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PHOTOGRAPHY

anna daniszewski
brendan hunt
janina misiewicz
madeline porsella
emily wisemann
sam youkilis

LAYOUT

tina acevedo
will anderson
naomi lachance
emily wisemann
madeline porsella
rebecca swanberg

WRITERS

tina acevedo
grayling bauer
george dupont
ben ellman
jeremy gardner
david giza
david goldberg
charles mcfarlane
anne rowley
levi shaw-faber
ingrid stolt
nathan susman

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[TERMS]

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SGA ELECTION RESULTS ARE IN

BY LEELA KHANNA

The recent Student Government Association elections resulted in sophomores Jonian Rafti and Gabriela Philo elected as two representatives on the Planning Committee, junior Matt Hughes elected as the new head of the EMS Council, and sophomore Mythili Sayanna elected as a member of the Student Judiciary Board (SJB).

"My number one goal as a member of the Planning Committee is encouraging and contributing to engagement on campus," Rafti said. Rafti credits his involvement with the Center for Civic Engagement (CCE) with helping him be a qualified representative for the Planning Committee.

Philo also works at the CCE and runs the new Bard Splash! Education Program on campus.

"I view [Planning Committee] as being a way to make sure that we have school spirit and growth of engagement within the club and social lives of students," Philo said. "It's a priority of the Planning Committee to have the funds necessary to grow club life and to grow community involvement."

The majority of Planning Committee's work occurs during the first weeks of the semester with Budget Defense and Budget Forum, which allocates the

Student Activities fund to student-run clubs.

Hughes wrote in his appeal for candidacy of his admiration for the role that EMS serves on campus. "I would like nothing more for my last semester at Bard [than] to be able to help ensure that our squad has their legal bases covered." EMS (Emergency Medical Services) is a student-run service open 24/7 when school is in session offering immediate medical assistance to any student that needs it. He serves on the board as a non-EMT representative.

Sayanna, a member of Bard EMS, BRAVE, and the Director of Safe Ride and Tivoli Delivery for the Student Resources Group, ran for the SJB because she has a "very grounded view of justice and fairness," she said.

"My hope is that everybody walking out of a hearing thinks that their outcome is fair and unbiased," Sayanna said.

Rafti and Philo have already begun their duties as Planning Committee representatives by participating in Budget Defense and Budget Forum this past week. Hughes has begun serving his role on EMS council, and Sayanna has also participated in several SJB hearings since her election.

ELECTION 101: WE'RE STILL LEARNING

BY NAOMI LACHANCE

Justin Gero was fairly certain he shouldn't have gotten an email asking him to vote in the 2013 Student Government Association (SGA) elections. Gero, who was a senior last semester, is currently living in Hawaii and is no longer enrolled as a Bard student.

He emailed SGA President Cara Black, who forwarded the email to Director of Student Activities and Bertelsmann Campus Center Julie Silverstein, who contacted Web Services Manager Juliet Meyers, who in turn contacted Manager of Networks and Systems Damion Alexander.

"Ultimately," Gero said, "I got to see a chain of emails unfold, via cc'ing, [...] essentially telling each other they did not know how to fix the voting problem until it appeared that my Bard mail actually was deactivated."

Bard email addresses work for six months after students graduate.

"I think this is a really serious subject," Gero said. "Only current Bard students should be able to vote in Bard elections."

Of the 351 people who voted, it is unclear how many were current Bard students. The issue is currently being addressed.

[CORRECTIONS]

In the article titled "The Swan Goes Down," the names of Sofia Celedon, Schuyler Helford, and Nolan Reece were misspelled.

The article also said that the State Liquor Authority fined the Black Swan \$4,000 on May 72, 2009. Such a date does not exist. They were fined on May 27th, 2009.

The article also referred to Tivoli as a Town. It is actually a Village. Sorry, Tivoli!

The article titled "Does Two Boots Need To Be Saved?" was written by David Giza, not David Dewey. We're sorry, David Giza!

The Caribbean Students Association and Latin American Students Organization planned Tent Party, and Black Students Organization and Bard Anti Racist Discourse planned Block Party. That is not what the article titled "Solving the Spring Fling Puzzle" reflected. The article also referred to Latin American-Iberian Studies as a club, which it is not.

In the infographic titled "Map It Out," Written Arts was omitted. Sorry, Written Arts!

The article titled "The Wizard of The Course Book," the introduction was mysteriously deleted. It was an excellent lede, we're sorry, David Giza. The article in its intended version can be found online.

In the article titled "Moby Dick" Kristen Vesey's name was misspelled, as was Will Jevne's.

In the article titled "A Structural Approach To Fighting," the Chinese martial art Wing Chun was misspelled.

The article also said that David Hendler practice Brazilian jiu-jitsu. He actually practices Japanese jiu-jitsu.

THE CAMPAIGN IS ON FOR A NEW NORTH CAMPUS DORM

BY NAOMI LACHANCE



Bard administration has plans to build a new dormitory in the area behind the current location of Hudson and Catskill Halls. The ground floor of the building will be a shared student space, and the other three floors will house about 200 students. The project is estimated to cost \$25 million.

"Raising this money is one of the top priorities of the College right now," Vice President for Development and Alumni/ae Affairs Debra Pemstein said.

Pemstein said that the College is reaching out to all of Bard's constituencies. "We're asking anyone who we think would fund a dorm," she said, adding, "We have yet to find someone willing to donate that much money."

Vice President for Administration Jim Brudvig and Assistant Vice President for Administration Coleen Murphy Alexander designed the building, and an architect will be hired once more money has been secured.

To aid in this endeavor, Student Government Association President Cara Black is spearheading a capital campaign aimed at encouraging students to contribute. The goal is to raise \$25,000 by May 21, the last day of classes.

"It's a movement to push the school to put the need for student space and a dorm at the top of the priority list," Black said.

Black called the current housing situation "sub-par," citing forced doubles and triples, trailer dorms and lack of availability as problems that need addressing.

"It's not keeping the standard that Bard students deserve," Black said.

The capital campaign will begin with a forum on Feb. 28. It will have two fundraisers featuring Bard student musicians, one in March, and one in May. "If every student gives \$12, we will reach our goal," Black said.

At the Budget Forum on Wednesday, Feb. 13, Black proposed the creation of an ad-hoc committee focused on the project. The proposal passed with the needed two-thirds majority.

The \$25,000 Black hopes to raise will cover the cost of surveying the land and completing required archaeological investigations. "This will get concrete testing for the dorm underway," Black said. "The president should focus not only on now but also on the future," she added.

The most recent addition to Bard's resident housing was Village L, a \$2 million project completed about two years ago. Black said that 26 percent of students live off-campus due in part to a sheer lack of dorm space. "It's a problem that Bard doesn't discourage students from living off-campus," she said. "It's hurting our ability to enjoy being Bardians."

Pemstein said the College plans to begin building the new dorm as soon as all \$25 million is raised.

THERE'S AN APP FOR THAT OR MAYBE NOT

BY DAVID GIZA



photo by madeline porsella

The app sits innocuously on your phone. You heard some people mention it a few weeks ago, and you downloaded it simply because it seemed like a good idea at the time: an instantly accessible shuttle schedule right on your phone. It was really helpful today. You got out of class and remembered that you needed to get something in Red Hook. So you just looked when the next shuttle was leaving on the app and headed to the bus stop. The only problem is the app said the shuttle should have arrived ten minutes ago, and no one else is at the stop. Is the app info out of date?

The Bard Shuttle app is not perfect. Cancellations due to weather are not posted. Updates are infrequent. The user interface is the same as it was

when it first launched. These problems plague the app, but some significant changes have to take place before any progress is made.

Michael Walker '11 started the shuttle app in his senior year as a way to get into iOS programming. At the time, the shuttle schedule was not readily available for view on smartphones.

"When I was a senior, it was a pain to look up the shuttle schedule on my phone. I had to go to the transportation website and look at the PDF timetable," Walker said. Rather than just stopping there and continuing to complain, Walker took action into his own hands.

Jeremy-Carter Gordon '11, former Secretary of the Student Association Program, was beginning

the Bard Works program at the same time. Walker was "toying around with building a shuttle app for [his] own personal use." Walker realized that this would be a perfect opportunity to get his idea for an easily accessible shuttle schedule off the ground; he presented it to the new Bard Works program. The fates aligned, and the official Bard shuttle app was born.

Currently, the shuttle app sits in limbo. It is "basically in 'maintenance' mode," Walker said.

"I update ... each semester to make sure it stays current and fix the occasional bug ... but at this time we're not planning on introducing anything new," she added.

Walker agrees that "there'd be value in having some method of providing up-to-date [live] scheduling" rather than just the static campus shuttle schedule. However, Walker explained that he does not currently have "the time or resources" to add any new features.

"We would definitely like to take over the app... so we can update it in-house," Director of Student Activities Julie Silverstein said. Silverstein has been working with Walker on this project since its inception. Silverstein made it clear that the current shuttle app is not completely accurate.

"Since we had Mike [update it over the summer], we added the late-night shuttle to and from Red Hook to the schedule," Silverstein said.

Inconsistencies like these are exactly why Silverstein wants to see Bard take over maintenance full-time on the app. Without the ability to fully control its content, the Bard community has to rely on a third party for app maintenance.

"I've been in touch with Web Services about this," Silverstein said. "And I believe we are moving towards [in-house maintenance] in the near future."

So there is hope. It will take some work, but the shuttle app will continue to function. The app may not currently feature the most up-to-date information and emergency notifications, but, for a grand total of zero dollars, it is easy to get an interactive schedule on your phone.

NEW ROOT CELLAR CAFÉ OPENS

BY NAOMI LACHANCE

A self-sustained, student-run café is open and ready for business at the Root Cellar. Students can purchase tea, coffee and espresso drinks for \$1 each, Sunday-Thursday, 2-6 p.m. and 8-midnight.

Freshman Melanie Mignucci said she had heard of a Root Cellar café in the past, and she wanted to start it again.

"There have been several incarnations. It's a Professor of the Dark Arts kind of endeavor," senior Felix Walworth said.

The last one closed about three years ago when disorganization made upkeep difficult. But Mignucci is enthusiastic. "This is going to be fun," she said to Kershaw as she poured soy milk into a mug of coffee and handed it to

a customer. Mignucci, in addition to organizing the café, is one of 16 student volunteers who will keep the space running.

"The Root Cellar café has been this sort of myth. I'm really glad to see it happening again," junior Jack Magnusson said.

Indeed, the Root Cellar's café has a reputation that surpasses its actual existence; college guidebooks boast of the Root Cellar's zine library, indie rock concerts, and café. As of 3 p.m. on Sunday, Feb. 3, the guidebooks are once again accurate.

"It's really important to have a student-run space like this on campus, and I'm happy to be involved in providing that service," Mignucci said.

WILL THE SWAN RESURFACE?

BY BEN ELLMAN

The Black Swan has fallen on hard times. The Tivoli hot spot was closed after a sting on Dec. 7, 2012, in a joint operation by the Dutchess County Police in cooperation with the New York State Liquor Authority (SLA). Four arrests were made that night: Black Swan owner Michael Nickerson; two of his employees; and one Bard student, a nineteen-year-old patron.

On Dec. 12, 2012, the SLA issued an Emergency Summary Order of Suspension to the Black Swan. The sting was conducted in part in response to a rising concern from the Tivoli community that the establishment was serving people who were underage. "There were phone calls and emails sent to my office from parents and others who were concerned about underage drinking in there," Tivoli Mayor Bryan Cranna said.

In January, Nickerson started a fundraising campaign on the website Indiegogo in an effort to raise \$30,000 to get the pub back on its feet. They were fined \$15,000 from the SLA, \$2,000 for a state-of-the-art ID scanner, over \$5,000 in lawyer's fees, and general operating expenses: insurance, rent, heat, utilities, according to Nickerson. He was able to raise \$24,685

in 30 days, just shy of his goal. He hopes to schedule a hearing with the SLA by late February, which would allow the bar to reopen in March.

Regaining the bar's liquor license is only the first step in the Black Swan's return to business as usual. If it reopens, the establishment will have to figure out a new way to present live music. According to Cranna, "If you want to have acoustic music, that's one thing, but the site plan that was agreed to a few years ago does not allow for amplified music. So you can't come in there with amps, plug them in, and have electric guitars blasting."

However, Nickerson disagrees with this interpretation. "Acoustic is any sound. Also, within the law there is a very set amplification range—a decibel level, just like there's a speed limit. If you drive through town at 25 miles per hour, you're doing the speed limit. Much the same way, there's a 60 decibel sound limit within the village, within the business district, after 10 p.m.—I never reach that level. I'm 58, 59, but not 60."

Ryan MacLean '12, whose band played the night of the raid, said that he will do whatever is needed to make sure that music returns to the Black Swan.

"We don't want to instantly create problems again," MacLean said. "We want to avoid any possible confrontations with anyone that would get these [Black Swan] people in trouble again. Above all, we care about these people a lot, because they've been so good to us as business partners and also as friends, and they've done something for this college community that I feel like you don't really find in too many other places."

The Tivoli bar still has a potential future, Cranna said. "I think there is a spot for the Black Swan," he said, "and it contributes greatly to the character of the village. I know that there have been play readings; I know that there has been some really good acoustic music in there, and it's a great gathering spot for a lot of local residents."

This is an adaptation of interviews conducted for the February edition of Audible Annandale. The audio version of this article can be heard on the Free Press website.

