

# COMPATIBILITY SURVEY WINNERS

Some of you may have noticed that the last issue of *WheatBread* contained a special feature—the 1998 Valentine’s Day Compatibility Survey. Out of the 80-or-so participants, Lisa Cohen and Guido Stein were the two of the most compatible, recording 70% of the same answers. In a blatant attempt to foster the budding romance between the two most-right-for-each-other-people-who-were-sucked-into-filling-out-a-survey, *WheatBread* magazine sent them out “on assignment” at Pasta Pantry, complete with complementary flowers, chocolate chip cookies, and Junior Mints.

*Thanks and apologies go out to Tom Gibson, who was responsible for the survey in the first place, and was uncredited and edited in WB #12. Thanks also to Pasta Pantry (a fine restaurant), and Josh Davidowitz, our strolling violinist.*



## She said

By Lisa Cohen

*It all started one day at lunch...*

when I was innocently asked to fill out a compatibility survey. How was I supposed to know Guido and I would be the “most compatible couple”? But there I was— on this date. I didn’t really know what to expect. We’d been friends since the beginning of last semester. We had a class together— and he was the one who I panicked and screamed about the final. And then I was expected to have a date with him.

Alright, I’ll admit it, getting ready for this, I was nervous. The extent of our relationship before this was study sessions and now we were having dinner together. The night was very nice. He showed up at my door with a very nice bouquet of flowers, a small box of chocolate chip cookies (my favorite) and a goofy looking grin. From the start, I knew this was not the Guido I had known in the past. He was quieter than usual, more subdued, and from what I could tell, he was just as nervous as I was. We went to dinner, and had the privilege of a violin serenade by one of Clark’s own hidden talents. We were embarrassed— but the people around us loved every minute to say, it was a little awkward. Before, to make conversation, all we needed was a bad exam; and now we had to rely on our own creativity. And, of course, there were those uncomfortable moments of silence when we were striving for anything to talk about. But somehow we made it through with flying colors.

We decided to catch a movie. After buying the tickets, we realized we had an hour. So the college students that we are, we decided we needed coffee and headed to Java Hut. We shared a delightful conversation over good cappuccino, and bad music from live entertainment. We talked about our past travels, our present predicaments, and possible future plans.

After my cappuccino fix, and realizing we had about ten minutes to catch the movie, we drove to the theater and got there just in time to see the opening credits. The movie was good— actually through most of it I was fixated on Jack Nicolson’s eyebrows. They’re just cool to watch. The movie ended, and we made our way back to Clark. He walked me back to my room where we bid our fond farewells. I thanked him for a lovely evening— he did the same— we said our good-byes, and he turned around and left. That was the end of our “date.”



It's strange to be set-up by *WheatBread*. I never knew that they had an interest in my love life. This was a first.

Normally, I don't date. I usually find someone who likes me and who I like, and we go straight into having a relationship; I don't wine and dine women first. The last date

that I remember having—the only one—was in my senior year of high school. Things were different back then. I was nervous and inexperienced in the world of relationships. This time I'm just nervous. I somehow turn into *Super Self-conscious Boy*, ready to keep looking in the mirror at a moment's notice.

With all that said, I went out anyway. I told the staff at *WheatBread* that I would like to go to the Pasta Pantry. I'm glad I had a say in some of the arrangements. Being the good date that I wanted to be, I also

suggested that I buy some flowers for her. At any rate, it was weird going to her door with flowers and seeing her all decked out for the evening. I was a little late, a typical male I guess. At any rate we then got into her car and bam... I was on a date again... oooohhhh.

We sat down in this little booth in the back of the restaurant. It was kind of sweet. First came the food, which was delicious, then came the strange *WheatBread* editor and entourage. Turns out, they had a couple of surprises planned for this date. As if going out on a date set up by the *WheatBread* wasn't strange enough, having *WheatBread* staff join our meal complete with violin definitely put this high on the "awkward-and-need-to-run-home-now" scale. Not that the violin wasn't a beautiful thing, but the discussion revolving around plucking eyebrows made the food a little less appetizing.

This eventually passed, and I had a new box of Altoids to show for it, thanks to Emily. Then we moved onto the movie segment of the date. We actually got tickets then went down to The Java Hut for some coffee. For the life of me I don't remember what we talked about, silly me. But I do remember that we left just in time, the modern christian rock band

was about to come on. That is a scary thought for me.

So we went to see "As Good As It Gets." I had seen this before, so I spent most of my time throughout the movie trying not to laugh before everyone else did. Not keeping up with the plot line gave me a little more time than I wanted to ponder if anything was going to happen on this date between me and my lovely date. So I didn't look at her for most of the time, yikes. Instead I made jokes about the movie during the movie; maybe I should have shut up. But then I was wondering if there was any chemistry between the two of us. What the hell is that chemistry? If you go by sweaty palms, all you know is that you are nervous, not having a good time persay. Ohh, fiddle sticks. So I just put my hand on the arm rest, in case she felt like grabbing, you never know.

*I may have missed something, quick hit the rewind button. zzzzzzzzip...*

Have you ever stared at the at the black and white snow-fuzz on TV? If you sat and stared at it for hours, you might never be able to make out a single recognizable pattern. This is the way I feel about trying to understand women and dating. Although my beautiful date expressed herself well through body language and facial expressions, I had a hard time making out any type of signal. O.K. First off, I don't know if I ever really wanted a signal. I seem to start off relationships too fast and then end them prematurely. Second, she knows too much. She knows me, her friends know me, and her friends tell her about me. Considering what an interesting love life I have led here at Clark, I wouldn't blame her if she ran for the hills. Third, I don't think she took me seriously. I have to admit, I got really worked up about this date. Yes, I know her. No she's not going to bite (darn), but that doesn't mean that I wasn't a little/lot nervous about the evening. When I was getting ready to go, I had the shower running, the iron going, I was desperately searching for some clean clothes to wear, and I was trying to shave all at the same time. When I was trying to get into her building I spent a moment fidgeting with that darn card entry system. When we were on the date she kept reminding me to relax.

Finally I walked her back to Wright Hall. It was strange for me to be all dressed up walking someone home in the freshman dorms. I just said good bye, then left. Yeah, sorry. No exciting story about a good-night kiss or anything else. Overall I had fun. She was very nice, a little insane, and she didn't kill me. All good signs in a date. •

# He) Said

## By Guido Stein

