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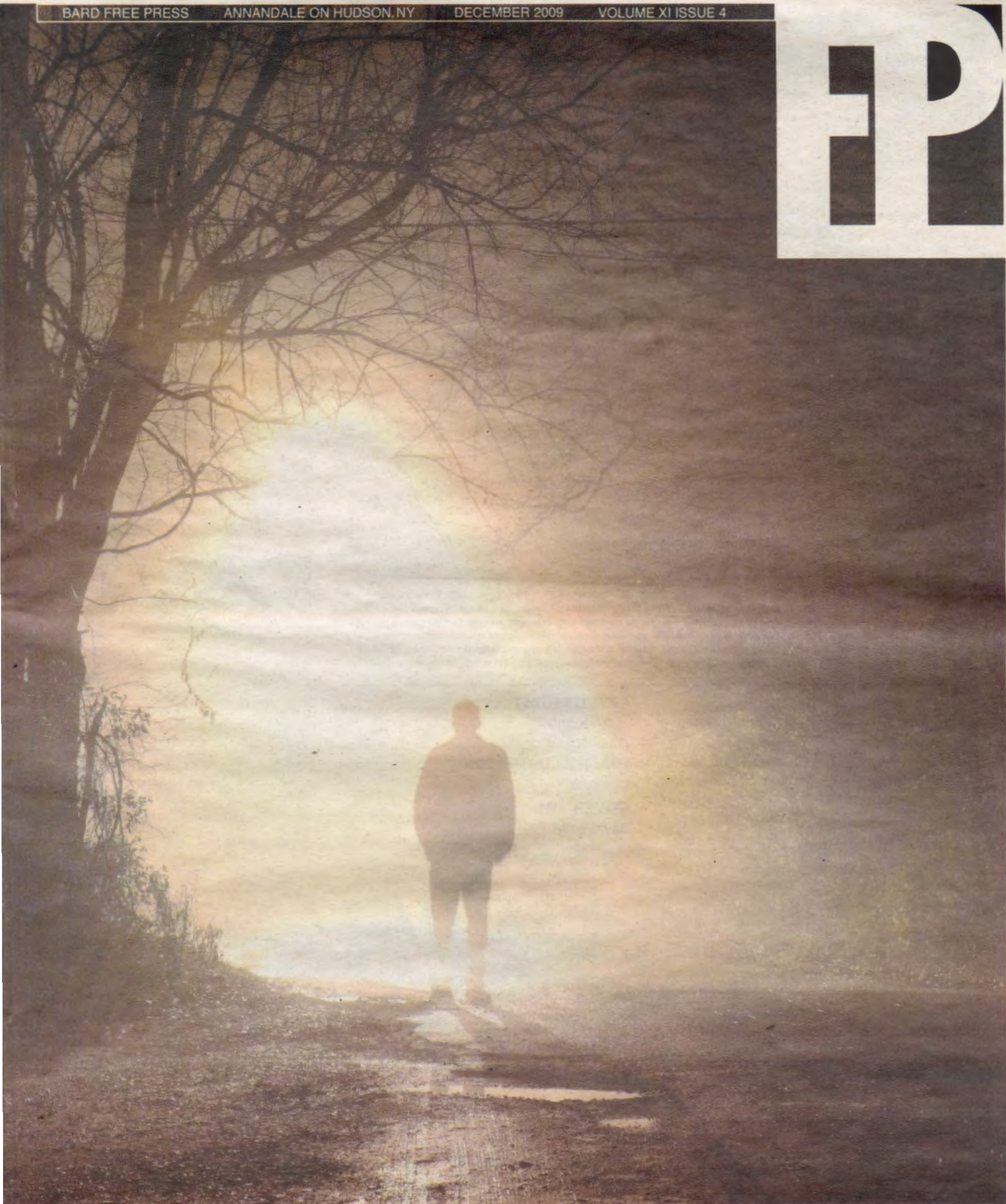
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fp





bard free press

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ATTN

Look at me.

A RESPONSE TO MR. PURITA OH NO YOU DIDN'T

by the central committee of the student association

The recently published "Confusion Over Flexible Requirement Obscures Greater Student Life Issues: No Need To Rethink Difference" is an editorial which defies fact, logic, grammar, and basic arithmetic. We commend the editors of the Free Press, for though they published it despite the numerous glaring factual errors contained in its eight paragraphs, at least they saw fit to publish it in a section labeled "opinion/entertainment." It contains a hearty dose of both, and we thank them for their honesty. However, as representatives of Student Government, we felt that it was in the interest of the FP's readership for us to cut through the misinformation.

The author of 'Confusion,' Enrico Purita, is a former member of Student Government who quit this semester rather than be voted out of his leadership position. Unfortunately, since that point, he has not attended any monthly Student Forums, voted, or even taken the survey about which he purports to write. It is absurd for him to then chastise the rest of the Bard student population for lack of engagement when he himself is clearly among the least engaged.

To hastily summarize the argument of the piece, Purita rethinks difference frequently, had no trouble meeting the DIFF requirement, thinks the project of reassessing it worthless, thinks the possibility of changing anything hopeless, and thinks that this all means that Student Government is doing absolutely nothing, is inefficient, and requires 32 people to write a survey.

We agree with him that many classes at Bard ask students to 'Rethink Difference' in some way and that such a mode of thought is vital to a comprehensive general education. Moreover, an enormous number of survey respondents agreed with this proposition. Presumably, however, the requirement is meant to do something, which leads to the questions: "What?" and "So, is it doing it?"

Purita argues, "Chances are that you'll probably fulfill the it [sic] by accident at some point during your four years at Bard. I know I did." While this is true for him and for many other students, he has the added advantage of being an Anthropology major. The survey shows that those in the Anthropology department are the most likely to take a DIFF course 'by accident.' It helps that ANTH 101 is a DIFF course. This is not the case, however, for a Biology student.

This mode of thought demonstrates why Purita did not succeed in Student Government. Implicit in his argument is the idea that because he personally doesn't see a need for the project, it does not matter what the rest of the student body might think. The same survey that he claims is a distraction thoroughly disproves his arguments, as 77% of the more than three hundred students who took the survey believe that it ought to be changed in some way.

Many took objection to the arbitrary nature with which the distribution is applied to some classes but not to others. One American Studies major found it ridiculous that Intro to American Studies was classified as DIFF though it does not rethink difference appreciably more than any other class. Other students pointed to examples such as the recent decision to apply the DIFF label to Intro to Jewish Studies and Intro to Islam. If I am a Jewish student taking the former, or a Muslim student taking the latter, in what way am I rethinking difference? In its original formulation, the requirement emphasized a comparative approach. If that is no longer the case, how is the requirement now defined?

Let us quote from one response which argues, "The phrase and execution are what I object to much more so than the concept. I believe very strongly in courses that engage with difference and in courses that address the issues or even existence of those of us who are not heterosexual and/or white and/or men, but the requirement as stands normalizes a straight white male experience in identifying anything else as difference." These are important concerns, and we feel that it is vital for students to join faculty in grappling with them.

Purita writes, "If student government actually displayed the ability to have some agency over the requirement, I [...]"

would be slightly more impressed. The survey, however, is pretty much all that our problematic governing body can do." We're not quite sure what he expects from us here. Should we be able to wave our hands and make something happen by fiat? March into President Botstein's office and issue demands? Whether or not you believe that radically direct action is the best option, claiming that the student government has been ineffective demonstrates nothing more than a complete lack of knowledge and engagement with issues on campus. Student government has achieved an unprecedented level of success in seeking and obtaining policy changes this year, creating new meal plan options, lowering key fines, getting a North Campus shuttle stop, creating a student-run weekend shuttle, increasing internet spe-- oh, wait, we're saving that announcement for the December Student Forum. Stay tuned.

None of these changes came about from complaining in the pages of the FP, and none came from radical action. Instead, we simply had serious conversations with the people who could make changes. We hope that Purita is correct when he writes, "The Bard Administration more than likely loves our student government right now." It would certainly improve our chances the next time we try to convince them to put money towards something. We recognize that positive change comes as a result of building, not burning, bridges. Purita used to lament that he couldn't get administrators to return his calls. We do not have that problem.