THE SWAN ON TRIAL

BY LEVI SHAW-FABER

Karen and Dave Cleveland have lived in Tivoli for 50 years and have never testified in a case involving Bard students—until now. Mike Nickerson, the owner of the Black Swan Pub in Tivoli, appeared in court charged with violating the village's noise ordinance, a violation separate from those accrued from the recent sting. The prosecutor compiled a sizable amount of evidence against which Nickerson's private attorney, Vincent Catalano, had a hard time defending his client.

In an earlier hearing, Nickerson pled not guilty to the charges which forced the case to trial. Presiding was Judge Howard Clark, a professor at the Culinary Institute of America and a bald, Harley-riding, elderly man with tattoos on his wrists and hands. As an elected official, Clark does not have a law degree. He had to work hard to contain the testy tempers of the opposing attorneys.

The prosecutor first called to the stand Dutchess County Deputy Sheriff Joseph Wasilewski, a six-year veteran of the force who was dispatched to the Swan at 12:22 a.m. on Thursday, Oct. 25. He testified that he pulled up in front of the bar with his car windows closed, waited for about a minute in the car, then reported that he could hear music and "hooting and hollering" coming from the bar and the porch in front

of the bar. Officer Wasilewski said that he entered the premises and issued a citation to Mike Nickerson. He testified that Nickerson told him that he would keep the noise level down, and after Nickerson received his ticket, Wasilewski left the area.

Next on the stand were the Clevelands, who had the most substantive testimony for the case. The husband and wife, who have lived two houses west of the Swan for about 50 years, alerted the Sheriff's department to the noise coming from the Swan. They testified that they were disturbed and annoyed by the yelling and loud music coming from bar. The terms they used to describe the noise matched the language used in the Tivoli Village Ordinance 151-6 that says any sound that "annoys, disturbs, injures or endangers the comfort, repose, health, peace or safety of a reasonable person of normal sensibilities" is prohibited between the hours of 10 p.m. and 7 a.m.

Catalano offered multiple motions to dismiss, all of which relied on the specific wording of the ordinance and did not seek to dispute the facts of the case. The judge declined to rule on any of these arguments, however, so Catalano moved on to a more adventurous defense. He argued that the court had seen no proof that Nickerson was the owner of the bar. The

defense showed documents stating that the bar was owned by a limited liability company (LLC) where Nickerson was the only shareholder. This defense was dismissed, however, when the prosecutor discovered that the LLC was dissolved before the night of the noise dispute.

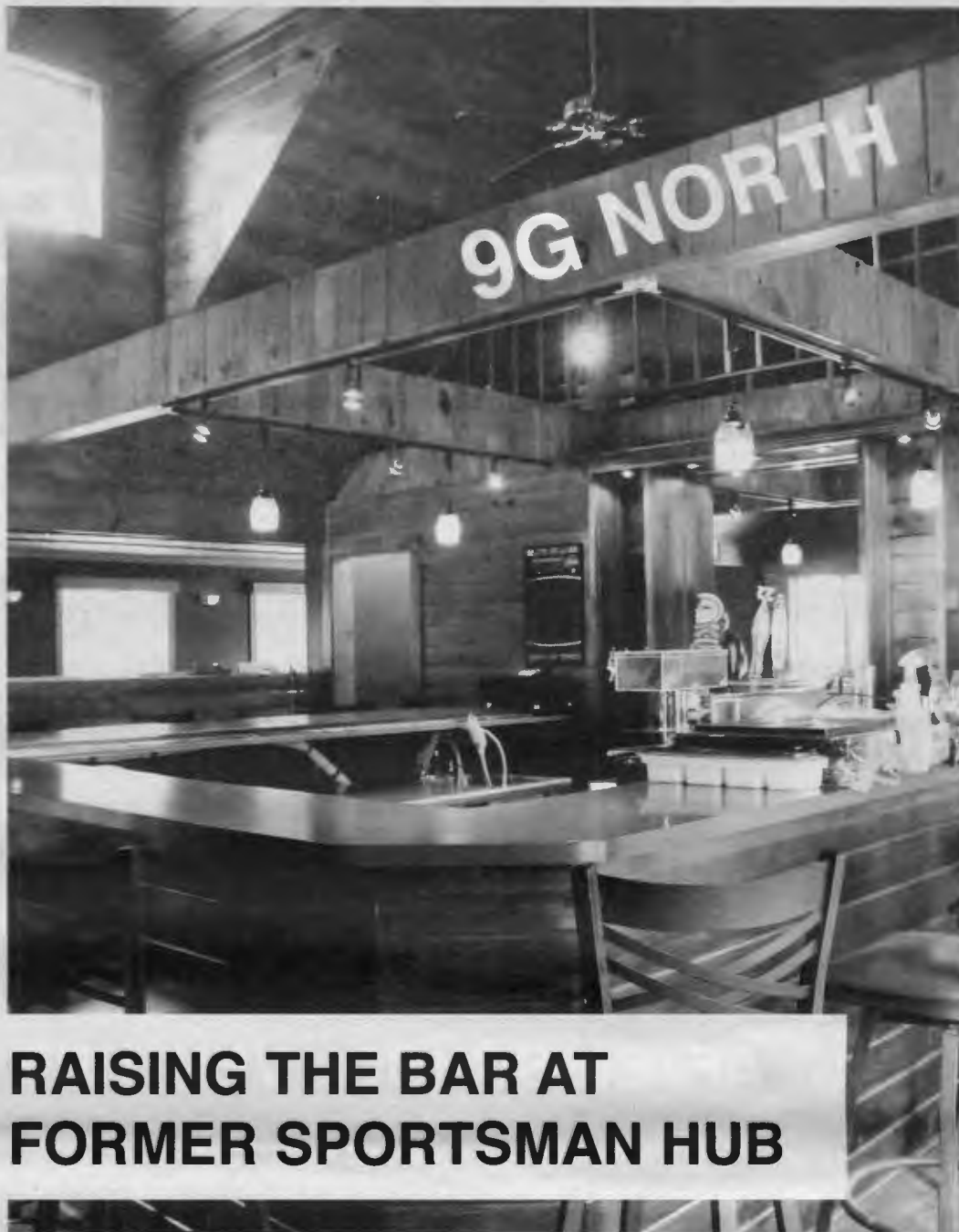
The last effort by the defense to dismiss the case was Catalano's claim that there was no evidence that the Clevelands are "reasonable person(s) of normal sensibilities." This argument was short-lived when the judge stated that the amount of time the Clevelands have lived in Tivoli deems them as such.

Karen Cleveland's grandfather built their home in 1910. Now a retired Red Hook High School teacher, she attended high school across the street in the building that has been converted into the Tivoli Schoolhouse apartments. The Clevelands, who live adjacent to Osaka Japanese Restaurant, complained that the music at the bar, combined with the noise of the students at the shuttle stop, frequently kept them up at night.

"We just want Mike Nickerson to be a respectful neighbor," Karen Cleveland said.

She added that no other business or house in Tivoli disturbs her family. She said, "If they have parties

photos by emily wisseman



RAISING THE BAR AT FORMER SPORTSMAN HUB

BY LEVI SHAW-FABER

across the street [in the Schoolhouse] then we don't hear them." Karen Cleveland also claimed that another neighbor of the Black Swan fears retaliation and rarely reports the bar.

Karen Cleveland believes that Bard's main bar should not be located in the center of a small town where families live. She would like to see it moved to somewhere more remote such as on Highway 9G where the Sportsman was located or even on campus. The Clevelands reminisced about the times when they used to visit Adolph's in Annandale-on-Hudson, which served its last beer in the mid-1980s after the drinking age was raised.

The Black Swan has been in business for about 15 years and, with it, the Clevelands saw an increase in students in Tivoli.

"It seems like everyone is making money off Bard but us," Karen Cleveland said while noting the increase in restaurants and taxis. "But we don't hate Bard College," she said. Dave Cleveland interrupted, "Well, on Thursdays we do."

With the recent demise of the Black Swan and no definite date for its reopening, the options for nightlife in Tivoli have dwindled. Opening on March 1, 9G North Tavern and Grill could fill the void. 9G North seeks to enter the Bard social radar by promising reasonably priced drinks and food as late as it stays open, unlike the late Swan, which cut off food services early.

Unlike the Sportsman, which previously occupied the building located at the intersection of Broadway and 9G in Tivoli, 9G North wants to cater to Bard students as well as to local families. 9G North has a new owner and has undergone a total renovation. Chris Baxter, former Kline chef and General Manager of 9G North, says that nothing was left as it was, "everything in the building was touched." Tori Russo, who does marketing for 9G North, said that the Sportsman was frequented by "three guys with no teeth." Baxter seeks to draw a different crowd into his establishment.

However, Baxter stressed that 9G North will be different from the Black Swan, and they are using the recent bust at the Swan as a cautionary tale to keep their eyes out for visitors that are under 21. "We will not stand for underage drinking," he said. "Do we want the whole freshman class coming in on Thursday night? No. But will we let them come in and eat and relax without busting their chops? Yes." Baxter also noted that the new establishment is primarily a restaurant and that the bar

comes second, but the bar area alone is around the same size as the Black Swan.

9G North will be "an Italian and American steak house with vegan and vegetarian options," Baxter said. The menu will be eclectic with a large verity of burgers, steaks, vegetarian entrees, fish, and pizza from their in-house pizza oven. They also claim that the restaurant will feature as much locally farmed food as possible. On the late night menu, Baxter says that they will serve pizza and other "bar foods."

The weekday hours for 9G North will be from 11 a.m. to 11 p.m. In terms of weekend hours, Baxter said that "if there are 30 to 40 students in the bar, the last thing we are going to do is to close on them." He stated that legally he cannot stay opened past 4 a.m., but if there are people there, he will gladly stay open that late.

The bar will feature about eight beers on tap as well as about ten more bottled beers, including a gluten-free option. They will also serve top-shelf liquors alongside cheaper hard-alcohol options. The prices are comparable to the Black Swan, \$4-7 for a beer on tap, around \$5 for low level 1.5 ounce shot, and about \$6 for a mixed drink.

"You can come in with a \$20 bill in your pocket, and get a buzz," Baxter said, "I'm not saying you are going to get smashed on top-shelf liquor for \$20, but we are going to make it affordable."



BARDIVERSE

photo by janina misiewicz

BARD SATELLITE SCHOOL IN KINGSTON

BY LEELA KHANNA

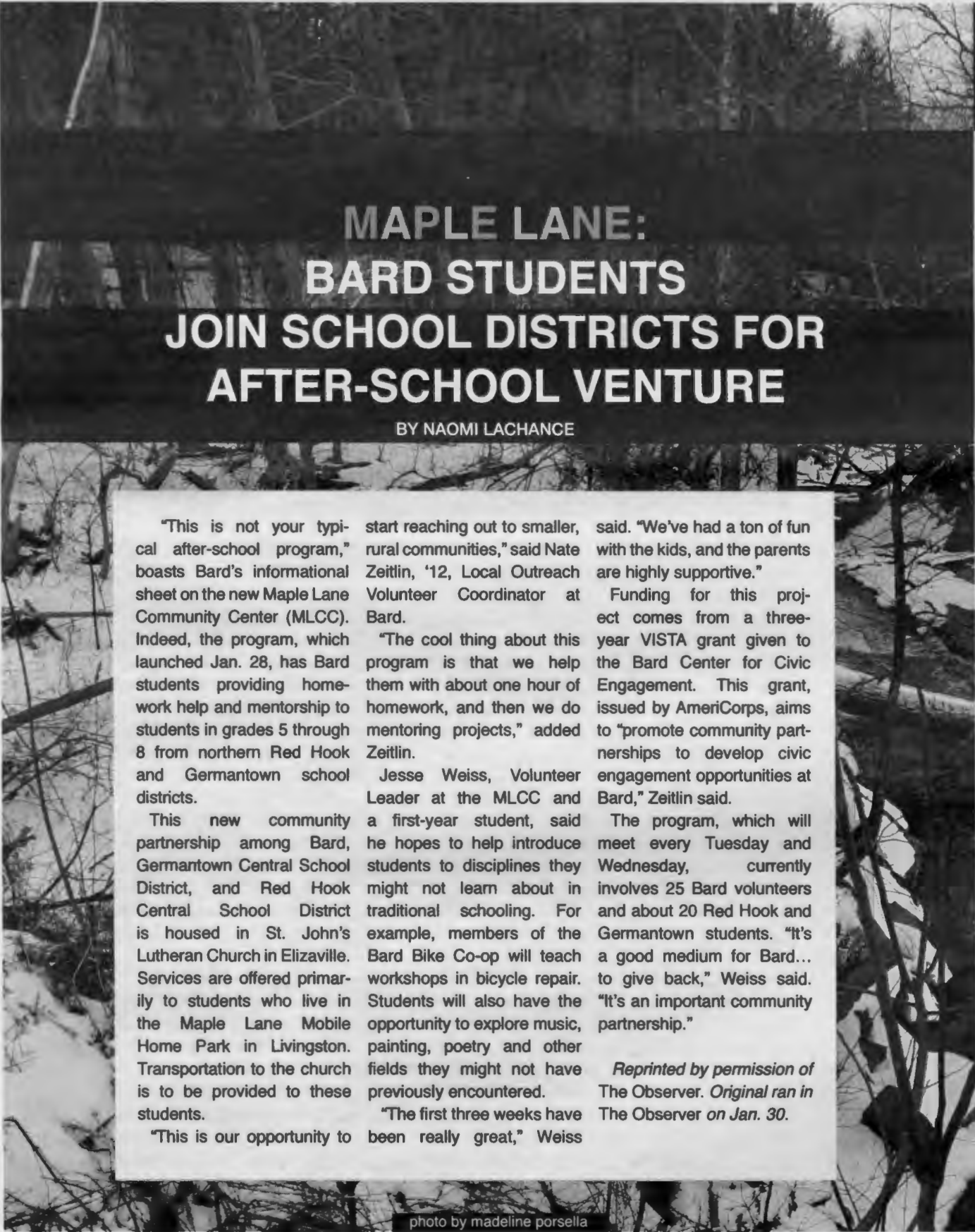
Bard is considering opening a satellite school across the Hudson River in Kingston. Although talks have just begun, Bard President Leon Botstein has expressed interest in converting the vacant Frank L. Meager Elementary School building into one of Bard's alternative schooling programs.

