FROM HARDBACK TO HARD DRIVE
The (Slow) Digitization of Columbia’s Libraries

THE BALANCE OF POWERS
Understanding the Changing Role of Columbia’s Deans

ALSO INSIDE: HOME BREW
MARK HAY, CC ’12, Editor-in-Chief  
ELAINE BAYNHAM, CC ’13, Publisher  
ADAM KUERBITZ, CC ’12, Managing Editor  
LIZ NAIDEN, CC ’12, Editor Emerita  
BRIAN PHILLIPS DONAHOE, CC ’12, Culture Editor  
REGHA JHA, CC ’13, Guest Literary Editor  
SANJANA MALHOTRA, CC ’15, Layout Editor  
CINDY PAN, CC ’12, Graphics Editor  
LIZ LEE, CC ’12, Senior Illustrator  
Sylvie Krekow, BC ’13, Senior Editor  
Claire Sabel, CC ’13, Senior Editor  
Sam Schube, CC ’12, Senior Editor  
Connor Skelding, CC ’14, Senior Editor  
Brian Wagner, SEAS ’13, Senior Editor  

Contributors  
HELEN BAO, CC ’13  
JED BUSH, CC ’15  
CIARAN CONNERS, CC ’15  
ALLIE CURRY, CC ’13  
GABRIELLE DaCOSTA, CC ’15  
WILL HOLT, CC ’15  
JARED FREIDER, CC ’12  
ABIGAIL GOLDEN, CC ’14  
AUGUSTA HARRIS, BC ’15  
ALISON MACKE, BC ’15  
MATTHEW SCHANTZ, CC ’13  
PETER STERNE, CC ’14  
ERIC WOHLSTADTER, CC ’15  

Artists  
CELIA COOPER, CC ’15  
MADDY KLOSS, CC ’12  
EMILY LAZERWITZ, CC ’14  
LOUISE MCCUNE, CC ’13  
CHANTAL MCSTAY, CC ’15  
ELOISE OWENS, BC ’12  
THUTO SOMO, CC ’14  
HANNAH SOTNICK, CC ’15  
JULIA STERNE, BC ’14  
ADELA YAWITZ, CC ’12
Vol. XVII  FAMAM EXTENDIMUS FACTIS  No. III

**Columns**

4  Bluebook
6  Blue Notes
8  Campus Characters
12  Verily Veritas
28  Measure for Measure
34  Digitalia Columbiana
35  Campus Gossip

**Features**

*Brian Donahoe & Brian Wagner* 10  At Two Swords’ Length: Should You Tote?  
Our Monthly Prose and Cons.

*Augusta Harris & Ciaran Conners* 13  Uzis and Tutus  
A Tradition of Non-Traditional Students

*Sylvie Krekow* 15  Home Brew  
The Distillery Down The Hall

*Helen Bao* 17  Up For Debate  
The Dynamism of Columbia’s Debate Team

*Allie Curry* 18  From Hardback to Hard Drive  
The (Slow) Digitization of Columbia’s Libraries

*Abigail Golden, Gabrielle DaCosta & Conor Skelding* 20  Internal Affairs  
Columbia’s Transfers—To Columbia

*Brian Wagner* 23  Comedy Central  
So Four Improv Groups Walk Into A Bar...

*Gabrielle DaCosta & Peter Sterne* 25  The Balance of Powers  
Understanding the Changing Role of Columbia’s Deans

*Alison Macke & Claire Sabel* 31  The Business of Barnard  
A Conversation with Debora Spar

[Cover: Untitled by Thuto Durkac Somo]
Right now I am wondering: what should college be? I originally wanted to comment on recent student activism. Little movements exist from year to year, attempting to improve Columbia and the life of students. But in response to troubling national and local trends in higher education and the treatment of undergraduates, the outpouring of action, consciousness, and introspection on this campus has been amazing. What it will amount to, I won’t speculate. On a gut level the student activism I have witnessed in the past months fills me with hope, respect, and a deeper sense of connection to Columbia than the institution has ever inspired in me.

But why should we need student activism? Why should my sense of community arise in questioning Columbia?

To paraphrase Barnard President Debora Spar’s own words in this issue of the magazine, the operation and philosophy of the university is something students should not need to worry about. A college, in the ideal sense (momentarily setting aside the utopian, problematic nature of the ideal), should be a place for reflection, expansion, and growth. In other words, a college is a place for failure. That word is a curse in these parts, but failure is destruction is creation is one of the most powerful forces of self-invention education. So in the ideal world, a college should be an incubator that allows us to fail and provides us with the tools to rebuild ourselves and come out all the stronger. But all that student activism shows me is that we do not have the room or support to fail, and that rather than truly learn we must waste our time lobbying our own college to become a college.

So instead I decide that I am incredibly sad to see all this student activism around me. I am sad that I see students standing strong for their beliefs and for Columbia, when they should be the ones allowed to fall with the good faith that Columbia will be there for them. The fact that there is an overwhelming sense of isolation and frustration on this campus is something that we see in all this activism, and that pops up in many of our articles this month. How we counteract that—whether it can be done through activism and why the situations at the heart of these articles exist at all—well, that’s this month’s food for thought I suppose.

And on that note, I have to end with another question, because clearly I have no answers. Tell me if you see me on the street: what should a college be, what is Columbia, and how do we make the two meet?

Mark Hay
Editor-in-Chief

The Swag Game

Mere days after President Obama officially spoke out against federal swag, banning the coffee cups, pens, and calendars that government agencies use to remind the public of their existence (i.e. the Indian Arts and Crafts Board), if not to show off their work (i.e. Department of Homeland Security), Columbia students can still happily enjoy the fruits of a fall’s worth of internship information sessions and career fairs. After $200,000 of education, that degree has earned you a flash drive and a pen, even if it hasn’t snagged you the job that comes with them. See if you can match the companies listed on the next to the swag they’ve given out in recent months.
Accenture

Postcard by Cindy Pan

Bank of America

Blue Book

Bloomberg

NEW YORK TIMES

Booz & Co

U.S. Senate

Fog Creek

Accenture Silly Putty

Google

Microsoft

P volleyball, basketball

Booz & Co

Northrup Grumman

Reckitt Benckiser

US Senate

Xboxes

Google Flashlight, laser pointer

Microsoft USB four-way splitter

Northrup Grumman Multicolored sweatbands

Reckitt Benckiser Coffee mug that changes color as you pour coffee into it

US Senate Xboxes

Accenture Silly putty

Bank of America Woolite and Clearasil

Bloomberg Bottle opener key chain

Booz & Co Hand sanitizer

Fog Creek Calendar of employees posing in famous places in Washington

Google Flashlight, laser pointer

Microsoft USB four-way splitter

Northrup Grumman Multicolored sweatbands

Reckitt Benckiser Coffee mug that changes color as you pour coffee into it

US Senate Xboxes

Answers (in descending order): flashlight/laser pointer, USB splitter, coffee mug, bottle opener, silly putty, sweatbands, Xboxes.
You’ve probably passed through the campus gates at 116th Street and Broadway countless times, at least once glancing up at the pair of elegant statues that flank the ornate entrance. But chances are that few who pass under the watchful gaze of the statues know what they symbolize. The female statue on the right, representing Letters, was presented in 1916 as a gift from the class of 1890. The male statue on the left, donated in 1925 by the class of 1900, stands for Scientia. Both of these statues were created by the sculptor Charles Keck (died 1951), whose work is also on display at places including the Waldorf Astoria Hotel and Duke University.

On the Amsterdam side of campus, however, such statues are noticeably absent. The pylons were put there in 1932; now, almost eighty years later, they remain unadorned. What was intended to be there? And why was it never built?

According to Professor Andrew Dolkart, a New York architectural historian and the man behind Columbia’s self-guided campus walking tour, the Amsterdam pylons were meant to have figures representing Law and Liberal Learning. When asked why these statues were never created, his response was candid: “Probably lack of funds from a gift.”

And so it was at one point conceived that the four pillars of Columbia University would be letters, science, law, and liberal learning. In many ways this still rings true to the University’s ethos, though one wonders why nobody ever got around to creating (or bothering to even fund) the latter two statues. It’s clear enough why planning would start at the gates on Broadway, but an eighty-year waiting period for the Amsterdam side seems a little excessive. Could there be something more sinister at play? Or perhaps the gates just draw different crowds. Regardless, both for aesthetic and symbolic balance, it may be a good idea to just go ahead and get those statues built.

— Will Holt

Barnard has a long history of being kind-of-separate-from-but-kind-of-equal-to Columbia. In the 1970s—just after Title IX was instated—that history became even more complex with the emergence of Barnard’s own athletic teams. Those ladies, who took one small step for woman and one strong, beautiful, Barnard leap for womankind into the athletics world, were known as the Honeybears.

In 1974, Barnard put a referendum to its students, creating three teams: volleyball, basketball, and swimming and diving. The total budget came to $10,000,
which covered coaches’ salaries, uniforms, and travel. By 1983, when the program ended, there were five additional teams—archery, cross-country, fencing, tennis, and track and field—and $80,000 in funding. But what the program lacked was an air of legitimacy. “There was a stigma against Barnard’s program. It was thought of as a little sister, a little Division III program,” said Marjorie Tversky, the acting Athletic Director from 1978 through the program’s end.

The initial integration came before Columbia College began admitting women. The university had three undergraduate, co-ed units: nursing, engineering, and General Studies. Title IX, therefore, pressed Columbia to find room for these women in their sports program. Barnard needed facilities; Columbia had them. They made the deal. And thankfully, the NCAA approved integration. Today, Barnard and Columbia remain the only Division I consortium in existence.

“There were a whole lot of justifications to create an opportunity,” Tversky said. “It was a challenge to sell it to both Barnard and Columbia. Barnard was very concerned about losing control of the program, which we did. We had to change our name. The Barnard Bear was lost. We were now the Columbia Lions.” Marian Rosenwasser, Barnard’s acting Athletic Director from 1975 to 1978, stated, “I was a strong advocate. It was to both schools’ advantage. There was a great sense of community that existed. It was an exciting time to be involved. I lived in a time when girls were discouraged from being in sports to a time when girls were accepted for being in sports. It is amazing to see how it has blossomed.”

—Augusta Harris

Columbia is located right in the middle of an “urban jungle”—but that just means that the sun is blocked by tall buildings rather than a lush canopy. The closest imitation we have to wilderness is the concrete criss-crossed Central Park; the most dangerous predator, the feral Milano cat. Here on campus, however, there is a somewhat more natural feature: myriad birds occupying one tree.