Moving onto other errors, readers may have been perplexed by the extended section of the editorial in which Purita informs us that it took the entirety of Student Government to write a ten-question survey. To set the record straight, a grand total of four individuals have worked on Rethinking Difference. All have other Student Government projects and responsibilities, and two of them also managed to find time to work on their Senior Projects. They and other members of Student Government are working on such issues as Kline and Manor renovations, a student-run campus improvement initiative, the state of our technology infrastructure, coinless laundry machines, academic scheduling, creating Kosher and Halal food opportunities, reviewing college drug policy, creating and improving stu-

dent space, developing a student ride-share system, and improving the usefulness of Bard's online portals. They should be commended for their dedication to the Student Association, not derided for their efforts.

Also, contrary to Purita's claims that the course catalog is "about 1/3 of the size it was during [Fall 2007]," the number of courses offered by the college has grown by 4.5%. His own department, Anthropology, has offered exactly thirteen courses every semester that he has attended the school. Every course list since Fall 1996 is readily available online for anyone who might be interested in checking our figures. It is quite clear that Purita conducted no research whatsoever.

Finally, while we understand that Bard's drug policy is an area of concern for Purita, we do not understand pot to be an area of concern for the Educational Policies Committee. If he had bothered to inquire, however, he would have learned that it is, in fact, an issue upon which Student Government is working, having been a topic at three separate meetings this semester. Interested students should come to the December Student Forum, at which we'll discuss the subject further. Or they could stay at home and get high as they write editorials for the FP. Whatever floats your boat, really.

This is now the second time we've mentioned the December Student Forum, so we'll end with a pitch: if you want to hear the news that wasn't reported in this issue of the FREE PRESS, or if you just want to lord superior knowledge over op-ed columnists, join us December 8th in Kline Commons immediately following the end of dinner. Though the headline issue is the Career Development Office, there will also be updates on the speed of the internet, the Tremblay basement, drug policy, newspapers, campus shuttles, and more. Mr. Purita, before you slap together a response, perhaps you too might want to attend.



SPOILERS: THE FREE PRESS IS A LEGITIMATE PUBLICATION BECAUSE ONE OF OUR WRITERS SAW OBAMA IN PERSON

by danielle schwab

When I heard the news that Barack Obama was speaking at West Point, I knew I had to go. Considering my senior project involved conducting research at West Point as well as taking a class that periodically met there, it somehow seemed appropriate that I should be there. The speech was going to be a historic event, as our new President was to announce his decision to commit more troops to Afghanistan and prolong the war, rather than to bring an end to it. President Obama, rightly so, chose West Point as the backdrop for his speech, so he could inform the people that his decision affected most -- right to their face -- that America will go forward in Afghanistan and that "you," the cadets, will most likely be deployed there after graduation.

When I first visited West Point, back at the start of the semester, I assumed the cadets there were the elite of the military, the ones who enjoyed a four year college experience and went straight to Washington D.C. to work for the Defense Department, never seeing combat. However, I later learned that this was not true. Many graduates from West Point get deployed to the front lines, and so far, 73 West Point graduates have died in the wars in Iraq and Afghanistan. Although Obama's decision to send 30,000 more troops would not come as a surprise to the students at West Point that night, how the new, non-military President explained this escalation of war would be key.

When the location of the speech was announced just before Thanksgiving, I spent all break plotting how to get there, but I knew my chances were slim. My father, a former newspaper reporter, suggested I attempt to get a press pass from Bard and attend as a journalist. I e-mailed my West Point contact, but I was reluctant to ask him for favors, as he has already done so much for me with my senior project, most notably he arranged for me to conduct a formal survey of cadets last month. His advice was to contact the Public Relations Office at West Point, which I did, and they put me in touch with the White House Public Relations Office, which was exciting in and of itself. The woman who answered asked me a few questions and emailed me a form to fill out requesting access to the event. Ten hours later, I received a confirmation e-mail stating that I would be admitted as press to the event the following evening. I was shocked. It must be democracy at work.

Once I arrived at the first security gate, the guard asked me who I was and if I had a confirmation letter or e-mail or any press credentials, neither of which I had. Naively I had assumed the White House would be so organized that my name would be on a list and that I would be taken directly to where I needed to be. Instead, I drove around lost for about 15 minutes, almost exited West Point, and had to get my car checked again-- glove compartment, trunk and under the hood. Then, I got more bad directions and was still lost when I realized my gas tank was on 'empty' and ran into the nearest gas station, which happened to be on campus. As I began to fill up my tank, I spotted a sign that said "For Military Personnel Only" and quickly drove away, running into a military police barricade where I was told all gates were closed and no one else would be admitted, not

even on foot. It seemed like the recent blooper with the "crashers" at Obama's state dinner meant secret security was going to be on their 'A' game.

At this point I was extremely discouraged and ready to go home and sadly tell all my friends that I didn't even make it past security. On the guard's suggestion, I drove back to the parking lot where I asked about a "media shuttle," and the officer surprisingly said there was not a media shuttle anymore but that he could take me to a car that would escort me in. I got into an official-looking car driven by an official-looking lady who took me right back to the gate where I had just been rejected. She said she had received orders from a Colonel Blanche to bring in media personnel and that she was with the G3 Division. A couple of phone calls were made, and security moved the blockades out of the way to let our car through. The next step was to get in the door at Eisenhower Hall where the speech was to be given, where my name was magically on the list, and I received a White House Press Pool Pass. Inside, there was a room for "local" news media, where I decided I would sit and not move until the speech was over, because I was not going to push my luck. I was pretty confused about the scene because there was barely anyone in the room-- just a bunch of snacks and a tiny T.V.

The speech was set to start at 8 p.m. At about 7:20 a guy from a New Zealand newspaper asked me why I wasn't going to watch from inside the auditorium. He led me to the doors, where there was another list that I was magically on. This meant that I was going to be able to watch the speech in person, not on that tiny T.V. I couldn't believe it-- how did this happen? Must be a fluke. Either way, within minutes, the Star Spangled Banner was sung and the President of the United States was introduced by Colonel Ty Seidule, a professor at the academy, who spoke about the history of Presidents at West Point and how the Commander-in-Chief has always acknowledged the sacrifices that the military makes for the benefit of the American people. The most interesting part of this speech was its ending, in which the Colonel went over "appropriate" behavior, when to applaud, and when to remain nonpartisan, as in "we are the executors not the advocates."

When the president took the stage, the cadets were extremely composed and respectful, almost too much so. The clapping was light and short, and Obama went straight to business, taking us through the horrors of 9/11, who was responsible for what, and then led into the history of the war in Afghanistan, reminding cadets and the rest of the world that "we did not ask for this fight." After a long justification for our presence Afghanistan, the President noted that previous requests for more troops there had been ignored by President Bush, who was too caught up in escalating the war in Iraq. Before getting to the point, Obama said, "As your Commander-in-Chief, I owe you a mission that is clearly defined, and worthy of your service," a nice sugar-coating to the bad news. He then went on to say: "I have determined that it is in our vital national interest to send an additional 30,000 U.S. troops to Afghanistan. After



danielle schwab

eighteen months, our troops will begin to come home. These are the resources that we need to seize the initiative, while building the Afghan capacity that can allow for a responsible transition of our forces out of Afghanistan." Of course, as instructed, there were no sounds from the audience.

Overall, the speech sounded less like something that would be given by the charismatic Obama from the campaign trail with talk of hope and values, but rather more of a somber delivery of bad news to a nation in which many were hoping not to hear this kind of announcement from their president. After the speech, it was hard to gauge how the cadets were feeling because there was so much excitement about who in the crowd would get to shake the President's hand.

Once the hall had emptied out and the helicopters had left (there are always three for security reasons), I was brought back to my car by a military police car. They didn't really believe that I had been inside to hear the speech and one even cracked a joke that I was a "crasher" and had snuck in. Happy to have found my car again, I made my way back to Bard, to testify to all that we do live in a free country and that even a student writing for a small college newspaper can be a witness to history.

