

THE INDICATOR



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Letter to the Editors

Amherst College students are very stressed. At this school, busyness is a badge of honor and caffeine addiction is taken for granted. I have spent many extended Val sittings discussing why we are all so *stressed*, procrastinating before my nightly pilgrimage to Frost. Rather than condemning Amherst's unmanageable expectations or recommending homework shortcuts, I ask: How can we find happiness in our crushing workloads?

Striving requires drive and an objective. In this way, success—the completion of an objective—can be as dangerous to striving as indolence. I recently accomplished a lifelong goal: I signed on for a job that I want for after college, the result of twenty-one years of hard work. I am incredibly proud and excited for next year, but I now lack the goal that, until now, structured my life. I feel a bit empty, without purpose. I crave a goal to strive for.

To want is to feel alive. Desire imagines something more, something better, confidently discarding the blandness of the status quo. The chase for the good life is exhilarating. George Mallory, the first person to successfully climb Mt. Everest, knew this. When asked, “Why do you want to climb the mountain?” He responded, “Because it’s there.” He understood that there is a complex happiness in becoming the kind of person you want to be. Striving views effort as a step in the process of becoming that person. Striving is the adrenaline of running, pushing yourself even while short of breath. To strive is to hope.

But, what’s the point of working hard? Our school assignments might seem tedious and if we don’t try, then we can’t fail—and yet, we may choose to strive. Success is uncertain and pride is ephemeral, but striving creates a wanting so alive we foolishly ignore our own mortality and the apparent purposelessness of it all. Effort is a prayer against meaninglessness. Exertion fights back against inevitability. We strive as an antidote to the rage against and hatred of meaningless existence. Stress feels the indomitable weight of the world as it is. Striving wants more.

Although I aspire to find vitality in my effort and passion in my work, I often feel stressed. Amherst classes are difficult and the campus culture intensifies both the petty anxieties of social status and the soul-crushing pressure of an uncertain future. Despite these circumstances, I believe that we can choose how we think about our work. Above, I describe the sprightliness, vigor, and vivacity of striving that I hope to feel when I work hard. But I so often fail to achieve this mindset because the logic of stress convinces me that I lack the time and energy to focus on my affect. A clear articulation of the differences in mindset between stress and striving helps me choose to be happy.

In a stress mindset, work is an obligation to dispose of as quickly as possible; in the striving mindset, effort is inherently valuable. Stress is the product of stressors and we seek to relieve ourselves of its external sources. In contrast, if we replace this mindset with a striving one, adversity becomes a chance for self-improvement. When stressed, I view work as an imposi-

tion on my time, obstructing me from a fun weekend. Yet, even with a similar workload, if I commit to striving, I’m able to mindfully redirect that anxious energy into positive spirit. At college, even if we feel cultural pressure to schedule more obligations than there is time in a day, we have an enormous amount of flexibility to choose our courses, majors, and extra-curriculars. Whenever I have a lot of homework, I try to remember that it is really cool that I get to learn about chemistry, philosophy, and art. Whenever I just want to dispose of another tedious math problem set or LJST reading, I try to think about the joy of abstract thought and the quiet pleasures of reading.

Stress is obsessed with failure, a constant doubting of one’s abilities; striving mindfully believes in one’s present abilities and confidently imagines a better future. We often talk about drowning in homework. When stressed, I just feel like there is not enough time to get it all done. Sometimes this stress drives me to a manic disconnect from reality, ignoring all healthy limits on my body. A striver avoids these pitfalls through an awareness of the self that recognizes one’s own ability to exert influence on one’s environment. This fortified self-confidence recognizes pride in past accomplishments and plans for future successes. Mindful striving avoids mania by meaningfully recognizing the self’s relationship with the exterior world. Striving allows for a sense of level-headedness even while working hard; this mindset finds happiness, rather than stress, in work.

Biddy Martin, in last year’s Commencement Address, told the graduating class that there are no “clearings” in life. I think she meant that none of us will have—nor should we want to have—extended periods in our life without hard work. Biddy’s advice seems to scold the dominant vision of happiness in modern American life: if we toil away at our stressful jobs, then the payoff of retirement will make it all worthwhile. This strategy of provisional sacrifice requires stomaching the risk of a payoff with a distant and uncertain future. But, even worse, conceiving of retirement or the relief from stress as the only meaningful conclusion to effort dismisses the possibility of finding happiness in work itself. We don’t always get to choose how hard people expect us to work, but we do get to choose how to think about our work.

While I hope you’ve enjoyed or gained something from reading my ideas, I do not mean to tell you how to live your life. I wrote this essay for myself, to articulate how I find happiness and how to better find happiness in the future. Already, I feel better. In my remaining months at Amherst, with the right mindset, I plan to pursue a stress-free love of hard work. I am exhilarated by the chase for something more.

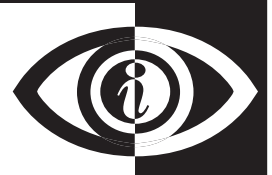
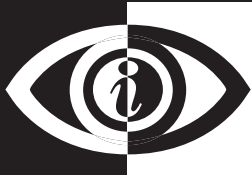
Jeremy Rubel '15



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The Indicator is a journal of social and political thought at Amherst College. Originally founded in 1848, it was resurrected in the spring of 1996 after a 145-year hiatus. *The Indicator's* primary mission is to provide a medium for discussion of local, national, and international issues within the college community. The journal appears four times during the fall and spring semesters.

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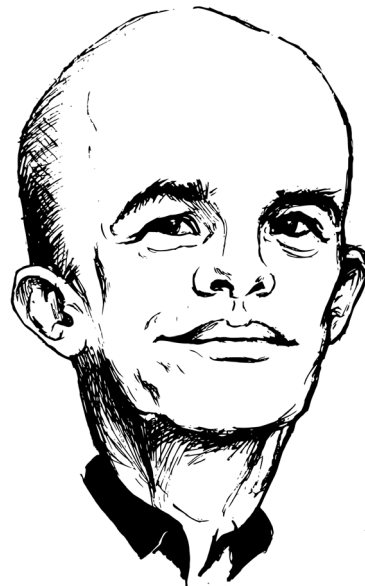
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INDICARTOON

“Call me Sanborn.”



Getting Comfortable

Ignoring Intricacy

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A funny guy and a nice girl walk into Val. Fortunately, or perhaps unfortunately, this isn't the beginning of a bad joke. It's rather a ten-word summary for a rather involved idea I like to refer to as the Amherst Student Dewey Decimal System. Although the system I refer to doesn't require you to sort through yellowed note cards until your thumbs begin to feel chapped, it does consist of the simplification of something that was once complicated. In fact, aside from a presumably annoying, anal demeanor (though I'm sure he had a lot of other, cooler traits) I can find little to criticize about Melvil Dewey and his organizational dream; it makes more than a little sense to separate an Albert Einstein biography from a book on fashion-forward hair care. My concern lies in the Amherst organizational system

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that most of us take part in and nourish: the organization of us.

I've come to find that there exists a tendency to simplify our peers in order to fit them neatly into our lives. This extends far beyond the stain of preconceived notions that we are well-versed in, so no need to dread a "don't judge a book by its cover" spiel. The oversimplification I write of occurs not only with those we barely know, but unfortunately also with those that have granted us the opportunity to understand them as intricate people. Both cases seem to be rooted in the belief that it's simply easier to maintain an idea of a person rather than the endless bounds of their character.

The first and most obvious case lies in our perceptions of those we barely know. Our idea of them is the only way they exist in our lives. The idea consists of a few memorable stories of their drunken endeavors, their commentary in your LJST class, or maybe just the angle at which their mouth sits as they walk from the Lighter Side chicken to the ice cream bar. In this case, the person exists with minimal intricacies simply because you have not yet discovered them. In our mind, and in our speech, they are the "smart football guy"

or the "redhead with the smile" — yes, I have actually heard people identify others by their groundbreaking ability to smile.

The second and perhaps more troubling case exists amongst those that we—for lack of a better word—know. The elaborate being may be a roommate who often gifts you hushed confessions amidst the thin walls of your dormitory or they could be the teammate you see more hours of the day than you don't. Or perhaps it's the person you sat across from on an Antonio's date as your awkward jaws struggled to manage both hot cheese and conversation. Even these people are often assigned a tidy role in our minds. Our hardworking best friend is our hardworking best friend and that's how we expect them to remain, like a Barbie maintaining its pristine, hyper-characterized outfit behind an untouched sheet of plastic on the shelf of Toys "R" Us.

In both cases this tendency not only denies them the ability to expand as people within our lives, but it also perpetuates the idea that that person needs to consistently fill that assigned role. I must admit, I often feel that I am being less "me" when I fail to fulfill the idea of me that many maintain. In reality, this so-called failure is actually just another part of who I am. Although we undoubtedly have prominent traits, in reality, we're as confusing as your sixth grade Rube Goldberg project, and we're all capable of filling seemingly unimaginable roles.

I presume this habit of categorizing others is simply a societal norm, but I've chosen to bring it to light, as Amherst, with a mere 1800 stu-

dents, ought to be an exception. I can only hope this article inspires an awareness that could perhaps allow us to push beyond Melvil Dewey's type-A bull.

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Knowing Amherst

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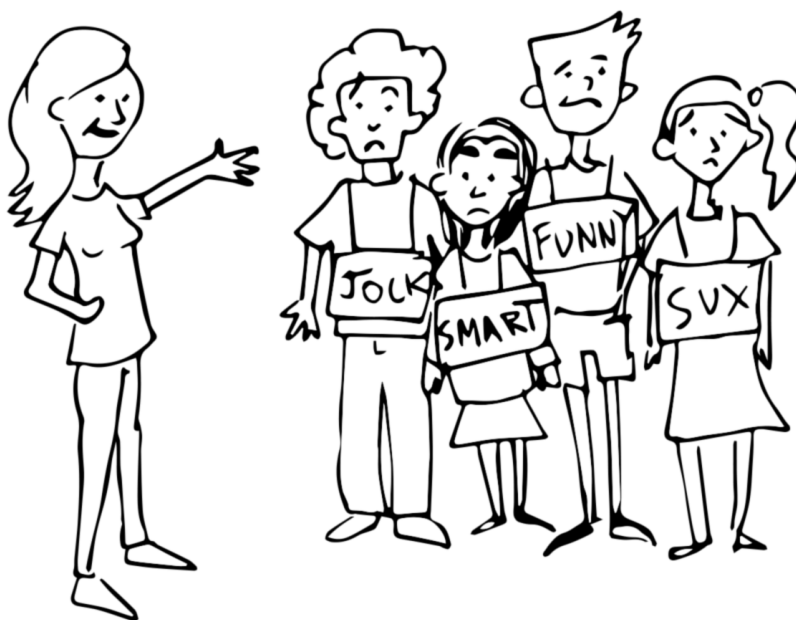
"The Zoo? We have a zoo?"

