. The Lemon Sesame Shrimp was so tempting, but the waitress convinced me to try one of their most popular dishes, the Crispy Scallops. Oh. My. God. If there is a heaven, this dish is served there. Exactly as it implies, this dish has lightly fried scallops in the most heavenly sauce, served with lightly sautéed vegetables. It was easily my favorite dish of the night and perhaps the last year.

Turf lovers, fear not! They’ve got you covered too. Beef, pork, and poultry for all of you carnivores (try the Tangerine Peel Chicken, trust me)—and tofu, seitan, and vegetable options for the vegetarian inclined. Although I personally am not a huge fan of tofu, vegetarian friends have said that this is one of the best places in the area to get it. They’re also really good about substituting tofu or seitan in place of meats in their dishes, and will work to accommodate your specific dining needs. With this variety, it’s hard to imagine someone not leaving satisfied. Soups and awesome specials round out the savory side of things, and the dessert menu isn’t bad either. Think coconut crème brûlée and amaretto cheesecake kind of good. No matter what you choose to try, you will leave happy and wanting to come back.

Now I’ll admit, going out with just two people and getting all that food isn’t exactly cheap, so this is really a place where you go to share with friends and loved ones. Splitting a bill with a group is going to be nicer to your wallet and your evening, so grab some friends and give A Single Pebble a try. ■

will the *real* dan fogel please stand up?

by kerrymartin

Weeks before I first arrived at the University of Vermont, during the summer of 2011, I read it on national news: Daniel Mark Fogel, UVM president since 2002, had resigned after a series of romantic letters and emails between his wife and his vice president hit the press. The publicity surrounding this pseudo-scandal was a heinous invasion of privacy for Fogel, who was forced to admit that his wife had suffered from psychiatric problems her whole life.

But Fogel deflected much of the sympathy he was due by accepting a \$400,000 severance package, which Vermont governor Peter Shumlin described as “exorbitant.” And so I arrived at a school under the leadership of interim president John Bramley, knowing little about his predecessor outside the countless “Fogel’s package” jokes.

But who was this man? I loved UVM right off the bat, but this was a post-Fogel UVM. Did he deserve more credit than we gave him? Here, I will try to answer these questions, for you and for myself. Dan Fogel is many things, I’ve discovered: poet, professor, scholar, editor, publisher, administrator, father, and husband. But what kind of human being is he?

On January 31st, 2003, six months into his presidency, Dan Fogel wrote a letter to his Board of Trustees outlining his ten-year vision for the university. After describing in detail what he thought UVM could look like by 2013, he insisted that his plan’s “plausibility rests on our recognizing the strategic moment, the tipping point at which we now stand, and acting boldly to do what must be done if we are not to fall back but move upward.” The Board was so impressed by the letter that they persuaded Fogel to release it to the entire university.

Fogel had just left Louisiana State University, where during his 26 years he had climbed the ranks from professor to provost. “I never sought out administrative work,” he told me when I interviewed him in his large Old Mill office last week. In 1983, Fogel was invited to fill an administrative position in the LSU English Department. It was all uphill from there, as he navigated his way from post to post as if fueled by pent-up ambition: from Graduate Director, to Graduate Council Member, to Associate Dean, to Dean, to Vice Provost, to Provost.

It was yet another crisis that brought him back up north. “Back then, some people thought of the university as three separate universities,” he told me. “In fact, people weren’t even sure whether the University of Vermont would continue to exist.” That’s why they hired Fogel: a big man with a big name from a big school who would help make UVM bigger.

And he certainly did. Under Fogel, the undergraduate student body grew from 7,000 to over 10,000. He expanded the full-time faculty by eight percent, and increased

all faculty salaries by five percent every year. The number of applicants jumped from under 10,000 to over 20,000. ALANA students doubled, from five to ten percent. The average student SAT scores increased substantially. He founded the Honors College, bought Trinity Campus, and built some of the greenest buildings on any college campus in the country: University Heights, Jeffords, Aiken, and the Davis Center.

But other things got bigger too. Since 2002, the total annual cost for Vermonters has risen from \$14,761 to \$25,348; for out-of-staters, it’s gone from \$26,821 to a cool

tation as a cutting-edge research institution (as well as a larger endowment). But it undeniably marks a change in Dan Fogel, who has been a life-long lover of the arts. “Literature allows us to address the most important questions in life, questions that can’t be addressed by science,” he told me. But he allowed his presidential post to make him re-think or downplay the importance of the arts, either for the university’s reputation or his own.

Now, after nearly three decades of administrative work, Fogel is back in the classroom, teaching courses on Henry James and Romantic poetry. I sat in on his two classes, and I can say this much.

First, I don’t know what kind of teacher he was like before he rose in the ranks, but he doesn’t seem to have shed his presidential tone for his pupils. I asked him whether he had brought any presidential perspective back to his professorship, and he laughed, “Probably, my poor kids. I sometimes berate them about their writing, and they’ve heard some of my presidential anecdotes.” But it goes past that: as a teacher, he is still comfortable being the biggest, smartest, most important voice in the room. He makes many extremely astute and informed observations about the texts, but he is utterly impotent at sparking discussions. Perhaps the blame for that lies on his students, many of whom seemed disengaged; but perhaps it is Fogel’s own choosiness that scares his students behind their laptop screens.

And secondly, though back in the classroom, Fogel has not come full circle. Professor or not, he’s not the man he once was. He used to be a guitar-playing hippy poet with a big red beard; now he’s a well-kempt, well-dressed scholar who exudes professionalism. He used to be a war protester and a regular at rallies in Washington; as president, he had the police break up numerous student rallies, protests, and campouts. And like any hippy poet, he probably cared little for money. But when I asked him whether his status

as the English department’s by far highest-paid professor weighs on him, especially as the department faces a fiscal crisis, he gave me a remorseless, “No, it doesn’t.”