You may have never popped out your earbuds or even raised your eyes from the ground as you walked up campus past Buell Hall and St. Paul’s Chapel, but if you have, you should have noticed a startling amount of ornithological activity coming from the tree just in front of the chapel, on the left side of the courtyard when facing the doors.

This single tree houses the aggressive European starling, a species of bird which, according to local aviary expert James O’Brien, “band[s] together in large flocks to evade predators like red-tailed hawks and peregrine falcons.”

The starling is an invasive species that pushes out the native woodpeckers and bluebirds, and for that reason they’re considered pests. “Falcons and hawks love to eat them.” And so to stay away from Hawkma—always the public servant—the starlings hide in a tree. Together. All at once.

St. Paul’s tree, which is particularly lush, is a tempting roost for the starlings. According to O’Brien, the Starlings “like a tree with good leaf cover to hide them.” This specific tree, a Washington Hawthorn (Crataegus phaenopyrum) also produces a hard, red berry which birds love to eat.

Once snacking comfortably in their leafy home, they do what birds do best (besides pooping): chirping endlessly. Columbia students, long inured to sirens, trucks, and horns, often walk right by. But if you take the time to stop and listen, you can hear one of nature’s most disorganized and disruptive choirs.

—Conor Skelding

Illustrations by Emily Lazerwitz

November 2011
Campus Characters

You might not know the following figures—but you should. In Campus Characters, The Blue & White introduces you to a handful of Columbians who are up to interesting and extraordinary things and whose stories beg to be shared. If you’d like to suggest a Campus Character, send us an email at editors@theblueandwhite.org.

Yusuf Ahmed

When Yusuf Ahmad, CC ’12, is not listening to snippets of the Qu’ran on his Android or gettin’ down to Ghazals—“an eclectic mix of old South-Asian music,” as he describes them—chances are he’s talking to someone. His favorite pastime, after all, is meeting new people—he may even try to interview his interviewer. Ahmad’s friend Charlie Gillihan, CC ’12, says that he’s been endlessly sociable since they came to Columbia. Gillihan recalls that during freshman year, “[we] would be walking around campus and we couldn’t get ten feet without running into three people he knew. And so getting to the subway would always take us like an hour. From John Jay.”

“One of the myths of college,” says Ahmad, “is that, after your first year, you get into a group and that’s it.” Ahmad has certainly taken strides to shatter that misconception. After spending two years working towards a Chemical Engineering degree in SEAS, he transferred to CC, where he is now double-majoring in Middle Eastern, South Asian, and African Studies (MESAAS) and Anthropology. Though he is still a SEAS kid at heart, he now relishes the opportunity to take an “engineering approach to the humanities, whatever that means.”

When he details what he plans to do after leaving Columbia, it becomes clear that his future goals are as diverse as his educational interests. While graduate school is a possibility, he’s also considering spending a year or two in the Middle East or South Asia, learning a language, going into social entrepreneurship, and teaching history.

Aside from meeting new people, one of Ahmad’s main priorities is following developments in the Middle East, and tracing the spread of Middle Eastern social movements to Sub-Saharan Africa. Social behaviors and inequalities fascinate him, and that interest has led him to take a leadership role in the Interfaith Collective, an organization he helped get off the ground his freshman year. “It’s been an open space for critical, honest, and engaging dialogue,” he says, before quickly correcting himself: “Not dialogue. Conversations. Whenever I hear the word ‘dialogue,’ I think of something formal. A conversation is something you have with a friend.”

He sees such conversations as instrumental to the way he engages in social circles, and more importantly, the way he interacts with the world. “If you have a meaningful relationship with someone, it’s harder to have ill feelings or outlandish assumptions about that person,” says Ahmad. In fact, his world-view is nothing if not wide. Such openness is perhaps best characterized by his taste in food, which he describes as “anything with flavor.”

That description, in fact, is fitting for Ahmad himself, and the way he cares for the world. Conversing with him, it becomes clear that he is not only concerned with problems in the Middle East, but also with issues closer to home. He worries as much about malnutrition in the Bronx (where he worked in a public defender’s office) as he does for international social move-
ments. All of this thoughtfulness is contained within a calm, well-spoken individual who can somehow make it feel like he cares just as much about you as he does about global crises. If you want to know more, all you have to do is ask, though you may soon discover that he wants to learn a lot more about you than he’s willing to divulge about himself. He’s not, as he self-describes, “a simple guy.” He’s just a modest one.

— Eric Wohlstader

Colette McIntyre

From Breathless to horror’s B-list, Colette McIntyre, BC ’12, loves stories. When her family moved to Long Island, she remembers the first stop she made was to the library; “I just felt comfortable”, she recalls. To this day, she remains staunchly anti-Kindle and even more anti-Twilight. But Colette’s hardly the shy, bookworm type. Whether she’s putting on an all-white production of “The Wiz”— a musical reproduction of the 1978 film retelling the Wizard of Oz story from an African-American perspective — or fielding sexually-charged calls from cab drivers and security guards during her WKCR soul and funk radio show in the dead of night, she’s always using her self-described obnoxious, outspoken personality to make Columbia a livelier place.

Over time, her passion for storytelling spilled over into more literary realms.

“It all sounds so pretentious,” she admits, laughing, as she describes her various efforts to dabble in poetry and lit magazines during her time at Columbia. Colette still tries to marry her serious passion with a lighter sensibility. Her production of “The Wiz” was a way to merge her love of funk and Michael Jackson and spark discourse about political correctness on campus. But, she admits, it was also “a chance to be obnoxious and get people to stare at us for an hour.”

Despite her love of theatre and stories, Colette was reluctant to dive into the world of campus theater upon arriving at Barnard. Having gone to a “very small, very white, conservative high school on Long Island,” she remembered the insularity of her school’s theater community, and decided that she didn’t want to limit her social circles that way.

It wasn’t until her sophomore year that she returned to the theater world for the Vagina Monologues, and her love came rushing back. “I missed the energy, the fear before coming on stage, the ritual of it all,” she reminisces. She even invited her parents. Her mom loved it; her dad, not so much.

But if Colette’s return to theater was unanticipated, she hardly would have been able to predict spending four years in Moringside Heights at all. She admits that because she wanted to get away from New York and was hesitant to attend an all women’s college, Barnard wasn’t her first choice. Even after her acceptance, she preferred Reed College and only decided after traveling to Oregon that it was, in her words, “a bit much.” Her mother’s insistence alone pushed her to attend Barnard instead — and despite her initial reluctance, she’s grown into a self-proclaimed “piece of Barnard propaganda,” giving tours to prospective students in her free time. As a testament to her dedication, current students will occasionally recognize her and cite her tours as the reason they came to Barnard. “It freaks me out. It really does,” she claims.

As McIntyre approaches life after Barnard, she hopes to use her dual citizenship to take an “Eat, Pray, Love, minus the Praying” year in France. “In life, it’s too easy to be scared of not having a plan,” she declares, knowing full well the challenges of finding work with a writing degree. Still, it’s hard to see Colette ever being scared of the world ahead, and, regardless of how her eating and loving works out, you can bet she’ll have one hell of a story to tell upon her return.

— Jed Bush
Portaging ("carrying things," if you must) is about convenience and flexibility. My colleague Brian traps himself in binary thinking—toting always or never. But, guys, let me tell you—there’s a whole spectrum of options out there for us.

The tote is the backpack’s jaunty cousin. “Just want to throw my book and a notebook in a bag and go,” you say? The tote replies, “Go ahead, I’m game.”

The backpack—though sturdy, load-bearing, and undoubtedly the most comfortable means of carrying a particularly heavy stash of books—has its shortcomings. And that’s where the tote picks up the slack. What if, for instance, Brian were to find himself in need of easy access to the contents of his beloved backpack (let’s say his thermos)? Such an operation would require from all but the most skilled of backpack devotees a pause in his stride, a wriggling-free of one arm, and a frankly awkward cross-body reach with the other. All of this is followed by an unzipping, a retrieval, a re-zipping (lest anything fall out and he not notice; this stuff is out of sight back there, after all), and finally the arduous process of replacing and repositioning the backpack on his back. Needless to say, this entire process would need to be repeated if, God forbid, my stubborn colleague should want to put his thermos back in the backpack.

With a tote, it’s different. “Just reach in there and grab it,” our canvas friend says, “we needn’t stand on ceremony.” The tote isn’t perfect, but it doesn’t try to be. Ready for a day in the library researching your thesis and reading Infinite Jest it is not, but the tote is nonetheless always there if you and your backpack need an extra helping hand on those roughest and heaviest of days.

But where’s Brian’s backpack when he’s trying to bring home a bundle of leafy greens from the farmer’s market without bruising them? Of no use! The tote, meanwhile, is ready for anything. From Butler to groceries, a good tote is raring to go.

But is the tote, dare I say, perhaps a bit effeminate? Will it provoke a judging glance? Isn’t it really just a purse? These are questions every tote-loving man has at some point asked himself, and the quick answer is, “No.” Simply designed, usually plain, and made (I reiterate) of canvas, the tote is thoroughly utilitarian. It’s ready for hauling, a bit of roughing, and even dirtying—what could be manlier? For the more eccentric among us, there are totes of all hues and patterns, but more often then not, the gentleman’s tote will at most sport a few words of text and a simple graphic.

What’s more, fellas, is that society’s views of the tote-toting man are rapidly evolving, and with each new partisan, acceptance only grows. Everyday, men burdened with laptops, cell phones, and all the other appendages of contemporary life find themselves voting for the tote. And when you take up the tote for yourself, it only hastens the process—by your acceptance and appreciation of the tote, we shall all come to accept and appreciate the tote. It is a bag of agency, a sack of empowerment!

If I still haven’t convinced you, Brian, I beseech you, walk a mile in my shoes, with my BookCulture tote.
I respectfully disagree. We “fellas” should not tote. Come to think of it, if I didn’t find the notion of the toting male so objectionable, I would take issue with being referred to as a fella. But, sadly, it appears my counterpart is blind to the ills of his newly adopted lifestyle. And make no mistake, once you have started toting, there is little hope of recovery. Men, I urge you to seriously consider: if you were to ride a horse, would you feel safer snugly secured upon its back, or would you insist on jaunty side-saddled buffoonery? Simply put, it makes sense to carry our treasured possessions around in the safest and most practical of ways. I speak, of course, of the backpack.