No, sadly we don't have a zoo on campus (even though that would be amazing). This seems to be a common misconception that occurs when one person is talking about our culinary theme house and another is talking about a microcosm of the animal kingdom. On multiple occasions at Amherst, I have been asked a similar question, but regarding a different place.

"The Japanese Garden? We have that?"

Yes, we do have a Japanese Garden and I've worked there as a gardener since last semester. Most people have a lack of knowledge about this particular aspect of our campus, as opposed to the Zü conundrum, where ambiguous homonyms are to blame.

I wonder, over the course of the four



years we are here, which regions of campus we will actually get to know very well, which areas we will know of but never set foot on,

travel. I want to experience extraordinary things. I want to get to know many environments. Still, there is pleasure to be found in

Do I need to feel bad about the fact that I've only been to one restaurant in Northampton?

and what places we will never even know exist. I have not yet gone to the Zü, but I have gotten to know the garden well, and I am sure the list of the unknown parts of campus is still extensive for me. Naturally, we have spaces we associate with more closely than others.

Yet when we think of home, college, the workplace, or even an entire country, we may say we "know" the place without much contemplation. To what extent is this true?

Let's take a hypothetical zoo as an example (note: I am not talking about the Zü). We may happily trot through the zoo, spending three minutes in front of each enclosure and making our way around the entire park. Alternatively, we may spend a long time observing and reading the descriptions of only four species and call it a day. Which experience is better or worse? Ultimately, it comes down to personal preferences. However, the point here is that we do not need to know every square inch of a place in order to create a meaningful connection with it. Maybe we could also have a close attachment to a place because we are especially familiar with a fraction of the whole.

In college, there seems to be so many places to go, so many things to see and do. Do I need to feel bad about the fact that I've only been to one restaurant in Northampton? Should I go down to the socials more often to find parties? Am I missing out? The truth is, I probably am. Things can get even more overwhelming outside of college. I want to

knowing a few spaces very well. I am not trying to justify exiling ourselves to the Amherst Bubble: the comfort of our dorms, Frost, the Japanese Garden, and good company. Rather, we should recognize that familiarity with a place is all the knowledge we need sometimes.

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Get Loud!

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Listen, I get it. I get why you, the Amherst student, don't go to many (or any) Amherst sporting events. Maybe you have a thesis to write, or Netflix just released the new season of *House of Cards*, or you don't give a shit. All valid reasons. While it doesn't perturb you/me that your attendance is spotty at best, it does bother me that the few who do go are so very very quiet. Like a mouse, or someone in a coma. But, mice and comatose people have a good reason to be quiet. Mice have notoriously small vocal chords, making them incapable of producing loud noises, and comatose people are in comas. Non-mouse, non-comatose humans do not have either of these issues. They could be loud at Amherst sporting events but choose not to be.

And this is a problem. Yes, it's a problem in the obvious sense: Silent fans make

for a less entertaining environment and diminish Amherst's home field advantage. If fans were louder, it would be more fun to come to the games and the teams would perform better (or opposing teams would perform worse), with both effects drawing more fans to the game. A good ol' positive feedback loop.


So why are Amherst sports fans so quiet? One may think it's because Amherst students simply don't like yelling or hearing their own voice. Wrong, YOU IDIOT! A quick trip to the socials proves that Amherst students love singing loudly, obnoxiously even, to whatever pop song is in vogue. Moreover, a quick trip to an intro philosophy class verifies that Amherst students actually love the sound of their own voice. The reason Amherst students don't create a cacophony during sports events is simple: fear.

Amherst students fear being made to look a fool. That's why we get drunk before we sing obnoxiously and hook-up with each other. That's why we cover up our bullshit comments in class with intricate, eloquent sentence structures. It's all a façade, man (read this sentence in a hippy voice). Really, the Amherst sports fan silence is the Amherst Awkward. It signifies our fear of putting ourselves out there, of being goofy in public, of

The reason Amherst students don't create a cacophony during sports events is simple: fear.

looking like a doof without the security of a few beers or pseudo-intellectual jargon. It's the absurd fear that there will be retribution for uninhibited, irrational enthusiasm directed towards something.

So please, get loud at your next sporting event! When your favorite basketball player throws down a vicious dunk, don't engage in a polite golf clap or make the sound a stuffy Brit makes after he observes a de Kooning. Instead, clap your hands together like it matters, and hoot and holler and yell and all of those loud words. Yes, it will make the game more fun, but more importantly, it is one step towards breaking the beast that is the Amherst Awkward. Next time you're at a game, embarrass yourself with your noise. You'll be glad you did.

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Sneezing in Paradise

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A complete account of the worst massage possible.

When my dad first approached my sister and me to inform us that he had purchased us full-body massages at the resort's luxury spa, it seemed too good to be true. Here we were—at a ritzy Marriott in the middle of the Caribbean—and I was happy to just laze about on the gorgeous white beaches and enjoy the sunny 85° F weather. This family vacation in St. Thomas was exactly what I needed after a challenging first semester at school. There were no deadlines to worry about, no organic chemistry problem sets to turn in, and I could literally live in my swimsuit all day. In fact, the most stressful part of the vacation thus far had been trying to untangle my long hair from my snorkel mask.

And so I couldn't have been more thrilled to hear that my perfect, albeit temporary, escape from life's hassles would be made even more complete by adding a professional massage to the mix. A massage, I might note, that would last for a blissful 50 minutes. Fifty minutes of nothing but getting oiled down in a room scented with lavender and ylang ylang.

I had never experienced the joy of receiving an official massage in a spa before, and I was looking forward to the superfluous pleasures it might bring: in particular, sipping “fancy” cucumber water and paging through gossip magazines in a private lounge. I was so excited to indulge in some time to myself that I hastily brushed aside the trivial fact that I was sick with the flu.

Yes. My beautiful retreat was marred by the whims of my weakened immune system. Only weeks before winter break I caught mono, so my health was still somewhat compromised. Instead of lamenting my ill fortune, I figured that I'd much rather have the flu on an island paradise than back home in subzero northern Wisconsin. Moreover, the flu seemed comparatively tame when likened to my recent scrape with mono, which is perhaps why I was so quick to dismiss it as a non-obstacle in the way of my massage. Whatever the reason, I was woefully optimistic about my decision to keep my massage appointment. It later turned out to be one of the most hilariously sad incidents I've experienced. What follows is a true description of the events that transpired:

1:00 p.m., island time: I arrive at the Lazule

Sea Spa and Salon early to shower and change. I find that the lotion in the locker room, although certainly expensive, stings a little on my legs (later that evening, I discover I've had a slight allergic reaction). The robe I put on is so massive that it keeps slipping off my shoulders. I sense a potential wardrobe malfunction in the near future.

1:30 p.m., island time: I'm waiting in the lounge with my sister. Enya-like music plays in the background. There is an elderly couple sitting across from us, making me ultra-aware of the egocentrism of my generation as I flip through a fashion magazine.

1:50 p.m., island time: A lady comes up to me and asks what kind of aromatic infusion I would like for my massage. The options are: “Relax More,” “Sleep Better,” “Regenerate Youth,” “Improve Health,” and “Sensual Enlivenment.” Maybe I should have chosen “Improve Health,” but I end up sticking to the classic “Relax More.”

2:00 p.m., island time: My masseuse introduces herself. She looks like she could be in her mid-50s. She is thin and wrinkled everywhere but her surprisingly youthful hands, and she speaks in a voice characteristic of someone in an ASMR video.

2:05 p.m., island time: As my massage therapist leads me to a room, I reluctantly tell her that I'm recovering from a “minor cold,” just in case it's not made obvious by my frequent coughing episodes and constantly dripping nose. She throws me a disapproving look (can't blame her).

2:10 p.m., island time: I'm lying down on the massage table, which is wonderfully heated. Unfortunately, I'm lying prone, which means that not only can I no longer breathe through my nose, but I'm also dripping snot onto the ground. I realize that this is really unattractive.

2:15 p.m., island time: I'm currently spending a lot of energy trying to quench the ever-present tickle in my throat that might lead to another round of coughing. When the point of no return comes, I have no choice but to ask the masseuse for a glass of water. She stares at me as if I've asked for a dead body before leaving the room.

2:20 p.m., island time: My masseuse returns just as I'm wondering if she fled for good. I notice that she's adorned with a surgical face mask—good call.

2:30 p.m., island time: This is ridiculous. I ask for a tissue and the massage therapist puts a stack of paper towels by my head. I feel at once



deeply grateful to her, sorry for making this possibly the worst massage she's ever given, and slightly miffed at her ill-concealed disgust of my condition.

2:35 p.m., island time: My masseuse finally initiates conversation! It goes like this:

Masseuse: How old are you?

Me: 20!

Masseuse: My, my. You have got to be one of the tensest young adults I've met! I can feel all these knots in your muscles!


Me: Yeah, I guess that I've been under a lot of pressure lately. Just last week I had several final exams at my college.

Masseuse: You college students these days are under too much stress, I can tell. You must go to a very difficult school. Are the academics very hard? Do your parents put a lot of pressure on you? Do you have any time to relax at all? It's just not healthy to be so tight all the time.

Me: Uhhh. Well, I do attend an academically rigorous school, but it's not unmanageable. And I was just under more stress than normal because of final exams last week, which has nothing to do with my parents... (Feeling somewhat defensive at this point).

Masseuse: I see. It's clear to me that there is just too much going on in your life and your muscles are too tense. You should relax more.

