

the water tower.

uvm's alternative newsmag



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uvm.edu/~watertwr

it's national pot smoking day



how to make it special

by maxbookman

It's 4/20 and you're wondering if you are going to go get high today. Well of course you are! After all, the anticipation of 4/20 gets pot smokers more excited than finding a bag of headies on the sidewalk ("Fuck it dude, I'll smoke it"). But before any pot smoker worth his or her salt indulges in the festivities of 4/20, they must ask themselves, "Am I doing everything I can to make this the most special 4/20 possible?"

Lovers start going chocolate and lingerie shopping for Valentine's Day weeks ahead of time. Christian parents start compiling wish lists months before Christmas. Girls at UVM start thinking about their next Halloween costumes before Halloween is even over. So it stands to reason that stoners should start preparing for their holiday at least, well, a few hours in advance. You can't really ask much more than that or they'll just forget.

Today's smoking can't be just like every other day's smoking. On 4/20, stoners must ask, why is this spliff different than all other spliffs?

Pick a special spot

Don't opt for the usual. If your couch smells like Doritos, farts, and ash, it has probably seen too much ganja action to be special enough for 4/20. Smoking out in public is the quintessential 4/20 activity (think: turkey to Thanksgiving,

ing, drunken brawls to St. Patty's Day), but do not trust your friend who thinks the best place to smoke outside is in the ass-crack of sketchy alley, or crouching with hoodies up behind the Simpson dumpster. That's for noobs. Out in the open is better than a dark corner. But be warned. A long, long, time ago (lets say, 2003), 4/20 celebrants would engulf UVM in a sweet, legally dubious, haze.

Times are a'changin', though. UVM is not the pot school it used to be and UVM PD aren't the ganj-tolerant cops of years past. 364 days of the year, you can probably get away with smoking a joint on the Redstone or CBW green, but not today. Your best bet is to head downtown. Or if you want to nurture your inner free spirit, head out to a public park like North Beach, Leddy, or the scenic vista on Spear.

Ditch that nasty, resin-y, bowl

We all know the first question following "Do you wanna get high?" is usually "Well, what do you want to smoke out of?" Don't just smoke out of that little color-changing spoon that you named Smokey the Bear when you bought it

back in high school at that head shop that didn't card minors. Not today. 4/20 calls for something special. If you have a tube, change the water, clean it out, and filler up with some ice. If you prefer paper, take this as an opportunity to learn how to roll one of those crazy cones your friend says she learned how to make in Amsterdam. Even better, go downtown and buy a new piece. Bern Gallery is a

"Stoners should prepare for their holiday at least, well, a few hours in advance. You can't really ask much more than that or they'll just forget."

freshman favorite, but anyone who has bought a tiny little bowl there for \$50 knows there are better spots. Best bet is to walk a few blocks further down the hill to Northern Lights.

Eating weed food? Be patient!

Eating a slice of space cake or pounding a special brownie is a great way to make your 4/20 special. Weed food is great, but it's not for the impatient. Ever heard this one? "Nothing's happening, I'm gonna eat two more." When eating weed food, you have to wait! Don't gobble down your whole batch, or you're going to spend your 4/20 drooling in your bed.

Go for a ride

Going on a smoke ride is one of the best ways to enjoy 4/20. Driving has its advantages: primarily, you're a moving target, which makes it much harder for the po to catch on. Avoid highways and stay inconspicuous. Joints are best, but that's not to say you *can't* get away with ripping a bong while driving with your knees 80 miles per hour in the left lane down I-89.

Don't forget the essentials!

We've all been there. You get to your dope smoking spot, the blunt just got finished getting rolled, the anticipation is killing you and, wham. Nobody has a lighter. Make sure you have everything you need before you leave. A good idea is to get in the habit of leaving lighters everywhere. One in your room, one in your car, one in your underwear, one in your dreads.

But the most essential thing about 4/20 is remembering why you like smoking pot in the first place. Seasoned pot smokers get high for various reasons. Sometimes it seems like almost any reason is good enough. "I need to relax," "I need to wake up," "I'm about to go to class," "I just got back from class," "It's Monday night." Today, it should be about enjoying the company of your friends doing something you like to do. ■

lauryn schrom

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me

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inbox 

...but there is a scandal

Dear **water tower**...

I was surprised to see that you could openly insult the Catholic Church in this publication. FYI, I'm not Catholic or especially spiritual, nor was I offended really. I just found it odd (and a little amusing). Don't you have editors? I tried to think about how people would react if the same sort of bigoted stereotype was applied to a different religious or ethnic group. Doesn't sound like a pretty scenario. Way to be.

Cheers,

Cameron Smith

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

thewatertownews@gmail.com

the shit list with macsmith

David Ortiz Big Papi is being sued by Jay Z for naming his new club in Santo Domingo "Forty-Forty," which clearly bites off of the rapper's chain of "40/40" clubs across the US. Ortiz named his club for the difficult feat of hitting forty home runs and stealing forty bases in a season, and Jay Z's reflects the club's exclusivity. Jay Z is an avid Yankees fan, so this is an unusual new chapter to the Yankees-Red Sox rivalry, especially since it is difficult to tell right now which of the two is better at baseball. It is my personal opinion that Papi should change the name of his club to something that better reflects his style of play, like "bloated contract," or "post-roidal."

Tracy City Tennessee's Tracy City has a new mayor in Carl Geary. He's intelligent, he's charismatic, and he's dead. Geary died during the campaign, and the city elected him anyway. Which, by process of sheer logic, makes Tracy City incumbent mayor Barbara Brock the worst mayor in the history of the universe.

Earth Week Woah, everyone! Earth Day has finally become Earth Week! Take that, global warming!

Blane Dickinson This Welsh tattoo artist is expanding the family business by allowing his daughter to become a tattoo artist. She's three. Ruby Dickinson will become the youngest tattoo artist in the Guinness Book of World Records, and for thirty pounds, she'll give you a tattoo of a smiley sun, a house, and a horsey. If you're lucky.

Texas Little League coach Jeremy Dalgado was released on \$170 bail in Galveston County after he was arrested for "dropping the f bomb a few times." If you say fuck and you're a minority in Texas you can be arrested for misdemeanor disorderly conduct. Just goes to show that everything's bigger (and stupider) in Texas.

