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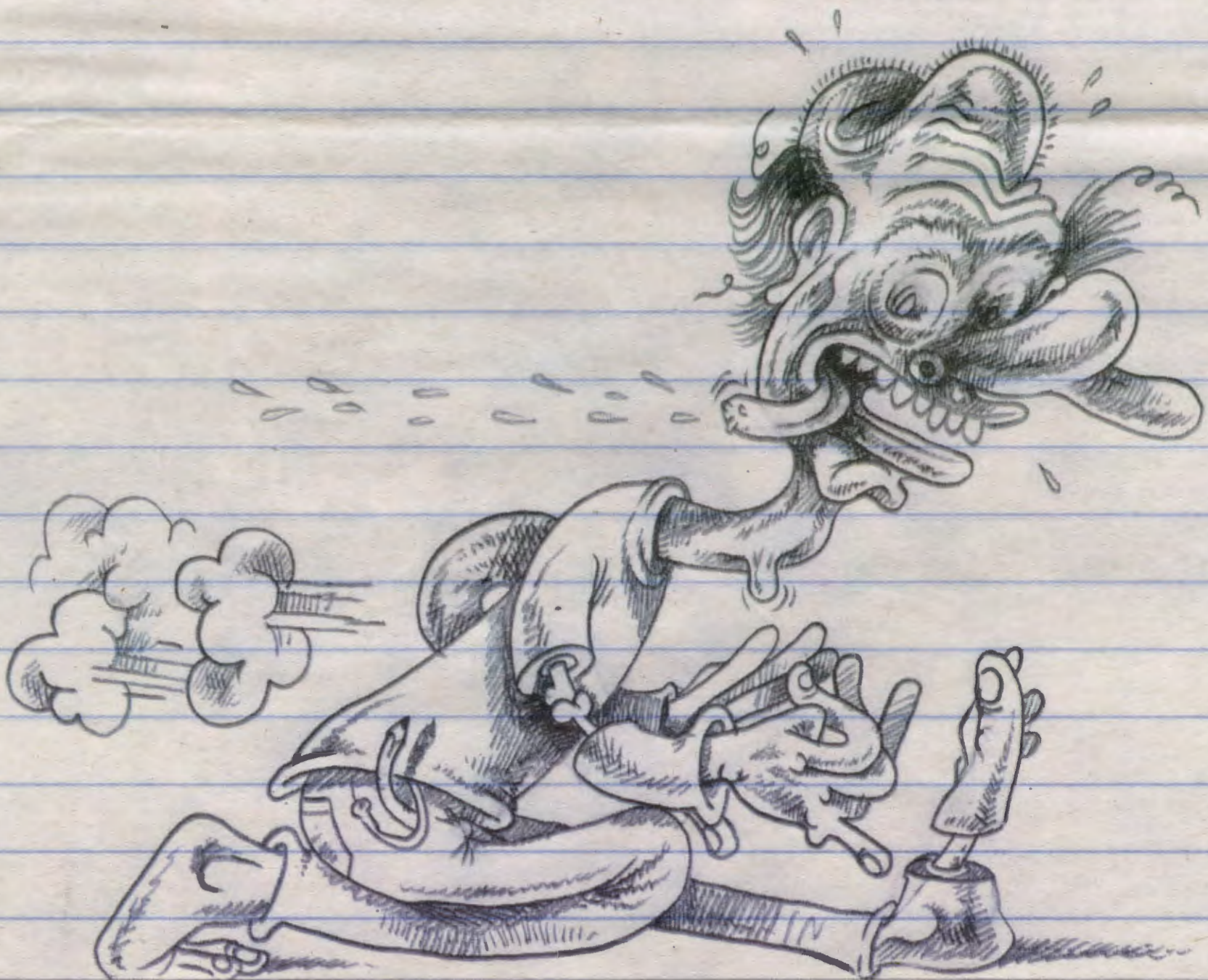
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bard free press

the "non" issue

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BARD CLOSES DEAL ON CAPPUCINO'S ALUMNI/AE IN THE HOUSE/AE

by joey sims

Bard College is now the proud owner of what was once Cappucino's. Jim Brudvig, Vice President for Administration, has confirmed to the FREE PRESS that Bard closed on the property mid-April.

Internal discussions are ongoing as to what the college will do with the complex. Currently, "it's just a shell of a building," says Brudvig. Part of the deal was that the building be stripped bare, he adds.

Most likely the building will serve as office space and an Alumni/ae House. In this case, the building's bar area would become the Alumni/ae space, while the rest of the complex would house offices. These offices would not be ones that students need to have frequent access to, and Brudvig stressed that the departments would be

approached about the move before any final decision.

The alumni office is already excited about the new possible space. "The location of the 'Alumni/ae House' at the gateway to Bard is perfect to highlight the important role Bard alumni/ae play and have played in Bard," says Jane Brien, Director of Alumni/ae Affairs. "As the official gathering place for Alumni/ae on campus, it would house the Alumni/ae Lounge and could host alumni/ae art shows, readings and possibly a library of books by Bardians."

Brudvig remains open to student use of the bar space. "I think colleges can responsibly have a pub," says Brudvig. "I enjoyed that when I was a student. But how we would run it, and whether there's real interest in that,

is unknown." Hypothetically, the bar could be open to both student and alumni - or it could alternate between the two.

Discussions are ongoing - no final decisions on the use of the building have been made. At this point, there seems to be only one sure thing: "We're gonna put a sign up, saying 'You're at Bard College,'" says Brudvig, explaining, "We're a hard place to find." Beyond that, nothing is for sure - though discussions may move quickly, as Brudvig hopes to re-open the space as soon as next year.



WHY THE INTERNET IS SO SLOW AND OTHER TECHNOLOGICAL MYSTERIES

by paul c. jordan

It's certainly annoying when at 7PM on a Wednesday night, it's impossible to watch a two minute YouTube video with your friends without needing to let it buffer for an hour. It is equally annoying when Pandora shuts down because your Internet speed is below the threshold for gapless streaming (1.5 kb/s). However, with the current budgetary constraints of the College, updating the technology infrastructure has often been put on the back burner. Chief Technology Officer, Bill Terry and Jeff Katz, Director of Libraries and Dean of Information Services, have some legitimate technology goals that they hope to implement soon in order to fix some of the pressing technology needs of Bard - internet speed being the current main priority.

To start with, Terry and the Administration have recently been discussing a major upgrade to the Bard Information Portal (BIP). It was installed 16 years ago and, though it has taken on an increasingly large role in recent years, with the addition of online course registration and electronic crite sheets, the hardware of the system has never been updated. All the business processes of the college (including payroll and financial aid) are managed through BIP, as are students' academic records - yet there is with minimal network security. For all these reasons, Terry and Katz view BIP as a major priority for technology dollars.

Bard Webmail is also a significant concern, as the software is "very old, very awkward, and very slow," according to Terry. Professors and students are frustrated by the lack of storage capacity for older messages and the lack of online network storage, or "enterprise storage," for departmental documents and teaching materials. The attachment quota is also exceedingly small. Terry and Katz hear from faculty and staff every week who have lost data because they have it stored on so many different desktops and laptops. Terry and Katz hope to upgrade the email platform within the next year, and create online network storage with significant data integrity.

