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theblueandwhite.org  COVER: untitled by Liz Lee
As a senior, I find myself beset with an odd affliction: the romanticization of my Columbia experience. I don’t mean that I’ve been looking back wistfully at the cherry-picked good times; I’ve literally been thinking about my time at Columbia in terms of an intense, passionate, highly dysfunctional physical-emotional relationship. It’s weirding me out a bit.

But it does make sense. My relationship with the holistic concept of Columbia has, over the past few years, been not just the longest, but also the most consuming, intimate, and torturing relationship in my life. And now that I see that relationship on the brink of collapse, I just can’t walk away easily.

I entered into this relationship all wrong. Columbia was the distant icon I set even further away on a pedestal. When she batted an eye at me, I fell at her feet groveling for love. Columbia never put as much effort into our relationship as I did—she never held my hand, never showed me how to please her, and left me at times to nearly drown as I taught myself to balance my cloying ploys for her attention with the basic necessities of life and the specter of the future. It made me miserable; it made me stronger.

It made me love Columbia all the more, though with each of her snubs and each of my successes, that love transformed. I’ve come to see Columbia as less elevated, more human, just another collective and confused being trying to muddle its way into the world and find a place for itself. And with that love deepened, and our paths about to part, I want to spend these last months truly trying to understand her, to find closure and peace and perhaps open her up to some serious, constructive introspection.

That’s the real reason for the slight twist in editorial direction the magazine will be taking this year. On its face, the magazine appears to be returning to its roots—dapper, dandyish humor with a more serious analytic, critical bent. In truth, you’ll be seeing more investigative work balanced with fond history because I am a senior. Because I was and am now even more in love. Because I can’t walk away from Columbia that easily.

Mark Hay
Editor-in-Chief

Which One of You Posted This?

The following are actual reader’s reviews of Core Curriculum texts taken from Amazon.com:

To the Lighthouse
I’ve discovered a little secret to reading Virginia Woolf— it takes time.
It is practically impossible to read this book in little ten-minute spots, while watching television or babysitting. Don’t try it; you’ll end up not liking it.
It needs your time. Give it an hour with no interruptions. Get a bag of pistachios and read. Unplug the phone, turn off the TV. Read and don’t stop. Then you’ll discover the joy of Virginia Woolf— for while her prose is tough, it is haunting, beautiful, and real.
**Lysistrata**
I get a perverse kick out of the fact that I can share a hearty laugh about someone’s genitals with someone a thousand years ago. The fact that both myself and a stadium full of men in ancient Greece were laughing about the same things has an unnatural appeal to me. Almost enough to forget the fact that we were undoubtedly laughing for very different reasons. In the twenty first century Lysistrata has been elevated to the point of feminist masterpiece and yet during its time it was written to show that the war was so insensible that even a woman knew it.

**Pride and Prejudice**
This story was written in the early Victorian era, and hence it is quite old. I was pretty much forced to read this book for a summer reading assignment. I found it to be utterly boring. The real question here is why do I really care if the mother has all of her daughters married off to wealthy parners [sic], or any partner if it must come down to it? Maybe it was a big deal back in the time, but nobody cares nowadays. Maybe it is a 'literary masterpiece’, but then why the heck is it so boring? We need to move on from the old 'classics’. They mean nothing to readers (are there many left?) of the modern society.

**The Republic**
In this work of Plato, the author greatly strives to define justice. He tries to put forth what would be a perfect society. The problem with Plato is that he left Jehovah, the true God, out of his philosophy. Jehovah is the center of everything, and without Him, there is no truth. Since Plato rejected belief in the true God, and whole, intact truth is only found in that true God, Plato’s philosophy is understandably flawed. Of course, as THE REPUBLIC is a popularly recognized [sic] classic, one may find it useful to read it, in order to understand the viewpoint of
Behind Barnard lies a stocky, imposing building. With concrete walls and small dark windows, it looks like a sister to Altschul Hall, but it does not belong to Barnard or Columbia. Known unofficially as the “Godbox,” and officially as the Interchurch Center, it serves as the headquarters for many mainline protestant churches. So what is it doing in Morningside Heights?

As it turns out, Protestantism has shaped Morningside Heights since the neighborhood’s youth in the 1890s. J. Terry Todd, a professor of religion at Drew University and former Columbia graduate student, explains that progressive Protestant elites decided in the late 19th century to make the neighborhood into “a kind of American acropolis,” housing liberal Protestant institutions—such as St. Luke’s and Union Theological Seminary—intended to improve society.

The culmination of Protestant developments came some 50 years later, when a group of powerful mainline Protestant denominations, the National Council of Churches, decided to build the Interchurch Center. On its face a useful administrative building, it was also a symbol; Randall Balmer, a professor of religion at Barnard, believes its construction represented the marriage of “mainline Protestantism and the American middle-class way of life.”

At the time though, Balmer says, “Protestants were a minority in New York City compared to Catholics and Jews,” which led many Protestants to argue that their symbolic capital should be located elsewhere. Despite these objections, President Eisenhower laid the cornerstone of the Godbox on October 12, 1958, underscoring the close ties between American society, Protestant institutions, and Morningside Heights.

These ties have frayed over the ensuing half-century. Facing a loss of influence and rapidly declining numbers, many mainline Protestant denominations have left the Godbox for the more Protestant pastures of Cleveland, Ohio (the United Church of Christ); and Louisville, Kentucky (the Presbyterian Church). Columbia University, always squeezed for space, has been only too happy to buy up their newly vacant offices. As the building secularizes (and God is replaced by a rather nice public omelette bar), perhaps the Godbox will soon need a new nickname. If only Microsoft hadn’t already copyrighted the XBox.

—Peter Sterne

Along-standing tradition of public sculpture on the Park Avenue malls has migrated west. The Broadway Mall Association, in collaboration with the Morrison Gallery and New York Parks and Recreation Department, recently installed a sprawling exhibition along the five-mile stretch of Broadway between Columbus Circle and Mitchell Square Park on 168th Street. The metallic parade features 18 “whimsical and captivating” sculptures by the artist Peter Woytuk. His work captured the attention of a Mall Association board member, who persuaded the group to support the installation, only the fifth ever public art display on Broadway.

Beginning with a pair of elephants at 59th Street, the compositions feature one or more animals. This zoic lineup is complemented by a healthy, if somewhat arbitrary, dose of fruit. “I like the interplay and the dialogue that happens when you put two pieces close together,” Woytuk explains in press materials. “A Pair (Spooning),” on 107th, is the only work to lack an ani-
mal component, and features a pair of pears, assembled rather cozily in accordance with the title. The artists calls the piece an “interesting formal composition” due to the way the pears are balanced upon one another. This arrangement also resembles a somewhat hairier natural pair, a reading not even Art Humanities can cure of collegiate students.

Besides the pears, two other sculptures grace the peripheries of campus: “The Arch: Bridging the Gap” on 114th, and “A New Conversation” on 117th. “The Arch” consists of a sheep, some fruit, and what looks like refuse, balanced together. One of the larger pieces in the series, it stands at about ten feet and weighs close to a ton. Woytuk refers to the statue as “somewhat autobiographical,” because the components are simply items found in his workshop which had accumulated over the years. These somewhat sudden, metallic additions to the area are slated to remain through the winter. At a school notorious for its pallid, sickly-skinned students, it will be nice to see a few more bronzed bodies around the neighborhood.

— Brian Wagner

And now, more on sculptures you walk past without a second thought:

A headless kouros welcomes visitors to the Media Center at the Department of Art History and Archeology. Poking around the space reveals a large African mask, crafted mostly from straw, and an original Piranesi print. The Department is luxuriously appointed, as might be expected. But in a city of owners, the Department remains a renter—the pieces are all on loan from Avery Library’s Art Properties collection.

As it turns out, any old professor can outfit his or her digs with Columbia’s finest paintings, prints, photographs, and sculptures. Interested parties contact Carole Ann Fabian, Avery’s director and presently the acting Curator for Art Properties, with a request for art. Fabian then dispatches the office’s more technically-minded for a security assessment of the space in question; certain spaces are hospitable to durable sculptures (think swinging backpacks), and others are better-lit for paintings. Then, Fabian schedules an interview: a holistic approach to assigning art to a person,” she says. They’ll talk about the professor’s field of study, interests, and artistic tastes—they really do care about finding pieces a happy, thematically appropriate home. Fabian then invites the art-seeker to Avery’s storage space, where he or she can choose from a number of preselected viable works.

After the piece is settled upon, the two parties sign an official loan contract, transferring responsibility for any damage or loss onto the professor, and the work is soon hauled onto its new wall, podium, or desk. Sometimes those swinging backpacks take a toll and an unlucky professor discovers a steep bill for a work’s conservation, repair, or replacement.

Artwork is rarely lost, though they’re occasionally “lost;” Fabian carefully mentions that crimes are prosecuted with the all the bumbling force of Public Safety—and by the NYPD. Typically, the paintings stay where they are, and “culturally enrich life at the University,” as Fabian puts it.

She couldn’t divulge what PrezBo’s got hanging above his bed—but we imagine he gets his pick of the litter. ♦

— Sam Schube
Brandon Thompson, CC ‘12, has a credo: “Senior year - get yours.” But everyone who knows him will tell you that Brandon has always “gotten his.” He’ll make anyone self-conscious about their resume.

“There are very few people in this world that don’t need to sleep,” laughs friend and suite-mate Alexa Goldson, CC ’12, “and Brandon is one of them.”

That’s helpful, then, because Thompson’s extracurricular engagements leave little time for rest—let alone a quick nap. He juggles his positions as Class Day Coordinator for the Class of 2012, Undergraduate Recruitment Committee Co-Chair, Vice-Chair of the CC 2012 Senior Fund, and Campus Campaign Coordinator for Teach for America (a position he’s held for three years). He plays varsity squash, researches for history professor and race, identity, and resistance specialist Natasha Lightfoot’s new book, and is involved with the CU Bach Society. In the spring, he will turn in two theses for his double major in American History and Hispanic Studies. It is rumored that he has a key to Low.