Yet Brian insists upon rocking the boat of safety and comfort with this progressive, swinging attack. After millennia of development, humankind has reached the consensus that the most efficient way to carry weighty belongings is in a backpack. Could all these years of advanced science and engineering be wrong? There’s a reason we still put Vélero on our shoes: some things are just too effective to give up.

And think of the vulnerability of toting. We all recognize the impossibility of even crossing College Walk without tripping and wrecking face-down in a puddle of shame. If you’ve got a bundle of books under your arm, what hope do you have of catching yourself, or avoiding harm to your belongings?

As the hunters and gatherers of the human species, men have to be prepared for whatever wild encounters Mother Nature throws our way. Consider what might happen if you are suddenly attacked during your morning forage in this urban jungle—you certainly won’t be ready to fight with that tote swinging on your shoulder. And should you choose to flee, good luck running away with Mr. Look-At-Me-I’m-Sustainable unbalancing you and flapping wildly at your side.

And frankly, the design of the tote itself is poor. When it starts raining, would you prefer having your belongings zipped safely away in a backpack, or left to be ravaged by the elements? I’d take crumpled greens over soggy bread any day.

Furthermore, the “toting” movement doesn’t even know how to properly define itself. What exactly is a tote? A manbag? A “mes-senger bag?” (Don’t even get me started on that one.) What are you, the Pony Express? That’s a fixed gear bike you’re on, not a wild mustang. I prefer to suffer the inconceivable burden of pausing to set my backpack down in the event that I require something from it over being accused of carrying a “nurse.” (You’re supposed to stop and smell the flowers every once and a while anyways, so long as they aren’t pansies.)

Finally, what does a tote bag say about you? Are you really so disorganized that you can’t handle multiple zipped compartments? A tote announces to the world: “I don’t even know what I’m doing; it was all I could do to throw some shit in a bag as I ran out the door.” And for crying out loud, there’s not even an elastic drink holder. Where are you going to put that venti non-fat extra-whip dirty caramel macchiato?

Next time you’re boarding a plane, and you stride up to the gate with your carry-on and personal item in hand, which will it be? The elegant, organized backpack that exudes a cool, collected confidence, or a flapping fold of fabric that signals chaos and confusion? Hands-free is stress-free. Fellas: zip it and rip it! •

Illustrations by Maddy Kloss
Ah, the changing of the seasons, what could be finer? The foliage, the fashions, hot toddies, and weekends spent with dear friends picking apples in the country. Such are the cherished traditions of the fall season, or so Verily Veritas believed, until an unsavory experience tore asunder these erstwhile fantasies.

It was a crisp autumnal day some three weeks ago when your own VV had occasion to visit his father’s offices downtown for a familial chat regarding business matters. What with the commencement of classes and one’s social obligations, it had been some months since our hero had paid a visit to father Veritas’s firm, and so a verily vexed VV had quite a shock when his car pulled up to Father’s building. Outside was an encampment. Who were these refugees? Was there a war on? Were they foreigners?

No, one of them informed a perplexed V Veritas brusquely, they were not.

Having always considered himself a man of democratic tastes, your own VV was aghast to learn of the masses’ ill-content. Ever the gentleman, our hero immediately offered to gift his bedraggled and bearded interlocutor a new suit. Perhaps he too, with a shower and shave, might be offered a position with one of the big firms, VV opined. Philanthropic to a tee, Verily V even went so far as to offer Father’s card (quite generous indeed, given this “comrade’s” state of dishevelment).

But it was all for naught. Without so much as a thank you, VV’s offer was rebuked and a lesson in the most quaint and unnerving economics. Evidently, “the system” had to be overturned. Feeling more than a bit caught off-guard (was this bolshevism?), and late for his appointment with Father, V Veritas wished his new acquaintance the best of luck in his endeavors (with nightmarish visions of Leningrad flashing through his head all the while) and stepped inside. While Father was quick to dismiss the inhabitants of the Financial District’s tent city, our hero sensed more than a soupçon of trepidation in his voice. Perhaps even more revealingly, Father waited until the coffee boy had left the office before voicing these assertions — suggesting, our hero suspected, fear that he might be overheard by a representative of the “laboring classes.” Was the revolution upon us then?

With a firm handshake that implied all the paternal affection a rake such as our own could ever hope for, Father escorted VV to the lifts and wished him farewell (and, one must assume, good luck in negotiating the rubble back to his car). Then it was back down to the tents (or, shall we say “the barricades”?), where an inquisitive VV sought further answers. But alas, it seemed precious few were to be had. (The masses, in a bewildering proletariate sign language, wiggled their fingers incomprehensibly about some leach one percent.) Bewildered, our hero got back in the car (opening the door himself, thank you) and told Driver to take him back uptown.

As he gazed out the window at the Hudson, our hero pondered what the future might hold. Was the sun setting on Verily Veritas’s proverbial empire — that gentle land of Château Lafite and good humor? Only time can tell, but for the moment, it seems unlikely our hero will be venturing much below Houston. •
Uzis and Tutus
A Tradition of Non-Traditional Students
BY AUGUSTA HARRIS & CIARAN CONNERS

Columbia’s School of General Studies (GS) dates from 1830, when then-University President William Duer inaugurated the first Literary and Scientific Course for non-traditional students, an admittedly vague term then and now. That non-traditional student body was originally mainly composed of part-time students. But throughout the years a number of structural reforms turned GS into one of the first and few schools that could cater effectively to students with interrupted educational careers, or those pursuing their educations either while working or after retiring from their main jobs. While that population includes stockbrokers or ex-firefighters looking to finish their careers, two groups stand out at Columbia—not majorities, but strong populations drawn by the school’s accommodations: military veterans and professional dancers.

But these two groups, referred to affectionately by the GS administration as “the Uzis and the Tutus,” are not set fixtures. As the broader economic environment of the nation changes and as GS continues its gradual evolution—currently on a trajectory to bring its curriculum in line with that of Columbia College, from which it originally clearly differentiated itself—the school may become less accessible to its two touted populations.

GS was not always a bastion for ballerinas and berets. The school (originally called the University Extension Program) grew quite slowly from 1830 to 1921 when, under the eye of University President Nicholas Murray Butler, it was authorized to confer a Bachelor of Science degree (but not yet a Bachelor of Arts), increasing the desirability of enrollment for non-traditional students. But the school really exploded when the Uzis arrived on campus.

The legacy of veterans in attendance at GS goes back to 1947, when servicemen returning from World War II found a place at Columbia and their costs footed by the 1944 GI Bill. One of the few schools at the time designed to accommodate part-time, working, or educationally interrupted students, Columbia was a place where veterans could easily fit in socially and academically. Rather than being lumped in with the general undergraduate student body, they shared classes and, more importantly, experiences with their fellow GS students.

In response to this growing veteran population, in 1947 the school was renamed General Studies and in 1951 received an independent faculty. But not until 1968 did GS receive authorization to confer a Bachelors of Arts degree. And only in 1995, the school was reorganized to focus exclusively on its undergraduate degrees and post-baccalaureate premedical programs. Both of these changes accommodated new demographics, such as the dancer population.

This Uzi legacy held strong especially recently as soldiers returning from multiple American fronts pm the newest incarnation of the GI Bill find GS a welcoming, reputable place to get an education. When it was first introduced in 2009, the post-9/11 GI Bill was, says Jose Robledo, a senior at GS and a member of the University Senate, a “very good deal.” It helped to pay for housing and took into account where veterans were living, paying more for New York. The Yellow Ribbon Program, a component of
the Bill, served as “a matching program where the Department of Veterans Affairs puts in half and the University puts in half,” paying for veterans’ tuition.

Now, however, in the same law that repealed “Don’t Ask, Don’t Tell” this summer, the GI Bill has been cut: break pay—pay veterans attending college receive for housing during academic breaks—has been eliminated. As most veterans have jobs, this didn’t cause too much harm. A new cap on the amount Yellow Ribbon Program would pay toward tuition cut deep, though.

A group of nine veterans from GS went to Washington, DC, to lobby for a “grandfather clause” that would allow veterans already at school to continue to receive the same tuition benefits. “People had made life changing decisions,” explains Robledo. “We had this guy, he moved his wife and his children up from Virginia under the auspice that he would be able to finish Columbia in four years. His whole entire financial situation changed. So we told Congress, ‘Can you put in a grandfather clause so at least the people who are already in, let them finish?”’ Robledo notes that this activism (in this case successful in its aims) adds to the Uzi presence at school: the veterans “make so much noise on campus that it definitely would appear that they are the face of GS.”

But for those veterans without the full benefits of the original post-9/11 GI Bill in the future (and with general financial aid conditions bleak), Columbia may become less attractive even with its active veteran scene.

The Tutus became prominent members of GS later than soldiers, and less because of national financial programs, but more because of the specific population they represent. Like the Uzis, the Tutus represent, especially in New York, a sizable block of dedicated, young professionals who recognize that their careers will end young (dancing is physically grueling) and that they must prepare for a life thereafter. The Tutus choose GS, increasingly over time, because, as Caitlin Dieck of the Columbia Ballet Collaborative, a repository of professional dancers at the school, says, “GS allows us to gradually transition [into academia],” letting full time dancers wind down their careers and wind up their academic lives in a process that is socially, mentally, and financially tolerable.

The holistic admissions process of GS tends to value the skills that both dancers and soldiers possess. GS uses a non-traditional application process to account for its non-traditional applicant pool. As Peter Awn, the school’s dean, insists, “G.S. isn’t a backdoor into Columbia;” he stressed that the School only accepts students who will do well as exemplified by their personal traits and records in their careers. Indeed, when McKinsey & Company evaluated the GS admissions process they rated it more accurate than the SATs at gauging student’s success in college. “Dancers have strong work ethics,” Dieck says, “and are dedicated to a certain level of skill in dance, and this mindset translates well into academics.” This trait, common in Uzis and Tutus, makes them appealing applicants to the school.

The most recent change at GS has been an increased commitment to the College’s Core Curriculum. According to Awn, more and more GS students are pressing for full inclusion in the Core. Awn views this as beneficial to both GS and College students: GS students stand to gain a true Columbia undergraduate education, and students from the College will benefit from academic interactions with non-traditional students. Then change is solely academic, which Awn says, “allows the full integration of the academic program—which is really what we’re about—yet allowing administrative units to persist which really do understand this particular population.”