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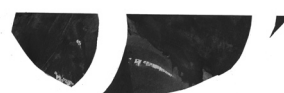
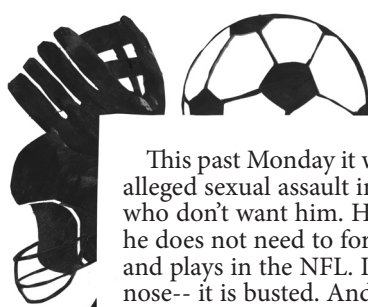
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SPORTS BLINK

with michaelcieslak



This past Monday it was announced that Ben Roethlisberger would not have charges pressed against him after another alleged sexual assault incident. The whole story is sketchy, but the message is simple. Ben needs to stop going after girls who don't want him. He has won a Super Bowl and is worth millions of dollars. He can get plenty of attractive women; he does not need to force himself on anyone. Not to mention this girl is twenty and goes to college, Ben is twenty-eight and plays in the NFL. I guess it just goes to show, money does not hide ugly. Speaking of ugly, check out Zdeno Chara's nose-- it is busted. And while hockey is on the slate, go online and check out the hit Ottawa's Hal Sutton laid on Jordan Leopold. I don't want to ruin it, but it ends with Leopold being incapable of moving. NBA is also gearing up for the playoffs; unfortunately they are pretty pointless to watch. If you're rooting for a three seed or higher, you're better off watching Space Jam and rooting for the Goon Squad, not going to win, sorry.

the news in brief with paulgross

"Only the US government has committed an atomic crime."

-Iran's Supreme Leader, **Ayatollah Ali Khamenei**, turning the tables on the US, saying they are the ones who are terrorizing the world with nuclear weapons. Muslim law says nuclear weapons are illegal and unjust because they "slay the innocent" and the Ayatollah claims, therefore, that a true Muslim country would never pursue them. Alright, in my view, nothing justifies theocratic tyranny and repression, but in this case, the Ayatollah may have a point.

"200,000 to 300,000 Jews perished in Nazi concentration camps."

-British bishop, **Richard Williamson**, who has become notorious for Holocaust denial, was fined in Germany recently for this statement. Holocaust denial of any kind is illegal in Germany. The Catholic Church is embarrassed yet *again* in the front page of international newspapers.

"It's horrific that such sensitive details were handled in such a careless way."

-**Joyce Robbins** of British medical interest group Patient Concern, on the report that tens of thousands of people on the British organ donor list were wrongly placed there and many of them had their organs donated without their consent. I don't really know what Britain is gonna do about this... there's no real way to make up for that shit.

"The report makes absurd statements."

-A deputy of former Pakistani President **Musharaff**, on a new report that was just issued suggesting that the Musharaff regime covered up details and deliberately did not investigate the assassination of Benazir Bhutto. People tend to think reports that may put them in jail are absurd.

"We don't see the light at the end of the tunnel yet."

-An international air security spokesperson, speaking on the European air crisis caused by a volcano erupting in Iceland. Tens of thousands of people have been left stranded as virtually the entire continent remains grounded for fear of ash. At worst, this crisis prevented Tom Ford from going to pick up his best director award at the gay film awards.

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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Weekly meetings

Tuesdays at 7:00pm

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Or send us an email

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

inbox (1) the earth has something to say

Dear Humanity,

Hi, it's me, the Earth. I know I don't usually write Facebook messages, but since I couldn't get your attention any other way, this was my only option. We are still Facebook friends, you know, even though you obviously don't have the time to write on my wall, even though I comment on all your pictures. And I sent you, like, ten earthquakes, but you still ignored me. I even sent you an earthquake in Illinois. Seriously, how dumb are you people? Anyway, we need to talk. I know you are just way too preoccupied with yourselves to notice, but our relationship is going downhill, and I've had enough. If you want any chance of staying with me, then there are a few things you need to work out:

1. All that trash. We live together, and yet all you ever do is give me your old junk. I don't want it! I'm always cleaning up after you, and I never even get so much as a thank you. You basically never clean, and even when you do, all you do is hide everything out of your sight! Do you want to know where all your empty soda bottles end up? Floating in the middle of the Pacific Ocean. That's my personal space!

2. I need some alone time. Okay, I understand "The City that Never Sleeps" is a catchy name and all that, but can't you just shut up for five minutes?! The only thing I ever bother you with is the occasional volcano or thunderstorm - and yet you think you have the right to honk horns, fly jets, and play heavy metal concerts twenty-four hours a day! And don't even get me started on road construction - it gives me a migraine like jackhammers in my head. 'Cause it is.



3. You take me for granted. I'm sick of you walking around like you own the place. It's not like I don't have other options. I could get rid of you whenever I wanted - I just don't, because I'm too nice. Ever heard of the dinosaurs? They were like you once. Then they went too far, and you're left digging up their bones. So unless you start thanking me for how much I do for you, I'm sending your ass straight to extinction.

4. You don't trust me. You're always going through my stuff, trying to figure out if I've got some hidden motive. If I send you nice weather, you insist on sending a weatherman to find out why. If I give you beautiful mountains, you send people to explore and map them! And you know what's even worse? You think it's my fault when the mountain climbers die in an avalanche! If you didn't want to get burned, you shouldn't have played with fire. What I do is none of your business! You obviously have no idea how to respect someone's privacy.

5. Space travel. What, am I not good enough for you? If you're in a relationship with one planet, you can't be shopping around for others. I thought that was just common courtesy, but apparently no one taught you manners. You're so rude. I don't know why I even liked you in the first place.

So think about it. If you can change, then I guess we can stay together. If not, then it's time to pack up and leave, before I kick you out. And trust me, you seriously do not want that (ever seen 2012?).

Sincerely,
Earth

by emilyhoogesteger

spires of excellence or piles of excrement

by alexbuckingham

Many of us have heard of the Fogel Plan. It goes by different names depending on who is referencing it. But whether it's been from UVM activists complaining about President Fogel's master agenda or from the administration talking about "spires of excellence," it's still the same plan. So how does one make sense of a plan that sounds so beneficial for the university when coming from the president's mouth (or email, I've never heard him speak) and so evil when your friends talk about it?

Just follow these simple rules when listening to the administration and you will never be confused again. When the president mentions UVM becoming one of the best universities in the nation, he doesn't mean the best party school, the best Frisbee playing school, or even the best school for Vermonters; he simply means one of the schools best at obtaining research grants. It's this sort of ambiguity that tends to confuse UVM students.

Another thing to watch out for is the "spire of excellence." This phrase is often accompanied by "Transdisciplinary Research Initiative" and "necessary to become the very best" (remember, that means receiving the most grants). The decoded meaning of "spire of excellence" can be translated a variety of ways, but the most common two are either "pile of excrement" or "attack on public education." This translation does not seem obvious at first; however, since the plan requires reallocating funds away from many of the departments and towards a handful of health science related ones, the translation is accurate.

The College of Arts and Sciences will be particularly hurt by this move. Resources will be lost, quality of education will go down, and yet all the while tuition will be going up. When UVM sports were having financial problems, UVM implemented tactics very comparable to the spire plan. Certain sports were chosen to be

highlighted while baseball and softball were cut. We have all seen what's been happening to this school. Just last week when signing up for classes, many of us found classes that we needed to take that were already full, and other classes we were lucky enough to get into to have surprisingly large numbers of students in them.