As Meredith Kirk, CC ’12, puts it, “I’ve never known anyone so dedicated to his work.”

And while he’s invested in his work, he’s equally eager to find the next generation of Columbians—working with the URC, he genuinely enjoys showcasing dear Alma for fresh-faced high-schoolers. He’d probably be able to tell you why you said you wanted to come to Columbia. “It’s actually kind of sad, now that I’m Co-Chair,” he grumbles, “I don’t really get to give tours anymore.”

When celebrities stumble onto campus, though, Admissions calls in the big guns. And you can be sure that when Thompson leads a tour he gives Butler just a little extra love. It is currently, after all, his primary residence.

“All the janitors and staff know my name,” he comments. With the way Raj at Butler Cafe smiles at him and says “a tea for Brandon,” it’s clear that he always has a spot in 310 waiting for him. You will be leaving long before he does.

That poorly lit palace of self-loathing for most students is where Brandon feels most at home. There’s nothing he loves to talk about more, except maybe Rihanna’s new music video. “California King Bed” is his top played song on iTunes. “Honestly, I thought it would be ‘S&M,’” he muses.

His history with the library goes back to what he calls his pitiful freshman year. “I honestly didn’t know what I was doing,” he reminisces. “For the first few weeks I actually went to 209 every day.” It wasn’t until his first spring that he discovered the fifth floor, which he claims determined his academic destiny. Spending time in 502 and 503, the American History and Literature and Latin American Studies reading rooms, proved providential.

“I thought it was so cool that my interests were right next to each other. That’s how I picked my academic career here. My relationship with Butler has just shaped my education.”
Brandon Thompson is undoubtedly determined (especially in reserving spots in the library), but his accomplishments, academics, and daunting schedule are not what define him in the eyes of his friends and peers.

“Let’s talk about his interpersonal qualities for a minute,” Goldson beams. “He’s a really good listener, a great friend, he remembers everything you tell him, and he’s a really good body-roller.” He leaves nothing out, she continues: “Brandon does everything that he wants to do, never sacrifices anything for any reason whether it be to sleep or to party. He can do it all.”

— Sam Herzog

YANYI LUO

Y anyi (pronounced yin-yi) Luo, a CC ’13 Information Science major, was shocked to be chosen for Campus Character. “This is a very surreal thing for me… I like people, but I’ve never been that central figure who people look to,” Luo remarks. Short, with shoulder-grazing dark brown hair, you’ve probably seen her bopping around, leading activities in Lerner’s lounge as head of Live at Lerner. This role requires her to explore NYC’s concert life and find bands that “really work for the campus,” stressing her deep desire to help foster Columbia’s community. A music connoisseur, Yanyi can also be spotted DJ-ing at First Fridays.

Uncommonly humble and genuine, Yanyi is a hidden pearl found in the sea of often overly ambitious Columbia students.

Not that Yanyi is not ambitious; she is quite so.

“My friend has told me that I have ‘an intense getting shit done’ look’ not that I’m intimating dating!” This intensity of “getting shit done,” carries through Yanyi’s varied interests. From print design and writing to viewing fashion photography—as she would say “a method of expressing authenticity rather than a guise for consumerism and classist authorization”- Yanyi surely has shit to do. Even so, her friend Sevan Gatsby, BC ’12, sees Yanyi as “a joy to run into on College Walk, because even when she is super tired and busy, she will make it seem like you are the best thing that she has seen all day.”

While enjoying conversation with Yanyi as she eats a meal of brine and crackers with a wine glass sparkling water, one must comment on her hyper-organized room. Yanyi explains this in terms of the room’s “funnies.” Proud of her thrifty decorating skills, Yanyi’s room is not only orderly but also inspiring as her walls are decorated with black and white seaside pictures and poems pasted to dull sides of shelves and in blank wall space.

There is nothing in her room without meaning. “The space in my room is separated into specific things that I do, like underneath my bed is where I do most of my creative writing, while on top of my bed is where I do academic writing and article writing. I do my graphical designs at my desk.” Even the children’s books lying in the nook under her bed are of significance as they inspire Yanyi while she writes her own children’s book, which she claims has turned into “a one-hundred-years-of-solitude-and-realism kind of thing.”

Though Yanyi has reason to be proud of all her accomplishments and interests, never does she sound complacent or self-important. “I don’t know, talking about myself feels weird,” she said. One thing Yanyi did stress is her dorky habits, one of which is the way her voice’s pitch changes. “If my voice were a spectrum from high to low, the lower it is, the more serious I am; and the higher it is, the more not serious I am.” During our conversation, her voice only became more high pitched, when discussing her adorable kitty mug.

With a love for good old chit-chat, Yanyi says her friends are never in a cohesive group. To make up for this, Yanyi holds “drunk tea parties,” where she brings friends together to share the stimulation of spiked tea and good conversation.

So next time you’re at Lerner, don’t think twice about walking up to Yanyi, possibly sporting a sophisticated silver pocket watch, even if she is “swaying, and moving her hips to a beat that is just in [her] head.”

— Elena Dudum
Quite frankly, I don’t understand what there is to debate. Times New Roman is the definitive standard for properly written communication, and deviating from the norm is merely a lazy exercise in subversion—not to mention how dreadfully gauche it is. One simply cannot concede to the baser elements of our society, and choosing something like Calibri (or, heaven forbid, Verdana) is just not done in polite company. Times New Roman’s ubiquity and long-reigning dominance are reason enough to enforce the strictest embargo on competing modes of typographical illustration.

The finest flourishes of ink adorn every letter, rendering each beautifully-crafted word as muscular and balanced as an ancient temple facade. One does not merely type with Times New Roman; one works with the very building blocks of communication. Yet this typeface is far from garish. The serifed font is adorned, but in a humble way—like Christmas trees for poors. Whether it is placed upon a cordial country club invitation or a sharp résumé, no letter will seem out of place. So quickly would I dismiss a cover letter printed in Tahoma—to say nothing of bourgeois Helvetica!

This begs the question: when has Comic Sans ever done the world any good? What are TAs supposed to think of a literary analysis presented like a third grade birthday invitation? Aesthetics aside, some fonts betray an unsavory symbolism—what is Arial but a hammer and sickle in disguise? Cambria is naught but an unworthy usurper to the throne of the default setting (a curse upon the house of the cult of heedless, sloppy innovation at Microsoft). We make mistakes (everyone has mistaken Papyrus for quick-track class once in their lives), but could you envision any time when Wingdings or Dingbats would be appropriate fonts? Can you even seriously say “Wingdings” or “Dingbats” aloud? Computers boast an astronomical number of font options, yet the vast majority of them are completely worthless—mere placeholders to give drop-down menus an illusion of depth.

Every modern, decent society necessitates stability, and such stability stems from the ineffable wisdom of our forebears, borne out by the travails of time. It was no group of lowly peasants who crafted these computers and software programs, nor flippant graduate students who envisioned the unbreakable rules of collegiate paper conventions, and it likewise was no accident that they chose Times New Roman as the gold standard. And it is quite clear, I believe, that any recent transition to so-called “alternative” default fonts is the unfortunate result of misguided attempts at “hipness”—a hopeless and uninformed play at rebellion.

Those dirty, self-styled “freethinkers,” claim some sense of artistic value in variation and inconsistency. I resent this proposition. There is an indisputable beauty in uniformity, and it is impossible to take seriously the words of a Courier-coated blog. What are these freethinkers but embittered degenerates? I say those marijuana addicts demonstrate their complete lack of refined taste in their rejection of majestic Romanesque columns and beams. Times New Roman is the archetype.

Simply put, it is not only your best option for a font, but you owe it to the literate world to wear this most finest of faces. There might be other options which some people find appropriate in certain circumstances, but those people are likely high on drugs and the circumstances are almost certainly during Burning Man or some such “festival.” Go ahead, use your creative fonts. But don’t come groveling to me when we’re reading novels written in fingerpaint.

AFFIRMATIVE
By Alex Jones
You’ve just started a paper and you’ve written your name in the top left corner. The cursor pulses against the blank white page. So the next step is to start writing, right? Wrong. It’s time to choose a font. Click that drop-down and scroll; Untitled. docx is your oyster. Settling for plain old Times New Roman is like limiting your palate to grey before you even start painting. Did Picasso ever make a masterpiece using just one color? Did Warhol get famous by printing the same thing over and over? Take a note from the greats: switch it up.

I’m currently working on a blovel (that’s part blog, part novel to you philistines) and every character speaks in a unique font. It’s a way of physically reminding readers about the medium they’re reading, breaking character barriers, and embracing kitsch. Like, for example, the main character, Hoofheart, is an effeminate satyr. So the letters of his speech alternate between the mock-western Rosewood STD Regular and the lilting curves of Giddypup STD. By juxtaposing the bold, stiff patriarchal character of one set of letters with the light, feminine curves of the other, I’m deconstructing gender. When Queen Moonstone mocks him in front of the Space Court she uses the same combination of fonts but doesn’t alternate them. Thus, the reader sees that while Queen Moonstone’s insults are humorous she doesn’t really “get” Hoofheart. Can you do that in Times New Roman? Times No-way-man.

Helvetica had a documentary made about it. Cambria had an epoch of biological life named after it. Disney misspelled the name of a little mermaid after a certain Arial. You know what bloody corpse Times New Roman drags? The proverbial bloody corpse of the Roman Empire. Hello? Hegemony, anyone? I refuse to even acknowledge fonts that reek of imperialism. If you want to announce “I’m a boorish colonialist” before your first sentence, choose Times New Roman.

When we look at the ornate hieroglyphics of the Egyptian pyramids, we marvel at how the Egyptians turned the images around them into narratives. The texture of cuneiform in which the Epic of Gilgamesh is written inspires us with awe. And in both of these languages there is no standard font—the minute errors of the scribe make every sentence unique. How will history look back on us, the cretins who always wrote in the same font? When you click the drop-down font menu, you’re doing a lot more than just choosing what you want your letters to look like. You’re choosing the sort of society you want to live in and the cultural legacy you want to hand down.