Already there are two sections each of Lit Hum and Comparative Civilizations exclusively for GS students, which can help accommodate the GS identity and social unity. But GS students are also already required to take University Writing, Art Hum, and Music Hum, as well as the Global Core requirements. And as College students know well, with the Core comes a certain degree of rigidity. As requirements increase, perhaps in the future making the initial steps into academia less flexible for the Tutus, the equation of the school’s attractiveness may change.

GS will always play host to a unique body of non-traditional students and will always serve as a strong and special service offered by Columbia. But the changing national economic and political landscape as well as the continuing evolution of GS as an institution may change the face of the school. The Uzis and Tutus will persist for now, and maybe forever, but within the coming years these notable, active and administratively well-liked populations may be supplanted in prominence within the school.
Home Brew

The Distillery Down The Hall

By Sylvie Krekow

In the words of the scholar Asher Roth, “time isn’t wasted when you’re getting wasted.” This ethos appears to be alive and well in Morningside. Although a student brewing union remains a pipe dream—the Blue & White suggests the Columbia University Association of Fermenting Friends (CUAFF)—undergraduates from all walks of campus, (Potluck residents, Orthodox Jews, and athletes, to name a few) have decided to craft artisanal alcoholic concoctions from the comfort of their own homes.

Some approach the task as a simply aesthetic exercise. Luisa Isbell, CC ’13, recalls infusing vodkas her sophomore year in her McBain double. “I didn’t actually make the alcohol itself. I purchased the alcohol at International Wines and Liquor, a great establishment,” she recalls.

After buying a handle of Smirnoff, she and her roommate went to University Housewares and purchased five mason jars (one for each Skittle color). They separated the candy by color into the jars and let the alcohol seep for five days. At this point, Isbell notes, “all the color from the artificial outside had come off and all the yummy flavors had, um, what’s the technical term...dissipated...into the vodka.”

Sam Collins, SEAS’13, chose to mix “red flavor” with Monster Energy drink, to “home-brew some 4Loko.” Be warned: Isbell notes that because of its sugary flavor, it’s hard to tell how much you’ve consumed. “Drink your candy responsibly,” she advises.

Cory Doliner, JTS’12, along with several members of his Goldsmith 22 suite, decided to create a more traditional drink: etrog liquor. Etrog, a citrus fruit that serves a ritual function during the Jewish holiday Sukkot, smells “really nice and sweet,” says Doliner. He discovered a process similar to that for making Limoncello, the traditional Italian lemon liquor. Doliner put the peels from ten etros in two separate jars and filled one with 100 proof and one with 160. One may use other proofs, but “The [thought of using] 190 proof scared me,” recalls Doliner.

The alcohol must sit for at least two weeks for the flavor to be absorbed, but the brewers have decided to let the bright yellow beverage age a few weeks longer. Apparently, there is an ideal vintage, and “we want one to be ready for finals,” says Doliner. Ideal or not, the experiment was efficient. “I was going to make beer but it’s a lot more work and a lot more expensive,” he sighed.

Emily Sorensen, BC ’12, and an anonymous friend tried full-on fermentation. A few senior friends introduced the idea to Sorensen when she was a sophomore. “We ordered the stuff online. I guess it’s gotten easier lately—they sell them [the materials] at Whole Foods now—but we just bought it from ‘Home Brewery,’ which is some place in Minnesota or Missouri,” she explains.

After buying the ingredients separately, they brew five gallons at a time, boiling the mixture for an hour or so, and leaving it to sit for a few weeks to ferment. In the end, they produce around 50 bottles (to share, of course). “We’ll bring a 6 pack or something to a party,” says Sorensen.

The duo has experimented with different flavors, once trying out a “peach beer” that “was pretty good,” and they both think the initial investment has paid off. Her accomplice explains, “It actually gets cheap. I don’t know if it’s cheaper than buying a 40 from CrackDel, but it’s way better for about the same price. And kind of more fun—it’s definitely much more enjoyable.” Where would one look to to sample this exciting beverage? “Stop by Potluck tomorrow, you can have some!” they exclaim. Cheers, Columbia! ✪
Take $5 off a box of CC or Lit Hum books
With this coupon

Please visit us before you make your textbook decisions.
-Easy returns and exchanges-
-No sales tax or shipping charges-
-Truly helpful and hardworking staff-
-M-F 9am-10pm S 10-8 SU 11-7
Great prices-Great buyback program
All the major courses and many exclusives,

An Independent Bookstore-
Book Culture on 112th

Shop Local

Book Culture
536 west 112th between
B-way and Amsterdam
212-865-1588
Up For Debate

THE DYNAMISM OF COLUMBIA’S DEBATE TEAM

BY SYLVIE KREKOW

Competitive debate evokes the collegiate experience of past generations: a club for the well-heeled adolescent off to classical studies and mandatory chapel services. Colleges don’t really look like that anymore, but debate remains the province of the argumentative, erudite, and principled. And so it is at Columbia, where the current debate team, known as the Parliamentary Debate Society since its founding in the early 1980s, and more commonly as Columbia Debate, is enjoying a minor renaissance.

The team’s recent leadership has lifted the club’s reputation from a gloomy bout of scandal and subsequent dejection in the early-aughts. While no one remains who remembers the details, it is whispered that in 2003 team members used club funds to buy drugs. While the circumstances under which this affair came to the attention of the authorities are unclear, the university shut the team down in 2003. Starting from the ground up, skilled members have been working to restore the team to its 1990s glory, when they won two National titles—in the process, they have changed Columbia’s debate scene wholesale.

Reid Bagwell, CC’12, currently leads the competition for Speaker of the Year in the American Parliamentary Debate Association (APDA) circuit. His partner Alexander McHale, CC’13, says Bagwell’s talent lies in being able to “distill complex theses about derivative rights into thirty second quips that make you laugh and nod and your head expand in a good way.” Now halfway through the season, Columbia’s squad sits in fourth place for Club of the Year, and has already scooped up a slew of speaker awards. One particularly proud moment for the club came in October when McHale and Nick Phillips, CC’12, argued that monarchy with democracy is preferable to pure democracy in front of the Liberty Bell—the mother of all ironies—and they won.

Such success makes Columbia competitive among the 46 teams of the APDA (it was ranked 14th at the time of print). But club president Denise Yu, CC ’12, has also trained her focus on organic growth, legacy, and image, beyond the circuit. Part of this involves working to dispel memory of scandals past. But Yu and her team have moved beyond the scandal in their development.

Yu notes that the team aims to overcome the stereotype of a college debater as “being intense for no good reason.” To this ends, Yu has pushed the club to participate in public debates that require a different talent than competitive debate: the ability to entertain. Such debates foster real world skills and help publicize the team, she explains. A recent public tournament held at the Crosby Street Hotel in SoHo hosted by Halogen TV Debate garnered national, not to mention highly complimentary, attention. A New York Times reporter described the Columbia and Harvard competitors as “great boxers slugging it out.”

Yu emphasizes not just a shift in image, but a shift in what it means to participate in debate. “I’ve been pushing the club really hard to be on the trajectory to be more than the ‘Debate Team’ because I believe that Columbia Debate should be a society,” says Yu. The goal is to create a cohesive and dedicated unit, not just a casual fraternity of impressive and loquacious youths. And it is this shift more than any image makeover that has brought the group to new heights.

Growing ambitions, though, are not cheap for the club. With an annual club budget of $6,275, and an average cost of about $50 per person for travel to another city, Yu says that usually “the club members have to eat financial costs because it’s really difficult to get reimbursements.” A strained relationship with the administration dogs the group yet, and with such an expensive project trying to prove itself the years ahead will prove a test to that which Yu and her predecessors have created. But perhaps a debate society can survive and thrive where a debate team failed.
From Hardback to Hard Drive

THE (SLOW) DIGITIZATION OF COLUMBIA’S LIBRARIES

BY ALIE CURRY

At best, the path to the full digitization of a library’s collection is complex; at worst, it resembles a Borgesian fiction. To date, Columbia University Libraries (CUL)—the eighth-largest library in the US by number of volumes held—has digitized just 1 percent, or 100,000, of its 10 million volumes.

These figures don’t necessarily reflect the value of Columbia’s contributions to date. Its holdings of rare books and manuscripts have been available for viewing and downloading online via CLIO since 2008, through a partnership with Google Books and Internet Archive. All this digital material is stored in HathiTrust, a network of about 60 large public and private university libraries, that boasts a megacollection of some 2.6 million titles (all of which are fully available to CUL patrons).

All this is to say: putting Columbia’s collection online will take more than scanners and patient librarians. Robert Wolven, Associate University Librarian for Bibliographic Services and Collection Development, argues, “Our own digitization work has to be understood in the context of what other libraries are doing.”

Software engineer Leonid Taicher of Google Books estimates that there are some 130 million unique titles in the world. At one time, Google believed it would be able to digitize every one of them—although these hopes have been at least tempered if not wholly dashed in recent years. To do this it requires the partnership of the best libraries in the world, but as the example of Columbia shows, there are complicated factors preventing total digitization.

Wolven stresses first that Columbia’s financial resources, which pale in comparison to Google’s, limit CUL’s capability to enact any sort of grand scale (or independent) digitization agenda. Given the time and equipment needed to scan any given work, estimates of the cost of scanning a single page range from 10 cents (a figure cited by Brewster Kahle of major CUL partner and alternative to Google Books, Internet Archive) to 10 dollars. CUL faces significant challenges in that its collection, with its larger proportion of semi-rare works, requires extraordinary care and handling dur-
ing the digitization process. Add to this the cost of digitally storing this material on a yearly basis and what Wolven sees as a growing challenge as CUL transitions to digitizing the larger audio and video files that are rapidly replacing physical archives and the costs become astronomical. To fund these efforts, Wolven and his team have often looked outside the University and found supporters in corporate partners Microsoft, Google, and Internet Archive, along with smaller grant-funded efforts such as the Medical Heritage Library project.

While financial resources constrain even CUL—an elite private institution—Harvard History Professor and Library Director Robert Darnton has argued that copyright (or, as Wolven phrases it, “the limits of what can be done legally with such a large percentage of published books protected by copyright”) most significantly inhibits the greater movement toward full library digitization. As a matter of policy (one which has paid off legally, as shall be seen, for Columbia in recent years), CUL has limited its scanning and digitization efforts to works in the public domain (as does Internet Archive, which differs from Google in the smaller scope of its project and in its desire to make its digitized holdings available across multiple platforms)—that is, the limited number of holdings published prior to 1923 or whose copyright term has expired. Though technically new works enter the public domain each year as their copyright term expires, the chief legislative impulse of the last 221 years in American copyright law has been to further extend the duration of a work’s copyright term (up from its initial 14 years following publication to as many as 120 for works created since 1978). This means the rate at which works have been entering the public domain is actually slowing.

