

11-2009

## Bard Free Press, Vol. 11, No. 3 (November 2009)

Bard College

Follow this and additional works at: <https://digitalcommons.bard.edu/bardfreepress>

---

### Recommended Citation

Bard College, "Bard Free Press, Vol. 11, No. 3 (November 2009)" (2009). *Bard Free Press - All Issues (2000-2018)*. 77.

<https://digitalcommons.bard.edu/bardfreepress/77>

This Book is brought to you for free and open access by the Bard Free Press, 2000-2018 at Bard Digital Commons. It has been accepted for inclusion in Bard Free Press - All Issues (2000-2018) by an authorized administrator of Bard Digital Commons. For more information, please contact [digitalcommons@bard.edu](mailto:digitalcommons@bard.edu).

# FP



The background of the page is a detailed black and white illustration of jellyfish and their tentacles. The tentacles are long, thin, and curly, filling the left and bottom portions of the page. The jellyfish bells are shown in various sizes and orientations, some with their oral arms visible. The numbers 1, 2, 3, and 4 are placed at different points in the illustration: 1 is near the top right jellyfish, 2 is near the bottom center jellyfish, 3 is near the top left jellyfish, and 4 is near the bottom right jellyfish.

# bard free press

## EDITORS

emily "◇" diamond (content)  
abby "◇" ferla (content)  
ezra "◇" glenn (layout/photographer)

---

THE FREE PRESS RESERVES THE RIGHT TO EDIT ALL SUBMISSIONS FOR SPELLING, GRAMMAR, AND COHERENCE. WE PROTECT OUR STUDENT JOURNALISTS' FIRST AMENDMENT RIGHTS AND ACCEPT THE RESPONSIBILITIES THAT ACCOMPANY THAT FREEDOM. CONTENT DECISIONS ARE MADE BY THE EDITORIAL BOARD, AND THE FREE PRESS WILL NOT PRINT ANYTHING LIBELOUS OR DISCRIMINATORY IN NATURE. ANONYMOUS SUBMISSIONS CAN ONLY BE PRINTED IF THE WRITERS CONSULT WITH THE EDITORIAL BOARD FIRST.

ALL ARTICLES IN THE OPINION SECTION REFLECT THE OPINIONS OF THE AUTHORS, NOT THOSE OF THE FREE PRESS EDITORIAL BOARD OR STAFF. RESPONSES TO OPINIONS ARE TOTALLY WELCOME AND CAN BE SENT TO [BARDFREEPRESS@GMAIL.COM](mailto:BARDFREEPRESS@GMAIL.COM), AS CAN LETTERS TO THE EDITORS.

---

## WRITERS

mary weston  
pisie hocheim  
katie leigh mcinnis  
emily diamond  
ezra glenn  
missy mccabe

maxwell paparella  
giampaolo bianconi  
issa revel  
abby ferla  
enrico purita  
daisy soderberg-  
rivkin

## CONTRIBUTORS

charlotte ashlock  
annie battles

## STAFF ILLUSTRATOR

issa revell

## COVER ART

julia boal

## ATTN

Our website was recently redesigned. Check it out! <http://freepress.bard.edu>

# ABCDEFGH TO THE EDITORS BOTTY, RORO, AND BAYLEY WHISPER SWEET NOTHINGS INTO OUR COLECTIVE EAR

Paintball, Politics Aside  
by Bayley Sweitzer

I don't want to beat a dead horse, and I definitely don't want to start an argument, but I do want to clarify some topics of contention, because I'm inheriting the managerial responsibilities of the Paintball Club when Aaron Dean graduates. I have three things to say.

First, the views of Aaron Dean do not reflect those of the Paintball Club. He has his own opinions on life and paintball and he's free to express them be they sexist or not. Just please do not assume that people who play paintball at Bard are all "presumptuous, condescending white boys" as Karen Johnson suggests.

Second, I want to briefly discuss why paintball has the draw that it does, and in my mind it has nothing to do with gender or politics. Paintball is wicked fun for humans to do because we as a species have a fascination with affecting a part of the physical world that we cannot physically touch. The most fundamental example of this is the act of throwing. Throwing things is really fun. When you throw, for example, a rock into a pond, you'll make a splash that is interesting to watch, and, assuming you've thrown the rock more than three feet, you can't actually touch the region of water affected by the rock. This is cool, because you don't get wet (as you would if you stomped in a puddle) but also because it's like you're reaching very far. R/C cars and airplanes, snowball fights, golf, marksmanship, archery, rubber bands, hunting, fireworks, water balloons, and paintball are all appealing for the same reason. For me, all the pros and cons of paintball as stated by Aaron and Karen are all secondary. For me the sport is nothing more than a totally contrived manifestation of our fundamental attraction to touching something you can't actually touch.

Third. I want to make our financial methods completely transparent and to address the "shitty fee" that Johnson mentioned. There's no getting around the fact that paintball is an incredibly equipment-intensive sport. If you want to play soccer, all you need is a ball. If you want to play paintball, you need a mask, a paintball maker, a hopper, a compressed air tank, an air compressor, and a lot of paintballs. Last year the Bard Paintball Club received a loan of roughly \$20,000 to purchase all of the aforementioned equipment, plus a netting system to keep spectators safe, and 44 inflatable bunkers for the players to use as cover. This money came from the administration, not from the convocation fund. For Bard students, the so-called rental of the equipment is free. All you guys have to pay for is the paintballs you shoot. We buy a half skid of paintballs for \$1,920 which is 120,000 paintballs (60 cases). We sell you guys a hopper (about 150 paintballs) for \$5 or 500 paintballs for \$15 which is \$60 per case. Long story short, we make about \$28 on every 2000 paintballs sold which is less than a 50% profit margin. All of this goes towards paying back our loan.

Hope this clears things up. We'll be playing again next spring and all are welcome to try it out. Feel free to e-mail me for any clarification at bs242@bard.edu.

Also, in response to Ms. Johnson's request that "we start listening to women and their feelings about the paintball club," I asked a few ladies who have played paintball at Bard two questions. 1.) How many times have you played at Bard? 2.) Please briefly and honestly describe your Bard paintball experience(s). Here's what they said:

Beatrice Ajaero

1. Once.
2. Adrenaline rush. Therapeutic. A great opportunity to play alongside fellow Bardians.

Lana Barkin

1. More than I can count on one hand.
2. Fuckin' sweet. Pain in the ass to clean up afterwards but that builds character.

