



LINDA CROWLEY / STAFF PHOTOGRAPHER

RACE TO THE TOP | Rivals Guillermo Linares and Adriano Espaillat debate each other ahead of the state senate primary last week.

## 21 years later, rival Dominican politicians meet again

BY CASEY TOLAN  
*Spectator Senior Staff Writer*

The next installment in a long-time rivalry between the city's two most prominent Dominican politicians will play out on Thursday, as State Senator Adriano Espaillat and State Assembly member Guillermo Linares go head to head for the first time in two decades in a closely-watched State Senate race that has divided politicians in upper Manhattan.

Espaillat, who lost a close challenge to Rep. Charles Rangel this summer, is running in the primary against Linares, his old nemesis, who has been endorsed by Rangel and his allies.

Linares became the first

Dominican-American elected to office in the city and one of the first two in the nation when he won a City Council seat in 1991, beating Espaillat. He then served in the Clinton administration as the chair of the President's Advisory Commission on Educational Excellence for Hispanic Americans and in the Bloomberg administration as Commissioner of Immigrant Affairs.

Espaillat, in turn, became the first Dominican-American state-elected official when he won a State Assembly seat in 1996, where he served until he ran for the State Senate in 2010.

The two played cat-and-mouse over the last decade, when,

in 2002, Linares ran for the State Senate seat Espaillat now holds, but was defeated in the primary by Eric Schneiderman. When Schneiderman was elected state attorney general in 2010, Espaillat took his vacated State Senate seat—the 31st district—and Linares filled Espaillat's old State Assembly seat.

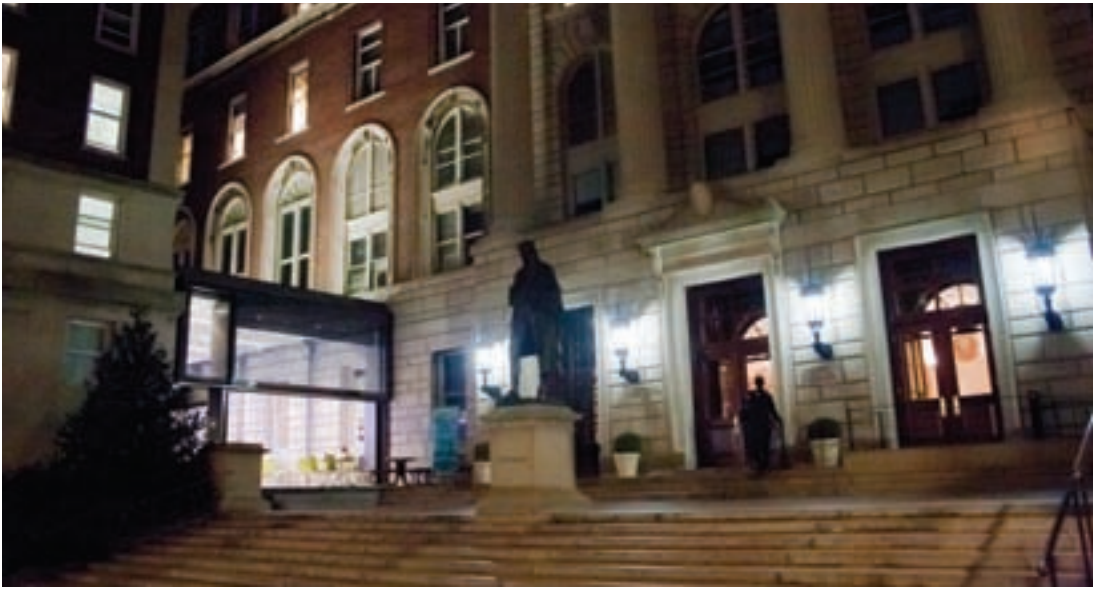
Their rivalry deepened this spring when Linares announced his candidacy for State Senate while Espaillat was still campaigning for Congress—and then endorsed Rangel over Espaillat.

As of filing last week, Linares had raised \$173,625 and Espaillat \$123,590 since July. Mayor Michael Bloomberg has endorsed Linares, his old cabinet member,

and has helped him fundraise, himself donating \$2,400 in July. Linares has come under fire for not returning a \$2,500 check from a 2009 donor with ties to a prescription drug ring, the New York Post reported.

During the campaign this summer, Espaillat lambasted Linares for supporting a partisan redistricting plan pushed by Governor Andrew Cuomo and Republicans in the State Senate, a plan he called gerrymandering. Both candidates had pledged to take politics out of the redistricting process, and Espaillat was one of the Democratic senators who walked out of the senate chamber

SEE POLITICS, page 2



HENRY WILSON / SENIOR STAFF PHOTOGRAPHER

WELCOME | Mark Hansen will be the director of an institute endowed by Helen Gurley Brown.

## J-School announces media institute director

BY GINA LEE  
*Spectator Senior Staff Writer*

Mark Hansen, a statistics professor at the University of California at Los Angeles, will lead the new media institute endowed by David and Helen Gurley Brown, the Graduate School of Journalism announced on Tuesday.

"Mark Hansen has about as wide a range of interests, talents, and accomplishments as anybody I have ever met," Nicholas Lemann, dean of the Journalism School, said in a statement.

Hansen will head the East Coast division of the David and Helen Gurley Brown Institute for Media Innovation, a joint venture between Columbia's Journalism School and Stanford University's School of Engineering. As director, he will conduct research, award fellowships and grants, and teach journalism courses that integrate data, algorithms, and computation.

"It is both humbling and

thrilling to be invited here, to this historic institution, at a time when the practice of journalism is experiencing a radical reinvention," Hansen said in the statement.

