I began when I stumbled upon a YouTube clip with the promising title, “Craziest Police Chase Ever.” It was awesome.

I wasn’t necessarily looking for videos of high speed chases, I would have been satisfied with perusing CNN.com or checking my inbox. These days, it seems that this little online ritual of messing around on the Internet must happen before I get started on my homework. I’m trying to get straight to the difference between Comparative Federalism and Dual Federalism, but all that’s in my head is Lady Gaga’s computer-enhanced voice rii-bbiting “ma te-eh-eh-eh-eh-eh,” my telephone, ma te-eh-eh-eh-eh-eh-eh.

I wonder why they call her Lady Gaga anyway. Why not find out! A little trip to Wikipedia, and thirty seconds later, I discover that Stefani Germanotta became Lady Gaga when she received a misspelled text that was supposed to say Radio Gaga, in reference to her favorite song. Our new Internet-assisted lives. I’m immediately confronted by disappointments the Internet had to offer. But a decade later, the Internet has unquestionably fused with the social fabric of our generation. Yet we are still far from fully understanding all the implications of our new Internet-assisted lives.

After three minutes and twenty four seconds of watching up and coming pop train wreck Kesha gyrate her scantily clad body to a barrage of autotune, I think to myself, I bet Lady Gaga and Kesha are my 10 year old cousin’s role models. What’s wrong with the world today? Speaking of my cousin, is it her birthday soon? Let me see if Facebook knows. Does she have a Facebook? Of course she does, she’s going to be 11 soon! I start to type the only lyrics I know: “Blah blah blah Kesha lyrics.” But there’s also “Blah Blah Blah Kesha video.” Sweet.

Our generation has had the distinct excitement of growing up alongside the Internet. Back in fifth grade, the world had only begun to really understand the possibilities the Internet had to offer. But a December later, the Internet has unquestionably fused with the social fabric of our generation. Yet we are still far from fully understanding all the implications of our new Internet-assisted lives.

“Okay, so most of us aren’t skipping out on sex for Sporcle quizzes, but it’s definitely not too crazy to accept that the Internet has begun to alter the way we do certain things.”

"Wow, Jeff, thanks a lot for tagging me in this, I don’t even remember that. Crazy St. Patty’s day.” Oh right! St. Patty’s day was last Wednesday. I didn’t get a chance to celebrate because I was at the library. By celebrating, of course, I mean getting drunk. This is the season for holidays to get inebriated. It starts with Mardi Gras and continues with St. Patty’s Day, and Cinco de Mayo. What is the deal with Cinco de Mayo anyway? This calls for another trip to Wikiland, where I discover that it commemorates the Mexican army’s amazing victory over the French on May 5, 1862. Yeah, sure it was awesome.

By way of a reminder, my Facebook status.

Back to work. I begin to navigate my mouse down to the Word icon, but the Apple Mail icon next to it is letting me know that I have a new email. Hooyah! I wonder what it could be. I go to check it out, but it’s just my dumb landlord. He’s showing the apartment next week. I’ll have to remember to put all the bongs away.

I must randomly rummage through the Internet every single time before I even think about opening Microsoft Word to start an essay. Maybe this is nothing different than grabbing a cup of coffee at the Cyber Cafe, but that makes me wonder, am I addicted to the Internet? The questions ranged from “Do you think about the Internet for more than five hours per day,” “Have you ever preferred the excitement of the Internet to sexual intimacy with your partner?” Oh my God, no! Does that really happen to people? Okay, so most of us aren’t skipping out on sex for Sporcle quizzes, but it’s definitely not too crazy to accept that the Internet has begun to alter the way we do certain things.

By way of a reminder, my Facebook status.
I openly express the shame and — oh, shit! no way, dude!

Dear water tower,

This is my very first column and I’m a bit nervous, so please forgive me if I seem a bit awkward. I’m a first-year student here at UVM and I’ve been a fan of the water tower for a while now. I’ve always appreciated the different perspectives and points of view that are presented in the columns.

I’m not sure if my column will be as thought provoking as some of the other columns, but I promise to do my best to provide a different perspective on the issues that are currently facing us.

Sincerely,

[Signature]

[Name]

[student number]

[Major]

water tower
uwms.alternative.newsmail
uwms.edu/~watertwr
orthorexia: yes, you can be too healthy
by ginamastrogiacomo

February 22 through 26 was “National Eating Disorders Awareness Week.” Mostly, when people shine light on these disorders in hopes of raising awareness, they focus on those most widely known: anorexia and bulimia. However, a disorder which is not officially diagnosed, but is rapidly growing is the little known orthorexia.

Orthorexia is a disease in which the sufferer eats only the healthiest food in order to maintain full purity of their body. The obsession can become so engrossing that it can lead the sufferer to severe malnutrition or even death. It can also be characterized as having the same symptoms as anorexia and bulimia.