Now I must make this clear: Dan Fogel is an eminently kind, thoughtful, innovative, hardworking, and happy man. Few people can resist respecting his countless accomplishments. But success can be isolating, even lonely, and it’s impossible to foresee this until you’re already on the top and you’ve got no one to impress except for yourself.

So thank you, Dan Fogel, for taking the time to talk to me. Thank you for everything you’ve done for UVM. If this portrait has been inaccurate or presumptuous or unfair, I apologize; I know your intentions have always been positive and pure, and for that, you deserve a lot of respect. And readers, there’s so much more to this story. Because even after all this, I don’t think I know the real Dan Fogel. But I sure hope Dan Fogel does. ■



ben berrick

lies you believe thanks to uvm confessions (and the truth behind them)

by dansuder

UVM Confessions is a Facebook page where anyone can anonymously submit their “confessions.” It can be funny, intriguing, and thought-provoking, but usually... it lies. Here’s proof.

Lie 1: Everyone is attractive but you.

Truth:

You’re attractive. Furthermore, there are probably nicer ways to have that pointed out to you than having a stranger publicly announce that you are “10/10, would bang.” Not everyone is attracted to the same type of person, and you don’t have to look “that way” to be attractive. I don’t think I’m 10/10, but at least one person thinks I am. Same goes for you.

Lie 2: If you’ve ever had sex with a varsity athlete, you should probably get tested.

Truth:

If you are considering having sex with anybody, not just varsity athletes, you should probably get tested. Then, you should have safe sex. Use a condom, use a female condom, use a dental dam, be on the pill, use some lube, whatever. You can find free condoms at several locations on campus. Safe sex is literally one of the first things you learn when you come to UVM, so take it to heart. If you need a refresher, Health Services can help you out.

Lie 3: Some people at UVM seem like really bad people.

Truth:

Bad people probably make up a good chunk of us. I’m probably a bad person. You’re probably a bad person. Maybe you disagree very strongly with someone, but that doesn’t mean you should assume they have nothing positive to offer. If someone opposes gay marriage, they may still be a good person. If someone makes a joke about rape, well, they’re probably a bad person right now, but not everyone shares the identities and experiences that have made you understand what is so wrong about that. So don’t treat them like scum: teach them, or ask for the help of someone who feels comfortable teaching them. With any luck, we’ll one day live in a world where groups don’t scream homophobic slurs at funerals, **the water tower** doesn’t run sexist content, and people feel comfortable being themselves all of the time, but for now it is our responsibility to teach, own up to our own mistakes, and try our best to lead by example.

Lie 4: There are two UVM students who are immensely turned on by the thought of potatoes.

Truth:

Let’s just say... there are at least three. Trust me. ■

reflections.

cyber-bullying:

our generation's version of the sandbox

by nickpatyk

A train is coming. You are on a bridge above the track. Below you, five people are tied to the railroad. Next to you is an obscenely obese man. If you push him onto the track, the train will be stopped. But he will also surely be killed. Here's your choice: push one guy and save five people, or let five die and avoid killing the man. The choice that saves more human life is obvious: kill one instead of five. However, to do so would not be easy or desirable.

According to studies done on this topic, comparatively few people say they would kill the man if they had to do so by physically pushing him. Many more say they would save the five if they could push a button that killed the man by means of a trap door leading to the tracks. Conclusively, human beings have a much easier time inflicting pain upon one another if they can do so from a distance—and distance is in no short supply within cyberspace.

Cyber-bullying, defined as "willful and repeated harm inflicted through the use of computers, cell phones, and other electronic devices," is an extremely prevalent problem among modern adolescents. A particularly public and tragic case is that of Amanda Todd, a 15 year old from British Columbia, Canada. After a topless photo of her was

released on Facebook against her will, she attempted suicide at least twice. During her time of difficulty, her classmates left disturbing posts on her Facebook page, saying things like, "I hope she dies this time and isn't so stupid." Unfortunately, on October 10th, 2012, their wishes were realized.

In the past, bullies could only reach relatively small groups of students. Bullying also had to take place in person. However, through use of the Internet, predators can reach massive online audiences and avoid direct human confronta-

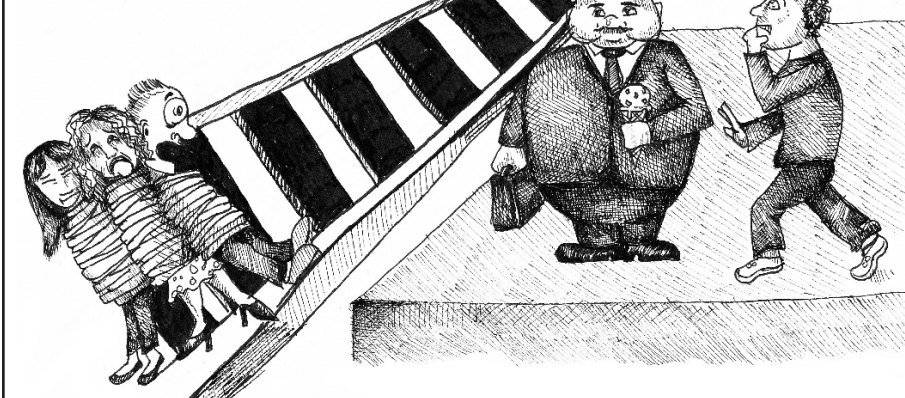
tion. Cyber-bullies are also tougher to stop than traditional tormentors, as they face little to no adult presence within the realm of cyberspace. Finally, the incessancy of cyber-bullying is particularly harmful. In the past, students usually had to face their aggressors only in school. However, social networking sites like Facebook and Twitter make it possible for bullies to reach their victims at virtually any time and place.