Fourth floor: This is where you go when you need to be secluded, but there are only a few tables, which might fill up. The secret room, located above the quiet room, is a pretty nice place to study.

Conference rooms attached to the library are kick ass-- but you need to reserve them in advance. You can also go to the senior desks (some have seat cushions) but you might get beat on by a senior. That would be embarrassing--or hot.

A few other great (ehh okay) places to go if you truly hate the libs are: study space, new robbins, Henderson, campus center, campus center computer lab (Do not use! Will not work), common spaces in RKC, your room! (clean it), back room of Kline (no friends), and Taste Budd's (off campus).

Xoxo,
Feon Potstien

(Send ANY question to PO Box 1443 and Feon will answer it in the next issue of the FP)

WHAT? ADVICE IS NICE

Hello Bard,

This is Feon Potstien, and I know everything. Ask me anything.

Q: I have so much work for finals and I plan on living in the library--the only problem is that I kind of hate the library. How do I deal with this?

A: The library can be difficult to navigate, which is why you should follow this guide:

First floor: Good for in-between classes, but not really the best place to set up camp. There are printers (which may or may not work), and a bathroom, as well as water fountain and some staplers (which may or may not work); it's the library for lazy people who don't want to walk up the stairs. It's more entertaining if you're just killing time because you can watch people come in and out and get yelled at for their paper cups. Or set off a beep for trying to steal books.

Second floor: The column room is a sauna but nobody is naked. In fact, everyone is dressed to impress. When you walk in, all eyes look up from their Macs and their Marx and stare. There is a magnetic pull to this room even though you don't really want to be there. It's so easy to fall asleep there because the chairs are so comfortable, and it's super hot. Up a ramp behind the columns, there is this nice dark room with old books where you have to be really quiet, but it's very old fashioned, which can be nice when you're reading old books. There is also a computer lab on the second floor that has Microsoft word on it so you can write papers. There is a big white piece of abstract art. Tours are always led through the second floor. The only bathroom is in the computer lab, so everyone knows where you're going and what you're going to be doing there, and the mirror in bathroom is fucked up. Then on the other, normal side of the second floor, there are magazines.

Third floor: Reserve desk. Clusters of chatty students who set up camp on the main tables and smuggle in food and snuggle. There are some nice bathrooms upstairs.

HUNTING FOR PLEASURE YOU'D BETTER WATCH OUT, YOU'D BETTER NOT DIE

by emily gul and becca webb

Two weekends ago, I decided to walk along the Tivoli bays path with a friend (Shout out S.T.P.I). I decided to try and freak her out by recalling the security email we'd received a few weeks back warning us about hunters. It was all good fun until we heard a gun shot. Bravely, we continued on. I say bravely because we realized then that in perfect Bard fashion we were both dressed mostly in black. At this point, however, we still thought the prospect of being shot was a joke. Then we saw our first hunter, and what a hunter he was! The man in the middle of the path was pushing a dead deer in a wheelbarrow to the side of the road, where he paused to catch his breath. This is about the time that the "Oh Fuck" moment happened. We did not want to get shot. At all. We were both mesmerized by the sight of the massive deer. Its eyes were open, glossy and staring, which seemed very sad, although as Ken Cooper (the director of security) put it in his email, there isn't much of a point in starting an argument with someone who has a gun. Plus we were really scared.

After walking a little further, we saw our next six hunters. The little hunting party shouted out to us: "Hey! You should wear some orange or red clothes! There are some guys up there—some knuckle-heads—that'll shoot anything that moves." We waved a red sweatshirt in surrender. In total we saw about 15 hunters on our short walk to the bakery.

Becca Webb and I decided to investigate the strange events of this day. We spoke to Matthew Moore, the assistant director of security, who gave us the DL. While in areas nearby there have been reports of stray bullets hitting innocent bystanders, to his knowledge (he has worked at Bard for 11 years), Bard students have never been shot. He told us that he believes that most of the hunters in the Tivoli Bays area are very professional. Despite their vegetarian impulses, Bard students have never had a hostile confrontation with these hunters. However, one Bard student about 4 years ago, was an "avid hunter" and wanted to bring his rifle to school. Security prevented this. He however did hunt in the Tivoli Bays area during his winter break. Just so you know, there are no guns on Bard campus, not even security is packin' heat. A few hunters have accidentally wandered onto campus before, but students are always very speedy about reporting them to security, so that professionals can deal with the

situation.

On different note, we next asked Matthew if he knew what the hunters in Tivoli Bays did with their kills. He said that although he is not himself a hunter, he believes that many of them actually cook and eat the deer. A large buck could provide enough steak for a hunter to feed his family and his neighbors and still allow him to keep the rack (antlers) or the head for a decorative dead animal trophy! And then it can watch you eat your deer steak.

Security advises all Bard students to be aware of the following information! HUNTING SEASON IS FROM NOV. 21st TO DEC. 13th. During this time, Bard students should probably just stay off the Tivoli Bays path in order to be perfectly safe. If you are going to walk on the path anyway, please wear some bright orange or red clothing ("not your brown pants and brown leather jacket" as Matthew put it). Always walk with the a buddy and your cell phone (Bard security on speed dial.)

Tivoli Bays is to Bard College as the Forbidden Forrest is to Hogwarts. It can be a scary place. Many years ago there was a rape in the area, but Matthew didn't seem to think that this was much of an issue anymore. And although the hunters can be scary, they would probably rather shoot a deer than you. Still, be careful. This all said, Bard students should not be discouraged from enjoying the beautiful Tivoli Bays area. The walk to Tivoli takes less than 40 minutes and is a wonderful way to enjoy the Hudson Valley area that you've heard so much about—just make sure you have your crucifix and garlic.



SHIT! YOU'D BETTER NOT CROUCH, I'M TELLING YOU WHY

by maxwell paparella

If we lived in a perfect world, every shit I took would be in a field of daisies and brand-name toilet paper. As it is, we usually have to grit our teeth and hope for the best. Fortunately, there is much variation in the style and quality of restrooms on this campus. Some are beautiful, and some are infinitely more vile than others. So when clenching your ass cheeks until winter break is no longer an option, please consult this handy pocket guide.

1st floor Manor

Poop like royalty in this high-ceilinged palace. The full-length mirror will flatter your Thinker-esque pose on the ceramic throne. Wood paneling might remind you of the study on the Clue board, or perhaps something else with wood paneling in it. The large window is worrisome until you realize they did the trick with the blinds so that no one can see you tussle your hair "artistically" for the sixth time today.

"Secret" Kline bathroom

I hesitate to even write this review because the only good part about these bathrooms is that no one seems to know about them. There's also often a week-old New York Times scattered across the floor for your reading pleasure.

1st floor Library

Reminds me of prison, but it's so hard to judge what bathroom you're closest to in that library. They painted over the stall probably four months ago, and you will still get high off of the fumes, which I'm counting as a plus.

1st floor Avery Film Center

Most comfortable toilet seat ever. Ever.

2nd floor Campus Center

An improvement to 1st floor Campus Center, but not by much. The exceedingly

clever graffiti includes the toilet brand name "Remis" adjusted to read "penis."

1st floor Olin

Somehow, it smells always of asparagus urine. Avoid at all costs.

SMOG

This is the only bathroom on this list that I have never and will never use. Just get someone to hold your 40 and piss outside.

RKC

Calm, sterile, scientific. A good place to relieve oneself while everyone else in the building is constructing molecular models and video-chatting with Al Gore.

Hegeman basement

Quiet, contemplative, poetic. This bathroom is as good a place as any to think over your lot in life. Decoratively tiled walls remind one of a simpler time-- maybe a time in which people were short enough to stand comfortably in this room.

Stevenson Gymnasium

Great for a pit stop on your way up North. The desk attendants like to roll their eyes at me, probably because the only times I have been in the gym are to use the restroom. The stalls are even painted what I can only assume are our school colors: red, white, black, and the kind of grey that gives you a headache.

Fisher Performing Arts Center

Rub elbows with some of Hudson Valley's swankiest-- and at least one person trying to roll a joint before intermission's over. Thanks to an odd speaker set-up, you can hear the opera while you shit.