Eating too many fruits and veggies can actually be a problem? Who knew. But it’s true. The term was first defined by Steven Bratman, a doctor from Colorado and author of the book Health Food Junkies. Bratman coined the term after he realized that he, himself was a sufferer. The term finds its origins from the Greek word, “orthos” meaning “right or correct” and “rexia” meaning “appetite.”

Those suffering from this illness will harbor an unhealthy fixation with “healthy” eating and may avoid consuming specific foods like fats, preservatives or animal products. Unfortunately, placing so many dietary restrictions upon oneself may lead to a severely depleted diet, and thus malnutrition. While the ultimate goal of sufferers is not to lose weight, as in anorexia and bulimia, those suffering from this illness will harry their body in an unhealthy – and obsessive – manner. “Orthorexics will avoid overly processed foods,” Bratman said. “Somehow the idea of a pure mind and body doesn’t necessarily have so much to do with the types of food you consume as the life that you live.”

Food, follower Viktoras Kulpinaskas says, “You become what you consume. You consume dead food, and death accelerates its presence.” Raw foodists do not eat animal products, and do not even cook vegetables, believing that the nutritional value of the food could potentially be destroyed. There are certainly many people out there who follow this movement and may lead very healthy lives, but the fact remains that is extremely difficult to get the necessary amount of calories from such a restrictive style of eating.

Living on a campus and in a community that is so focused on always making the healthiest choices could potentially put students at risk for suffering from this little known and often unnoticed disorder. Students who ascribe to these different styles of eating that can be limiting – raw foods, vegan, etc., may be able to do themselves and their health a huge favor by consulting with a nutritionist on the best ways to meet their nutritional needs. Questions about how best to keep a well-supplemented diet on a limited intake can be answered at the Center for Health and Well being by medical staff part of the H.O.P.E team. Being surrounded by a sea of health fanatics can obviously make you compare your habits to theirs, and question whether or not you should modify your lifestyle based on the thoughts of others. The truth is that you should stick to what is best for your specific health and sanity, and use only that as a guideline. The best way to keep a “pure mind and body” doesn’t necessarily have so much to do with the types of food you consume as the life that you live. It

advertisement

the chinese missile crisis
by pattyler

On January 12, China successfully tested a new missile defense program. The international community echoed the same misgivings expressed in 2007 when the system was first revealed to the world.

Last Tuesday, Taiwan responded to the announcement by deploying its own anti-missile defense system. “We have shown that we are capable of a full strategic and deployment of armaments” said General Hisen Chien. “Even against the most advanced buyer, our decoy and counter measures will make us a lethal opponent.”

The real tragedy here is that people are still over paying for cable packages that don’t even include a full range of HD channels,” said Price. General Hisen scoffed at Price’s claim, calling it the hollow boasting of a coward. “We have heard that don’t even include a full range of HD channels,” said Price. General Hisen scoffed at Price’s claim, calling it the hollow boasting of a coward. “We have heard that

social justice
continued from page 2

rant, moronic wanker disguised as a gourmand. But that’s just the opinion of one liberal democrat from VT. I’m obviously biased. But there’s some bad news for our darling Glen. Apparently some people in the FOX news are inclined to agree with me. While the FOX network executive, Roger Ailes, still has his firmly landed in Beck’s ass, others at the network are beginning to doubt him. The Washington Post reported that the FOX network is divided over Beck. It seems that the other “journalists” at the network are warning that Beck is becoming the “face of the network.” Beck’s outrageous arguments for journalistic integrity (and any shred of that matter’s supposed legitimacy) makes the rest of the network look so legitimacy. What would have thought that FOX could care about little things like legitimacy?

- Take a moment to absorb this. FOX news is worried about their integrity! When Beck begins to worry you know that something is very, very wrong. How is it that a man can vane on TV and the radio and spout absolute nonsense? How does he get away with it day after day? It is reassuring to see him called out on his bullshit. American Christians (and even some Springsteen fans) gave him a well-deserved metaphorical kick to the balls. Let’s hope that there are many more of those to come.

Do you love your mother [earth]?

Want to get involved? and make new friends?

then...

JOIN VSTEP ON MONDAYS AT 7 outside the Rosa Parks rm.
by taylor dobbs

If you’ve lived on Trinity in the last seven years, you’ve probably been told that your early-NCs kind of comes to “three hundred and forty-eight dollars” at one point or another. That means you’ve met Cheryl Bell. She’s been feeding UVM since before most of the Class of 2013 was born.

Born in Burlington, Cheryl grew up in Sault, Alburn, Vermont. She spent twenty years traveling around the United States and Canada as a groom and owner of racehorses. In 1990, a friend told Cheryl she all we know had put to pay her angry face some years ago. A few guys tried to start a food fight in Simpson. “I slammed both hands down on the table and I said, ‘Don’t you ever throw your food as long as I work here!’” Everyone involved apologized on their way out. Apparently, she has a very convincing angry face.