Bullying is not a new phenomenon. But cyberspace gives aggressors a sense of anonymity, and allows them to torment their victims in front of massive audiences.

I don't know if Amanda Todd's assailants could have encouraged her suicide to her face. Perhaps they were cruel enough to do so. But if they did, at least they would have had to look at a living, breathing person. They would have seen and felt the reality of her reaction. But all they did was log in and click "post."

So before you send a message or post something on Facebook, imagine relaying the same message in person. And if you couldn't push the fat man, don't push the button. ■

"bullying is not a new phenomenon. but cyberspace gives aggressors a sense of *anonymity*, and allows them to torment their victims in front of massive audiences."



changes at vertigo comics

by rebecca laurion

It's a great time to be a comic book geek. The vast expansion of the medium over the past several decades has meant tons of writers, artists, and more publishers than ever before. Gone are the days when superheroes or Sunday funnies were a reader's only options. Nearly every genre is now represented in the industry: action, fantasy, romance, horror, comedy, historical—you name it. And I'll admit, with the plethora of choices, heading into Earth Prime, Newbury, Jetpack or any other comic shop can be pretty daunting, especially if you're new to the medium. Do a bit of research, however, and one publisher will keep coming up: Vertigo Comics, a division of DC Comics. Vertigo's titles are generally geared towards adults with their plotlines, and often violent and sexual content. If you don't believe me, they're launching a graphic novel version of *Girl With the Dragon Tattoo* on May 1. If that's not adult content, I don't know what is.

Vertigo is in a weird place right now. Many of their popular current series are coming to an end in the near future or are on hiatus—The Unwritten, and American Vampire,

for example—and the Senior Vice President and Executive Editor Karen Berger has stepped down. Yeah, I know that name probably means nothing to you right now, so prepare to get educated, peeps. Berger has been the VP for Vertigo for the past 20 years, and she helped get graphic novel series like Neil Gaiman's *Sandman*, 100 Bullets, *Y the Last Man*, *V for Vendetta* and *Fables*, including its numerous spinoffs, off the ground. Vertigo's been changing the game of comics for years. So yeah, it's kind of natural to wonder what exactly is going to happen to this company now. Nonetheless, Vertigo still has some great writers and artists on its hands, such as Mike Carey, Peter Gross, and Jeff Lemire.

Relatively new to Vertigo (his first work for them was in 2009) Lemire is one of those rare modern writers that seems to care more about telling a story, instead of just raking in the cash by milking his characters for everything they're worth—a talent which will certainly aid him as he takes over writing for *Justice League Dark*, starting with Issue 9. Hailing from Canada (he wrote an entire series about hockey, believe it or not, called *Essex County*, and

his *Underwater Welder* was set off of Nova Scotia. Yeah, I wasn't kidding), Lemire focuses a lot of his writing on the relationships between fathers and sons. This is especially true in my personal favorite work of his, *Sweet Tooth*, which just finished its 40-issue run with Vertigo a few months ago; I'm now going to convince you to read it immediately. Warning: fangirling ahead.

Sweet Tooth manages to fit more genres into it than should be humanly possible. Seriously—mythology, religion, adventure, suspense, horror, science fiction and a dash of romance all revolving around a goddamn apocalypse. And who doesn't love a good end of the world story? To summarize: a plague kills off the majority of the human race, and the only ones immune are animal/human hybrid children, the only children born after the plague broke out. The story revolves around a boy with antlers, Gus, and the hard-weathered, tough-ass Jeppard, as they try to figure out how the plague began, and how to keep themselves alive from all the enemies wanting to kidnap Gus and experiment on him. Seriously, if

life of psy

by phoebefooks

The year is 2013. The month is April, which may be enough to shock you already, but what's more is that we live in a day and age in which an uncommon sighting would not include an elderly relative, professor, or even an elementary-aged younger cousin or other cohort preforming any extent of a rendition of the insanely popularized "Gangnam Style" song and dance. "Oh god," you think, "Is that obnoxious song seriously still relevant? This is a newspaper for fuck's sake." Now before you give up on me and turn to page nine for some real trash, understand that I'm not here to remind you that Psy's "Gangnam Style" is the most popular video on YouTube. I'm here to reveal the man behind the periwinkle tuxedo coat and super kawaii round-frame sunglasses. Where did "Psy" come from? And where is he now?

To no surprise, Psy grew up in the Gangnam District of South Korea. His parents note their son's early affinity for music, while Psy's teachers recall his crude jokes and interruptions in class. Psy spent a brief four years in Boston from 1996 to 2000 attempting to study at both BU and Berklee, but returned quickly to South Korea, determined that a music career was the only life for him. His first album, released one year later, *PSY from the Psycho World!*, received negative attention from both the South Korean government in the form of fines for inappropriate lyrics, and from the Korean public for Psy's peculiar dance moves, earning him a Korean nickname that translates to "The Bizarre Singer." His second album *Sa 2* was simply banned.

After serving two short years in the military (mandated by the South Korean government—Psy shortened his service by reporting employment at a software development company), two albums, one additional year of service (upon the military's discovery that Psy was actually not employed by a software company), and one more album later, "Gangnam Style" was released on Psy's

sixth album. In less than two months the hit video was topping YouTube and iTunes charts alike.

The oddity with "Gangnam Style," however, is that its popularity sources primarily from countries such as the US, Australia, Canada, France, Germany, Italy, Spain, and the UK, not so much in Asia. Japan's opinion of the track has been described as "lukewarm," although the Chinese state media did label "Gangnam Style" as a "divine melody." Nonetheless the song received unprecedented attention from even the realm of international politics; UN Secretary General Ban Ki-Moon described "Gangnam Style" as a "force for world peace." The irony in the song's positive reception in primarily western countries is that these same nations are typically the least-inclined of any world region to the emerging "K-Pop" genre.