Last year a large demonstration took place to protest the budget cuts that included the firing of many professors while the administration remained bloated and unsupportable. The figures haven't changed much since last year when the 40 top-level administrators were said to have combined salaries of over \$7 million, not including the normal bonuses. Fogel's reactions to the protests last year should show us that he does not care about the students' stand on the situation or even really on the ideals of public education. We can't stand by and watch the Fogel Plan unfold more than it already has. If we do, tuition will continue to increase while quality of education decreases and the coffers of vice-presidents are filled.

The Student Government has rejected the Transdisciplinary Research Initiative, but the rejection is being ignored. We need to find out what is wrong with the system so that we can figure out what it is that we the students can do about it. A Teach-in, a forum for the discussion of this attack on our education and our potential reaction, is being held this April 26th at 7:00 PM in the Livak Maple Ballroom of the Davis Center to help us find the answers to our questions. The speakers include Kate Ash of the SGA; Steve Hannaford, who helped organize the demonstration last year; Pablo Bose, who is a professor here at UVM; and Nagesh Rao, who is a co-founder of Free the Academy, which defends progressive faculty from right-wing attacks. While these speakers will help us gain understanding on the issues, it will be we, the students, who will decide what to do next. ■

the water tower.
extra wides

cut along the lines and enjoy
(for tobacco use only)

party-politico

by lauradillon

Term: Nuclear Nonproliferation Treaty

Significance: A 1970 treaty among world leaders to curb the spread of nuclear weapons and clarify the right of nations to use nuclear technology in peaceful ways. India, Israel and Pakistan did not sign.

In a Sentence: "The Nuclear Nonproliferation Treaty was obviously an important step in the international community, but it is becoming antiquated."

Term: New Start Treaty

Significance: A nuclear arms reduction pact made between the United States and Russia in 2010. Also focuses on a united front against Iran's nuclear program.

In a Sentence: "The New Start Treaty is really going to put Iran's balls in a vice."

Name: Dmitri A. Medvedev

Significance: Current President of Russia and part of the New Start Treaty

In a Sentence: "Medvedev and Obama are totally in a diplomatic bromance."

Term: Nuclear Security Summit

Significance: Summit held by President Barack Obama to discuss ways to keep nuclear weapons out of the hands of terrorist groups such as Al Qaeda.

In a Sentence: "The Nuclear Security Summit is a really good thing because it will keep people from blowing us up."

Term: Nuclear Terrorism

Significance: Terrorists + Nuclear Weapons = Oh Shit!

In a Sentence: "Oh shit! Nuclear Terrorism would be catastrophic."

Term: Pakistan-India Arms Race

Significance: Pakistan and India both have nuclear weapons and they don't like each other.

In a Sentence: "You could cut the tension on the Pakistan-India Arms Race with a really big knife."

Term: Nuclear Posture Review

Significance: Obama administration strategy limiting the use of nuclear weapons. Even in the case of a biological or chemical attack, the US would be unable to use nuclear weapons against nonnuclear states that comply with the NPT.

In a Sentence: "The Nuclear Posture Review means that we won't be able to blow people up, even if they started it. Except for Iran....we would totally blow them up."

Name: Porter J. Goss

Significance: Former director of the CIA, approved the destruction of dozen of tapes showing the torture of prisoners

In a Sentence: "The moral decay shown by Porter J. Goss is appalling!" (To be said with righteous outrage)

Term: Expanded Medical Rights

Significance: President Obama has expanded medical rights toward lesbian and gay families to allow visitation rights.

In a Sentence: "I was pleased to hear about the expanded medical rights. It's about time."

Term: Tea Party

Significance: Grass-roots group with conservative views and antigovernment sentiments

In a Sentence: "The Tea Party is simply an example of what happens when disgruntled, attention-hungry citizens, who can find no intellectual means to articulate their views, form a group."

Term: Dangerous Climate Threshold

Significance: A 3.6 degrees Fahrenheit increase in average temperature as compared to temperatures before the Industrial Revolution

In a Sentence: "I hope world leaders are able to recognize the ominous warning represented by the dangerous climate threshold."

Term: The Marja Offensive

Significance: A large offensive by the United States and NATO in the Marja section in Southern Afghanistan

In a Sentence: "The Marja offensive sends an important message to Taliban leaders, that the United States is committed to its role in the Middle East."



reflections.



the story of earth day

by gregfrancese

So you're probably going to be spending a majority of your 4/20 holiday with your friend with all the benefits, Mary Jane. What you might not know, however, is that this year, Earth Day (the day that comes two days after 4/20) will be forty years old. That's right, forty years ago, a group of hippies sat around a tree smoking pot and decided that Mother Nature deserved a little bit more respect. Because they were probably too high to remember exactly how they wanted to pull this off, I'm going to speculate as to how Earth Day and Mary Jane can successfully coexist.

While they were sitting around that tree, they first discussed whether or not they should use rolling papers or glass. Papers, said one of them, are cheap and easy to come by. That last claim was quickly refuted by the fact that none of them remembered to bring any papers or money to buy any (also, they were in the forest). So it was unanimously decided that glass was the better way to smoke. Their decision was quickly reinforced as soon as they packed the second bowl and realized it was better to be able to reuse.

Higher than they have ever been, they began to discuss the most environmentally responsible way for them to enjoy their high. One person brought up that she was hungry and soon, the rest complained that they were ex-

tremely hungry. Everyone took out their processed granola bars, only to be scolded by an old man in the group that had made his own granola bars. "Good idea," everyone shouted. The old man passed around his locally made granola, and the group of hippies came to the conclusion that, even while high, it was still in Mother Nature's best interest to eat locally.

After the granola was eaten, boredom came over the group. Unable to fight off this boredom any other way, the group decided to blast some records on their bicycle-powered portable record player. As soon as "Tomorrow Never Knows" came to an end, all of the wildlife in the forest had fled. Seeing that this was a problem, they decided that maybe blasting music was far from okay. Because he was older, wiser, and therefore more prepared, the old man took out his guitar and began strumming some fine acoustic tunes that serenaded the entire forest and brought back the birds, bees, and the rest of the wildlife.

In the midst of the serenade, some of the group began talking about how great it would be if there were a day devoted to smoking pot and caring about Mother Nature. It was at this moment that Earth Day was born. This year, help mark forty years of caring and cannabis by smoking the way the Earth Day founders intended. ■

surfing the stars



danielle vogl

with lizcantrell

April Horoscopes
Aries: March 21-April 19
Taurus: April 20- May 21

This is a time for appreciating the good things in life: the squishy mud that gets all over your shoes/bottom of your pants, the depressingly low balance on your meal plan, and the fact that it's National Manatee Awareness Month. Expect to see lots of manatees lurking in Champlain around the 19th, occasionally surfacing to sunbathe.

Despite the happiness these sea critters will bring, all you Aries people have a pretty rough month, so you should treat yourself to a new pair of Crocs, preferably in "snap pea green" or "delightful daisy." If you're feeling extra daring, go for the platforms. They'll give you a leg up on the manatees and will also combat the insane amounts of mud around campus.