In 1998, Cheryl won the Helen Simono Award for outstanding customer service. The award was named for her friend and former co-worker for whom she had to call an ambulance when Ms. Simono had a heart attack in Billings. Cheryl was pleased to win the award, but her favorite part of her job is being around and taking care of the students. “I’ll never let a student go hungry,” she says. She won’t, either - on multiple occasions she’s reached into her own pocket to make sure a student gets their meal.

When she’s not behind the counter at Northside Café, Cheryl plays a mean hand of poker (just in case on a Saturday and ask her what she’s up to after work) and loves fishing in the Winnokis. Personally, it’s her year for Ms. Bell, who’s feeling better than ever with her new pacemaker. On top of that, the “be- onic” woman plans on getting her driver’s license this summer. Unfortunately for any hopeful food- fighters, Cheryl’s here to stay. Luckily for the rest of us, she’s one employee that no one can call a friend. Why not make it official and hit her up on Face book? Yes, I’m serious.

Reflections

there’s something about cheryl

Sunday in Harris-Millis

1 meal plan swipe for brunch…... $9.20
2 lauds of laundry........................................... $0.04
2 EDAE 002 textbooks............................... $68.00
1 season of Friends (Netflix/DVD)............... $9.80
1 meal plan swipe for dinner......................... $9.80
Never having to leave Harris Mills on a Sunday... priceless

There are some things money can’t buy. For everything else, there’s UVM catscratch.

by lauren katz

What’s my age again?

College brings lots of new privileges into our lives, yet many of us are still finding ourselves. It seems plenty of other people are confused about where we fit in the world, especially because our age can put us in awkward situations. For example:

The doctor’s office: Podiatrists can see patients up until they’re 21 in most states, so chances are you still visit one over breaks and for vaccinations. But how awkward is it to be in a waiting room with little babies around? Do these parents just think you’re not responsible enough to go to a real doctor? Or that you still need your mom to hold your hand during blood tests? Or do mothers and fathers think that you’re sitting there, a neglectful parent, leaving your significant other and bastard child in the office to get a flu shot and Elmo band-aid? Maybe.

Family get togethers and holidays. The infamous “kids table.” Where do you stand? Yeah you’re smart/tall/baby/booby enough to sit at the adult table and talk about politics and school and old people TV shows. But dodging republicans Obama anti-Cher talk and daydreaming with ants about the “best days of your life” while talking about the latest episode of “Kids at War” and the gory usually gets there last. But you’re the coolest and, admit it, you still watch Spongebob.

Significant Others: Talk of boyfriends and girlfriends also leaves awkward non-age appropriate moments. College is the time where many people find their future husband/wife to bond with and, gasp, eventually marry. But are we even in a generation that believes in marriage at such a young age? And, if we aren’t attached, do people think our crazy single ways may be getting in the way of a bright future shared with another person (along with presenting a ton of STDs)? While 20 isn’t old, it’s old enough for people to be thinking about it and, in retrospect, asking...


Still wanting to (secretly) be an astronaut, a fireman, or a fairy princess. Sticking your tongue out. Animal crackers. Using the word poopie. All of these are prime examples.

The awkwardness of our age is only enhanced by our ability to still be able to act like kids, because after graduation its probably not possible in that wierd “real world” everyone keeps talking about. As long as you’re individually happy, maturity will come soon enough through tax payments and savings funds. So eat a lot of candy and watch cartoons, because growing up kind of sucks.
tues.23: FREE CONE DAY!
    all day. ben & jerry’s
weds.24: PUB QUIZ
    9pm. brennan’s pub
thur.25: DR. ANGELA DAVIS SPEAKS
    7pm. ira allen chapel
thur.25: COMEDIAN PAUL VARGHESE
    8pm. brennan’s
fri.26: STEP AFRIKA
    7pm, ira allen chapel
sat.27: MOVIE: UP IN THE AIR
    8pm, billings lecture hall

uvm.edu/bored
by laurynschrom

On March first Sara looked out her window and wondered what the front yard would have looked like a hundred years before. It would have had snow, she thought, and it would have been cold. The wind would have felt like knives instead of the usual balmy breeze that caressed her skin. There would have been a lot of things different with the world, had there been winter. The fact was that winter itself simply didn’t exist any more, at least not in the US. It had become something more of a tourist attraction, way down at the South Pole. So she would resort to watching the homemade videos that those who could afford to charter a private jet would make available online. And then there was her grandmother. She remembered, though just barely, what it had been like.

“The fact was that winter itself simply didn’t exist anymore...It had become something more of a tourist attraction.”

