PADS, YOGA, AND BLANK CHECKS
The Story Behind Columbia’s Elementary Satellite

WHEN THE ENDS JUSTIFY THE MEANS
Animal Testing at Columbia

iPADS, YOGA, AND BLANK CHECKS
The Story Behind Columbia’s Elementary Satellite

ALSO INSIDE: A TOUCHY ISSUE
THE BLUE & WHITE

Vol. XVIII  FAMAM EXTENDIMUS FACTIS  No. I

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

Features
Sylvie Krekow & Adam Kuerbitz 10 At Two Swords’ Length: Should You Break Up?
Our Monthly Prose and Cons.

Mark Hay 13 A Touchy Issue
Finding (Self-)Love in a Hopeless Place

Allie Curry 15 Height of Confusion
Face-Checking Paul Auster

Alex Avvocato, Alexandra Srokos & Briana Last 17 Put the Seat Down
Following Up on Columbia’s Open Housing Program

Claire Sabel & Anna Bahr 19 iPads, Yoga, and Blank Checks
The Story Behind Columbia’s Elementary Satellite

Conor Skelding 23 Navel Gazing
Visiting the Lamont-Doherty Earth Observatory

Anna Bahr 24 When the Ends Justify the Means
Animal Testing at Columbia

Mark Hay 28 Talking Dirty
A Conversation with Lux Alptraum

The Blue & White Staff 32 Staff Personals

theblueandwhite.org  ⚖  COVER: untitled by Cindy Pan
I’m somewhat of a closet engineer. That’s not to say that I’m ashamed, or make any attempts to hide the fact that I most often visit the library to analyze circuit diagrams, and not, say, Descartes. Most often, it simply doesn’t come up; people just assume and move on. Indeed, after spending a fair share of semesters with *The Blue & White*, I can still catch a confused look every time my affiliation with the Fu Foundation is mentioned at a meeting (on the masthead of the first issue I contributed to I was labeled “CC ’13”). Whether this is a product of stereotypes, my demeanor, or otherwise I will not attempt to deduce, but my penchant for journalistic extracurriculars has pervaded most of my time here at Columbia.

I most often find myself simply bemused when I reflect upon this; perhaps it is the very reason I was drawn to here in the first place. My mother prodded me towards enrollment with hopes that “at Columbia you’ll meet lots of people who aren’t just engineers”—I’ve yet to determine from where I inherited my proclivity for numbers. Columbia, through its truncated engineer-specific version of the Core, has been trying to meld me into a “worldly student,” one that can recount both Kantian thought and the laws of thermodynamics.

Perhaps rashly, I embraced this ideal. And this is the mentality which I’ve brought to *The Blue & White*. Because being at Columbia is about multitudes: the time we all spend here is dedicated not to a lone subject or pursuit, but to a broad and open-minded exploration of competing thoughts, beliefs, models, and designs. Our school is not best experienced through tunnel vision, and it is my earnest hope that *The Blue & White* continues to reinforce this. So join us, if you will, as we explore the commonplace and the absurd, the grand and the minute, that which is on everyone’s minds and that which is on no one’s minds. Rest assured, it will be time well spent.

Oh, and the entire back half of this issue is just a bunch of Sudoku puzzles. So there’s that.

Brian Wagner
*Editor-in-Chief*

*Blue Book*

---

For those unfamiliar with the genre, CUMB might profitably be considered the Odd Future of marching bands. Despite the almost incredible frequency of their live shows, the Band reliably and consistently innovates, experimenting both lyrically and melodically. One also wonders how such a band has endured for so many years, with so many lineup changes.

On their most recent album, *Orgo Night Fall 2011*, CUMB opens with unique and incisive commentary on the interrelations between students from Barnard College, Columbia College, and General Studies. They legitimately challenge the deep undercurrents of sexism and insecurity that permeates certain aspects of the
University with lyrics that plead, “GS students, please turn up your hearing aids/CC kids, please set your phones to vibrate/and Barnard girls, please set your vibrators to phone.” Their willingness to boldly and openly address stereotypes in such a way that had previously been reserved for Butler graffiti and anonymous Bwog comments is positively revolutionary.

Nor was CUMB afraid of other topics. With fearless wit, they croon, “Columbia has really taken to the Occupy movement, which is not surprising, since Occupy Wall Street is about as poorly thought-out as Frontiers of Science.” Two birds, one stone!

Nor are they afraid to tackle those most inviolate collection of Americans, Republicans. Truly, only the Band could come up with gems like, “Gingrich is of course known for being the ‘intellectual’ candidate, which in the Republican Party means he can go poopy in the big boy potty.” Republicans, stupid! That’s a fresh take. That’s real.

And who could forget last fall’s fiasco, when the Band spoke out, calling desperately-needed attention to the poor performance of Columbia’s football team! The draconian powers, having anaphorically banned the Band from the last game, came under fire from the national news. The Band, after apologizing and groveling, got permission to play. But they had to push it: “Of course, we immediately apologized, admitting that we’d totally crossed the line. Buuuut... maybe if the team had crossed the line more often during the season, the Band wouldn’t have been singing those songs in the first place.” The Band not only doesn’t know how to quit; they don’t know what the word means.

Like all high art, Orgo Night Fall 2011 comes full circle, starting and ending with references to the organic chemistry exam. Look out for more sharp criticism of all things Columbia in the Band’s next album, Orgo Night Spring 2012, scheduled to drop this May.

— Sylvie Krekow
Upon entering Westside Market, posters for Eve to Adam, an “anthemic, guitar-driven rock band,” flank patrons on both sides. Ian Joskowitz, Westside manager, will shamelessly promote their music to anyone that will listen. With a dorky name and decidedly un-hip genre, one wouldn’t expect them to be on the edge of stardom, yet they boast 30,000 Facebook fans and are ranked 26th on the Mainstream Rock Chart. Their lead single “Run Your Mouth” channels an edgier, sleazier, bygone era of rock dominated by the likes of Guns N’ Roses and Van Halen. More impressively, the music video features everyone’s favorite Law and Order captain, Donald Cragen (played by Dann Florek). Oddly, the transformation of Eve to Adam from neighborhood scrubs to a legitimate power in the surprisingly vibrant Morningside Heights hair metal scene hinged on their Westside connection.

When drummer Alex Sassaris started moonlighting as a bartender at Vareli, another eating establishment managed by Joskowitz, Eve to Adam got their unlikely break. As Joskowitz puts it, “He kept shoving his band’s CD in my face, and, after a couple months, I finally gave it a listen, and, who knew, it turned out to be really fucking good!” Despite having no experience running a record label, Joskowitz and fellow Westside Market manager George Zoitas agreed to manage the band, forming their all-in-one label, management, and publicity company 3for5 Entertainment.

But locking down a management crew was just the first step. Shortly after that, Joskowitz remembers getting a call from Sassaris about a new sponsor. He agreed to meet this potential backer at the closest thing they had to an office—an unused register at Westside. To his bemusement, “the man I ended up meeting was just a coked-up scammer who was trying to get us to invest in some dead-end scheme. That was the kind of company these kids were attracting.”

Countless phone calls, text messages, and emails later, Eve to Adam secured a record deal with Universal, suddenly finding themselves touring with the likes of Daughtry and Mötley Crüe. Joskowitz’s latest coup for the band is securing the opening spot for “a big band on a big tour.” The details are still being finalized, and he’s reluctant to reveal this big band’s identity, but he solemnly promises, “If we get this, everyone will know about Eve to Adam.”

— Jed Bush

Fandom Death Match is a semesterly game in which the Columbia University Science Fiction Society fills a March Madness-esque bracket with eight characters that its members pick out of a hat. The characters are paired together and enter a metaphorical steel cage death match and literal debate in which members argue for their characters. There are two brackets: one for mortals and one for immortals. “You can’t put Gandalf against Luke Skywalker. Gandalf would obviously win because he’s a wizard,” president Suzanne Walker, BC ’12, said. Some winners from the mortal bracket, among them River Tam from Joss Whedon’s Firefly, Minerva McGonagall from Harry Potter, and Bill Nye the Science Guy, have earned “god status.”
The degree of sci-fi knowledge necessary to play Fandom Death Match points to how well-versed in the genre CUSFS’s members are. However, the game is only one of many such genre-dependent traditions. Some of the traditions—such as the Baggins’ Birthday Bash and the Sacrifice to Cthulhu—have been in practice for years.

Frodo and Bilbo’s Birthday Bash is an annual tradition in which members stage an outlandish reading of the first chapter of Tolkien’s *The Fellowship of the Ring*, by the end of which, Walker explained, any innocent memories attached to the story will be long gone. “My favorite one is at the end of the chapter when Bilbo is about to go off and it says something like “Three dwarves emerged from the room, where they had been busy...”” she said.

Then there’s the annual Sacrifice to Cthulhu, based on the novels by H.P. Lovecraft. A “virgin” is chosen and carried down all five ramps of Lerner while shouting “Ia ia! Cthulhu Fhtagn!”

“The first year, my arms were sore the next day, because I was carrying a 125 pound guy down the ramps of Lerner,” Walker recalled. The “virgin” is then hauled on top of the Sundial and struck with a sword. Sometimes there is fake blood, but according to Walker, that’s “a bitch to clean up.”

— Augusta Harris

In early 2012, the good people at Columbia Dining tipped some scintillatingly ambiguous news to Bwog: “Phase Two” of “the restoration project” in John Jay Dining Hall was complete (never mind that “Phase One” was never announced). The email boasted a “terrazzo floor” and the eradication of those awkwardly long communal tables. All of which, they assured Bwog, “really looks awesome.”