We need to start building a culture that’s font-positive. Too long have typists been oppressed by the serifed dominance of Times New Roman. Any font-based expression should be acceptable. According to psychologists it’s perfectly natural to fantasize about other fonts, but with Times New Roman so deeply ingrained in our culture, we’re made to feel dirty if we prefer, say, the elegant exoticism of Papyrus. I heard about a kid that was kicked onto the street after his parents found a stack of papers written in Cooper Black hidden under his bed. Is that the sort of society we want to build? Come to think of it, the word “font” is starting to make me uncomfortable. Can we say “pictograph-preference?” ♦

Illustrations by Sevan Gatsby
Ah, crisp fall in the City, what could be finer? Leaves and such falling to the ground, weekends out in the country, and all the rigor of academic life at our fair University. But, alas! Your own VV has recently and most unfortunately found himself fallen ill - a cold, the sniffles, the horror!

Verily Veritas verily prides himself on his academic vigor - many an evening soirée has been perfunctorily passed up when a term paper or “posting” (as they say) was due, and countless nights have been whiled away burning the midnight oil, to borrow a phrase, in your own VV’s study, with nothing but a pot of Kusmi tea, Grandfather Veritas’ old mahogany chair, and his dear pup Wagner to comfort him. But it is all for naught when one feels that foreboding scratch in the back of the throat - grim herald of stuffy noses to come!

In Verily V’s youth, such times meant that a buxom Swede (Hilde, I believe, but who can keep track?) would busy herself with the preparation of soups and compresses while the Veritas family doctor - an old friend of Papa’s from his boarding school days - would diagnose an illness and prescribe a remedy. Within a day or two, one would be back at Dalton, right as rain.

But woe is me! Papa doesn’t send Hilde around anymore (caught pilfering food from the kitchens one too many times, your VV is told) and so one is forced to fend for oneself - the grim realities of collegiate life! Wrapped up in sweaters, scarves, and his dear old greatcoat (nothing says convalescence like Burberry), V Veritas headed out to the pharmacy and bought his medicaments (Ricola - a touch of the common man!).

And then your VV was faced with a grim truth - his readings. The argument that human society has advanced past that of the barbarians fails to explain why in the name of all that is human, all that is civilized, a sick man should have to read Proust’s Du Côté de chez Swann when burning a fever for the simple reason that he happens to be in a seminar. Where is our humanity?

To be ill at our fair University is a trial, a crucible. To sleep, perchance to get well, or to work, perchance to sleep? Precisely so much chicken soup can be eaten when one must also write something insightful on Turgenev by ten o’clock.

Does the library staff stock honey, and how easily can it be procured for one’s tea? These are the questions this sick son of Knickerbocker is reduced to asking himself. And the impossibility of sufficient rest only prolongs the agony. We needn’t death panels, a few more discussion sections would serve just as well.

With dear Wagner by his side, ever the loyal companion, your own Verily Veritas prepares yet another pot of tea and, upon finishing this article, looks forward only to more work, though he would give up an entire August in Newport if only for a good night’s sleep. We Veritates have always soldiered on - through dragging war, painful theatre, and the like - but your own VV doubts he can sustain himself much longer against these infernal sniffles. Hilde! •
The Fast and The Studious

Knickerbocker Motorsports Becomes a Formula SAE Contender

BY WILL HOLT

Unless you happened to catch the Formula One-style racecar sitting on College Walk during the activities fair back in September, Knickerbocker Motorsports probably means nothing to you. So, if the name Formula SAE sounds like an alternative to breast milk, here is some explanation.

Organized by the Society of Automotive Engineers and founded in 1978, Formula SAE is an intercollegiate design competition in which students develop Formula-style racecars that are meant to serve as prototypes for a hypothetical autocross racer. The competitions are set up on the premise that a fictional manufacturing company has hired a team to design this prototype, which runs a full gamut of tests - from overall design to fuel economy - to gauge its viability as a production item.

Columbia University’s chapter of Formula SAE arose in 1997. “Then it was only five to six guys building the entire car themselves,” said Columbia FSAE’s current president, Christopher Correa-Henschke, SEAS ’12. “Their goal was to design and build a chassis.” The two inaugural engines came from a junkyard, and the team spent the majority of its time those first few months stockpiling materials for the years ahead. According to the organization’s website, alumnus Steven Wang built the team’s first chassis himself in the summer of 1998, “spending months in the back of the Wind Tunnel lab with his welder and the tubing.” After graduating, he went on to design for Ford.

“It was just so undermanned, then,” said the club’s vice president, Sakina Pasha, BC ’13. “We didn’t have our first [full] car ready for competition until 2004.”

Nowadays FSAE is currently the only student-run organization on campus to have its own home base, a garage in Mudd that no other student organization has access to. Their $30,000 yearly budget is a considerable help. Building a car from scratch is expensive business.

It is the team’s effort not Columbia’s money that matters, and the evidence is manifest. The FSAE workshop in the basement of Mudd is a cluttered array of power tools, machinery and car parts. The trash bins are filled with tangled wires, takeout boxes, and empty beer bottles from all-night shop sessions. Stepping through the door, one feels as if on the set of Discovery Channel’s Monster Garage, but with someone considerably less intimidating than Jesse James at the helm.

Correa-Henschke’s leadership and that of his immediate predecessors is paying off; FSAE has been growing at an incredible rate, from 15 students...
in 2004 to 55 students this fall. Whereas the original incarnation of FSAE had the luxury of a small and close-knit group of dedicated gearheads, Correa-Henschke now oversees ten separate systems operating simultaneously.

***

This year, FSAE’s true proving ground will be Formula SAE Michigan, in which 120 teams compete, some of which come from outside the U.S. Since the race is every May, several members of FSAE will be tackling their final exams on the road, a challenge that’s often gone hand-in-hand with the timing of these competitions.

The devotees don’t seem to mind; the fact that they’re leaving school in the middle of finals hardly even registers as an issue. Harrison Stokols, SEAS ’14, drove the car at FSAE’s competition last year in California (an alternative to Michigan on the FSAE circuit) and didn’t have a single qualm about the fact that he had to struggle to find the balance between racing and his academics.

“You are locked into the car,” he told me. “You feel like you’re one with the car. The driver wears a double layer fireproof racing suit. It gets extremely hot, but the heat is worth it.”

Last June, the FSAE car didn’t pass the first round of inspections because of damage suffered en route to California. Every year, FSAE has to dismantle their car to make the cross-country trip, then reassemble it before the competition gets rolling. The team is always under a great deal of pressure to make sure everything is in working order, which makes the competition much hairier. To cut back on last-minute surprises, the team has begun to stagger its cars, beginning one the previous year in order to allow new members to understand the process before they actually start building one from scratch. “It’s something we’ve never done before,” says Correa-Henschke. “But it’s working really well.”

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Senior members note that not everyone who joins FSAE is an engineering student, so it’s vital for the veteran members to provide some context before getting down to business. “When I came in, I didn’t know a single thing about cars,” Correa-Henschke admitted. “Some of us don’t when we start out.”

But not everyone who joins is a rookie. Stokols joined FSAE with a serious history in auto mechanics. “At home I drive a stick-shift car that I’ve modified,” he said. “It’s a 1994 E36 BMW 325is, 5-speed manual, rear-wheel drive coupe. I changed the headers off the engine, changed the exhaust, replaced the clutch, and installed a new shifter.”

Even that experience, though, does not mean one is a seasoned pro in FSAE terms.

“I have some experience already from my car at home,” Stokols said, with notable understatement. “But building a car from scratch requires a lot more work than just changing out some stock retail parts on a mass produced car.” FSAE is a unique experience in that students start from square one. Not many people can say they’ve built a car themselves; even fewer can make this claim in the Ivy League.

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The influx of new membership has rendered the team far more capable of dealing with the task at hand, but with all these fresh members come planning and deployment problems. “How do you give directions to 55 people?” asked Correa-Henschke. “It can start to be a little crowded in here.”

Difficulties arise beyond overpopulation. The team still has to test its prototypes late at night, in empty parking lots across the city, working by cover of darkness—which isn’t necessarily lawful. Formula One race cars are not street legal in New York, and it’s a challenge for FSAE to find a nearby race track.

“That’s something we’re looking into,” said Correa-Henschke. “There are a few tracks in New Jersey that we have our eye on.”

The sheer number of students that have joined FSAE bodes well for the team’s new goals, but despite the many new members this year, FSAE’s cult-like following goes unnoticed, possibly because Columbia has almost no car culture. There’s something almost clandestine about the way the team operates: late night test runs and shop sessions, competitions on the other side of the country. Its members are an outrageously committed and passionate group of students from all of Columbia’s schools, connected by this crazy, novel idea building a working car from scratch (and by welding scorch marks), but it’s nothing anyone in the group flaunts. The students that joined this year came by word-of-mouth for the thrill of the race.

“There’s nothing like the adrenaline rush you get from a formula car,” said Stokols. “It’s awesome.”

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FRAMING
Schrödinger’s Dorm Room

WHY THE COLUMBIA HOUSING SHORTAGE DOES AND DOES NOT EXIST

BY AUSTIN WILLIAMS

If you take the number of deed listings in New York City’s ACRIS property database as a proxy for power, three men emerge as the synecdochic kings of New York real estate: Joseph Aloisius Ratzinger, Michael Rubens Bloomberg, and Lee Carroll Bollinger. That is, the Pope, the Mayor, and the 19th President of Columbia University. Our institution, placing third behind the City of New York and the Catholic Church, owns a hell of a lot of the most coveted real estate on earth. Scores of city lots, the vast majority of them on the isle of Manhattan, are under the control of the Trustees. Yet you or someone you know were forced into Plimpton.

Maybe you had a bad lottery number. Maybe your group fell apart in suite selection. Bottom line, Columbia’s promise of four years of guaranteed housing sometimes yields the lonely life of a Plimptonian instead of the cozy experience of Ruggles.