At a recent School Board Facilities Committee Forum, officials discussed the possibility of Bard using the space for a new Bard High School Early College (BHSEC). Bard already has two BHSEC campuses in NYC and one in Newark, which offer high school students the option to complete public education requirements by the end of their sophomore year, and then earn their associate's degrees during their junior and senior years without paying tuition. The school would work in conjunction with Kingston High School that is moving toward providing a more comprehensive educational approach by offering a variety of classes to its students.

Because the student population of Kingston is too small to justify starting a BHSEC alone, Botstein would also like to use the space to offer educational options for people ages 60-80 who are currently without college degrees and unemployed. The intention of the program would be to help economic growth of the Kingston community by providing comprehensive educational options for a broad age group.

However, funding remains the main obstacle, and Bard would need a large amount of federal and private funding to not only fund the programs but also to renovate the previous elementary school building. The Kingston School Board voted to close the school back in September 2012 due to declining enrollment rates and the need for costly renovations.

If Bard does purchase the school, which opened in 1874, it would have to invest between 6 and 8 million dollars to renovate the school to be in line with the resources necessary for a fully functioning educational institute.



MAPLE LANE: BARD STUDENTS JOIN SCHOOL DISTRICTS FOR AFTER-SCHOOL VENTURE

BY NAOMI LACHANCE

"This is not your typical after-school program," boasts Bard's informational sheet on the new Maple Lane Community Center (MLCC). Indeed, the program, which launched Jan. 28, has Bard students providing homework help and mentorship to students in grades 5 through 8 from northern Red Hook and Germantown school districts.

This new community partnership among Bard, Germantown Central School District, and Red Hook Central School District is housed in St. John's Lutheran Church in Elizaville. Services are offered primarily to students who live in the Maple Lane Mobile Home Park in Livingston. Transportation to the church is to be provided to these students.

"This is our opportunity to

start reaching out to smaller, rural communities," said Nate Zeitlin, '12, Local Outreach Volunteer Coordinator at Bard.

"The cool thing about this program is that we help them with about one hour of homework, and then we do mentoring projects," added Zeitlin.

Jesse Weiss, Volunteer Leader at the MLCC and a first-year student, said he hopes to help introduce students to disciplines they might not learn about in traditional schooling. For example, members of the Bard Bike Co-op will teach workshops in bicycle repair. Students will also have the opportunity to explore music, painting, poetry and other fields they might not have previously encountered.

"The first three weeks have been really great," Weiss

said. "We've had a ton of fun with the kids, and the parents are highly supportive."

Funding for this project comes from a three-year VISTA grant given to the Bard Center for Civic Engagement. This grant, issued by AmeriCorps, aims to "promote community partnerships to develop civic engagement opportunities at Bard," Zeitlin said.

The program, which will meet every Tuesday and Wednesday, currently involves 25 Bard volunteers and about 20 Red Hook and Germantown students. "It's a good medium for Bard... to give back," Weiss said. "It's an important community partnership."

Reprinted by permission of The Observer. Original ran in The Observer on Jan. 30.

photo by madeline porsella

BPI EXPERIENCES TRIALS AND SUCCESS

BY TINA ACEVEDO

Nestled in between trees on a road so insignificant it does not appear on Bard's maps is a small house with an even smaller sign on the window that reads "BPI." Upon entering the Bard Prison Initiative (BPI) office, one can hear the copier humming loudly, shoes squeaking from one office to another, computer keys groaning and complaining each time they are pressed. It's a busy day at BPI. The noise and action of the office and outside the office give the sense of constant movement. Indeed, BPI has been moving and expanding, treading forward, but that is not to say the path is always easy.

When Hurricane Sandy wreaked havoc in New York and New Jersey in late October, Bayview Correctional Facility—a women's medium-security prison in New York Chelsea area—suffered a great deal of damage and forced the evacuation of Bard students to facilities in upstate New York. Governor Cuomo, in his post-Hurricane Sandy budget proposal, called for the elimination of Bayview and another facility affiliated with BPI, Beacon. Cuomo aims to shut these facilities down a mere 60 days after the proposal passes, ignoring the New York law that requires a one year notice before shutting down a facility. With the legislature's approval, Cuomo will be allowed to expedite the closing of both facilities. If Bayview, the only women's prison in NYC, and Beacon are shut down it will force some inmates further north to prisons like the Albion Correctional, which holds 40 percent of New York's female inmates but is eight hours away from the City, ultimately isolating the women from their families and opportunities for a meaningful education.

Asked what BPI would do in the face of these closures, BPI Director of College Operations Megan

Callaghan stated, "We are continuing to enroll students who were evacuated from Bayview in course work. BPI remains committed to women's education, and that won't change if or when facilities close."

BPI staff remain confident in their ability to respond to potential crisis and expressed a determination to continue and expand. Currently, BPI enrolls about 250 inmates, both men and women, offering more than 50 courses each semester at five prisons in the state of New York, making BPI the largest organization of its kind. BPI's website claims that "the rate of post-release employment among the program's participants is high and recidivism is stunningly low." As a result of this success, BPI continues to influence and expand on a national scale. In 2009, the Consortium for the Liberal Arts in Prison was created in an effort to foster college-in-prison programs. Members of the consortium include Wesleyan University, Grinnell College, Goucher College and, most recently, Holy Cross College and the University of Notre Dame, which accepted their first incarcerated students this semester.

Rather than celebrate their graduation in December at Bayview, four women graduated in absentia at the 10th BPI commencement, which took place last month at Eastern New York Correctional Facility, a maximum-security men's prison. It was BPI's largest graduating class to date. Among the graduating students were 56 men and four women earning 47 A.A. degrees and 13 B.A. degrees in disciplines ranging from literature to mathematics and social studies. According to Callaghan, "This commencement is indicative of what commencements will be like from now on."

CULTURE

photo by janina misiewicz

YOUR SECRET CRUSH SAYS HELLO

BY NATHAN SUSMAN

For sophomore Sam Miller, dating life at Bard has always been a bit of a challenge to navigate—a minefield of one-night stands and potentially questionable decisions.

"As a freshman, it was very awkward first semester. It involved doing a lot of looking at people," Miller said. "Second semester was a lot of hooking up, which is not what I wanted to do but was the only way to get that side of relationships out of the way."

Many students have found themselves in this predicament. During their college years, many young adults are trying out relationships for the first time or narrowing down what they are looking for in a romantic partner. The courtship process, however, has been muddled. A recent New York Times article, "The End of Courtship," describes how many members of Generation Y are favoring non-traditional "group dates" or "hangouts" in lieu of our grandparents' dinner and a movie. Some see dating as old-fashioned, a relic of a bygone time, in which gender-roles were more concrete. In the current economic climate, many cannot even afford traditional dates.

"We don't really ask each other out on dates here," said first-year Tamara Wong. "People kind of hook up and then decide to never talk again. There's a lot of awkward glances, or being in the same setting as somebody, and never knowing what to say."

It seemed as if all Bardians needed was an easy, effective platform for spreading the love bug across campus, a way to let that cute girl in photo class know how you feel without having to go through the messy and potentially awkward process of publicly exposing your feelings. A platform for those looking for something more meaningful or longer-lasting than the average, drunken one-night-stand.

LikeSomeBardian has stepped in to fulfill that need. Founded this past October, the website has already amassed more than 460 submissions from anxious paramours crushing from afar. It is modeled after a similar service, LikeALittle, founded by three college students in 2010, which served students on campuses across the country. LikeALittle, which modeled itself after the "missed connections" section of newspaper classified ads, ended in late 2011 with little pomp and circumstance. LikeSomeBardian began

just over a year later, built using the micro-blogging service Tumblr that many students utilize for personal blogs.

If a Bardian has a crush on campus, he or she can go to the LikeSomeBardian Tumblr and click the "contribute" button at the top of the screen. Once clicked, contributors are presented with a blank field of text, in which they may describe identifying characteristics of their crush, tell them why they are attracted to them, and explain what they would like to do with (or to) them. The contributor then "tags" posts using Tumblr's built-in tagging feature—which contains rudimentary identifiers such as "Robbins," "Blonde," and "Class of 2015"—and hits "submit."

Posts vary tremendously in their content. One post may contain a simple thank you for buying a student coffee at DTR. Another may contain free-verse poetry, lustful come-ons, or sophisticated and flowery language: "Maybe, among all these energetic youngsters unburdened with project...there are people, whom this school's fierce elements have weathered to the level of emotional verdigris to make it possible for me to communicate," wrote one hopeful senior. "I detest and admire your egg-like impenetrability," another confided.

Many students have hailed the site as a positive addition to the campus. "I think it's a good mechanism to give people more confidence to call out the people they like. Everyone at Bard is so shy. It's a good way to buck up the courage and see if somebody responds," said senior Tara Sheffer, a film major, who discovered a post written about her two months ago when a friend shared the link on her Facebook page. "It's nice that somebody out there kind of noticed me," she said. "But at the same time, they said, 'If we met, you probably wouldn't like me,' and I don't think that's giving me very much credit."

For some, the site represents yet another way in which the internet and other new forms of media are transforming our social relationships and interactions. According to Assistant Professor of Literature Maria Cecire, the site can be a valuable addition to student life.

"I think the accessibility of an anonymous space for expressing your feelings and establishing or

developing sexual identities is transformative because of how widespread it is," said Cecire, who specializes in media and cultural studies. "There's an interesting tension between the fact that it frees the speaker from the biases or constraints of his or her physical body, but most of the posts are based on the appreciation of the physical bodies of the person they're writing about."

Miller, who identifies as gay, also found a post written about him. He feels that gay students have a notoriously difficult time finding other men to settle down with. "When I saw [the post] I was like, 'Great! Come up to me!' but I still have no idea who it was."

At least one couple has already found each other through the website: "Thank you, LikeSomeBardian. Because of you my bed is warm. And my heart is warmer," a post dated Feb. 5 said.

Others are not so pleased. The LikeSomeBardian post about Wong seemed lewder than most. "It was very flattering, but at the same time, it was a little bit risqué, to say the least. It was positive, like, 'oh wow, somebody noticed me,' but also negative in the sense that I haven't talked to the person. They're hidden behind the interwebs," Wong said.

Some have gone even further with their criticism, suggesting that the entire site is actively degrading the quality of life at Bard. In one post, a student actively opposed the site's existence anonymously.

"You've managed to extend the oppressive virtual gaze of social networking into every single interaction here, down to the slightest glance at the library or passing smile on a path," the anonymous user said last Jan. in an open letter to the site's admin. "Shut it down immediately. The posts are pathetic at best and unabashedly violent at their worst. There is no education to be had from maintaining this."

In response to the criticism, Sheffer said that she didn't see how the site could be disgusting, like the previous user commented.

"It's kind of harmless. Nobody's objectifying anyone," Sheffer said. "We're all in our teens or early 20s. That's just what people are doing. Everybody's getting up and growing older and becoming people. A lot of people here have social anxiety. It just is what it is."

AN INTERVIEW WITH : LIKESOMEBARDIAN'S MYSTERY MODERATOR

He/she is the anonymous and elusive moderator of the popular Tumblr, LikeSomeBardian, which has been stoking the flames of romance in Annandale since October. The moderator's temporal identity remains cloaked behind the cyber-veil of the internet, but the Free Press managed to arrange an interview to shed some light on one of Bard's most mysterious, yet ubiquitous, figures.

INTERVIEW BY WILL ANDERSON

Free Press: Talk about how you came to create the site. Obviously there was some inspiration from existing services at other colleges, but what motivated you to bring one to Bard? Had you ever done anything like this before?

LikeSomeBardian: I toyed with the idea of creating a Bard "LikeaLittle" page for a while—the original website shut down sometime in the last year, but I was never a part of it. In fact, I only found out about its existence at all because Vassar and Bennington have their own equivalents—we're quite the hipster college trifecta. That spurred me into action! I thought, as a concept, it was ridiculously goofy and fun: a nice way for people to have their ego stroked and/or get the word out about their secret crush without actually having to sacrifice any dignity, as well as find prospective partners. I'd heard enough tragic love stories and/or shy admiration for strangers in Kline from my friends that I thought our community might benefit from a safe space like this one. I've never really done anything like this before!

FP: What were your initial expectations for the site?

LSB: I really didn't expect it to take off in the way that it has! I hoped it would, naturally, but I harbored no illusions about how easily these things can be swept to the wayside; I figured there'd be a handful of submissions per month and then it would gradually fade out of use. I actually thought it might be a little too sentimental for Bard's hardened cynics.

FP: How have these expectations changed since? What has surprised you about the site, whether in terms of submissions, use, popularity?