But even now, over a month after the announcement, pressing questions remain unanswered: What was Phase One? Where do we go from here? What the hell is terrazzo? To answer those pressing questions and assuage those disquieting fears, one must descend into the bowels of John Jay.

“This is a renovation project more than anything else,” Vicky Dunn, Executive Director of Columbia Dining, said reassuringly. Dismissing any accusations of revolution and radical change, she added, “We’re looking back to the original designs and trying to match that up to what you see.”

The designs to which she refers were drawn up in the early 20th century by McKim, Mead, and White, the architectural firm behind the original blueprinting of the Morningside Heights campus. “The terrazzo floor was in the original design,” Dunn said. “The first terrazzo floor had been covered up by cement before the quarry tiles were put in place.” Those quarry tiles are what you see while you wait in line for your omelet at Wilma’s—startlingly similar to the floor at your favorite McDonald’s.

As for the alleged Phase One, the lighting, ceiling, and fans were restored over the summer of 2011, just before students trickled in at the end of August. And yes, Phase Three is imminent. The dish room—the wet, oppressive crucible at the center of the John Jay inferno—will soon gain a composter and a newer, greener dishwasher to replace its current, outdated model.

For the next few months, then, resign yourself to the fact that your dining hall is one massive fire hazard. And take solace in the terrazzo, the lone glimmering gem in this decidedly rough field. Now for Phase Three and Beyond!

— Will Holt
Erik Nook

“I want to perpetuate good feelings,” exclaims Erik Nook, CC ’12. A certified massage therapist, bartender, ballroom dancer, cheesecake baker, scarf knitter, and classical saxophonist, the Columbia College senior radiates happiness. “Or I could just be crafting myself into the perfect wedding planner,” he jokes.

Born into a “family of healers”—his dad is a chiropractor and his mom is a veterinarian—Nook grew up in an 800-person town in Iowa, where, he recalls, “everyone was white, Christian and straight.” His father’s job sent the Nooks to Kloof, South Africa, and Perth, Australia; their itinerant lifestyle resulted in the “Nookism,” “Hey, we’ve been there!”

Nook speaks reverently of his parents, who promote the self-care and balance he treasures. After getting his requisite eight hours of sleep, Nook wakes up to family photos and inspirational quotes decorating his dorm room walls. He upholds the maxim “life is good.”

“The mantra came from my coming out experience,” Nook explains. After graduating from an Australian high school in November 2006, he decided to take a gap year. “I had this compulsion to rework my understanding of the universe,” Nook recalls. He spent the year reconciling his “previous me and present me” before realizing that, “you can nuance any identity to make it exactly what you want.”

“I take balance and wellness very seriously,” the compassionate confidant continues. He credits psychology and philosophy, his eventual major and concentration, with helping him reach this understanding: “if I can’t heal myself how can I heal other people?” Nook’s friend, Hannah D’Apice, CC ’12, marvels, “I think he has done really great things to improve the wellness on campus before this whole wellness movement even started.” A Peer Educator in the Sexual Violence Response Program and coordinator of Stressbusters, Nook remembers prepping for the dog-therapy study break last semester as a favorite Columbia moment. After receiving one of Nook’s massages—complete with his signature move, the Russian effleurage—one girl felt so relaxed she curled on the floor and fell asleep. “I took that as a compliment.”

“I try to cultivate gratitude in my own life,” he adds. Until pressed, Nook does not even mention his induction into Phi Beta Kappa academic honors society or membership in the psychology honors program. “He gets very bashful when others praise him,” says D’Apice. But Nook would argue that external forces are enabling him to achieve because “there is no ‘I’ doing anything.” Instead he reasons, “there’s the energy that has come to me through my parents, the things that I have learned, and the experiences that have allowed me to do stuff.
and stuff has been done!” Personal success is the product of “something greater that is interested in things going well [...] That makes the world much less scary,” he laughs.

A conversation with Nook leaves you feeling full. After reflecting questions back on this reporter, he listens actively, gesticulating emphatically and responding with understanding “mmhmms” in his characteristic slow soothing tone. “It just makes me feel good to spend time with someone, and leave with both people feeling positive.”

—Carolyn Ruvkun

CHARLIE DINKIN

Ask Charlie Dinkin, BC ‘12, how the world is run, and she’ll respond drolly, “for children by children,” in her effortlessly cool British accent. Her timbre has always been in high demand. As a first-year, her floormates would ask her to read “Colt 45” by Afroman out loud just to hear her voice. “That was entertainment, pre-Netflix,” she explains.

At work on her senior thesis—on ritual in improvised comedy—and in her daily routine, Charlie’s life is humor. “Laughter is not just a thing you do when you feel good,” she’ll say, “sometimes laughing makes you feel better; [it] reminds you to take a break.” Then again, she also believes it’s “kind of a sickness. I’m obsessed with paralleling everything with comedy,” she says.

As Madame President of both Control Top (Columbia’s all-female long-form comedy group), NOMADs (New and Original Material All Directed by Students), and co-executive of Chowdah, Charlie’s sense of humor is prized by the comedy community and ubiquitous on campus. Since joining her first sketch comedy troupe in her sophomore year, she has become something of a fixture in all sorts of “funny” organizations on campus.

“It’s not even that I want to make people laugh, I don’t even need to make a joke out loud, I just have to make it in my head,” she said.

With no disrespect to her comedy-game, the funniest thing about Charlie might just be her obsession with the Diana. “I love the Vag, obviously not the outside, but I love everyone being in it.”

Most of this bizarre appreciation comes from her genuine love of Barnard, which she feels matches her personality perfectly. The recent birth of the Barnard-specific slew of memes only reaffirmed her endearment to the school. “I love all the memes [...] Every time I see them I’m like, ‘Yeah, get it girls!’ I love that people make really good jokes about Barnard,” she explains, though, “when people make the bad jokes it’s like, uuuhhh.”

For Charlie, comedy isn’t a free-for-all. “I don’t like mean jokes,” she says frankly, “It just doesn’t work if it makes people feel bad.” Dinkin maintains the firm belief that comedy should be corrective: a way to challenge popular thought or discourse. “You should see it and laugh at yourself. Jokes should target ideas that we have that are questionable. It shouldn’t be like, ‘Oh, yeah, I guess I’m really funny looking and nobody likes me.’” But it’s not a hard and fast rule. And when humor is indiscriminately cruel, it must commit—all or nothing—and take no prisoners. “Everyone should come out feeling violated or no one should come out feeling violated,” she declares.

Charlie’s post-grad career aspirations are uncomplicated: “I write. I mean I obsessively write jokes and scenes and that’s what I want to do for the rest of my time. I will write anything for anyone, I have no moral standards, don’t care,” she announces candidly.

Mainly, she’s ready for the real world outside of the Morningside bubble. “I have to have a go at my own thing,” she explains, “I’m 22 and I’ve been in school since I was four; I think I need to be on my own and see if I can survive.” But, for now, she’s happy to take full advantage of the simple pleasures during the more blissful final months of her senior year. “Ultimately I love to watch Netflix Instant and eat Chipotle,” she laughs, “You know, living the Columbia dream.”

— Sam Herzog
He’s looking a little pudgy lately. Why do I spend, like, twenty minutes on the treadmill, once a week, if he’s going to just let himself go? What are we, married? Ugh, he’s finally getting out of bed. And he wants me to walk with him to class. Sorry, I think I just developed a debilitating case of the regrets; I’m going to skip today. Don’t wait up!

I don’t know why I keep getting sucked into doing things with him. Last night he dragged me to a shitty cover band of the Counting Crows or something and I had to drink myself into a borderline CAVA-worthy state just to refrain from slitting my wrists. That’s probably why I let him touch my left boob on the cab ride back—at least until the cab driver threatened to kick us out because I started dry heaving.

I’m really not trying to be a heartless bitch, but I haven’t had a case of buyer’s remorse this bad since Skinny Girl margarita mix came out. The only time we’ve ever talked at length is this one time I was so high I ended up ordering HamDel delivery just for a pint of Ben & Jerry’s. In retrospect, both were terrible decisions. I think I told him I was “obsessed” with Morrissey—wow. Like that’s something that hasn’t been said by every college student who smokes weed before.

And it’s so embarrassing when he tries to hang out with my friends. The other night he yelled “Ni hao!” at my friend Lee and started talking to him about communism. Um, hello, Lee grew up on 5th & Park, not a rural village in China. I don’t even want to introduce him to my friends who are actually ethnic. Can you even imagine?

Also, let’s talk about his super-endearing quirks for a second? Like his refusal to eat anywhere besides John Jay (“Dude, have you ever had their mint-chip lactose-free fro-yo? Sick!”) and his insistence that, yes, longboarding down College Walk wearing Kanye glasses is somehow “collegiate-hip.”

Also, I borrowed his computer the other day and realized his homepage was Thought Catalog. Yikes. And let’s not kid ourselves, he’s not that attractive. I’m fairly certain at this point I’m taller than him, despite his pathetic insistence that he’s 5’11”. I’ve really only kept him around this long because I know he’s getting a job at Goldman when he graduates. But at this point, why date a banker bro if the thought of having weekly Barney’s hinges followed by the tasting menu at Per Se doesn’t even turn me on anymore?