This is only one symptom of an unpredictable, and somewhat unsavory, last minute solution to the crisis of an undergraduate housing shortage. The signs are everywhere: your laziest friends take the 1 to class from their 89 sq. ft. plot in the recently-acquired Harmony Hall (because it’s cheaper than a cab); and your author, who took leave and thus forsook his four year guaranteed housing birthright, couldn’t even snag a Wien single.

The University, through Scott Wright, Vice President of Student Auxiliary and Business Services, does not deny it’s a problem. “There is a shortage of undergraduate housing—that’s not just a perception, that’s a reality—and to compensate for that shortage what we do is create what we loosely refer to as ‘temporary beds.’” These temporary beds are the rooms in places like Barnard’s Plimpton or in University Apartment Housing (residence units in Morningside, but also in Washington Heights, Manhattan Valley, and Riverdale, usually reserved for graduate and General Studies students, fel-

Illustration by Marie Nganele
lows, and faculty or staff), or in the East Campus hotel traditionally for university guests, where you will eat, sleep, study, get drunk, and make one or many kinds of love for the nine-month academic year. These beds are temporary only in the long, administrative view. To the Columbians who inhabit them, temporary beds are as good as permanent.

Hadi Elzayn, CC ’13, lives in Plimpton. It is not the East Campus suite his eight-person group had hoped for, but he and four of his pals are happy there. There are the usual hallway conflicts caused by loud parties and thin walls, but he claims his Barnard lodging presents no special problems. I would have believed him, but then I got trapped in Plimpton. I interviewed Hadi in his second floor kitchen after surrendering my CUID at the front desk. Barnard-Columbia access policies, long be-moaned, take on an especially annoying dimension in a situation like Hadi’s. When he and I finished talking, I went back to the foyer to reclaim my ID only to be told my host had to be present for this exceedingly important transaction. You know the story. These “temporary beds” are far from ideal arrangements.

Consider also the case of the 38 undergraduates who currently live in University Apartment Housing. This is the first year that Housing has had to resort to this unusual dispersion, and the building has no RA, which is a particular liability for the University. Of more concern to the lottery losers themselves is the fact that their residential experience will be completely removed from those of the inhabitants of any established undergraduate buildings. They have a place to live, but not the community their classmates enjoy. Their rooms are not grouped together in a suite and they are not contiguous. For some, seclusion may be welcome, but given the chronic complaint of an undergraduate community that is disjointed and dispersed—if not downright depressed—it’s more likely to rub salt into old wounds.

The eviction of the three fraternities from their brownstones last spring is an easy scapegoat for this year’s shortage of beds, though the blame is ill-placed. Simply because the fraternity students were tossed into the Housing Lottery and may have strained it more than it expected, Housing not only renovated and placed students within the brownstones, but also opened up a new brownstone on 14th for inclusion in the lottery. After all of this, the influx of fraternity students to the lottery should have been completely mitigated, yet the university still struggled to find accommodation for its students.

This points to a longer-term, explicit plan by the university to expand the undergraduate population of the college by 15 to 20 percent in the long term, the early stages of which have been evident in enrollment numbers over the last several years.

But the most peculiar feature of the whole crisis is that, in the strictest sense, it does not exist. Scott Wright explains the paradox: “All told it’s about 62 different [temporary] beds. Now the reason for that is that on Labor Day when everybody comes back right before the start of school, that is the single fullest day of housing that we have, and as we sit here today, six weeks later, we have 64 vacancies in housing.” This is not an anomaly, and has been the case not only this October, but for at least the last ten. Year after year so many Columbians simply don’t stick around. Some never even show up. Either way, beds open up, and remain open either for the fall semester or for the entire year.

The University knows that it cannot depend on these uncertainties to ensure that everyone gets housed, and appears to be taking action. Along with the addition of Harmony Hall (a former Law School and GSAS housing option plucked off for the preference of undergraduates, part of a larger story of GS and Graduate student housing being consumed in measures to accommodate undergraduate growth despite universal expansion by the university), the University announced this month the acquisition of three new brownstones. The trio on 14th, formerly of St. Hilda’s House convent, will be made available for use by special interest housing groups starting in the fall of 2013.

These recent acquisitions remain short-term emergency solutions, rather than a comprehensive and well-reasoned plan for the future (as is the planned expansion of the undergraduate body). It seems that Columbia wants to hold its student to bed ratio as close to 1:1 as possible. If that ratio can’t be 1:1, then Columbia would rather it be higher than lower. Empty beds cost money, and it may be a purely economic decision to sacrifice the happiness of a few unfortunate undergrads each fall, with the caveat that the really unhappy ones may apply to transfer to rooms made vacant by deserters. Because of the October drop off, having enough housing on Labor Day means having too much housing by Halloween. We won’t know for sure if the system can be improved until the class size expansion is complete—if it ever is. But there may still be, year in and year out, Columbians in Plimpton and UAH and other unforeseen, strange, and inconvenient arrangements.

Best of luck in the lottery.

A ROOM OF ONE’S OWN
Zero Tolerance?

ON COLUMBIA’S UPDATED SEXUAL ASSAULT POLICY
BY ANNA BAHR

Zero tolerance implies an uncompromising, absolute application of law. When the phrase appears as the ironclad final word on sexual assault in university handbooks, those two words make perfect political, ideological sense: sexual assault is a crime punishable by United States law. It follows, then, that the Columbia administration states in its newly renamed and significantly revised “Gender-Based Misconduct Policy” that it “does not tolerate any kind of gender-based discrimination or harassment.”

Of course, in reality, the math is not so simple. If zero were zero, every student in violation of the policy would be expelled without a second thought. Reality does not accommodate such exacting demands. If it did, some fraction of the 39 reported sex offenses committed by students on Columbia’s campus and in residence halls between 2008 and 2010 would have resulted in expulsion.

Though Columbia is not permitted to release any information regarding its sexual assault investigations, the administration has a reputation for issuing lenient sanctions for offenders of the policy. The Columbia Daily Spectator reported that the first expulsion for sexual violence in nine years occurred just last year. As President Bollinger commented in December, “If it is true that no one has been expelled for sexual assault... My view is that that’s a problem.” He went on to add that he had no immediate intention to review the assault policy.

But someone did. Columbia’s sexual assault policy underwent major changes over the summer. The last major overhaul of the policy occurred in 2000 when the University’s response to sexual violence on campus was formally consolidated into the “Sexual Assault Policy.” The policy has sustained minor revisions over the course of the decade, but its newest incarnation demonstrates the university’s renewed commitment to serious and comprehensive treatment of assault.

The new policy, effective as of August 2011, carries a new title and a far more inclusive outline of behaviors qualifying as “gender-based misconduct.” Formerly limited to sexual assault, the guidelines now encompass a range of sexual misconducts from intimate partner violence to stalking to harassment. Exercise of such conduct should hypothetically result in sanctions: the mildest a written reprimand, and most punitive expulsion from the college. The policy also makes a conscious and explicit effort to incorporate students of every sexual identity, including queer, trans, and gender non-conforming survivors in its formal legislation.

The appeals process has been amended, evening the playing field between accuser and accused. Where the old policy only respected the respondent’s license to request a review of the decision of the panel or the sanction against him/her, the complainant is now afforded the same right to appeal.

Perhaps most significantly, the University has hired a “Title IX investigator” professionally trained in dealing with issues of sexual assault to independently and objectively investigate any complaints filed through the University. On call seven days a week, the investigator’s role is that of an impartial researcher: her formal purpose is to “gather pertinent evidentiary materials,” conduct interviews with the students involved,
and prepare a report describing her findings and detailing their content to aid the hearing panel in their decision. Informally, recruiting an investigator signifies an unprecedented commitment on Columbia’s part to treating sexual assault with seriousness. It is no longer a “student’s issue” dealt with by students—the University plays an active role.

Under the former policy, both students involved in the complaint were responsible for producing witnesses and evidence to substantiate their case. Melissa Tihinen, Senior Manager of Student Services for Gender-Based and Sexual Misconduct, says that the burden of proof has been removed from the students entirely. “Before, students had to go in front of the hearing panel and describe their entire experience to three people sitting across the table from them,” she continues. “Now we have a system whereby the on-call Title IX investigator is the first point of contact and is relaying to the hearing panel what she has learned through the investigative process... Before the burden existed on both students, now it’s shifting onto the mediator,” she says.

Despite this major structural change, the penalty for violating the policy is still decided upon by an individual exempt from involvement in the hearings process entirely: the Dean of Students for the respondent’s school. For Columbia undergraduates, that means Kevin Shollenberger. A three-person panel presides over the hearing: one student, selected through an application process by the Student Services for Gender-Based and Sexual Misconduct office, and two deans or senior-level administrators who have each undergone a two-day training period to verse themselves in the complicated policy. The trio is responsible for deciding whether “it is likelier than not that the respondent violated the policy,” says Tihinen.

Tihinen makes it clear that these students are “not on trial.” The sentencing of the student is similarly innocuous. You are not found guilty, but “responsible, not responsible,” or confusingly has “no response.” This mock system of law is not the New York court system, nor should it be. As Tihinen notes, students always have the option of taking their case to the police, and when they choose to use the university’s penal code, it’s for a reason. But the mildness of this phraseology seems almost sympathetic. These “policy violations” translate to felonies and possible prison time in the court system. Where, though, do “responsible” and “guilty” overlap? Even given the inevitable differences in the university’s decision-process, this ambiguous “likelier than not” mandate is offensive, unsatisfying, and a completely different animal than “zero tolerance.”

Nowhere in Columbia’s policy is justice mentioned. Less inflammatory phrases such as “prohibitive” and “conduct code” are favored. As sanctions can plausibly be issued to a student more than once (sanctions are elevated if a student has violated policy on multiple occasions) it stands to reason that the consequences for assault are first educational and eventually may be punitive.