A huge change for the next academic year will be on-campus printing. As much as seniors enjoyed printing ten copies of their 150-page senior projects in Henderson a few weeks ago, starting in the fall, students will likely have a page quota for their printing. Once the quota is exceeded, Terry says, students will be charged. Terry envisions printing centers throughout the campus where students could schedule their printing from home (on-campus or off-campus) and pick it up at a time of their choosing. "The money that the college could save by curbing the printing habits of those students who print all of their Reserve Web articles could be better allocated for some much needed hardware upgrades,"

says Terry.

Students would also get color and black and white printing capabilities, another advantage. Keeping up with toner and maintenance demands of finicky computer center and library printers usurps monies that could go toward increasing the bandwidth. The college is also looking into software that would allow students to take notes on PDF files, which they believe could decrease printing volume and thus save money.

The on-campus internet speed, a big point of frustration amongst students and faculty, currently runs at approximately 100 Mb/s. It was upgraded in January with an additional 35 Mb/s. At the start of the new fiscal year (September), Bill Terry expects summer hardware upgrades to increase speeds to 200 Mb/s. The current slow speeds primarily result from end-of-life (EOL) equipment, increased students, and decreased funding. While Katz realizes that "to some students, good bandwidth is more important than a hot shower," the cost of replacing all the college's EOL core switches, external routers and packet shapers would approach \$300,000 - money the administration views as unnecessary in light of upcoming capital projects. Another long-term goal is to make the entire campus 100% wireless (it's currently at about 40%), which students may or may not find useful if speed is still deathly slow.

THE COP OUT

WHATEVER HAPPENED IN COPENHAGEN ANYWAY?

by hanna mitchell

It's been four months now since the climate negotiations began--and ended--in Copenhagen, Denmark. The 15th International Conference of the Parties (COP) that was supposed to yield a legally binding treaty for green house gas mitigation has been swept under the rug of our collective political consciousness. The results of COP15, however, were not unforeseen and carry grave implications as we look ahead.

Wind back the clock to late May 2009. The house has just passed the American Clean Energy Jobs and Security Act (ACES). Embedded in the pages of this 946 page monstrosity is a flimsy compromise that has been beaten thinner and thinner under the relentless fist of coal and oil lobbyists. The bill called for an 80% reduction in CO2 emissions below 2005 levels by 2050. Not only were these emission cuts sub par to most recommendations from the scientific community, but the bill also allocated \$60 million to coal industries for the development of carbon-capture-and-sequestration. This technology is, as of yet, only a theoretical concept that does nothing to address the fundamentally destructive means of coal extraction such as mountain-top removal. While ACES represented the prototype of US climate legislation, it fell far short of expectations.

Fast forward now to late September. The Senate is in the throws of dissent. The Clean Energy Jobs and American Power Act is on the table and rabidly being dissected. Then the pressing weight of health-care reform pushes everything else to the margins. In just two and a half months, leaders from 192 countries will be gathering in Copenhagen to mold a treaty that should define our decade. As the world's second largest polluter, all eyes are on us to bring ambitious plans to the table and counter the climate crisis with American ingenuity. But we can't get out act together. The pattern of missed opportunity is repeated.

On December 7, the conference begins. The cobbled streets of Copenhagen are filled with protesters and youth delegates from around the world. A petition containing eleven million signatures is delivered to the desk Yvo de Boer, Executive Secretary of the UN Framework Convention on Climate Change (UNFCCC) and Connie Hedegaard, President of the Conference. The petition calls

for a fair, ambitious, and binding treaty that sets country-specific green house gas reduction targets. In the streets and among the youth delegations, the frenzy is organized; the meetings are civilized though the sense of urgency is profound. April Hillman from SustainUS speaks optimistically of the power of a shared vision: "I couldn't help but think there is no way we could fail in making this happen." Within the conference rooms of the UNFCCC however, inaction has already been written into the plans.

Without the inertia of national climate legislation in the US and China, it is difficult to build momentum. Furthermore Brazil, Russia, India and China argue that emission limits should not be imposed on their developing economies. Inability to reach consensus coupled with rift between developed and developing nations sets the tone for the negotiations. Poor politicking exacerbates the chaos that culminates in a last minute, back-door document: the Copenhagen Accord. This concise piece of rhetoric contains three pages detailing the threat of climate change and the "need to establish a comprehensive adaptation program including international support." The rest of the five-page Accord is left intentionally blank for signatories to concur with the non-binding political fluff. Tangent to this nosedive in the negotiations is the escalation of protest and mass arrests of youth from the climate movement, but their outcry reverberates off the implacability of business-as-usual policy makers. And here we are, back to the drawing board with neither national nor international climate policy nor even unified political will to scoop us from the jaws of this Malthusian trap. While initial plans have been made to hold the next COP in Cancun in mid November, it is possible that future decision-making will be left up to individual countries instead of the UN Framework. The question now is how much time we can afford to lose. How much longer will the false dichotomy prevail between social and environmental crises? For how long will the climate continue to be pitted against the economy? Among this uncertainty and rapidly diminishing window of time, one thing is clear: the transition to a clean energy future will require a paradigm shift and constituent demand.

CLIMATE BILL UPDATE

by hanna mitchell

This past year has been a tumultuous one for climate legislation. One bill was passed in the House while several more were beaten dead in the Senate before they even left committee. The EPA determined climate change to be a threat to national health and subsequently suffered attack from coal and oil lobbyists who endeavored to limit EPA authority to enforce the Clean Air Act. Copenhagen was a mixed bag, and Congress is incredibly divided. Enter now the Kerry-Graham-Lieberman bill, the latest piece to the climate legislation puzzle.

This Senate Bill, which is due for release at any moment, is designed to unite fragmented interests in order to garner a 60 vote majority. The mantra now seems to be compromise at all cost, since national climate legislation cannot be enforced until the House and Senate come to consensus. According to Joe Mendelson from the National Wildlife Federation, "the bill is not ideal but maintains a 17% reduction target (below 2005 emission levels) for 2020." It will include a cap and trade mechanism as well as promo-

tion for nuclear energy and stronger guidelines for offshore drilling. In spite of these unambitious provisions, the Kerry-Graham-Lieberman bill is purported to be the best opportunity to ratify climate legislation before the July elections.

An alternative bill, The Carbon Fee and Dividend Act of 2010, was put forth on Earth Day by Dr. James Hansen, one of the world's leading climatologists. The Act contains a science-based greenhouse gas mitigation target of stabilizing atmosphere levels of CO2 at 350ppm. Dr. Hansen proposes a carbon tax of \$15/ton on all fossil fuels and equitable reinvestment of revenue to US households. The Act also calls for a moratorium on new coal-fired power plants and a phasing-out of subsidies for polluting energy that have, according to Hansen, sustained "a false economy of cheap fossil fuels." The Act would squarely place responsibility for reform on polluting industries that have been distorting the discussion on climate legislation. Senate endorsement is uncertain at this point, however.

It's not all sturm and drang though; education programs

have recently been boosted. \$29 million has been allocated for fiscal year 2010 to University Sustainability Programs as part of the Higher Education Opportunity Act (originally supported by our own Pres. Botstein). Patrick Fitzgerald from the National Wildlife Federation also attested to the importance of education in future climate legislation: "In order to facilitate the transition to a clean energy economy, investments in human capital should be made in all sectors of the education system such as: grades K-12, school to work programs, green jobs training, community colleges, universities, and post graduate programs". At Bard, the Center for Environmental Policy is currently hosting state-wide "Campus2Congress" conference calls on climate policy that connect students with their congressional representatives. For more information check out www.bard.edu/cep/lets_talk/. Senators need to hear from us in order to pass the strongest version of the climate bill possible. Together we can make 2010 the year of comprehensive climate legislation.