Most pathetically, he’s just a terrible boyfriend. For Valentine’s day I expected, at the bare minimum, a dozen hand-cut organic locally grown hydroponically cultivated Casablanca Lilies and a Diamants Légers bracelet from Cartier. Instead, I got a look that said, “I promise to go down on you for once tonight,” and a heart-shaped box of chocolate from Duane Reade. Vom. Speaking of eating out, he just texted me asking if I wanted to grab dinner. I guess tonight’s the night to tell him we have about as much of a future as Bobbi and Whitney.
She’s so hot. I almost can’t bring myself to leave, she looks so good asleep—but I’ve been late for this class three times already and the TA is starting to notice. He gives me that horrible little smirk and makes a check on some piece of paper. I didn’t know when I signed up for 9 a.m. “Metropole and Colony” that I would have a girlfriend three weeks into the semester. There should be some kind of allowance for that.

She’s worth it, though. Last night we went downtown for a Black Keys cover band at Webster Hall and got super sloppy at a whiskey bar in Alphabet City. We fooled around in a cab on the way home until the cab driver nearly pulled over on the FDR and kicked us out. Brooklyn was flying by so fast and she was so into me. I was like Michael J. Fox in *Bright Lights, Big City*, minus all the heartache. Was that a book too?

I don’t mean to sound like a 16-year-old girl, but I haven’t felt this secure in a relationship in a long time. Things with Sara never really panned out and, when I’m honest with myself, I kind of knew they wouldn’t. She was too into herself and her stupid friends. Not Sylvie, though. I can’t have the most earnest two-hour conversation with someone about the merits of Morrissey’s career with the Smiths versus his solo work and not be convinced she’s my soulmate. I was beaming for days after that conversation just thinking about what our life will be like together. I bet she’s the kind of a girl who wouldn’t object to giving our daughter a guy’s name like Ryan or something.

I’m really integrating myself into her friend group, too. I think I hit it off with that guy with all the tattoos in Sanskrit the other night talking about Free Tibet. The Japanese really need to get up on that situation. It’s so cool that her friends are so engaged with human rights events. I definitely need to read up on that—that guy was looking at me kind of funny.

I also love how she doesn’t get on my ass about silly girl crap. Like the other day when she was going to spend Valentine’s Day with her friend who works at Google? So cool. So low-key. Didn’t have to buy flowers or nothing. So I made a decision last night while I was watching Sylvie fall asleep. She does this adorable thing where she rubs her feet together an even number of times when she rolls onto one side. Melts my heart.

Anyway, I’m going to ask her to come home with me over Spring Break. Her friends all want to roadtrip to some music festival in Pennsylvania, but I don’t think she really wants to go. We’re definitely at that point where I need to make a move to show her how serious I am about this. I’ll take her out for dinner tonight and ask her then.
Ah, the gymnasion—what could be finer? Since the Age of Alexander, the ritual practice of strenuous exercise, hot and cold baths, and fellowship has been a hallmark of civilization. Those who exercised acknowledged a sharp distinction between equal citizens and barbaroi—and firmly established themselves as civilized ones.

Accordingly, your own Verily V did think it right, after a long and decadent winter (over much wine and pastries over Christmastide—one has to cope with family somehow) to exercise. VV had only to think of the sunbathed beaches of the Vineyard months hence to bestir himself to action. He would not, as Hamlet did, find himself slow and lacking when came the need for action! Thus, immediately and understandably, the Marcellus Hartley Dodge Physical Fitness Center recommended itself to V (the Hartleys, after all, being old friends of the family).

And so did Verily Veritas betake himself down the concrete stairs, deep into that scrubbed linoleum purgatory which in no way befits the name of a Hartley. VV, you’ll be relieved to know, had no intentions of joining those wheezing and shuffling along on “treadmills” like so many hamsters on so many wheels; one cringes. Rather, having donned his best walking shorts and loafers, Verily Veritas veritably and vigorously strode around the track, the better to keep an eye alternately on those below playing “basketball” (a truly undignified sport if ever there was one, having been gauchely invented in the mid-twentieth century) and the men of the Columbia rowing team (a more respectable sport, too be certain—one which V would verifiably engage in had he not his Grandmother’s delicate hands).

Having gone in circles for half an hour, Verily’s pronounced forehead (that from his father’s side) had developed a moistness the concern of which was matched only by the palpitation of his heart (perhaps he should also begin to reduce the number of cigarettes in which he indulged? No, one simply shudders at the thought.). Your Verily Veritas proceeded then to the showers (a dreadfully tiled torture chamber populated by people with bags for bodies), from which he saw an oak oom—a sauna! Here at last was the modern hot bath of the Hellenistic gymnasion! V, clad only his towel (luxurious; a Christmas gift from Grandmother), entered, and sat across from an apparently dozing man. The heat intoxicated old VV; he felt alive. He sweat most freely and abjectly, but why ought he care? O, and he could number all his veins! Five minutes did seem very much like half an hour, and half an hour like five minutes! What would Father say, upon seeing him wallow in this pleasant haze?

Verily, very dehydrated, did leave for the terrible showers, where the shock of cold water violently shook him out of his haze—crisp sobriety, again! Ah, and he did feel fresh, as he lay aside his walking shorts, putting on a clean shirt and jacket! It may not have been worth the shower, but damned if it wasn’t good.

Perhaps the gentle paths of Central Park are more faithfully trod than that hellish track. Still, there must, in this City, be some more dignified way to append glorious time in the sauna to one’s constitutional.
A Touchy Issue

Finding (Self-)Love in a Hopeless Place
BY MARK HAY

In 2010, a little over a week after Valentine’s Day, the lobby of Harmony Hall was populated by a smattering of dildos. Also vibrators, anal beads, remote controlled buzzing eggs, and several small, white, cylindrical containers with a slimy, soft, elastic sheath inside, which those in the lobby later learned was a Japanese male masturbation sleeve.

The cache of sex toys were there as part of an RA community building event—a departure from the typical Super Bowl-watching parties or cookies and milk study breaks. At the RAs’ behest, a representative of Babeland—the erotic equivalent of an Apple Store—brought this fun pack of goodies to Columbia for a demo session (not that kind of demo) of their most popular wares. While the Babeland demonstrator stressed that couples can use these toys together, the primary focus of the evening was masturbation. The most heavily marketed item, a DIY kit called the “orgasm in a box,” and a number of self-pleasure products were put up for sale to the dozen or so attendees at the end of the night.

This year, a group of students (including several RAs) got together to plan out a few routine community-building events for the upcoming semester. But the ideas they tossed around were more than clothing drives and free donuts—the email in which they recapped their ideas contained one item entitled “Masturbation.” The concept, as detailed in the discussion, was to create some kind of sex-positive, fun, masturbation-focused event or tutorial (again, not like that) hosted by Residential Life.

As the narrator of the film Magnolia would say, “I am trying to believe that this is all just a coincidence.” “It,” in this case, being the small but recurrent motif of student community builders at Columbia deciding that the late winter—mid-February, let’s say—would be a good time to help students to love themselves in the most literal sense of the phrase.

The surprising part of this recurring coincidence is that it’s not a coordinated effort by some central body of the University. Though both the 2010 event and the prospective (yet unrealized) 2012 event—and likely some in between—involved Residential Life and RAs, these initiatives were generated independently by and for students. Several RAs contacted for this story independently confirmed that Residential Life actually takes a very light hand in determining which events RAs will host. Dean of Community Development and Multicultural Affairs Theresa Martinez and Director of Alice! Health Promotion Michael McNeil both confirmed that no programming changes and no special events are planned through Residential Life or administrative health channels for this Valentine’s Day. Accordingly, it is not Columbia, but our fellow students pushing to grant us all access to resources that will help us better strangle the chicken and/or flick the bean.

That shouldn’t be too surprising either. Columbia is an extremely sex-positive campus, as attested by our top placement on the Trojan Sexual Health Report Card Rankings (issued in conjunction with Sperling’s Best Places). The award isn’t just some pat on the back for Columbia’s massive condom distribution scheme either; it is an honest recognition of the plethora of groups (over 15) working on sexual health issues, such as the accessibility of testing for sexually transmitted infections and HIV, the availability of anonymous sexual information, and especially the resource that is Go Ask Alice!—the one-stop-shop for nervous children all around America tentatively exploring the Internet to read more about their guilty pleasure of choice. Masturbation, especially, is an open topic here more so than at other campuses. Each year, the administration signals its friendliness early on with a Health Services Skit during NSOP chock-a-block with masturbation jokes. If any campus is equipped to make the weeks bracketing Valentine’s Day a masturbation-aganza, it is Columbia’s.

That we as students choose to host such events—which a totally unscientific straw poll of students at Princeton, Yale, Stanford, the University of Washington, and Eastern Washington University confirms are quite uncommon in the wider world—says something about Columbians themselves. It especially says something about the way we as a cam-
pus feel about sex, relationships, love and Valentine’s Day. That feeling might be described, in large part, as lonely. The sexless Columbian is part of our perpetual zeitgeist. Logically, it makes sense that this is what happens when a sex-positive, masturbation friendly campus meets a self-aware, lonely student culture with active and independent community builders.

And we may see more of these student-led masturbation events in the near future. The one thing RAs do believe is changing within Residential Life is a growing emphasis on encouraging the RAs to produce more programming. Over the coming years, RAs will be producing more events and be motivated to make these events more inventive. With the precedent in hand and the spirit in the air, just imagine the events that will spring up around Valentine’s Day in years to come.