While some public university libraries have engaged in scanning copyrighted works, current US copyright policy demands that publishers or authors give permission before the public can fully digitally view a work under copyright protection. What’s more, e-book lending practices of copyrighted works lag far behind the recent phenomenal rise in personal e-reader technology and e-book sales (and, arguably, e-book piracy). For example, the New York Public Library (the third largest in the United States) circulates over 6 million physical items while lending out only 75,000 copies of 35,000 e-book titles.

“Between Google, Internet Archive, HathiTrust, and work going on in Europe there’s a good chance that most books that are out of copyright will be available online before too long,” said Wolven. “The bigger question is what will happen with the vast majority of books that are still in copyright, where some combination of changes in legislation and business arrangements with authors and publishers will be needed to make them available.”

Legislation aside, “business arrangements” between CUL’s partners at Google Books and HathiTrust have been bumpy, to put it lightly. In March, the District Court Judge for Southern New York, Denny Chin, rejected the $125 million settlement between Google and a group of authors and publishers suing for copyright infringement, effectively shattering Google Books’s ambitions to digitize the world’s entire bibliographic store of knowledge. Then, in September, three author groups and eight individual writers filed a suit against HathiTrust, arguing that the organization was hosting unauthorized Google Books scans. Days later, HathiTrust suspended plans to release 140 “orphan works,” or works that are still under copyright protection, but whose owners or heirs cannot be located. To date, Google Books operates ambiguously in suspended animation. The “History” entry of the project’s “About” page last lists events in 2007, and omits the multi-million dollar lawsuit.

Owing to its policy against scanning or otherwise digitally proliferating copyrighted works, CUL was not named in either of the suits and is unlikely to be involved in future such litigation. Columbia’s own Copyright Advisory Office was established in early 2008, motivated by the same trends that drove CUL’s first large-scale scanning projects with Google and Internet Archive. And despite the fact that CUL’s digitization work is funded largely by private sources, which Wolven says have “no long-term commitment to keep making these books available,” he insists that CUL maintains some ownership of all its scanned materials. Columbia does have an interest in scanning its archives, but not merely for the sake of digitization; the goal of CUL’s effort is more geared towards benefitting the scholarly community as a whole. “That’s where universities and libraries come in,” he said. “We’re committed to keeping the digital copies available for future research.”
Transferring from one undergraduate college to another is not uncommon. However, transfer students tend to stand out at Columbia, where dispersed housing and rigid core requirements make a seamless transition difficult. The assumption is usually that students are coming from an unfamiliar place—whether downtown or the opposite coast. Yet a surprising number of students transfer among the university’s four undergraduate colleges. Despite the fact that undergraduates are thoroughly integrated—sharing dorms, classes and extracurricular activities—internal transfer students are treated identically to those coming in from the outside.

According to Katherine Cutler, the Director of Communications for Student Affairs, 20 students transfer between CC and SEAS each year, and one to three from Barnard to CC or SEAS. The Blue & White set out to investigate the experiences of four students who have dealt with this esoteric procedure: Prapti Chatterjee, CC ’12, a transfer from Barnard; Alejandro Uribe, SEAS ’13, who attempted to transfer to CC; Dawn Smith, CC ’14, a transfer from SEAS; and Alison Cooper CC ’14, who is agonizing over whether or not to apply to SEAS.

Internal transfer students at Columbia generally feel dissatisfaction with the opportunities available at their own schools, or a conviction that they could do better elsewhere. Prapti Chatterjee, now a senior in Columbia College, realized that Barnard, her original choice, didn’t actually offer the major she wanted to pursue: “I went to Barnard for their writing culture,” she says, “but when I got there I found out they don’t offer writing as a major. Supplementary writing workshops are nothing compared to Columbia’s Creative Writing program.” So, in her sophomore year, she took the plunge and applied to transfer to Columbia.

Like Chatterjee, Dawn Smith, newly CC ’14, realized she wasn’t happy where she was. As a first-year in SEAS last year, she began to have doubts...
about her decision to do engineering. Although she had loved math and science in high school, she didn’t have the same passion for it at the college level. Moreover, she says, “I thought I’d be able to take more classes that I wanted to take, that I could go abroad.” Alejandro Uribe, SEAS ’13, had the same experience:

“I initially choose SEAS because all through high school I excelled in my math and science classes, and although I enjoyed my liberal arts classes equally I never felt sufficiently challenged [...] so when the time came to apply to universities, applying to engineering schools seemed like the most logical option. However upon arriving at Columbia, due to the high credit requirements being crammed into such a short time span, I found very little time to pursue the subjects outside engineering that I was also interested in. So I choose to apply for a transfer in the hopes of double majoring in science and liberal arts in order to take the most classes that interested me instead of just mostly taking requirements.”

Their reasoning would make a lot of sense to Alison Cooper, who is also CC ’14—for now. If she stays in Columbia College, she says, she’ll double major in computer science and archaeology, planning to study abroad in Egypt to work on an archaeological dig. At the same time, she’s considering giving up archaeology entirely: “I could either pursue one or the other, or do a mediocre job at both.” And if she chooses computer science, the major she’s leaning towards, it just makes more sense to her to be in the engineering school. “With computer science, the more classes you take, the more skills you have,” she explains.

Whatever the reason, once a student has decided to make the transfer, they first need to meet with their advisers. Smith, upon visiting the CSA, was discouraged from making the switch. “[My advisor] wasn’t very happy, didn’t want me [to transfer], but wouldn’t really say why,” she says. Smith wasn’t the only prospective transfer who had that experience: Chatterjee’s advisor, though she did not expressly discourage her, did mention that Barnard’s sense of community might not exist at Columbia. Chatterjee explains that she “wasn’t discouraged, [but] merely asked to carefully consider that I might be losing out on a more intimate atmosphere at Barnard, and that it was possible the Creative Writing major wouldn’t be everything I hoped.” Uribe’s CSA experience, too, was lackluster. He said, “My advisor wasn’t very help-

ful. They didn’t really have any advice to give me other than maybe considering applying to other schools as well.”

After all is said and done, the ultimate decision—and work—of transferring falls entirely to the student, and it’s no sure thing. “I had to write essays, find recommendations, go the whole nine yards,” explains Smith. Columbia treats the internal transfer process identically to that for any student coming from outside. It can be unsettling to suddenly feel alien to a familiar environment. After her experience, Smith “feels no favors were done,” and Chatterjee agrees. All transfer applicants apply through the Common App, and experience the same agonizing wait most of us associate with senior year of high school. After Smith had applied in January, she could only play the waiting game. “You don’t find out very quickly,” Smith said.

Smith boldly arranged her schedule so as to be ready for either the transfer to CC or another semester at Barnard. Should Cooper decide to commit to transferring, she too will have to face the same questions: should she hedge with spring and fall 2012 registration, keeping CC requirements in place, or prepare an entirely SEAS-oriented schedule? If she does transfer, she stands ready to drop Contemporary Civilization and commit to engineering requirements.

After Smith and Chatterjee were accepted at CC, the remainder of the process was simple, especially compared to filling out the entire Common Application (replete with professor recommendations). Smith sent “countless” mandatory emails to various offices, but in the end, all she had to do was sign one form, and the deed was done.

Uribe wasn’t so lucky. He said, “upon being denied a transfer, I also requested to meet with them post denial to inquire on the reason for my denial and ask for potential help to apply to other schools and they refused to meet with me and instead directed me towards my advisor, who again wasn’t able to offer any help.”

“There was the immediate shock of having realized that the University in which I was studying wasn’t going to allow me to study what I wanted to, but after talking to other people who were accepted or denied via the same transfer process it seemed the selection was more arbitrary than anything.”

Uribe is still happy in SEAS, and still working at a liberal arts education by striving to squeeze in an
EALAC minor. However, he muses, “if I were given the chance to choose schools all over again, I can’t say with 100 percent certainty that I would choose SEAS again, or Columbia for that matter.”

Despite its many difficulties, the transfer process seems to reward those who have determined to make the switch. After moving over to CC from SEAS, Smith says, “I am happier [now]. I’m enjoying Lit Hum and not taking any science or math classes”. Smith has also benefited from the transfer of her engineers credits, which will count for her quantitative requirements and Frontiers of Science. Other than that, she is starting a degree fresh—while those transfer points count towards her B.A., her GPA has been wiped. “That’s the best,” she commented, chuckling. Smith also anticipates that being in CC will make her dream of going abroad more feasible, now that she has more flexibility in her choice of classes.

For Cooper, the prospect of bettering her chances of getting a job in computer science is reason enough to make her hopeful about the switch. She says, “The SEAS comp-sci major has more classes, so I’d gain more skills. I’d graduate with about 50% more skills.” She would regret not majoring in archaeology, though. “I’ve wanted to do [archaeology] since reading the Epic of Gilgamesh in Lit Hum,” she reflects.

Chatterjee’s account of her experience echoes Cooper’s depiction of the transfer process as one of worthwhile sacrifice. Ultimately, however, Chatterjee believes that the time she gave up is well worth what she has gained since the switch. “To transfer, I had to do the extra hard work,” she says. “Transferring showed that I was willing to do whatever it took to get what I wanted.”
Comedy Central

So Four Improv Groups Walk Into A Bar …

BY BRIAN WAGNER

Referred to as one of Columbia’s “best kept secrets” by Charlotte “Charlie” Dinkin, BC ’12 and one of improv group Chowdah’s co-presidents, Columbia’s comedy scene may not be mentioned on tours for prospective students, but it has grown in both prominence and potency in recent years. Previously, the scene was dominated by Fruit Paunch, an improv group that is still perhaps the school’s best-known act. However, comedy is no longer a one-team show, and what was once a competitive scene is transforming into more of a community. Fruit Paunch now shares the spotlight with Chowdah, a sketch-driven group, and Alfred, a long-form musical improv group.

Barnard newcomer Control Top has gained a foothold since its founding a year ago, and seems to have assimilated painlessly into Columbia’s now much friendlier comedy scene.