Me: ... (I'm feeling personally attacked. I realize that I need to take time to relax, which is why I'm here! Also, this conversation is not at all relaxing.)

2:50 p.m., island time: The massage ends and I am super relieved to get out of this suffocating room to find some real tissues. Honestly, I can't wait to get back to the hotel room so I can forget about the uncomfortable conversation I just had and return to the second season of *The Blacklist*. My muscles feel loose and my skin feels soft, but I'm not sure if I'm any calmer. I decide to remember this first-time experience as a funny story, but I certainly won't turn down another professional massage if the opportunity arises. Hopefully next time will be more soothing! 

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Our Bear Path

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An ode to the unsung hero of the hill.

The bear path begins (ends?) in the corner of the parking lot behind Marsh House, heading almost west. Here, it serves as a path second and a drainage ditch first. During the fall rainstorms, the path became impassible except for its outer edges, requiring a good sense of balance or a willingness to hop from side to side to avoid the dark brown mud beneath. It became particularly treacherous in January, when the ground was covered with a thick layer of ice, former snow that had compacted after a series of 33° days. At one point, meltwater from the parking lot carved an inch-deep groove in the frozen ice as it ran down the path. All trips down the bear bath ran the risk of a painful fall (usually harmful to the pride only, occasionally and unfortunately more). During the fall, this little five-foot section of the path was the last to remain free of bright red leaves, since immediately afterward the bear path takes a hard right and becomes covered by trees. In the late summer, when we first arrived here after a summer away, the branches overhead supported a lusciously green canopy. After turning right, the path goes mostly straight down in the direction of the Evergreens, Emily Dickinson's brother's house. More on that later. Until the air got too cold and the ground too treacherous, I would coast down the path on my bike, letting go of the brakes until I reached the bottom of the straight section. The trail

bends to the left, a menacing broken end of a fallen branch confronting passersby at face level. Maneuvering through a series of dense bushes and passing a fence marking the boundaries of a forgotten garden, the bear path dumps you out onto a lawn near the Evergreens, the Emily Dickinson House a few hundred feet or so to the left. During the fall and spring, the sections of

path crossing this lawn devolve often into vast areas of dense muck. Again, you have to make either long detours around--or attempt a dance routine directly through--the areas of danger. This fall, a construction company working on the Evergreens tore up the lawn with their tires, making a clean passage of the lawn impassible. No matter, for after going down the pebble driveway at the bottom of the lawn and crossing the chain, the muck (or snow) can be mostly stamped out of your shoes onto the sidewalk of Main Street. I tripped over that chain once, catching myself in the dirt with my hands before greater damage was done to the flannel shirt (I live in Marsh, I'm allowed) I wore to keep the memory of summer's warmth with me in the crisp late-October air. I'll walk the bear path every day this year, probably with only a couple of exceptions, taking it to cut short the walk to Val in the morning and back to the Hill in the evening.



given servicing during the fall and winter), no records exist for its upkeep. The afternoon before Marsh Haunted House, the school's Environmental Safety Advisor deigned to inspect the safety of the bear path as he did the rest of our production, since the narrow trail lacked the official recognition had by all the paved paths around campus. Its construction must have been simple: Amherst


students walking from Marsh down through the woods and across the lawn, just as they do today. I can picture an energetic Calvin Coolidge bounding down through those woods from what was once the Phi Gamma Delta House, like I did this morning.

Unfortunately, the date of the creation of

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the bear path is not known, so we will never know who was the first person to assert their right to getting to campus

three minutes before their friends. I hope that same drive continues in Amherst students today, the will to love our campus enough to make it our own. We need to resist always that species of pathetic melancholy and New York pessimism that declares our school boring and this area a backwater. I will hold a Bear Path Restoration Day some time in the spring. Whoever comes will help me engineer the trail like professional park departments do everywhere, by diverting the parking-lot runoff away from the mouth of the path and placing boards over the muck at the front of the lawn. I imagine a wood banister near the top of the path to grasp during the icy winter, and gravel sprinkled in the spots where water collects during the warmer seasons. I hope you all come.

Our dorms and the paths that service them are some of the few tangible things at Amherst we can use to connect ourselves to the decades of students that lived in our buildings before us. The school has reinvented itself many times since the building was bought by a group of Amherst fraternity brothers in 1903. Next time you find yourself with no party to go to on a Friday, or are swamped with work on a Monday, remember that kids made the bear path. We have the ability, indeed, the privilege, to make Amherst our own, to plant the stamp of our times on the College as it has been planted by every generation before us. Whenever the administration steps on the toes of the students, as we too often see it do, remember that all is not lost: kids made the bear path, and will make it anew, and will make new bear paths for themselves wherever they live at Amherst and in life beyond. We just have to remember to have the courage to make that happen. 

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Blindness

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A night on the train from Grand Central to Crestwood.

“Dude, I would’ve hit that prick,” says a booming voice from a seat behind me. I saw him get on a couple of stops ago: He looks like a less handsome, substantially more muscular version of Vin Diesel, with an oddly squeaky, nasally voice, similar to Elijah Wood’s. His arms are bulking tapestries of tattoos, whose color juts out against the backdrop of his black tank top. His pitch keeps rising as he talks about pummeling someone outside a bar. I want to laugh, but I figure that’s probably what the guy who almost got wrecked did, too.

“I know. I know. I would’ve hit em, too,” says his friend. “Bastard.” The second dude is much smaller, balding, but also has biceps that look like quads. I check my pockets to see if I’ve got headphones. Left them at home.

The 12:27 Harlem line train from Grand Central collects a diverse group of passengers, especially on a Thursday night in the summertime: drunk Yankee fans, college kids who’ve been clubbing, employees of restaurants and banks, suburban high school kids who’ve spent the night trying to get into bars, visitors to the city going to stay with a friends, and lawyers and bankers in suits. This hodgepodge—not just of profession, but also of age and social class—rides together because the late-night trains only run local. In this way, the late-night Metro North trains serve as a stubborn hold-out against trends like white-flight and gentrification, which tend to erect walls along socio-economic lines. But the late-night Metro North trains are not unique in that regard; after all, Grand Central station, the subway, and public buses serve the same function. What’s unusual about the late-night trains is this: People talk.

Something about sitting in a booth on a train car makes people feel secure, as though no one can hear them. Of course, this sense of security is a fiction. The people behind you might as well be at the other end of the dinner table, and on a late night when everything outside is dark, the conversations around you feel like different stations on the radio, and you almost unthinkingly tune in and out of other people’s interactions.

In the seat in front of me, some young-sounding (I didn’t see them get on) women have been talking in hushed tones. As the conversation behind me lags, my attention snaps toward

this one: “You see the guy up there, by the train booth?” One voice says.

“Oh yes. Oh yes.” says the other one. I lean out into the aisle to see who they’re talking about. Standing right by the train door is one of the most handsome men I have ever seen. He looks like Pierce Brosnan with a modern haircut, and he’s dressed with all the frills and style of wealth: collared pink shirt, shades, khakis, and summer boat shoes.

The women pass on to talking about their dinner that evening. They’ve got a friend they hadn’t seen in a while, and apparently he’s doing well. “That’s really good for him, that he got a job out there,” one says to the other.

In the row of seats across from me I think I hear someone say “Ricky.” I look over, and



see no one I know. Nor are they looking at me. That is, they weren’t. But the older woman feels my eyes on her, I guess, so she looks over and we exchange an awkward glance. I turn back to the window.

I have a hard time figuring out where to place my eyes. Outside is too dark to see anything, and I don’t want to stare at the seat in front of me. To my right looms the specter of eye contact with strangers. So I look up and around, but somehow my eyes always seem to pause on the dude by the train door, who stands there, glorying in his handsomeness.

I feel a kind of creeping anxiety slowly swell up inside me on these trains. I don’t think it’s the sheer mass of humanity *per se*. I don’t mind racing through Grand Central in the morning or crowded subway cars, full of sullen faces. What overwhelms is the *depth* of the humanity I find in the train car. When I walk through Grand Central, the people I see occupy physical space, and they react to things I do, but I have an easy


time separating myself from the weight of each person’s lived experience. I think many commuters do this; there’s a desensitizing effect to seeing so much life in the same place, so many people doing the exact same thing, so many mornings that perfectly resemble each other. We seem like sheep to one another, herded by train signs that tell us the flock will leave without us if we don’t hurry.

But the air of the Metro North train is saturated with inescapably human *conversation*. The weight of people’s words presses on me, or maybe it fills me; but either way, I experience through eavesdropping a series of vignettes of the day-to-day lives of the humans around me. These are people I wouldn’t otherwise meet, people who live nearly every moment in their lives in social spaces that, by design or otherwise, do not interact with my social spaces.

And on this Thursday night, as my eyes wander and fall on my man-crush, I am gripped by that poisonous form of jealousy that bleeds into self-pity. I want to look like the man by the train door; I want the women in the train car in front of me to talk in hushed tones about *me*. I want attention, affection, love and care, and I want to have it just for the way I look.

And as the train ride goes on, that self-pity transitions into a kind of shame. I become ashamed first because, in the midst of this train car, teeming with human life and experience, I have taken an encounter between strangers and made it about me. I have fallen into that default, sometimes hard to shake, of seeing the world only through my own eyes. And I am ashamed as well to have pitied myself, having been given so much. I scold myself for the voracious ego inside me that finds jealousy the way a dog chases a tennis ball.

As I am lost in these thoughts people keep trading words and ideas around me. The men behind me are now talking about going hiking sometime on Saturday and bringing their families. The women in front of me are talking about a movie, *The Giver*, and how they preferred the book.

“The next station is...Crestwood,” says the loudspeaker. The train slows to a crawl, the loudspeakers beep, and the train door opens. And the man by the train door pulls out a white cane, unfurls it, waves it both ways to hit each of the walls, and carefully steps out into the summer night. 

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The Art of Eavesdropping

Alisa Bajramovic

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In defense of listening in, and a how-to guide.