And there’s good reason to support that move and these events. In 1990, S.M. Davenport and J. Birtle published an article in the *British Medical Journal* proving what many of us have long suspected: Valentine’s Day can be such a depressing time that it might have a real impact on the lives and well-being of students—especially the lovelorn. Specifically, and grimly, Davenport and Birtle found a strong correlation between Valentine’s Day, emotional distress related to being alone, and failed suicide attempts. The only other holiday to share the correlation, and to a far weaker extent, was Christmas.

In recognition of the challenges and potential of this most potent, contrived, and at times alienating of holidays, many colleges do make concentrated efforts around Valentine’s Day to put out health- and wellness-oriented programming, says Alice’s McNeil. This year, he knows, various universities in New York offered events ranging from HIV testing to speed dating, and many health groups are working to make Valentine’s Day synonymous with National Condom Day. Safe sex, relationship building, community building—all are common and more frequently pushed at colleges across America around Valentine’s Day. But a masturbatory emphasis is more uniquely ours.

For many, it is funny to see masturbation-themed events, especially falling in some loose proximity to Valentine’s Day. But to others, it is a sad confirmation and reinforcement of the stereotype and self-created identities of the lonely Columbian. At their best, these events can help to shake off the stigma and the loneliness of a natural human activity and the loneliness of a grim holiday. And at the very least, it’s another unique tradition to mark us as Columbians.

Illustration by Liz Lee
For many Columbians, admission to The Heights is the first litmus test of a Thursday night’s success. Popular for their potency, every $5 happy hour margarita poses a formidable challenge to those who frequent the establishment. Dutifully attempting to do as its street-level sign instructs and dine above it all—to get in, students must get past the bouncer and fight their way to the bar through a room packed with screaming sorority girls and rowdy basketball players. So what’s it doing in a Paul Auster, CC ’69, GSAS ’70, novel?

Considered by many to be one of America’s foremost contemporary postmodern fiction writers, Auster draws upon metafictional techniques to blur boundaries between reality and fiction, and to advance what critic James Wood describes as, “narratives [that] conduct themselves like realistic stories, except for a slight lack of conviction and a general B-movie atmosphere.”

In his debut novel, *City of Glass*, Auster describes his protagonist, a detective-fiction writer named Daniel Quinn who grows hungry after a hard day spent trailing his lead. He writes:

> He retraced his path along 107th Street, turned left on Broadway, and began walking uptown, looking for a suitable place to eat. A bar did not appeal to him tonight—eating in the dark, the press of boozy chatter—although normally he might have welcomed it. As he crossed 112th Street, he saw that the Heights Luncheonette was still open and decided to go in.

Inside, Quinn finds “a brightly lit, yet dreary place, with a large rack of girlie magazines on one wall, an area for stationary, another area for newspapers, several tables for patrons, and a long Formica counter with swivel stools.” Quinn then strikes up some baseball talk with the counterman. He eats, forms an intense connection with an attractive red notebook, and buys it. When Quinn later goes insane while tracking his elusive lead’s movements in the notebook, The Heights Luncheonette is elevated to an important setting in the work and might function as a key to elucidating the origins of Quinn’s madness.

Working on the assumption that Auster is describing an actual place in Manhattan, *The Blue & White* looked into the history of The Heights Bar and Grill. There were plenty of margarita reviews, but a dearth of legal or historical information. The property’s current deed dates back to June 1997, about the time which The Heights describes itself on its website’s “About” page as “rising from the ashes of Nacho Mama’s burritos, which met its demise”—there was literally a fire—”earlier the same year”. Prior to manager Larry Good’s (who happens to be the husband of the Columbia Women’s Swimming and Diving Coach Diana Caskey) purchase of Nacho Mama’s in 1992, the Google trail vanishes. According to manager Feras Samad, before Nacho Mama’s the space was a French restaurant called Le Grenier (“the loft”), and before that, it was a hardware store. He recalls a luncheonette on 113th, which according to WikiCU is a former instantiation of The Mill Korean Restaurant; oddly enough, it was a perennial favorite of J.D. Salinger’s fictional Glass family. Alas, it seems that Auster directed Quinn to cross 112th street northwards and he took a bit of poetic license with the name of his character’s destination.

Case cracked? Well, why anyone—fictional or not—would turn uptown toward Morningside Heights “looking for a suitable place to eat” is a mystery to us.
Paying the Bills

Take $5 off a box of CC or Lit Hum books
With this coupon

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

An Independent Bookstore -
Book Culture on 112th

Shop Local

Book Culture
536 west 112th between
B-way and Amsterdam
212-865-1588
Put the Seat Down!

Following Up on Columbia’s Open Housing Program

By Alex Avvocato, Alexandra Svokos & Briana Last

In December 2009, the *New York Post* got wind of Columbia students seeking to bring gender neutral housing to campus, or, as they tactfully put it, “live in sin on their parent’s dime.” While the Open Housing initiative began as an option for LGBTQ students who might feel uncomfortable sharing a room with someone of the same sex, many participants in the program are heterosexual students interested in living with their friends. Still others are following the less recommended route of shacking up with a significant other.

Earlier this month, Katherine Cutler, Director of Communications and Special Projects, announced the success of the Open Housing pilot program and the anticipated expansion of the residence option to all upper-classman dorms, with the exception of Furnald and Hartley-Wallach, for next year. In honor of this, The Blue & White decided to catch up with a few of the supposed heathens who dared participate in the pilot initiative to get their reflections on their year of cohabitation.

For many students, the fact that co-ed dorms were proscribed in the past was more alarming than the thought of living with someone of a different sex. According to Victoria Wills, CC ’14, who shares a walk-through double with her friend Conner Fox, CC ’14, “Going into Open Housing seemed really natural to me and I think it would be weird if it didn’t exist... I would find it really inconvenient and silly.” Conner echoed his roommate’s sentiment. For him, the decision to live with someone is based not in any one element of one’s self—namely the gender with which they identify—but about their person as a whole.

A second walk-through double has housed a similarly successful Open Housing experience. Taylor Dunne, SEAS ’14, and Sean von Ohlen, CC ’14, aren’t dating either, but that doesn’t keep speculators from their suspicions. These external assumptions have lead to bouts of awkwardness when Sean attempts romantic endeavors outside the room. “The best reaction I get is when I bring a girl home who doesn’t know I have a roommate who’s a girl,” he said mischievously. “Yeah, because Taylor doesn’t give you an idea of the exact gender,” adds Dunne. “It can go either way. So, sometimes, I get a ‘Who are you?’”
According to both Taylor and Sean, the girls Sean has dated tend toward an inherent distrust of Taylor—they typically assume the pair has shared a romantic history. “A lot of girls I’ve seen have asked if I’ve hooked up with my roommate. And the answer is no. But they still suspect it,” he added. Though the situation can be problematic, Sean amended that it occasionally lends him credit with the girls he’s dating. “I don’t really know how to gauge girls’ reactions when they find out I have a girl roommate,” he considered. “Sometimes it’s very positive, because they think that I must not be a creeper if I know how to live with a girl.”

But the minor stress of being accused of relations with a roommate is a far cry from making the decision to room with a significant other. Lila Neiswanger, CC ’12, and Will Brown, SEAS ’12, have been dating since freshman year and decided to commit—to a living space—when the couple separately realized each was opting for housing in Woodbridge.

The decision was not immediate. “My friends have sort of always been dudes,” Lila said, explaining that she wanted to live with another male friend before Open Housing was even on the table. Will had previously lived in Woodbridge and hoped to score another spot in the coveted dorm. Having heard tales of Woodbridge’s apartment-like suites, Lila was equally interested. “But I didn’t really have anyone else that I wanted to be my roommate,” Lila explained, “so I asked Will if he wanted to room with me.” Though had a few initial reservations, the pair agreed that if it was not working out, their seniority would allow them to easily “rectify the situation.”

So far there has been no need for rectification. “Honestly,” Lila began, “I feel like it’s gone—I don’t want to say surprisingly smoothly because that would imply that I didn’t expect it to do so, but—” “It’s gone surprisingly smoothly,” Will interrupted, noting that having a roommate is always hard. Will spent his first three years at Columbia in doubles, while Lila managed lodging in singles; ergo, the prospect of living with a roommate of any gender seemed daunting.

After more than a semester in their Woodbridge suite, the couple stands by their choice. “It’s been really great,” Lila smiled. “I guess I could understand why some people might be upset about having their personal space violated by a person of the opposite gender, but if they were, then they probably shouldn’t apply for Open Housing."

The strident disapproval of Columbia’s Open Housing initiative by the New York Post hints at a possible divide between the motivations of the participating students and the views of older generations. Indicatively, some students with whom we spoke had difficulty explaining their living situation to their parents.

Will’s parents okay-ed the decision, but Lila’s mother needed some prodding and an “I’m a grown-up person, Mom,” before she was convinced. Sean avoided the issue for some time, sensing that his “very Christian, conservative” parents wouldn’t be jumping for joy with his pre-marital, co-ed accommodations. He recounted, “I didn’t really run it by them until I was already at school. So, they were none too pleased. And then they met Taylor and they were all too pleased.” He looked at Taylor, smiling, “My parents love Taylor. She came over for Christmas and it was really nice. She cooked with my mother.”

While Emma Riley, a freshman planning to live in a co-ed suite next year, agrees that it’s “more [about] living with who you’re most comfortable with,” she acknowledges that managing multi-sexed rooms requires a level of consciousness foreign to her current all-girls suite. Would she lay down any new laws? Emma’s answer slowly evolved from “no” to the wise reflection that “we would probably have a pants rule.”