As for the Taurus, you are insanely jealous of your buddy Aries' new kicks. He/she always gets whatever he/she wants, and you are sick of it! You stage a coup by gathering your partners in crime, Cancer and Scorpio, and butting heads with that ram until he/she hands over your prized Crocs. Steve Irwin would be proud.

these are real



Cheese is

Weeee!

greg jacobs

- ...Cheese is the devil's plaything
- ...Cheese is a kind of meat
- ...Cheese is mold
- ...Cheese is addictive
- ...Cheese is alive

under the influence

by miriamrosen

Bailey-Howe

Sober: Spend three hours staring at your books without actually getting anything done.
High: Spend three hours staring at your books without actually getting anything done.

Amphitheater

High: Get interrogated and/or strip-searched by the police for "acting suspicious."
Sober: Get interrogated and/or strip-searched by the police just for being in the amphitheater.

The tunnel

Sober: Think about how trippy the tunnel is.
High: Think about how trippy the tunnel is.

Brennan's

Sober: Complain about the food.
High: Contemplate the subtle intricacy of the ceiling lights, then realize you've been silently gaping at the ceiling for the last hour. Then complain about the food.

headin' on down to champlain

by drewdiemar

how the other half lives...

It can be generally surmised that UVM students don't know or care too much about Champlain College. The reasoning behind this, I've found, is pretty thin, ranging from "They all wear black" to "They don't do anything but play video games." I always thought that these stereotypes were surely exaggerated, but at the same time, I had no reason not to believe them.

So I decided I'd try to find out. My friend, Sam, transferred to Champlain at the beginning of this semester. He invited me to hang out at his dorm, ask some people about Champlain, and sit in on some classes. I decided to take him up.

Sam and a couple other kids met me at my dorm one evening. I was going down for the night, since Sam had an early class next morning.

Over the course of the night, we hung out at both UVM and Champlain. While at my dorm, we all went outside for some cigarettes. Sam, his friend Pat, and his roommate Dave noticed three girls walking on a dark path about 50 yards away. "Dude," Pat said, "there's a good chance one of those three girls is hotter than the hottest girl at Champlain." Dave and Sam agreed. It seems girls are one topic that frustrates Champlain guys. "It's like you probably could get girls if you wanted to, but being with them would make you feel even lamer," Dave commented.

4

Sam lives in South House, on South Willard Street, and he showed me around the building. The dorms are really cool because they're all converted mansions, not brick boxes built to look the same. The walls of most dorms were decorated with snowboarding posters; boots and bindings

Maybe it's their lack of sports teams, but school spirit runs pretty low. "Basically," Pat told me, "all the normal kids here are just trying to get into UVM."

Sam's room is a quad, with four beds and mattresses. It's pretty huge, with a big table in the middle and plenty of space to

"It's like you probably could get girls if you wanted to, but being with them would make you feel even lamer."

littered the rooms.

I talk to some of the kids about their school. We talk about how they have a late-night option at their dining hall, so with an unlimited plan, they can eat until 11:00, and buy a season pass to Sugarbush North for \$30. That's about 1/3 of what a day pass costs at Stowe. They say that parties are crowded affairs, and most students prefer to hang out at smaller gatherings. Their pastimes include playing video games and smoking pot, which sounds familiar.

They say their RA is pretty nice, but they don't see too much of him. He doesn't do rounds, or listen through doors, and the atmosphere in the dorm was pretty relaxed.

walk around. What's really convenient for me (and Sam) is that only two people live there, he and Dave. I fell asleep on one of the available beds wondering, for all I hear about forced triples, if any room was ever built to hold four at UVM, and instead was used for just two.

I accompanied Sam to his hour and fifteen minute long marketing class. This is held in the IDX Student Center, a cluster of buildings where basically everything at Champlain is held. It's the home of classes, the dining hall, basketball court, gym, and a lot more. Sam anticipated that I would have to lie to sit in his class, so I told the professor that I'm thinking about going to

Champlain next year. She was happy to have me for the day.

The class had 18 students, one of which caught my attention. She wore an Ed Hardy sweatshirt and had tattooed legs and big gauges in her ears. I don't think I've ever seen someone like her at UVM, and she scared me a little bit, but Sam told me hers is a pretty typical look.

I found the class a little bit boring and random, but then again, marketing isn't really my thing. The students seemed to take a lot of notes, and pay diligent attention.

Sam and I visited the dining hall, also in the student center. He guested me in, although he said I could have easily just walked in without being hassled. The familiarity of the hall surprised me. Green Mountain Coffee Roasters, Minute Maid, salad bar and bagels implied the like-mindedness of Burlington's two schools.

It is after eating that Sam and I parted ways. I realized that I really hadn't learned anything about Champlain. The kids might be different but definitely don't fit one stereotype, the class was as lame as any lame class. The dorm was the big difference, but my sample size of visiting a few rooms, one class, and talking to about ten guys probably wasn't sufficient to make any judgment on the college. If nothing else, however, my visit taught me that even though there's no reason to hate on Champlain, I'm glad to call UVM home. ■



EARTH WEEK

April 19 - 24

Monday

- Myth Busting Monday w/ VSTEP
- CarShare Celebrates Earth Week! / 12:30-3 pm / Catamount statue
- Tree Lifting / UVM Hort Farm / 5:00 pm
- Movie series: Food, Inc. / 5 pm / Brennan's

Tuesday

- Trashy Tuesday w/ VSTEP
- Dr. Your Bike Workshop / 11-2 pm / ampetheater of the Davis Center
- Movie Series: Flow / 5 pm / Brennan's

Wednesday

- Water Wednesday w/ VSTEP
- "Resources for Individual Action" / 9:45-11:30 am / DC Atrium
- UVM Farmers Market / 11-2 pm / between the Davis Center and Library
- Environmental Forum: Student Research / 2-4 pm / Jost Foundation Rm. (DC)
- Localvore Dinner / 5-7 pm / Billings 3rd floor
- Green your Cleaning / 6-8 pm / 12 Colchester Ave. RSVP alicia.taylor@uvm.edu
- CIVILIZATION + RESISTANCE: What are the stakes? w/ Derrick Jensen opening remarks by John Todd "Earth Day 40 yrs later" 7 pm / Ira Allen Chapel

Thursday (Earth Day)

- Thirsty Thursday w/ VSTEP
- VSTEP, NAIP host Indigenous Rights and Env. Justice Speak Out / 10am - 2pm
- Bring Your Own Bottle Day / All Day / Davis Center
- Davis Center Waste Sort / 11-2 pm / Outside the Davis Center
- Sustainable Building by Design / 4-6 pm / Davis Atrium
- Rosina Philippe: Reflections on climate change for native communities of the Mississippi delta / 5 pm / TBD
- Movie Series: Sister's on the Planet / 5 pm / Brennan's

Friday

- Frisky Friday Over population w/ VSTEP
- Critical Mass Group Bike Ride / 6pm / Davis Center Oval
- Movie Series: TAPPED / 7 pm / L/L 216

Saturday

- Spring Fest 2010 (uvmtickets.com)

UVM.EDU/BORED
stuff to do, on + off campus

trash.



the ear

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

Bailey Howe:

Girl: "Raisins are better for you than grapes. They like, don't have sugar. Well they do, but...I don't know."