I am infatuated with eavesdropping. Cafés, coffee shops, restaurants—they're all bursting with the conversations of strangers. I crave the anonymous gossip, the confession, the discussion of problems and the asking for advice. These slivers of life stories are more interesting than any book or movie I've ever read or watched. The characters are more developed in their few lines of dialogue than they would be in an entire Dostoyevsky novel.

Sure, the blips of conversation don't give me that much to hold on to. Very little backstory is ever explained, but it is the little that these strangers give me that I love the most. Strangers present me with a perfectly blank slate to work with. I assign them names, backstories, conflicts, and resolutions. I determine their relationships, their family dynamics, their professions and their places of residence. I insert myself into their conversations, not as an active participant, but as an invisible, silent presence. I sympathize with their issues, critique their mistakes. I feel powerful emotions and sometimes can't stop thinking about these people—these complete strangers—for days.

You're probably thinking that yes, everyone eavesdrops. It's human nature to listen in. You probably overhear discussions in Val and Frost all the time, stories about last night, drama among friends. But there is, at least in my mind, a

It's not something to abuse or overuse, but, done sparingly and correctly, it can be beautiful.

right way and a wrong way to eavesdrop. There are things you can do to make it a wonderful experience, and there are other things to make you regret ever snooping. Eavesdropping doesn't need to be "unethical" (as Wikipedia tried to tell me), nor should it feel like you're wasting your time. It's not something to abuse or overuse, but, done sparingly and correctly, it can be beautiful. Eavesdropping, done right, is an art.

Rule #1: Never eavesdrop on people you know. This is where most go wrong. The problem with eavesdropping on friends, or friends of friends, or people who you've bumped into a few times but don't know that well, is that you run the risk of it becoming personal. Even if it may seem like their conversations have *nothing* to do with you, you, by default, are inserting your past knowledge about them into their present con-

versation. This makes it impossible to listen with *tabula rasa*. You cannot craft elaborate backstories if a history already exists. If they're not strangers, it's impossible for your imagination to run free.

Rule #2: Don't draw conclusions too early. The conversation may end up going in a direction you did not imagine. The way people look, with whom they're speaking, what they're drinking—while those elements may provide some insight, they don't speak to the strangers' entire characters. Give them a chance to talk. Simply take it all in. Listen to each word closely. Note the pauses between thoughts. If you can see their expressions, observe how they relate to what is being said. Pay careful attention, leaving not a single detail out.

Rule #3: Take a break from listening and let your imagination wander. This is simultaneously the most difficult and the easiest part of the entire process. Who is each of these strangers? Where did they grow up, where do they live now? Did they go to college, do they enjoy their job? When was the last time they spoke to their parents? Do they have any kids? Are they married, single, widowed, divorced? Are they in love, or have they ever been in love? Are they happy? Are they happier now than they were ten years ago? Do they think they'll be happy in 20? From what you've already heard and observed, you've learned so much about them, or at least can piece small details together. Don't think

too much about any of these questions—let the answers come to you. Let the stories materialize, the real characters of these fictional lives, let them emerge to the forefront of your imagination. Take each thought as it comes, and don't second-guess yourself. Fill in the lives of these strangers. Tell yourself that your imagination is right, that the people are exactly how you picture them to be.

Rule #4: Let yourself get lost in the conversation. Read the novel that your mind has just crafted. Though the backstories are all born out of your imagination, their dialogue is alive and tangible. Be that fly on the wall. Drown in their conversations, sympathize with their problems, laugh along with their stories. Let yourself become attached to these people. You may be enraged or joyous or saddened or infatuated by what they're saying, but the moment they stand up to leave,


you will feel a pang of nostalgia. You will probably never see them again, and if you do, the conversation won't be the same. This very moment will always just be a fond memory of a person that exists but a life story that never happened. Their lives, names, and histories are not real, but what you have just imagined was an insightful exercise of creativity and introspection.



I've been incredibly amused in the process. One of my favorite conversations was between two women in their mid-twenties, both tremendously upset that *all* of their friends were getting married, and they were the *only* ones still single.

They described one of their friends as "engaged to be engaged"—a phrase that, I'm almost certain, means absolutely nothing—and while they were definitely fresh out of college, they were acting as though they were about to die alone. The absurdity of their fear was comical; these women unknowingly made me laugh.

I've also cried from conversations I've listened to. Recently, I overheard a woman on the phone with her elderly father. She told him that his nurse was coming by later to deliver medication, and that his son would bring him dinner later that night. The conversation was more powerful than any tear-filled scene from a box-office hit. She was so poised in speaking to her father, the man who now only faintly resembles the young, active, and funny dad she grew up with. The moment was overwhelming, and though I heard it about a month ago, I still think about it almost every day.

Eavesdropping is simultaneously an avenue for escape and discovery. I let my mind and creativity wander when thinking about the lives of pure strangers. Eavesdropping is writing without paper, it's playing music without notes. It is the patience of listening, filling in the blanks to a very thin story. The way I effortlessly and instinctually bridge the gaps, that's what surprises me every time. The backstories I've built and emotions I've felt for these people, for life stories that are certainly false, give me insight into sections of my mind that I rarely reach. To listen in is to find the middle ground between daydreaming and paying close attention—that spot that's so difficult to unearth but so beautiful to observe. 

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Art, Space, and Community

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Imagining a new space for all of us.

Former Amherst President Tony Marx, I've been told, often remarked that college is meant to "make students who feel comfortable uncomfortable and students who feel uncomfortable comfortable," recognizing that the college administration's role extends beyond the classroom. Learning is rarely a comfortable process; students must first feel settled in their classrooms, dorms, dining halls, sports teams, clubs, and friendships before they can begin to truly stretch themselves. A college administration, then, is charged with a dual responsibility: to push students to experience new situations, ideas, and perspectives while also providing satisfying, comfortable routines—to constantly balance and reassess where the classroom ends and home begins.

Last month's Day of Dialogue, though expressly focused on the issues of race and racism, expanded during the "Envisioning Conversations" session to include a more general examination of Amherst College as a community. Small groups of students, faculty, and staff discussed hypothetical, idealistic ways in which Amherst might develop an inclusive college community by 2020 before sharing their brainstorming ideas with the larger gathering.

These discussions led me to reconsider our administration's role in providing a home for us. I appreciate the school's consistent and genuine efforts to improve student life and campus community. But I question whether a home—a community—is something one can inherit simply by virtue of occupying a physical space. I believe instead that the physical space should be provided with the understanding that community members will individually and collectively make it their own.

The moderator at the envisioning session asked us to imagine what an inclusive Amherst community might look like. The administration constantly confronts this question, most recently with the Val renovation, which is an example of the administration's attempt to recalibrate the balance between "school" and "home" (i.e., should Val be a place where we learn from the varied experiences of our peers or where we just hang out with friends?). Val is often viewed as the locus of visible social divisions on campus. I suspect that in addition to trying to generally improve Val's decor, the administration was also seeking to splinter and shuffle habitual seating patterns such that teams and social groups are forced to occupy new, smaller spaces. The diversity that Amherst and the Admissions Office

strive for means little, of course, if social groups are largely homogenous and insular.

Social divisions may be most visible in Val, but I don't think the physical layout of Val is the cause of these divisions. If it were, the floor plan overhaul would have made a noticeable difference, but as far as I can tell, we are all still eating with our same friends and teammates, often even in the same rooms as before. As the only student dining facility on campus, Val serves as a "home" for us all; it is where we shed our backpacks, forget about schoolwork, and catch up with friends. I want to acknowledge that distinguishing learning from peers and hanging out with friends is an oversimplification. These two situations aren't always,

I think we should grasp at the chance—the responsibility—to create a community in which we feel comfortable.



friends. If the administration hopes to foster an exchange of perspectives among diverse groups of students, it should instead focus attention on the root of the problem—rather than its manifestation in Val—by encouraging friendships that span social divides.

I believe that such friendships and such a community can arise only after every member has been made to feel acknowledged and welcomed. A socially-engineered setting may appear to obligate certain students to enlighten others about their experiences. Our sense of community shouldn't, and probably can't, be forced to arise strictly as a byproduct of Amherst's academic purpose—bringing together a diverse group of people so that they may learn with and from each other—but should instead spring from our collective engagement and inspiration.

I was initially surprised that almost every "envisioning" group commented on a desire for more public and student art on campus.* But now it seems so clear: Art can be a means of personalizing a space, of making a home. The first thing I do when I return each fall and open the door to a new dorm room is tape up my posters and photos. In

*See also Craig Campbell '15's AC Voice article, "Student Art for Student Space: A Call for Public Art."


this way, I create a space that is fully mine, despite the generations of students that have preceded me. Likewise, what adorns our campus hints at who belongs here. Support for the Lord Jeff mascot, for instance, is dwindling as a result of the notoriety his image signifies and the people it marginalizes.

Providing a visual representation of the variety of voices and experiences of our community members would no doubt help us develop a more inclusive community. By way of example, one senior at the Day of Dialogue proposed a giant mural to which each student would contribute one small dot until, over the years, the full image emerged. Returning for Homecoming, one could see one's own mark amid those added by every student in the

intervening years, connecting Amherst students and alums

as members of a single community.

As time passes, I feel more and more settled here—it wasn't until my junior year that I unconsciously began using the phrase "going home" to mean that I was returning to my dorm room. Only over time do the spaces provided for me begin to feel as though they belong to me. But perhaps this process of settling into campus and feeling a sense of belonging can be expedited by the presence of art that is of the place and its community members. In this way, we could inhabit spaces collectively shaped by the community to which we belong, rather than spaces provided for us by the college.

What I'll miss most about Amherst, not surprisingly, are the people I've met here. So it is the places that link me to the shared history of Amherst people, past, present, and future, which mean the most to me: the trodden bear path through Emily Dickinson's property to the Hill; the bathrooms lined with literary quotes; the sunlit hallway in JChap that creaks—warmly, somehow, never eerily—under the weight of all who have walked its length. I felt much less at home living in the newly renovated MoPratt than I did in Plimpton, whose general wear-and-tear and library full of past students' cast-off books brought it to life. As Amherst students, I think we should grasp at the chance—the responsibility—to create a community in which we feel comfortable. And maybe, eventually, with a greater collective sense of belonging, we will begin to take more risks, become uncomfortable, and learn from the experience. 