So how would you feel if you had created the most popular YouTube video of all time? If CEOs, NGOs, and all types of celebrities alike were tweeting and retweeting that very video, and the fucking American Council on Exercise ran a study that reported doing the "Gangnam Style" dance for half an hour can burn 150-200 calories? (That's almost more than running.) Psy has been basking in his stardom, partying as one would suspect, but he's also had to do some spring cleaning with his questionable lyrical history. President Obama was criticized for shaking hands with the artist, due to a very anti-American performance held in South Korea in 2004 at which he sang "Kill those fucking Yankees who have been torturing Iraqi captives / Kill those fucking Yankees who ordered them to torture / Kill their daughters, mothers, daughters-



liz stafford

in-law and fathers / Kill them all slowly and painfully." Psy made a formal apology earlier this year for these statements.

It's stories like these that make me wonder what type of random occurrences will come back to haunt me should I ever one day make a world famous YouTube video. (Hey, anything can happen.) Most likely it'll be something I tweeted or the fact that there exists somewhere on the Internet a picture of me taking jello shots on a unicycle in a certain UVM residential hall bathroom. I can barely imagine the way Psy must feel, a relatively unknown K-Pop artist, turned international superstar practically overnight. ■

lulu:

the "hate on your man" app

by marissabucci

Today at lunch, a friend of mine introduced me to the iPhone app Lulu. Perhaps I'm just really behind the times, but it was the first that I had ever heard of it, and its purpose shocked me. Essentially, Lulu is Tinder on steroids, another app that connects anonymously to your Facebook and bogarts personal information for a technological mating venture.

Lulu's "genius" lies in its basic premise: it's an app "for girls, by girls," meaning no boys allowed. Instead, once you connect to your Facebook, the app goes through and filters out your male friends, who you can then rate in a very invasive manner. Your rating criteria is dependent on how you identify your

relation to the person: "friend," "relative," "hookup," "ex," and the always-ambiguous "together" are among the options.

I decided to test it out on a high school friend of mine. I selected friend as our relation and the first question I was asked was about his looks. The potential descriptions ranged from "he'd be perfect for a blind chick," to "he's my go-to fantasy." I settled on "there's nothing wrong with average," and was next asked to rate his humor based on the prompt, "If his jokes were money, he would be... (a baller)." Then his idea of a perfect first date ("coffee"), where he'll be in 10 years ("into the Penthouse beside Jay-Z"), and when he would commit ("to the woman who changes him"). I was then asked to evaluate his good and bad qualities in terms of provided hashtags. They included #NotADick, #SexualPanther, #DoesDishes, #WillSeeRomComs, and then the more negative #OwnsCrocs, #NapoleonComplex, #420, #HighlyMedicated, and the always reassuring #InACult. I was then informed that based on my selections, my dear friend was a 7.8. "He'll never call

when he's supposed to, but he'll stop at nothing to get what he wants."

My first qualm with this is that if the tables were turned, the public outcry would be unbelievable. An app judging women so harshly would be taken down before you could say misogyny. And yet this app has been out for two months and I had never even heard of it. For all of the shit us girls tend to give guys, it doesn't really seem fair to me that this kind of reverse-discrimination is so easily tolerated in our society.

"lulu takes out the element of making your own mistakes and the belief that people can change their ways."

Being a feminist doesn't mean being okay with slamming men. This app is surely going to turn into a place where disgruntled exes and one-

night stands go to bitch about how terrible some guy is, and launch a smear campaign to keep any other girl from being interested in him. Lulu takes out the element of making your own mistakes and the belief that people can change their ways.

The app plays on the judgment that is so ingrained in our society, and, by extension, ourselves. But it's hard to resist wanting to hype up your available guy friends to help them find a nice lady, and also slamming the guys who did you wrong. Perhaps I'm overreacting, and it's not that big of a deal. Perhaps Lulu won't become a Tinder-like phenomenon and will never really gain a holding in the UVM community, or elsewhere. But I'm wary of the direction in which media and relationships seem to be heading. In my opinion, it's anti-feminist to fight for women's rights and equality while simultaneously objectifying men and reducing them to hashtag definitions and numbers. Treating men the way that some men treat women is no way to improve our standing in the world. Dragging men down doesn't raise us up, it only degrades society even more. ■

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fashion five-oh.



catastrophic *couture*: trends to try ... *never*

by staceybrandt

There is a certain phenomenon in our fashion culture that occurs when a trend is so terrible that it seems to pass, paradoxically, as fashionable (this also occurs in music; google “Gangnam Style” or “Carly Rae Jepsen” for details). This cultural occurrence is beautifully illustrated in TLC’s “Say Yes to the Dress,” or what I like to call, “First World Problems: Bitchy Bride Edition,” a show that features brides attempting to select their perfect wedding dress. Despite the multitude of dress styles the brides may choose from, time and time again they insist on trying the rarely flattering, hardly enchanting Mermaid Style dress.