RECYCLEMANIA 2010 RESULTS

4,000,000 POUNDS OF MATERIALS WERE RECYCLED AND COMPOSTED DURING THE COMPETITION. THE RELEASE OF 137,500 METRIC TONS OF CARBON DIOXIDE EQUIVALENT WERE AVOIDED.

COMPETITION DIVISION	BARD'S RANKING IN PEER GROUP	TOP SCHOOL IN PEER GROUP	SCHOOLS WE BEAT
Grand Champion	14th	College of William and Mary	Vassar, Yale, Hamilton, BU, Bucknell
Per Capita Classic	16th	Union College	Vassar, Dickinson, Haverford, Trinity, William and Mary
Waste Minimization	3rd	Dickinson	Harvard, MIT, Tufts, Yale, Princeton, Brown
Gorilla Prize	21st	Harvard	Haverford, Dickinson, Trinity
Paper	8th	Princeton	RISD, William and Mary, Vassar, Union
Corrugated Cardboard	10th	Union College	Colby, BU, William and Mary, Carnegie Mellon
Bottles & Cans	4th	RISD	Amherst, Brown, Vassar, Hamilton, BU, Colby
Food Scraps	2nd	Middlebury	Princeton, Harvard, Brown, Vassar, Dickinson, BU, BC, William and Mary, Haverford, Carnegie Mellon, MIT, Union, RISD

The entire Recyclemania contest included 607 schools. Different schools were involved in different divisions of the competition. Bard competed in all 8. These results are focused in our peer group (listed below):

- Amherst College
- Boston College
- Boston University
- Bowdoin College
- Brandeis University
- Brown University
- Bucknell University
- Carnegie Mellon University
- Colby College
- Colgate University
- College of William and Mary
- Columbia University
- Dickinson College
- Emerson College
- Hamilton College
- Harvard University
- Haverford College
- MIT
- Middlebury College
- Northwestern University
- Princeton University
- RISD
- Skidmore College
- Trinity College
- Tufts University
- Tulane University
- Union College
- Vassar College
- Wesleyan University
- Williams College
- Yale University

by charlotte ashlock

Perhaps you were one of the lucky 192 people on campus who were "Caught Green-Handed" in the recent Recyclemania fervor. BERP BERD secret agents cleverly infiltrated campus, keeping a watchful eye for those who might be caught recycling unawares. Anyone who was caught recycling by the BERP "spies" received a green raffle ticket for a chance at a \$5 coupon at one of our contest sponsors--Taste Budds, Village Pizza, Golden Wok, Lucy's Tacos, and Terry's Bakeshop-- for contributing prizes.

Bard students everywhere are asking themselves if this enthusiasm really paid off. Was campus less wasteful? Bard Environmental Resources Department is proud to report that Bard carried off second-prize laurels for food scraps and in a 'peer group' category and received third-place honors for overall waste minimization. In these categories, we have trounced ivy-league schools Princeton, Harvard, and Brown. However, in materials recycled per capita we are not doing so well. Although we still outstrip Vas-

sar, we are nevertheless lagging behind the majority of our competitors.

BERD's compost competition, "Can you recycle more than Blithewood?" helped contribute to our impressive food scraps results. Dorm was pitted against dorm in a campus-wide contest. Although Feitler composted the most food scraps over all, Honey House, the runner-up, protested that the contest was unfair. Unlike other dorms, Feitler Co-Op cooks their own Vegan meals every week night, allowing them to easily win the contest. Therefore it was decided that Honey House and Feitler should split the prize. Anyone from Honey can contact reduce@bard.edu to receive the \$50 (to be spent at one of our sponsors for a dorm wide treat).

So congratulations to everyone on keeping the trash down and the compost up. Maybe we recycled fewer bottles than the other colleges. But this could be a point in our favor. After all, look how many people are walking around with glass jars and metal thermoses that never enter the waste stream.

Throughout the nationwide Recyclemania Competition, Bard held its own Caught Green Handed Competition. Over the course of 8 weeks, 192 students, staff and faculty were caught and entered into a weekly raffle. The winners received gift certificates to our sponsors.

Thank you to our sponsors: Taste Budds, Village Pizza, Golden Wok, Lucy's Tacos, and Terry's Bakeshop!

NO COINLESS LAUNDRY FOR NEXT YEAR FIGHT FOR/AGAINST CHANGE IN LAUNDRY SYSTEM CONTINUES

by joey sims

The contentious debate around the college's washer/dryer system looks set to continue into next year. This April, Vice President Dimitri P. Papadimitriou refused to include the change to coinless laundry in next year's budget, rejecting a student government proposal that had that administration's support. Student Government says it is now fighting to prevent the college from renewing its contract with Coinmach, the more unpopular of the college's two laundry machine vendors; they have also pledged to continue fighting for coinless laundry next year.

Student Government had been pushing for a move to coinless laundry throughout the year. The proposal had students paying a laundry fee in the yearly tuition. "It seemed definite that laundry was going through," says Cara Black, Head of Student Government's Student Life Committee. "The administration representatives we spoke to were all on our side." These representatives included Dean of Students Erin Cannan, Vice President for Administration Jim Brudvig, Residence Life, and representatives from Buildings and Grounds - according to Black, all were "enthusiastic and supportive of the idea." However, Papadimitriou decided not to include the change in the budget, for reasons unclear. (Papadimitriou could not be reached in time for comment on the matter.)

Black believes Papadimitriou had been misinformed on the proposal. "Too much talk back and forth between administrators misconstrued some of the main ideas of the laundry proposal," she explains. Though Black did not provide more detail, Papadimitriou re-

cently commented to the FREE PRESS that \$20 of the proposed \$50 raise in the student activities fee was intended to cover the cost of laundry. The proposal had actually been to fund laundry through an increase to room and board, not the student activities fee.

However, there are certain drawbacks to coinless laundry. "There would be some freeloading, students from off-campus coming to do their laundry here," notes Brudvig - though he added that he felt coinless laundry was worthwhile nonetheless. However, it is unknown whether this was Papadimitriou's objection - or even whether the objection came from Papadimitriou himself, or if he was responding to someone else's misgivings.

Black and Given are now focused on opposing any new contracts with Coinmach, the college's main laundry machine vendor for the past ten years. Bard currently has two vendors - Coinmach, a larger company, and Randy's, a local vendor. Randy's wishes to expand their services - possibly to cover the whole campus, if Bard agrees. Coinmach is unpopular with students and administrators alike. "Its been years of complaints," confirms Brudvig. "Machines go out of service, and it takes them a while to get up here to fix them." Randy's service "has been better," says Brudvig. Both vendors have submitted proposals to the college, and a decision is imminent.

Meanwhile, student government has no plans to back off their fight for coinless laundry. "This is an issue that student government will always push for in the future," says Black. However, change is at least another year away.

SPRING

photos by ezra glenn, flag by betsey ross

15% HEIGHTENED SECURITY, GENERAL DEBAUCHERY, A

by marissa mccabe

This weekend brought out the weirdness of Bard like I've never seen it before. From what I had heard about Spring Fling, I was anticipating the most insane weekend of my life. I had heard upperclassmen talk of ungodly quantities of alcohol and naked students with body paint. I was excited-- and a little bit terrified.