LSB: To my great shock, the blog really found its footing in November (after only a few submissions in October) and then really went crazy in December—there were probably close to three hundred submissions in that month alone! Which was, of course, absolutely bewildering. With my initial expectations by then entirely exceeded, I probably shouldn't have been so surprised how often it began to come up in casual conversation, but I really was. Having to maintain my poker face is the hardest part.

FP: You have a pretty unique perspective on

the love lives of Bardians. What is your biggest critique about how dating, hookups, etc. operate at Bard? Is there anything redeeming about it?

LSB: I wanted from the start to make sure that LikeSomeBardian would not become just a place to say "hey, I'm available, get at me," but a way to gently reach out to someone you care for (or think you could come to care for!) without actually having to do the terrifying deed in person. As far as I can tell, the Bard scene operates much the way it appears to: lots of hooking up (and I stress: there's nothing wrong with that), with everyone assuming that's what everyone is looking for, whereas in reality there's a big chunk of people who are pining, searching for an emotional connection as well as a physical one. I don't feel qualified to really critique it; though we do like to think we're highly unique in the way we function, Bard culture is at heart just a microcosm of the outside world: different people want different things. Ideally, this site acts as a forum for them to express that and maybe find what they're looking for, whether that's a drunken makeout at Smog with the girl they've been eyeing recently or a committed relationship with the boy they've had the hots for since freshman year.

FP: Do you have any theories as to why the site has become so prevalent or successful amongst students at Bard?

LSB: I think it's purely because it's fun! It's that intoxicating mix of thrilling and terrifying to put your feelings out into the open air, even behind the screen of anonymity. You have the opportunity to shout your love from rooftops without any of the drawbacks. On the other end, any sensible person likes to have their ego boosted. I do hope it goes the other way too; that is, there's a joy (outside your own) in submitting them—not so much in the hopes that the person in question might see it and act on it, but more that they'd see it and feel good.

FP: Have you heard about any successful connections that have come through the site? Or happy endings?

LSB: Only through the blog itself; I've never come across one in conversation, but I've definitely had a few adorable, grateful submissions.

FP: You have some choice over what gets

posted to the site, and what doesn't. What is your criteria of what makes the cut, and what doesn't? Give us an example of what wouldn't get published.

LSB: It's the hateful stuff. It really doesn't crop up that much, but it's the questionable submissions, loaded with backhanded compliments, that get passed over. I actually made a mod post about it a few months ago, when it was beginning to be a problem. Not a serious one, mind you, but just in the sense that people weren't perhaps fully understanding the purpose of the blog, or their post was a humorous in-joke that fell flat due to the anonymous filter. It's much harder to read sarcasm without a face and voice attached to it; as mod, there's no way for me to be sure what's a joke and what's not unless it's painfully obvious.

Even if they have good intentions, attempting to be cute or what-have-you, submitters should read their posts back to themselves and see if it could be taken the wrong way. If yes, they should check themselves and rephrase. It's stuff like insulting another person to get at the object of your affections, making jabs at the person you're writing about at the same time as you wax lyrical about them, etc. Please no! I want this to be a place where people come to feel happy.

FP: What advice do you have for the lovesick student at Bard?

LSB: Be bold! It's a strange sort of person who doesn't like to be approached after class and given a compliment. Strike up a conversation with whoever you've been staring at. Nothing bad can come of it; at worst you might get a new friend, not a lover, and even then that doesn't seem so bad. If you're trying to take a friendship to the next level, gauge the signs. Don't push; watch body language and look for signals. Be mindful of personal space; if they want it, let them have it, but regardless be sure to engage with those around you! That's the most important thing. Be energetic: match their energy level or help them match yours. Make the person you're with feel good in any capacity you can.

FP: Has there ever been a post that you thought was about you?

LSB: Yes, I do believe there has...

AVITAL RONELL SPEAKS AT BARD, CONFUSES MANY

BY ANNA DANISZEWSKI

On Tuesday, Feb. 12, eminent contemporary philosopher Avital Ronell descended upon Bard to give a talk on the question of authority and its potential disappearance, or what she described as its "withdrawal." The room was bustling. Attendees included professors from a variety of fields, philosophy majors, scholars of politics, and campus activists. The event was held in Olin 102, a small auditorium of 60-person capacity. The line of people went out the door, and those who managed to squeeze in occupied the aisles and surrounded her on stage. Because I had a late class that went until the time of the talk, I had lined up two friends to save me a seat, just in case. (Inevitably, one fell through, but the other fought tooth and nail to save it.)

As Ronell began her talk, I was reminded of reading the transcribed lectures of Heidegger in past philosophy classes and thinking what it must have been like to be in the presence of such an individual, speaking more fluidly than most would write, looking up to him at his podium, and you, sitting there in your pathetic auditorium seat. While this sort of awe and reverence may not be quite like that of the University of Freiburg 60 years ago, it was hard not to think that this was something historic. At least for Bard.

Ronell hails from New York University (NYU) where she is University Professor of the Humanities and teaches in German, English and Comparative Literature. She also co-directs the NYU Trauma and Violence Transdisciplinary Studies program and is the Jacques Derrida Professor of Media and Philosophy at the European Graduate School in Switzerland. Perhaps one of Ronell's greatest influences was the French thinker Jacques Derrida. Derrida pioneered a method of philosophy and literary theory known as deconstruction, which emphasizes close attention to language and interrogates the implications of writing and speech. Ronell focuses have included drugs, psychoanalysis, stupidity, technology, pop culture and feminism. She is a prolific writer and has written extensively on Goethe, Kafka, Heidegger and Arendt, to name just a few, and is a self-proclaimed "Nietzsche baby." Ronell arrived by invitation of her Ph.D. advisee and Bard Visiting Instructor in Humanities and Professor of Philosophy Ruth Zisman, and her visit was sponsored by the Philosophy Program, the Human Rights Project, the Difference and Media Project, and the Hannah Arendt Center.

Ronell focused her talk on the disappearance and elusiveness of authority, which is one of the central themes addressed in her most recent book, [ital]Loser Sons: Politics and Authority[ital]. Ronell has many beginnings—a process that she describes as the opening of several dossiers—to the subject of what is, or, in response to Arendt, what "was" authority. She first began by locating authority's advent in the state murder of Socrates. Ronell posited authority as emerging from Plato's mourning and his search for revenge: "an outburst of philosophical insurgency—and a recovery operation." Ronell read the verdict on Socrates as an attack on philosophy, exposing its own "fragility." It was in the "Apologia" that philosophy's power of persuasion and reason could not save his dear mentor and comrade's life—she made the comparison to the "buddy cop" film where the older partner is killed and the youthful counterpart is left to avenge him. It was thus that Plato had to create authority through his writings, a "counter-authority" to that of the state. But what sort of authority is this, that is able to evade or trump the state? It is here that Ronell distinguished authority from power or force. The authority of the state is one that is predicated on power or force—"brute violence." Her image of authority is one that transcends the squabble of opinion, persuasion, and logic. Ronell discussed its relationship to the image of God and religion. God becomes a viable

metaphor for this conception of authority on two levels. First, one cannot talk their way out of God's authority, at least not if they came face to face with "it." Second, God, as a concept is slippery and hard to contain or categorize, cannot be pinned down or easily understood, much like authority. Ronell admitted it is that which withdraws and recedes from understanding that interests her most.

(It is hard to write this because I feel as though Ronell is looking over my shoulder. If she were to hear me say this, she would likely interrogate every word I use from "metaphor" to "image" to "concept," and even the "and," which, like a classic deconstructionist, she has a proclivity to do.)

We then came to another beginning. While many Generation Y-ers may celebrate the crumbling of authority—or, ironically, in the Q&A, defend its existence just in hopes of being able to resist it—Ronell spoke on Arendt and her contemporaries' deep mourning of authority's disappearance in the wake of World War II. For such thinkers, Ronell described, they yearned for authority to come in and put an end to the madness. This provoked the question: did authority ever really exist? And, if so, when did it disappear, if ever?

It is not surprising that some may have found Ronell's talk frustrating. Indeed, it was probably not for the pragmatic activist wishing for encouragement that they were succeeding in "fighting the good fight" in destroying authority. Even others who practice and are well versed in her type of methodology may have found her speech somewhat jarring. Ronell opened the talk by saying that she hoped to be able to "jam" with us, to "invent" together and explore the complexities of authority. Her talk, however, was performative and in line with her work. It was nonlinear; it did not offer any concrete definitions, and she remained truly ambivalent toward and questioning of the topics she addressed. It is also the reason why she neglected to give a "straight" answer to those who questioned her: she doesn't believe in them. Ronell described her aversion to "making sense" because of the ways in which "sense" is determined, and who it is determined by. In fact, to give such an answer would perhaps just reinscribe the very issues of authority that were raised by the questioners.

In an interview she did in the documentary, [ital]The Examined Life[ital], Ronell told her viewers that she believes the search for meaning can be a "way of dressing up the wound of nonmeaning." She said, "Heidegger ditched philosophy for thinking, because he thought philosophy as such was still institutional, academic, too bound up in knowledge and results... so he asked the question, 'What is called thinking?' and he had a lot to say about walks and going on paths which lead nowhere." It is precisely these paths that I feel she attempted to open up with her conversation, and it is the risk that they will go nowhere that makes them all the more worthy and compelling. For one, it means that we are not learning merely for the sake of its result, but remaining open to that which we might discover. While she agrees that this is "much less satisfying" and "more frustrating," as perhaps demonstrated by some of the questions, she believes it is all the "more necessary."

I can already hear the criticism. It is "not enough," merely "armchair philosophy," "drowning in privilege." I don't completely disagree, and I respect this frustration. However, I do think that Ronell sheds light on another side of the story and does not necessarily have to be segregated from a particular stroke of activism. For her, this very anxiety is the "mood par excellence of ethnicity." Ronell believes that "If we're not anxious, if we're ok with things, we're not trying to explore or figure anything out."

CAFÉ REVIEWS

BY GEORGE DUPONT

CCS Café

SETTING: Sunny museum setting, female curatorial smiling and milling around

Latte: \$3—very creamy, mediocre taste. Gets the job done.

"6/10, but doesn't stand up to Murray's" - junior Will Anderson

Cappuccino: \$3—very reviving, full flavor. "Good bet with the museum set" - junior George DuPont

Espresso shot: \$2—very strong, a well-priced jolt to the system.

"8/10" - DuPont

Service was friendly, a Root Cellar sympathizer, and, despite murmurings of minimum wage, did good work with the espresso machine.

DTR

SETTING: Standard college café, pool table, ATM, post office, conveniences abound.

Choose from several flavors but pay a wallet-wringing premium at \$2.30 a cup. Compared to Kline, a misstep.

Root Cellar

SETTING: Dark, deserted dorm den, lots of seating, shelves on shelves of zines, photos of anarchists past.

A cup of coffee is \$1, but the coffee grounds were, unfortunately, nowhere to be found. Only available option was substance in the pot that proved to be little more than dregs.

Seating was comfortable, a good place to spend the better part of an hour. Service was sorely missed.

Kline

SETTING: You know what it is.

Frequent free coffees from Kline never fail to deliver. Not satisfied? \$0.00, go get another. Service can be snippy but the coffee's hot.

footage by katy schneider

2013

BUDGET FORUM

BY ANNE ROWLEY

What do flaming tassels, catapults, and Georgian singing have in common? To the uninitiated, probably not much. But for those who were in attendance at the spring 2013 Budget Forum these seemingly unrelated phrases are representative of the spirited, and sometimes chaotic affair that decides student government's budget.

The forum began with the introduction of two amendment proposals. The first of which was the proposed creation of an ad-hoc Food Committee. This proposal, which gained the two-thirds majority necessary to pass, was lead by sophomore Carter Vanderbilt, who advocated for the creation of the committee in "an effort to overhaul the food at Bard through a system of education, awareness, and project proposals.

The second amendment proposal, also for the the creation of an ad-hoc committee, was headed by president Cara Black. The proposal, which also passed, is a step in Black's plan to build a new dorm and student space located behind Catskill and Hudson. The building's first floor would have a lounge, computer lab and study area, while the upper would be dorm rooms. The amendment is a component of Black's capital campaign, which aims to raise \$25,000 from the student body, representative of the \$25 million actually necessary for the creation of the dorm. "It's a symbolic move, to show that we really want this and we really want it now," Black said.

Before the actual amendment process began, senior Jon Greenberg explained the available budget. The funds come from the eighty five dollars that is paid by each student and directed towards the convocation fund. Despite the \$277,528 requested from clubs, the money available totalled \$132,623, which Greenberg called "the painful math of the situation."

A series of friendly amendment proposals, in which any club could donate funding to the club asking for donations, followed. The Bard Burlesque Club requested funds for flaming tassels, the Military History Club asked for money to fire catapults, and "This Bardian Life" requested money for a better microphone for recording.

Things took a lively turn when the forum progressed to hostile amendments. There were nine hostile amendments, an amount Black described as "unprecedented." The hostile amendments were lead by three clubs in particular; the Bike Co-op, New Underground Art, and Two Boats Country Country Club Club. The Bike Co-op originally had hostile amendments planned for Tango Club, Spring Fling, Department of Formal Events, and Spirit Squad. In the end, the Bike Co-op only pursued two of these, focusing its efforts on Spring Fling and Spirit Squad. Though both amendments failed to receive the two thirds majority necessary to pass, the Spring Fling amendment was of note for its reveal of the artists scheduled to appear at Spring Fling. The \$1,410 requested of Spring Fling was countered by head of Spring Fling Planning Committee Jeremy Gardner. Gardner countered Bike Co-op's claims of unnecessary funding with a graph detailing the allocation of funds. The graph revealed that RJD2 and araabmuzik are performing and are receiving the majority of funding, coming in it \$10,000 and \$8,000, respectively. Gardner questioned the validity of the amendment, asking "how many people have fun at Spring Fling versus how many people get their bikes modified?"