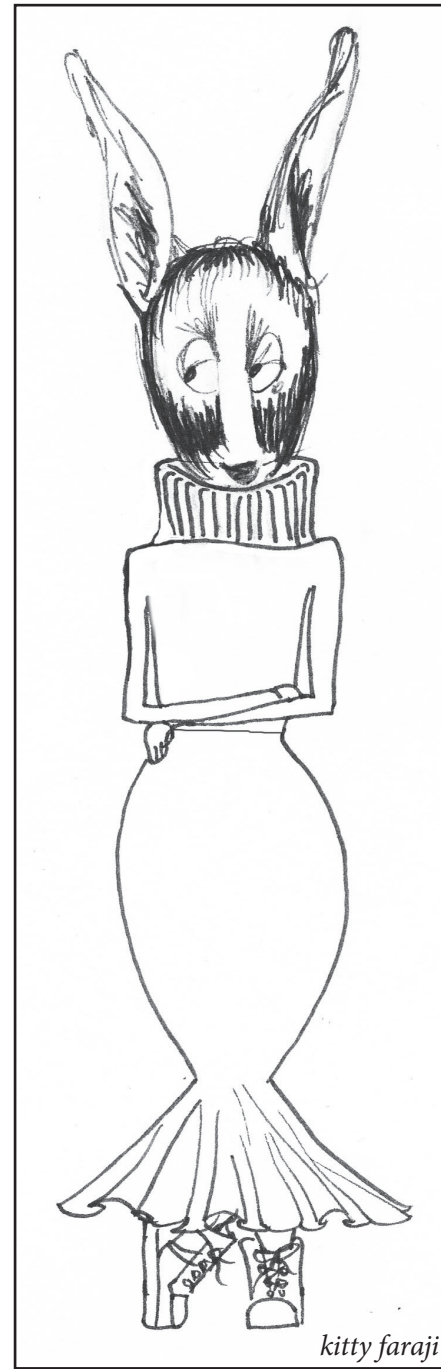
Let me just say this: unless you are an actual mermaid, or are undergoing transitional surgery to become a mermaid, it is not anatomically correct for you to wear this style of dress. Sure, if you stand in place with one leg slightly in front of the other like a mermaid statue, the dress looks good; but the last time I checked, people don’t live in souvenir snow globes in the Disney World gift shop. We have to walk. The only way to move in a mermaid dress is to awkwardly shuffle your feet because your legs are completely bound together by tight fabric. I guess if you’ve ever wondered what chafing between your knees feels like, wearing a mermaid dress is the perfect way to try it out. All that agony so you can appear to have a mermaid tail? I had no idea that quality was so desired in today’s love market.

Sneaker heels, which I will refer to as “sneels,” are another bizarre fashion trend that have somehow gained popularity despite their inherent weirdness (side note: “sneels” should not be confused with “sneals,” or snobby seals, otherwise known as sea-lions). The only people who can wear sneels appropriately are as follows: 1) a model doing a half-runway show half-5K fundraiser, 2) Blake Lively because she just happens to be *Blake*

Lively—enough said, and 3) a post office supervisor with a FTW attitude. There’s good chance you are not even close to any of these things, so please stop thinking sneels are some incredible solution to the whole “dressy casual attire” dilemma (e.g. “I want to be dressy, but not too dressy”). And don’t kid yourself; wearing sneels does not help you pull off the whole sporty-sexy vibe. It’s just not a good idea to mix casual and fancy attire because you’ll ultimately end up with sneels or one of those redneck, cut-off t-shirts with a tuxedo painted on the front.

I’ll end my list of fashion catastrophes with a classic that we are all guilty of having worn (though hopefully not recently): turtlenecks. Odds are if you are wearing a turtleneck you have not yet discovered scarves. Who wants to be a fucking turtle anyways? Come out of your shells people! I promise, you can still win the race without physically emulating a turtle. Of course, there are a couple of special exceptions to the rule. You have the right to wear a turtleneck if and only if you are a character on a 90’s sitcom (most likely *Roseanne*), you are hiding a very large, rash-like hickey, or you are a mom who just does not give a shit what you look like because you are putting three kids through college and your husband is a pig and you will damn straight wear whatever the hell you want!

It is one thing to wear a skirt and Uggs (please never do this); it’s a whole other story to show up to a wedding attempting to look like a mermaid when in actuality you just look like a human dinner bell. For your own sake, I hope you are not caught dead in any of these styles of clothing—literally. You’ll probably die of embarrassment, or a freak accident involving sneaker heels and the misperception of one’s ability to run while wearing them. ■



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

You fuck all these douchebags
and I know you don’t want a man
You’d call me a fag
If I told you that everyday I wanna hold your hand
And those guys you bang suck
they only know you as an amazing fuck
They don’t know you’re intelligent, funny, fun,
An artist and a poet and a redhead in the sun
I’ve known you for a while
And I still can’t make you smile
I don’t know why I can’t get you off my mind
I’m used to being a player I don’t like being kind
You’ve captivated me but I’m afraid to let you see
You’re a beautiful devil and it’s gonna break me.
When: all the time.
Where: everywhere.
I saw: A Queen
I am: A friend with bens

remember to check out the overflow
on the blog!
thewatertower.tumblr.com

Jesus Christ number twenty-one
What I’d do to get on your love gun
I can’t even pretend like I don’t know your name
Because I basically stalk you with no shame
You’re not the best, sometimes you’re bad
But all those tattoos on your arm drive me mad
So get off your high horse
And come kiss me with force
Because it makes me sad
When I want you so bad
When: every men’s basketball game
Where: mostly the gym...but sometimes elsewhere
I saw: my future fuckbuddy
I am: in the pep band

You’ll read this poem
I know you will,
but you won’t realize it’s from me.
Cause the way you think about me,
isn’t the same
as the way I think about you.
There was something there, months ago
and I swear that you felt it too.
But neither of us took the chance
and foolishly
I thought we wouldn’t crumble apart
like we did.
Problem is
for me these feelings are all still here.
And despite how hard I try to despise you
for so unwittingly toying with my heart,
I miss you.
And still want you so bad.
When: only occasionally.
Where: nowhere, anymore.
I saw: a boy I desperately want to convince that he’s not as fucked up as he thinks he is.
I am: wanting to be called darling again.

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

DC Fishbowl
Girl 1: Nematode? Is that a Pokemon?
Girl 2: No honey...

In class
Professor speaking about a student: “She has the personality of a golden retriever but is approximately 50 times smarter. It took me a while to realize the smart part because she’s so happy all the time.”