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Pushing Upwards

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A way forward in the wake of the Day of Dialogue.

The Day of Dialogue transported students, staff, and faculty from their routine spaces and tasks to the communal space of Lefrak Gymnasium. There, we listened to academic speeches, participated in conversations on race, and imagined a better Amherst. The day gently stirred us into contact with one another, and it prodded us to nods, handshakes, and half-smiles. It gave us an opportunity to empathize beyond our social labels. We came together as students in the sciences and humanities, tenured and associate professors, facilities and administrative staff, but we engaged with each other as talkers, listeners, and facilitators. We agreed and disagreed, journeyed through moments of excitement and disgust, and left feeling that there was as much unsaid as there was said. We experienced the Day of Dialogue as members of a community trying to understand a socially constructed identity—race—and a system of hierarchy—racism.

So, where do we stand after the Day? What has changed, if anything? Was the Day worthwhile? There are no simple answers to these questions. As such, this piece does not seek to provide answers so much as further unravel these questions. For the first: We do not stand in a single place, but multiple. This is reflected in written pieces ranging from “Debunking Myths About the Police” to “Day of Dialogue or Day of ‘Dialogue?’” In general, we want to continue conversations and transform them into actions. If anything, we are moving after the Day, not standing. Listen to conversations in the dining hall, the campus center, or on the way from class to dorms, and you will hear a community in transition. We are in a state of dynamism

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rather than stasis.

The Day of Dialogue was change. I think particularly of lunch in Coolidge Cage, the most unintendedly brilliant part of the Day. It was a rare, unstructured time during which students, staff, and faculty mingled together in a common space. In those minutes of sandwich-munching and group-talking, we stood and sat amidst pieces of a new Amherst. It was a space of in-

teractions, lounging, thought, and movement. Yes, many of us chose to self-segregate into friend groups, and no, we did not all buddy up with people from our discussion groups, but underneath that domed ceiling, our collective puzzle created itself as it was being discussed. For a small period of time and space, there existed an Amherst family splintered but held together by food.


Lunch at the Cage was the first time during my six semesters at Amherst that I saw dining service workers out of uniform. In that moment, an unequal relationship was redefined. No matter how much I had thought of service workers as equals, my interactions with them were limited to the food counters at Val. I had never interacted with them in a neutral space, on their own terms. The Day of Dialogue provided such an opportunity. For all its criticisms, of being too academic or of not engaging in sincere or broad enough conversation, the Day allowed for a time and space to rethink hierarchies. Students, staff, and faculty from different walks of life and parts of campus were put into conversation with one another in ways that are too rare. Through its display of interactions, the Day showed us a visibly different future.

When imagining and creating an ideal Amherst, we should be driven by the impossible and

not be restricted by the boundaries of now. But, I deeply believe that what ought to be has roots in what is, and that one route to a better future is by growing, adding on to, and transforming that which already exists. If we want a community where work mixes with play and genuine interactions are the norm, let's look to Book & Plow Farm, where food, song, and story are at the core of how workers relate to one another,

and imagine how we can grow their model. If we want a community in which we seriously discuss, recognize, and celebrate different identities, let's provide more support to our resource centers, the Queer Resource Center (QRC), the Women's and Gender Center (WGC), and the Multicultural Resource Center (MRC). If we want a community that is self-critical, thoughtful, creative and expressive, let's build critical theory programs, expand ethnic studies courses, and advocate for theater and dance curricula. As we discuss Amherst, let us identify movements in motion, plug into them, and build.

When we engage in critique at Amherst, it is usually in the form of pushback, a one-two jab that punches at soft spots and results in a take down. I am immersed in and engage with that pushback more often than not. But perhaps it's worth considering a form of critique that pushes up, one that actively seizes an idea to transcend. Perhaps alongside pushback, we can engage in push-up, a critique that is critical but kind, one that links de-construction with re-construction.

In the first day of the class Community in Motion, we participated in an exercise in which we led a blindfolded partner around the room. Part of the challenge was to guide with minimal speaking. When it was my turn to be blindfolded and led, my partner did a brilliant job of leading me with his body. He would nudge me on my right shoulder to go left and on my left shoulder to go right. When I was sitting on the ground, he would press his back against mine and ask me to push back in order to create a tension that would bring both of us to our feet. As we move forward with our projects of community building and critical thinking, creating and critiquing initiatives like the Day of Dialogue, let us push one another to stand rather than to fall. Let us speak empathetically with our full selves, not simply through bodiless, disconnected voices. We may stumble at times, but together, we will move far. 

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New Blood in Buckley

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An unexpected encounter at a chamber concert.

It was Halloween 2014. In the spur of the moment, my costumed friends and I decided to attend the 8 pm concert of medieval music at Buckley Concert Hall. We hurried to our seats in the darkening space, and only when we sat down did I see something different from the usual picture.

Now, it's important to realize that we were dressed in costumes—I was a flapper from the '20s wearing ridiculous makeup and obnoxious headgear. My friends looked even worse, with painted faces in the style of Picasso and Matisse. While we stood out on campus proper, we felt especially uncomfortable in the concert hall. Instead of the familiar faces of other students in Halloween costumes, around us were knit sweaters, thick-lensed glasses, and bleach-white hair. Amherst College's Buckley Hall had transformed from a young adult haven to a social place for the Amherst community's seniors for the night.

In order to figure out why this event, supposedly meant for students, had such a large turnout from the elderly members of the community, I turned to Alisa Pearson, Manager of Concert Programming, Production, and Publicity. As it turns out, the two-year-long

tive for a learning environment.

The seats, Pearson said, are mostly filled with people who buy subscriptions—tickets to all the concerts in a season in one fell swoop. The concert hall should be filled with these subscribers, except about 20 percent of them don't show up for the event. "We get sold-out houses with at least 80 open seats," Pearson

Instead of the familiar faces of other students in Halloween costumes, around us were knit sweaters, thick-lensed glasses, and bleach-white hair.

lamented. These leftover seats are then doled out to students for free during the student rush, moments before the doors close to the public and the concert begins. For all of last year and the beginning of this year, the number of student rush tickets stayed near twenty. For the last concert featuring David Finckel and Wu Han, student rush tickets helped 78 students find spots in the concert hall.

This greater mass of students, all coming in pairs or groups of friends, contributed to a much more amiable atmosphere at the event. According to a study by the National Endowment for the Arts, 73 percent of people attending arts events go for the opportunity to socialize. This could definitely be the case at the Finckel and Han concert. The students

were all dispersed throughout the audience so that every row of white hair included some brighter, younger variation. During the intermission, students mingled and went from group to group instead of staying to themselves. The older population yelled out each other's names, hugged, and commented, "Oh wow, I didn't know you'd be here! What do you think about the performers?" A couple steps away, Amherst students were

doing the exact same thing.

Students have busy lives with priorities—I understand that, and so does the music department. The eight o'clock start time was chosen with this in mind: A Friday evening just after dinner and before the night's adventures begin is a time to slow down, to enjoy some great music, to take a five-minute, dream-filled nap


to said music, to say hello to some friends, and to discover a well-known artist with their own take on music. Oftentimes, as Pearson said, the performers onstage may be unknown to students, but popular and celebrated in other niches: "In my college concert experience, I'd go to a concert not knowing what I was going for. Years later, I'd hear the name again

and realize that said person is well-known, and I saw that fantastic person years ago!"

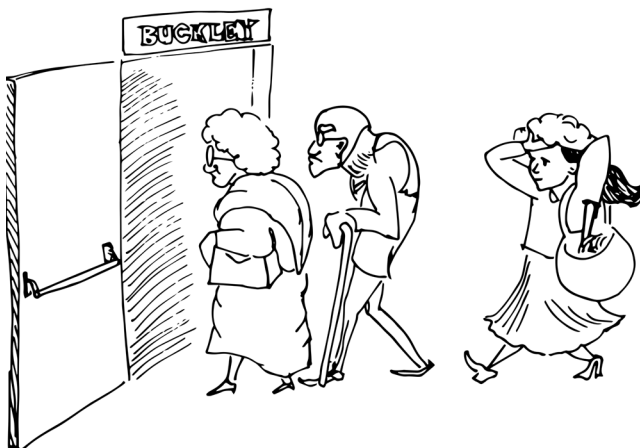
The thesis concerts, on the other hand, are a completely different situation. There,

the audience is almost all students, save for a couple of professors and family friends. The audience is characterized by heavy backpacks, unapologetic snow boots, casual nods to acquaintances on the other side of the room. The aura is so much homier, casual, and accepting—the space, which was once occupied by the seniors of the community, is reclaimed by students. The music is characterized by its freshness, its newness, its experimental and passionate quality. Pearson graciously described it as "music at its purest." To see so many people at a concert for new music is uplifting; it generally doesn't have as large a niche outside of the educational institution. The performers and composers come onstage and receive a standing ovation for merely being acquainted with the people in the seats.

During one of these thesis concerts—Riggs Brown and Joe Parks—I chatted with Orchestra Director Mark Swanson before the performance and asked him about the demographic discrepancies between the chamber concert series and the thesis concerts, about how chamber concerts are filled with community members while the thesis concerts are primarily filled with students. Moments later, the lights dimmed and the composers came onstage to introduce their pieces and give thanks. "Thanks to my friends for coming out to support me!" one of them said, and the mentioned rows of friends laughed. Swanson tapped my shoulder and said, "There's your answer."

We trust our friends' and peers' ability to create something great, so let's give that trust to the artists who come to campus as well. 

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series that the Department of Music puts on is, contrary to the demographic present at the concerts, intended for a student audience. Each year, the members of the department meet and decide which artists would most benefit students. This allows the College to host musicians often considered "too risky" for profit-oriented institutions yet still construc-

SWUG Life: A Retrospective

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A look into the life of certified SWUG Ryland.

Atop a sweaty windowsill in Pond, I surveyed the crowd beneath my feet. *Who are these people?* They laughed and joked about this and that and were obviously Amherst students, but beyond that they were as unidentifiable as John and Jane Does. As I descended from my ledge, pushed through the clumps of underclassmen, and began the 90-second trek back to my home in Jenkins, it dawned on me that I was probably the most washed-up senior I knew. Brutal. I lay in bed listening to the white noise the habitual pre-sleep Hulu episode provided and contemplated my new life as a SWUG. SWUG...ugh...its guttural sound cut through my lungs and rattled around the hole that remained. I imagine this is what a mid-life crisis feels like.