Ultimately, the new Open Housing policy is already capitalized upon by students for reasons outside of the LGBTQ comfort issue upon which the initiative was based. But rooming with friends is not an abuse of a system; it reflects, perhaps, a more general trend toward the over-emphasis of gender difference and increasingly antiquated separate-sex model. Although Columbia’s housing website explicitly states its recommendation against living with a romantic partner, there is demonstrable evidence of involved couples very much enjoying their roommate situation—a victory in itself, Open Housing or not.
On May 1st, 2000, Professor John Cole, then University Provost, announced that the Board of Trustees had unanimously voted for the creation of a K-8 Columbia school for children. The goal of this endeavor, he wrote, was “to maximize our ability to recruit and maintain the most able faculty in the world.” Three years later, The School at Columbia opened, embarking on a remarkable educational experiment, that would result, Cole hoped, in “one of the very best schools in the nation.” It would combine cutting-edge technology and pedagogy with an explicit commitment to diversity. By drawing a student body from both Columbia employees and unaffiliated local families, The School aims to foster an integrated and creative space for a wide variety of youngsters. Technological innovation was to be the school’s life-blood. State-of-the art facilities were designed to be paired with a progressive curriculum. Every child from kindergarten to eighth grade was fitted with a laptop; since the launch of the iPad, kindergartners begin with the digital tablets before graduating to portable Macs in third grade. Consequently, The School requires both a hefty price tag and a serious commitment to financial aid.

Though in many ways Columbia’s utopian vision has been successfully implemented, the elementary institution has not been realized without criticism. The School admitted its first students in grades K-4 in 2003; by the time the 5th and 6th grades were added in the 2005-6 academic year, faculty demand had grown to more than double capacity. Professor Alan Brinkley, who replaced Cole as Provost just two months before the school was due to open, bore the brunt of their anger. “It’s certainly a mess,” Brinkley told the New York Times, although he believed that the
demand was unanticipated. He convened a Faculty Task Force to recommend revisions to the school’s admissions policy, ensure equitable opportunities for those seeking places, and establish a new financial aid policy.

The Task Force claimed that Provost Cole’s initial plan for the school was “to make admission nearly automatic for all children of Columbia officers who wanted to attend.” In reality, the admissions policy for Columbia affiliates is structured according to professional rank: the children of full professors receive priority, slimming the possibility of acceptance for children of librarians or janitors. But Cole’s purported political motivations in allocating half of the school’s spots to community children, meant “to secure the local Community Board’s approval of the School and the new building in which it is housed,” made restructuring the admissions policy impossible.

The initial planning of The School fell under the responsibilities of the Provost’s Office, which appointed Dr. Gardner Dunnan, recently resigned from a 23-year reign as Headmaster of The Dalton School, to manage the project. Cole was also on the board at the prestigious prep school. Dunnan left following a “prolonged period” of concerns over his structural direction and leadership at the school; news of his relationship with a married Dalton teacher only hastened his departure.

Cole, a distinguished sociologist, is renowned for his work on the sociology of science and in recent years has focused on the role of scientific research in higher education. He was instrumental in orienting the school in this technological direction, while Dunnan’s appointment implied that the school was unlikely to espouse a more modest charter school model and instead favor more lavish appointments. Indeed, in 2005 the Task Force estimated that, at its full capacity, The School would cost Columbia “$9-10 million a year in operating subsidies.”

Whatever the expenditure, its magnitude is self-evident and fully deployed. At 556 West 110th street, a few doors down from Harmony Hall, it encompasses 75,000 square feet over five and a half floors, each equipped with a suite of attractive classrooms to serve its nearly 500 students. The remarkably modern classrooms are bright, comfortable, and spacious. Spanish vocabulary is prominently displayed on many walls as evidence of the School’s thriving language immersion program. A beautifully furnished ballet studio, where yoga and tap are also offered, looks out onto Broadway. Several state-of-the-art science labs are accompanied by The School’s “Discovery Center,” an interactive, hands-on approach to biology filled with fossils, animal models and elementary science experiments that resembles a similar “Discovery Room” at the Museum of Natural History.

The School also boasts a sophisticated surfeit of human resources. The Office of Social Work is dedicated to helping families face problems ranging from job loss to divorce to restraining orders; the faculty to student ratio is one to five;
and the cafeteria serves breakfast every morning to faculty, children, and their families—an effort to strengthen the larger community and relieve the stress of the morning school rush. But the most impressive element of The School is its technological fluency, as furnished by a team of Educational Technologists. The School devotes as much as 8% of its annual budget to technology, says interim Head of School Nancy Elting.

According to The School’s official history, in 2003 its facilities were “considered by Columbia University its most technologically advanced, featured a SmartBoard in nearly every room and wireless Internet access throughout the building.” The contrast between this junior satellite and the main University campus was not lost on the Task Force, who noted that “the School is staffed and resourced more generously than most Columbia ventures.” In January 2011, the Arts and Science’s Classroom Report found that only 65% of Columbia’s classrooms were electronic, and noted that “Columbia lags significantly behind its peers” in this regard.

Thatcher Ulrich, whose daughter attends The School thanks to a community lottery placement, is wary of the emphasis on technology. He notes that the facilities are “very physically tight,” which means the kids are producing “real science and real art.” However, he admits that while he sees the logic in youngsters doing classroom exercises on their laptops, for other projects, technology “kind of works, but I’m not that fond of it. I prefer traditional stuff.” He has the impression that the “use of technology might run down” as the school continues, and noted that “Columbia lags significantly behind its peers” in this regard.

The School also prides itself on the notable diversity of its student body, which is proudly displayed on the school’s fact sheet—right above the $31,600 annual price tag. Roughly half the school’s spots are offered to neighborhood families, who, after earning the opportunity in a general lottery, complete a largely procedural application that involves no additional testing. Placement at any grade is offered with need-blind financial compensation.

In Ulrich’s opinion, the diversity of the student body tipped the balance in favor of Columbia over local public schools—an advantage Elting acknowledged. “Parents choose [The School] knowing that we are committed to diversity of every kind. We believe in a spectrum of children and a broad range of families,” she affirmed. The School’s financial aid package is comprehensive, with families paying anywhere from the full tuition fee to the bare minimum $350 that accompanies the entry application. Ulrich sees the mixed student body as “a big draw,” but adds that “it’s probably not perfect mixing.”

In a recent *Forbes* article, the school’s technology integrator, Karen Blumberg, recalled an episode where students used school equipment to record a provocative video clip. A teacher spotted the video on YouTube, in which a black student pronounced, “I hate white people. I want to kill them. I’m going to beat up the next one who comes along.” Such episodes clash with The School’s projection of a perfectly harmonious, cosmopolitan student body, although the dialogue was followed by laughter and mock fighting, and the incident supplied a teachable moment for the children about considering context in video editing. Elting maintains, however, that student relationships are typically amicable. “The children mix and match so comfortably and so easily. They don’t question it. It’s you and I who come from other lives and other experiences and question it far more than they do,” she said.

The impression from the School’s administration is one of happy oblivion. Elting expressed gratitude and relief about the fiscal flexibility she is allowed—thanks to the University’s munificence. Fundraising, she said, “is not something I have to do. I can spend my time worrying about teacher development and families, and it’s a gift... My hat is off to the University.” She painted a picture of a healthy and constructive collaboration, one which she believes holds a very promising future. “I would love to see the school grow, as I think the University would,” she added. The School does indeed have immediate plans for a substantial infrastructural expansion. The kitchen, which currently serves hot lunch daily to faculty, will be renovated to accommodate the appetites of the entire student body. “If some of these children were in public school, they would qualify
for a free lunch. A hungry child is a child unable to learn,” said Elting. The school also plans to expand their middle school classrooms “to fit the students’ growing bodies,” said Stacy Bolton, Director of Communications at The School.

Although it operates on a budget befitting a well-funded private institution, The School has neither the tuition base nor the endowment to support such an endeavor, relying instead on annual handouts from the University. When Columbia announced last year that the so-called “fringe benefits” for faculty would be significantly slimmed down—due to a budget squeezed by the national recession and Columbia’s multi-billion dollar expansion project in Manhattanville—some faculty members began to question whether The School was worth the cost. Further, as competition for admissions intensifies, many question whether it is a benefit at all.

The demand of Columbia officers for a comprehensive early-education alternative for faculty children alongside a more fiscally responsible structure at The School has gone answered. When interviewed by the Spectator this past December, Columbia’s current Provost John Coatsworth called The School’s present situation “problematic,” and admitted that if it had been his decision, he would have preferred to invest more in local public schools rather than build a new institution. He corroborated that, as the Task Force concluded, there does not appear to be a viable way to accommodate all Columbia faculty children.

Professor Christia Mercer, who served on Provost Brinkley’s Faculty Task Force, said that, seven years after its initial report, virtually all of the faculty recommendations were disregarded. The prevailing sentiment among “many members of the Columbia community,” Mercer claims, seems unchanged since 2005 when the Task Force declared that “The University is already spending more than it should [on The School].” When asked for her opinion about the Task Force’s proposal, Bolton said that she had no knowledge of any such report. Bolton, who received an M.A. in Art History from Columbia, started at The School in September of 2011.

On top of this bleak prospectus, Columbia announced last year that faculty fringe benefits were being cut by $25-35 million. An annual expenditure on the order of $10 million (Mercer estimates that The School currently “costs Columbia 12-14 million every year”) for The School, which advantages only around 30 new faculty members, does not bode well. The situation is further complicated by the opening of The Teacher’s College Community School, a public, Department of Education affiliate, last September. Two classes of kindergarten students are enrolled for 2011-12, and The Community School plans to eventually include pre-K through 8. Like The Columbia School, The Community School sustains a comprehensive language program and accepts students from a range of learning abilities, though without the hefty price tag. More significantly, The Community School cites one of its assets as its unique access to “University...resources for student academic enrichment and comprehensive family support.”