Two Boats Country Country Club Club, a club whose purpose and name remains largely unclear, proposed an amendment to the Student Government Association constitution in order to receive stipends. Though Cara Black initially attempted to disallow an amendment on the premise that it had not been proposed in advance, Rosette Cirillo and Alex D'Alisera stated a clause in the amendment that allowed the action. The proposal, though constitutional, failed when put through a vote. "I was interpreting the constitution in a specific way and I apologize," Black said.

Ultimately, all proposed hostile amendments failed. The forum concluded after two hours. In these two hours a shirt was taken off, an amendment to the constitution was attempted, and a budget was passed.

THE 1%

SIX CLUBS MAKE UP NEARLY 50 PERCENT OF THE SPRING 2013 BUDGET ALLOCATION. HERE ARE BARD'S RICHEST CLUBS:





photos by anna daniszewski

LIVE TWEETS: HIGHLIGHTS FROM BUDGET FORUM



Bard Free Press @BardFreePress

Feb 14

BUDGET FORUM: \$277,526 requested from clubs, \$132,623 available. "It pains me every year that I do this" -Planning Committee Chair Greenberg

Expand



Bard Free Press @BardFreePress

Feb 14

BUDGET FORUM: Bardians vote to form ad-hoc committee on Cara Black's capital campaign for new student space.

Expand



Bard Free Press @BardFreePress

Feb 14

BUDGET FORUM: Bardians vote to form ad-hoc committee on food at Bard.

Expand



Bard Free Press @BardFreePress

Feb 14

BF: "If we get \$1,000 I'll do a naked SK or something" -Community Arts Collective, announcing plans for arts publication and art in DTR

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BF: MILF Club doesn't actually exist... YET.

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WHAT DOES THE TWO BOATS COUNTRY CLUB ACTUALLY DO? WE'RE LEARNING

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They sell.

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Anti-Capitalist Club gave away entire budget "down to one penny"

#communists

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Feb 14

"How many people have fun at Spring Ping, and how many people have had their bikes modified?" -Jeremy "Feisty" Gardner

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Feb 14

It's #hostileamendment time

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BF: "Be nice and respect each other." -Pres Black on the 9 hostile amendments.

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Feb 14

"FUCK WITH THE SYSTEM!" -Two Boats Country Club Club's Evan Dunn

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Feb 14

#drama

Expand



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Feb 14

Two Boats Country Club Club misin' waves...

#naomisshameless

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Feb 14

Motion carries. Budget passes. Another Bard Budget Forum successful.

Expand



Bard Free Press @BardFreePress

Feb 14

Thank you, and good night. -NL (not KB)

Expand

KEEPING BARD BEAUTIFUL

BY CHARLES MCFARLANE



He hands me the weed-whacker out of the back of the truck. "You ever use a weed-whacker before?" I shake my head. He demonstrates how to get the thing started and hands it over to me. We are on the wooded hillside in front of the RKC. It is my first day with B&G's horticultural department. "Just clear anything that I didn't mark with tape," horticulturist Dan McKenna tells me. Five hours later, the woods in front of RKC are cleared, and my hands won't stop shaking from the vibration of the weed-whacker.

McKenna is one of the youngest members of the horticultural department; he has worked there the longest. He started working during summers for Buildings and Grounds (B&G) when he was 15 years old.

Most of the time, when Bard students think of B&G, they see a big barn transformed into an office space. They think of the place they go to pick up packages, get replacement keys, and file service requests to get rid of furniture. But B&G is more than the big converted barn. It is also a network of hardworking employees, and without them, Bard would fall apart—literally.

You could mistake Dan McKenna, or 'Dan-o' as he is commonly called, for being much older than he is. It's his thick beard; it adds 10 to 12 years to his 31 year old face. He'd be the first to tell you that his work doesn't keep him young either. I climb into the cab of the dump truck next to him. Hanging from the rearview mirror is a coil of weed-whacker line and a pink photo clip he found. McKenna grew up in Red Hook and still lives there with a handful of Bard students. McKenna and a couple of the students are in a band together called "Crib Death." He describes the genre as "infant death metal."

Before 2001, horticultural work was mainly done by students and one supervisor. As Bard's campus grew with the additions of new buildings like the RKC, Cruger, and New Robbins, it became apparent that the campus needed a full-fledged horticultural department. The horticultural department now employs four full time staff members, one part time employee, a seasonal gardner, a supervisor, and ten students. The Horticultural Department is responsible for maintaining 200 acres of Bard's campus.

For horticulture staff, the work day begins at 7 a.m. This is when I meet up with two more members of the horticulture team, Jon Knudsen and Joe Arsenault. We are going to Manor Avenue, where they recently took down trees that were dying. Today, we're filling in the holes that were left. I climb into the cab of Knudsen's dump truck while Arsenault starts up a backhoe.

Knudsen has been working for the Horticultural Department for 16 years and says he was "very instrumental" in its formation. "It's the best job I've ever had," Knudsen said. "The best place I've ever been." After graduating from SUNY Cobalt, where he studied Landscape Development, Knudsen worked for a spat of private companies in New Jersey and Connecticut before returning to his home state to work at Bard. He now lives in Catskill, a town across the river, with his family. He has two daughters, 11 and 13. He sends them to the local public school, which is a subject of much distress. He wishes he could send his daughters to the better public schools on the east side of the river, but taxes are higher.

Using rakes and snow shovels, we sweep up the leftover leaves and wood chips. Even though his daughters aren't in high school yet, Knudsen and his wife are already encouraging them to go to trade school. "That's where the jobs are," he says, looking up from his rake through his frameless glasses. When all the debris is cleaned up, Arsenault climbs into the backhoe and proceeded to empty a bucket of dirt into the now-clean hole. We move to the next hole as Arsenault comes back with more dirt.

Arsenault deftly uses the backhoe to tamp the dirt in the hole. His wiry hair gives him a slightly frazzled look. His beard comes in thick salt and pepper. He grew up, and still lives, in Elizaville with his wife and kids and started working at Bard six years ago. A soft-spoken man, Arsenault only speaks when there is something important to say or to make a crude joke.

All full-time B&G workers are unionized. They belong to the Service Employee International Union (SEIU) Local 200United. The union was formed in 2001 when the SEIU combined a number of local upstate unions. SEIU Local 200United has 15,000 members. Full-time employees in the Horticultural Department start with a base salary of about \$22 per hour. Every year, their pay rate is raised by 3 percent.

Bridget Maple is one of the only women in the Horticultural Department. She is also the only part-time worker, which means she is not in the union. As we drag felled trees out from behind the RKC, she tells me that she has been working here for a year now, with three-month contracts that are continually renewed. She thought she would be made full-time but now realizes it will probably never happen. Maple graduated from Bard in 2005 with a degree in Sociology, and she's the youngest worker on horticulture staff. After Bard her life "sort of meandered," going to China and eventually getting a Master's Degree in social work.

THE PEOPLE BEHIND THE PLACE



Maple felt unfulfilled by social work. She longed to work outside with the land, instead of working inside every day. After working in the private landscaping sector and getting trained as an ornamental gardener, she decided to move back to her hometown of Red Hook.

Behind Maple and me is Jim Houston, wielding a chainsaw, cutting up wood for us to drag out of the forest. Houston looks intimidating. He has long blonde and grey hair that he pulls back into a ponytail, revealing a multitude of ear piercings. His knuckle tattoos read 'love' and 'hate.' The tattoos are now old and fading. He got

them at age 16 when his parents moved to Florida. Houston refused to leave Rhinebeck and became an emancipated minor. He was working a full-time job and still going to high school, and, eventually, he dropped out of school.

"I couldn't really find myself," Houston says, flipping a switch in the cab causing the back to lift and dump the wood into a large pile. "It took a while for my life to mellow out."

Today is his eldest son's 19th birthday. He's a senior at Germantown High School. His son has been taking automotive classes and has a automotive

job lined up for when he graduates high school. Houston gave him the option of college.

"I told him, if you don't want to go, you don't have to," Houston says.

When Houston applied for this job six years ago, he didn't get it. The job was between him and Arsenault. Arsenault got the job because he had a high school diploma. Houston went back to school, got his GED, and reapplied.

Every day, at 3:30 p.m., the day comes to an end. The three buildings that most students see when they think of B&G begin to bustle with the people that make

up the department. They're putting their tools back, parking cars, and heading to the B&G building to clock out. They stand in a line, their insulated lunch boxes slung over their arms. Holding their white timesheets, the workers joke and catch up with people from different departments as they get ready to leave for the day. These are the people who make sure Bard can function on a daily basis.

THESE ARE THE WORDS OF SAINT TULA

BY GEORGE DUPONT

At 5 p.m. on Thursday Feb. 14, the Saint Tula Film Society—brainchild of former Film and Electronic Arts Department chair and hero to the avant-garde, Adolfas Mekas—met for the first time in years. It was under Mekas' leadership that the Film Department developed its avant-garde bent and renegade high-concept, low-budget values. "The People's Film Department," as it was dubbed, was a place that embraced experimentation and pushed the parameters of film. Mekas founded the society to increase awareness of student work, and under the watch of Saint Tula, the patron saint of cinema, showcased the work of students past and present. Newly reinstated by senior Audrey Turner and junior Alex Eaton, the society still follows the old model. After a round of free beer and a couple of cigarettes, the evening began with a spirited chant, lead by Turner, of an old Saint Tula manuscript Mekas wrote in the 1970s entitled, "These Are The Words Spoken By Saint Tula To Me Last Night." This was followed by a candlelit prayer lead by junior film major and goofball Sam Taffel. Comradery was in the air.

A turnout of about 30 students sat in the audience to see old senior projects from the film archive (which is open for students to peruse). The first film was a senior project by Eric Saks from 1986, "Suddenly I Burst Into Another." It was the fictional chronicle of a local man's life: his childhood in Tivoli, his life on the road, his return to the area

and, a particularly affecting scene, his death. A mix of documentary and staged footage fleshed out a finely wrought story out of hazy elements. Up next were a series of shorts made in 1977 by Aaron Adam. "Cat Dentist" was a short, kitschy scene about a feline dentist. It was followed by three short scenes called "Push the Button," shot in Manhattan on 16mm film and comprised of street scenes interrupted by collapsing buildings that hinted humorously at a higher power. "La Domaine," a piece from 2010 by Deniz Tortum, was an illuminating documentary made in a sex dungeon with explicit scenes of torture-play and a particularly graphic scene with a sounding rod. The evening finished with "The Salariat in Parts," made by Zachary Epcar in 2009—a surreal, nauseating office montage punctuated by *blubs* of a water cooler, rhythmic stamping, manic laughter, and the sluggish drips of Pepto-Bismol. It was an interesting, chatter-worthy group of films.

The society accepts student work in a folder called "St. Tula" on the computer directly to the left on your way into the film computer lab and will include all submissions in their screenings. Saint Tula meets on the second and fourth Thursday of each month: their first meeting features work from the archives and the second meeting features current student work. The next gathering is at 5 p.m. on Thursday, Feb. 28 in the Avery theater. All are welcome.



GRAYLING FINDS SAMBA

BY GRAYLING BAUER

Before I showed up at Samba School on a frigid Wednesday afternoon, I really didn't have a clue what samba was. I think I got it confused with salsa dancing. Regardless, I was greeted with a pleasant surprise. More than 30 students, many of whom weren't even enrolled in the class, flew into a frenzy of percussing and dancing as I sat on a table in the corner with members and guests waiting their turn to join in. Adjunct professor Carlos Valdez kept an active role in maintaining the class' rhythm, section by section of different sized drums and other percussive instruments.

Valdez wasn't the only one teaching, though. More advanced students who had already become familiar with the musical practice instructed their peers through the motions and patterns of the different drums. During our time talking to one another, Valdez's focus was almost entirely on the roles of his students.

"This needs to be about them and what they're doing," Valdez said.

After all, it was the students who started the school and got him to begin teaching at Bard in the first place. Samba School was initiated in Fall '11 with a senior project by its founder Alex Friedman '12. The project was a large scale public performance, a fiery ensemble of musicians and dancers beating drums in samba rhythms and riling up the audience. The energy of the show didn't die when it was over, and pretty soon interested students had a group going.

"Carlos was here, and they got a bunch of instruments and set up a samba school that wasn't accredited. We gave a performance in the spring, and that was the first concert," explained junior Scot Moore, a conservatory student and good friend of Friedman. "We realized that it needed to be something more serious, and so Carlos got it accredited and got himself on the payroll. Now it's growing."

The class is growing, not just as a musical movement but as a community of its own.

"It wasn't just their beats that drew me in but also the overwhelming sense of community I felt in the group that inspired me to join. I had no drumming background, but it was kind of like riding a bike: once I learned the beats, they were impossible to forget," senior Erin Smith said. "This is my second semester in Samba now, and the class just seems to be expanding. I think a lot of people have picked up on the good vibes and want in."

The good vibes of the class also seem to work as an effective release therapy for the more classically trained musicians such as Moore, whose main instrument is the violin.

"I really see Samba as a great escape for musicians like myself who have a pretty high level of expertise with one thing but crave to have other things musically to influence our skills. It's a welcome relief," Moore said.

photo by emily wissemann

THE BARDIAN'S GUIDE TO SHARING A BED

Let's be honest, sometimes a twin-sized bed isn't big enough for one person, let alone two. We at the Free Press have compiled a list of some of our favorite positions for when you're two gettin' cozy in a bed meant for one.