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NOSHAVEMBER

ISN'T IT DECEMBER? WE ARE SOO 2000 & LATE

by jeremy novack

Here at Bard we don't have frats or a football team or Drag Race anymore or much student space. But we do have one thing nobody can ever take away from us: Facial Hair Holidays.

This year though, I'm saddened to say there was a pretty weak showing. Maybe you weren't really up for Choptober and who knows what will happen on Cinco de Mustache, but what's really important is the greatest of all, the Ramadan of Hair Holidays: No-Shave November. As I myself will have only one NSN left at Bard I was greatly troubled by participation levels that verged on American-Voter-Turn-out-Low. So writing this I ask: what was your excuse for November you clean shaven bastard?

Maybe you didn't know about The Month. That's a damn shame. But now that excuse is off the table. For those of you who did know, there is no excuse. Some "men" told me "Oh I don't really grow a beard well so I'm not going to do it". This month is not called "Quality Beard Month". Growing facial hair well has absolutely nothing to do with not shaving. This would be like refusing a trans-Atlantic trip just because you "don't have a boat". Sure this may be "practical" or "well planned", but where's the fun in that decision? Will your kids someday want to hear about the time you didn't almost get eaten by a shark on your home-made raft? And with that shaky metaphor, I come to the reason we go through No Shave November: Glory.

My in depth investigative reporting tells me that some schools somewhere actually have a contest with a cash prize and/or beard sponsors and charitable donations. We

being Bard, have only the prize of Glory, the glory of people noticing "Hey! He is really growing a Hell of a Beard! What a man!" (I have never experienced this personally, but I think about it pretty often)

For some men NSN means getting a full bushy lumberjack-esque beard that keeps them warm and gives them a rugged sex appeal. For other's (like myself) it means hoping against all odds like in a Disney Sports movie that somehow just maybe this year everything will go right for you and you'll have something respectable to show. Even though your goalie is fat and your uniforms don't fit right and your coach is still learning the rules, if I learned anything from The Big Green(ital) it's that miracles can happen. Or maybe I learned that from Miracle(ital).

And as I learned from D3 Mighty Ducks(ital) we have to give it everything we've got if we want to be champions someday (also Knucklepucks and Emilio Estevez are awesome). Me? I looked like a fifteen year-old who skips school to shoplift from Hot Topic. But I looked this way for a whole month damn it! And I'm better for it. Each and everyone of those long 30 days I held my patchy head high and, through implied taunts and disgusted looks, kept a stiff upper dirt-lip.

This isn't just about having a beard; it's about all the manliness of perseverance. And it's about tradition. Great men all throughout history have joined the cause, great and celebrated brave men. Like the Vikings. Abraham Lincoln did tog, of course, and Charles Darwin in his later years and Johnny Damon before selling his soul to the

Yankees. Ghandi once said, "our greatness lies not so much in being able to remake the world...as in being able to remake ourselves." If that's not an overt endorsement of this Holiday, I don't know what is.

Will it be easy? Hell no. You'll have to put aside things you enjoy, like girlfriends or looking respectable. And there will be skeptics along the way. If you grow "beards" like I do, sometimes disclaimers will be necessary for family and friends: "It won't come off if I scrub it!" "No I do not want to die alone someday!" But in the end, it's about rising to a challenge, stepping up to the plate, building a raft, mixing your metaphors, and trying your hardest to get a goddamned beard no matter how it turns out. Because it's not the size of the beard; it's how you grow it people, so next year do it and do it with pride. Good Luck.



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TWILIGHT: NEW MOON

DIR: CHRIS WEITZ, (2009)

by emily diamond

Spoiler Alert #1: This review will be so much worse than Giampaolo Bianconi's reviews, but I did not have the heart to ask him to see it. I hope I spelled his name correctly.

I had to see this movie alone because no one would go with me and my friends that are cool and girls had already seen it. Some with their parents. Which is still cooler than going alone to a movie for an intended audience of pre-teen girls. I strategically went in late so the tweenie boppers wouldn't see a mature woman like myself entering the theater solo and laugh and text each other about how lame I am. Whatever to them. I went because the first half of the first *Twilight* movie (oh yeah this was the second one by the way...in movie talk it is called a "sequel") was so exceptional, and it was really romantic, so I loved it. I need to hurry this up. So, I sat down after groping the heads of little girls while blindly trying to find a seat. I sat down in front of a stumpy whiner whose dad asked her (after I assume she whined to him) if she needed to switch seats with me to see over the giant girl blocking her view. Oh, I heard that. I offered to switch to the next seat, which both stumpy and father appreciated, because now she could gawk over the nudey chests of Crispin Glover lookalikes, and the dad could take a nap and not listen to his daughter whine.

Spoiler Alert #2: Dakota Fanning is a vampire. Pos-

sibly in real life but also in this movie.

After moving seats, directly to my right was another tween-o-bopsie. She kept asking her gal pal what was going to happen. Examples: "Who is that?" and "What happens next?" and "Is Bella going to die?" No you imbecile. Bella is not going to die; she is the star of the movie and considering we are ten minutes in the next two hours would be really disappointing if that was the case. Use your powers of reasoning.

Have you not seen the first *Twilight*? Have you not read the books on which the two movies are based? (**Spoiler Alert #3:** there is going to be another one coming out next year.) Well let me tell you what you need to know: All the vampires are hot and perma-stoned, and when they go into the sunlight, their skin turns sparkly like diamonds! Oh, and they all look as though they are related to Crispin Glover-- just like I made that joke earlier-- or a 2007 Macaulay Culkin (depending on hair color mostly). They make empty promises like, "I will never hurt you [emotionally or physically], Bella" but so do the werewolves (Taylor Lautner as Jacob Black), and they all break that promise. *New Moon* follows Bella through her senior year of high school. The best part of the movie is the same as the first: Jackson Rathbone as Jasper Hale-- that is Edward Cullen's brother but not really brother so you wouldn't get it. By the way, Edward is the other star and he is played

by Robert Pattinson, and Bella is Kristen Stewart, and I guess in real life (more real than *Twilight*) they are dating, but this might not be true anymore. Either way, Edward and Bella are in love even though B is a human and E is a vampower (*Gossip Girl* reference because **Spoiler Alert #4:** I am too a tween). Anyways, Jasper is hilarious and looks like an alien and he tries to eat Bella when she gets a paper cut. At the end he concedes, "[Bella] it would be nice not to want to kill you all the time." The context doesn't matter because I don't want to spoil(er) anything about the actual plot in which nothing worth mentioning happens.

Just like this review, without unnecessary words, the licking of lips, blinking, or pausing after every word, the movie could be much shorter. I'm going to say by 45 minutes. With all those elements, it was two hours and then some. Whoa, just found out four *Twilight* books were written. So expect two more movies I guess. The soundtrack is star-studded with Bon Iver, Thom Yorke, Grizzly Bear, and to lure in the hip 20-somethings, Death Cab For Cutie.

Final Spoiler Alerts #5, #6, #7: Jacob gives Bella CPR incorrectly after she goes cliff-jumping. I dated Crispin Glover in 1987, which is why I am so into dropping his name in all of my goes at literary prowess. I cried when it was over (the movie).

THE LISPS

by jessica leibovits

I first heard The Lisps this summer while driving through northern Montana; the wandering cadence of the thudding drum and the high pitched harmonies of their song "Brackish Water" accented the winding roads and blue-tinged mountains, and the hypnotic banjo perfectly accompanied my 5:15 am departure from Glacier National Park. Having kept that fond summer memory tied inextricably to a soundtrack by The Lisps, I was thrilled to hear that they were coming to Bard Hall in November-- yes, a band that I had actually heard of, coming here, to Bard! (Thanks Ruth!)

The Lisps are "a New York-based assemblage of 21st century humans...most accurately described as the public/performative version of all the relationships you're struggling with," according to their myspace. They are composed of Sammy Tunis, on vocals and tambo, César Alvarez with vocals, guitar, and "whistling", Jeremy Hoevenaar on bass and backing vocals, and Eric Farber on the drums and other "objects."