To the Editors of the Free Press:

I read the September issue with interest and am very pleased to see that the newspaper seems to be doing well. I think the article on drug policy raised many significant issues. The subject is worth pursuing. At the core of the matter are several obvious points. First, drug use is illegal. Furthermore, drug use is undesirable and unnecessary. Third, drug use that depends on a supply on the black market is inherently dangerous. Fourth, we are caught in a web of national and international drug policy that has not been properly addressed. Drug policy is a severe international problem. There is no agreement about what, in my opinion, should be the direction of the policy, which is a shift from criminalization to treatment and education that is effective in reducing demand. These circumstances profoundly complicate any college's effort to handle the issue of drugs to everyone's satisfaction. Simply put, if there were no demand there would be no problem. So let's concentrate on reducing the demand and keeping students out of harm's way.

Cordially,  
Leon Botstein

.....  
The Sad State of Bard's Archives (Don't change my fucking headline!)  
by Rob Ross

Bard's newspapers have been absolutely negligent in maintaining an online archive of past issues. This is particularly frustrating for me, a recent graduate, because it means that journalistic organizations that I'm applying to have to take my word that certain articles were published. Even those issues that are published online are published as 20 MB pdfs, forcing people who want to read my work in print to download and sift through the entire issue.

All the Bard Observer issues from spring 2000 to fall 2006 are missing, and all the Bard Free Press issues from before spring of 2009 are missing. The latter is made even more frustrating by the fact that last semester the Free Press archives were actually complete - this year's editors have, in fact, lost almost all of the Free Press archives. The longer the editors put off this archiving work, the more likely that the records will be lost forever - a really sad loss I think.

I know that Bard students live isolated lives, free from vulgar proletarian tasks like applying for (real) jobs. But for those of us hoping to use our journalism work to land us a job in the field, the editors' "head-up-my-ass" approach to basic paper management is a real barrier to success.

Editors, if you don't publish this you are hypocrites and self-righteous liberals. Unless you don't publish it because you fix the problem - then you are responsive and efficient.

.....  
Casey Daniels

1. A bunch, I don't know. More than Lana.
2. Fun for the whole family; your family was there and we all had fun.

Anonymous

1. Just once.
2. It was exciting and fun until I got shot in the breast and then in the arm when I was trying to sign that I had been hit. Guess I'm glad I experienced it, it was definitely a rush, but I can't say I'll do it again.

Lola Kirke

1. Only once at the tournament.
2. I got shot in the knuckle and the crotch. I felt we had a fair chance and could have won even though we were a team of four girls and one guy. It was really fucking fun.

# BITCH CUNT PUSSY SLUT

## STUDENTS AND PROFESSORS TALK ABOUT BAD WORDS

by mary weston and pisie hochheim

Whether you're outside of Kline or in the halls of Olin as class lets out, you probably hear the word "bitch" more than several times on a daily basis. The word might be directed toward you, or you might be directing it toward someone else. You also probably don't do a double take when you hear this or any other "gendered" term used to describe people. Let's face it—we're desensitized to most of these words. The word "bitch," in particular, is a good example—it's the only "bad" word allowed on public television, and it has so many uses its original meaning is sometimes obscured. Certainly it's interesting to mark the word's evolution from its original meaning as a term used to describe a female dog. But how does the meaning change when we use the word to describe a woman we dislike, a feminine man, or as an affectionate term for a best friend? We even use the word as an adjective to describe events or objects, ("That test was a bitch").

SWEAR (Student's for Women's Equality and Rights), Bard's new feminist group on campus, now in its second year, noted the prevalence of gendered insults/terms and decided to host a campus-wide discussion regarding the matter. You may have noticed or even been offended by, the black and white "bitch," "cunt," "pussy," or "slut," signs plastered all over campus promoting the event. "A lot of people were offended by the signs, but that was part of our intent," said Samantha Lange, the head of SWEAR. "While we hear these words everyday with virtually no notice, seeing the words in front of us, taken out of context, forces us to acknowledge them and start to think about their implications." The signs, in addition to promoting the event, were meant to get people talking and questioning the words in general. And sure enough, they did. Over 80 students joined psychology professors Barbara Luka and Kristin Lane along with anthropology professor Megan Callaghan in the discussion on sexist language on November 2nd in Olin 203.

The discussion began with brief presentations by

each professor, which set the tone for the event. The first speaker, Barbara Luka, spoke about the portrayal of women in popular music and played several song clips from old blues classics. She illustrated that even some songs designed to praise women are in fact sexist, because the women are only revered for their ability to please men-- and to look beautiful doing it. The second speaker, Kristin Lane, took an in-depth look at a study that aimed to monitor women's reactions to subtle sexual harassment during mock job interviews. The resounding results of the study revealed that women expect to react more aggressively toward sexist language than they actually do. Instead of overt anger, many women experience fear in these situations and as such, become complacent in these interactions. The last speaker, Megan Callaghan, called attention to the prevalence of the word "bitch" in popular culture and drew upon an example from prime-time television's Top Chef. She spoke about one male contestant's response to another female contestant with the now-ubiquitous phrase, "I'm not your bitch, bitch." She then connected this popular phrase to some ideas from a book by Judith Butler, *Excitable Speech: A Study of the Performative* and discussed the dangers of both using sexist language, but also of omitting offensive words, thus giving them more power.

After these presentations, students were invited to join in a discussion to talk about the words themselves, their usage at Bard, and their implications in our tiny community. All around the classroom, people from chairs or sitting on the floor discussed their personal experiences with terms we use everyday but don't question. They brought up the hetero-normative backdrop of the insult "bitch" when applied to males and the sexist implications when applied to females. When we had to end the discussion at 9:00 PM, students reluctantly left the room, but it was not long after that we found them outside immersed in discussion, unable to leave inside the unanswerable questions inside.

Surprised and elated, SWEAR members joined

in the impromptu discussion and realized that Bard students are not as desensitized to these words as we had thought. It's time we all realize that the words around us, which we may not always see posted in Kline in stark letters, have an affect on our community and that it's important to question the use of the them and the implications for how male and female students alike interact and feel about themselves.

SWEAR meets at 9pm in the Root Cellar on Monday nights. Please come and join for more interesting discussions and activism.

WHAT DO THESE WORDS MEAN?  
WHY DO WE USE THEM?  
AND WHAT ARE THE IMPLICATIONS OF  
THEIR USAGE?