My weekend was spent in much the same way I spend every weekend at Bard: wandering from place to place and ending up in someone's dorm with snacks at 2:00 AM. The only difference was that there were about a million things going on and the campus was crowded for once. One of the weirdest things about this school, and possibly one of my favorite, is that you can often go from place to place without running into anyone. Not true from Friday April 30th to the early hours of Sunday May 2nd.

After some less notable activities, my friends and I began our Friday night by checking out the tent party. After only a few minutes, I had the weird sensation of feeling like I had seen every Bard student I have ever seen, plus a few strangers and perhaps some bored Red Hook kids, all in one place. I don't know if anyone else feels this way, but watching Bard kids dance to Top 40 songs makes me a little bit uneasy. I believe I'm correct in my assumption that most Bard students either did not attend their high school dances or stood awkwardly on the perimeters of the gym during them, so it's a bizarre and maybe even endearing sight to witness.

Sometime around 10:00 PM we migrated from the tent party to the mysterious event called "Space Pony Sex Church 2012," an alternative activity for kids who weren't up for dancing to reggaeton. The posters covered in kittens and outdated computers didn't really explain anything, and neither did the



FLING

**TY, 35% DANCING, 50%
ND 100% WEIRDNESS**

name, so we were curious. As the show was beginning, the groups standing outside of SMOG were told that they should come inside to "be inspired". We entered to find a long-haired man dressed entirely in white playing songs off a laptop and dancing beside it. This was bizarre, and my description definitely does not give it justice, but it was a sight worth seeing. Very few people were there, and if you weren't, maybe you should have been.

We returned to the campus center around midnight to find it overflowing with students eating Miss Vickies and curly fries and with ACs still looking out for suspicious activities. We soon gave up on Spring Fling festivities and returned to North campus.

On Saturday my friends and I went straight to the waterfall after breakfast. This was a great decision; the water was refreshing in the 90 degree weather and fellow students abounded, drinking beer and smoking cigarettes while perched on half-submerged rocks. We then headed to Bardapalooza, which was fairly underpopulated, at least around 3:00 PM-- though The Sparrows' set was full of cheering fans later that evening. I hope the bands playing in the afternoon didn't feel too bad: it was just way too hot for this. The block party on Saturday night was excellent. I would venture to say that this was the best Spring Fling activity of all. The atmosphere was great. Everyone was genuinely enthusiastic and having fun with their friends. For about an hour, I felt like I went to a really happy college in the Caribbean.

Now it's Sunday morning and I am writing this from Stevenson Library, which is about as empty as the rest of the campus was packed in the previous two days. This weekend went by too fast, but nevertheless I would say that Spring Fling was a success.



TIME TO RETHINK ART DEPARTMENT POLICIES

MY DIP INTO BUREAUCRACY

by *lena batchan*

Wouldn't it be great if Bard offered courses like Metals and Fibers in addition to our core fine arts classes? Well, forget about it. The registrar's office won't even accept transfer credits from students who take these courses elsewhere. I know this because I have spent the past month trying to get to the root of this policy.

This summer I am taking a 4-credit class at Skidmore College called Jewelry & Metals I. In mid-April I filled out one of those green credit transfer request forms at the registrar's office. I was informed that the Executive Committee makes decisions about them every Wednesday, so I came back on Thursday to see what they decided. I received a paper with one sentence printed on it: "The Executive Committee has NOT approved your application..." Blah, blah, blah. No explanation. No "go talk to such & such person if you really feel as though you're entitled to an explanation." No human element; just bureaucracy from high above. Not a great start.

I didn't know who was responsible for the decision or what the Executive Committee really was, so I went to talk to Peter Gadsby. He told me that Bard does not accept transfer credits from courses that don't correspond to equivalent courses already offered here. So I could take a Sculpture class, but not Metals. I found this counter-intuitive because I had looked into taking classes elsewhere precisely because the ones I want to take are not offered here. I argued that metalworking was part of the sculpture curriculum anyway—a third of the Sculpture I class I took last year was devoted to it—not to mention that I have heard of students doing tutorials or independent studies pertaining more directly to metalwork. Peter replied that I should try to get someone in the art department to back up my case, then. He said that the Executive Committee was probably thrown off by the word "jewelry" in the title. I explained that it was really just an Introductory Metals class which would qualify students to move on to the higher-level Metalsmithing and Bronze-Casting classes. I was in close e-mail correspondence with the Skidmore professor, and he had confirmed this. And besides, the examples of student work displayed on his website were really just small-scale sculptures, not just jewelry per se. (But even if it was strictly a jewelry class, so what?) Peter looked unconvinced. About to give up, I asked, "What about Fibers? That's my second choice. Or ceramics?" He said the same deal applied to Fibers, but Ceramics would be fine. "Wait... what?!" I was taken aback. "But we don't have Ceramics classes here," I said cautiously, worried that he would repeal his statement. He shrugged and explained that recently Bard had begun accepting transfer credits for Ceramics, and that's all he knew about that. I wondered why the student body didn't know about that, but I went back to my dorm excited. There was a precedent for my situation! I imagined that some fed up students or professors had made this change in policy happen, and I became determined to get Metals included in it.

I sent an urgent e-mail to my Sculpture professor from last year and asked her to support my appeal to get transfer credits from the Metals class. I also filled out a new credit transfer request form and attached a copy of the very comprehensive syllabus that I had printed from the Skidmore professor's website. I painstakingly highlighted the important parts like "This is not a 'how-to' course," and "This is NOT a product-oriented course," because it emphasizes "the concept of craft-as-art." I selected two descriptions of sample assignments and their corresponding photos of student work and attached those as well. I wrote on the form that my first choice was still Metals (and could the Executive Committee please review the additional information I had attached?), my second choice was Fibers,

and then my thirds was Ceramics. I was uneasy when I went to go find out their decision the next Thursday, because my Sculpture professor hadn't responded to my e-mail. I had, however, forwarded the e-mail to Michele Dominy, because I had done some research and figured out that she was the head of the Executive Committee and thought she might help. But regrettably, I found that "the Executive committee [had] NOT approved" Metals or Fibers but had approved Ceramics. Since I have a work study job in the registrar's office, at work that day I had to file my own credit transfer request form away. Once I got hold of it, I realized that the pages were not even folded back in the stapled corner. It looked like nobody had even held it for longer than a few seconds, let alone read all 10 pages. And again, there was no explanation, no notes scribbled on the syllabus, not even a signature. I went to Peter Gadsby to voice my concern, and he assured me that the syllabus had been read—although he wasn't present at the meeting and couldn't possibly know for sure.