I. Self-perceived greatness

I think everyone makes meaningful contributions to this school in one way or another. Some join the AAS, others decide to become resident counselors, and a select few—myself included—decide to become that guy who points at people from the windowsills of socials suites. I'll freely admit it isn't the most impressive contribution one can make, but it's easy to think you're doing something great when your BAC is above .15 and you're spastically conducting a crowd to Katy Perry's discography. For three years I've stood atop these filthy, disturbingly sticky marble slabs and gyrated, and for three years I've felt like a God. *Right arm, right leg, right arm, point to that dude who just walked into the room (obviously he points back), left arm, left leg, left arm, attract attention to two friends making out who will definitely regret it in the morning.* It was all a routine at this point, so it's disturbing to survey the room around you and realize the old guard you knew and loved is no longer there. It's during moments like these you come to the awkward realization that this school is beginning to move on without you.

II. Awareness of your own mortality

This isn't a bad thing. It actually feels very natural. For most people I'd guess the socials lose their luster sometime during the second semester of their freshman year. Still, a stubborn few continue to attend the rehashed birthday parties

and mixers for the next three years. Although not a requirement for admission, borderline alcoholism and a deeply psychological fear of committed relationships has granted me a Goldstar membership to this recalcitrant contingent.* I've had a terrific time during this period but it has also been predictably taxing to my constitution and seems to have dramatically quickened my aging process. I can now see tangible similarities between my grandfather and me that make me wonder whether an Amherst student's college experience is a sort of compressed life cycle. As you get older, the term "going out" slowly becomes synonymous with "hanging out," and hopping between socials is replaced with simply watching a movie with friends. The adventurous lifestyle is gradually replaced with the comfortable lifestyle as Amherst welcomes new thrill-seekers through its gates.

The hardest part is remembering you're really not that old. While adulthood knocks at your door and you feel your throat clog with immaturities that should have been extinguished by this time, it's easy to forget that the oldest and youngest kids at this school are only separated by four years. Nowadays I often hurt my lower back when I roll out of bed the wrong way. I swear my hearing is going prematurely, and I'm beginning to worry about how thin my hair is getting (is it too early to get a Propecia prescription?). On top of all this, I spend a great deal of my time on the couch next to the other curmudgeonly seniors I call my best friends, complaining about how spoiled these goddamn kids are. I'm about a bridge game and an AARP card away from being 85 years old.

I feel my mattress creak beneath me. The Daily Show episode I was streaming has ended, and now the latest episode of the Tonight Show is about to begin. I don't watch the show but I let it play anyway. I close my eyes and try to retrace my thoughts.


III. Some sort of acceptance

There's often a presumed disparity to becoming a SWUG that can overshadow some of

its potential upsides. It allows you to consider how you'd like to redefine yourself during this next chapter of your life. It allows you a chance to assemble bucket lists and reembrace religion as you stare your own mortality in the face. And it allows you the chance to go through your final months at Amherst with a DGAF attitude you might have been reluctant to assume before. The comedian Nick Swardson once joked about how he looked forward to getting old because of the ridiculous freedoms it would allow him. Swardson points out that no one will get mad at the retirement home resident when he gives his grandkids feces for their birthdays or goes skinny dipping in public fountains. People will think he's absolutely insane, but they won't discipline

him. So while I've never considered doing any of the things Swardson talks about, his "logic" is starting to make more sense than it used to. At this point in your college career, you kind of know what you want to do and stop caring as much about what other people think, and I can say with complete confidence that some of my best nights at this school have occurred in the last year because of this.

I can say with due confidence that Freshman Ryland, spry and popular as he was, was never the first in a room to dance, nor ever the guy who laughed the loudest. SWUG Ryland has evolved into a beautiful curmudgeonly butterfly and he's fuggin' ready to rumble.

On a separate but related note, if anyone's interested in a twenty-something with the physical health of a forty-something hit me up on Facebook :). I love sushi, long walks on the beach, and lip-syncing rap lyrics to myself in the mirror. If you just want to get to the nitty gritty, I'm typically available for late night booty calls until two in the morning and am, like, super discreet, so you shouldn't worry about any sort of judgmental looks from your friends. We could go get coffee—I've got like two dollars left on a Starbucks gift card—or do dinner, as long it's not Panda East (I'm pretty sure Amy, the owner, wants to see me die a slow death). The only thing I ask is that we say "hi" once in Val the day after and then never acknowledge each other again. 



*DISCLAIMER IN THE CASE THIS ARTICLE SOMEHOW FALLS INTO MY MOM'S LAP:

Mom, I'm not an alcoholic. It's hyperbole used for the sake of the article. The psychological issues might be something real... I'm not sure, but I'm pretty confident you had nothing to do with those. Love you!

Ryland Webb '15 is a Contributing Writer for The Indicator.

The Secret Lives of Doormen

Andrew Willis

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The internship race from the lobby to the cubicle.

When Amherst starts classes again after a break, regardless of its length, everyone asks everyone the same tired, old questions, which are nearly as repetitive as the complaints from students who, two days later, say they're sick of answering them. What did you do last summer? How was it? I don't like grumbling about them because it seems pointless to hate the lesser of two evils; these questions have a far more sinister cousin, preying on the minds of the anxious and the uncertain: What will you do this summer? How are you gonna do that? A small change in verb tense silences conversation, kills smiles. I thought the cruelest thing you could do to a senior was to ask them about their plans after May, but now I think it might be the cruelest thing you can do to anyone. Research or finance or non-profit? The great internship race is on.

Just like any other Amherst student, I'm now looking for summer jobs, ones that are worth more than a fun time and a decent paycheck; for this summer, a bit of resume padding seems in order. But as I look for that niche internship that will help secure my place, years from now, at whatever job I ultimately decide is my dream one, I can't help but see everything through the lens of my niche experience in a very specific segment of the service industry. In viewing movies and TV and Quest postings alike, Park Avenue thoughts always come first.

"These guys are hilarious, you'll love them," my English teacher told me. "They'll joke about sleeping with your girlfriend, your sister, your mom, anyone at all." Though he had taught at an all-boys' high school for thirty years, he'd apparently never met a teenage boy. But it's still how he introduced the idea of working as a relief doorman the summer after my senior year. For the past two summers, I've worked as a doorman in a residential apartment building in one of Manhattan's nicest neighborhoods, home to its fair share of the city's discreetly wealthy. Googling the residents' names won't result in paparazzi images or Wikipedia articles, but professional stock photos and even more impressive LinkedIn profiles. As far as I know, the only apartment currently for sale in the building is valued for just shy of \$6 million. I carried bags, mopped floors, faked smiles, and

earned a wage that the year-round doormen liked to sternly remind me was "much better than what I'd get at McDonald's."

In everything from *Legally Blonde* to *Psych* to *The Internship*, fetching coffee for your boss is the ultimate insult to interns. Something about the details of cream and sugar substitutes and Jamoca roasts reminds fictional characters of their low place on the totem pole. But at my first job, getting coffee was my favorite thing in the world. I'd strain my eyes looking for any hint of droop-



I carried bags, mopped floors, faked smiles, and earned a wage that the year-round doormen liked to sternly remind me was "much better than what I'd get at McDonald's."

considered a yawn. Getting coffee meant leaving an August lobby without air conditioning and an excuse to let my shoulders round, let the ramrod posture slacken and stroll around without fear of some fierce scowl or nasty glare.

The worst part was never the eight hours of standing, like you might think. Instead of lobby duty, some weeks I acted as a porter, little more than a glorified janitor, mopping and collecting the residents' garbage. On these shifts, I sat around on desk chairs, a hand-me-down from the residents' trash, in the basement for the better part of

the day, waiting for some job or assignment. Sitting in a swivel chair for forty hours a week? Not too different than your typical office intern, save the surroundings. But instead of poor seasonal lighting and lack of exercise, our main concern was the asbestos lining the open pipes a couple feet above our heads. It was halfway through my second summer before someone pointed out the faded and crumpled warning sign to me. In response to my horrified face, he tapped his nose knowingly and whispered, "We're all fucked."

A bunch of big firms and corporations, those most friendly to a slew of summer interns, often demonstrate some commitment to diversity, establishing programs meant to attract and help those typically and historically unwelcome in business. The only e-mail the Career Center sent to the entire student body, save seniors, about a specific event encouraged students to apply to JP Morgan's internship programs – two of which were designed to recruit students of color and women. This kind of cultural sensitivity is hardly a universal aspect of summer jobs. "Don't eat Chinese food, man!" one of the porters yelled at me when I walked into the locker room to change. "It's not good, man! Cat, rat, dog, all in there! No good!" His assertions that it was impossible to find a pet anywhere in Chintatown came every day, every hour, more reliable than any iPhone alarm or a rooster at sunrise. Of the twenty-odd men who worked in the building, all but a handful were Albanian, mostly immigrants from Montenegro, and they expressed little interest in or sympathy for anything different than their beloved motherland, home to the most beautiful women, the warmest beaches, the juiciest fruit, and of course,

olives finer than anywhere in Greece or Italy. "Don't worry, you don't have to take that racist bullshit, they'll learn soon," one of the few non-Albanian doormen reassured me, a boyish grin standing out

on his grey and wrinkled face. He pointed out a tiny penis scratched out on one of their locker fronts, a challenge of masculinity tantamount to a capital offense in this building. He laughed loudly and accidentally knocked his striped uniform hat off the table.

In movies like *Fight Club* and *American Beauty* and *Office Space*, lowly characters defeat the world of cubicles and overcome the big bad boss with a few well-placed threats, picking up beautiful girls as they undergo their transformation. A job in which you're paid to be polite, instead of

Free the Hickey

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Sorry not sorry: I won't be ashamed.

Over winter break, I went to a human rights conference at Northwestern University. It was a great conference, and I came back to Amherst for the spring semester with a pretty extensive knowledge of human rights in the digital age. I also came back with a hickey on my neck the size of a golf ball.