# SWEAR

INVITES YOU TO JOIN OUR  
DISCUSSION ON  
SEXIST LANGUAGE  
AND ITS SOCIAL  
CONSEQUENCES

WITH PRESENTATIONS BY  
PROFESSORS KRISTIN LANE,  
BARBARA LUKA, AND  
MEGAN CALLAGHAN

MONDAY, NOVEMBER 2ND  
7:30PM IN OLIN 203

Event Poster

# DIARY OF A QUARANTINEE: I CONTRACTED H1N1

## YOU THINK YOU KNOW, AND YOU MAY HAVE SOME IDEA

by katie leigh mcinnis

I am reporting to you from the quarantine ward in Bartlett. When I chose this assignment, I did know know that in under forty-eight hours I would be here, in isolation and feeling quite shitty. After a few days of high fever, shortness of breath, body aches, extreme fatigue and a deep cough, I finally got an appointment at Health Services and within the hour was placed in isolation for the duration of my illness. What follows is my experience as a swine flu victim at Bard College.

November 6th, 2009

I wake from a horrendous night of sweats, chills, odd dreams, and little real sleep to trudge all the way in the freezing wind to Health Services only to discover that I do, indeed, have the flu of the swine. Charged with wearing a mask until

I'm in the confines of Bartlett, I sit in the hall where I have been placed as far away from the waiting room as possible, feeling rather ridiculous. People who pass either laugh, assuming that I am sitting in this here hall with a mask on my face in order to make a mockery of the situation, or they shy far away as if I were an extremely deadly biohazard, which I guess I am. Security arrives to take me to my dorm, and once there, I attempt to pack up everything I will need for an undetermined amount of time in isolation. Then I am whisked away to Bartlett and put in my room, and suddenly I am all alone-- not even a sound to be heard from the other inhabitants. It's unsettling; there is no noise. None. The bed sheets and towels are folded on the foot of the bed, the shade down, the room sterile. I am equipped with 2 towels, a set of sheets, one blanket, a telephone (presumably to call

for emergencies), a flu buddy (an EMS volunteer), and all the food a sick person could ever crave: multiple flavours of soup, cranberry juice, goldfish, Gatorade, tea, etc.

November 7th, 2009

I spend my time idly, slipping in and out of sleep, dragging myself to the common room when my hunger becomes unbearable, partially watching movies off of DC++, and-- within 36 hours-- I'm set free, released from quarantine. After all the protocol, all the fuss that was made about going into isolation, it is strangely easy to leave. When I announce to different personnel via telephone that I have, indeed, been fever free for 24 hours, they seem surprised that I am asking at all, of course I can leave. So, I simply pack up and walk out.

# WHO EVEN CARES?

## 350 SHOTS FOR YOUR 350TH BIRTHDAY

by charlotte ashlock

Bard professors, politicians, and activists shared their perspectives with one another at a Climate Change Teach-In on October 22nd at Bard. Economist Ebon Goldstein stated that he believes we do not lack the money to solve global warming; we lack only political will. EUS professor and County Planner Jennifer Berky built upon this with her discussion of urban sprawl in which she explained that avoiding sprawl requires cooperation from many different political bodies, so it can be tricky to negotiate.

Tom Mansfield from Dutchess County Legislative Board said, "We could save a billion dollars in Dutchess County from energy efficiency alone!" But New York State Senate's "Green Jobs, Green New York," bill is under attack. This bill would provide funds to homeowners to retrofit for energy-efficiency, but a November vote could slash away its budget.

Professor Keesing discussed how climate change effects disease. "To investigate this question, we need a good sample size, say six earths," she joked. Give three of them global warming, and compare them to the other three... Unfortunately, this experiment was canceled due to lack of funding." According to Keesing, the body of evidence shows that human disease is worsening with climate change. "Yet without the Six Earths Experiment, we will never be certain."

Professor Barbara Luka spoke on the psychology of global warming. "Information is necessary but not sufficient," she said. "For people to take action, they need information, but they also need personal motivation." She added, "If you want to fix a problem, scolding people won't work. You need to make it easy and convenient for them to do the right thing."

Local activist Melissa Everett chimed in, "We hear the world is ending, and what are we supposed to do about it? Change to fluorescent bulbs and wait for the next generation to solve the problem? This makes no sense!" She mentioned more widespread solutions, notably Sustainable Hudson Valley's program to train a new generation of environmental leaders in their "10% by 2010" emissions reduction campaign.

Student Hannah Mitchell told how her high school club started a recycling program and convinced the town to pass a Green Building Code. "Don't believe my generation is apathetic," she told the audience. "People need a personal connection to the issue, and an outlet for action. Together, these factors defeat apathy." Robert McKeon from Red Hook Town Council told us, "Real change happens locally, so get involved locally." Then the event opened up for questions.

In response to, "What is causing the lack of political will?" Mansfield said, "Money! The political system is controlled by people who benefit from the status quo, and it's very difficult to break that gridlock." Someone questioned if getting involved in politics was the best way to make a difference. Mansfield said, "Social movements can sweep through the gridlock. It happened with abolition, it happened with suffrage, and it will happen again. These issues are taking hold in people's souls."

Overall my time in isolation at Bartlett was beneficial. I mean, I got better didn't I? But it was so unreal. Bartlett was unnaturally quiet, and being one of two inhabitants in a 16 or more room dorm was unsettling. A person is condemned to 'social distancing' when in isolation, but the doors are unlocked and movements unsupervised; there is nothing to keep a person here, nothing to keep him within the confines of those sterile, blank walls. But, I guess locking flu victims in would be a little extreme, a little like that Quarantine movie, and a little against fire codes. Like animals in a zoo, we in Bartlett had full view of the people around us: the party-ers frolicking around the north campus quad, the clusters of students trekking to Kline. However, we were unable to partake, separated from the rest of Bard by a pane of glass and a contagious virus.

So how threatening is the swine flu here at Bard? Barbara-Jean Briskey reports that that from May

to the present day there have only been around 20 cases reported here (Colgate, by comparison, is of similar size to Bard but has had more than 400 cases of H1N1 so far). Bard's small size will work to its advantage, for Bard is able-- unlike other schools nearby such as Marist-- to commit an entire dorm for use as a quarantine zone. More cases are expected as the season goes on, but Health Services is going to great lengths to prevent the spread of this virus. The symptoms of swine flu are very similar to those of the regular flu and are usually much milder. Thankfully, Health Services has done a lot of planning ahead of time so that Bard has no need to be overly concerned.

If you do catch the flu, it sucks, but Health Services is more than prepared to take care of you and ready to do almost anything in order to make you more comfortable. But don't risk it, get immunized, stay healthy, avoid the swine.