BY FP STAFF

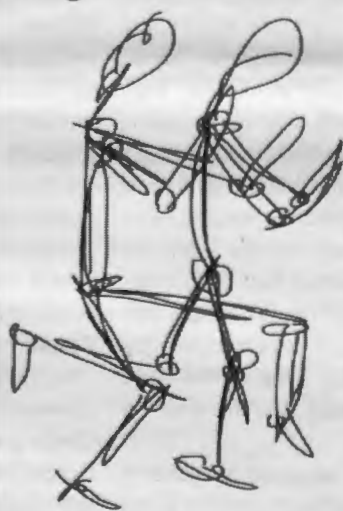
knife



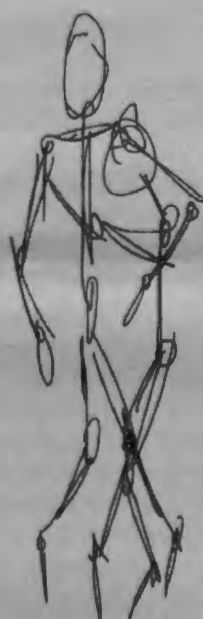
This position is reserved for couples so comfortable with their affection for one another that they feel no need to assert it. Or for those who hate both each other and

shoulder pillow

fork

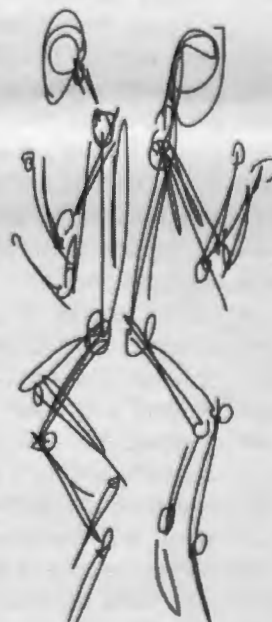


Rarely a deliberate position, though sometimes a derivative of the Spoon, the fork screams of sexy nights where sleep comes so unexpectedly there's no time to untangle your legs. If you fall asleep while forking, you're doing something right.



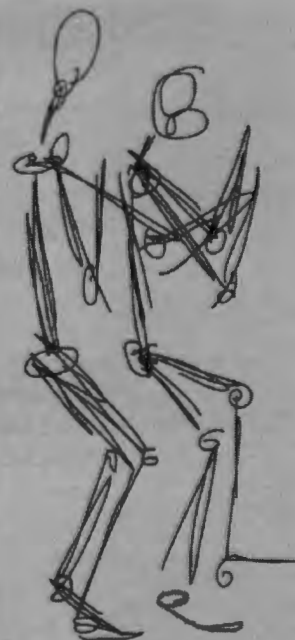
Comfortable until the "pillow"'s arm falls asleep. A position oft seen in sappy romantic comedies. For the courtesy of the top cuddler, deodorant is a must.

back-2-back



Perfect for the awkward one-night stand you regret before it's already begun. Can also be useful for drunken platonic friends forced to share a bed. Not recommended for those with bony spines.

spoon



A tried and true classic, this position practically guarantees cozy nights of whispered secrets. Keep in mind, though, boner pokes from the big spoon might get in the way of sleep. If the big spoon has a penis, that is.

TO KEEP IN MIND: if the person with whom you are sleeping has long hair, you will eventually end up choking on it. If these positions aren't enough, we recommend forcing your roommate to leave and pushing the two beds together so you can cuddle in comfort and style. Have fun, and sweet dreams.

art by austen hinkley

HOW TO RUN THE WORLD

THE STORY OF HOW BEYONCÉ

SEIZED IT ALL

BY WILL ANDERSON

When Tina Knowles became pregnant with her first child, she began to worry. It was a feeling that grew as she did, developing into a deep-rooted, unshakable sense of anxiety. The feeling stemmed from the thought that her maiden name, Beyoncé, was going to fade away. Although she had six other siblings, only one of them had a child. Her patronymic faced possible extinction.

So she took steps to save it: Tina decided to name her unborn child based on a variation of this family name. And on September 4, 1981, Tina gave birth to a little girl at St. Joseph's hospital in Houston, Texas. She named her Beyoncé. Her anxiety ceased immediately.

This girl would grow up to be the woman, singer, performer, actress, and celebrity that is known across the globe. Beyoncé Knowles has reached a level of fame and prevalence that few have reached before. And her story begins in 1981, during that summer when her mother felt so anxious.

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I changed my major four times while in college. And even then, the one I eventually chose never felt much different than the three that came before it. If Beyoncé had attended college, she would have never changed her major; she would have known from day one what she wanted to study. In fact, the reason she never went to college is because she figured out what she wanted to do

with her life when she was five years old. By the time she reached the age of college applications, she had performed on stage more times than Mariah Carey and Whitney Houston combined. She had been signed to Columbia Records with Destiny's Child. She was selling a million albums a year.

The path to this point had its highs and lows, but for the most part appears steady and consistent. In the first grade, Beyoncé had been encouraged by a dance teacher to perform in a local Houston talent show. She agreed, and she won. She then participated in another, and won again. And another, and another, and another. She went on to win thirty-five talent shows in a row. She eventually ran out of shows to win. Word about little Beyoncé began to spread across the state of Texas.

In 1989, a man walked into Tina Knowles's hair salon. He had an idea. He wanted to create a girl group, and he had heard about the little Beyoncé, had heard about her habit of winning, had heard about her ability to sing and dance and put on a show. The group would be built around her. She was eight years old at the time.

Between forty to fifty girls were looked at to join Beyoncé. The group itself was renamed at several points, with titles including "Something Fresh," "Cliché," and "The Dollys and Destiny." Its makeup finally landed with six girls, all between the ages of ten and eleven: LaTavia Roberson, Kelly Rowland, Nikki and Tina Taylor, Támar Davis, and of

course, Beyoncé Knowles. They called themselves "Girl's Tyme."

And then the rehearsals began. When anyone talks about Beyoncé's childhood, this is one of the most talked about subjects. Mostly because her father, Mathew, was the one in charge, leading these rehearsals. He was making them wake up at six and practice until it was dark. He was making the girls jog 2 miles while simultaneously singing every single day. He was making them, as some might say, give up their childhoods in exchange for this dream of success. He was joining the ranks of men like Joe Jackson, ruining the lives of the ones he loved just to make it in the world of music.

This theory may have some basis in reality, but doesn't seem to tell the whole story. Yes, the girls practiced hard; they gave up entire summers and weekends and any free time that a typical 11-year-old enjoys. But you have to imagine that this is something they wanted to do. That for whatever reason, there was something within these girls that made them understand that hard work and dedication could lead to something big and beautiful.

But I do wonder about Beyoncé, working with her father alongside those girls, being told to push herself and to do it right and to try harder and to do it again. Being told to remember her lyrics and to try the dance one more time and to focus, to just *focus*, on the goal. I wonder if there was a moment when that father stopped looking like a father to her. I

wonder if there was a moment when she couldn't remember what a father ever looked like.

But let's back up a bit. Mathew Knowles grew up Gadsden, a small industrial town in the northeast shoulder of Alabama. He was raised amongst the turmoil of desegregation; he had state troopers escort him to school every morning as angry parents picketed outside and he watched his mother fight alongside Coretta King for equal rights. And if there is anyone in the Knowles family that has lived out the "American Dream," it is Mathew.

In 1976, after graduating from Fisk University, he moved to Houston, Texas and began working at the Xerox Corporation at an entry-level position. And, like the dream promises, he ascended in rank through hard work and strategy. He eventually reached a coveted department selling multimillion-dollar medical systems. For three of the four years he worked in that division, he was their number one salesman. And he was making money. Real, tangible money. In 1984, he moved his family into a large, five-bedroom home in one of Houston's nicest suburbs. His wife had recently opened a hair salon, and it was growing in both popularity and reputation. They had two young daughters and they had financial security; they had achieved the dream, and they were living it.

This is what complicates the matter of Beyoncé's childhood. Her parents were not struggling to make ends meet,



Skeleton Crew, a rock band made up of five white men with permed hair and linen shirts. The men all appear very proud of their chest hair.

The performance begins with the six girls standing frozen on stage, posed with their arms crossed and heads craned down. They all wear patterned smocks, with color tones ranging from neon green to electric purple. Each girl is fitted with her own pair of Nike high tops. It is 1993.

Then the music starts, and they all begin to bop up and down. Synchronized splits and twists and turns are had by

all, as one member of the group, only to be labeled as "not Beyoncé," moves forward and drops a line:

Yeah, we're in the house

With a brand new slam

Guaranteed to make you jam

While you're eating your green eggs and ham
So check it out! Hey!

The young girl struggles to stay under the small spotlight pointed at her. She rushes back and joins the sextet, and another girl moves forward to begin her verse. This time, it is Beyoncé.

Her voice is much louder than the stripped down beat that plays alongside her. She is breathy, and has trouble harmonizing with her girls in the back. She is not singing, she is rapping, and is clearly out of her element. This is far from the performance of a lifetime. It's far from the break that each girl expects it to be. It's far from what Mathew Knowles had envisioned.

But when you watch the performance now, this almost doesn't matter. All six of the girls dance and operate with such earnest intensity that you want to forgive any of the performance's flaws. You can almost see their brains running the rehearsed dance in their heads, trying to remember the next lyric, making sure not to trip over the large, elevated star in the middle of the stage. They are trying really, really hard. And they're so small. The

performance ends with a choreographed huddle, with six large smiles frozen in position. The camera quickly cuts away.

Girl's Tyme went on to lose the competition. Beyoncé cried backstage.

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After losing *Star Search*, Mathew focused even more energy and more time into making the girls succeed. He removed Davis and the Taylor sisters from the group, and then brought on LeToya Luckett. They rehearsed even more, in the backyard, at Tina's hair salon, wherever they could. At one point the group was signed to Elektra Records, but were dropped before they could make an album.

But this is a story about success, so it does not end here. It goes on to include Columbia Records, who eventually signed the group. It goes on to include Destiny's Child, the name thought up by Tina Knowles. It goes on to include several replacements, several additions, several hit singles, several platinum albums, and finally the group's disbandment in the year 2000. It goes on to include Beyoncé's solo career, her time as an actress, her seventeen Grammy's, and her seventy five million albums sold. It goes on to include the firing of her father as manager, her marriage to Jay-Z, and the birth of her own child. It goes on to include the cementation of Beyoncé as an icon of this era.

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I once saw her. I was standing on a polo field in the California desert. It was a music festival, and there were probably a hundred thousand people standing there with me. But at this moment, I was off to the side, in the shade, by myself, away from it all. Everyone's focus was on the music playing a hundred feet ahead. I was probably looking at my phone.

But I must have been near a backstage exit, because in one moment I was standing alone, and in the next, there were two figures, tall and quiet, to my left. One was Beyoncé, and the other her husband, Jay-Z. They didn't speak; they just watched the stage ahead. She was drinking a Red Bull, and had a Canon camera around her neck. He had on dark sunglasses and an army green t-shirt. They had no security around them, or entourage, or bubble. They stood on the same grass as I did.

In about four seconds, and please trust me with that amount of time, no one was looking at the stage. No one. It was the fastest game of telephone that anyone has ever played. Except no one messed up the message. It was passed around with great clarity and articulation: Beyoncé Knowles and Jay-Z are here,

in the open, watching the show. Right. Over. There.

The camera phones came out. Hushed excitement to build. Elated Chaos ensued.

The vast majority of people, when they see someone famous, will not whip out their cellphone and start taking pictures. They will pretend to play it cool, like it's no big deal. It's exciting and they will certainly tell their friends about it later. But most will not abandon their humility and turn into giddy Japanese girls.

I imagine the majority of people in attendance at this event would fall into this category. But not today.

It is almost impossible to articulate what it's like to see someone this famous and this well-known in the flesh, beside you. I wouldn't categorize myself as a Beyoncé fan; I knew her music through the radio. But even then, there is something incredibly disorienting about it. It's like seeing dogs fly. It's seeing something you never really registered as real or tangible. And suddenly it's before your eyes. It is a moment when the abstract becomes concrete, and the only thing you can think to do is take a picture.

And they just stared ahead towards the stage, so comfortable with this the attention, or so completely used to it, that it didn't feel like anything worth acknowledging. Only when the crowd of fans became so huge that the stage disappeared behind hundreds of faces and phones did the couple retreat, back through the exit that they came, invisible to the masses.

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There were five years between the moment that Beyoncé lost in *Star Search* and when she was signed to Columbia Records. There were one thousand eight hundred and twenty five days of practice and rehearsal and failure before she reached some marking of success. Five years of performing at malls, and birthday parties, and small, local bars. And it worked out.

There are those who believe we're put on this earth for something specific. And for a moment, let's just consider this is true. If you whittle down Tina Knowles, chip away her complexities and simplify her to a single purpose, that purpose of preserving her family name, it is safe to say she succeeded. Her story has a happy ending. It ends with the solidification of that name in the history of this planet, forever, as long as records exist. It ends with a legacy that surpasses anything Tina could have imagined on that late summer evening when she went into labor. It ends with Beyoncé Knowles: Beyoncé will, forever, live on.

relying on their daughter to get food on the table. They were cozy and comfortable in this world. They had no reason to push their daughter into the spotlight. Unless, of course, their daughter wanted to be pushed.