On November DATE, the Lisps brought to Bard Hall a quirky and high-energy performance, which contrasted nicely with the opening band Hospital Ships, whose acoustic set consisted of falsetto ballads and poignantly heartfelt lyrics. Though the transition from lead singer Jordan Geiger's sit-down melodies to The Lisps' upbeat, file-cabinet-banging sound was a little awkward at first, (literally, they brought their own metal file cabinet to serve as additional percussion), the band navigated the discomfort smoothly and suggested everyone stand up and dance around. Once people were on their feet and grooving to the sassy lyrics, the band whipped out an old, not-usually-played favorite, "I'm Sorry", and followed with the deliciously angsty, "Pepper Spray," whose catchy chorus everyone was belting out by the end. The Lisps ended with an unplugged rendition of "Brackish Water," walking into the middle of the crowd with the file cabinet and all. Though the walls of Bard hall weren't quite as picturesque as Montana at dawn, it was a strong ending to "one of the most fun shows [they've] ever played" (Thanks César!), and after making a new friend who would lend me money for a Lisps tote bag (Thanks Clark!), I went home satisfied.

THEE OH SEES

by emily diamond

Dog Poison
Captured Tracks, 2009

Ahhhh maaaaaah I love Thee Oh Sees. I have been listening to this album (yeah it is 23 minutes long) over and over for a week point five. And then! And then I came back to my car after leaving it alone for five minutes-- this was a few days ago-- and this very CD was sitting on the driver's seat. What is this? Oh, it is the physical copy of *Dog Poison*. I open it up and--my goodness--there is a little note in it (see note above so you know I am not a smarmy liar). Someone else likes it too! They must not know that I like it too or maybe they do and are trying to get on my good side, which doesn't exist. But now I want to be best friends with this person maybe for forever or for a week because we have so much in common. The first and seventh tracks, "The River Rushes (To Screw MD Over)" and "The Sun Goes All Around," are the best off the album. Usually the SF band does split records (check out the one when they hold hands with The Intelligence from 2008) but they took a chance and did this one on their lonesome. It worked! It's really so good! And they end with "It's Nearly Over," so you know they are fu-hunny.



CLOUD NOTHINGS

by emily diamond

Turning On
Bridgetown Records, 2009

This is the first album by Cloud Nothings who is an 18-year-old man named Dylan something (used to make music under the name Cat Killer), and he does lo-fi, like I do looking sulky all the time (meaning really well). He is from Cleveland. OK? The single "Hey Cool Kid" that is floating around the internet is the easiest to find and also the best track off *Turning On*. He should be the king of hipnowlo-fi by the time he is hoary (the thesaurus says that means old) like Nathan Williams at 22 or 23, at which point there will be a coup, and he shall be succeeded by your little brother. "You Are Opening," and I guess every other song, is just pop wrapped in a dirty piece of ham. It is awesome. You can eat it, and you might. If you don't care for for lo-fi, don't worry it isn't really actually lo-fi.

THE MEN WHO STARE AT GOATS

DIR. GRANT HESLOV (2009)

by giampaolo blonconi

The Men Who Stare at Goats belongs to a particular subgenre of paranoid fiction in which war—usually World War II or, most commonly, the Cold War—has been used as a space of innovation, and America's wartime inventions have become outdated though no less threatening or pertinent. It's a grouping that encompasses everything from *Gravity's Rainbow* to *Lost*. Those narratives are brilliant in their confused and hectic proportions. *The Men Who Stare at Goats*, on the other hand, is a simplistic tale of "good" soldiers and "bad" soldiers that collapses under the weight of its untenable political revisionism.

The opening credits roll beside footage of the War in Iraq set to an infectious pop song previously used in *Clueless*. The film never transcends its opening credits, which encapsulate the film perfectly: what looks like it should be a political statement—pixilated war footage set to pop music—comes out as stifled, unfunny, and vacuous. Ultimately, the entire film is too shoddily constructed; too weak to support the political content it sketches out; and yet simultaneously too under-directed to be funny. That makes it sound like a bad Robert Altman movie, but I wouldn't want you to get the wrong idea: there isn't even a hint of genius here.

The film begins as Bob Wilton (Ewan McGregor), a journalist from Michigan with an extremely irritating way of talking, interviews a man who claims to have been a super soldier, trained by the military to use his mind as the ultimate weapon during the Cold War. Like all seeming crazies, he lives with his mother. Soon after, Wilton's girlfriend dumps him. Drunk, crying, and watching George W. Bush on television, Wilton sets out to do what all men looking to prove themselves do: he goes to war.

Eventually, he makes it into Iraq with Lyn Cassady

(George Clooney), who he meets by chance in a hotel in Kuwait. Cassady is rumored to be the most powerful of the super soldiers (he calls himself a Jedi). He spills the beans on the Army's former First Earth Battalion, which was formed after Bill Django (Jeff Bridges) traveled across America smoking pot and having sex and decided to bring all his transcendent experiences into the military. Supposedly, he came up with the "Be All That You Can Be" slogan. Cassady goes on to relay the story of how the First Earth Battalion was overthrown from within by Larry Hooper (Kevin Spacey), a jealous and weak Jedi who tattled on Django's eccentric practices and restored order to the enterprise that formerly consisted of heavy drug use and excessive facial hair. Eventually, the Battalion was simply disbanded.

Ideologically, this is very important. The film—perhaps unwittingly—documents the literal formation of a "good guy" battalion within the U.S. Army. Effectively this creates a dichotomy within the Army, telling the audience that we once had an alternative to our violent army—an army that was moving in the direction of peace and love and mind control. From what I can gather, this is what the film is really interested in: the American Army and how it's "good" aspects can be perverted. In doing so, the film attempts to effectively revise the military. Furthermore, the film manages to completely skirt the issue of war itself. Heslov prefers to have Iraq become a set piece where terrorists, criminals, and private security forces are simply villains to be evaded, as if in a video game. Ignoring the complexities of war allows the film to devolve into a black and white tale of the "good" army (represented by Cassady) versus the "bad" army (represented by Hooper).

By the end of the film, after Cassady and Wilton have

evaded terrorists, criminals, and private security forces, they arrive at a secret base in Iraq where Hooper and Django are (surprise!) still at work. Hooper is the boss man now, and Django is a mumbling old man who is very fond of ice cream. Hooper wants to revive the First Earth Battalion, but, you know, as part of the "bad" army—so he distributes propaganda pamphlets to Iraqis and attempts to seduce Cassady into his new vision, which he promises will be "like the good old days." Wilton finds some prisoners who are forced to watch *Barney 24/7* as a form of torture, which really sends him through the roof. He and Django hang out and decided to spike the base's water with LSD. All the soldiers are tripping balls as Django releases the prisoners and they run into the desert.

If my report sounds shell-shocked and distant, it's because I'm still confused about what I saw. The film's climax sounds like something imagined by Woodstock '69 trippers, but it comes out lame and heartless, more like Woodstock '99. The next logical point to make, though, is that Woodstock '99 has much more in common with Woodstock '69 than it would like to admit. It's easier to see one as a perversion of the other when, in fact, they're not only inextricably bound, but Woodstock '99 completes the promise of Woodstock '69. When *The Men Who Stare at Goats* attempts to present us with an exploited version of the First Earth Battalion that's supposed to be a perversion of the Battalion's purity, it doesn't ring true, because the former is simply the logical end-point of the latter: our army is the First Earth Battalion. There's no wall separating the "good" military from the "bad" military, only a pervasive shade of gray-green. *The Men Who Stare at Goats* is a forgettable attempt to convince us otherwise.

THEATER REVIEWS

by shannon thomas

Twelfth Night

Directed by Molly Conway for her senior project was a sold-out success. Playing to a packed theatre all four nights, *Twelfth Night* or, *What You Will* was a stylish and fine rendition of a William Shakespeare classic comedy. But it would not be a proper interpretation of Shakespeare without modernizing a bit. All the actors wore costumes from the current era, video games were used as props, recent pop songs were used sporadically, and a few Monty Python references capped it off.