# CLEMENS TIME

## IT'S NOT LIKE A TANGERINE

by emily diamond

Clemens: I am Clemens.

**FREE PRESS: OK. When did you start playing with your bros?**  
Probably two months ago. Only.

**How many songs have you written since then?**  
I've written two songs since then, with them.

**But you play more than two songs.**

All the other songs I wrote by myself. When I write, I record right away, and I record track-by-track the different parts. I go by ear rather than... I don't know, any theory. Track-by-track. I was just able to tell them what I wanted for the other songs.

**When did you start playing guitar, by yourself?**  
I think junior year of high school!

**That's not that long. When did you come to the United States?**

Junior year of high school. No. A year before that. I was a junior twice. I moved here by myself. I was just going to live here for four months and learn English. I lived with Sibylle Baier. She is very influential actually.

**What are some of your songs about?**

Sometimes they are very particular-- about certain things in my current state... of emotion.

**Do you write about people? Specific people?**

I've got two songs that are about specific people. I like to write stories in my songs. It's very personal. I'm not very direct in my songs. It's very symbolic, but usually the things I sing about are very personal, but hopefully everyone can connect with them in some way.

**Talk about your project with Johanna Warren.**

A lot of people were saying that we should meet because we would work together pretty well. So we've been meeting, and we wrote two songs together. That is a very nice thing, because we are mirroring each other very nicely. It works very easily.

**What about the new collaboration with Odetta Hartman?**

That happened because of the Hoot Hoots concert. I definitely want her to play violin and back me up [in the future]. I'm sure that will happen but this was just because of the show.

**Did you pick the guys in your group or did you just start playing together casually?**

We are all long-time friends, and they actually asked me to play. They listened to my recordings, and I said I didn't want to perform. [My music] is just something to listen to... like when you go to sleep. If you want to. The way the recordings are-- it's much slower.

**But you work well in front of a crowd.**

That's what I didn't know until now. We tried it for one Smog show that Emanuel Gears had. It was really awesome, and it made me just fall in love with this. I never want to stop.



# IMPORTANT ON-CAMPUS NEWS YOU

## STONEHENGE OF REALITY FINALLY COMPLETE OLAFUR ELIASSON CONFIRMED ALIEN

by ezra glenn



At the beginning of this year, Danish-Icelandic artist Olafur Eliasson's "permanent" installation, "The Parliament of Reality," was deemed off limits after nightfall. Over three months later, the true reason for this change has been brought to light. What was said to be complete at the end of last semester, a giant slinky, boulder, and rock-island-puddle for arguing and splashing around in was actually a cover for the forthcoming summer construction. Because construction took longer than expected due to an act of student vandalism last April, the finishing of the project had to be pushed into this school year. Due to the secrecy surrounding the project, construction could only occur at night, hence the installation's being off-limits at that time.

As it turns out, "The Parliament of Reality" has nothing to do with the parliament after all! It has to do with the famous alien/prehistoric/awesome rock arrangement, Stonehenge. Stonehenge, previously stationed somewhere in Britain, was transported to Bard campus via laserbeam after the construction of it's new home was complete on Thursday, November 19.

The installation is now being used by Eliasson himself to communicate with his home planet, Danish-Iceland, which is in the solar system 867-5309. Eliasson is, in fact, not from the Earthly Denmark or Iceland at all, but rather a separate planet whose name bears a coincidental resemblance to these countries'.

The page about the sculpture on the CSS website now

reads: "Eliasson envisions this project as 'a place where students, teachers, and aliens can gather to relax, discuss ideas or communicate with my home planet, Danish-Iceland. The Stonehenge of Reality emphasizes that Stonehenge should be at the core of any alien scheme. It is only by communicating with my home planet that real knowledge is produced and a critical Stonehenge can be sustained.'"

Officials have declined to answer inquiries regarding the sculpture's radiation levels. Whether the installation will now be opened for nighttime communication with Danish-Iceland has yet to be announced.

# YOU MIGHT NOT HAVE HEARD ABOUT

## ART STUDENTS BUSTED IN ILLEGAL CAT-ACCESSORY SCHEME IN JAIL, NO ONE CAN HEAR YOU PURR

by ezra glenn

Undercover Bard Security officers infiltrated a group of art students selling clothing accessories made of live cats out of their Village Suite on Thursday, November 19. As a result of the popularity of the accessories on Bard Campus, security officials could not help but notice the underground business's activity and were forced to take the perpetrators into custody. Everyone involved, including the cats, declined to comment.

Right: operators of business, Junior Studio Arts majors Allison Brainard and Sophia Pia-Belenky, caught red-handed toting two of their own designs, the "Growling Black Cat Muff" and the "Cheetah Clutch." Below: "Fierce Tiger Handbag."



ezra glenn



SEND IN THE CLOWNS  
CIRCUS TOMB UNEARTHED  
NEXT TO BLITHEWOOD

ezra glenn



DOGS CAN DANCE  
BUT WHY IS THE SKY  
RAINBOW?

dave sofia



## PERSPECTIVES ON STUDENT ART EXHIBITS THEY'RE ALL BY ONE PERSON

by missy mccabe

### UBS show

This installation exhibit currently in UBS probably would have made a lot more sense to me had I not missed the opening. I went looking for it the morning after the opening, knowing only that the show was in Red Hook and at a place called UBS. As it turns out, UBS is a building supply center, basically a big warehouse surrounded by a few trucks and various slabs of wood propped up outside. Just as I was thinking I had the wrong place, I noticed a black folding chair with the words "studio art" painted on it outside the warehouse door. The building appeared to be completely empty except for the art on display and distant music coming from a locked room labeled studio 5 where someone was presumably working. I tried knocking a few times, but to no avail. Most of the art on display is made out of old stuff that has been reappropriated.

This is the kind of exhibit where it's hard to separate the art from everything lying around the art. One installation resembles a dilapidated living room set up, with three dusty old televisions on a rug strewn with leaves and bits of wood. The wall behind it is painted a glaring purple and has framed

pictures hung at awkward angles. My favorite piece is a bunch of wooden sticks of various lengths propped precariously against a wall. When I saw it, I felt like I was looking at a game of dominoes or a house of cards and was tempted to push one over and see the rest topple down. Diagonally across from this installation and on the ceiling are pieces of black and white string threaded through hooks, and their shadows form geometric shapes that make an aesthetically pleasing pattern. All of the pieces on display make use of the entire space such that a person often needs to walk through them and possibly on them in order to explore the gallery.