Given that the problems identified with The School at Columbia nearly seven years ago have yet to be rectified, the necessity of fiscal reform for fringe faculty benefits, and that a similarly attractive, public, K-8 school may soon be a viable alternative, the ability of The School to fulfill its core mission of attracting faculty to the University must be reassessed. Professor Pamela Smith, whose son attended The School, explained in an e-mail that although the school had evolved significantly in the years since its inception, “it is key in recruiting senior faculty if their children are given a place in it.” While the story of the exceptional technological and pedagogical innovation merits more widespread acknowledgement among the Columbia community, the cost to that same community must similarly be scrutinized.

Look forward to an examination of the likely future of The Columbia School and its impact on University employees in the next issue of the magazine.
Imagine the Steps on a bright spring day—all the people chattering, surrounded by sun and bright neoclassical buildings—and then turn all of that on its head. This will give you some sense of the atmosphere of the Lamont-Doherty Earth Observatory (LDEO). The satellite research unit is one of the world’s leading institutions studying the “origin, evolution and future of the natural world.” It stands on Columbia’s science campus in the Palisades, stuck between forests to the east and Highway 9W to the west. The shuttle, a coach bus which departs from Teacher’s College, runs over the GWB and up 9W for about 20 minutes. Its seats are sparsely populated by scientists and graduate students. Turning off of the highway and onto the campus access road, the shuttle is waved past a guard post, towards the parking lots.

The tired vehicle passes a half-mile of parking lots on both sides of the access road before hitting campus. Or, at least, some of it. Unlike Morningside Heights, LDEO has no unified plan, no aesthetic norm, and no fixed boundary. In Morningside, even unsightly buildings like CEPSR and Lerner make abortive, red-brick references to McKim, Mead & White (the architecture firm responsible for Columbia’s neoclassical design).

Rather, LDEO’s low, sprawling campus is a mishmash of buildings. There are a number of squat, one-story, aluminum sided structures. There is Geology, two stories of black brick; there is a modern glass building which betrays fundamental disparities of funding. There are several single-floor buildings made from dirty, yellow, vomit-colored brick. One steel-glass building, Comer Seismology, boasts a naturally lit interior, a generally “scientific vibe,” and cleaner bathrooms than its neighbors. Next to it stands an American Reinvestment Act funding sign—a legally required nod to President Obama’s 2009, $787 billion stimulus package. Comer has a porch with steel furniture for a common area; other structures only campy wooden picnic tables on brown grass. Other, humbler, edifices lack the same attention. Some were clearly constructed only a few years ago; others are leftovers from the ’70s.

These diverse, sometimes dilapidated buildings are divided by wide, browning, lawns. Concrete paths devoid of people slice through the expanses of grass between buildings. For all the hundreds of cars, there is nobody in sight: the only signs of life came from the occasional smoker or shuttle rider. The air was empty save for the ambient, low thrum of ventilators or heavy machinery, and the road-hum of an occasional car passing through one of the interior roads.

In both the immediate and final estimation, LDEO is not Morningside. But then, it doesn’t want or have to be. It is not an undergraduate campus, nor does it have a residential student body. Instead, it has postdoctoral researchers, PhD candidates, and a few accomplished undergraduates, with whom I rode the bus. These academics are going to work, driving to the office. They’re not lecturing undergrads and holding office hours; they’re doing research to secure grants to do more research. LDEO isn’t one united campus; it’s divided departments, each observing the earth in their own special way.
The most humane way to do it is to break the neck. You come up behind it so it can’t see and snap its neck backwards. It doesn’t even squeak.”

According to Nikki Tomm, lab assistant in Dr. Rene Hen’s research lab at the New York State Psychiatric Institute, that’s how to kill a mouse. In scientific studies, the euthanization of animal models is euphemistically termed “sacrifice”—martyrdom for scientific advancement. Tomm describes the sacrifices as respectful and methodical—if sometimes apathetic—procedures upon which biomedical innovation is entirely dependent. In Tomm’s experience, the labs adhere to a logical syllogism: research requires functional animal models; mistreating animal models is tantamount to harming their functionality and destroying their potential as an experimental asset; the mistreatment of a lab animal jeopardizes the research itself.

Columbia has an inconsistent history with this rational rule of thumb. In 2003, the University was the target of a national campaign by People for the Ethical Treatment of Animals. Catherine Dell’Orto, a veterinarian at the medical school campus, played whistle blower, alerting the University to what she viewed as unethical violations of the Animal Welfare Act (AWA) in surgeries performed by a research team involved in developing stroke treatments. She described baboons—many of which had an eye removed to interrupt blood flow to the brain—as being “left to die” in their cages without “adequate” veterinary care. In an interview with the Associated Press, Dell’Orto accused the University of “almost purposeful neglect on the part of [its] veterinarians.”

Columbia’s initial internal investigation resulted in a statement which detailed that “the investigative committee found no significant protocol violations in the conduct of the research in the cases examined.” Dissatisfied with Columbia’s lackluster response, Dell’Orto called upon PETA to file a complaint with the National Institute of Health and launch a more public offensive. PETA enthusiastically accepted the request in an anti-Columbia crusade devoted to the “grotesque abuses in laboratories at the University,” that included an involved website (columbiacruelty.com) with a “voice over” from “Alec Baldwin” supporting the cause (read: a computer-generated voice very decidedly not Mr. Donaghy), and grainy video footage of a baboon with a metal rod in its skull. A disregard for the legally-required “minimization of pain [...] proper use of anesthetics [...] and standard for the psychological well-being of nonhuman primates,” seems obvious. The effort resulted in a subsequent US Department of Agriculture investigation of the labs, which found “no indication that the experiments [...] violated federal guidelines,” although it did hold Columbia responsible for the “inadequate or questionable” care of 11 animals. Nevertheless, Dr. Sander E. Connolly, cheerfully dubbed “chief vivisector” of “Columbia’s Death Squad” by PETA, discontinued experiments due to threats from animal rights activists. Dr. Connolly, who declined to be interviewed for this article, still works with animals in his neuroscience labs at the medical school. The University was fined $2,000 for violations of “the minimum acceptable standard” that is the AWA. The other “careless caretakers” targeted in the investigation included Dr. Mahmet Oz (yes, Oprah’s go-to doc allegedly killed a litter of puppies without fully anesthetizing them) and Dr. Raymond Stark, who is no longer involved in animal research. Both doctors declined to comment, though Dr. Stark explained in an email that he “still receives hate mail referring to the PETA web site [sic] accusations.”
In a letter to the USDA in 2004, PETA further accused the University of managing to “curry favor” with the USDA to evade a more thorough investigation and a heavier fine—a strategy Justin Goodman, Associate Director of Laboratory Investigations Department at PETA, says is all too common.

“Unfortunately, the USDA inspectors and University administrators and faculty are far too close and friendly—especially when you consider that the same inspectors go to the University every year. Inspectors see what they have been told to see [...] The law allows just about anything to be done to animals, no matter how painfully invasive. There is not any experiment on any animal prohibited by law as long as the right paperwork is filled out,” said Goodman.

Goodman’s hyperbolic accusation illuminates the limited federal legislation governing the treatment and use of animals in research labs on university campuses. The 1966 Animal Welfare Act was designed to enforce a degree of humanity and establish a basic standard of treatment for warmblooded animals. Coldblooded creatures, farm animals, birds, rats, and mice are exempt from federal regulation—a surprising exclusion, as rodents compose over 90 percent of animal models in biomedical research.

This purported lack of oversight in lab protocol is unfamiliar to many Columbia professors. “There are extremely strict regulations. Certainly much stricter than those governing any animals raised for food. We have to have scientific justification, data showing your approach is valid, proof that non-living tissue is not a viable alternative,” said Dr. Sarah Woolley, an Associate Professor of Neuroscience at Columbia who specializes in the impact of social communication on bird behavior. Columbia’s labs are (hypothetically) monitored by the University’s own Institutional Animal Care and Use Committee, which subjects researchers to a direct line of questioning to determine the absolute necessity of their experimenting on living animal tissue.

PETA is notorious for its extremist rhetoric and outrageous publicity stunts (recall the 66-square foot photographic poster of Holocaust victims spliced next to a picture of factory farm chicken cages reading “To Animals, All People Are Nazis”). Despite PETA’s zealotry, certain facts cannot be ignored, and the track record of the Ivy League in particular is far from spotless. According to the Physicians Committee for Responsible Medicine, nine animals, including three primates, died in the last two years alone at Harvard; one was found dead after being sent through a mechanical cage washer. Yale was recently cited by the USDA after several baboons endured burns and blisters following an experiment. According to Justin Goodman, labs associated with Columbia were cited with 23 violations from 2008 to 2011.

As Dr. Woolley points out, all research systems are inherently flawed. “There will always be someone who is going to violate protocol. It’s not surprising that this kind of thing occasionally happens. It’s like patient care in hospitals or the dentist. Things go wrong sometimes.” The violations and lack of veterinary care in Columbia’s labs were shocking and avoidable, but seemingly the mistakes of individuals—not exactly a mastermind sadist’s scheme to impose suffering on captive lab models.