I asked Peter if there was anyone higher up in the art department that I could talk to, because my Sculpture professor had not been helpful. He said that my professor had, in fact, forwarded my e-mail to the registrar's office and said "something noncommittal" about my appeal. I got really frustrated at this point because she hadn't even bothered to write back to me, and all I wanted was for someone to talk to me directly and give me some answers. Why was everyone so complacent that Bard had these totally arbitrary, outdated policy requirements? I was advised to speak to David Shein, but he wasn't around, so I spoke to Erin Canaan, who didn't tell me anything new. Then I found out that the man who represented the art department in the Executive Committee was John Pruitt... a film professor. When I spoke to him, he told me that he and Michele Dominy suggest that I go find Arthur Gibbons, the director of the studio arts program, who gave "advice" to the Executive Committee. After unsuccessfully trying to catch him in his office a few times, I wrote Arthur an e-mail. I mentioned that it had taken me two whole weeks of diligent fussing around and harassing everyone I could think of just to find out who was responsible for the one-sentence decision I had received. And I let him know just what I thought of that: "Students should be able to connect with Bard administration through an open forum, without having to go through all the bureaucracy that I have had to deal with... If I had not gone extremely out of my way to get to the root of this, nobody would have heard my voice, just like nobody hears the voices of the other hundreds of Bard students who agree with me. We need to fix this disconnect between the students and the administration." He replied that he was out of town. I was finally able to meet with him a few days later, but the meeting went horribly.

Arthur did not address my concerns about the student-administrative dialogue problem at all. Even worse, he refused to take full responsibility for denying my credits from transferring to Bard. He also claimed to be oblivious to the fact that Bard now accepts transfer credits from Ceramics classes. He refused to acknowledge that Jewelry and Metals I is an introductory Metals class and kept condescendingly calling it a jewelry class. He also had not even bothered to read the syllabus. I had to pull it up on his computer and watch him skim over it. He claimed that he had not received it because I had submitted it to the Executive Committee and not to him. But if he is in charge of giving advice to the Executive Committee, shouldn't he have to actually, I don't know, look at each individual case? And this argument was invalid anyway because I had sent him a link to the syllabus in a forwarded e-mail, which he

clearly had not read either.

We went through the same circular argument at least five times. I asked if he was in a position to make a change in the art department's credit transfer policy, and he said yes. I asked him if he would do it, and he said no. I asked him why not, and he said "because it's against the policy." But he can change it to whatever he wants! I asked him if he thought the policy was appropriate, and he essentially said, "Yes, because it's the policy." Gah! I should have asked, "But what is the reasoning according to which the policy is appropriate?" I felt like I was in the Soviet Union. The Executive Committee was Stalin's Central Committee and Arthur was the New Man propaganda machine. I just wanted him to say something like, "No, I won't change the policy, because I wholeheartedly believe that Metals, Fibers and other 'crafts' are inferior to fine arts and have no place at Bard! Hahahaha!" At least then there would be an outdated moral reason in the place of a stubborn insistence in the habit of bureaucracy. I sincerely hope this anti-craft mentality is the crux of the issue, because it's better than no crux.

So you see, there is just no good reason for putting up so much resistance against these classes. I refuse to even acknowledge the alleged issue that Bard doesn't accept transfer credits from classes that don't have an equivalent here. First of all, that is another policy that makes no sense. If a course, upon close inspection, is legitimate, offered by an accredited university, and rises up to Bard's academic standards, why not accept it? According to the office assistants at the Registrar, it's because there is no corresponding course number by which to enter it into the computer system. Then why not create more numbers?! Is this tiny technicality really what is at the root of this whole problem? Second of all, Metals and Fibers could both correspond to Bard's Sculpture classes or tutorials. We could just enter one of the Sculpture course numbers. And third, Ceramics was accepted! This has still not been explained to me. I don't even know which would be worse: the head of the art department pretending not to know about this, or actually not knowing about this.

I have never felt as disillusioned in my time at Bard as I did when I excused myself from Arthur's office. How are students supposed to affect any change around here if this is what happens? I couldn't help laughing when I asked Arthur, "Who established this policy?" and the dismissive answer he gave me was "Somebody a long time ago." He then proceeded to ask me, "Why is it so important that you get credits for this class? You know you can take a class without transferring the credits, right?" Yeah. Thanks. It's the principle of the thing. By the time I graduate, I will have way more credits than I need, thanks. "Are you even a studio arts major?" Umm... no. Why is this relevant? Haven't I made it clear that I can't put up with the art department? "This is a liberal arts school, not an art school. We just don't offer courses like this." Well, Skidmore is a liberal arts school! And besides, I'm not asking you to offer the courses, just accept credit for them. "Just go enjoy the class. I'm sure you'll do very well there." Right, OK. I'll go join those unwashed Skidmore kids with their jewelry and trinkets and bits of string. Because obviously I'm not doing very well here if I have any kind of problem with bureaucratic policy. Even if my feelings were unfounded, it reflects poorly on the art department to induce this kind of paranoia in students. So really, what can we do to change the art department's policies? We have to change Arthur Gibbons' mind. The decision-making power of the whole art department lies in the hands of this one man.

NOT SO KICK ASS

by James Siewert

08
film

Kick-Ass bears the same relationship to superhero movies that its director Matthew Vaughn's previous films-- *Lay-er Cake* and *Stardust*-- did to gangster movies and fairy tales: It can't decide whether it is homage or satire. *Kick-Ass* purports to be a realistic look at what would happen if a disenfranchised adolescent everyman - in this case Dave Lizewski (Aaron Johnson) - donned a green wet suit and attacked thugs with pipes. The film has become controversial in recent weeks for its positive portrayal of foul-mouthed, preternaturally gifted 11-year old killing machine, Mindy, or Hit-Girl (Chloe Moretz), who ends up kicking more ass than Dave (or anyone else in the movie, for that matter).

The controversy has been overblown - yet while watching the movie, one can't help feeling that an uncomfortable truth is being suppressed by superficial pleasures. In Dave's first excursion as Kick-Ass, he heroically attempts to accost some thugs who are breaking into a car -- and ends up getting stabbed for his trouble. The film, however, plays the whole incident for laughs: as he limps away, Dave gets hit by a car, spins over it and lands with a cartoon thud. All very *Scary Movie*-ish. The film purports to show the 'true' violence involved in being a superhero, but it is full of moments like this; there is a glimmer of recognition

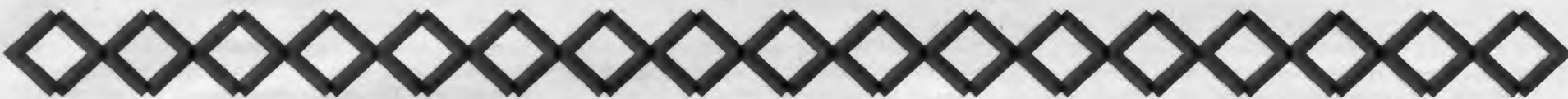
at the violence being portrayed, before the moment is suppressed by either humor or bravado. At one point Chris D'Amico (Christopher Mintz-Plasse, of *McLovin* fame), the son of the kingpin baddie Frank D'Amico (Mark Strong) watches a video of Kick-Ass being tortured. It seems for a moment like he's experiencing some seed of horror at what he is witnessing -- but in the next scene he reverts back to caricature, once again just another nerd in a costume.

I am tempted to say the the only realistic thing in *Kick-Ass* is the violence, but by the end even this isn't true. Instead the scenes of violence descend to the level of some *Kill Bill* - *300* hybrid -- a long way from the dark pool that accumulates under Dave when he is stabbed that first time. However, credit where credit is due, the film's break from reality lets it indulge in some pretty pictures -- and though it is the aesthetic sibling of *Kill Bill* and *Speed Racer*, the fights scenes felt more satisfying than any in those movies. (Frank D'Amico's final comeuppance is cheer-worthy, providing you aren't already disheartened by the film's amorality).