The talent of Bard's student actors clearly shone through Billy Shakespeare's words. Not once was the dialogue stumbled upon or muddled, everyone in the cast triumphed of the ever-tricky Modern English. Each role was distinguished and interesting, and extra credit can go to the women in male roles (Tess Boris-Schacter, Anna Brock, Mary Ireland, Shelly Rosenberg, Molly Wexler-Roming, and Sarah Theurkauf). But the cohesive cast was not without its scene stealers. Stephanie Eiss' Olivia and Molly Marx's Viola were mastered to perfection. But the real laughs of the night can be attributed to Christopher Richards (Malvolio), Andy Kaplan (Sir Toby), and Shelly Rosenberg (Sir Andrew), all three of whom drew laughter from the audience every time they were on stage. The additive music was refreshing throughout the play, admittedly my favorite moment was Caleb Parsons' (Orsino) rendition of the Goo Goo Doll's "Iris".

All in all the very first Bard Theater attempt at Shakespeare I've seen was supreme and very well done. I can assure you it will be hard to beat and you should be upset if you missed it!

Red Light Winter

Going in to *Red Light Winter* I knew I was in for a heavy evening. For his senior project, Conrad Kluck directed the first act of Adam Rapp's acclaimed play and everything about the performance stood out as memorable. Walking into Resnick Studio the audience is meet with an intriguing set (designed by Alexis Distler): a large box, with few windows, wondering how this mysterious box works. At the start of the play two sides slide open, to reveal Matt (Josh Schwartz) in a hostel room. A college graduate, Matt is struggling with his loneliness and is in a definite state of despair. The plot kicks off with the entrance of his best friend Davis (Nathan Donarum) accompanied by Christina (Marguerite French). Over the next hour the three experience the epitome of awkward moments and the actors create the most unsettling tension in the room. The feeling in the room for most of the play is one of those indescribable things about theater, the most comforting sense of being uncomfortable one can feel. At the end of the act the story is definitely complete, but sets for what can only be an equally pleasing second act; and one I can hope is presented next semester.

Little Yellow Basket

The highlight of a theatre-filled weekend, Philip Berezney's original work, *Little Yellow Basket* was truly an original experience that hopefully you did not miss. Without seeing his previous work, *Garden Party*, I was completely in the dark as to what to expect, and what I witnessed can only be explained as unique, not to mention a flawless instance of original Bardian theatre. The story consists of two different plotlines happening simultaneously, both distinct and interesting in their own right. From the beginning (including being welcomed into the Old Gym by what I suppose were some type of sprites) the audience is brought into a truly absurd, yet relatable world. One on side there is the story of Ella and her unrequited love for Freddy and the story of her unconventional family. On the other side is the story of Brother and his love interest Marc, who would be his boyfriend if it were not for Marc's girlfriend Lisa.

The stories, intriguing in themselves, are only part of the theatrical experience that is *Little Yellow Basket*. Throughout the play there are enjoyable interruptions of what I can guess are interpretive dance and music. Characters dance jovially across the stage to the likes of Ella Fitzgerald and The Jackson 5.

The music, dancing, and acting made for something that was not quite a musical, but was definitely not a normal run-of-the-mill play. But it all came together in a seamless fashion and produced something wondrously funny. Philip Berezney has one hell of a creative gift to create something so imaginative and make it enjoyable for all.

TECHNOLOGY ALL UP IN UR BIOLOGY WWW.ANDREARICCI.COM

by andrea ricci

Since childhood, technology has made our sexual endeavors into an illusion of personal contact. Take "Tamagatchis" for example, known and loved best as the portable pet that you can eternally love. You returned after recess in middle school only to find a dead digital kitten and an alert describing how your negligence resulted in poor Nibbles starving to death, drowning in her own defecation. In the prime of our generation's sexual youth, we (and Dr. Phil's successful career) have Myspace to thank. Myspace was our teenie-bopper model of how to interact with sexual potentials and relationships: provoke while simultaneously avoiding confrontation, publicly degrade, the jaunty-angled self-portrait, and promiscuity. Hats off to you, Tom, O creeper in the white-tee, who started the revolution of deceptive profile pictures and provocative communication through comments and messages. (My personal fave of funny serious comments: "bitch ya betta back dat busted a\$\$ off mah man or imma break it off lyk riHaaaaana, fattywhore McSlut-slut".)

YouTube later broadcasted the dangers of sexploration and appropriate female-female behavior: "Two Girls, One Cup". I refuse to go into further detail, for the sake of my gag reflex. Sup, annihilation of my sex drive. Needless to say, any video from that one-cup moment with two females, a vessel of some sort, and soft music playing in the background has been immediately aborted for safety reasons.

Next: FACEBOOK. We're all dating it. Either on a break, waiting till 3 AM to sneak on, or fucking it blind till we lose perception of space and time--Facebook both is our sex life and runs that shit. It's the sex engine of the fucking universe: perpetually cock-blocking and blue-balling, Facebook provides false prospects of knowing, and even fucking a stranger seen in a picture with your friend 16,000 miles away, attending "Krysta's 21rstapalooza!!!!!!", an event described in album comments as a "steamed ratatouille of poo nuggets." Well there goes my chance with a straight girl in Nevada, who would become a life-sized poo-veggie dish if I ever saw her "IRL".

JuicyCampus: a fond blessing, and a thankfully survived living hell. A medium that destroyed lives and created infamy. If people at Bard were having sex, everyone knew who, when, and down to the fucking longitude and latitude. Its as if the presence of Alex Houstoun's comments on every thread were an ominous reminder that "Big Brother" was watching. Shit became sketchy, and Bard's red-light district developed into an Illuminati-type secret society, safe from the juicy slurs.

However, the problem did not die with the site. We still have to reflect on our lives and ask one question: if we can remove album pictures where we look like we run a multi-trailer meth lab, what will happen when we realize we are just that busted looking? If we can text for a booty call, can we look into someone's eyes and tell them that's all they ever were? Will we be able to cope with reality when Whiskers dies in your bed and you can restart your keychain and resurrect it? Technology gives us so much, yes, but it's time to wonder if it takes away a part of sex, burying the non-mediated quality of a "special" (or notsomuch) someone, with all else left unsaid, drifting somewhere in the space between "About Me" and "Contact Info".

And remember, dress your phallus before entering the palace.
Kiszez,

Andrea



DATE NITE OR AFTERNOON I BET YOU WANT MY GOODIES

by emily derian demartino

All of these dates are in Red Hook or Tivoli. They are ordered from cheapest to most expensive and are rated out of 5 based on how great they are, taking the cost for two diners into account, because I am a wastrel who is bad at saving money, so I am always close to having none.

The approximate price is for two people is plus tip, but also I am super bad at math.

VILLAGE PIZZA, + + + + +

at the intersection in Red Hook between the liquor store & CVS

> \$6 including 2 small sodas (I recommend Dr. Pepper with this)

This is my favorite date. It is geographically convenient and really a great deal. I love pizza, and Village Pizza is pretty legit. The pizza is definitely improved by red pepper flakes, extra parmesan, and letting some of the grease drip off, but it is hot and all the cheese doesn't slide off the crust, and that

is really what is important.

My favorite thing about this date is that I can usually pay for it by collecting all of the change from under my bed & in the pockets of all of my coats, so I can go when I am feeling like doing something nice even when my



RECIPE FOR THANKSGIVING IS IT OVER?

by ezra glenn

If you're looking to reminisce about thanksgiving or you really like Indian things or autumn-harvest-y things or orange things or warm, easy, delicious things, you should make this. I made it at my thanksgiving in Arizona and even though my non-cultured family doesn't like culture, they liked this dish! So if that isn't proof enough that it is tasty then I don't know what is.

In the interest of full disclosure, I should have written this for the last issue because it is more autumn-y than winter-y, but there are a few seconds left of fall (technically) so I guess it's fine. Also, putting it in the last issue would have meant conceiving of it before Thanksgiving day, which didn't happen.