### Studio Arts Moderation Show

The moderation show consists of work in various mediums by twelve students. The opening Friday November 11th was really impressive. Bard really does have some very talented artists. The work on display ranges from oil paintings to a video to a shelf of little wax bottles in vibrant colors to a few things I wouldn't know how to categorize. After seeing the stuff here, I initially felt inspired to start taking art classes and then felt intimidated by how good these people are.

### Post-Secret

The Post-Secret opening took place inside a dark room in the campus center, apparently called the fishbowl. I believe the darkness was meant to emphasize the fact that these are secrets, but I found it a little inconvenient considering I didn't bring a flashlight. My friend turned up the brightness on her iPhone, and this sufficed. As we slowly inched sideways around the room, I found myself repeatedly bumping into people moving in the opposite direction or reading at a slower pace. The friend accompanying me was very excited, and rushed from one postcard to the next like a little kid on Christmas morning, reading each one out loud. As with the post-secret found online, these include just about everything from tales of unrequited love to stories of depression to goofy revelations and confessions. However, Bard post secret was much more intriguing than the regular post-secret. The authors are people you've seen in passing a thousand times, most of whom you've probably never talked to. In a few instances, I felt almost positive I knew the writer of a secret, and even when I had no idea, it was fun imagining who these people were.

## MAY SEVENTH, 2005

## WE LOVE TRENDY MUSIC ALMOST AS MUCH AS OUR TRENDY SELVES

by maxwell paparella

<p>Kid Cudi – <i>Man On The Moon: The End of The Day</i></p> <p>Welcome to space rap Most of these are about shrooms? It's hipster-approved</p>	<p>The Mountain Goats – <i>The Life of the World To Come</i></p> <p>Here's the gimmick, friends: Songs named for bible verses And it's sort of great</p>	<p>Weezer – <i>Raditude</i></p> <p>Wait just a minute It's like Weezer's getting worse... But that can't be true</p>	<p>Mika Miko – <i>We Be Xuxa</i></p> <p>Telephones as mics And microphones as weapons These girls got it right</p>	<p>Tegan and Sara – <i>Sainthood</i></p> <p>Well, if nothing else Best gay girl band since Tatu And Miley Cyrus</p>
<p>Jemina Pearl – <i>Break It Up</i></p> <p>She beats up hecklers She knows Iggy and Thurston Pretty punk rock, dude</p>	<p>King Khan &amp; The BBQ Show – <i>Invisible Girl</i></p> <p>Good ole' southern rock Sounds like hot sauce &amp; Busch light But they're from Quebec</p>	<p>Karen O and the Kids – <i>Where The Wild Things Are OST</i></p> <p>Yeah Yeah Yeahs lady Kidnaps the Little Rascals Makes them sing pop songs</p>	<p>Devendra Banhart – <i>What Will Be</i></p> <p>As everyone knows, "Freak-folk" is a made up thing But some folks are freaks</p>	<p>Lightning Bolt – <i>Earthy Delights</i></p> <p>Drums plus bass plus fuzz Equals everything I lovez Haikus can rhyme, right?</p>

## FILMS FOR THE ARISTOCRAZY THAT TITLE WAS A TYPO BUT ISN'T IT KIND OF CLEVER?

by giampaolo bianconi

*A Serious Man*, dir. Joel and Ethan Coen (2009)

*A Serious Man* advertises itself a micro-chronicle of the Jewish experience in America during the second half of the twentieth century. Instead it is the first film to accurately contain, within its narrative, the experience of going to see a film by the Coen brothers. The Coen brothers have been celebrated in the United States as filmmakers of reliability, intelligence, and a certain degree of the esoteric. This means that their films are understood to be not only good, but also smart, and that their films are decidedly "not for everyone." Liking films by the Coen brothers, furthermore, connotes that one is a person of good taste. This is how the very experience of going to see a Coen brothers picture should be understood: by its status as a kind of iterable event that is valued because of status of the Coens as filmmakers who are unquestionably the best. In this sense, the Coen brothers are representative of the pervasive decay of criticism, in that all arguments against them can be deflected with the use of sheer opinion: if you don't like the Coens, their films are "not for you," which in turn means that you are not a person of good taste and thus not reliable or intelligent. Presumably, you should be next door, watching *The Box* and eating popcorn.

The film sets a morally gray and ominous tone by beginning with a parable about two peasants who seems to mistake a man for a demon. In their confusion, the woman stabs an old man who then bleeds. As he leaves their home, the man claims that they are now cursed for the act.

This parable, though, could also be a case of narrative atavism, wherein the admittedly cursed couple are in fact the ancestors of main character Larry Gopnik (Michael Stuhlbarg) and thus responsible for the "bad luck" about which he whines throughout the film proper. The distinction doesn't seem to matter, though.

Gopnik is a professor of physics in the Midwest. The year is 1967—before the storm, the Coen's make painfully obvious, of 1968. He is beset by increasing burdens, a kind of unending bad luck: his wife leaves him for a character curiously reminiscent of Tim Robbins' in *High Fidelity*, his kids don't give a shit, he has an uncomfortably macho-neighbor (shades of *American Beauty*, here), he's stressed about his ongoing tenure review, and he has a really annoying brother. He's kicked out of his house and has to move into a motel called the Jolly Roger. Life's tough, and Larry knows it: when he's not saying "why me" out-loud, he's bursting into tears.

The film, constructed from Larry's point of view, creates a narrative that constantly wonders: why is everyone else so crazy, so intent on doing me harm when I'm so normal? Can't these crazies see what's really going on? In this sense, the experience the Coen's give their main character becomes analogous to the experience of going to see a Coen brother's film and then defending it from the critiques of someone who doesn't like it: what's so wrong with you that you don't see what's right—that this is a great film? It's an unbearably smug situation to find yourself in—and an unbearable way to construct a film.

## THE QUESTION OF AN ORIGIN NOT SO COOKOO FOR COCO

by giampaolo bianconi

*Coco Avant Chanel*, dir. Anne Fontaine (2009)

The most unpleasant thing about *Coco Avant Chanel* is its desperate attempt to make us believe in Coco's feminism *avant la lettre*. Coco works in a bar in the provinces with her sister, singing songs for coins. Her sister has a lover who introduces her to Étienne Balsan, a wealthy Baron who, as she puts it, "knows people." When he leaves the provinces she follows him to his country estate, showing up unannounced and dressed—for all extensive purposes—as a man. Coco, we are told, breaks taboos and acts with all the fervor of a man. She is very unladylike. In one particularly rousing scene, she rides a horse freely, without any help from a man—in fact, she even out-paces one!