Still, the movie is technically well-achieved. The acting, too, is enjoyably shallow. There has been some criticism that Hit-Girl totally upstages *Kick-Ass*, but I actually liked

Johnson more than Moretz. And it's good to see Nicholas Cage, who plays Hit-Girl's psychopathic father, in something that isn't a total joke. However, the good performances and technical proficiency don't forgive the film ultimate's flaw: it fails to deliver on its promise to examine the violence, selfishness and death drive behind the superhero fantasy. After *Watchmen*, *Kick-Ass* is the second movie to make such a promise, and then fail to deliver. *The Dark Knight*, a superhero film that was less obliged to be realistic or thoughtful, ended up fulfilling this goal more than either.

Critics are treating *Kick-Ass's* elaborate aesthetic treatment of the genre as controversial and noteworthy in itself, and yet the film effectively pulls the only punch that really matters: it has no trace of self-criticism. One of cinema's greatest strengths is its ability to reveal the hidden ugliness behind an aestheticized object. Unfortunately, unlike its main characters, *Kick-Ass* never reveals its secret identity --that remains obscured behind the technicolor sprays of blood and endless orgies of machine-gun fire.



SCREEN MEMORIES: IRON MAN 2

by giampaolo bianconi

Nothing in *Iron Man 2* seems old: like the arc reactor in Tony Stark's chest, everything glows for no reason. The screens that Stark (Robert Downey, Jr.) interacts with throughout the film transcend physicality and become the very air of Stark's workshop, so he can manipulate them with his touch. Not only does he tell robots what to do - he is himself a robot. It sometimes feels like you're watching *The Jetsons*.

So considering this, it's a shocking moment when Stark, effectively under house arrest by SHIELD until he gets his act together, watches a 16mm film of his father Howard Stark (John Slattery-- who, by the way, didn't even have to leave the set of *Mad Men* for his brief role). The radical disjuncture between the smoky film that Stark watches and the smooth, gleaming, edgeless atmosphere of *Iron Man 2*--both the world within the film and the film itself-- serves as a melancholy reminder of what is both lost and gained after cinema.

Iron Man 2 begs everyone to believe that despite the apparent warmth of analogue technology, there is something exclusionary about the technology where everything new and digital lets us in. Something is going on in *Iron Man 2*, and it has to do with history. Stark is not just rediscovering his father; he is finding the key to America's future. It is a

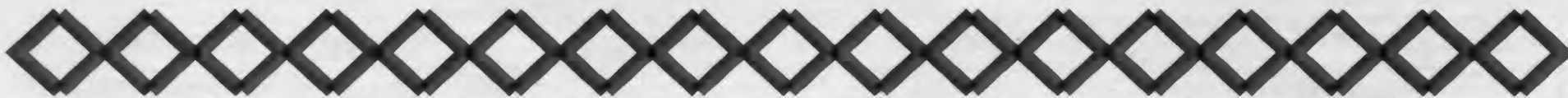
key that was constructed after World War II--when America was America--and has been kept hidden until now. Only Iron Man can bring it back. Alongside a veneration of the new, there is a serious nostalgia here for the past. It's nostalgia not only for righteousness but also for a particular kind of familial cruelty.

Favreau's camera follows the action smartly. It follows Stark as a film camera, TV camera, or security camera; sometimes you watch through the eyes of Stark himself, the billionaire rake who has managed to "privatize world peace." Sometimes you even watch the film through CNN or C-SPAN, as when Stark refuses to hand his suit over to the American government because, he says, it is not just his suit; it is *him*. This scene--featuring Garry Shandling--is the highlight of the movie's awkward fist half hour. Despite the rocky start, though, Jon Favreau's direction doesn't miss a beat until an out of place, whitewashed fight scene featuring Scarlett Johansson's charmless shadow something-or-other beating some guards senseless. Johansson, in fact, is a strange presence throughout the film. Unlike Gwennyth Palthrow, Johansson is eerily silent -- as if Favreau simply didn't tell her where to stand.

When Ivan Vanko (Mickey Rourke, who must utter five lines throughout the whole film) nearly axes Iron Man, we

watch through a fake worldwide news agency. Vanko's father worked with Howard Stark to invent arc reactor technology, though according to Nick Fury (Samuel L. Jackson, who has not, as of yet, left *Pulp Fiction*), Stark the Elder had him deported for wanting to profit off of the invention. This idea - that someone was kicked out of 1960s United States for wanting to be a good capitalist - is the one piece of the film's logic that seems too far-flung.

Later, at StarkExpo, competing weapons developer Justin Hammer (Sam Rockwell) presents a veritable army of drone Iron Men, who attack Iron Man and his new sidekick, War Machine (Don Cheadle) in the film's final battlesetpiece. Vanko controls the drones remotely, and the film presents him much in the way we imagine all drone operators: with the malicious pleasure of someone playing a particularly violent video game. Vanko's distance from the machines he controls is a source of anxiety and evil. While Stark's unity with the suit offers safety and stability, the coldness of 16mm film comes from Stark's distance from it, a distance of time and a distance of knowledge -- something about that analogue technology doesn't let him inside. The best technology is the kind you can become. It's the way of the future--firmly rooted in the past.



HOW TO TRAIN YOUR DRAGON, IN 3D!!

by katie leigh moynis

I thought it would be bad. So bad that there was no way I would be bothered by the loss of almost ten dollars. I expected it to be the kind of movie that only kids liked, or those adults who sufficiently and properly pre-gamed the show. However, the entire experience left me thrilled. The plot was predictable. The characters were superficial, and yet *How to Train Your Dragon* delighted me. I'm a staunch critic of "kid" movies, of those annoying, boy-meets-girl,-boy-saves-day plots, where all animals could be pets if you only loved them and you're taught to love yourself for who you are. But from the sufficiently cartooned characters (not

too real, not too fake) to the creative dragons who managed to be fearsome, humorous and wholly adorable, this movie is worth your money. The movie is set on the island of Berk, where the swarthy Vikings must protect their tiny rocky home from the dragons that come to terrorize the settlement nightly. The main character is, of course, an awkward boy who is dwarfed even by his peers in breadth and height, but discovers his own talents, and in the process saves the town, becomes the perfect son, and gets the girl. This feel-good cinematic treat contains scenes reminiscent of *Aladdin*, *Lord of the Rings*, any dog and boy

movie (*Buddy*, *Ole Yeller*, and *Lassie*), and naturally, *Avatar*. But even if your heart is made of stone, even if you're too bitter from exams and final papers, if this adorable recreation of the same story that we've known since childhood doesn't make melt your heart, the accents are hilarious and the Dolby 3D glasses are kick ass (but you'll have a hard time stealing them from the red hook theatre), so hit it up while it's still out-- or hey, it'll probably be on the hub soon anyways.

FOOD

BAYLEY'S BACON BURGER REVIEWS PART III

by bayley sweitzer

At each restaurant I ordered a bacon cheeseburger with fries. My reviews are of the burgers, fries, and their prices only. Prices listed do not reflect tax or tip. I pay no mind to the service, decor, or atmosphere of restaurant as a whole.

