

Searching for Mr. Bharath Seshardi

by Ed Higgins

This tall, very fair, very blonde, very female, very feminist friend of mine, with a smile the moon and stars must take lessons from, wrote to me about her latest airport security adventure flying from the West Coast. She got all the way to Cincinnati bound for New York before noticing she was not Mr. Bharath Seshardi, as her boarding pass declared. Also, as Mr. Seshardi, she was going on to Indianapolis (according to the boarding pass) rather than to Charlotte where she ultimately intended to go. Exasperated, she was writing me from her confinement at Guantánamo. She has no idea where by now the NSA or CIA might have rendered Mr. Seshardi, or where in New York or Charlotte a confused Mr. Bharath Seshardi might be.