Eventually Mathew decided to give up this comfort to focus on his daughter and her career. In 1992, when Beyoncé was eleven, he quit his job in order to fully manage Girl's Tyme. He took classes at a local community college on music management and business. He began to make the girls' success his responsibility. This is where the boot-camp training sessions came from. This is where the constant practice and rehearsal came from. And this is where, quite possibly, the father faded away and was replaced by the manager. Mathew had given up his career to make sure Beyoncé succeeded. And he was going to make sure that she did.

During this time, the Knowles had to sell their home and move into a smaller one. Tina and Mathew separated for six months. Beyoncé would later describe this as the lowest point in her childhood.

But the hard work paid off, in a way. Mathew secured the young group a spot on the *Star Search* television show. In Mathew's mind, it was the group's one chance to reach a national audience and to get the attention of record labels around the country.

You can watch the performance on YouTube. The girls are introduced by the aged *Star Search* host Ed McMahon as a "hip-hop, rappin'" group from Texas. They are challenging the undefeated



photo by emily wissemann

A LAZY BARDIAN'S WORKOUT

BY TOM MCQUEENY

Are there just too many stairs in Hegeman? Do you skip classes in the Fisher Center because the journey out there feels like the Oregon Trail? Is most of North Campus an unsubstantiated myth in your eyes not unlike the lost city of Atlantis? Let's face it: you're a lazy Bardian, and you've got no excuse for that. Lucky for you, we've got more than enough excuses, so here's a gym regimen designed specifically to cover up the gross negligence of your body while maintaining your lazy lifestyle. Ultimately, if you can't make your body better, you can make people *think* your body is better.

Monday: Now keep in mind how important stretching is. It's by far the showiest and least strenuous form of exercise there is. Be sure to make grunting sounds when you do this. If you don't sound like a water ox, you're not doing it right. After stretching in a high traffic area of the gym for about 15 minutes, you'll want to go to a yoga class. Get there early and claim a mat before they're all taken by actual yogis, talk to other yoga attendees before the class starts. Use yoga words like "downward dog" and "chakra" so they think you know what you're talking about. This is what we call building plausibility. These people will totally vouch for you if anybody doubts you actually go to the gym. As the class starts, fake a muscle cramp and go home.

Tuesday: Today is a recovery day. Yesterday you spent nearly 25 minutes at the gym lying, so you're going to want to take it easy today. Remember, being lazy is a marathon, not a sprint. All you have to do is show up, sign in and talk to the person working the

front desk for 10 minutes about how you'd spend more time here if there were more machines. When you're writing the time of arrival and departure, take this opportunity to stretch the truth—your walk to and from the gym counts as well. Wear a brightly colored headband for impact.

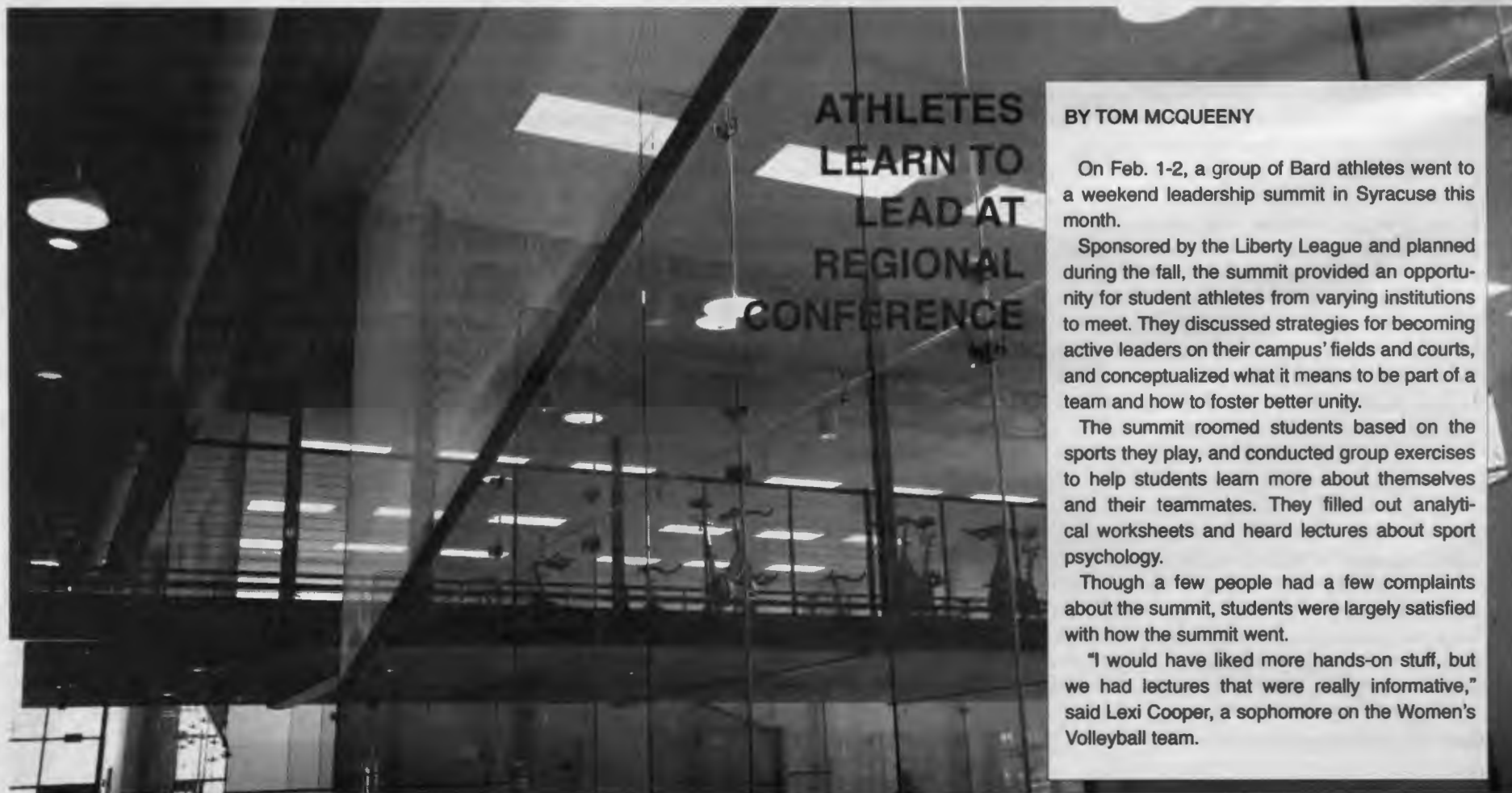
Wednesday: Go straight to the showers, get naked, flex until your veins bulge, and then stand, appearing exhausted, while showering for 25 minutes. It'll look like you just ran a marathon and, as far as any uncomfortable onlookers are concerned, you totally did. Use Head and Shoulders shampoo. It looks utilitarian.

Thursday: Moisten your forehead, stand on the elliptical, and watch the elliptical's television for 15 minutes.

Friday: To most people, there's nothing more strenuous than swimming. In reality, it's just floating with speed. Take away the speed, and we have the makings of a very convincing and exceedingly easy exercise. Today just float on your back in the pool for 15 minutes. (Note: Floating on your front makes people think you're dead.)

Saturday: Stand next to muscular people in the weight room. If they're so muscular that you look dramatically weaker next to them, bring a dramatically weaker friend with you. Do this for 45 minutes.

Sunday: Off day. Really enjoy it, because you've got another difficult week ahead.



BY TOM MCQUEENY

On Feb. 1-2, a group of Bard athletes went to a weekend leadership summit in Syracuse this month.

Sponsored by the Liberty League and planned during the fall, the summit provided an opportunity for student athletes from varying institutions to meet. They discussed strategies for becoming active leaders on their campus' fields and courts, and conceptualized what it means to be part of a team and how to foster better unity.

The summit roomed students based on the sports they play, and conducted group exercises to help students learn more about themselves and their teammates. They filled out analytical worksheets and heard lectures about sport psychology.

Though a few people had a few complaints about the summit, students were largely satisfied with how the summit went.

"I would have liked more hands-on stuff, but we had lectures that were really informative," said Lexi Cooper, a sophomore on the Women's Volleyball team.

THE MAN WHO WON'T STOP RUNNING

BY TOM MCQUEENY

THE STORY OF TIM HAYLEY

Tim Hayley's shoes look like they swallowed a grenade.

His beard reminds me of Obi-Wan Kenobi and, consequently, gives me a strange feeling of trust.

He peers out over thick-rimmed glasses that only hipsters and men of a certain age can successfully pull off.

When not training for the Stockade-athon, a 15K race in Schenectady during November, he'll run 10 miles a day, all the more impressive given his age of 63.

When he is training, he'll run seven miles in the morning and seven miles at night.

Coming to the Stevenson Gymnasium twice a day is enough to make anyone a familiar face.

Coming to the Stevenson Gymnasium twice a day for 19 years, on the other hand, is more than enough to make someone a local legend.

He has been affectionately called the Running God, the Bearded Man, and the Original Hipster.

He has challenged the entire Bard basketball team to a two mile run and has challenged any member of his whole family to beat him in a race for a prize of \$50.

Despite the mythology that has formed around this icon, Tim Hayley wasn't always a long-distance runner.

In fact, there was a time when the lean figure struggled with weight loss.

Nineteen years ago, Hayley was in terrible shape.

"It was all fat. I had a desk job, and I drank beer, and I didn't do any exercise," Hayley said.

When his girlfriend finally decided that it was time for a change, she got him to run with her around their mile-long block.

In 15 minutes, he barely managed to get around the block—a pace Hayley now describes as practically walking.

Huffing and puffing and pushed to his limits, he came to one conclusion: "I was in no shape to exercise at that time," Hayley said.

After Hayley's terrible performance, his girlfriend told him they were joining the gym.

When he first started, he was too weak to even go upstairs to the gym area.

Because of his weight, his ankles were weak, and he was afraid that anything besides swimming would hurt him.

He would swim a few laps in the pool, but would still find himself always out of breath. He wondered when the weight would go away.

"It took three years of coming every day and doing something, not anything hard, but just doing something to get the weight off," Hayley said. "It seemed like forever."

Despite how long it felt, Hayley was able to take consolation in the feeling of movement.

While he wasn't seeing immediate gains (or rather, losses), he wasn't discouraged.

Compared with the sedentary lifestyle of his job, any amount of movement was entertaining.

It took him two years to graduate from the pool to the cardio room and even try the treadmills.

All the while, his girlfriend would tell Hayley stories about her uncle who was an old man running great distances. He didn't understand how the old uncle could do it, and he couldn't.

Hayley wanted to live the life he loved without having to fear about his health; he wanted to be able to drink beer and have a sense of pride.

As he got better, he experimented with running outside but with troubling results. Whether it was running from unleashed dogs on Tivoli Bays or accidentally showing up other runners and hurting himself, he found that running outside was a little too hazardous for him.

For Hayley, the true challenge for any runner is how hard you can train without hurting yourself. He says that treadmills allow you to compete against yourself in a sustainable and healthy way. But it also allows you to entertain yourself while exercising. He's just recently begun to discover how to find the Golf Channel on the treadmill's television—a development he's very excited about.

"It's easier than sitting down with a beer to watch golf, because it gets a little boring," Hayley said.

He often reflects on how weak he was on the mile around the block and thinks about the impact the gym had on his life.

"I think it saved my life," Hayley said.

More than that, Hayley said that his weight loss and running have given him a new view of the world.

"Change is the only thing that doesn't change; change is life. I'm learning all the time, but I still have a lot to learn," Hayley said.

Nineteen years after Tim Hayley was barely able to run a mile, he now runs 10 miles proudly.

Though the length of the run has changed, the reason for the run has always stayed the same.

"I run so I can drink more beer and not gain weight," Hayley said.



OPINION

ESCAPE *FROM THE* SWAN

BY DAVID GOLDBERG

I'm waiting in a very long line for the restroom at the Black Swan on one of the last Thursday nights before break. A group of four people walk out of a bathroom laughing and rubbing their noses, and then a group of three goes in. I can't wait anymore. Fuck it, I say to myself. It's late in the night anyway. I'll just go home. I go to the door and a policeman blocks my way.

"Hold on there, son," he says.

"Am I being detained?" I say.

"Sort of," he says.

The urgency of my bladder and two or three drinks had respectively raised my spirit and lowered my inhibitions enough to tell the police officer, "What do you mean, 'sort of'?" Either I am being detained, and you arrest me, and tell me why, or you let me leave this bar."

"Go stand over there," he says.

"I would like to leave now," I say, trying to walk by. He gives me a forceful shove back towards the bar.

Several people start piling up behind me and declaring their intentions to leave as well. The police officer is markedly agitated. He brandishes his nightstick and says, "This is the last time I will tell you in English to stand over there."

All of a sudden the bar erupts in a frenzy. A man next to me wearing a leather vest and limping on a crutch drops his crutch and displays a badge and a flashlight. He and several other undercover cops reveal themselves and start checking IDs at random. People are walking in circles around the bar like shell-shocked sheep,

and some are pestering the uniformed officers blocking every door. Three people make a daring escape through a side door just as a fresh officer arrives to guard it.

I stood down against my wand-bearing police officer—not because he was right—but because the thought of explaining to my parents why I was in the hospital and needed new glasses could not abide. The threat of a beating, however, did make me think: isn't this—*this* being a full-on raid complete with undercover cops and armed policemen corralling and threatening fun-seeking students while refusing to explain why—a pretty insane measure to take against the specter of vanilla crimes the Black Swan allegedly commits? It felt more like a brewing riot than the wrist-spanking that selling alcohol to minors might incur.