Columbia does not delegate to the panel the authority to penalize offending students, nor is the panel licensed to recommend sanctions to the deciding officer. That punitive power is instead turned over to Dean Shollenberger, who is thoroughly briefed as to the rationale behind the panel’s decision and given full access to the Title IX investigator’s findings used in the hearing, but ultimately is beholden to no opinion but his own. Nor is he ever physically present during the hearing. Why is the arbiter of sanctions against a student not in attendance for the hearing upon which he is making his decision? Would a judge be asked to rule in a court of law without sitting through a trial? The rationale behind entrusting the penalty decision to the Dean lies in his ability to contextualize the respondent’s history of behavior, says Tihinen:

“If the student is found responsible, the panel sends the rationale for their decision to the Dean of the respondent’s school. The panel doesn’t have any information about the student’s prior conduct history. So, when a student conduct officer sanctions a student, they use previous conduct history as information to make a decision about what type of sanction is appropriate. If the student has engaged in concerning behavior in the past, they might receive an elevated sanction.”

For Janine Balekdjian, CC ’13, a senior editor of the newly-founded magazine Feminist Mystique
and President of Columbia Democrats, Dean Shollenberger’s absence is the most condemning flaw of the policy—and the one that continues to escape revision. “The panel structure is very thorough,” she says. “But the student’s Dean [of Student Affairs] is not on the panel and has no obligation to follow [the decision] made by the panel. This has been the same issue people have been talking about for the entire decade and it’s still not fixed.”

Equally significant, two students found culpable in separate, but situationally similar, rape hearings could hypothetically receive drastically different penalties based on their prior (reported) violations of the policy. Of course, expulsion is not always the goal for a complainant. The University cannot respond to cases in a cookie-cutter way, and flexibility is imperative in cases of sexual assault as survivors are sometimes not interested in their perpetrator being kicked out of school, says Lauren Herold, CC ’12, and a member of the President’s Advisory Committee on Sexual Assault. Clearly, the hearings process is not modeled on any U.S. court of law. But the enormous leeway given to the Dean of Student Affairs and the lack of standardized consequences (e.g. stalking might automatically necessitate disciplinary probation in the same way that a DUI automatically requires license suspension) does little to remedy accusations concerning the University’s hands-off treatment of cases. That the complainant has chosen to pursue a hearing within the University does not change the fact that sexual assault is a criminal offense and should be treated as such. Using Columbia’s hearing panel as opposed to a court room’s jury cannot be a loophole for respondents, who might otherwise spend time behind bars.

Columbia’s efforts to revise the policy happen to occur as national attention turns furiously on campus assault. Yale is under investigation for violating the gender-equity law Title IX after sixteen students filed a complaint against the university for its “inadequate response” to eliminate the “hostile sexual environment on campus.” The investigation rides on instances of sexual harassment (including a charming, chanting horde of pledging fraternity brethren yelling, “No means yes, yes means anal”) and allegations of the university failing to adequately address cases of rape. Vice President Joe Biden launched his “1 is 2 many” campaign this fall in response to the recently published statistic that one in five young women will be a victim of sexual assault during their college years. In New York, it’s one in four, reports the New York State Coalition Against Sexual Assault. Meant as an educational tool to draw awareness to the prevalence of violence against women, Biden’s campaign clearly addresses a targeted audience: “Rape is rape is rape, and the sooner universities make that clear, the sooner we’ll begin to make progress on campuses,” he said.

Finally, a Dear Colleague letter was issued this April by the Department of Education pressing all schools that receive federal funding to adopt a truly zero tolerance sexual-assault policy and a complaint process that gives both the complainant and respondent equal rights under the hearing process—a nuance lacking in Columbia’s former policy which allowed the respondent to appeal the Dean’s decision, while the complainant was not afforded the same privilege. “The Dear Colleague letter serves to inform all schools of their obligations under Title IX as related to sexual harassment and sexual violence. There’s an understanding that something isn’t being done correctly on a widespread, general level. The Department of Education is attempting to clarify gaps in knowledge...and explain in greater detail what universities should be doing,” explains Tihinen.

Although the new policy stands corrected, it seems unlikely that this massive overhaul in legislation would have occurred organically had it not been for this serendipitous confluence of external pressures. As Sarah Gitlin, CC ’13, put it, “Public humiliation is a great way to make change. Any kind of exposure in the public eye is going to elicit a response.”

According to Herold, from her perspective on the Advisory Committee on Sexual Assault, the university’s image-conscious orientation
weighed heavily on the decision to reform. “There were already activists meeting with deans to get things moving with the policy, and I think there were internal meetings about it,” she notes. “But administrators at Columbia are very worried about Columbia’s image. That has probably affected decisions made in the policy. I’m not sure [changes to the policy] would have happened as quickly.” But whatever the impetus, Herold says the important thing is that changes have been made and the policy is poised to be one of the most administratively involved procedures on campus. The entire administration is now actively conscious of both the rampancy of gender-based misconduct on campus, and its role in it.

In a debilitating oversight, though, the only group who has not been made adequately aware of the revisions to the policy are those whom it is meant to protect: students. A rather weak flyering campaign failed to capture the attention of the undergraduate body (have you seen any?), and the Student Services For Gender-Based and Sexual Misconduct’s website is laden with bureaucratic jargon, but does not explain the significant departures from the policy that was in place just a semester ago, making it difficult for those unfamiliar with the intricacies of the debate to contextualize the reforms. Though those students who bothered to attend the “consent is sexy” workshops were lectured about the changes, it’s likely the word “sex” was more consistent with their first-week mindset than “assault.” Dean Shollenberger has yet to make a statement to the student body detailing the changes.

Tihinen admits that the office has been slow in reaching out to students, but was unable to offer any explanation besides administrative inertia. “We were [planning to publicize the new policy]...We were in the process of getting information together.” Though Herold estimates the Office of Gender-Based Misconduct has reached out to over 3,000 people, that number apparently excludes students. Balekdjian, who actively researched the policy, notes, “Navigating the website was extremely difficult. Regardless of whether the changes are good, people are unsure of what the policy was and what it is. People don’t know about the changes and they don’t know about the resources available to them.”

Compared to other large research universities, Columbia’s is a good policy, although it suffers from a lack of convictions. Quantifying the success of a sexual assault policy by tallying expulsions neither represents the wishes of all survivors of assault nor takes the severity of misconduct into account. It goes beyond basic compliance with Title IX requirements, and the Office of Gender-Based and Sexual Misconduct has proven itself to be committed to regularly reassessing the policy and extending educational resources to the Columbia community.

But a lack of transparency in issues of sexual violence prevents open dialogue—and by default a greater awareness of its pervasiveness. By staying true to its typical bureaucratic standard of non-commitment, Columbia messes up the math. Gestures at “zero tolerance” are rendered meaningless. In 2010, the Justice Department’s Office on Violence Against Women released statistics reporting that 75 to 90 percent of disciplinary action taken by schools against sexual assault offenders amounted to “minor sanctions.” Zero tolerance, that is not. You have to wonder what the data looks like here.
The McBain Witch Project

Divining the Occult on Columbia’s Campus

BY SOMALA DIBY

It’s that time of year again, when girls parade around as sexified bunnies and magic floats through the air. But for those of you looking to indulge in genuine supernatural spookery on campus, Columbia has few options.

One finds a glimmer of the existence of the occult the Columbia University Science Fiction Society’s annual mock virgin sacrifice. CUSFS President Suzanne Walker, CC ’12, has inherited the responsibility of overseeing the annual event, in which a “small, scrawny boy” (the virgin) is carried to the Sundial, whereupon he is stabbed and the adherents of Cthulu, the Lovecraftian demon-god, are stained with a red food coloring-corn syrup mix. “This is where I’m revealed to be the queen of geeks at Columbia. It’s fun and ridiculous,” says Walker.

Psychology major Nina Torres, CC ’12, on the other hand, takes her occult rituals more seriously. According to her and the University Chaplain’s office, Nina may be the only Wiccan student on campus, and has been actively practicing for over a year. Despite its common pop culture portrayal, the religion’s brand of magic is not a mere recitation of Latin incantations. The use of magic in Wicca involves the philosophy of positive reinforcement, and more closely resembles philosophical elements of the best-seller ‘The Secret’ than of some shallow spell book. “It’s a vehicle for achieving the things you want and putting those things in mind,” says Torres. “By strengthening the powers of your mind, you’re able to better manifest the things you desire in life.”

This idea should be taken in tandem with the Wiccan Rede, the faith’s single rule: “Any harm at none, do as ye will.” Simply put, the Wiccan is never to will harm upon anyone. “Wicca is about understanding the union of yourself to nature, and doing harm to nature or to others is basically doing harm to yourself,” says Torres.

The lack of prominent occult objects, figures, and organizations at Columbia is emphasized by Torres’ struggle to have Wicca acknowledged by the University, which holds that an individual does not constitute a religious group and therefore is ineligible to register as such. Torres’ rituals often involve the burning of incense and candles—both prohibited in campus facilities—and also require altars. Because the University cannot yield her a space to pray, she has resorted to practicing in secret.

If you were out on College Walk the night of October 11th, however, you might have stumbled upon Torres and a group of non-Columbia Wiccans, with whom she meets weekly, gathered around the Sundial performing the October Full Moon Ritual. Wicca does indeed involve rituals, but they hold much more meaning than they are normally given credit for. The straight-to-DVD horror movies depicting possessed girls chanting around a pentagram couldn’t be less like this ceremony on College Walk. Eighteen steps long, it offers a chance to meditate on the full moon, which represents energy or a goddess, to produce positive changes in one’s self-development.

Sadly, the small world of Wicca is the most intensive Walker. Her words couldn’t hold more truth. With the exceptions of the lone Wiccan, CUSFS, and a handful of anthropology courses, apparitions of the occult on campus are few and far between. For those still pining for a potion to brew or spell to cast Halloween night, perhaps Ricky’s Underground will oblige. Magic on campus, however, will prove a dead end to most who seek it.
Which Way and How

Doing the Math on Barnard’s Nine Ways of Knowing

BY SYLVIE KREKOW

Columbia College has one set of requirements: the Core Curriculum, perhaps the most distinguishing characteristic of the school. Despite a few additions (most recently Frontiers of Science in 2004), the Core serves as a common educational thread running from the Class of 1919 through current students.