Marsh Life 235:

Girl in class: So I sat at a stop sign Friday and waited for two minutes for it to turn green. THAT HIGH.

3rd floor Bailey Howe Library:

Boy: I finished writing my fifteen page research paper!
Girl: Wow, we've only been here for four hours.
Boy: Yeah, adderall is awesome! I'm definately going out tonight!

Poly-Sci 21:

Girl 1: I mean, is the Easter Bunny religious?
Girl 2: No. It's like Santa with Christmas.
Girl 1: Yeah, okay, that's what I thought.

The Davis Center Tunnel:

Girl One: The rugby team has got to be the drunkest team at UVM. Every time you go to that house you have to get blackout drunk or else you're a freak.
Girl Two: So you went to the Rugby House this week-end?
Girl One: Yeah.
Girl Two: And you were blackout drunk?
Girl One: No! I was a freak!

Wing fourth flo:

Guy 1: Don't fart on my bed. Fecal matter is how you get pink eye.
Guy 2: Are you serious?!? You get pink eye from poop.

Tupper ground:

Sexy someone: "Don't worry. I had sex to Pat Benatar last night."

In my kitchen:

Guy 1: Dude, you're such a philistine.
Guy 2: Yeah, well you're a BITCH!

We've never talked before, but we sit near each other in class. You probably don't know my name, but yours is Joe. I'm a little to shy to make a move, so say hi sometime!

When: 8:30 a.m. MWF
Where: WFB Aiken
I saw: A cute boy
I am: A secret admirer

Every time I see you, you're talking about blowing glass or Metallica. Let's blow together sometime ;-). I want you so bad!

When: all the time
Where: here and there
I saw: a nuclear hot guy
I am: your wildest dream

I overheard your friends at the DC
They said you want someone like me
I am a Jew but not in the Rubenstein school
I will treat you nice and buy you jewels
I heard you're blond, my hair is brown
On our dates you'll never frown
Find me on Facebook

When: April 7th
Where: Davis Center
I saw: a Cute Blond
I am: a Jew with Brown Hair

We met on a saturday night
There was a pretty awesome band.
You had a fun smile and asked me to dance
I was there for the music though
So I wasn't thinking about romance.
Your smile is so sunny
I promise I'm pretty funny
If you remember our mutual friends
Please don't hesitate to ask for me
I won't be dancing so alone and free.

When: Saturday night
Where: a basement with Jesus
I saw: someone who can sting with philosophy
I am: a bad dancer

I'm a bit older than you, but that doesnt mean much.
We don't hang out much but I'd be down to chill more.
You may not remember who I am, but hit me up if you wanna hang.

When: Tuesday/Thursday
Where: 10 a.m.
I saw: a cute wakeboarder
I am: an anonymous admirer

i want you so bad

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

A diva is a female version of hustla
When I see you my heart starts to flutter
You're so hot is all wanna utter
But instead all I can do is stutter
Let's meet up and get together
When: every afternoon
Where: green roof
I saw: a hustla
I am: A DIVA

Your friends call you ugly. But they must be on crack
Cuz yo cross country photo saves the screen of my mac
I heard you dropped chem, is everything okay!??
I'm here for you sleeper, until the end of May
When: Everyday
Where: Around
I saw: A real man
I am: Bewildered

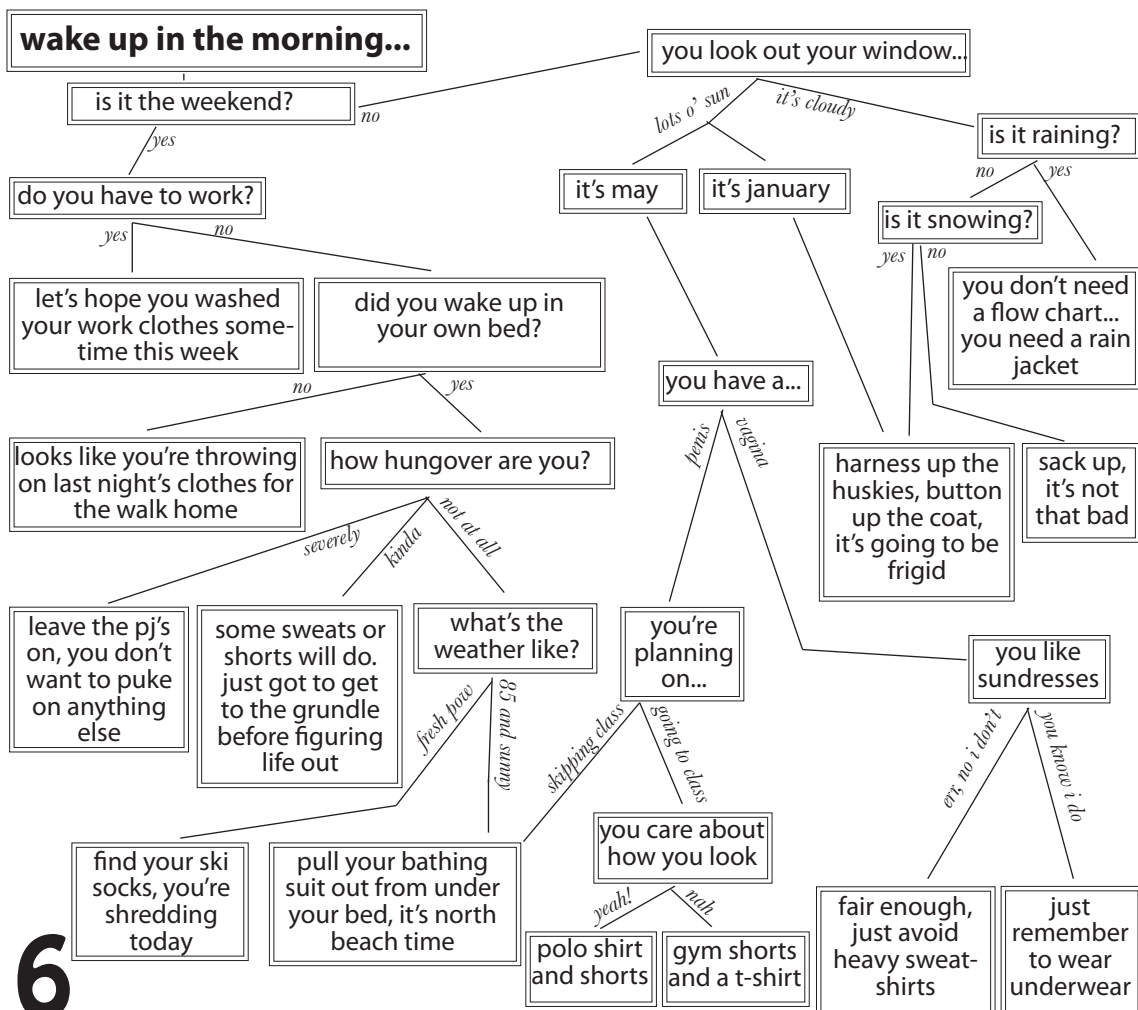
We had a class together in the fall. You wear rain boots on sunny days and a whistle that doesn't work around your neck. You complain about being a tall klutz but I think you're just perfect, and I could watch you defend principles of parliamentary governments all day.
When: more often lately
Where: in and around MAT
I saw: a tall, goofy, politically stunning brunette
I am: the boy you used to argue with in pols 51