J&J's - \$8.68

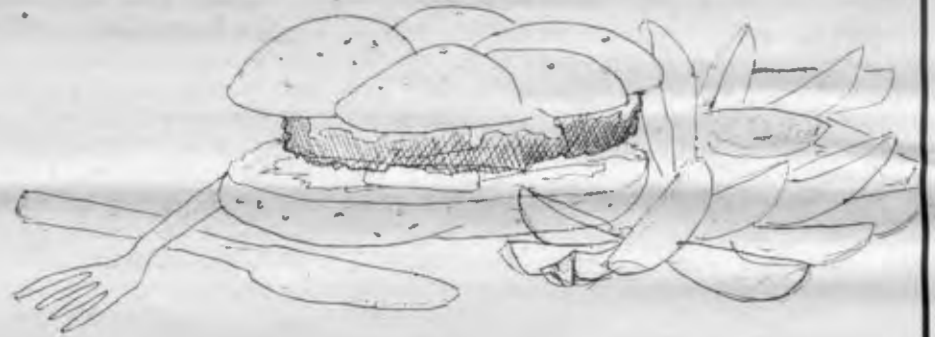
To get to the decent 1/2 pound patty with melted cheddar on top, I had to battle through J&J's huge stiff hard roll. This was annoying. Also fortified inside the roll was one tiny tomato slice, some red onion, and really fresh lettuce. The fries, though I would call them potato wedges, were great. They were not too dry inside and had great big chunks of salt on the outside. I don't know why this meal came with a knife and fork.

FLATIRON - \$10.00

I entered Flatiron in a critical mood, expecting to pay a lot for a really good burger. After the first bite I realized that Flatiron tries way too hard. The 1/2 pound hand packed burger was not cooked medium like I asked and was over spiced. Among other distracting flavors, I was able to identify parsley. I could hardly taste the meat itself. The burger meat was very lean and spongy. It was like they used goddamn buffalo burger meat or something. The bun was a fucking English muffin. I liked the fontina cheese. There were roasted plum tomatoes and caramelized onions on it, which contributed to the generally mushy textural experience. The fries were like the skinny ones at Kline, so they were fine - but the cat-sup was some strange homemade blend and way too vinegary. They should have stuck to Heinz. Flatiron, get over yourself.

After reviewing six meals, THE VERDICT:

Make your own fucking hamburgers! It's cheaper and guaranteed to taste better. I'll share my secret recipe: Get the least lean beef you can. 70% or 80% lean is the fattiest and the cheapest and it forms the best patties. I put the meat in a bowl and add an egg, worcestershire sauce, a very small amount of barbeque sauce, some hot sauce, a clove of crushed garlic, salt, and pepper. Mash all this together. Make sure the mixture is cold when you form the patties so the fat stays static in the meat. I make my patties significantly wider and flatter than the diameter of my buns because they tend to ball up and shrink when cooked. The most important step is to place a small pat of butter in the center of each patty and form the meat around it so it's completely concealed. Cook the burgers on a charcoal (not gas) grill until they're how you like them. Probably about 7 or 8 minutes.



drawings by bailey sweitzer

HEALTHIER THAN THOU MUFFINS

HAVE YOUR MUFFIN AND EAT IT TOO

by abby ferla

OK, so say that--hypothetically--you have recently been trying to learn what is seemingly common sense for everyone else: the conventional knowledge that "you can't have your cake and eat it too." Apparently, you have to make "choices" in life. You're supposed to "prioritize." People tell you this time and time again, but you're a workaholic, sun-loving, lazy hippie with high moral and academic aspirations and a secret love of commodities produced in South Asian sweatshops; you know that you're the one exception to the rule. And so, even though experience teaches you again and again that you can't do everything that makes you happy and still be happy-- even though you're too busy stressing out about how you're going to fit so much goddamn happiness into your life that you can't actually enjoy it-- even though it becomes painfully clear that having your cake and eating it too makes you absolutely hate cake--you're just sure that you can work a few jobs and take all of your classes and act in a few plays and edit this publication and do that community service and still have a bustling social life. But listen to me: you can't. You cannot have it all.

Except when it comes to these muffins, which are delicious, "low-cal," and nutrient-packed. Seriously, I worked out the nutrition facts once, and they are healthier than a granola bar. They also freeze really well, so you can eat one hot with butter now and still have one for breakfast next Monday. Here's to never learning your lesson!

WHOLE-WHEAT, FLAX, CARROT, BANANA, OAT, RAISIN, WALNUT MUFFINS

Ingredients:

1/4 cup applesauce
3 bananas, mashed
1/2 cup honey
1/4 cup milk
2 eggs
1 cup whole wheat flour
1 tsp baking soda
1/4 tsp salt
1/2 cup walnuts
1/2 cup rolled oats
2 tablespoon ground flaxseed
1 tsp cinnamon
1/2 tsp allspice
1/2 tsp cloves
1 1/4 cups grated carrots (about two or three)
1/2 cup raisins

Method:

1. Preheat oven to 350 degrees and line muffin tin with aluminum wrappers.
2. Combine dry ingredients in a large bowl. Whisk to stir. Stir in oats.
3. Combine in a separate bowl bananas, applesauce, honey, milk, vanilla, and eggs.
4. Slowly stir dry ingredients into wet until mixed (if you are lucky enough to have a mixer, this would be the time to use it). Add raisins, walnuts, and carrot.
5. Pour about 1/4 cup of batter into each muffin tin.
6. Cook 20-30 minutes until a toothpick comes out clean.

Should make about 12-16 muffins. Especially delicious warm, cut in half, and with salted butter.

SEXTS FROM LAST NIGHT RICCI'S BACK

by andre ricci

Sup, it's me again. Sorry I've been out of touch; I've been reading the Bible a lot. Shit has been getting out of control, so I've turned to God for comfort. In a recent conversation about why the springtime gives birth to such atrocities, it was found that much can be explained by the beginning and end of the Bible: the Garden of Eden and the Apocalypse. You see, my friend described it with age-old biblical wisdom. "The winter bittie, like the serpent in the Garden of Eden, must be shed like an old skin come spring." Amazing, no?

What began as a relatively serene year—all quiet on the Hudson front, freshman silent in their FEMA trailers—is now forgotten, replaced with the annual Spring Fling events. As we approach the year's end, the once placid campus turns into an asylum for wild bacchantes and students crying over the rumor of Daddy Yankee coming to Bard. What we see here is the alpha and omega. The second coming of the Lord is drawing near.

So break the seventh seal on your seventh 40oz., and let us hear what the sexts have to say. I've supplied (845) area codes to avoid breaking the covenant of confession:

(845): I just funneled a joose, got my titties posted on boobs@bard.

(845): It's cool, I'm 12-loko deep. Can't

breathe or see tho. Fuck it.

(845): Just walked by 4-chick orgy @ Blithewood...laying on top of a tent, not even in it.

(845): Hay gri, drinkin beers and lister- ing to the echoes of a couple fuck under the grad tent, L?

(845): dunno, couldn't really hear what the bus driver said, so now I'm just sitting on the shuttle alone in the parking lot of b&g...so maybe see you soon?

(845): I will pay you 20 bucks to slip some lube packets under my door. PLEASE! it's as dry as the damn Sahara over here.

Mass Text—(845) HEY! Want to cum on my face/body while I kneel rude!

(845): You think my mom will google "Giggles, Why Not?!" when she sees \$300.00 charged on my credit card?

(845): Heard kids in Tewks having sex to Ashlee Simpson. The chick chimed in every damn time, "L-O-L-Ooohhh-L-Ow-er-L-OH!-V-E"

(845): there's a note on my door that says: "Yo. naked chick in ur bed. my b."