Across Broadway at Barnard, there is no Core introduced in 2000, which aim to “ensure that each Barnard graduate confronts and engages with central ways of knowing the world,” according to Associate Provost Angela Haddad. Barnard students must take at least one semester under the umbrellas of “Cultures in Comparison,” “Historical Studies,” “Laboratory Sciences,” “Language,” “Literature,” “Quantitative and Deductive Reasoning,” “Ethics and Value” (formerly “Reason and Value”), “Social Analysis,” and “Visual and Performing Arts”. But just what that means, both in the cosmic sense of what is unique and Barnardian about the Ways, and in the practical sense of just what the Ways are, is rarely clear.

Of the “Reason and Value” name change, Haddad said it was “changed to Ethics and Values to clarify the emphasis upon courses that focus on the complexities of ethical and moral reasoning.” This change seems tenuous and arbitrary at best, and points out a larger issue within the “Nine Ways” - words like “ethics” and “value” sound nice, but there does not seem to be anything uniquely Barnardian about them (much like all the other Ways), nor is there a clear definition to them. This would all be easier to digest if Barnard did not insist there was something different and special about the “Nine Ways,” but the administrative body as a whole seems determined to distinguish them, especially from Columbia’s Core.

Why nine ways? The answer is unclear. Haddad simply says that these “ways of knowing- divided into nine key areas--include, but also bridge, the traditional disciplines of the liberal arts and sciences.” That leaves mysteries: Are eight forms of ambiguously worded academic general education requirements simply not enough? What is the real, hard difference between “Social Analysis” and “Cultures in Comparison?” And how does something like “Language” and “Laboratory Sciences” “bridge traditional disciplines” in art and science?

Purportedly, being able to choose from a variety of classes that fulfill each way of knowing allows each Barnard student to design her own education with “maximum flexibility,” notes the Barnard website helpfully. For example, if a student needs to fulfill “Historical Studies,” she can enroll in the traditional “Ancient Greek History 80-146 BC,” or she can jump continents and centuries to “Gandhi’s India.”

For all of Barnard’s insistence that the “Nine Ways” are uniquely “Barnard” and flexible, there is much overlap with existing liberal arts curricula, and even the Core. Both first years at CC and BC have to take a type of freshman-year writing class; later, both sets of students will have to take the same number of language, physical education, science, arts, and literature credits. One could also argue that Barnard’s “Laboratory Science” and “Quantitative Reasoning” “ways of knowing” are the same things under different titles – both require an introductory science class and an additional two semesters of another science class. The overlap goes beyond a recognized similarity in educational philosophies; it points out that Barnard’s quirky and recent Ways, in truth, provide about as much freedom and “maximum flexibility” as the Core.

And that limited flexibility can sometimes get lost in the confusion as to what class can flex to which Way. According to Haddad, the “Committee on Instruction” meets every other week and has “regularly
reviewed the lists of courses approved to fill the Nine Ways.” COI, chaired by the Provost and consisting of several faculty members and other Barnard staff (including the Registrar and four BC students elected by the SGA), frequently reviews the general education requirements and also hears petitions from students about whether a particular course fulfills one of the “Nine Ways.” There’s even a “Student Appeal” form available on the Barnard site to students that wish to petition the COI to count a course for a Way.

Despite these mechanisms (or perhaps this is the reason for their existence), confusion persists. A list titled “Courses Evaluated and Denied General Education Requirement Designation” is available on the Barnard website, detailing which designations were denied for which classes, and which designation these classes satisfy instead. “Traditions of African American Dance” was denied as a “Cultures in Comparison” requirement, but satisfied “Social Analysis” and “Visual and Performing Arts.” A “Cultures in Comparison” class is supposed to “study the commonality of human experience, examining personal cultural assumptions, ideologies, and values,” whereas a “Social Analysis” class will “investigate central concepts of the social sciences, critically examining social structure and the impact of individual and group behavior.” This class is not alone in its official ambiguity; one anonymous Barnard student said that “while requirements are needed, there are so many things about the Nine Ways that do not make any fucking sense.”

To Barnard and the COI’s credit, many students seem to be happy with the “Nine Ways.” “I like how the Nine Ways of Knowing are designed to expose you to a wide variety of disciplines yet aren’t as rigidly defined as the Core,” waxed one Barnard student. She went on to say that because of the requirements, she ended up having to take an intro to urban sociology class and switched her major—perhaps the best example of the Ways’ goal and potential. But any solid set of general requirements can accomplish this standing on its own, without arbitrary designations and academic buzzword-laden, obscured phrases. The Barnard general education requirements are strong enough to stand alone, if only the administration would let them. ✷
Go Cuff Yourself

The Man About Town Bares His Ankles

BY ERIC WOHLSTADTER

Admit it: you’re a cuff addict. You’ve rolled so many times that your khakis have a permanent crease. Your skinny jeans are just shooting up. And your corduroys? They’ve gotten so high your whole calf is visible. Don’t fool yourself. Those argyle socks of yours do nothing to cover your habit. You have a problem.

But so does all of America. In fact, this trend seems to have a stranglehold on male pant culture. The cuff has enjoyed a steady rise since it first popped up in 2009, when designers such as Tom Ford and Domenico Vacca introduced the look in their fall and spring collections. But the style was actually fabricated long before then.

Scholars differ in opinion as to the originator of the cuffed pant. Most point to the British King Edward VII — apologies to all you Huck Finn fashionistas — who rolled his trousers to keep them out of the mud while hunting. The trend caught on in England in the 1890s, but didn’t turn up in America until the Jazz Age. Cuffing soon fell out of style though, due to fabric rationing during the Great Depression. After that, the cuff enjoyed an occasional lift thanks to a few daring mid-century icons (think Marlon Brando in motorcycle boots), but never more than that.

Now, they’re back and trendier than ever. And this time, it’s not just the occasional iron that’s giving these cuffs a lift. Rather, the trend seems firmly safety-pinned in place. Here’s why:

For one thing, the cuff is incredibly versatile. Initially thought to carry certain inherent faux pas, modern culture has demonstrated that nearly any material can be cuffed, be it dressy trousers or skinny jeans (though we’re still waiting for the verdict on wool). Even cuffed shorts seem to be acceptable.

Similarly, the cuff fits in to just about every style and subculture. Hipster? You’ve probably been rolling more cuffs than cigarettes. Preppy? Your thigh to fabric ratio has surely skyrocketed. Outdoorsy, hiking-type person wearing a tank-top, cargo shorts, and boots? Roll those khaki shorts!

On top of that, it’s practical. Not only is cuffing a cheap solution to overlong pants, it’s also a clever way of disguising pants that are too short. Furthermore, the cuff can serve a multitude of other purposes. Personally, I find my cuffs to be great storage spaces for loose change and other miscellaneous items. I’ve also known them to be used as portable ashtrays—but stick with dark material here, like denim. In the heat of the summer, use them as a cooling mechanism; roll up to release body heat, down to conserve on a chilly evening. Use them to show off your sophisticated taste in socks or to frame your particularly well-sculpted calves. Cuff only your right leg to keep the bike grease off your pants. The list is endless.

That said, there are several don’ts. When cuffing shorts, make sure to have a sufficiently tanned thigh. Also, don’t go overboard. Nobody wants a peek at your lower buttocks. For God’s sake, avoid sloppy, uneven lengths. Work for a crisp roll. Steer clear of tube socks. And don’t cuff if peg-legged.

Finally, make an honest assessment of whether cuffing is right for you. Don’t take the plunge just because your friends have—this is how even the most brilliant fashion moves become hackneyed over time. But if Achilles himself would advise you to shield your tendon, give it a try.

Illustration by Emily Lazerwitz
Camels, Donkeys, Jesus:

Parsing the Bulliet Oeuvre
BY BRIAN WAGNER & MATTHEW SCHANTZ

Columbia University history professor Richard Bulliet, outside of his illustrious academic career, writes fiction. Of his five novels to date, all seem to give a shocking importance to camels, or other equivalent quadrupeds. Below, The Blue & White approaches this mystery, with close readings analyses of passages from (in this order) Bulliet’s Kicked to Death by a Camel and The One-Donkey Solution: A Satire.

“...I told [Gino] that I only studied the history of camels and had no intention of getting to know them that closely. Apparently [Gino] just walks out until he finds someone with a camel and asks them to give him a ride. Personally, I think it’s rather stupid. You get on the damn thing; some guy leads you around for an hour until you have a sore ass; and then you pay him money. Ridiculous” (27).

Camel-researcher Roger’s complaint delineates the dichotomy between those who act and those who study. If we allow ourselves to view Gino not only as a literal fellow traveler, but a “fellow traveler” as the term is used for a communist sympathizer, Roger’s griping hints at the ramifications of never engaging in an activity that one judges. Gino, like the fellow travelers, enters the fray without subscribing to ideology—he “walks out until he finds someone with a camel,” displaying his unbridled gusto to engage with the situation, without assuming it will end well or poorly ahead of time. Likewise, fellow travelers, though they sympathized with communists, did not join the party, thus refusing to blindly swallow communist dogma.

Gino’s nationality reinforces this reading. During the time-period in which the term “fellow-traveler” was in vogue, the Italian government’s stability fluctuated wildly. Thus, the Italians do not subscribe to predetermined readings of their surroundings.

Gino provides the negative space into which Roger’s prejudices emerge, starkly contrasted. Roger, like many Americans during the Cold War, immediately assumes that the Other (the camel rider, the communist) is bad, dangerous, unknowable, and he conflates multiple social taboos. Roger’s description of Gino’s camel riding practices suggests Gino is soliciting sex: Gino pays money to an anonymous “guy” for an hour that will end with “a sore ass.” By heaping socially pre-established taboos upon each other, Roger demonstrates the extent of his blindness.

As Roger will later have to ride camels himself to unlock the grizzly mystery that haunts the core of Kicked to Death By a Camel, this passage serves to establish the many norms (cultural, ideological, theoretical) that Roger will have to overcome to solve the murder. Roger also serves as the narrator for the mystery—thus, the reader experiences the book’s events through Roger’s tainted vision and must personally try to separate fact from opinion.