You know, it would be really great
If we could get together before you graduate
I feel like a schoolgirl whenever I blush
Not since ninth grade have I had this bad a crush
But school has less than a month to go
So don't put me on hold, let me know
Tomcat will you be my boo?
Just say yes, I'm crazy for you.
When: when everyone else is eating dinner
Where: work
I saw: a hot guy
I am: your dream kitten

"Would you look at that guy! He is so cute!" my friend whispers to me; I couldn't help but agree with her. We noticed you while waiting for our food at Brennan's and when you went to get your food you gave me the sexiest half smile ever. A few more smiles back and forth were sent before our food arrived. I must say that this time I didn't mind waiting so long.
When: last Sunday
Where: Brennan's
I saw: a man
I am: a woman

fashion five-oh.

with colbynixon



ATTENTION SENIORS!

Did you know you're almost done? In a few short weeks you're going to start putting that (most ridiculous class) experience to good use and try to make a name for yourself. Before you start boning in the bathrooms of strange new cities or countries, take a moment and think... have you banged in the best bathrooms Burlington has to offer?

Fourth Floor of Davis Center: There's a shower, a lock, and usually plenty of hand sanitizer. This bathroom is out of the way enough where it shouldn't be the easiest thing to get caught, but it's close enough to where formal presentations are done for you to feel dirty. Also, there's a shower.

Grundle: There's such a roar for garden burgers and grilled chicken sandwiches that no one could hear you as you have at it in one of the cleaner bathrooms on campus. Seriously, you'd think with all the diarrhea this place serves up these bathrooms would be destroyed. Well, no, they aren't, and there's even a support bar. It's like they want you to bang.

Freshman dorm: This is for nostalgia's sake. Remember being new, trying to figure out why American Pie lied to you, and as you walk back to your dorm alone just trying to figure yourself out. Imagine going back there when you finally have your shit together and knockin' boots in the lobby's bathroom.

Basement of library: By the Maps and Gov't Documents section is a bathroom that's so underused it's almost criminal. The best part? It's echo-y. The sound of you jumping your significant other's bones would sound like a ghost haunting the entire library.

Atrium: Clean, modern, and the lighting in here lets everyone look good. Plus, being so close to medical experts has to take some sort of edge off.

Ben and Jerry's (downtown): After weed and Subaru Outbacks, Vermont is best known for cows and Cabot Cheese. After that, it's Ben and Jerry's. They barely monitor their bathrooms as is, and after you give or receive a Boston cream pie, you can go up and order yourself a whole milkshake of Boston Cream Pie. That's at least a net-loss of zero.

Fogel's bathroom: The coup de gras, if you try telling me you made whoopi in here then I won't believe you. Fogel's personal bathroom, I'm sure, is guarded by, robots, lasers, sharks and even robot laser sharks. If you bang in here, you win. You win everything. ■

by georgeloftus

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

the treat

by hannahjansen

At fourteen I visited Bishop Stang High School
Thinking that perhaps I would go there
Though I was not Catholic & had no particular interest
In the religion. Nor did I have any particular interest
In wearing dark plaid skirts as the girls there did,
Or the white collared shirts or the blue knee socks.
In the middle of history class at Bishop Stang
The teacher announced that she had a "treat"
& we were all shuffled down to the school temple
For a prayer or two, though I suspect that the Treat
Was bestowed upon us not to bring us closer to God
But because the teacher had had no agenda that day.
God, in His way, would understand, the teacher must
have thought.
We entered the dark hush of the temple, quietly
Filing into the soft heaviness of the pews
& the teacher asked everyone who was Catholic
To please kneel & those who were not to stay seated.
& then everyone but me pulled out those silly kneelers
& I thought that this was the worst Treat I'd ever been
given.
They knelt with their hands clasped, heads tilted down
Except for the few who were looking- no, gawking-
At me in my non-kneeler state, which is just about when
I thought
Screw it & down I went onto the kneeler, where I felt
better
Though not good, at ease if not at home.
& in the quiet, frosted light of the window they prayed
For a great many things, or a great many people,
While I clasped my hands tight, wrists against the cold
pew
& tried to think of something else. This is what came to
mind:
My mother picking me up from school one afternoon
To go for ice cream (ice cream!) simply because
It was a way to carve a chunk out of the day
In sweet & unexpected goodness. & so instead of prayer
In that temple which was dark save the jewel colors of
stained glass,
Heavy hush sitting hard upon my shoulders,
I asked God to forgive me.

beautiful disaster

by adam Maher

On the road, the Steppenwolf
A testament, his crime aloof
Remembering when he was young
As he stands alone in the sun
He hears a new voice
Like Ronaldinho
When he hits the switch and makes that Cruyff
A very fire beautiful girlie came
Over to his arm and said his name
Will you come with me, along for my travels?
I don't think I can quite make it alone
I am very lonely and need you at home
Halftime Afghanistan getting stoned
He said I would, but I can't
I have my own problems, that is that
So she turned around, and she walked away
Didn't give a fuck, that's what he'd say
All he had to do, was just say yes
And he never ever would have been in this mess
Everybody has trouble sometimes
Just remain strong willed you'll survive
Keep it close to your heart, and never forget who was
with you from the start
Beautiful disaster in your face, I swear I gotta find this
saving grace.