“Over the last few years we’ve figured out that we have our own styles of comedy. No group is trying to be like any other group, so there’s not quite as much competition as there used to be,” says Michael Abraham, CC ’12, a member of Alfred. Indeed, the focus these days seems to be on collaboration. Last year saw the inaugural Improvapalooza, a comedy festival of sorts which brought all of the campus groups together for a night of laughter. Alfred is working to bring about a second iteration, and Bob Vulfov, CC ’12 and president of Fruit Paunch, is planning another large event for the spring. The groups are very supportive of one another, often opening for and always attending each other’s shows.

This burgeoning sense of collaboration also extends to outside projects, such as the recent show “Just F*cking Laugh at Me,” which was written by Vulfov and fellow Fruit Paunch member Eli Grober, CC ’13, directed by Alfred’s Matt Star, CC ’12, and featured acting by Paunch’s Evan Johnston, CC ’12, as well as Abraham. This past summer, a collection of school comedians from each group working in and around New York formed a temporary collective called “All the Pretty Horses,” and performed at bars throughout the city (faring quite well, by most accounts).

Besides simply making names for themselves within
Columbia’s gates, the groups have also been trying to gaining local recognition by participating in comedy competitions. Alfred’s first show this fall was in the East Village, where they battled humorously with other NYC schools, and were unfortunately beaten out by NYU (a victory determined by an audience vote at a venue mere blocks from NYU’s campus). The group also participated in the New York Musical Improv Festival, which featured groups from across the country. But performing off campus is largely a decision made by a group and not necessarily a barometer of success. “It’s not a function of ‘Oh, we’re performing at X level, so we should be doing stuff off-campus.’ It’s a different vibe, you get different feedback. Alfred’s going to be doing only on-campus shows next semester, to build up our presence,” Will Cybriwsky, SEAS ’12, adds.

The notion of performing off campus brings a larger issue to the forefront: Columbia comedy groups strive not only for recognition on College Walk, but also for the recognition of Columbia as a major player in the comedy world, a la Harvard with its pipeline into the industry. New York is undoubtedly an auspicious place to begin a career in comedy, but the great number of venues and performers bring challenges as well as opportunities. Some campus comedians, such as Vullov and Grober, have participated in open mic nights downtown, but the notion of standing up in front of a room of strangers and trying to make them laugh can be daunting. “New York is obviously as good a place as any to find venues for comedy, but it’s a pretty big scary town out there, and so Columbia can be a really safe place for everyone to explore finding their own comic voice,” says Dinkin.

Big and scary though it is, New York is unique in that it offers not only venues to comedians, but also ample opportunities for training and practice in the arts of comedy. The Upright Citizens Brigade, a long-running and wildly successful comedy group, owns two theaters in Manhattan, where it offers classes to the public so that everyone from college students to soccer moms can receive formal training in amusing others. The People’s Improv Theater and the Magnet Theater also provide classes and host performances by local groups.

Down at theaters such as these, though, the name Columbia carries very little clout. “Of the young people who take classes at UCB I’ve definitely noticed that they seem to be primarily NYU students. People assume that I go to NYU. I don’t think anyone outside of Columbia associates us with being a hub of comedy,” said Emily Hoffman, BC ’12, a sometime student at UCB. When it comes to comedy, Columbia finds itself in the unfamiliar position of living in NYU’s shadow, as the downtown school has a more successful pedigree, most recently added to by Donald Glover, Tisch ’06, the former 30 Rock writer and current Community actor, and Aziz Ansari, Stern ’04, best known for his role on Parks and Recreation.

Though our university is a bit player in the citywide scene, the emergence of a more unified and supportive on-campus community is encouraging. “The people running things are particularly dedicated to fostering inclusivity, which is why it’s in such a strong place at the moment,” said Dinkin. This support and strength is likely what has allowed for groups to begin taking part in outside competitions, such as Alfred’s involvement in the Musical Improv Festival, or Fruit Paunch’s upcoming participation in the College Improv Tournament, described lovingly by Johnston as, “like March Madness, only if no one really gave a shit.” These competitions not only help to increase Columbia’s visibility in the comedy world, but also provide feedback to the groups on how Columbia measures up against the competition. After all, the world of comedy is known for its cutthroat environment and often less-than-delicately honest feedback.

The more frequent participation in outside competitions, when combined with the success of recent alumni, such as Jenny Slate, CC ’04, (who had roles on SNL and HBO), or the comedy group Dog Court (who had a very successful run on a UCB show), makes it look as if Columbia’s comedy scene will not remain a secret for much longer. The development of on-off productions such as “Just F*cking Laugh” and increased participation, both between groups and in outside competitions, all point to a growing comedy culture on campus, a welcome addition to a university often much more capable of making students cry than laugh. •
The Balance of Powers

Understanding the Changing Role of Columbia’s Deans

BY GABRIELLE DACOSTA & PETER STERNE

Columbia College students know Michele Moody-Adams for many benchmarks. She numbered among the few Deans of Columbia College who were not alumni or long-time professors and one of the more academically distinguished. She was the College’s first African-American and female dean. But most memorably she left her post after two years in a notably public imbroglio with the Columbia University Administration. Yet Moody-Adams held one other important distinction: she was the first Dean of the College to simultaneously hold the title of Vice-President for Undergraduate Education. That change in title, while seemingly benign, represents the culmination of a series of changes in the role of the Dean of the College and the place of the College within the University—away from autonomy and executive power—and will forever change the skills necessary to lead the College within the University.

The first step on this road came in 1982, when Columbia’s President Michael Sovern created the position of Vice-President of Arts and Sciences, an administrative role broadly tasked with coordinating the independent faculties of the University’s myriad schools. At the time, explains Nicholas Dirks, Vice-President of the Arts and Sciences and Dean of the Faculty of Arts and Sciences, “the Faculty of the College used to meet on a regular basis, it used to have reports from the Committee on Instruction (C0I), the Committee on Admissions and Financial Aid.” In other words, it directly participated in the governance of the College as a discrete and independent entity.

Nine years later, despite objections from the deans of the various colleges, a unified Faculty of Arts and Sciences (FAS) came into being representing the faculties of Columbia College, General Studies, the Graduate School of Arts and Sciences, the School of International and Public Affairs, and the School of the Arts. Chapter XXIX §293b of the University Statutes, which describes the powers of this new unified faculty body, states that, “Nothing contained herein shall be deemed to impair the powers of the Faculties of Columbia College [and the other schools] which constitute the Faculty of Arts and Sciences, and of their several deans.” While technically still intact and empowered, the Faculty of the College has not met independently since FAS emerged in 1991, and in turn FAS has become the faculty body of record at the University.

In that process the Dean of the College lost the independent faculty he/she formerly oversaw, drastically diminishing the post’s authority. Whereas previously the Dean of the College negotiated with his/her own faculty to make academic decisions, now these decisions require negotiation with the Executive Committee of FAS. This Committee includes members from the graduate schools, deans of other schools, and the Vice-President of FAS, whose interests do not always align with the College’s.

Around the same time, the College and the SEAS merged their Admissions and Student Affairs departments, bringing the Dean of SEAS into decision making processes with the Dean of the College. Then, “two years ago, the Committee on Instruction of both the College and GS was combined into one,” explains Kathryn Yatrakis, Dean of Academic Affairs for the College. “What the Committee on Instruction typically does is it approves new courses, approves programs, approves majors, and so on. And since the under-graduates in Arts and Sciences are typically the College and GS students, it made sense to have those committees be one.” For matters such as academic integrity policies or student affairs, such common bodies making common policies are logical. But the separate histories and priorities of these schools mean that the calculus of the
now-joint decision-making has shifted.

These two centralizing trends, uniting faculty-budgetary decisions and converging curricular decisions, will continue. In 2006, University President Lee Bollinger convened a Task Force on Undergraduate Education to reconsider the University’s undergraduate systems. Their Working Group on Curricular Structure recommended “that a faculty-led group—the Education Policy and Planning Committee (EPPC)—be appointed to work with the Deans of Undergraduate and Graduate Education and the Vice-President on coordinating curriculum across schools, departments, institutes, and programs and to advise the Vice-President regarding allocation of faculty resources to undergraduate teaching.”

Not only will the EPPC (as of yet nonexistent) assume more functions currently handled by the College, it will also tie curricular decisions for schools to budgetary considerations for all FAS schools.

The centralization of the schools first led to and now helps to accommodate the increased financial interrelation of all the FAS schools—Dirks controls all of their budgets. “All the instruction for Columbia College students comes out of this office,” Dirks explains. “Ultimately, all the decisions about everything from budgets for student advising and student services, career education, to financial aid, come from here because I have to sign off the entire budget.”

This budget, now in excess of $650 million, comes primarily from tuition fees paid by graduate and undergraduate students alike. Dirks’s office then decides how to redistribute this amalgamated cash among schools through consultation with administrators like the Dean of the College, and the Policy and Planning Committee of FAS (PPC) must approve his budget. This is a far cry from the days when the Dean of the College listened to appeals from faculty and administrators before making the College’s budget independently.

All of these mergers and centralizing policies make sense, but they redefine the post of Dean of the College. Once a position of leadership at an autonomous school, the job now describes a University administrator representing the College in cross-school decisions. Members of the College administration who once reported only to the Dean of the College now report to both the Dean and Vice-President of Arts and Sciences.

Dirks to keep him more involved in College affairs. Yatrakis, aside from her dean title, is a Senior Associate Vice-President of Arts and Sciences. Kevin Shollenberger, Dean of Student Affairs for Columbia College and SEAS, is also Senior Associate Vice-President for Undergraduate Student Life for Arts and Sciences.

And the College itself has less influence in its own destiny. To use a hypothetical but very possible example, a College Committee on Instruction might never vote to raise the Core class size to 30 students, but the EPPC, balancing the interests of various schools, might well conclude that it’s a worthy trade-off to free up money for graduate education. Such a change follows the rhetoric of administrators on the centralizing policies, which boils down to a rising tide lifts all boats.

It was not just in this context that Moody-Adams first came to Columbia—she came to Columbia largely because of this context. The selection committee primarily sought a Vice-President of Undergraduate Engagement more than a Dean of the College. Statements made by
the administration after Moody-Adams’ selection suggest that the University privileged the administrative Vice-President title over the leadership Dean title in their decision. Dirks, who chaired the search committee, told Columbia College’s alumni magazine, Columbia College Today, “Michele Moody-Adams comes to Columbia with an extraordinary background in the administration of undergraduate education.” In the same article, Bollinger celebrated her selection by praising “her hands-on experience as an academic administrator for undergraduate education.”

Neither mentioned the College.