In conclusion, Bulliet’s nuanced narrative reveals the web of social strictures that bind Roger and, by narrating the mystery through Roger’s voice, the reader himself, asking the question: aren’t we all reluctant camel riders?

***

“The bloodbath was the last straw for me. I had been willing to stretch my moral standards when he killed the Egyptian children, but these were his own kin. He had told them back in Egypt that God had sent him to save them from slavery, and he had passed a whole slew of miracles to make it happen. But now he was having them slaughtered. They would have been better off if they had stayed in Egypt and continued to make bricks without straw. I was completely disgusted. It even crossed my mind that bloody Ufair might somehow have taken my place in Moses’ mind. However, when
I reached out to sense where Ufair was, I found that he was in Crete appearing to people in the persona of a donkey-headed demon and stirring up big trouble in the aftermath of a huge volcano explosion on the island of Thera. Minoan civilization never really recovered. Nor did I back in Sinai. I decided to let the Israelites go their own way, and I headed toward Canaan" (100).

This truly showcases the strength and courage of the donkey Messiah. Unintimidated by the miracles of God, he is brave enough to pass judgment and question His very actions. This ass is no blind zealot. Furthermore, he is intelligent—a literal smart ass. His use of the phrase “the last straw” evinces mastery even of English idioms, and is perhaps an ironic commentary on human usage of the term. Who, after all, better understands the value of a piece of straw than a barnyard animal? Furthermore, this stunted Equida is so sophisticated as to possess morals, and even boasts an intellect capable of pondering them.

His distaste at the Israelites’ treatment at the hands of God seems to reveal a deep-set distrust of authority, and perhaps even some insecurities about his own identity. Could this have origins in a childhood incident? Or perhaps it is a byproduct of spending one’s entire life compared to more capable horse relatives—an insecurity common to all donkeys? If one thing is certain, it is that this jackass feels betrayed.

He witnessed firsthand the misery of the Jews as they were forced to do hard labor for the Egyptians, and is emotionally invested in their journey. Moses promised salvation to his people at the hands of God, and our asinine hero shared this predicament seems even more miserable, and a deep shadow of doubt is cast over the Israelites. This doubt feeds on the donkey’s insecurities and expands rapidly: what if he has been usurped by Ufair as Moses’ favorite ass? The foundations of his pride suddenly begin to shake and crack. But he remains calm and focuses his psychic powers. Yes, he really is gifted. And now he cries that Ufair is tormenting Greeks and Minoans, and he is momentarily appeased. Ufair is a simpleton—a joker and a trickster. He is unworthy of Moses’ affection. Yes, the prophet’s donkey must be strong and serious, and there is no other as capable as our hero.

Yet for all his wisdom, his bravery, and his ability to carry large amounts of food and supplies, he is still shaken badly by this betrayal. He likens the damage to that of a volcanic explosion: he has been rocked as if by a force of nature, and burning holes have been blasted in his picture of the mountain of the Almighty. And now, this has caused a change in him that will never be reversed. He will never allow a betrayal of this magnitude again. Insecure or not, he knows he has the power to shape his own fate. Just as his God has abandoned him, he strikes out on his own. The Israelites, who were until recently his people, he will leave to their own fate. He needs not their carrots nor their flat bread. Their disingenuous God can burn and scar his “chosen people,” but he will not touch this ass’s hide. This jackass is truly the master of his own affairs. ♦
I

In a raw hidden corner of the Tuileries,
in a garden within a garden,
the cool drunkenness of texture,
L’Orangerie became our own.

Willow-enchained in gardens within gardens,
we inhaled the pulp of cherry blossoms,
submersed ourselves in twilight waters, and
sipped
to our bodies’ sinewy depths: a drowning rich
and slow.

Then lost across wider waters,
pads of our fingers ceased to blossom,
and words fell crisp on browning surface
in curled leaves that cracked our teeth.

II

Forty-seven miles west of the intoxicating city,
palms reeking of oil, cataracts rippling,
Monet had danced from gardens to gardens,
shaped paradises from beyond his green-
puddled tomb.

My pilgrim’s thirst, my sacred mourning:
from his dull lagoons I thought to withdraw
you,

but kissed the dark mud of the shallows,
no reedy hand to pull mine down.

From the crumpled shade between sunflowers,
I grieved the paling greens, the celestial plums,
the choked hues of flaky circles;
delicacies of our curved white room.

III

Regurgitated in scraping cities, I peered again
from the blackness of cold benches but we,
we resurfaced only in sickly reflections:
sepia peaches scuffed and veined with rust.

I return, escaping heat to the curves of white-
ness
to these languid pools we thirstily swallowed.
But I, three years later, remain burned:
in dried paint, you are nowhere to be drowned.

In gardens within gardens,
a mermaid dives through violet waters
the girl’s hand dances ever closer,
beauty flounders from her arms.

— Victoria Wills
Kiss

The Television flashes the live report from Time Square and sits contently upon its throne; I harbor a fogginess of mind and stand morosely by a blazing fire.

The screen bears messengers of glee:
woo-hooing angels wrapped in warm clothes with rosy cheeks,
an animated army sprinkled with couples,
raise their tacky plastic glasses of sparkling champagne.

Alcohol surrounds me too, in the sweaty palms of others who, tonight, strain to pretend golden futures await.

She stands with them and enjoys herself with eyes that twinkle too.
I, doomed a voyeur, linger like a grey balloon.

“10”
They’ve started.
“9”
Fine.
“8”
Go.
“7”
No.
“6”
Come on.
“5”
She sees you.
“4”
Ok.
“3”
Eye contact.
“2”
Bend.
“1”
Kiss.

—Michael Menna
Front Page to Web Page

Television journalism luminary Willow Bay isn’t interested in political punditry—but she has her hand in just about everything else. One of the most successful female journalists in recent history, Bay has anchored news shows from Good Morning America to CNN’s Moneyline, spoken with Bill Gates and Clinton, and segued from sports savant to business buff to her current roles as Senior Editor at the Huffington Post and special correspondent for Bloomberg Television. In her free time, the native New Yorker wrote a book and parented four kids. After surviving the overhaul of traditional journalism and living to tell the tale, all that really matters to Bay is that she tell her stories well. She recently found some time to chat with Blue & White contributor Anna Bahr about hegemonic HuffPo, the reality of a career in writing, and what it’s like when almost every article ever written about you mentions how great your legs are before commenting on your consummate career.

The Blue & White: What has it been like to live through the evolution of journalism, from print to television to online journalism?

Willow Bay: I really started out working in television, although not in news. I started out in sports and then moved into news and then moved into financial news, which I really fell in love with. And what’s been so exciting for me is to go from a moment in time where it looked like we were seeing a contraction in journalism, in television, and print, to a moment where we are seeing an explosion. The catalyst is news on the web, but what’s really exciting is that the web has the potential to integrate all the news platforms, leading to a really extraordinary era for journalism and the growth of journalism.

B&W: Is there a medium you prefer? More effective?

WB: I can’t say I have a favorite medium. I love the immediacy of the Internet, but I also love the power of the visual and audio elements that great television storytelling brings.

B&W: What’s your personal forte?

WB: I do still think my strength is in television journalism. It’s where I feel most at home.

B&W: How has your perspective on reporting changed since transitioning from being a full-time journalist to working almost exclusively on the business side of a multi-million-dollar news corporation?

WB: Interestingly enough, I find myself often returning to the basics, which is one of the things I find so inspiring about Arianna [Huffington]. She says we’re blending the best of the old and the best of the new at the Huffington Post. So, I find myself returning to the immediacy and urgency of a story. To, “What is our lead?” and “How can we share it with people? What are we hoping to get across? Have we asked the right questions? Gotten the answers we wanted to get?” All of these are very basic questions that I find myself asking in every medium. Those are the essentials that have carried over for me into the business world. I’m still very
much involved in the growth of the *Huffington Post*. [My work] is still a journalistic enterprise, although my focus is now to manage the team rather than report.

*B&W*: You have a history of covering everything from features to news to sports...The only thing not under your thumb in the Los Angeles branch of the Post is the politics section. Do you ever miss political reporting?

*WB*: That is intentional. Politics was never my thing. I used to joke, saying I was on the other side of the aisle at the *Huffington Post*—meaning the non-political side of the aisle. Politics has never been a passion of mine.

*B&W*: Yet you’ve interviewed some of the biggest names in American political history—you’ve spoken with everyone from Bill Clinton to Warren Buffett.

*WB*: But that was news coverage—I was never interested in covering campaigns.

*B&W*: The *Huffington Post* seems to be expanding on the daily. It just introduced four new sections the first week of October, purchased Localocracy, and reached one billion page views in the month of August alone—a truly impressive feat. What does the future look like for the Post—do you think it speaks to an expansion of opportunities in new media?

*WB*: I’m still trying to wrap my head around our newest numbers. I think we’ve just begun to explore what the Internet news has to offer for those who feel passionate about news—in the stories we are able to tell and the speed with which we are able to bring the stories to our readers, in the engagement that is in the heart of what we do. That engagement is still very, very new. The ability to read a story and comment and join the conversation and share [that story] with your friends and have them share it with their friends—it’s a brand new thing.

*B&W*: Do you think those conversations are what makes the Post so successful?

*WB*: Absolutely. Social is in our DNA. Community
I think that for anyone who is going into that career for the right reasons—not because they want to be on TV or be “in media”—but because they want to report on important stories, I think there will always be outlets available for them to do that.

_B&W_: And what are the qualities that make a good reporter?

_WB_: Passion. A real passion for news and for information is at its heart. It’s obsessive. Whether you call it obsessiveness or passion, it’s the same powerful desire and love of getting out there and telling a good story.

_B&W_: Is that what you love about it?

_WB_: You know, it’s as much like being in school as being in school actually is, in that you have to master a topic quickly. You get handed your syllabus and there’s a test at the end. You get an assignment—that story you cover—and you need to manage your time effectively according to your deadline. You have to master all of the information, you have to discover, unearth, and pull out all of the relevant bits, and combine them in a compelling way by the deadline. That’s what I’ve always loved about it—that ability to learn new things, dive into new situations, really get to the bottom of what’s going on, have these extraordinary experiences, and share them with other people.