baked

by drewdiemar

It was gettin late, and I was feelin exhausted
all strung out, man, I almost lost it
I'd been studyin with buddies and didn't really feel ready
For exam week, felt damn beat, craved somethin' heady
So I dropped by my boy's, said I need some advice
And he opened up a drawer and he pulled out a slice
Of some hydroponic chronic, hypnotic toxic,
Dank, stanky, sticky kush, you'd know it if you bought it
Then I called some bros up, said wanna throw down
Have a hoedown, simplify life like a pronoun?
My friend rolled one up, the size of a crowbar
This kid rolls j's better than Mexicans roll r's
It was December, remember, windy and frigid
So we opened up a window and I lit it and hit it
After 10 or 15 minutes we were feelin' pretty lifted
Started bangin' on guitars and laughin' like no one's
business
But I learned my lesson soon as I heard KNOCK
KNOCK KNOCK
Never toke in a dorm at 11 o' clock

henry gets high

by henrykellogg

So one time me and the boys were ripping bong in the
bushes and the weirdest thing happened to us. I was just
toking my smoke, holding it in, one, two, three, four, until
I couldn't hold it no more. When I let out a cloud, I heard
a rustling in the bushes. Then what to my wondering eyes
should appear but a massive purple triceratops with tied-
dyed butterfly wings moseying on up to us.
"Do you think I could get a rip off that?" the triceratops
asked ever so inquisitively.
"I think it's cashed but you're welcome to try it," said
my friend Saul without looking up from his cell phone.
I was kind of struck by the amazingness of the fact that
a winged triceratops was trying to rip bong with us, but
I didn't want to be unchill. I bet everybody he meets at
UVM is like, "Wow you're a flying triceratops, dude!" and
that must get old after a while. So I played it chill and was
like, "What's your name, dude?"
He replied, "My name's Hector and I was wondering
if you dudes would like to get down on some get down.
I got some brand new Jurassic Haze from my guy back
home and I was just waiting to find some dudes to enjoy
it with."

"Yo, I know this is kind of a
weird offer but do you guys
want to get on my back and
I can fly us all to Al's French
Fries?"

That's when my two friends looked up at him. They had
that look of red-eyed wonder about them as they wonder-
ed if he was really real. They were dumbfounded, just
standing there like a couple of open-mouthed stoners.
Then Jack said, "Hey, dude, you're, like, a flying tricer-
atops, man." There was an awkward pause. "That's pretty
sweet," he added. The flying triceratops shifted on his
massive hooves awkwardly.

"Yo, why when I'm just trying to get down on some
smoke does everybody have to bring this shit up?" he
asked. "It's always like, 'Yo, I've never smoked with a fly-
ing triceratops before', or like 'Man, if you're a flying tricer-
atops your tolerance must be, like, so high', or 'Man,
you must only smoke crazy headies if you're a fucking fly-
ing triceratops'. Shit makes me tired. I just want to smoke
weed like any other stoner." There was an uncomfortable
pause as everyone looked at each other awkwardly.

"Yo, I'm from St. Albans. We don't have a lot of diver-
sity up there. I'm sorry. I hadn't even ever seen a real live
dinosaur before I went to UVM. My B," Jack apologized.

"It's all good," Hector replied. "So you guys want get
high?"

"I mean, I'm already pretty stoned, but never in my life
have I ever turned down weed," Saul answered truthfully.

We packed up my little acrylic mini-bong with that
fine Jurassic Haze and Hector gave Jack the greens. He
gave it an epic rip and let out a cloud that filled the night
air. He then fell promptly on his ass. "Lightweight," the
triceratops giggled under his breath as he took the bong
from the fallen soldier. He sparked it up good and took a
righteous hit. His triceratops beak almost didn't fit in the
bong and I was afraid he was going to impale me with
one of his horns by accident. His butterfly wings flapped
with pleasure as he sucked that dankness down. Then he
passed the bong to me.

As I grabbed hold of the bong I remembered back to
high school health class, when my raciest-ass gym/health
teacher used to talk about how folks who were trying to
do you harm would give you laced drugs so you would
pass out and they could take your money and then take
advantage of you in all sorts of horrible ways. I looked at
my passed out friend lying next to me. Then I remem-
bered that high school health class was bullshit and I
ripped that bong good and hard. It was the best bong rip
I have ever taken. So smooth, so sweet, yet it got you so
high. I passed the bong to Saul and we laughed at Jack the
lightweight until he got up again.

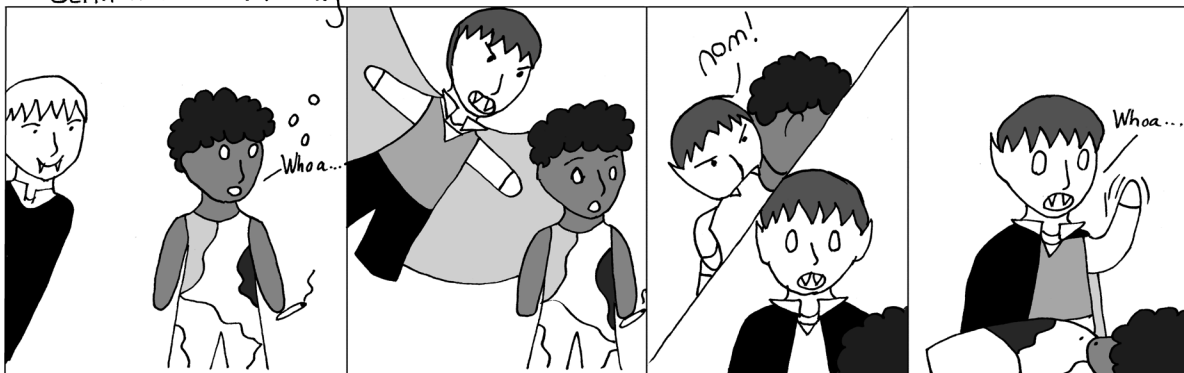
"Yo, I know this is kind of a weird offer, but do you guys
want to get on my back and I can fly us all to Al's French
Fries?"

Jack, Saul, and I looked at each other. "Fuck yeah-yea"
We all said in one voice. We hopped on up. We plugged
in Saul's iPod to the stereo that the triceratops had con-
veniently strapped to the back of its skull shield. We played
the White Stripes' 'Hotel Yorba' as we flew over all the
traffic on Main Street over to South Burlington and down to
Al's. We got double cheeseburgers. It was epic. ■

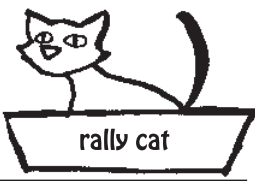
roll it up then



German Bear Wrestling with alextownsend



cat litter.



by max bookman, greg francesse,
miriam rosen, henry kellogg,
lauren kalz
artwork by kelly macintyre

what kind of stoner are you?

The BSAD Major

- Piece of Choice: \$500 Roor
- Has a lock box under his bed with a lot of good weed
- Always seems paranoid (has an important future, after all)
- Tinted out expensive vehicle with radar detector
- Quote: "Yo don't open that door!"

The Every-Now-And-Then-Athlete

- Rarely Smokes--Will eat a brownie at a party to get totally fucked up
- His or her stoner friends are always real excited when they wanna get high because it's so rare.
- Eats insane amounts munchies when high
- Quote: "Duuuuuuuude"

The Artsy Stoner

- Reminds you of Jon Stewart's Character in "Half Baked"
- Piece of choice: a classy, well-adorned chillum
- Always coming up with dumb "deep, profound" shit while high
- Only able to write a twenty page paper when stoned
- Quote: "Everything just makes more sense high, you know?"