This dish is like *A Tale of Two Cities*, but with "Indians" instead of cities. It's a delectable fusion of the what I have chosen as culinary representatives of the feather-wearing, wolf-dancing, used-to-be-here-before-we-killed-them type of "Indians," and the bindi-wearing, holy-cow, outsourced-American-jobs type of Indians. Admittedly, one of those groups is not Indian at all, but if ever there was a man whose idiocies I just can't let go of, it would have to be Christopher Columbus (discoverer of the New World AND director of the first three Harry Potter movies!).

Butternut Squash and Chickpea Curry Stew

1 medium-sized butternut squash (you can also use one small butternut and one small acorn squash for variety)
3 tablespoons of olive oil
1 medium-sized white onion, coarsely chopped

debit card has no money on it. Also you get to sit there and watch all the people who come to pick up their pizzas.

BAGEL SHOPPE, + + + + +

across from holy cow / make the turn like you are going to go to the Lyceum movies but then it is right before the Lyceum > \$6

THE BAGELS HERE ARE SO GOOOOOOD! I think they are boiled, so when they get toasted they are crispy on the outside and the cream cheese melts in the most delicious way. I think it is \$2.89 for a bagel of any type with flavored cream cheese. I usually get a toasted sesame bagel with vegetable cream cheese (this cream cheese is outstanding & tastes like tomato-cucumber-summer-salad). Last time my date got an onion bagel with garlic & herb cream cheese, and while unsexy, he liked it a lot. This might only be for breakfast or lunch

GOLDEN WOK, + + + + +

the shuttle stop in Red Hook

\$5+

I recently discovered the steamed vegetable dumplings at Golden Wok, and I really think that is all you need to make a date. There are also more vegetarian options than the usual Chinese takeout, like garlic broccoli with tofu (yum!) and the steamed dumplings (moaaannn), and you can order as much or as little as you want. You can even eat there; they will give you Corelle plates, and you can sit and feel awkward in the window while all the kids at the shuttle stop stare at you. But really, it's nice. It is apparently one of the Top 100 Chinese Food Restaurants in the U.S.A. That is pretty awesome, right in Red Hook.

LUCY'S TACOS, + + +

red hook, on e. market before you get to the curry house \$7-10

I went here for a legit first date a long time ago, and it was okay (mostly awkward but that has nothing to do with the food), then I went here again recently but it was still just okay. I really like crunchy tacos, and you can get one singular one for \$3 (i think), but it will not be enough if you are really hungry. The design of the sign is so nice that I always think the food will be better, but it is not. Last time I went, the guy who made

4 cloves of garlic, finely chopped
1 1-inch piece of ginger, peeled and grated
2 tablespoons of cumin
2 tablespoons of coriander
3 tablespoons curry powder (or more, depending on your flavor preferences)

1 teaspoon of cayenne pepper (or more if you like spicy things)

1 tablespoon of salt
2 cans of chickpeas, drained and rinsed
2 cups vegetable stock
2 cans of coconut milk
additional salt and pepper to taste

1. Roast your squash(es), cut in half with the seeds scooped out, face down on a lightly greased baking pan, in a preheated 400 degree oven for 30-40 minutes, or until soft enough to easily slide a fork into, but not falling apart.

2. While your squash is cooling, sautee the onion in the oil, when soft, add garlic and ginger in a large pot over a medium flame.

3. Add spices, stir and let cook until everything is soft and translucent. You may need to add more oil to prevent sticking. Don't let these things burn!

4. Add chickpeas and stir to coat in oil mixture. Let cook for a minute and add the vegetable stock. Stir and cover.

5. While that is cooking, peel your squash with a knife, and then cut it into half-inch cubes. When the chickpeas are soft and most of the liquid is absorbed/evaporated (5-10 minutes), add the squash cubes and coconut milk. Stir to combine everything and season it with more salt if you like it salty, and some pepper if you like pepper. It should be a nice yellow-orange.

6. Cover and simmer for up to 40 minutes, but if you're in a rush, it only needs 10 for the flavors to meld together.

Serves 4-6.

the food was kind of weird when I tried to be polite, and my date was feeling just sorta medium about her food. She had a burrito, which sounded pretty good, but if you can eat cactus at La Mexicana, why go here?

TASTE BUDS, + red hook \$10-15

I hate Taste Buds. I think it is because of the purple tie-dye shirts of everyone who works there, and also because I always see people who I want to avoid inside of there. I am also just kinda pissed that their sandwiches are like \$7 each. Everything is just too expensive for being kind of lame. My dad looooooves Taste Buds though, and every time he comes to visit, he is like, "Can we go to the place with the purple awnings?" in a childlike voice. So I acquiesce and when he is paying I will admit it is pretty fine, I just don't want to go there really on any other occasion. I guess if you are going to try and lure someone on a date but want to pretend it's not really a date, you can go to get coffee at Taste Buds. You should probably go somewhere else, though.

TELLOS GREEN FARMS (formerly but always in my heart known as La Mexicana), + + + red hook across from taste666buds \$8-15?

The burritos here are just as good as the ones at the obsessed-over burrito stand, and maybe bigger and a little cheaper for all the crazy things that are in them. I will stand by this being better because, like Taste Buds, I always saw people I wanted to avoid at the burrito stand, and plus, the burrito stand isn't even around anymore. Once I ate cactus here. I'm not sure how I felt about it, but I felt really good about the chips & salsa my date & I were served before our burritos for no additional cost. I really want to go to breakfast here sometime, the whiteboard of breakfast dishes in this window looks very promising, and I think that would be a nice wakeup (potentially hangover curing) treat. The menu is pretty extensive if you really study it, there are all of these appetizers and crunchy tacos on the first page that I totally overlooked last time I went there.

LYCEUM CINEMAS, + + + +

on route 9 before hannaford & max's, and across from the holy cow plaza

\$8 (tuesday nights), \$13 (on other nights)

Tuesday is \$4 movie night, and I am really into that. The Lyceum shows pretty much anything you'd want to see unless you are into really depressing movies, in which case you should go to Upstate. I used to like Upstate until I discovered \$4 movie night at the Lyceum and remembered that I am depressed enough without independent films making me feel guilty or lonely or fearful for Grownup Life. I like to go and get \$0.99 sour gummi worms at CVS then go to the Lyceum. It's a pretty good date. Once I even went with a kid who I babysit, and he loved it. We ate so much candy. The best news about the Lyceum is that even if you don't go on a Tuesday, it is still the cheapest theater you are going to find at \$6.50/person.

OSAKA, + + + +

on broadway in tivoli

\$ranges

I like to go here with my best friend who is a vegan. It's really nice to go with one person, and sit sort of under a little beam of light and drink warm mugs of tea and have a really intimate (but quiet because everyone around you is also a Bard student) conversation. We usually get a green salad and two rolls each, and it is pretty filling but in a way where you don't feel disgusting like after Indian Buffet. Most of the time, we will both get the sweet potato roll, because it is delicately crispy and a little warm and pretty much just rules. I like to alternate one piece of that with one piece of a creamy avocado roll. Then we eat orange segments and pay and it is not usually too bad of a check.

HANA SUSHI, + + +

right by holy cow in red hook

\$ranges

I went here once, and it was really nice, we had spring roll appetizers, which were delicious, and the dressing on our green salads was really good. But then we got our sushi, and the nori was tough. This was enough to permanently ruin it for me, because I felt really awkward trying to roll a piece around in my mouth to chew and keep chewing and swallow and ugh.

INDIAN BUFFET, + + + + +

at the red hook curry house, down e. market like 3/4 of a block off the intersection

\$30 (\$14/ea + small tip)

This is the most delicious date, but it is so expensive that I feel bad if someone treats me, and can't really afford to treat anyone. It is probably worth it, especially because I love Indian food, and I find it so hard to replicate in my kitchen. You just have to plan ahead (eat a little snack for lunch) to really get your money's worth. If I concentrate, I can have 1.5 platesful and a mug or two of chai. There are at least 3 vegetarian dishes, and maybe 3 non-vegetarian ones, and I can even go with my best friend who is a vegan. Breads, appetizers, those sticky balls for dessert, and coffee or chai are included, but once I went with someone who asked for mango chutney & it was not SO WATCH OUT. Buffet on Sunday & Tuesday only.