The term “sacrifice” is less a euphemism than an exercise in careful word choice. Lab models are subjected to physically damaging experimentation potentially traumatic enough to make humans unsuitable alternatives. Animal research is, perhaps, best viewed in a purely utilitarian sense: pain now will go a long way later. As Dr. Woolley explains, researchers involved in disease rely on and respect their models for providing an opportunity that she thinks is necessary: “Biomedicine is one of the most beneficial things to grace human culture. There would be no curing of any disease you can name had animal research not been used.”

To curate a climate of fear and harassment surrounding research which necessarily requires living models is not only reductive, it is unrealistic. Given that 71 of the Nobel Prizes for Medicine in the past 103 years were awarded to scientists who used animals in their work, inappropriately invasive investigations into biomedical experimentation will never garner enough public support to make substantive change. No one advocates the nonessential suffering of animals, but protective mechanisms are in place and scientists have ethical and legal obligations to engage with animals only when absolutely necessary. Until complex diseases can be reproduced in cell cultures, alternatives impede invaluable medical achievements. The shoddy records of Columbia and the Ivy League must be attributed to tragic human error, and those responsible must be held accountable, but they exist as terrible anomalies in an otherwise exceptionally productive field. One which credits its successes to the valuable lives of its models.
when you laughed at me for not wanting to go to the attic alone
I told you it was because it's haunted
my hands always get cold and the porcelain dolls give me looks
isn't believing in ghosts just as ridiculous
as believing in god
or tornadoes?

it made me think
it's simple to figure out really
natural disasters might exist
to justify the existence of things that don't really make sense
but that still exist
despite it all

like cheese plates
like fevers, or color-blindness in men
like how the german language contains the word “scheißekügel”
even though it translates to “shitcake”
no questions asked

like the idea of being in prison for the rest of your life
like looking at a manatee behind glass in an aquarium
or a poisonous forest snake
coiled around a synthetic stick that’s painted like wood
in a glass tank that looks like it would feel, from the inside of it
like a bell jar

like the fact that I thought the Louvre was boring
and that I didn’t like Beloved
or like the fact that I still haven’t read Moby Dick
(I have two copies)
but want to read it
more than anything
or so I think

do you think someone invented pockets?
or did they, like humans
evolve
Measure for Measure

and when it comes down to it, really
even when we close our eyes
our eyeballs are just as open as they were before
I think about that every night
right before I “close” them

so the next time you laugh at me for not wanting to go to the attic alone
it might not make sense
so I’ll explain to you how neither do tornadoes
but hey they still exist
they don’t make sense, so I don’t have to
does that make sense to you?

and anyways tornadoes make me feel better about a lot of things
like those men with the beards and briefcases and bottles of water
you know the ones who write books and think, subsequently
that they’ve explained it all

a tornado would have wiped out every last one of them
it will wipe them out
with one fell swoop
and not one of them will have a thing to say about it

-Kate Gamble

Sample

I think I have begun to hear something screaming at night. I don’t know if
others are listening or can hear it even, but I’m not going to say a word. It
started a week ago, and it sounded like some girl child, perhaps a lost one.
She was most likely being mauled, because of the yelling. Which was hoarse.
It came in regular intervals. The beats were predictable. The terror was portioned out in chilling and orderly servings. My eyes remained closed, and I stayed inside, in my bed, quite certain that it was just an animal I heard. A possum, perhaps, but certainly something wretched and nocturnal. Something motherless. Ugly. White-furred.

In the morning, he asks me if I want some coffee. Would I care for some milk. At night the screams wake me once more. As they do the next night, and the next.

-Kyla Cheung
The Blue & White: Fleshbot’s not something people talk about all the time. When I told a few people I was going to interview the Fleshbot CEO, they said something like, oh really, huh. And then they whispered don’t tell anybody, but I read it. So for those less familiar, what is Fleshbot?

Lux Alptraum: Fleshbot is a website that’s been around for over eight years. We were, I believe, the third Gawker Media site founded—went public in November 2003. We are the web’s foremost site about everything sexy basically. We’re often thought of as a porn blog, but we cover more than just the adult industry. We do everything from hardcore porn to amateur stuff to sexy TV and movies to written erotica to sex toy reviews to sexy celebrity photos. We write about gay content, straight content, transgender people, we write about cis[gendered] people, we write about virtually anyone who’s sexy.

Lux Alptraum: Fleshbot is a website that’s been around for over eight years. We were, I believe, the third Gawker Media site founded—went public in November 2003. We are the web’s foremost site about everything sexy basically. We’re often thought of as a porn blog, but we cover more than just the adult industry. We do everything from hardcore porn to amateur stuff to sexy TV and movies to written erotica to sex toy reviews to sexy celebrity photos. We write about gay content, straight content, transgender people, we write about cis[gendered] people, we write about virtually anyone who’s sexy.

We also approach it in a very friendly manner which makes us different form a lot of other sites in the sexy content space. We don’t ever really shame anyone or attack anyone’s appearance. We just try to promote the idea that if you’re confident and positive about your sexuality, then we support you.

We started in 2003, I became a writer at the site in 2007, I became an editor in 2008. As of February 1st, 2012, I’m CEO because we’ve spun off into an independent company. We’ve also grown a lot in the time that I’ve been there. We do an award show that celebrates sexy pop culture and celebrates everyone from wrestler-turned-porn-performer China to Allen Cumming to Casey Spooner and Fisher Spooner to Levi Johnston to Sasha Grey and all sorts of things for sexy culture and crossover between mainstream and porn and back again.

B&W: How did you wind up at Fleshbot, and in this scene overall?

LA: I’ve been doing sex ed in some form or another...
since I was 14. My mother did HIV education. When I was 14, I worked for the Red Cross as an HIV educator. When I got to Columbia, I started working at Alice! for a little bit and GHAP and the Rape Crisis Center and I also, because this was the early 2000s, when it was a lot easier to be an independent porn site owner, I got really interested in the alt/indie porn scene that was just forming.

And because it was relatively easy both financially and legally to get into the adult industry at that time—relatively, compared to now—so I saw that and I thought it was really fascinating. I got involved in that, I started modeling and I ran a site for a little bit. I did that until about seven years ago, so early 2005. I took a break from the adult industry and went to work at an after school program working as a sex educator with teenagers.

Then in 2007 I started missing writing about sex on the Internet, so I started up a blog called Boinkology which was about sex and pop culture and sometimes sort of about the adult industry, but mostly it was about dating and birth control and safer sex and just any overlap of sexuality and pop culture. And through that site I got noticed by Fleshbot, who brought me on as a writer, and I just moved up through the ranks.

I know it seems like being a sex educator working with teenagers and working for Fleshbot seem worlds away, but for me my mission has always been promoting a positive attitude towards sexuality, teaching people not to be ashamed of sex, getting rid of the stigma towards sexuality. So for me it’s two very distant ends of the same spectrum, where it’s all about teaching people to love their bodies and love themselves and not be ashamed of their desires.

_B&W:_ Fleshbot’s not the only site out there devoted to sexual content. What do you think of other sites like Nerve, which is much less explicit and much more human interest and soft-based.

_LA:_ I’m a total fan of Nerve. I actually worked as an intern for Nerve from Fall 2002 to Spring 2003. It was really differ-
B&W: So can I get a brief overview of the industry as it stands today?

LA: The industry today is not in great shape, because the Internet has just made a wide variety of free content available, both legal and illegal. A lot of people are not willing to pay for adult content anymore and a lot of companies that have been doing very well for a long time are seeing their profits drop. As a result you see people really scrambling to figure out what the next big thing is.

You see a lot of more “couples” driven porn. That’s along the “romance” series line, and it’s for a couple of reasons. One, because it’s more story driven and that’s a lot harder to pirate a story than it is just like three minutes of hardcore porno. And it’s also kind of like women and couples who are the intended focus of this are not a traditional porn consuming audience and I think they’re just more willing to pay for what they want. They’re more willing to say I’ve found this, this is important to me, I’m going to pay for this.

One of my good friends, Jizz Lee, is a San Francisco based performer who identifies as gender queer. They use the pronouns they. They’re female bodied but kind of androgynous looking and they’ve worked for numerous mainstream companies. They’ve just shot for a wide variety of people who you wouldn’t think would shoot this kind of boyish shaved-head person. But they do. And I think it’s because they see that, oh, people want this. They want this kind of stuff, we want to make money, so we will hire this person.

The reason porn adheres to outdated seeming things, the reason they say we’re going to hire girls with big boobs or we’re going to hire this or that is because they’re like this is what’s sold in the past. They’re conservative in that sense that they don’t really like change because they don’t want to risk their bottom line. That’s why you see this established idea that you can’t put black people in movies with white people unless it’s tagged as inter-racial because that’s what consumers want. It has nothing to do with the ideas of race that the performers and the directors have. It’s just about what they think is going to sell, which I think is fascinating.

So that’s the industry. It’s kind of in panic mode and desperately trying to figure out what sells.

B&W: I’ve been thinking recently about the growth of search algorithms and video recommendations based on watching patterns on tube sites and the idea that it will force people to view or think about content they wouldn’t usually see and how that can change the way we think about ourselves, our sexuality, sex, and the society we live in. I wanted to hear what you think about all of that.

LA: I actually try to steer away from the tube sites in general because I don’t like supporting things...
that are stealing from my friends. But I think that the Internet has opened up ... if you think about Internet publishing versus print publishing, it’s two completely different things. In the digital space I just have to create one website ... then I can reach people form all over the world form my living room.