_B&W_: If that’s what you love, what is it that most challenges you?

_WB_: Every piece comes with its unique set of challenges, whether it’s “how do I tell the story in the amount of space given to me?” or “how do I get this person to say to me on-camera what they just said to me off-camera, but will probably be reluctant to share? If they don’t say it, how can I still get that point across in a way that is fair and accurate without having them say it in a six second sound bite?” Each piece has its own unique handful of challenges, which is one of the things that makes this career satisfying for a lifetime.

_B&W_: What about print journalism itself? Is there any future for the venerable newspaper?

_WB_: Oh, yes, of course. My dirty little secret is that I still read newspapers. That, yes, I actually hold [them] in my hands and turn their pages. I love them. I am an avid reader.

_B&W_: You are one of few female journalists to have sustained such a consistent, healthy career in media. How has being a woman affected your experience in journalism?

_WB_: I think this is a fantastic industry for women, to be honest. I was a bit of a novelty 20 years ago covering basketball, but that’s certainly not the case anymore.

_B&W_: Is that the case, though? Jenifer Gish, who covers the Buffalo Bills for the Albany Times, recently wrote that it was too early for Bills fans to be dreaming of their Super Bowl after a recent win and was assailed with calls and e-mails from angry fans essentially saying that women have no understanding of sports and shouldn’t be allowed to comment.

_WB_: I never experienced anything like that. I worked for NBA Inside Stuff, which was really a hybrid entertainment show. And it was very welcoming of a female point of view.

_B&W_: It’s interesting you say that; a quick Google search of your name results in a hundred articles extolling your virtues as a journalist, but almost every one includes in its introduction some commentary on your looks, whether it’s to note your success as a model or to compliment your style.
Can you comment on what it’s like to consistently receive that kind of a preface to your work?

WR: [laughs] It’s interesting you say that, because somebody was just reading me the cover story of this month’s Fortune. It was about Susan Lyne, the chairman of Gilt Group. She’s someone that has worked prior to Gilt at ABC—has had a long and successful career. It called her, “beautiful and swan-like,” or something like that, and I said, “Well, she is beautiful and swan-like!” I really don’t let the descriptions, positive or negative, by the way—I’ve been called “aging” very recently—diminish me in any way. I am old enough now that I appreciate the compliment.

B&W: Do you think that thick skin is part of what makes you successful as a journalist?

WR: I don’t know that I would say “thick skin” is an attribute that has worked for or against me. But it’s clear that with age comes an appreciation of all the dimensions that one has, and all of my experiences have accumulated to create a sense of security firmly rooted in life experience. I’ve found that makes me much less concerned with what other people expect or think and much more interested in doing what feels right.

B&W: In your book, Talking to Your Kids in Tough Times: How to Answer Your Child’s Questions About the World We Live In, you confront the difficult task of raising children in an age when kids are constantly bombarded with 24/7 news and information that children experience without filters. What made you decide on that narrative?

WR: I wrote the book [in 2003] when, yes, we had the Internet, but little kids didn’t have the Internet in the way we have it now. There wasn’t social media in that era in the same way. It almost feels dated [now], but I wrote it because our children are bombarded with information that is suitable for adults, but not suitable for children.

B&W: Do you ever feel conflicted knowing that much of the content you write about is inappropriate for children, but will inevitably reach them?

WR: No, I actually don’t. Obviously, I’m mindful of my audience when I craft a piece, but I don’t spend a lot of time worrying about children watching me on television. [laughs] Although, I think most kids would be bored with most of the things that I do. But, I really believe it’s the parents’ responsibility to turn the television set off. As long as what I’m doing is accurate, fair, and within the bounds of good taste, which, of course, it would be, I don’t spend a lot of time worrying about that. As opposed to spending a lot of time as a parent worrying about all the things my children are exposed to and how they are processing it and whether they might need some help processing it.

During the Iraq War, during terrorist attacks, you just need to turn the TV off. Right now the nightly news is not terrifying, but we have gone through many, many, many periods of time where it was. As a parent of little children, you really just have to turn it off. Turn off the car radio. You have to be mindful of what they are hearing and seeing and monitor it accordingly, which is hard when you’re a news junkie. It’s really hard. I remember a preschool teacher saying to me, “Just turn it off,” and I said, “What do you mean, ‘just turn it off?’ I’m in the newspaper, my husband is in the newspaper…we can’t turn it off!” And she said, “No, you turn it off. That’s what you’re supposed to do when you have little children around.” [laughs] Very cut and dry. There’s nothing relative about it, you just do it. I appreciate that, now. But I watch the news with my kids now.

B&W: Do you think it’s important for parents to help their children understand and engage with the news in that way?

WR: It’s something they are doing anyway in school. But I do think talking about it is important. My son said the other day, “Is Herman Cain a Republican?” [laughs] I said, “Yeah! Uh huh! And he’s an African American Republican, which is great because it means we have a really diverse Republican field! There are women, there’s minority representation—it’s fantastic!”

B&W: So does that then spark a dissection of diversity?

WR: No, no, no. They know that.
These excerpts were culled from documents left on Columbia’s lab computers. We encourage our readers to submit their own digitalia finds to us, via email, at editors@theblueandwhite.org.

This merchant class traditionally has been perceived as facilitating rather than fearing Empire. Perhaps not enough credit is thus given the British for understanding that Empire would transform the colonizer just as much as it would transform the colonized. Such an anxiety certainly lingered in the limited discourse on Empire of the day.

What had seemed to be a single violin splits into two, then three, then an indefinite number, strumming in imitative polyphony before at last dissolving into several different melodies. The dialectic continues.

Capturing and controlling was King Wu! He proceeded and campaigned through the four quarters, piercing Yin [i.e. the Shang dynasty] and governing its people. Eternally unfearful of the Distant Ones, O! he attacked the Yi [eastern people] minions. Model and sagely was king Cheng! To the left and right he cast and gathered his net and line, thereby opening and integrating the Chou [Zhou] state. Deep and wise was King Kang! He divided and pacified the borders.

When you step back from the philosophy of how anything beneficial is beautiful and that men who laugh at naked women during training will not know what they’re laughing at, it is highly unlikely that this sort of training regimen would ever work. Laugh or not, the men and the women will be distracted and self-conscious if they had to train naked together, hardly the ideal conditions for preparing the city’s troops.

From the standpoint of the company, this product brings several advantages to the customer, including chickens who are more easily handled, eat less feed, and fight less among each other.

Though the customer base is rather specific, pertaining only to chicken farmers, many of those in this population should be interested in such a product. They would presumably purchase the product to decrease the amount of money spent on chicken feed, increase the number of healthy chickens in their flock, and thus increase their yields while cutting down on costs. The money spent on anti-cannibalism efforts such as debeaking could be used on ODI lenses instead.

All at once, dawn seems to come. The shrill pulses of the solo violin give way to a harmonious cascade of violin, cello, harp, xylophone and, for the first time, piano, producing a heart-wrenching (non-imitative) polyphony of sound.

"And so, on that day, the day that changed everything, while my brother was doing things to the most beautiful girl in the world, I lay in a bed with tubes pumping out my own shit. I did the one thing that still made any sense. I made that final decision, to end what my parents should’ve ended before it even started.

I pulled the feeding tube out of my stomach, and the catheter from my shriveled bare penis. A shocking amount of pain overcame me, more than I had ever felt in my life, as I watched blood stream from two holes.

I closed my frail eyes, wishing away the pain, because there was nothing else to do. And I said Good night. “
NEW WALK OF SHAME

A guy strolls into class, maybe five minutes before it starts. About half the class has arrived, and, as it is located in Barnard, the majority of them are girls. The gent produces a very bulky laptop that appears to be from 1999. He opens the laptop, and after a few seconds, moans and slapping sounds start blaring from the speakers. His appalled classmates display their best “wtf?” faces, and the embarrassed student quickly slams the screen shut. However, his aged laptop does not cease playing sound, and reeking of shame, he picks up his belongings and flees the room—porn, now muffled, still playing from the laptop.

BACK-UP PLAN

Around 8:30 PM on a Thursday, three girls and one guy board the uptown M4 at 56th and Madison, dressed in business attire clutching leather portfolios. The obnoxious foursome chatters loudly about interviews at prestigious consulting firms and investment banks while exhausted retail workers try to ignore them and enjoy a moment off their feet after selling $1500 cashmere sweaters to Park Avenue women all day. The three girls get off at 110th Street and a homeless gentleman sitting in the back of the bus says to the visibly uncomfortable young man, “Forget your business plans, white boy, just keep chasing that and you’ll make it.” Said homeless gentleman then cocks his head and cackles loudly. The visibly uncomfortable young man then hastily debarks the bus at 113th Street, almost leaving his leather portfolio on the seat beside him.

WHY WAS HE SHOPPING AT MORTON WILLIAMS IN THE FIRST PLACE?

A student was picking up some evening libations at Morton Williams and noticed that Blue Moon was on sale, which struck him as unusual. While checking out, the cashier expressed a similar sense of doubt—“The only beers on sale are the HOT beers,” she screeched, referring (most likely) to the beer outside the refrigerated case. Morton Williams: home of the hot beer!

A SIDE OF BREADSTICK

One recent Saturday night, a drunken blond gentleman tried to order Koronet pizza with his jeans pooled around his feet and his eerily transparent boxer shorts on full display. When the cashier refused him entry, the young lad addressed him as, “Papi”, told him to “fuck off,” and then spun around, bent down and flashed the entirety of his ass. He then ran outside and hailed a cab, but before making his final exit, he decided to come back to Koronet’s entryway and flash his balls.

THE NAKED TRUTH

An intrepid reporter was sauntering across campus on a sunny afternoon. A few yards ahead, two girls and a fella were chatting as they walked. As the reporter overtook them, the guy loudly exclaimed in a burst of sassiness, “when it comes down to it, everyone wants a six pack in the bedroom.”

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