Wednesday morning, Davis center bathroom
Biddy: I always got high when I worked as a camp counselor. It made the kids so much more manageable. (other bidds “blank stares”)
Biddy: Don’t worry! I was sober when I was life guarding. That would have been way too risky.

Millis hallway
Girl (to Dazed Girl leaning in doorway): Watch out there’s someone who wants to walk through.
Dazed Girl: Oh sorry
Guy (laughing): Thanks
Dazed Girl: No problem I’m a door holder.
Girl 1 (to Dazed Girl): Haha, a door holder. Ok Ima go back and study be a good girl don’t do drugs!

Volleyball Nationals Tournament!
Girl 1: Are you staying in Burly after you graduate?
Girl 2: No, I should probably become a real person.

Wednesday morning, cyber cafe
“I wish I was good at science so I could make lots of money.”

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fork it over.



an idiotic review of an *idiotic* product

by benberrick

I am a man. And as a man, I am bound up in the everyday struggle to punch, kick, and super-double-suplex my way through my sequentially more hostile day. By the time the sun sets, I’m usually almost too tired to squeeze in several hours at the gym, pumping hot iron up and down with my muscles. Considering this, I couldn’t help but be shocked by the lack of high protein snack products marketed to my sweat-soaked heavily oiled lifestyle: why can’t my food be as sharp and toned as I am? Why should I even partake of fruits or vegetables when their clear and disappointing lack of ripe, vascular abdominals betrays an utter lack of masculine authority?

That’s why I’m ecstatic that I found Yogurt for Men by Powerful Yogurt. I know what you’re thinking: yogurt isn’t right for men—it’s a food for women and small children. I used to agree; walking down the aisle in the supermarket, the bright colors and prominent text of the yogurt shelf confused and irritated my bull like-sensibilities,

causing me at least once to charge a nearby bystander and attempt to gore him. But this yogurt is different: encased in large black and red containers, I got nothing but the power

“pumping hot iron up and
down with my muscles”

vibes you normally only get from Tapout shirts. Also, the container’s sides are sculpted into sensual, bulging abs, just in case you had any doubt regarding the steaming manhood waiting inside to be shoveled into your gullet.

Moment of truth: when I tore open the top-using, of course, my fists—and tasted the hearty nectar within, I was immediately floored and experienced visions of both Hulk Hogan AND Randy Savage. The national anthem began to boom from every corner of the empty air; a small nest of eagles soared in through my open window and reminded

me to vote Republican before engaging in a whirling mid air fist fight. I felt each of the 20 grams of protein soak instantly into my muscles and my thighs quivered as I attempted to suppress the erection now bursting at the seams of my cargo shorts. As I slipped from consciousness, now cradled in the claws of a wandering bear, which I was choking while simultaneously accepting as my spirit animal, the taste of strawberry hung on my lips like the cherry on top of a sundae made of Crisco-soaked Greek wrestlers.

In summary, I have to highly recommend this product. Yogurt may have been limited to that OTHER gender before, but now that Powerful Yogurt is on the scene, we men have a rich new source of the protein to give us the strength to bust out a dozen 6-plate squats in the morning and perpetuate the patriarchy in the evening. Like the website says: if you are a dude who, “...takes care of himself [and] who likes looking good but who also drinks beer and eats chicken wings”, then you should order yourself a case now. God bless America. ■

tunes.

the triple take:

wolf



by lauragreenwood

take 1

Fuck.

I dare to say—in the third session with Dr. TC—Tyler, the Creator/Sam/Wolf has found his soft side. To the green ear, *Wolf* sounds nothing like your classic ballroom love ballad; however, in comparison to *Bastard* and *Goblin*, Tyler has finally created music that invokes more than just anger and immature laughter. He hasn't lost his abrasive flow, but he's actually more listenable. The smooth beats that guide us throughout *Wolf* are allowed their well-deserved center stage spotlight, only to be artfully paired alongside his emotional verses. For me, this subtle adjustment in his work is monumental. Tyler has actually managed to openly give some shit about love, loneliness, and relationships without just falling back on his usual call-out, crude, profane “fuck off” to everyone.

My theory about this album is that Tyler has been taking some more notes from Frank Ocean. With the giant hit that was *channel ORANGE*, I feel as though Tyler drew inspiration from Ocean. He has refined his style around whimsical melodies that are beyond fucking chill, and yet has maintained the same aggressive rap style. In “Slater,” Tyler dominates this track with his diiiiirty rhymes mixing his philanthropy with his rap lifestyle (“I wild ‘n’ out at shows, break shit it should be fun, venues are like pussy with me, should he come?”). But what I want to highlight is how he collaborates with Frank Ocean towards the end of the track. The beat, the rap, the attitude melds seamlessly into a romantic, nostalgic melody. Of course, Frank adds his beautiful singing, but Tyler even joins in. Somehow the same man who just talked about not respecting women (“Show me your titties, hon”) is now wistfully describing how his “bitches on my handlebars, hair blowing in the wind, her freckles look like candy bars, my cruel summer never ends.” Tyler is capable of love beyond just Wolf Gang, breaking shit, and goofing around! Allelujah! This theme continues throughout the album in tracks like “Awkward,” “Answer,” “IFHY,” and “Lone.”

Ah, what a breath of fresh air *Wolf* is. Really, go back and listen to Tyler's previous albums. In *Wolf*, as a female, I finally don't feel like I'm betraying my own sex as I enjoy his raps about just fucking women hard. This album is moving forward towards better topics than just wreaking hell on society. But, okay, say you really loved the anger of “Radicals” or the chaos of collabs on “Bitch Suck Dick”: have no fear, Tyler still delivers the usual Golf Wang, Odd Future fire. Towards the end of the album, tracks like “Pigs” and “Trashwang” keep the horror of OFWGKTA alive.