Eventually, Coco meets her true love—a debonair Englishman named Arthur with whom she makes love and picnics. He dies, though, in a car accident. In the face of this tragedy, Coco is transformed into steely-eyed, determined, and loveless businesswoman. Audrey Tautou manages to morph her facial expression by the film's end from one of wide-eyed desperation and hunger to one totally barren and full of emotional ruin. It's the most redeeming thing in the picture.

As you may have noticed, I found the film extremely boring. It did, however, raise this question: why do we as an audience hunger for the false atavism of an origin? Why would anyone want to see a film about the most influential fashion designer of the century, Coco Chanel, before she was the most influential fashion designer of the century? I suppose the counter-question would be: who wouldn't want to know where the icon got her inspiration? Still, our pathological desire for narrative consistency is tidy and fruitless: it doesn't provide the perhaps disturbing answers of—say, psychoanalysis—yet it does tie up loose ends into a pleasant package we call a story. *Coco Avant Chanel* is an example of just how uninteresting such an endeavor can be. Furthermore, the problem is that *Coco Avant Chanel* is fundamentally a lie: it portends to portray Coco Chanel before she was Coco Chanel, yet the whole premise of the film relies on the retro-projection of *our* Coco Chanel onto the young Chanel.



# THE IMPORTANCE OF BEING WHATEVER BLAH BLAH VOMIT

by annie battles

A quick lesson on the benefits of earnestly not giving a shit about your fancy hipster image: Last month's article on physical violence and confrontational, harmful exchanges got me thinking about how great it is that I can reference physical violence in my life so facetiously-- and how lucky I am that I don't actually need my Mom to FedEx me any kind of mouth-guard or knee pads.

More and more frequently at Bard College, I hear people lamenting the same issues-- which are most frequently about other people-- over and over, constantly. I do it, my friends do it, and I'm assuming other people do too, but I don't really care what other people do. I find myself in arguments and secret confrontations that I didn't know about. People I haven't spoken to in weeks will have some unspoken dilemma with me, other certain people can't stand to be around certain other people, and the like. This is an open letter to everyone who feels that at this point, they are being made uncomfortable by the sheer presence of another human being in their midst at Kline, the Swan, or your room (sux)-- or uncomfortable with just the possibility of said presence.

Think about your issue with someone right now. Don't give me that bullshit like, "No I really like everyone! Everyone's presence makes me feel either neutral or happy!" Is that dick or bitch next to you as you read this, this very moment? If you answer no, read on.

Do you have definitive plans with this person? Do you care about what secret grudges this person harbors against you? Do you really fully believe that they're thinking very much about you? If you answer yes to the last question, and you do believe this dude or chick is really thinking and spending time and energy on thoughts about you, you either have shitty friends who need some hobbies or exercise or more homework or LINDSAY LOHAN WHY ARE YOU READING THIS BARD FREE PRESS? I WAS JUST THINKING ABOUT YOU! Oh, you assumed? Exactly.

A few weeks ago, my roommate got one of those pumpkin Halloween grams from his parents, and the day after delivery went home for the weekend. I had no snacks (I haven't been home in like FOUR WEEKS guys... Mom WTF, you manage to send me sport safety paraphernalia and you don't see the Halloween gram notice? Fml. [textsfromlastnight][yoursonsmouth.blogspot.com] [subliminal self-promotion]). I was starving, my friends were easily persuaded, and poof! Went his candy. I forgot to replace it, and received a confused text from my roommate asking if I "really ate the entire thing..." Wracked with guilt and worry, I roamed in between the campus center, Tremblay, and the library for an unnecessary hour, dreading the moment I opened the door to face my roommate. When I got there, he thought it was really funny and probably was just a little embarrassed for me, and then he went back to his reading or whatever.

If I had spent that extra hour in my bed, doing reading, showering, complaining to my mom, I would've had a much better time and a good portion of my time wouldn't have been spent stressed and projecting what would happen when I inevitably saw my roommate in our room.

Therefore, unless you are Suki on True Blood or maybe Matilda (LUCKY) and can read minds, you really just have no idea what people are thinking about you, and you can be pretty sure they aren't thinking about you, because they're probably thinking about themselves, just like you are!

## RE: ANNIE BATTLES VOMIT VOMIT BLAH

by ezra glenn

@A.Batt: Your words are wise. Or at least, wiser than eating my pumpkin. I'm glad to hear you've healed. If only Aaron Burr and Alexander Hamilton had had your ability to move forward and get over it, we might have seen a much greater nation today! I'm glad you learned a valuable lesson about give and take. That's all fine and dandy, but you fail to address that you shouldn't have done that in the first place. Yeah, it was funny that you drunkenly consumed my bucket, but I would rather have the candy my parents lovingly sent me than a few shallow laughs. I will end with this question: How did you feel when, as you groped the bottom of my jackolantern for a stray fun-size chocolate bar, you happened upon the note included in the package, signed "love, Mom and Dad." ? Did you choke on it, mistaking it for edible paper?

In summary: move out.

# HIGH TIME FOR PIE TIME SOUTHERN PIE: A EUPHAMISM?

by issa revel

The great thing about these pies is that they sound super impressive but are secretly super easy to make! Don't tell your family at Thanksgiving and they will think you are something really special.

Also, if you want to be really fancy, you should make your own pie crust! It's not as hard as you'd think it is, and you can find a bunch of great recipes on Google that give you step-by-step instructions.

## CHOCOLATE CHESS PIE

(chocolate and gooey)

1 oz. unsweetened chocolate  
1/2 cup butter or margarine  
2 eggs, well beaten (make sure they're at room temperature if you're using butter)  
1 cup sugar  
1 tsp. vanilla extract  
1 9-inch, unbaked pie crust, store-bought or homemade

Preheat oven to 325°. Melt chocolate with butter/margarine and set aside. Beat eggs real nice, and then mix the chocolate/butter mixture, sugar, and vanilla. Pour into the pie crust and bake for 30-35 minutes (or until center is set, i.e. not jiggly). Definitely serve with ice cream or whipped cream.

## BUTTERMILK PIE

(so good, you do not even know)

1/2 cup butter or margarine at room temperature  
1 and 1/2 cup sugar  
3 tbs. Flour  
3 eggs, well beaten (if using butter, they should be at room temperature)  
1 cup buttermilk (easily made by combining 1 cup of skim milk with a tablespoon of vinegar, lemon juice, or cream of tartar, whichever)

# 3AM PASTA DEFINITELY NOT A EUPHAMISM

by abby fella

Sometimes your night just doesn't go the way that you've planned. Sometimes you split your pants, call your mom to confess your bi-curiosity, lose your keys or your scarf or that little eensie-beensie thing that they call your self-dignity. More-likely you find yourself naked on top of a coffee table rapping Bukowski poems to a slew of fully-clad, wide-eyed, gaping-mouthed hipsters.