Classes were beginning and I would be meeting new professors, new classmates, and—to top it off—my new advisor. How would guys at Amherst—random guys I passed in Val or in Frost, if they even noticed me—see me? Would they see me as promiscuous? Easy? And the professors: how would they see me? Would my hickey discredit my academic achievements and make me appear less serious?

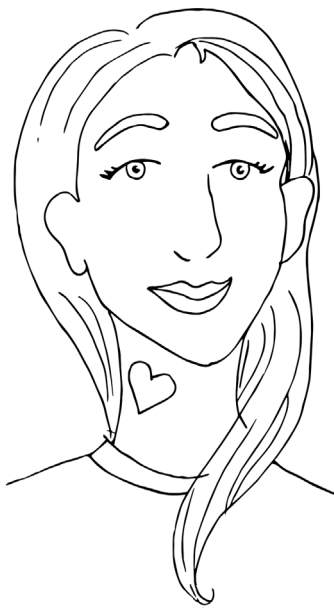
The simple solution? Wear a turtleneck. The problem? I only owned one turtleneck. Plus, it was black, and I wasn't #tryna look like Steve Jobs for the entire life cycle of my hickey. The next best solution? Cover it up. Simple enough, right? Nope. Because I don't wear makeup, that plan was out.

It was then that I decided to tote my uncovered hickey around campus, “giving zero fucks” as it were. The hickey would just have to be another accessory.

That same week, a few days before classes


started, a few of my friends from home came up to visit. I had already braved a day on campus with the monster of a hickey, but I suddenly felt a new worry. In high school, my friends and I always tiptoed around the topic of sexuality. We were all pretty busy chasing 4.0 GPAs, so it's not like there were any crazy hookup stories to tell anyway. Still, there was a level of discomfort in talking about sex.

I then realized how comfortable I'd become about discussing things like sex at Amherst. I



laughed about the hickey with my roommate when I got back from Northwestern, and we talked about the great (albeit awkward at some points) hookup I'd had. In a way, I was proud of the hickey. I had a great, sexually satisfying hookup, and I wasn't ashamed of the experience.

Still, I couldn't help wondering how my high school friends would react. I had already worried about the stigma of the hickey. I had never considered how other girls would see me. I had my supportive friend group but, faced with potential judgment from my home friends, I panicked. Let's face it: girls aren't always each other's biggest fans. Though I've trained myself—and I'm sure others have too—to avoid calling anyone a “slut” or describing an outfit as “skanky,” there's still a perceived social stigma. It's hard to help. Slut-shaming is almost natural. But does having a hickey make me a slut? No. Hickeys don't have to be scarlet letters. They can be badges of honor, a way to say, “I had a good time. Sorry not sorry.”


When my high school friends visited, they asked about the hickey. I told them how I got it and I was met with a bit of surprise. Later, the subject came up again, and—in one of those legendary right-before-bed kinds of talks—we discussed the stigma of the hickey, and I felt no shame. 

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crunch TPS reports, is a little different. Doormen exist somewhere in between. When residents were in the lobby, the doormen acted as if hailing cabs and summoning elevators were their only goals and love in life; nothing could distract them. Left alone, they exhibited a variety of reactions, some as simple as a sigh of relief, and some a little more extreme. “Don't look at my fucking face,” a fellow doorman snarled at me, forgetting temporarily that I wasn't the resident who'd yelled at him about not opening the door quickly enough. “This smile? Always there. Always 'of course, sir,' always 'no, sir.' They never see the hand, don't let 'em see it!” His hand jerked out with violence, the raised middle finger a monument to bottled fury. The doorman grabbed the arm with his other hand, as if to support the immense weight of his repressed hatred. “Fuck that prick!” he cried, his entire body angled in the general direction of 4G or 17C or whoever had talked down to him that week.

Instead of successfully winning over Jennifer Aniston or Helena Bonham Carter, the only women the doormen had were the two dimensional ones pasted all over their lockers. The outside of the lockers tended to be on the more tasteful, *Sports Illustrated: Swimsuit Edition* side of life; the insides were saved for the truly pornographic images. Still, it was hardly the filthiest part of the locker room, which was covered with dirt, paint flakes, and the occasional roach; bound by the Geneva Convention, some POW camps are nicer. Most of the internship opportunities that I've checked out so far have required that I interview with or at least send forms to a HR department, something to which I feel pretty unaccustomed. I imagine a HR department processing the scene of my building's locker room and being at a total loss as to what they ought to protest first.

Working as a doorman is not necessarily any better or worse than any other internship or sum-

mer job. I got some experience, some anecdotes, and the ability to forever feel a false sense of pride because I've had a couple blue-collar summers. It's granted me a clearer idea of what I want and what I don't for the coming summer, something for which I'm definitely grateful. I know I'm not into biology research, for example. I've already learned all about the food chain in which the wealthy resident eats the superintendent, the superintendent eats the doorman, the doorman eats the summer kid, and the summer kid, so young and non-threatening, gets to hear the residents complain about one another like a hilarious American parody of *Downton Abbey*. I've learned enough there. Maybe it's time to fill out some TPS reports and tan beneath fluorescent office lights. 

Andrew Willis '17 is an Associate Editor for The Indicator.

ARTS

Fun Winter Activities to Do!

Aedan Roberts
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It can be easy to get down in the dumps this time of year. Most folks use the ice and snow as an excuse to stay inside and mope. But they don't know what they're missing out on! Winter is the funnest season if you know what to do! I've taken it upon myself to make you a list of zany outdoor activities that'll get your blood pumping and your spirit racing. You'll have a blast even when it's as cold and dark outside as you've been feeling these days! The pain sure as hell won't go away, but your muffintop might with a little help from these calorie-burning winter pastimes! So get out there and enjoy yourself!!!

Ice-Skating!

A New England favorite since before your great-grandma was born, ice-skating is a one-way ticket to sidesplitting fun for you and your friends! Ice skates might be a little pricy online, but I got mine real cheap at Goodwill (no need to think about all the criminally underpaid persons with disabilities whom they exploit!). Puffer's Pond is just a quick bus ride away, and it's frozen solid all the way through, so you don't have to worry about falling through the ice to your gruesome death. If you're new to skates it might be wiggling and wobbling for a while; you'll have to get used to falling on your rump every now and then, but you'll get the hang of it soon enough. I know what you're thinking, and yes, that couple over there needs to get a room, but that won't prevent you from having a great time out there for hours on end! You can even clear a rink and play some pick-up hockey with your buddies (I mean, if any of them start returning your calls anytime soon that is!). But seriously that couple is really all over each other—no one wants to see that. God, that petty giggling when

one of them slips and falls and the way they take off their gloves just to hold each others hands, doesn't it make you sick? I mean a little jealous maybe, but it's not like you'd want that for yourself anyways, you're doing fine alone! Damn it's really been a while since she left, hasn't it?

Building a Snowman!

To all you artistic folks out there: drop your pastels and watercolors and go express your creativity outside with this crazy wintertime favorite (and have fun doing it too!!!). Creating a snowman (or snowwoman of course!) is an easy way to build confidence and get a few laughs. Your standard

really need to get around to deleting from your phone, or maybe the classic "Frosty" (but between you and me, I don't think this snowman will come to life!) I mean of course it won't, what a stupid thought. Behind the ridiculous personification it's just a pile of snow that'll melt in a few weeks! I guess it's just another example of our narcissistic species bending our environment to fit our image, searching for meaning in the meaningless. Do you think the snowman is to you as you are to God? Just an impossibly imperfect duplicate, lifeless in comparison? Are we just a bad art piece, a farfetched dream concocted by a lonely mind that only wanted something to talk to? Of course, you were always under the impression that there



snowfriend is made up of three snowballs stacked on top of one another, with silly sticks for arms (but don't be afraid to break the rules). Oh, and be sure to project your insecurities onto it! That's right, big hips and a carrot nose that's just a little longer than you want it to be. What's a snowman without a healthy dose of brutal honesty? Not much!! Go ahead, name it after whoever you want—your favorite electronic pop musician, an ex-girlfriend whose contact you

is no God. And if there is no God, there's no one to judge you if you get silly and pull out the dress-up clothes! How bout a set of gold, rap-artist-style chains? Or a Hawaiian shirt (can you imagine?! A snowman in Hawaii!??) When you put her old hat on its head it kinda looks like her, I mean it's sort of a stretch, but you can definitely see it. Isn't it funny how much of a person can be reduced to what they wear?

POETRY

After Life

When I die
I want you to eat me.
I want you to cook
The meat from my arms

To make stew, with carrots
And potatoes. I leave this stew
To my brother, because he
Looks thin, and he likes stew.

I want you to take
The meat from my legs
To make sandwiches
With tomato, cheese and mustard.

I leave these sandwiches
To David and his family,
Because they often go hiking
And bring sandwiches.

I want you to take my brain
And use it to make a puree.
Mix it in with bananas and
Strawberries, so it is sweet.

I leave this puree to my mother
If she is still alive then,
And to my father,
If he is still alive then,

Because they will be old,
And I think the brain is rich
In nutrients that will be good
For their tired brains.

If they are both dead,
I leave this puree to any
Babies that the family has—
Babies will like the puree.

I want you to use my heart
To make a chocolate dessert—
Even if the flavor is a little bitter
(I don't know how my heart tastes).

I want you to eat this dessert,
Because I want my dead heart
To sit in your stomach,
Next to your beating heart.

And maybe there will be blood
In my heart, which can seep into
You and run alongside your
Blood.

Or maybe there will be no blood
In my heart, but maybe your blood
Will run through my dead heart
Before the acids digest it.

And after you have eaten my heart,
Please give the rest of me away.
Except for my face—
Please let no one see my face.

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one by one to get their fill of that precious emotion. Like animals. Like weird, weird animals addicted to the very thing they're supposed to fear beyond all else. Maybe there's something about being dead that's inherently exciting to us? Or maybe it's the *almost* factor that really gets us going. Goddamn, it really doesn't make any sense if you think about it. None of it does.
None of it does.

Just Stay inside and Watch Netflix!