The Stingy Stoner

- Has a nasty crack pipe nobody ever wants to smoke
- Always down to get high but never has weed
- When he or she does have weed, never smokes you up
- Always seems to walk in just as someone is about to spark a blunt
- Can be seen scraping resin
- Quote: "I'll hit that if nobody else wants to...there's definitely still a hit in there."

The Techie

- Will always give the pros and cons of using a vaporizer
- Always has ice cubes in the freezer just in case it's bong time
- Grows his own weed and will tell you more about soil than you will ever need to know
- Will talk for twenty minutes about his bong carrier case
- Thinks the BSAD major got ripped off on his Roor
- Quote: "When you really think about it, double perculators are overrated."

Editor of High Times

- Always has to roll European style spliffs--nobody else is allowed to roll
- Knows more about the weed you just bought than you do
- Always seems to be talking about weed
- Probably sells a lot of weed, or "does favors" for friends
- Has either been to Amsterdam or is planning a trip soon
- Quote: "You paid \$60 for a Sativa blend?!" and "Oh, yeah, I know where that nug came from."

tunes.

vermont bands that rock



your weekly WRUV music review

by nyikobeguain & emilylozeau



Bonnie "Prince" Billy & The Cairo Gang - The Wonder Show of the World (Drag City)

Ultra-prolific freak folk virtuoso Bonnie "Prince" Billy (aka Will Oldham) teams up with singer-songwriter Emmett Kelly and The Cairo Gang to create a fresh and exciting 16th (yes, 16th) full album release. The focal point remains on the Oldham's beautiful poetry and charmingly strained intonations. The instrumentation is rustic and sparse, but there is a presence of electric guitar that gives the songs a kind-of-ghostly subtlety. All and all, TWSotW is captivating, beautiful, and a great addition to the array of work previously compiled by Oldham & his talented friends.

For Fans of: Bill Callahan (aka Smog)

Me and My Arrow - One/Two (self-released)

Me and My Arrow is an orchestral indie pop group coming out of Minneapolis. Overwhelming mix of instruments they got going on, and depending on how sizeable the stage is, they have between seven and nine members. A girl/guy group, this is feel good music a-la Architecture in Helsinki, White Denim or Edward Sharpe and the Magnetic Zeros. It's like one of those double stucked ice pops on a sticky day (only not frustrating like when they break apart). Cellos, violins, guitars, swishy drum beats-- it has all the right elements and then a couple extra.

by sarahmoylan

Vermont may be the nation's second least populous state (suck it, Wyoming), but it's still brimming with musical talent. Here's just a sampling of some of the 802's awesomest musical acts, most of whom frequently play live in the Burlington area:

Happy Birthday: This Brattleboro-based group, who just released its self-titled debut album from Sub Pop records, is one hell of a birthday present. Combining garage grittiness with Elvis Costello-like affected vocals, Happy Birthday have managed to construct a brilliant indie rock album. Check out their MySpace page at <http://www.myspace.com/brattleborohousecartoon>, where you can listen to one of their best tracks, "Girls FM."

Rubblebucket Orchestra: Maybe you remember Rubblebucket Orchestra's spirited performance at last year's SpringFest, where they opened for Ratatat. It wouldn't be surprising if the success of Rubblebucket, whose band members include UVM alumni, soon comes to overshadow that of Ratatat. Rubblebucket's unique and exciting fusion of rock, jazz, and afrobeat elements gives their music unparalleled color and texture. Give them a listen at www.myspace.com/rubblebucket. My top pick is "Don't Exaggerate."

Nosebleed Island: How can you not love a guy who writes songs about Burlington policemen or eating burritos? That's why it's hard to dislike Nosebleed Island, the Burlington-based, weirdo-pop brainchild of Joey "Pizza Slice" Agresta. The lo-fi guitars, laugh-out-loud lyrics,

and vocals that sound like Joey Pizza Slice is singing out of his nose make for some interesting tunes. You'll have to head to a local record store if you want to hear this band, though—their MySpace page doesn't include music. (Luckily, Nosebleed Island's latest release, *Opposite Hitler Mustache*, gives you 27 tracks to choose from, of which "Opposite Burritos" is the most amusing.)

Grace Potter and the Nocturnals: Grace Potter's soulful voice is the highlight of this band, a group that originated in Waitsfield (not too far from Burlington) and has finally begun to get attention on the national scene. If anything, their relaxing, bluesy sounds echo that of Bonnie Raitt or Patty Loveless. You can hear much of their music at their MySpace page, www.myspace.com/gracepotterandthenocturnals. I like "Toothbrush and My Table."

Gold Town: Hailing from Rutland, Gold Town embraces Vermont's rural heritage with its inspired country-bluegrass sounds. Even if you've written off steel guitars and banjos as being too country, you might want to give Gold Town a try—their amusing lyrics and breezy bluegrass melodies make them a band worth hearing. At a recent Nectar's gig, the Gold Town's upbeat tunes inspired lethargic audience members to do...a hoedown. That's pretty sweet. Hear some sound samples at www.goldtown-music.com. "Urethane Hooves" is among their best.

shuffle

with julietcritsimilios

4/20

It's cliché to assume that everyone that smokes weed listens to Bob Marley, especially on 4/20. Still, the extent to which Marley had an impact on people-- musically, spiritually, religiously, politically-- is undeniable. As imitation is the sincerest form of flattery, many artists have shown their appreciation by covering Marley songs in hopes of keeping both his songs and his message alive.

I Shot The Sheriff Bob Marley *Sheriff Brown always hated me/for what I don't know/Every time plant a seed/he said kill it before it grow*

I Shot The Sheriff Eric Clapton
Get Up, Stand Up Bob Marley *But if you know what life is worth/you will look for yours on earth/and now you see the light*
Get Up Stand Up Peter Tosh

No Woman No Cry Bob Marley *My fear is my only courage/so I've got to push on through/oh while I'm gone/no woman no cry*

No Woman No Cry John Mayer
Redemption Song Bob Marley *Eman-cipate yourselves from mental slavery/no one but ourselves can free our minds/we forward in this generation/triumphantly*
Redemption Song Johnny Cash and Joe Strummer

Waiting in Vain Bob Marley *In life I know there's a lot of grief/but your love is my relief/tears in my eyes burn/while I'm waiting for my turn*

Waiting in Vain Annie Lennox
Three Little Birds Bob Marley *Three little birds/pitch by my doorstep/singing sweet songs/of melodies pure and true*

Three Little Birds Connie Talbot
Smoke Two Joints Bob Marley *I smoke two joints in time of peace/and two in time of war/smoke two joints before I smoke two joints/and then I smoke two more*
Smoke Two Joints Sublime