LUNA, + + +

on broadway in tivoli

\$30-40 maybe?

I used to really like Luna until I realized (when I started going without my parents on Parents' Weekend) that it was outrageously expensive. The food is vegetarian & vegan, and some of it is really good, but a lot of it is mediocre and not that flavorful. It is like the chefs are counting on the vegetables to bring the flavor, but then the vegetables don't because they are out of season or something. I'm not really sure what happens, because I frequently make better food at my apartment, and I am not a professional chef who charges \$15-20 for entrees. I think it is a good example of how vegan food can be flavorless. A friend of mine likes to just go here for dessert, though, and I think that is a pretty smart way to enjoy Luna without being with your parents. Once I went for brunch and that was pretty good, but that is because I love Huevos Rancheros, but those are also served for breakfast at La Mexicana / Tellos Green.

RECIPES FOR NOW PUT IT IN YOUR MOUTH

by abby ferla

Recent studies have illuminated how little we actually know about the mysterious behavioral patterns of the ever-illusive Bardian. As December progresses, the Bardian seems to mysteriously shy away from its usual habitats, disappearing in large numbers from the areas in which it is generally studied. Researchers have suggested that the stress of finals may cause the Bardian to retreat into a nest of intellectual jargon and haunting indie tunes from which it emerges only for the occasional cigarette. This theory is supported by the unusual numbers of the animal that can be observed crouching in dark corners of the library and gnawing on shirtsleeves. However, we have yet to discern exactly where the Bardian's migration patterns take it after it leaves the library at midnight, and this has led other researchers to suggest that the Bardian's disappearance is due to its low tolerance for cold temperatures and skiddish response to holiday music.

Whatever the cause may be, the phenomenon can make December an unbearably solitary and desolate month. But before you give up and tag all of your friends in a farewell note on Facebook, chin up! Not all is lost. December's weekends do not have to be restricted to loneliness, despair, and self-loathing. However challenging it may be to lure a frightened or injured Bardian from its cave, the task is not an impossible one. Bardians can, for instance, smell mulling alcoholic beverages from over two miles away and are nearly powerless in the face of free baked goods. Though research has not yet been concluded, the data has thus far indicated that these recipes may be foolproof methods to not only draw the Bardian from its nest of quiet desperation, but also entrap it in your house, where-- after two glasses of Mama Ferla's hot mulled wine-- it will be powerless to resist your advances, and will be easily coerced into cuddling.

Mama Ferla's Hot Mulled Wine

Versatile. Extremely good for luring Bardians to your house but also highly effective at trapping them there. My mama makes this every Christmas and our guests *never* leave. For those concerned about cooking off alcohol, the careful splash or two of brandy is always a lovely addition.

Ingredients:

1 gallon dry red wine
1 medium lemon, thinly sliced
3 medium oranges, thinly sliced
3 cups boiling water 1 tablespoon ground cloves
6 medium cinnamon sticks (or 1 tbl ground cinnamon)
sugar to taste (1-4 cups)

1. In a large saucepot combine sugar, cinnamon, clove, water, and fruit slices. Bring to a boil over high heat and boil for five minutes, stirring occasionally.

2. Reduce heat to medium; add wine; heat until "piping hot but not boiling"; and stir occasionally.

3. Taste to adjust sugar and alcohol content and serve with cinnamon sticks in coffee mugs.

No Sleep Till Finals Cookies

Trick the Bardian into emerging by explaining that these cookies are high in caffeine and will thus improve concentration. Tell your friends that the hour they spend eating your cookies will be more than made up by their increased efficiency and new found eagerness to pull allnighters. (Stolen nearly in full from www.101cookbooks.com)

2 1/2 cups whole-wheat pastry flour
2 tablespoons instant coffee powder
3/4 teaspoon baking soda
3/4 teaspoon baking powder
3/4 teaspoon salt
1/2 cup cocoa or cacao powder
1 cup unsalted butter, room temperature
1 1/2 cups sugar + 1/2 cup dark brown sugar
2 large eggs

3 teaspoons vanilla extract
3/4 cup semi-sweet chocolate chips
8 ounces chocolate covered espresso beans

1. Preheat your oven to 375 degrees.
2. Whisk flour, baking soda, baking powder, salt, and cacao powder together in a large bowl.
3. In separate bowl, beat butter and sugar until fluffy. Then beat in the eggs one at a time. Add vanilla.
4. Gradually mix the dry ingredients into the wet ones until fully blended. Stir in the espresso beans and chocolate chips by hand.
5. Drop batter in heaping tablespoons onto a greased baking sheet and bake for ten minutes. I recommend under-baking them so that they are a little gooey.

the surrealist training
CIRCUS.
every
AT Thursday IN TEWKES
SEVEN PM
it's pretty urgent!
7TH THURS
NOW IS A GOOD
TIME.

MISSED CONNECTIONS & SEEKING

by all yr friendz

Dear Man Smoking Cigarette and Holding Toddler outside of the Bar during Monday Night Football,
You implied I was a queer. I would have fought you if you hadn't been smoking. It's a nasty habit, but I love nicotine so so much.
Love, Man in Hat.

Dear Asshole-
You stole the back wheel off of that bike in the art building. That was my wheel, and if I ever find it on your bike, I'm going to shit all over it.

Dear Freshmen Kid with Faux-Hawk thing,
You look terrifyingly like every guy I have ever dated all rolled into one. This is very alluring. But you are probably a douchebag. I remind myself of this every time I pass you by. (I would still do you, however).

attn the only newspaper on campus / re: your missed connec---
i miss u 2 esp hangin out with pics of baby animals but what can you do i was so sad layin out in the office in the dark all the time being nervous like i do. ez is a better man than i, but i miss workin on you so bad.
xo 4 evr
sassy layout

Single athletic male seeking single companion over winter break. Preferably with ski lodge in the Alps but boat in the Caribbean also okay. A villa in Italy would still be acceptable. Only serious inquiries please.

Dear French boy at the pool table,
I think you're really cute. Especially when you wear that one sweater with the stripe.

YOU: boy getting a drink of water on the second floor of the library.
ME: girl standing behind you. You were startled! I just wanted to time it so that we both got a drink at the same time because you're mysterious and cute and always studying. You seem like you might maybe be really intelligent. I smiled and you walked away quickly. I tttly felt a connection there.
MSC 1887. Send me your number or some suggested reading.

I saw you in a picture with this girl I used to date before I graduated. You were smiling and probably drunk, and I didn't recognize you, which means you are a freshman. Its a shame I graduated last year, because you are way hot.
-creepy graduated guy

Henchman Seeking Work
Proficient in the driving and operation of golfcarts and forklifts. Poor Marksman. Partial to caverns, canals, unsecured railings and ledges. Willing to work odd hours. Can provide own jumpsuit and helmet. Ignorant in saftey procedures but enthusiastic about flashing lights and alarms. Easy screamer with excellent herd mentality. Neural Implants / Psycological conditioning OK. Please, no plagues. Only willing to die "as an example" if Life Plan provided. If interested contact 845-901-0561

Missed Out on Great Sale Item: You
Me: the shy Twenty-something cutting through ladies undergarments with lightsaber. You: The prude woman looking over her glasses and delivering sinewy diatribe about responsibility to sales clerk. A wry wink and a greased lip. I gurgled something and you shivered. Was it the cold? Or something more? Wish to see my Blue-Light special? Lets see if that growth is ticklish.

Seeking:
Boy in skin-tight crepe pants. If the pants fit, I must eat them. Must be okay with chocolate.

Wanted: a Paul Van Dyke look-a-like Chimney Sweep that will give me a colonic with a hoover while singing "Chim Chim Cher-ee". Must have strong hands, strong stomach, and a deep voice.

Trapper-Keeper repairman laments his speciality's obsolescence.

Bard Shuttle. You used to stop by on the regs to spend time with me at Manor. You were always rushing off then, but at least you stopped by. What happened? Is there another corner somewhere else? I understand. I'm still waiting for you though, hoping you to feel your presence someday soon.
Yours truly, The Pavement