Do you ever feel like you're living in a bad movie? Like your life was directed by some mass-producing Hollywood giant who filled the screenplay to the brim with terrible clichés in order to generate a generic emotional reaction? Like everything you read and everything you hear is exactly what you expected? Like every sentence ends in a forced exclamation point? Like everything you feel, like everything you felt—about her—about all of it, is just a mess of meaningless drama? It all sort of falls apart when you think about it too hard. When you look past the cheesy script and you're left with what's really out there it only hurts. That's probably why we don't do it. Because there's no point in believing that everything is shit. Because maybe the movie really isn't all that bad when you let yourself enjoy it, I mean I'd definitely watch it again, and I'm not the only one who thinks that like I'm pretty sure it was in the 90s on Rotten Tomatoes. And maybe she doesn't matter so much to you after all, like she just made a cameo appearance. She was practically an extra. The world is honestly kind of beautiful if you just let it do its thing and don't point out the endless list of stuff its doing wrong. I mean, the sun is still sort of shining, it feels pretty good if it hits you just right and the wind dies down. The squirrels are still alive for some reason; they're pretty cute to watch as they dart around trying to find a way to cope with the fact that they're naked and it's fucking freezing. And the snow—all this fabulous wonderful snow! How could a frown stay on your face when there are so many neat activities to do? So bundle up, get out there, and fill that bottomless pit of self-loathing with laughs! Donchya know winter is the funnest season if you know what to do? Come on! Have fun!

Everything's gonna be okay. 

Aedan Roberts '18 is an Associate Editor and Ricky Altieri '15 is a Senior Editor of The Indicator.

Sledding!

Turn the lighter side into a lighter *slide* by snatching one of Val's trays and hitting the fresh powder on memorial hill. If you're looking for an upgrade there's plenty of places around Amherst to buy sleds, or even old skis and snowboards. Getting bored? Get some friends together and build a jump (If you're comfortable

with the very real possibility of debilitating injury!). That's right, this fun activity is perfect for you thrill seekers out there. There's nothing like the rush of the speed and the sweet buzz of adrenaline to remind you how close we all are to death! It's funny, isn't it, how, when our bodies tell us we're about to die, we throw back our heads and scream "Whoopie!!" and run back up the hill to do it again? Look at them, lining up

FROM THE INDICATOR'S LAB OF LOVE LETTERS

A recent survey found that three out of four Amherst students have felt “very lonely” within the last year. Valentine’s Day may have been an especially lonely time, unless you’re one of the lucky few who’ve turned their Amherst Crush into their Amherst Significant Other. If you’re one of the poor, sad, lonely people who are all alone by themselves, isolated, we’ve decided to give you a romantic leg-up. (Pro tip: Try to incorporate body parts into your everyday speech—e.g. “leg-up.” Body parts are sexy, flirty, fun! Eye nose you agree!) So without further ado, here are 12 ways to get your Amherst crush to notice you!



1. **Send them a FB message** – Say “I love you,” immediately followed by “Sorry, wrong number!”
2. **Steal hundreds of Val mugs** – They’ll wonder who did it... And even though they don’t know it was you, they are still technically thinking of you.
3. **Base a character in your THDA thesis on them** – Make sure your characters kiss! Since most THDA theses are based on true events, your crush will be tricked into thinking it really happened.
4. **Drop your tray in Val** – Make sure you’re wearing a white T-shirt, and fill your tray up with at least 6 bowls of three bean chili. Then, drop your tray in front of your crush, spilling the chili all over both of you. Say, “Oh sorry! I’ll clean you up!” and proceed to lick the beans off your crush’s body.
5. **Hide yourself in a snowman and then burst out naked** – This one is pretty self-explanatory.
6. **Kill their significant other.**
6. **Take them to a Zumbies show** – You will look so much cooler by comparison.
7. **Take them to an Amherst Republicans meeting** – You will look so much less racist by comparison.
8. **Blow softly on the back of their neck** – When they turn around say “my, it’s windy.” Next, give them a wet kiss on the mouth. Then say “my, it’s raining.” Then walk away.
9. **Cut out a bunch of little pictures of your face and paste them over every face in Olio** – Remember to draw a moustache on some of them, in case your crush likes facial hair!
10. **Write the first million numbers of pi on their dorm room wall** – You know what they say about really big memories ;) ... Wait, I forget.
11. **Convince Schwemms to name a sandwich after your crush** – Order one every day. Smell it, lick it, salivate over it, but never eat it. It, like your crush, is forever unattainable.
12. **Send them a “package”** – Cut your penis off and send it to them. If you are a woman, cut off someone else’s penis and send it to them.

Do you like to have thoughts? If so, write, draw, or edit for *The Indicator*.

theindicator@amherst.edu

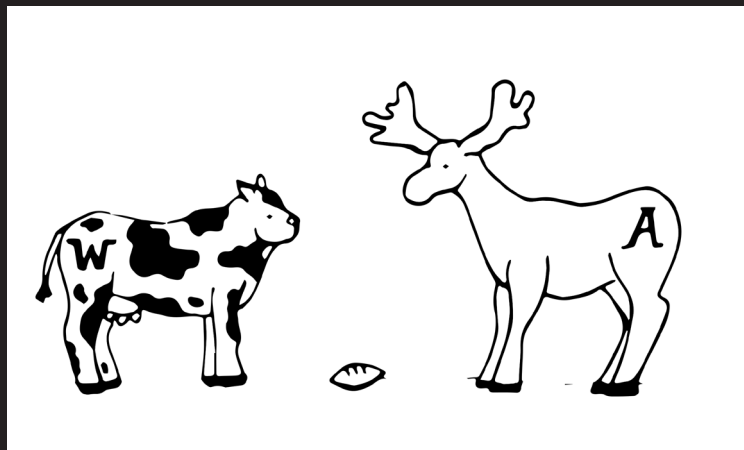
“IN LOVE WITH THAT BUMP N’ GRIND...SINCE 1848”

The Report Card

Subject	Grade	Comments	Subject	Grade	Comments
School holds "Day of Dialogue" in LeFrak	A-	Professor Sarat holds "Day of Monologue" in Converse.	Date auction raises thousands for charity	B	I bought February 30th! (Hope it's not a leap year!)
Val introduces cafe-style seating	A	Even better than social cups. And more expensive, too!	New England receives record amount of snow	C-	Freshman recently unearthed by snowplow, still drunk from Crossett Christmas
Winter sports teams prepare for NCAA tournament	B+	Some teams under investigation for going to classes	Amherst College introduces Daily Mail	B	Uvin begins making nightly phone calls to check if students read the Daily Mail.
Millions give and receive cards for Valentine's Day	R	"You're fifty shades of great!" - card from your "hip" divorcee mom	Athletic Department hires new athletic director	C	Theatre department hires new, athletic director.
Catholics celebrate lent	A-	Hipster Atheist ironically gives up irony for lent.	My body is beautiful week happens	O+	Go ahead, eat that brownie, or cookie, or that human, you beautiful cannibal!

JP, LM, RA, JF

INDICATION CONTEST



Submit a caption to theindicator@amherst.edu
Think about how great it would be if you won!

Fauxclusive: Biddy Martin's Email Hacked!

Biddylicious413@gmail.com

BuzzFeed: Top 10 ZooMass Parties

What is a "dime piece Biddie?"

What's the best dog college?

+You Search Images Maps Play YouTube News Gmail Documents Calendar More



Biddy Martin

Gmail

□ ↕ ↻ More ▾

1-50 of 16,537

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COMPOSE

Tim's Tent Emporium – Tents for all! Our tents are intense for the right amount of cents, make sense? Buy a tent! Why this a

- Inbox
- Starred
- Important
- Sent Mail
- Drafts (35)
- [imap]/Drafts
- [imap]/Sent
- [imap]/Trash
- Notes

- Barack Obama
- Oscar the Dog
Ruff Ruff. Bark Lol...
- Barista Tony
My top 10 lattes http://w
- David Hixon
- Tony Marx
- Lord Jeffery Amherst
Hate me or love me idc
- Vladimir Putin
- Chris Boyko
Gym, Tan, Laundry.
- Jim Larimore
Brb never suck it Amher

<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	Whitey McPrivledge '54	Lord Jeffrey was a Saint – I'm not offended by him, so how can anyone els	Feb 17
<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	Ebay Inc.	New Bidder! – A new bid for \$3 on your item "Painting of Creepy Pool Play	Feb 9
<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	Amherst Republicans	Where's our Day of Dialogue?! – NEVER has a group been more persecu	Feb 1
<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	Willy Workman, me (4)	RE: Wanna be our new mascot? – Hey Bids, I appreciate the offer but I'm	Jan 25
<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	Austin Sarat, me (83)	Re: Re: My Demands – Where the FUCK is my yacht?! How can I teach if	Jan 21
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<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	Katie Fretwell	Dumb Applicant – This app sucks! Lol no way they a	
<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	jbarker18@amherst.edu	Take my Psych Study? – Need presidents in my sar	
<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	Dan Barbezat, me (22)	Lost keys again – also forgot where I am can you pi	
<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	Muck Rake	Is your refrigerator running? – Then why don't you g	
<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	Warren Morgan, MD	No more acapella! – It's the cause of your ear bleed	
<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	Ilan Stavans	New Mascot Ideas – The Stavans', the Stavs, the ll	
<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	Psi U, Me, Katie Fretwell	Pledges: Clean the Suite! – You have one fucking jo	
<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	Animal Control	Dead Moose – Dear Ms. Martin, the moose died las	
<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	Police Chief John Carter	Saw you J-Walking – I have reported you to the aut	
<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	Amazon.com	Your order of "Harry Potter Glasses" has been deliv	
<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	jturdington16@williams.edu	Transfur? – Hey Bidy, I want 2 com 2 ur skool plees	

Marxtiniman@gmail.com

➡ ↻ 🧑 + More

Tony Marx: Biddddddyyyy
Wadd you doin?? :)

Me: Tony, have you been drinking tonight?

Tony Marx: Noooo. Maybw.
Yehh. The lbray is boring.

Me: Ok... I'm gonna go

Tony Marx: Gd nite, btw you sleepin in m old hous ;)