Personally, after two albums of offensive violent raps, I really prefer *Wolf* as the best way to deliver anger, outrage, emotions, and truth in good music. There are times for Waka Flocka noise, but *Wolf* reveals that there is a more artistic way out there to be a hard rapper.



by kittyfaraji

take 2

One doesn't need to listen to more than a few tracks to see that Tyler is shifting in a new direction. But it would seem obvious that *Wolf* is the only logical direction he could have taken his music. Some might even say that he has gone soft, but I say he's just finally writing about something different; I think it's nice to see Tyler delve into his deeper problems, like his relationship with his father (or lack thereof), and mourning the loss of his grandmother. Tyler's aggressive and often violent demeanor is apparent throughout the album, and his distinctive verbal dexterity shines in tracks like “Rusty” and “Pigs”. The album features most of the Odd Future main members, Pharrell, and even some lesser knowns like Erykah Badu.

The obvious standout track of the album is “Domo 23” with singalongability and a killer video, this track is basically two and a half minutes of smack talk. A great self shout-out and one of my favorite lines, “ Bitch, I ate one roach and I made a lot of money” refers to his “Yonkers” video in which he eats a cockroach and gained super notoriety. The beat is great and Tyler knows it: “it sounds like midgets in a goddamn speaker”. The music video also includes “Bimmer” at the end, a brief piece that is on another 3-part song on the album.

One of the most vulnerable tracks, “Answer” is a composition of competing characters in which Tyler's bipolar tendencies come out. He battles feelings of hate toward his father and hope that he may connect with him. It's very stripped down for Tyler, as if you took Earl Sweatshirt's “Chum” and put it to a Frank Ocean track.

“IFHY” is another great example of the bipolar themes this album is littered with. The song features Pharrell, and the video features Tyler as a doll, but my absolute favorite part is the beat change in the last minute or so of the track which I found out is actually a preview of the new Hodgy track called “Jamba”.

My one big criticism of this album is that there are a lot of throwaway tracks that don't necessarily add anything to his story, or are even particularly great for that matter. But he experiments on several tracks especially: “Trashwang”, which is a total departure from his usual sound, “Treehome” is a soulful, kind of jazzy piece (check out the controversial Jimmy Fallon performance), and “Tamale” a heavily percussive song.

The story all culminates in “Lone”, a really great ending, where we see Tyler as a sort of “lone wolf”, and a pretty perfect way to complete the album. All in all, this album was a very nice surprise to me, since I can now blast this album without getting salty, salty looks from that feminist neighbor who wonders why I listen to Tyler when I am a woman. It's also a great album to play when you're really, REALLY angry (see tracks “IFHY,” “Pigs”).

take 3

by dylanmccarthy

What exactly is Tyler, the Creator's role in Odd Future? The immediate label that comes to mind is “leader.” But a leader isn't a leader just because, there's got to be a definitive character. Domo Genesis is the token pothead, Jasper is the main comic relief, Frank Ocean is the resident smooth talker, and Earl Sweatshirt is easily the best straight up rapper. What's Tyler's real role then? The release of his third album *Wolf* cements Tyler's role as Odd Future's premier producer. *Wolf* is summed up in its intro song: There's some incredible R&B inspired production work from Tyler, alter ego to alter ego switching, a bit too much “fuckin fuck youuuu”, and verses that leave you wondering whether the good can outweigh the bad. Is this an oversimplification? Yes, to an extent, but as an ardent fan, *Wolf* is a strange, strange beast.

Wolf certainly shows signs of serious evolution for Tyler as both a rapper and a producer, but as a whole it's nothing to rave about. All of the album's incredible highs are checked by outright embarrassing lows. The second track “Jamba” ought to be buried wayyy down in the tracklist because it carries an annoying beat and half-assed lyrics from both Tyler and Hodgy. It's clear they were yearning for *Bastard*'s “French!”, but it doesn't even come close. Lead single “Domo23” is another track outright not worth listening to. OF is always self-aware, and it's clear that they're trying to satirize standard club tracks with a beat that feels like it was made in five seconds, and the robo-voiced “fuck that, golf wang” hook. However, they've done this joke a few times over, and this isn't the last mock club track on *Wolf*. “Domo23” feels more like “Rella” light than a lead single.

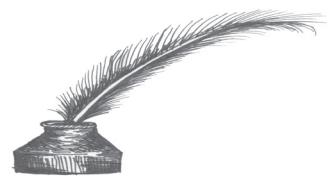
All's not annoying on *Wolf*, there's at least an EP's worth of A+, 100%, 10/10 songs, judged on both lyrical and production quality. “Answer” is mind blowing, mostly because this is the last thing one would expect from Tyler. We've heard some seriously ironic soft lines on previous Tyler tracks. “One, two, you're the girl that I want...” from “She,” and “I can grab the fireworks, the soda, all the cookies we can eat...” from “Analog”. That's not the case on “Answer”, here Tyler is, shit, he's full on sincere. Song's of this magnitude should erase blunders like “Jamba”, but straight up filler garbage like “Tamale” makes you question why he didn't just release an EP. *Wolf* has well over an hour's worth of material, but most of it just isn't good.