SELECTED ENTRAILS FROM MY DREAM DIARY I MEAN ENTRIES. I MEAN JOURNAL.

by maxwell paparella

1 I am a combination of pre-Kindergarten Cop(ial) Arnold Schwarzenegger and Bluto, Popeye's arch-nemesis— which is great because I can finally wear shirts in men's large and I'm suddenly good at bowling. I wake up feeling frail and alone.

2 I am an awesome panther deep within a South American rain forest. But wait, I am also an Animorph, able to change into any beast of my choosing! I choose to be a human being. I wake up feeling boring.

3 I am being hunted by demon tigers on a train like the one in *Polar Express*. Animated Tom Hanks takes my hand and leads me to the engine room, where it turns out that he is also an Animorph demon tiger and he rips out my throat. I wake up and tell myself again that I will stop eating Cheddar Jalapeño Cheetos before bed.

4 I am Michael Jordan but not the cool Michael Jordan with the mustache, the kind of sad Michael Jordan with bags under his eyes on the set of *Space Jam*. Suddenly, I am drowning in a sea of Hanes boxer briefs, recalled baseball cards, and disappointed tears. I wake up in a cold sweat that tastes like Gatorade.

5 I am standing in the middle of a group of Red Hook high schoolers in what looks like a pimped out Olympic Village and listening to dance music at an administration-approved volume. Everyone around me is crying and/or making out. Someone is trying to steal and/or puke inside of the security golf cart. I am holding a Busch Light but I have lost track of my dignity. I try to wake up, but I can't. This one may not have been a dream.

BOYCOTTING BUYING AND NOT BUYING MUSIC SAMPLING APPLIES IN PLACES OTHER THAN GROCERY STORES

by emily diamond and patti diamond in the last part

The only way to review an album in full is to listen to it in part, for free. These reviews are based on iTunes Store 30 second samples; I also wanted to write about food.

The New Pornographers, *Together*

Hands are tambourines we are born with. This album like the sample at Hannaford a month ago (they are all too rare after a recession) featuring various nuts that had been tampered with. I had the pepper entrenched nut sample. Salty!

The Hold Steady, *Heaven is Whenever*

I H(A)TE IT. No one would ever accept a sample of cabbage or mud unless it was drowned in Hidden Valley Ranch.

Frog Eyes, *Paul's Tomb: A Triumph*

30 seconds may represent a three minute song well, but 30 seconds for a nine minute song cannot. The implementation of a fixed ratio of sample to song should be $1/6$. $1/6 = x/3:37$, $x = 36.1666$ seconds. $1/6 = x/9:08$; $x = 91.333$ seconds. This album sounds good and I will consider buying it if the band offers a "name your own price" option. This system is similar to looting bulk bins.

Sam Amidon, *I See the Sign*

This album is like a sample of enchantment. When I asked my mom Patti what she thought the supermarket equivalent of enchantment was at first she said capers, then fiddlehead ferns, then Bearnaise sauce.

Hole, *Nobody's Daughter*

Bagel Bites. I will push children out of my way and shove six in my pockets that are lined with ovenmitts because hot cheese is like lava. I love Love and even though she hates Billy Corgan now, I still think she is the Martha Stewart of the music industry or that they are the same person wearing different outfits. Scrapbooking crack and shooting up free-range chickens.



MS. CONNECTIONS

You - Tonya Harding
Me - McGruff the Crime Fighting Dog.

We met at a pet friendly restaurant. You had the foie gras and I had the Alpo. We talked of the weather, neighborhood crime and the difficulties of the triple axel jump. I licked your feet. Your ex-husband hired a thug who came by with a rolled up newspaper and hit me on the nose and saying "Bad dog." It hurt.

To the Zombie Mariachi who beat me at beer pong and stole my heart. I think I deserve a rematch. You sang "Ave Maria" and sunk ping pong balls into solo cups the color of your eyes. We waltzed to the heavy metal band as you breathed the words "Want...brains" into my ear. You wanted my brains. I want to get to know you better. I want to see what is under that sombrero. I want to see if you are a real zombie and a fake mariachi or a fake zombie and a real mariachi or a real zombie and a real mariachi or if you are just a townie. Look for me as I wander abandoned swampy paths after midnight. I'll listen for the sound of your guitar.

Seeking. Clear, coherent thesis for history paper. Must be original, provocative, and enjoy long walks on the beach.

You: The post-celebrity daughter of grunge rock icons, Bard College class of '14.

Me: Owner of a Nirvana t-shirt I will no longer feel comfortable wearing around.

You: Whoever decided to light a suspended cross on fire at the circus.

Me: Gene Hackman in Mississippi Burning, trying to figure out what kind of mess I've gotten myself into.

You: The girl selling kisses at the Moderator Party.

Me: Out five bucks, but newly endowed with herpes.

You: Jogging townie trying to keep your heart rate up while checking the mail.

Me: Wanting to drive you home and see if the windbreaker matches the wallpaper.

You: The futon in my parents' house.

Me: You smell like mothballs and I always wake up feeling like I got in a fight, but I've realized all this is part of your charm. No reason to strike out on my own when I have something so comforting to come back to. How do I love thee? Let me count the stains...

I was hanging out behind the club on the weekend, acting stupid, getting drunk with my best friends. (I can't wait for the summer and the Warped Tour.) I saw you standing there with green eyes and long blond hair. You weren't wearing underwear--AH!



COP SHOP

WITH KEN COOPER END OF THE YEAR EDITION

Bard College has been blessed with good Karma--avoiding most of the usual ignorant and immature vandalism which plagues other colleges.

Most, but not not all.

* Last week four cars suffered broken rear windows. 40 oz beer bottles were recovered. Cruel vandalism in this terrible economy. We are not sure if the vandals are ours or from outside the community. The New York State Police is the investigating agency.

* The Bard Spring Fling was excellent for all who attended, including the on-call and security staff. Our vigilant officers, with the support of on-call staff and attending students, were able to ferret out 18-20 non students who had attempted to cause grief to the community. They were not successful. They did not seem to enjoy their talk with Sgt. Forbes from the New York State Police, who donated his time Saturday evening into morning to help us keep safe.

* A disassembled car was reassembled in the lobby of Fisher Arts--not as a prank, but for the sake of art. It turns out the New York State Fire Inspector does not appreciate art...at least, not the way we do. We were commanded to remove it or fund the New York State Budget Deficit through fines. We removed the car.

* Our furry friends living in the Bard jungle surrounding the campus have not negatively interacted with any community member...yet. Rabid animals are a clear and present danger--those with two legs as well as four. The desire of students to hike, walk, or roam aimlessly in the woods--ALONE--is ever present. Walk with friends and report any suspicious "animals" you may come across.

* Bee season is upon us--the little "buggers" develop nests within car doors and in any open crevice, usually near humans. Bard College does not (usually) condemn these creatures to a poisonous death. B&G has enlisted the help of an apiarist negotiator, who uses Verbal Judo to dissuade the creatures from a stinging commentary on Bard students.

* Lastly, as the cognitive season draws to a close, some students may feel justified in experimenting with substances - this to celebrate their cerebral successes - Adulthood/maturity is presumed at Bard - Alcohol abuse erases that presumption; it is an aspect of human behavior that allows bad things to happen. Celebrate intelligently, and stay away from maneuvering 3000 lb machines while in a post-class liquid euphoria.

Congratulations to the class of 2010--and to all of our excellent student community.

cooper