Don't worry; it happens to the best of us. But I know that's of no comfort at 3 AM when you're limping along 9G wearing one shoe (it's not yours). No, at 3 AM there is no solace. No tomorrow. No shoes. No redemption. At 3 AM you really only have one of two options: you can

a. go home, put on Johnny Cash or Neko Case, reach for that half-empty bottle of Jack Daniels that you keep stashed on the top shelf of your closet, and weep silently to yourself, or

b. pull out that box of Halloween-shaped pasta that your mom sent you with a Snuggie© last week and cook it out.

Now, listen, I know that one option sounds like the cooler, hipper, more badass course of action, but there's no one to witness how hip and broody you are tonight, you edgy injured bird, you. So just give in. Relinquish to the warm embrace of carbohydrates. Trust me, this dish is the answer to all of your problems. It's sweet and salty, loaded with all the nutrients you will need to cushion tomorrow's hangover, and versatile enough to serve at the apology dinner you're going to have to throw to get everyone you puked on to like you again.

I used Macintosh apples, but a tarter apple, such as a Granny Smith, would probably be tastier. For pasta, any will do, but I suggest a shaped pasta (a la Annie's bunnies), because the nooks and crannies pick up the flavor

1 tsp. lemon juice  
1/2 to 1 tsp. of freshly grated lemon rind (optional)  
1 tsp. vanilla extract  
dash of salt  
nutmeg and/or cinnamon for topping  
1 unbaked 9-inch pie crust, store-bought or homemade

Preheat oven to 350°. Cream butter or margarine with sugar until completely smooth. Add remaining ingredients (except nutmeg/cinnamon). Mix well and pour into pie crust. Sprinkle a bit of nutmeg/cinnamon over the top of the pie in a decorative fashion. Bake for 50-60 minutes or until the center is set (the top of the pie will be a delicious golden brown). Serve with a dollop of whipped cream!

## PECAN PIE

(with nut-corn syrup, like people made it in olden times)

1 cup light brown sugar  
1/4 cup white sugar  
1/2 cup butter or margarine  
2 eggs  
1 tbs. Corn Syrup  
1 tbs. Milk  
1 tsp. Vanilla extract  
1 cup pecans (chop 'em if you want, but it doesn't really matter)  
1 9-inch pie crust

Preheat oven to 400°. Melt butter or margarine. Beat eggs in a large bowl until foamy, and then add the melted butter to them. Add the brown sugar, white sugar, and flour and mix until smooth. Then add the milk, vanilla, and pecans. Pour into pie crust making sure pecans are decoratively arranged on the top, because it's important. Bake at 400° for ten minutes. Then reduce temperature to 350° and bake for 30 - 40 minutes (or until center is set). Yummers.

better. The amounts listed for ingredients are more or less arbitrary, because a.) I made this up at 3 AM on Halloween, and b.) I know that you're too much of a badass to follow directions anyway.

1 Onion, diced  
1 Sweet Potato, cut into chunks  
1-2 small Apples, diced  
2 tbl olive oil  
1-2 tsp seasoning\*  
salt and pepper to taste  
grated Parmesan Cheese\*\*  
1 box pasta

1. Cook the pasta according to the directions on the box. Drain and set aside.  
2. Meanwhile, heat oil in a pan on medium heat. Add onions and saute until translucent.  
3. Add the sweet potato and saute. When the sweet potato is about half-way cooked, add the apple and seasonings. (If you're using minced garlic, add it now.)  
4. When sweet potato is fully cooked, add the pasta and cheese. Mix thoroughly.  
5. Remove and serve. Preferably in coffee mugs.

\*I used a healthy dose of Adobo seasoning, which is a mixture of garlic powder, onion powder, and cumin. Any meat seasoning or a mix of these three spices should do the trick. If you don't have any of these, just mince a couple of cloves of garlic.

\*\* To determine the amount of cheese, use this very exact formula: 1 tbl x [(drinks consumed) + (ex-lovers who left with the annoying girl in your lit class)]

# CONFUSION OVER FLEXIBLE REQUIREMENT OBSCURES GREATER STUDENT LIFE ISSUES: NO NEED TO RETHINK RE-THINKING DIFFERENCE

## RETHINK SIMILARITIES IN THINKING AND RETHINKING INSTEAD

by *enrico purita*

As an Anthropology major, everything I've studied in the discipline at Bard has not only asked but essentially demanded that I "re-think" difference. In order to escape confinement to rigid societal perceptions of race, gender, ethnicity, etc, the entire human race would surely benefit if everyone just took a moment to "re-think" difference. Here at Bard College, not only are we blessed with the freedom to question the current cultural hegemony, but we also, somewhat less fortunately, have the freedom to elect student government officials who want to re-think the Re-Thinking Difference requirement. The recent student government survey asking students their opinions on the Re-Thinking Difference requirement not only risks depriving students a vital part of the Bard education, but also exposes the inefficiency and ineffectiveness of Bard student government in dealing with the student life issues that students actually care about.

Currently, there are many problems with the Bard classroom experience. Classes are getting bigger, popular professors are increasingly facing less job security, and the Spring 2010 course list is about 1/3 of the size it was during my Freshman year. Despite these glaring issues, student government has chosen to focus on the "Re-Thinking Difference" requirement. As many of you who have already fulfilled the requirement know, Bard is very flexible with this unorthodox requirement. In the course catalog, the college explains the requirement as, "The requirement may be satisfied by any course that is primarily focused on the study of difference in the context of larger social dynamics. The course may address, but is not limited to addressing, differences of race, religion, ethnicity, class, gender, and/or sexuality. It may consider-- but is not limited to considering the contexts of globalization, nationalism, and social justice. A single course may simultaneously fulfill both the "Rethinking Difference" requirement and one of the distribution requirements above."

Not only is Re-Thinking Difference not considered a

separate requirement, but many classes fulfill the requirement. Chances are that you'll probably fulfill the it by accident at some point during your four years at Bard. I know I did. This is because the entire Bard philosophy is built on "Re-Thinking Difference." It is the distribution requirement equivalent to the Human Rights program. Getting rid of "Re-Thinking Difference" would signal yet another warning sign that Bard is slowly shedding its glamorous reputation as a refuge for fringe academia. This reputation is, after all, why most students choose to come to Bard in the first place.