There is nothing inherently wrong with a 20.5 year-old drinking alcohol except that it is illegal. Granted, a law is a law, and laws are made to be enforced, but drinking age infractions are committed with little more criminal intent than jaywalking, and both crimes involve taking an obvious and harmless shortcut.

While I think the drinking age is stupid and should probably be changed, my opposition became more passive when Shakar, from the corner store down the street from where I lived in San Francisco, began selling me booze.

What I do oppose vehemently, however, is the stringent enforcement of a law that has basically no significance. I understand there are a lot of

factors at play in that scene with the police officer, namely: the cop may have felt threatened by me or the crowd behind me, and he felt a need to assert his authority; there are allegations that the Black Swan may have taken part in all kinds of illegal activity; and "drinking age" enforcement may be a cipher for the Tivoli community's disgust with so-called "drinking culture" and the invasion of affluent, libertine Bard students into what some may call a formerly quiet, wholesome community.

I believe there may be times where imminent security threats call for the temporary delay of my rights as a citizen, but I cannot imagine any way that the Brownian motion that went on in the Black Swan falls into that category.

The scene described above cannot be called police brutality. After the cop pushed me again I stood in the designated location and made a new friend thanks to a little faux revolutionary camaraderie. This was merely an unfortunate brush with the law.

However, there is something very evil about brushes with the law that do not merit complaint. The powers that be have much more time to lurk and respond than I have to deal with my distaste. I would much rather practice chess in secret so I can finally school my roommates (who are much better at chess than me) without their knowing how I got so good, but that probably won't happen. I am well aware that my gripes are probably not worth anyone's time; that's the heart of the absurdity.

When the New York Blood Center (NYBC) had one of its blood drives at Bard in December, I went to see if I was eligible to give blood. The first thing I mentioned was that I had Lyme disease two years ago and that I had been treated with heavy-duty antibiotics. The lady, who was very nice, informed me that if I had been treated for it I was eligible to donate.

Later, I checked the "Who Can Give Blood" page of the NYBC website to make sure—Lyme disease is horrible, and I would hate to pass it on. While the website confirmed what the lady said, I found that I was still ineligible: a "Permanent Reason" one should not give blood, the site said, is if one has "had babesiosis," as it can be passed by blood transfusions.

Babesiosis is malaria-like, parasitic disease. I know because I've had it. So, contrary to what I told the nice lady, I did not return to the MPR later that day. No harm done, right? Not exactly. While I know what babesiosis is, I think I am safe in assuming that many Bardians do not. I also don't

the results are not conclusive we remain comfortable sleeping with them next to our heads and carrying them in our pockets.

The same goes for Genetically Modified Organisms (GMOs). Before performing any sort of long-term tests on the effects of GMOs on human and environmental health, we let our entire food system be infiltrated by genetically modified corn and soybeans and wheat. And who's in charge of "deciding" whether they're bad for us? The ex-Monsanto Execs running the FDA.

And we spiked our water with fluoride to prevent cavities—the U.S. Center for Disease Control has labeled fluoride as "one of 10 great public health achievements of the 20th century"—only to learn decades later that exposure to fluoride can reduce one's IQ and does little to prevent cavities.

Here's the problem: we live in the Hudson Valley, which is Ground Zero for Lyme and other tick-borne diseases, and our collective ignorance on the subject puts our livelihoods at risk and could be depriving many of much-needed blood

HUDSON VALLEY HUBRIS

BY KURT SCHMIDLEIN

think most Bardians know that babesiosis tends to accompany Lyme disease.

This matters because Lyme disease is to the Hudson Valley as radiation is to Chernobyl. But many are ignorant to how easy it is to be bitten by a tick at Bard. Many people who I've talked to believe that if you are bitten, two things happen immediately: you get a bullseye-like rash, and you become symptomatic. Neither assumption is true.

Now, the NYBC screens all blood transmissible diseases like babesiosis, and throws away unhealthy blood. But how many Bardians donate blood that is thrown out because they don't know enough about ticks, Lyme disease, and babesiosis?

This gets to something inherent in our country's mindset: we assume that if nothing appears to be wrong, then nothing is wrong. When it comes to how lifestyles affect health, "innocent until proven guilty" is the prevalent mindset.

Consider how we view cell phones and our use of them: there is no clear consensus regarding whether they cause cancerous tumors, and since

transfusions.

It's an inconvenient truth, I know. But don't treat a single tick as innocent; don't gamble with a disease that is often misdiagnosed as ALS, MS and epilepsy; don't play Russian roulette with your livelihood. Athletes and dancers, it can destroy your joints and diminish your stamina. Writers and thinkers, it can significantly diminish your ability to focus and sometimes severely diminish cognitive function.

We can negate that risk by making a conscious effort to err on the side of caution. How? First off, by checking ourselves regularly for ticks. (Pro tip: they like hair.) And if you have been bitten by a tick, don't wait for a bullseye or other symptoms—both mean that you've already contracted it, after all. Start taking antibiotics immediately, and kick it before it grabs a hold of you and your livelihood.

Take this advice, so you don't end up in my situation: healthy and with a universally-accepted blood-type but ineligible to donate to the 4.5 million Americans who need blood transfusions each year.

WHY DON'T BARDIANS WRITE OPINION ARTICLES ?

BY INGRID STOLT

Bard is known for being an extremely "liberal" community. "Liberal" means being amenable to new or different ideas, which means Bard should be a place where students are more than willing to share ideas. Considering Bard's reputation, I was surprised to find a prevalence of judgmental attitudes within the student body when I arrived. Particularly, I was struck by the implicit promotion of self-deprecating behavior and resistance to feminism. It was recently brought to my attention that very few women had submitted opinion pieces for the Free Press this year. My initial thought was, "does anyone write opinion pieces for the Free Press?" I was surprised to learn that not only has the number of Bardians that continually write opinions to the Free Press been small, but also that some students frequently criticize the few that do write these articles.

There is always the issue of time, of course, but I wonder, are students at Bard College afraid of appearing arrogant by simply implying that their opinions are valuable? Publicizing personal

thoughts is self-indulgent, some may even call it narcissistic, and it seems like people often prefer to appear self-deprecating rather than self-indulgent. I think this habit plays a role in why so few students (women in particular) write opinion pieces for the Free Press.

There is such a thing as a compromise between arrogance and self-deprecation, but in a society that promotes extremes, finding a healthy balance can be difficult. Stating an opinion does not automatically make one "opinionated," but in an extremist country admitting to having a point of view may make one be perceived as arrogant and confrontational. There is a difference between having opinions and being opinionated. You can express opinions without being loud, single-minded, confrontational, stubborn, and willing to make enemies. However, this is not always clear when there is a possibility of confrontation. I am afraid of making enemies, runs the thought, so let me just stand here quietly and do my best to look unthreatening. As a woman in a community where the term "arrogant woman" implies "bitch," I often

prefer keep my opinions to myself, and I doubt that I am the only one.

Additionally, it almost seems that there is a belief that only certain people are "entitled" to an opinion and that there exists a "correct" opinion. Since when can there be a "correct" opinion? I recall learning in elementary school that the difference between fact and opinion was that only facts could be true or false. An opinion can be well-informed or uninformed; however, no opinion is false, and no opinion is invalid because of the background of the person who holds it.

Everyone is entitled to an opinion, no matter how informed or uninformed. It is my belief that what defines arrogance is holding one's opinion to be the truth; therefore, merely proposing an idea cannot make one "arrogant." It is the refusal to listen to and consider other people's opinions that makes someone arrogant. An open mind can respect people who have conflicting opinions, no matter what.

When someone simply proposes an opinion, the person is not necessarily telling his or her audience how to think,

rather, the person is offering an alternate view. Writing and publicizing an opinion may be self-indulgent, but that isn't a reason not to do it. If fear of appearing narcissistic or self-promoting is dissuading any Bardian from submitting articles to the Free Press then I ask: How "progressive" can a student body be if people are still hesitant to speak their minds?

Furthermore, I find that the occasional "self-indulgent" behaviors, such as writing to the Free Press, keep me sane; I have no problem appearing narcissistic if it keeps me happy, and it is my opinion that no one should be afraid to express controversial, or even non-controversial thoughts for fear of being criticized. Hearing the same statements repeated time and time again is boring. And to anyone who disagrees: write about it! I personally want to read more opinion pieces and, in hopes of encouraging more submissions, I conclude by saying that I like people who are self-indulgent; they make my life much more interesting.

ON THE NEED FOR ENGAGEMENT

BY JEREMY GARDNER

Students don't come to Bard to just take classes and "chill." As my friends back home can attest, one can happily do that at community college (and save approximately \$56,000 a year).

Yet that's exactly what many students end up doing here. It's not intentional and it's not easy to recognize. With tragic frequency, the languor that becomes so many students' lives becomes apparent only as the real world approaches. But whether it's in the unemployment line or in Citizen Science, at one point or another, many Bardians begin to sense a certain lack of fulfillment. They begin to question how, exactly, they have spent their time here, often struggling to justify it.

Since my arrival at Bard, I have attempted to grasp the function of a "liberal arts" education. Can a piece of paper proclaiming I studied "History" or "Human Rights" really warrant an almost quarter-million dollar expenditure? I'm unsure. But when students spend their short time at college only somewhat involved in their community, the answer transcends even the largest trust funds: not a chance.

The loss incurred is both tangible and abstract, each being equally lamentable. Skipping school, for example, is like getting pulled over for speeding: you lose \$200 (the price per class) and you gain nothing. And with lectures by acclaimed academics, campus jobs, and more than 160 active student organizations, getting involved is as easy as leaving your dorm room.

Of course it's understandable that going to Astor Home and working with abused children, writing an article for the Free Press, or getting out and playing soccer may not seem as appealing as playing FIFA '13 on your PS3. However, scoring a goal with a joystick really doesn't provide the same sort of fulfillment as changing a child's life, being published in a newspaper, or actually scoring a goal. It's basic economics: larger investments bring larger returns.

Lastly, while apathy indubitably affects academics, there are no words to describe the intellectual cost paid by students who choose not to invest in their schoolwork, so I won't even try.

Yet I have no desire to condemn my peers. Doing so fails to address the source of this problem, which is a culture of indifference that fundamentally undermines our ability to have a robust, engaged community. When apathy overcomes a large portion of the student body, the ramifications are felt by all. When no one comes to forums to discuss shuttle schedule changes, Chartwells food improvements, or constitutional amendments all *before* they happen, when no one speaks

out against the implementation of an Orwellian student reporting system, when no one volunteers to be on the Spring Fling Planning Committee, everyone loses. The students who do work hard for change consequently see their efforts go unrewarded, the insouciant masses are suddenly infuriated, and the administration is frustrated by the delayed indignation.

While many factors contribute to this vicious cycle, two stand out in particular to me:

A lot of people smoke weed at Bard. While that's not inherently problematic, when recreational use becomes habitual use, the drug becomes more than just a sort of outlet—it becomes a drain on motivation. It diminishes the desire to thrive. It becomes less a source of fun than a way of life. This issue will inevitably go unaddressed, but its contribution to the prevalent indifference here is an unspoken tragedy.

Then there is the prevailing love of irony. At its core, the hipster fetishization of "irony" has the capacity to remove meaning from most anything. It provides a shield against seriousness, and in turn, removes a good deal of sincerity in daily interaction. Irony provides an excuse to scoff at Student Government, spend hundreds on Goodwill-inspired clothing, and to listen to terrible music on repeat (remember Rebecca Black?). And, despite all the eloquent postmodern arguments that can be made in its defense, and for whatever laughs it provides, at its core, irony devalues genuine human interaction.

Needless to say, no combination of 800 words can expound the loss suffered by an unengaged community. Not only is the financial loss tangible, and the effect on student life apparent, but the personal loss has lasting repercussions beyond leaving students with a weak résumé and without passions.

It must be recognized that these are the last truly permeable years of our lives. When we graduate from Bard, our attitude, our principles, the way we have approached life, is very likely to resemble the way we will be in decades. We have been endowed with the chance to immerse ourselves in a unique growing experience. It cannot be understood through any textbook and it should not be wasted in front of a computer screen. Four years is all we have to experience this strange, wonderful place.

"Life's tragedy" Ben Franklin wrote, "is that we get old too soon and wise too late." College is a time to make mistakes that we cannot afford to make in the future. Let those mistakes be the kind you tell your children about, not those you regret for the rest of your life.

photo by janina misiewicz

www.bardfreepress.com



BARD TWEETS:

J.P. Corner @jpcorner

Free sproj title for any bio major who wants it (must give me credit): "Science Research: A Biology-Themed Study of Organisms"

Zoë Ames @zoevija

Can all the guys who want to start a family at approx. age 26 please raise their hands the rest of y'all are just wasting my time

Cypress Marrs @CypressCymbals

Because graduating from Bard without a stick and poke would be sacrilege...

Maeve Dillon @maevechristina

Who keeps watching The Aristocats on my Netflix account?

Il siira II @siiraSIIRAsiira

almost submitted my first likesomebardian post; completely pussied out; crawled under the covers; ate 12 hershey's kisses; died alone #happyvday

Mikey Gray @yikesmikesyikes

You can snapchat yourself!!!! #toomuchgangsta #gangsta

Teju Cole @tejucole

Strong hints that the next pope will be male.

Your Bardian @yourbardian

Hanging out with the Gnome. He says to me, "I'm not a gnome, I'm a freshman, get away from me." This guy.