From a consumer basis, if you wanted to explore fetish porn, or if you wanted to explore something beyond Playboy, you had to actively seek that out. With the Internet ... I think that for good ends and bad ends a lot of people have discovered new things that they are not into, didn’t know existed, are into that they wouldn’t have had access to because it wouldn’t have occurred to them to look for it. I think that’s really cool.

B&W: Well, let’s talk about how that transformation of porn online seeps back into society.

LA: I think there’s a really interesting paradox about the way that porn transforms our reality. On the one hand, it’s gotten us a lot more exposure to sexual content. It’s also given us a greater sense of privacy. Which is a false sense of privacy, too. Because when I was growing up, if you wanted to take naked pictures of yourself, it was, do it with a Polaroid, because you had to worry about getting the pictures developed, being seen by someone. And now it’s digital, which is, whatever, it’s just on my thing, no one but me can see it. Which is odd because digital media can be distributed vastly easier. So a lot of people have gotten exposed. While we are aware of and comfortable with sexuality privately, we haven’t gotten publicly to this point where we say it’s okay to have sex, it’s okay to do all of these things.

B&W: Let’s switch gears and get back towards the college end of things. You’ve talked before about college sex columns and sex advice in college and how that sort of stuff flops just because it’s college. I just wanted to get a pulse on the way you think colleges deal with sex.

LA: I mostly know about Columbia, a little bit about NYU. It’s a little funny to me that, back in my time, Columbia’s sex column was sort of contro-versial, because I always thought Columbia was a really sex-positive school. Still, I had great experiences at Alice! I really liked the student health center. I always felt like I could get the information I needed and that I was supported. I always thought Columbia was a really liberal place. And it is, there’s also just a conservative community at Columbia that I wasn’t in touch with that reared its head when there was a sex column.

I think what’s really great about colleges is that you have young adults who are exploring themselves and as a result you get a really interesting exploration and discussion of identity that I don’t think you really get after college that often. You don’t see as much discussion of trans identity or gay identity and certainly not in the same way. So I think college is just this wonderful place to explore other people and learn about yourself and just formulate ideas about sexuality.

B&W: What’s interesting for me is that all colleges have that inherent voyeurism and awareness but not all have the same vocabulary or environment to work with that college experience.

LA: Right. I mean, I think that it’s really interesting because in residential colleges you’re throwing together a wide variety of people from a wide variety of experiences. And I met someone who was gender queer and people who were totally heterosexual and I just got exposed to these different avenues of sexual experience.

B&W: So you’re a 20 year old college student just starting to explore all this and engaging with your sexuality and pretty excited but also a little nervous with a bit of experience under your belt. What do you do?

DS: Just communicating and doing what feels right. I think that one of the dangers with the sex-positive space is that there can sometimes be this pressure to feel like you are not sex-positive unless you’re doing the most stuff or being the kinkiest and you have to go to this sex party or have to have a gay experience. And if it doesn’t feel right to you, it doesn’t matter, don’t do it. You can be a virgin who decides to wait until marriage and still be sex-positive. It’s not about what you’re doing, it’s about being open and honest and expressing desires and recognizing and respecting everyone else’s desires.
Staff Personals
By The Blue & White Staff

SEEKING MEN:

You can find my personal in the New York Review of Books. (6317)

Dip your brush in my palette and we’ll make some art. (5553)

Seeking ambitious nude model for extended private session. (1238)

Polyglot interested in discovering new tongues. (3654)

Unprincipled aspiring law student down to play in/out games and strengthen your argument. (2673)

Looking for someone Knob on my Creek. (6434)

Still taken. Tanks anyway. (6290)

Mimi seeks a Rodolfo to light her candle. (5485)

Feminist seeks someone to burn her bra. (Altschul 4652)

SEEKING WOMEN:

Actually looking for love. (2866)

I want you to come to my metropole. (4941)

Computer engineer seeks to RAM his hard drive into your expansion port. (7066)

Masshole looking too...well, you know. (3170)

Recently single Morrissey fan wants to put hand in your glove. (2270)
WHATEVER I CAN GET:

I play for both teams. (4620)

I’ll be standing there with green eyes and long blond hair, not wearing underwear. (Altschul 5558)

#Occupy me! (6064)

Experienced in all manner of chicken strangling and bean flicking. (4620)

Surprisingly not down for anal. (South Lawn)

Looking for the owl? It’s in my vagina. (Low Steps)

Let’s go on a fun run through my eminent domain. (The Mansion)

Spend a night with me and we can mix more than cocktails. (Low Library)

I don’t care what Spec says, this madinejad is always coming. (The Skies)•
DIANNA: I remember the last time I was here with you. You were so drunk. Do you remember?
SARAH: I wasn’t drunk.
DIANNA: You always say that.
SARAH: I was drinking water that entire night and you didn’t notice.
DIANNA: You’re a lush. That wasn’t water.
SARAH: Two nights later I was in the hospital.
DIANNA: Which is why I thought you were drunk.
SARAH: You knew I was pregnant.
DIANNA: I know you’re selfish.

Originally I heard the song “Gimme Shelter” by the Rolling Stones as I was “wandering” through my parent’s record collection, under sheer personal curiosity. I had very few, if any, preconceptions about the song; that is, there was little or no “symbolic packaging” associated with the work. This situation seems to fit Percy’s description of a “sovereign experience”; a situation in which one is able to “penetrate the thing in itself.”

It seems that Ovid’s Metamorphosis is as follows: though time passes and things and people and stories change, a vital spiritual thread of unity and connection is present and intact throughout.

William Shakespeare’s Hamlet is a puzzle to be solved, from the use of language to the original intentions of the playwright himself, herein lays a mystery to be solved. While the play is not of the mystery genre, the Elizabethan language of the play and the erratic behavior of Hamlet is a mystery in and of itself. What one finds when reading his longest work, is not just revenge, but misguided revenge.

DUDE! fishing makes so much more money than maize farming, so it seems. Invested less, focused more on subsistence, seems to pay off. Collected too much water, perhaps afraid of the perils of the last game. We made sooo much money on fish though! So much more money! Second turn kept everything about the same. Made a lot of money on fish and on wood. Perhaps collected too much water. Have a decent amount of money, so invested some more in small business. They both got diarreal disease again, but at least this time I can afford to take them both to the doctor.

Special Skills: Violin/Fiddle, unarmed stage combat experience, fast sprinter, conversational French, Southern, Irish, British accents, chess, wide vocal/singing range.

In this Science Lab we demonstrated the different positions of the Sun, the Moon, and the Earth during the certain phases and eclipses. I was given materials to demonstrate my Lab. The flashlight was the Sun, the marble was the Moon, and the Tennis Ball was the Earth.

I had expectations about the song and these expectations were generated by the theory behind the music and ‘expert’ opinion, but the experience was far more rich. Dad fixing car, he commented that ‘Stones sang about Vietnam, then I had to go listen to the song again. I had expectations and these expectations were met. The song sounded like the Vietnam War!"
CAMPUS GOSSIP

IT’S NOT DELIVERY, IT’S OH NO YOU DIDN’T
After a particularly rigorous session of drinking picklebacks at Mel’s, two “crunk” undergrads headed next door to Koronets to get some drunchies. As they enjoyed their 900-calorie slices of greasy heaven, one of them dropped her slice—cheese side down. The other friend paused, shrugged, picked it off the sidewalk and ate it (much to the horror of several passers-by).

NO
A Blue & White editor was walking down a hallway in Barnard when she overheard a gaggle of freshbears wondering, “Do you think after you’ve been in a relationship for four years, it’s okay to get his name as a tattoo?” A more relevant question, you strong, beautiful, Barnard woman in the making: who would be the butt of every Orgo Night joke if people like you didn’t exist?

SOULER SYSTEM
One particularly chill day in Professor Joseph Patterson’s “Beyond the Solar System” class, he turned off the lights, put on flashing red neon sunglasses (“from Palm Springs!”) and sang a song about entropy to the tune of the Beatles’ “Yesterday.”

PRIME-O WEED, BRAH
An enterprising Junior wanted to save some green by buying a vaporizer on Amazon and telling his parents it was a textbook. The brand name of the vaporizer: “Black Da Buddha”, presumably for AFRS420: Africana Influences in Major Eastern Religions.

KTHXBAI
The Executive Director of a certain campus non-profit volunteer organization located in a building notoriously pressed for space is obsessed with keeping the tops of the filing cabinets clear. Several weeks ago, she instructed two work-study students to remove some stereos which had found homes on the top of one cabinet and attach a post-it note to them reading that “someone will remove me by [date],” thereby effectively instructing the students to write a passive-aggressive note to themselves. In retrospect, it seems that there are several Inception-style levels of passive aggression at work here.

AT LEAST THE CAP WAS ON
Two Bwog editors were minding their own business enjoying a smoke break outside of Furnald, when a full water bottle came plummeting down to the brick walkway nearby. The container bounced harmlessly onto the Furnald lawn, and the editors approached cautiously, only to discover that the vessel was indeed full of urine.

I DON’T CARE
Around 11:30 on a weeknight, Kevin McHale (who plays Artie on Glee) was spotted walking with a small group of people to the Heights, presumably to enjoy a few reasonably priced happy-hour margaritas (“celebrities”—they’re just like us!). Approximately ten minutes later, fellow cast member Darren Criss (Blaine) was dropped off in a black sedan and also entered the bar. Gleekout!

Your logic board, it’s broken.
Take a break, Mediterranean style.

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

www.varelinyc.com

OPEN EVERYDAY FOR LUNCH & DINNER
2869 Broadway @ 111th Street 212.678.6585

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

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

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