The album's best track is its centerpiece, the sprawling 7 and a half minute “PartyIsn'tOver/ Campfire /Bimmer”. This track does what the entire album should have done: build upon the entrancing, spooky, and smooth production style of Tyler's previous magnum opus “Analog II”. “PartyIsn'tOver/ Campfire /Bimmer” doesn't try and replicate the deep and sincere “Answer”; instead, it consciously lets the lyrics take the backburner to the hypnotizing R&B beat, baroque instrumentals, and absolutely gorgeous female vocals. Most OF songs that clock above 6 minutes practically guarantee a skip 3 minutes in (obviously excluding “Oldie”), but “PartyIsn'tOver/ Campfire /Bimmer” is an amazing listen all the way through. Sadly, this track is preceded by the album's worst track “Colossus.” This track is the closest thing to a track off of Tyler's first and best album, *Bastard*, utilizing the signature piano ballad format of tracks like “Goblin” and “Bastard” from their respective self-titled albums. This sounds wonderful right? No no no no no. I simply can't describe this song in length, because it makes me question the direction of one of my favorite rappers. “Colossus” is a ballad that shows Tyler bitching about fans, throwing insulting one-liners to those who haven't been following him since the beginning, and—my God—this is just embarrassing for someone who gets paid to make music! Tyler, man, you're all about not giving a fuck, so why don't you shut the fuck up about annoying fans? Lyrics like “I know it seems like just I'm slobbering on your knob/ But I'm just a fan and I ain't losin my fucking noggin/ I ain't got a job and I went out and bought Goblin about 5 times/ Cause I love you, man!” are humiliating for someone our age trying to act like a badass.

That's the feel on *Wolf*, there are other great tracks like “IFHY” and “48”, but there's just nothing all that unique about them, nothing that brought tracks like “VCR/ Wheels” and “Yonkers” to our attention. Fans should stream first before they buy, and the skeptics can have their win. ■



créatif stuffé.



peggy

by lizcantrell

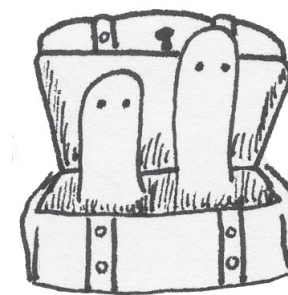
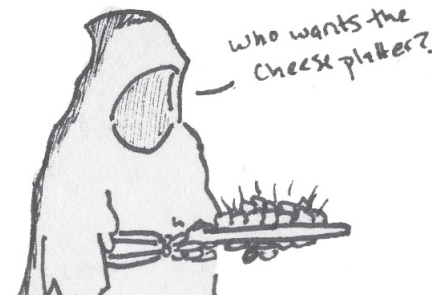
she kept cantaloupes on the pool table, resting in the shade of the basement.

when company came, a ripened lamb was chosen.

with a clean knife down the center rind,

she picked out the seeds, slick like newborn flesh.

in time, her mind: the melon's stringy pulp.



doodles by benberrick

film still from good.bad, a super 8mm film

kittyfaraji



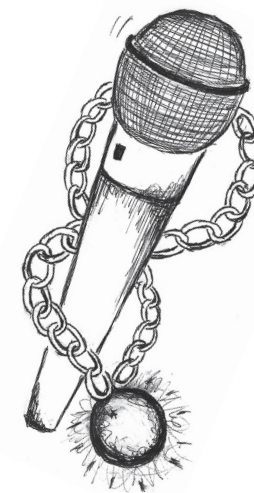
the cipher

with kerrymartin

Stretch out those hip-hop hamstrings, UVemcees, because it's time to bring your rhyme-slingin' back to **the water tower**. When you work hard and play hard all week long, nothing puts your mind at ease better than lyric therapy. This week, we soak up **Spring Time**.

Whan that April with his shoures soote
The droghte of March hath perced to the roote
And bathed every veyne in swich licour
Of which vertu engendred is the flour.
And students start to strip down to their skin
As soon as it's no longer negative ten.
But it's still windy, I would probably say
That it'll still be snowing late in May.
I've got exams, how can you fuck around?
Beneath a flood of words I've nearly drowned.
When it gets warm, I might procrastinate
But til then, I'll just try to masturbate.

by royale rimer Kerry Martin



Next issue, we smoke out **Cannabis Legalization** The week after, we cut apart **the United Nations**. Send your raps to thewatertowernews@gmail.com with the subject “My flow is too grimy, Ganges River” or something to that effect. Once again, best rapper of the semester gets a \$25 gift card to Boloco! ■

morning

by bethziehl


I dreamed,

of waking up beside you, tucked in our sleeping bags with red rock formations surrounding us, of feeling small yet so important next to you.

of watching the light rise slowly along the cold stone, warming its tones, waiting for it to touch us, to know that I am no longer dreaming.

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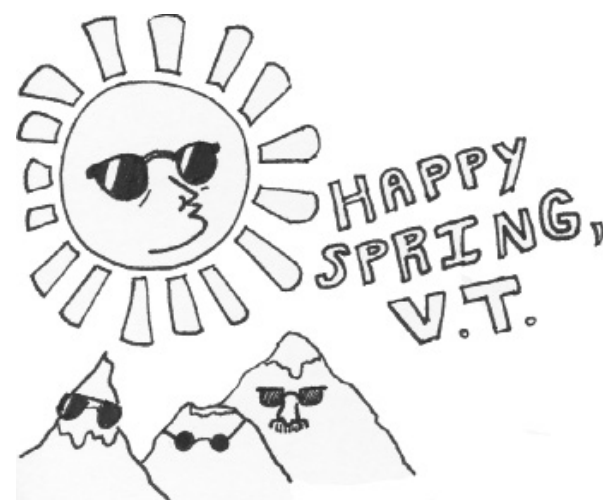


SATIRE STYX &



Tip o' the Week

Just because it's spring doesn't mean long-boarders get to rule the paths on campus again. So if you see one, knock them over.



ben berrick

things I would rather do than apply for summer jobs

- Play Video Games
- Lay around and do nothing
- Eat at the Grundle
- Stab myself in the leg so I can spend the day in the Hospital
- Do all my homework for the next year
- Get a haircut (and I really hate haircuts)
- Headbutt a moose
- Any others on a long list of ridiculous things that will get me maimed, killed or otherwise scarred for life

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