At the time she was chosen, Moody-Adams was the “Vice-Provost of Undergraduate Education” at Cornell. The position did not oversee any independent undergraduate schools; rather it only oversaw vaguely defined “formal and strategic academic initiatives.” Her previous achievements were not insignificant, but neither were they the stuff of collegiate leadership.

Moody-Adams understood how to work in the larger university administration, but had no executive experience. Since the position of Dean of the College and Vice-President of Undergraduate Education is now focused more on working within the administration to represent the College’s interests, rather than making decisions for the College, Moody-Adams was a perfect choice.

The fact that this shifting role of the Dean solidified in a title at the time of Moody-Adams’ appointment does not seem accidental. The committee selected her after a high-profile search for a skilled administrator who was also an outsider. Only a decade before her selection, the Columbia Administration descended into turmoil when the University fired Dean Austin Quigley, only to be forced to rehire him after an outcry by College alumni. As an outsider, Moody-Adams lacked this support and would be more likely to accept the University’s decisions. Her new title, in this vein, seems to have been bestowed to encourage and institutionalize a commitment to working in the best interests of multiple schools, rather than acting as a College loyalist. The title, falsely executive in tone, also positioned her firmly within FAS, with its focus on centralization and standardization, instead of orienting her in her new school and culture as a representative of the College’s separate interests.

Students began to pick up on this shift, believing that the Dean’s increasing administrative responsibilities were antithetical to accessibility. This disillusionment compromised faith in the Dean as an independent leader and a guide and defender for students. Daniela Quintanilla, CC ’14, believes for one that, “having fireside chats with fifteen students and someone from Spec is obviously good press, though not necessarily productive or revealing.” Yet students remain hopeful. Chris Canales, CC’14, in his recollections of Moody-Adams sees her resignation as a sign that she fought for the College at the end.

The new role of the Dean of the College does not render the position sterile, nor the College mute. Moody-Adams did not understand Columbia’s decentralized and politicized bureaucracy, and her distance made it difficult to advance the College’s interests. With no executive power, she left her post, publically criticizing the PPC and fretting for the College on her way out.

Her replacement, though, fills out the solidifying new position of the Dean of the College quite competently. Interim Dean James Valentini has taught in the College for over 20 years and served on the governing committee of FAS during the 1990s. He quickly made himself available to College students and alumni in a way Moody-Adams never did, even as he accepted the enormous administrative responsibilities of his new role. He understands the history and intricacies of the University, and seems to recognize that the new reality of the position of Dean of the College can derive power through political skill rather than executive power or administrative functionary experience.

A skilled and seasoned administrator, he has good relations with the PPC, on which his wife, Lorenzo Da Ponte Professor of Italian Teodolinda Barolini serves, and Dirks. He remains a strident defender of the interests of the College. Yet he asserts the College through smooth administrative maneuvering, positive relations with FAS, and institutional knowledge, not through calls for the school’s autonomy. Given the new reality of the position of the Dean of the College, Valentini might serve as a model for the inevitable search committee that will select the new permanent Dean.*
Think gaudy East Harlem hookah bar décor, think candlelight, think hot smoke-thick cinnamon scented air. Think fledgling romance, think hushed Arabic, think midnight. Think Bono crooning quietly under the sound of October in New York or New York in October. Blue-eyed boy meets a brown-eyed girl. Oh-oh-oh. The sweetest thing. No idea if these things actually happened or if you made them up in retrospect to make perfect things more perfect. In either case, your obsession with the cinematic is sufficiently humored. If need be, stick a directorial finger into your hippocampus and tweak the lighting, change the flavor, change the song. Remember the things you want to remember, forget the unflattering details. Be kind, at least in hindsight, to yourself.

When everything around you is precisely what you want, sit yourself directly across from him, look him in the eyes, pretend it comes naturally. Pretend it isn’t the most difficult thing you’ve had to do since you let yourself want him. Want anyone at all. Hold that gaze and imagine that somewhere almost halfway between his unblinking jail cells and yours, blue and brown clash and maybe it is even beautiful.

Decide what accent you will speak in today and once you’ve decided, command him, very simply, to tell you a story.

“Tell me a story.”

Maybe he will smile, or maybe you will remember him as having smiled even if he didn’t smile, and maybe he will ask what kind of story you want to hear.

“What kind of story do you want to hear?”

“A happy one.”

So he will hold both of your hands in both of his hands and he will tell you about a ten year old boy in Colby, Kansas taking Bus #12 home on the last day of school before the summer, walking down his driveway (which is a lot longer to ten-year-olds than it is to us now) as slowly as possible, memorizing everything. Finally stepping onto his front yard, he stretches his arms out as far out to his sides as they will go, looks up at the bluest of all possible Midwestern skies, and falls backwards onto the earth. No real regard for where he lands because that isn’t the important part. The important
Measure for Measure

part is the falling. He will tell you about making snow angels but without snow. Grass angels. Summer vacation angels, ice-cream truck angels, bicycle bell angels. Kansas angels.

Suddenly, too soon, it’s your turn to tell a story. If you’re caught off guard, at least be charming about it. Recover. Then tell him about the trees in Madras that you spent your childhood falling off of. Jasmine trees and mango trees. Indian summer trees followed quickly by Indian monsoon trees. This might remind him of his best friend, Christian, and their secret meeting place – a grove across the lake behind his house. They called it The Restaurant. He will trust you with this codename and you will promise that your lips are sealed. You will smile at the image and you will tell him about your own childhood secrets. A tree that you claimed to have planted when you hadn’t really. Tire-swings.

In return, he might tell you about the tree-house that he and his cousin tried to build in their Grandma Kay’s yard in Meade, Kansas. At Grandma Kay’s funeral this past summer, what they remembered was that she had let them. He will tell you that the tree seemed a lot taller ten years ago than it really was and that it’s gone now, anyway. Then you will tell him that you’re terrified of your parents dying and he will look at you like he knows you, he will look at you like he gets you.

By this point you will have leaned in so close that nothing else exists at all and your world all but ends when the waiter appears to your right asking if you want more water. Shake your head without once leaving the twin blue jail cells where, to everyone’s surprise, you’ve made yourself at home. Can’t really leave but don’t really want to.

Tell him about your grandparents. He will tell you about his. Tell him you had to put your dog to sleep last December and tell him about your grandfather’s cremation a decade ago. Three hours later, realize that you’ve been holding hands so hard that you have to check for nail marks. Tell him about your mother and your father and your brother and your hometown. Tell him about your grandmother’s poetry. When he says, “I really want you to teach me Hindi,” laugh very softly and tell him you will. Mean it. When he leans in, let him. When he leans in, let him.

—Regha Jha
The Escape

James and Jared ran away to the Big Banana Circus on a Tuesday afternoon because they were tired of writing papers on frictionless pulleys and had developed a strange fascination with the art of fire-breathing. James replaced Elizabeth Browning line-break analyses with red leather chaps and the pseudonym “Tirious the Torch Taster” on account of his wide mouth and winning smile. Jared swept away whisky-stained popcorn.

The Way Out

Jared found a coupon for a three-dollar elephant pin while emptying out trash cans at the Big Banana Circus and realized that a pin in the shape of an elephant was just what he needed to start turning his life around. Jared drove two hours and one hundred and fifteen miles to the nearest Burt’s Junk Bungalow so that he could redeem his coupon, nearly falling asleep at the wheel outside Mobile, Alabama and crashing his ringleader’s Oldsmobile into a ditch. The pin was smaller than he expected.

The Getaway

Jared had a quarter tank of gas, an eclectic grey pin, and half a roll of quarters when he decided that he would not return to his job at the Big Banana Circus but instead drive from Mobile, Alabama to Seattle, Washington in search of true love. On the way, he picked up a hitch-hiking gypsy named Bertha who told him she was also heading towards Seattle before reading his palm and telling him of his future. Jared dropped Bertha off fifty two miles away from Olympia, east of Seattle, the next morning, and kept driving north.
The Business of Barnard

A Conversation with Debora Spar

By Alison Macke & Claire Sabel

This month’s conversation (really more of a brief chat — our subject is a busy woman) takes the Blue & White to the office of Barnard President Debora Spar, or DSpar as students have affectionately dubbed her. An independent director at Goldman Sachs and former faculty member at Harvard Business School, Spar joined Barnard in 2008 and has worked tirelessly to increase Barnard’s endowment, diversify the student body, and maintain a commitment to need-blind financial aid. In her conversation with the Blue & White, Spar shares her opinion on Columbia’s global research centers and her mission to educate the most brilliant women in the world.

The Blue & White: Can you tell us about your relationship to undergraduates at Barnard?

Debora Spar: One of the best parts of my job is spending time with undergraduates. One of the things I’ve struggled to do is to find more ways to see more undergraduates more regularly. I’ve experimented with a couple things. I taught a course in my second year and now I’m teaching part of a course. But what I’ve found is most useful is to have office hours.

It sounds like a small thing, but it’s a great thing. I try to have them at least once a month, try to see as many students as I can. That gives me a random view. I meet, obviously, with the student government leadership. I meet with students who are elected to positions on the board, but that gives me a sort of narrow view. I really try and find some ways to meet with whoever shows up in my office hours, or student groups. I met yesterday with the Emerging Leaders Program (ELP), a group of first-year students, last year with the Eco-Reps, the journalists...

You know, it’s hard. I’m sure there are students who spend four years here, and I might never run into them. But I do find that, from my window on the truth if you will, it was critical for me to talk to students as much I possibly can to see what their experiences are like. Oh! Dessert parties for seniors. But you know, it’s hard. McAC, the student activity group, asked me to do (as I did last year) a run with students yesterday. But no one showed up, so, you know, it’s hard sometimes.

B&W: What are you most proud of as a leader at Barnard? What do you think you’ve achieved?

DS: Well, you know, I’ve only been here three years. So, I think there’s a number of nice things that have happened in these three years. One of them is keeping the college on good financial footing during really, really tough times. And we’ve managed to get through these tough times, which don’t look they’re going away, without cutting back on financial aid. In fact we’ve increased it dramatically; we’ve expanded faculty. We’ve kept the college growing during a tough time.

Our applications have surged over these three years and become more diverse, so our student
body in the application body pool and the admitted student pool has become more diverse on all the categories we care about — socioeconomically, racially, and internationally. And that’s something I watch very closely, and I’ve also really pumped out the international outreach. This program, I can’t take credit for; it started before I came, but it’s exploded. It’ll have over 100 students visiting this year: the Global Symposium.