― Sara’s grandmother, "The Winter’s Tale: Sara’s Winter in the South Pole"

by alessontown

UVM has two castles: Converse and Redstone Hall. For decades they have lived in harmony, but this past Saturday a war broke out. The sources of this conflict have been debated in the halls, but the fact remains that there have been several reports that Converse simply grew tired of having to share the title of Campus Castle. All we know for sure though is that Converse struck the first blow.

At roughly 8:00 PM reports were received of Henry, Converse’s resident ghost, traveling the night’s sky along with his hordes of fellow suicidal specters toward Redstone Hall. He was heard to be howling about the horrid vengeance he would wreak upon Redstone if they did not surrender. Indeed, for the next fifteen minutes, numerous screams were heard emanating from Redstone Hall. However, it seems that Converse’s plans were soon undermined. A priest from the next-door church was seen running toward the building. Shortly after, bright lights and angelic-like music issued from the hall’s windows.

The next day Redstone issued its counter-measure. Its residents were seen sneaking into Chittenden Hall early in the morning and then throughout the day speaking to passers-by about a big bagger that would be held that evening. When the ghost realized the plans, he was led to the high, in the hope of luring Converse students out of the safety of their castle. Numerous Converse students were indeed seen approaching the ‘secret’ party that evening, however, this tactic backfired when campus police descended on the scene. There were no arrests though as the police allegedly only found several cases of non-alcoholic beer and a post-it reading “Ha! Now you live healthy. LOL!” Reportedly this confused many of the party-goers until they remembered that Redstone Hall was known for its healthy living. Upon re-trying to their dorms, these students found that the Redstone members had only had time to draw adorable chalk cartoons on the walls.

In a similar tactic, Converse members soon set up a bead and bracelet workshop outside of Redstone Hall. The students flocked over to the wondrous craft fest and the Converse members moved in to seize the dorm. However, the tides soon turned once again when the Redstone residents noticed the assault and swiftly fashioned the beading materials into a fully-functional, environmentally friendly fishing-type net, which quickly captured the would-be assailants. It has been rumored that the Converse students were then dragged into Redstone’s clown-infested basement, from which cries of profound discomfort were heard for hours.

Seizing their opportunity, the Redstone students quickly moved to seize Converse Hall and flush out its remaining residents. Their first tactic was simply to charge into the building, however, the lingering Converse students fought back with equal force too and led their Redstone rivals through numerous winding halls and up and down Converse’s many ridiculously long staircases. Finally, the Redstone army had to retreat from sheer exhaustion.

Converse’s reprieve was short-lived though. Taking inspiration from their fatigued, the Redstone students contacted their musical allies in Southwick and had them begin a music marathon outside of Converse in the hope of depriving them of sleep and thus making them surrender. This also had the added bonus of making all the Converse students, sophomore Nathana DiPotky, put it, “We’re right next to the hospital and we have to try and sleep through all the time. Music is a way we can relax.”

It was at about this time that the remaining Converse students decided to abandon their castle and head toward the Redstoners, lighting up some rolls of marijuana and smoking it in the Redstoners’ general direction. They quickly returned to their dorms and once for good. His secret weapon. It seems that all the recent budget cuts and tuition hikes that UVM has been experiencing was just an attempt to an already over-taxed number of vice presidents or unnecessary student centers. Instead, the majority of the university’s tuition for the past several years has gone into converting Converse Hall into a giant, fighting robot. With feet so stout that thundered throughout the greater Burlington area, the Converse-mech stomped across the campus to Redstone Hall and demanded in a booming, synthesized voice that the Redstone students surrender and admit that Converse was the only true castle on campus.

However, before the Redstoners could reply, both groups received a shocking surprise. Unbeknownst to the Converse students, it seems that their giant robot had at some point become self-aware. It quickly muti-

by ginascocciaro

First year at UVM marks the dawn of a new kind of relationship: epimeral, but reliable, as it must occur at least a few times a week. Introducing the Grundle boy-

friend.
It's spring break, and while many of my peers are frolicking in a faraway land, enjoying some sun and surf, I'm sitting in a ratty blue velvet auditorium seat, watching some braces-sporting thirteen-year-olds rock out to Nirvana's "Smells Like Teen Spirit" on the stage of my old middle school auditorium.

My mom, who is seated next to me, is covering her ears and wincing in pain. This doesn't really surprise me, because my mom was never a particularly huge fan of Nirvana, or other music that isn't John Denver or the Beatles.

"We've got to get out of here!" my mom whispers (actually, she shouted, "We've got to get out of here!"). My mom was never a particularly huge fan of Nirvana, or other music that isn't John Denver or the Beatles.

"No, we aren't leaving prematurely, because I'm a ratty blue velvet auditorium seat, watching some braces-sporting thirteen-year-olds rock out to Nirvana's "Smells Like Teen Spirit" on the stage of my old middle school auditorium.

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