Most importantly, addressing the "Re-Thinking Difference" requirement should not be a top priority when the Bard student body faces so many other problems. As a former member of student government, I would estimate that it took approximately all six members of the central committee, the seventeen members of the EPC, and the eleven members of the Student Senate to put together this survey about a distribution requirement. This means (if my math is correct) that it took approximately 32 members of Bard Student Government to put together a ten-question survey on the "Re-Thinking Difference" requirement.

In Chris Given's email regarding the survey, he states, "this year the EPC is undertaking an exciting new project to review the distribution requirements at the college. One particular requirement, Rethinking Difference (DIFF), is the subject of a lot of mixed opinions." Not only is Chris using the term "exciting" loosely, but he also exposes a much greater problem with the efficiency of our Student Government in creating change. The email suggests that seventeen members of the EPC are working on addressing distribution requirements. Issues about class size and the lack of student opinion in professor evaluations are conspicuously absent from the email and from the apparent goals of the EPC.

This would all be acceptable if student government was actually engaging in direct action for pet projects such

as nitpicking a perfectly legitimate distribution requirement. However, there is no action here. Utilizing 32 students for a ten-question survey is hardly a path to significant change for any Bard student. If student government actually displayed the ability to have some agency over the requirement, I-- along with many others-- would be slightly more impressed. The survey, however, is pretty much all that our problematic governing body can actually do.

In the wake of problems with clubs utilizing their funds correctly, the perpetual student space issue, and the inconsistency of the administration's drug policy that was wonderfully exposed by Alex Eriksen in the last issue of the FREE PRESS, it is slightly disturbing that the first email that the student body receives from [vote@bard.edu](mailto:vote@bard.edu) since the woefully insignificant Student Forum on key fines pertains to the "Re-Thinking Difference" requirement. On that note, the most creative advertising campaign that student government has put together in recent memories (we've all seen those trippy posters with the weird "Re-Thinking Difference" lettering) is devoted to something that the majority of Bard students could care less about.

The Bard Administration more than likely loves our student government right now. By diverting the attention of our students to something as miniscule as "Re-Thinking Difference," the administration does not have to face heavy scrutiny for the accountability issues that continue to exist and become more exposed by the day (once again, see Alex Eriksen).

No matter what the survey results are and no matter how many people answer the survey, this issue of "Re-Thinking Difference" ought to be put to rest in favor of an issue that will actually engage Bard Students to participate in the political process (another perpetual problem at Bard). Students will not feel represented when they sit in their 30-student 200-level class and are forced to take a survey on a requirement that they are probably already fulfilling by sitting in that overcrowded classroom.

# ISO: BRINGING THE WORLD TO BARD

## OMG I THOUGHT THE WORLD WAS ALREADY HERE?

by *daisy sodarberg-rivkin*

Thought Bard wasn't international enough? Haven't seen a truly heart-racing show? Well then, you should have been at the International Students Organization (ISO)'s Cultural Show on Saturday, November 6, in Olin Auditorium. The ISO, gave the Bard community a taste of the world and an idea of where the international kids have been all semester when they weren't warming our hearts with foreign languages, music, and food. It was, according to ISO President Farrah Akhtar, an event that they had been planning and rehearsing for since September and that incorporated all students in the organization.

If you integrate every stereotypical dance, song, and costume from every country in the world into one show, you will have arrived at the ISO cultural show. It was fantastic. Music from Bangladesh, Greek men stomping

across the stage, girls rocking out to the sound of Bollywood tunes, the Caribbean blew us away, Germany made fun of itself, China rapped, and we rediscovered passion through the tango (I'm pretty sure the windows fogged up during this act). It wasn't just that the audience was exposed to different cultures, the performers exhibited true talent. I mean, really, who wouldn't be impressed with a Chinese citizen who goes by the name of Snoop Doggy Doris?

The show was to start at 7:00 PM. By 6:30 the hall was practically full. By 7:00, some people gathered tightly on the steps while others uncomfortably leaned against the walls. But wherever they sat, this show was well worth sacrificing a little comfort.

The show was emceed by Akhtar and freshman Arthur

Holland Michel. They were an act in themselves. From the quirky remarks that explained that the show aimed to "reinforce stereotypes" to the small parody of a Palestinian wedding they performed (with Arthur draped in a beautiful glittery scarf), they kept the audience entertained while the performers changed backstage. Every person in the audience--from professors to their children--found the hosts' humor and charisma hilarious. Without these these remarkable personalities, the show would not have been quite as good.

Let's not forget the after party following the show. After attending this party it became clear that you don't mess with ISO: it will trample you with its dance moves.

# MISSED CONNEX & SEEKING

*by all your friends*

Dear punk rocker bard boy who works at DTR,  
We flirted about roast beef and you made one great sandwich.  
I love you.

Dear Free Press,  
I saw you for a second in Kline but then couldn't find you when I went back to look later. I guess you ran out pretty quick. You probably had somewhere really trendy to go and couldn't spare any time waiting around for an oaf like me. I can't crack the code to your heart or your office. It's actually a problem because my resume is on your computer.

Dear adorable soccer player,  
I thought you were giving me a bro-greeting this morning in the omelette line, but you were actually saying hey to the guy behind me. I made a fool of myself with a ridiculous show of saying hey. It was embarrassing. I hope you have forgotten it.

Dear Leon,  
You've invited me over to your house for "dessert" a few times now. I think we can both agree that these subtle advances mean a lot more than conversation and confection. I've heard you invite other people too, but it's probably just a rumor. I just need you to be a little more forward in the future. Channel that stern conductor's hand of yours more often, it's all I need to fall for you.

Seeking: a guy with a biting, cynical sense of humour who loves the musical *Brigadoon* for a casual to serious relationship. If this applies to you, feel free to send a response to MSC 1150

Seeking: A lonely kitty hopes to be reunited with an old spotted friend...it's over with Rupert.

Seeking: a guy who knows what steam punk is and also appreciates a nice Polo. All who apply should feel free to drop a note to MSC 1871

Where'd you go?  
Well, where? I held your hand on the shuttle and you said I smelled like hand sanitizer. I got that hand sanitizer at the CVS in Red Hook. I don't care if I ever see you again.

Dear Sassy Lady,  
You used to do my layout and abbrev everything and love furry mammals but have disappeared.  
Still in love with you,  
FREE PRESS