It’s been a relatively busy time. One of my focuses has been to focus on the deferred maintenance on campus. So, you know, obviously I was here when the Diana [Center] opened, which was a great big project, but we’ve also tried to do smaller, high-impact projects—Lewis parlor, the hive, just cleaning up campus.

B&W: How much do you think students should care about the financial situation of their college? It seems like there was a strong, but selective, reaction to the change in tuition policies.

DS: In an ideal world, I don’t want students to worry at all about the financial health of their college. That’s my problem. You guys have enough to worry about — your grades and your courses and all that stuff.

I’m speaking now as someone who taught economics for 20 years: I think there’s a real teachable moment here in realizing the economics of higher education are really quite perilous. We are delivering a very, very, very expensive product, which is a first class education. Even the students who are paying full freight here are only covering between 70 and 80 percent of what it costs us to deliver their education.

You know, I came from a much wealthier school [Harvard], so you know I think I’m in a good position to say that this is not a luxury place. We don’t pay our faculty exorbitant salaries, we don’t have climbing walls, we don’t have Jacuzzis, we don’t have a fancy president’s house. We’re kind of lean and mean and what we’re committed to doing is providing the best education in the world with fully need...
blind, full need financial aid. It’s really expensive and it’s my job to worry about how we cover that cost, but I think it’s important for students just to realize that it’s expensive. I’ve had several very good conversations with students, basically going through the economics of “this is what it costs to do a meal plan, this is what it costs to deliver an eight semester education.”

*B&W:* Speaking of teachable moments, given your position as an educator and someone involved in the financial world, what do you think of Occupy Wall Street?

*DS:* I think it’s absolutely fascinating. I was down there yesterday. I think this is a watershed moment. We’ll see how long the momentum stays, but my suspicion is that this is going to stick, if you will, and spread. We don’t know yet what it is and what it will become, but I think it’s a big thing. And I think in many ways it’s a wonderful thing; that it’s mostly, but not terribly — young people are saying, you know, “I’ve had enough and I’m not going to take it anymore.” I think we’re going through a major inflection point in terms of the global economy. I think in some ways the problems that Occupy Wall Street have identified are even bigger than they think they are.

So, are students, in general, graduating with too much debt? Yes, but that’s not an easily fixable problem. If, God forbid, Congress cuts back on the Pell grants (which they keep threatening to do) this is a huge problem. This is a systemic problem. My hope is, like I’m sure it is for many people, that somebody emerges to become a prophet of Occupy Wall Street, with a “ph,” not an “f.” To say, what’s the solution?

I find it interesting to compare Occupy Wall Street to the Tea Party. You know, the beauty of the Tea Party, regardless of what you think about their politics, is that their policy solution is clear. I personally think it’s a horrific policy, but it’s clear: no more taxes. Occupy Wall Street needs the equivalent policy solution. It’s too early to condemn them for not having that, but at some point somebody’s got to do that translation. I was actually thinking of writing an article, that I don’t have time for, called “Waiting For the Prophet,” but somebody’s got to come up with whatever the solution is, or at least a theory that would help us think about a solution.

*B&W:* Can you talk about the comparative global reaches of Barnard and Columbia College? They seem to be taking quite different approaches. Why do you think that is?

*DS:* Sure, and I could be wrong on this, but my understanding is that Columbia College is very much a part of Columbia University, and I’m not sure if the College has done anything separate from the University.

*B&W:* That’s very true.

*DS:* I think CU has done exactly the right thing. I think setting up the global research centers was a brilliant move. I think it was the right move. It is cost-effective. I think it’s a better move, in most cases, than setting up campuses abroad. Barnard would never be in a position to do that.

So you know the comparison here is Barnard College to Columbia University: what we’ve been able to do—and part of this was just luck and being opportunistic—was to piggy back a little bit off the global research centers. They have been very helpful to us in the global symposia. So ours will always be a much, much smaller effort. I think it’s an effort that—just like Columbia’s is aligned, as I understand it, with it’s mission—ours is very much aligned with our mission. We’re about women’s education, we’re about women’s empowerment, about women’s activism. So to be able to go to a different part of the world every year and really talk about those issues is exactly the right thing for us.

*B&W:* It seems that in general women’s education in America, for a long time, has been becoming less popular. But it seems overseas, especially in parts of South Asia and Southeast Asia, it’s becoming increasingly popular.

*DS:* I don’t know the numbers there, but certainly in some parts of the world it’s the only form of education [for women]. In others it’s certainly more popular than it is here. My view is—I said something along these lines when I was inaugurated—if our mission is to educate the smartest and the most energetic women in the world, then we need to find those women wherever they are. And that’s what we’re trying to do.
To dichotomize the NATARMS variable, I renamed the variable as “armsdummy,” and relabeled “too little” (1) to “spendmore” (1), recoded “about right” and “too much” to zero, and recoded “don’t know” to missing.

My interest in psychology grows for many reasons. I have gained much of knowledge in this subject due to my curiosity about it since a teenager. Studying psychology has always kept me motivated and (no comma here) it continues to become a growing passion. I greatly enjoyed and was stimulated by everything I learned in my psychology courses at my previous university.

By now I worry that my more patient readers are starting to get restive. (The rest will have long since tossed this book aside in a fit of exasperation). ?Yes, yes.? they are muttering testily, ?it?s all very well for you to show that critical reading is a matter of a certain orientation or stance?one that takes the form of a metaphorical ?digging down? or ?standing back.?

For more than four years I used to go, almost daily, to a pawnbroker’s and to a medicine shop. I cannot remember how old I was then; but the counter in the medicine shop was the same height as I, and that in the pawnbroker’s twice my height. I used to hand clothes and trinkets up to the counter twice my height, take the money proffered with contempt, then go to the counter the same height as I to buy medicine for my father who had long been ill. On my return home I had other things to keep me busy, for since the physician who made out the prescriptions was very well-known, he used unusual drugs: aloe root dug up in winter, sugar-cane that had been three years exposed to frost, twin crickets, and ardisia...all of which were difficult to procure. But my father’s illness went from bad to worse until he died.

Before the term was over I had left for Tokyo, because after this film I felt that medical science was not so important after all. The people of a weak and backward country, however strong and healthy they may be, can only serve to be made examples of, or to witness such futile spectacles; and it doesn’t really matter how many of them die of illness. The most important thing, therefore, was to change their spirit, and since at that time I felt that literature was the best means to this end, I determined to promote a literary movement. There were many Chinese students in Tokyo studying law, political science, physics and chemistry, even police work and engineering, but not one studying literature or art. However, even in this uncongenial atmosphere I was fortunate enough to find some kindred spirits. We gathered the few others we needed, and after discussion our first step, of course, was to publish a magazine, the title of which denoted that this was a new birth. As we were then rather classically inclined, we called it Xin Sheng (New Life).
CAMPUS GOSSIP

BUTLERES DISPUTATIONES
Outside the Butler reference room on a weekday afternoon, two women sit at the vintage HP computers. One is writing a rather mundane-looking recommendation. The other has the keyboard propped against the CPU and is engrossed in readings. Recommendation beats her pen against the table, distracting everyone. Finally, she turns to Readings and says, “You know, I just saw someone walk by looking for a computer. You don’t really need that machine.” The other people working at the long table start typing that much faster to prove they are indeed utilizing their computers. Readings retaliates, “Well, at least I’m not distracting the whole library with my irritating tics.” Recommendation counters, “It’s just selfish is what it is. You’re so obviously putting your own selfish needs before those of anyone else.” The two spar for a few minutes while the rest of the table listens. A few minutes of silence pass and Recommendation softly coos, “You’re feeling guilty...” Tired of the argument, the other computer users replace their headphones.

KEEPING THE DAY JOB
Jackie Blackett, Senior Associate Athletics Director and all-around CU athletic big shot, was heard softly singing along to “Total Eclipse of the Heart” on a bus ride back from Baker Field after observing a team practice.

DO AS I SAY, NOT AS I DO
After weeks of subjecting the women’s rowing team to strenuous early morning workouts and double practices, the new head coach decided to run stairs with the team. Ten sets of Morningside Park stairs later, he was seen projectile vomiting off a balcony. Boot, Lions, boot!

IT’S GETTING AWK IN HERE
Whilst doing some light shopping at Saks Fifth Avenue, a Columbia student was approached by a large, bodyguard-esque man. He informed her, “Yo, Nelly wants your number.” Bemused, the student laughed nervously and said no. Another man waiting nearby, who was indeed “famed” rap star Nelly, replied, “Whatever, I don’t need no ho anyway.” Said ho walked away and immediately gchatted her friends about how short Nelly is in real life.

YOU’LL GET OVER IT
At Barnard, one young frosh-bear was overheard saying to another: “Can you believe we, like, live in New York City now? We can do whatever we want...like...spend all day at the Met!”

EASY BAKE(D)
As a student (discreetly) ate a pizza in class, her professor brought the entire lecture to a halt in order to say directly to her, “I’m sorry, before I go on—the only thing I can think about right now is that scene from Fast Times at Ridgemont High...and you’re Spicoli.” Now much less discreetly, the student finished the slice.

Google ... it’s an enabler! ♦
Take a break, Mediterranean style.

Welcome to Vareli. A neighborhood restaurant that’s also worth the trip from almost anywhere. Have a seat at our 20 foot polished copper bar and enjoy a beer, some wine or fine Mediterranean small plates and full meals. Or maybe you’d like to sample some of our extraordinary artisanal cheeses and charcuterie. Or head upstairs to our comfortable and casual dining. Whatever your mood, Chef Amitzur Mor and Sommelier Richard Bill are here to take very good care of you.

www.varelinyc.com
OPEN EVERYDAY FOR LUNCH & DINNER
2869 Broadway @ 111th Street  •  212.678.8585

STUDY. EAT. SLEEP.
UNFORTUNATELY, WE CAN ONLY HELP YOU WITH ONE OF THEM.

If it’s fresh, and in season, it’s right here at Westside Market. From perfectly picked produce, to perfectly aged cheese, to perfectly prepared hot dishes, catering platters and so much more. That’s what our customers have come to expect at any of our Westside Markets. And that’s what we deliver (and we also really do deliver – right to your door). Add the most attentive and friendly customer service you could want, and it all adds up to West Side Market. So if you want great taste, look no further than West Side Market.

77 Seventh Avenue @ 15th Street  •  212.807.7771
2171 Broadway @ 77th Street  •  212.595.2536
2840 Broadway @ 110th Street  •  212.922.3367