Helen Gurley Brown, the longtime editor of Cosmopolitan magazine, gifted \$30 million to Columbia and Stanford in January to establish the institute. Brown's late husband, David, held degrees from both Stanford and the Columbia School of Journalism. Gurley Brown, who made Cosmopolitan what it is today by starting candid discussions of sex in its pages, died in August.

Through the institute, Stanford researchers and engineers will be able to analyze content produced by the Journalism School, and Columbia journalism students can gain access to cutting-edge technology, according to Jamie Beckett, director of communications and alumni relations at Stanford Engineering School.

The donation also allocated

\$6 million for construction of a high-tech newsroom inside Pulitzer Hall, planned to open in 2014.

Hansen will work closely with Emily Bell, director of the Tow Center for Digital Journalism, which launched in October of 2010. Research at the Tow Center explores the effects of technology on the field of journalism and offers a dual-degree Master of Science program in computer science and journalism with Columbia's School of Engineering and Applied Science.

Stanford engineering professor Bernd Girod, the founding director of the Gurley Brown Institute, will become West Coast director, working alongside Hansen.

"It is wonderful for the school, and for journalism, that he has decided to make the work he has been doing on the frontiers of the digital revolution in journalism into his life's work," Hansen said.

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## CU cracks down on alumni digital access

### Libraries enforce rule banning alums from scanning, software

BY MARGARET MATTES  
*Spectator Senior Staff Writer*

Last year, while on sabbatical from her professorship at Hampshire College, Michele Hardesty, GSAS '07, came to depend on the scanners in Butler Library's Digital Humanities Center, a resource she had access to as an alumna.

She was surprised, then, to learn that she could no longer log in after the University libraries obtained software this summer to better enforce a long-standing policy prohibiting alumni from accessing specialized computer software.

"It wasn't so much that we changed our policy," Damon Jaggars, associate University librarian for collections and services, said. "It's that we've instituted the types of technology that allow us to actually make sure our policies are being met."

Access to the resources in the Digital Humanities Center in Butler Library, as well as in the Digital Science Center in the Science & Engineering Library and the Digital Social Science Center in Lehman Library, is now limited to current students, faculty and staff. The terms of the University's education discount do not allow for alumni, Jaggars said.

"If we open it up to the universe of other users, the thousands and thousands of alumni at Columbia, it would be a very different rate card that we

would be seeing," he said.

But Hardesty, who teaches U.S. literature at Hampshire, thinks the stricter policy is shortchanging alumni.

"It's not a lot of support for people who spent seven years at Columbia, teaching at Columbia," she said. "I think it should be a priority. I've been using the facilities and depend on them."

"New Ph.D.s going into a really tough job market are going to be cut out of access that they need."

—Michele Hardesty,  
GSAS '07, Hampshire  
College professor

Software which alumni will lose access to Adobe Design Premium, MATLAB, Mathematica, and Final Cut Pro, but many said the most upsetting loss is the scanning equipment in Butler.

The only scanning facilities now available to alumni are those located just outside the Digital Humanities Center and

SEE ALUMNI, page 2

## Researchers aim to reduce Watt's watts

BY SAMANTHA COONEY  
*Columbia Daily Spectator*

This year, some residents of Watt Hall will have an incentive to turn off their lights.

Professor Patricia Culligan and Ph.D. student Rishree Jain, both of the civil engineering and engineering mechanics department, are launching a yearlong study to measure the amount of energy consumed by some residents in Watt, the residence hall on 113th Street between Broadway and Amsterdam Avenue.

"Energy consumption, particularly reducing energy consumption, is a huge challenge in the 21st century," Culligan said.

"I really have no concept of how much energy we use."

—Brittany Becker,  
SEAS '14, study participant

The researchers are trying to identify factors that could motivate students to limit their own energy consumption, such as social networking and peer pressure. Residents who enrolled in the study were asked to list up to four friends who also live in Watt.

"We're hoping to see that social networks actually matter" when it comes to energy usage, Jain said.

Sensors have been installed in the basement of Watt to monitor students' energy consumption in real time. Residents who volunteer to participate in the study

will be able to compare their energy consumption amounts not only with each other, but also with data from other countries.

Watt resident Brittany Becker, SEAS '14, signed up to participate in this year's study. She said she uses energy-efficient light bulbs and cooks frequently with the gas stove in her room.

"I'm just interested because I really have no concept of how much energy we use," Becker said.

This is far from the first Columbia study this year on energy reduction. In January, Bianca Howard, a Ph.D. student in mechanical engineering, led a study that mapped energy consumption around New York City. Culligan and Jain's research is ambitious, she said, because pushing for more awareness of energy consumption among college students is challenging.

SEE WATT, page 2



DOUGLAS KESSEL / SENIOR STAFF PHOTOGRAPHER

SAVING ENERGY | Sensors in the basement of Watt Hall will track and compare residents' consumption of energy.

### OPINION, PAGES 4-5

#### Are you there, Mom?

Noel Duan explains the reason for her off-campus social life.

#### Campus life construct

The Canon discusses to what degree we should separate ourselves from home during our time at Columbia.



### SPORTS, BACK PAGE

#### Pizzano makes smooth transition to minors

Former Light Blue outfielder Dario Pizzano played for Seattle Mariners' affiliates this summer, showing his qualifications as a top prospect.

### EVENTS

#### Chronicles of a Death Foretold

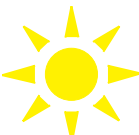
A lecture on public affect in Turkey after an Armenian journalist's death.  
*Schermerhorn Extension 963, 4:10 p.m.*

#### Venezia feat. Le Poème Harmonique

A theatrical concert depicts life in 17th-century Venice with Monteverdi works.  
*Miller Theater, 8 p.m.*

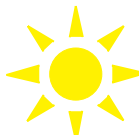
### WEATHER

#### Today



80°/59°

#### Tomorrow



80°/61°







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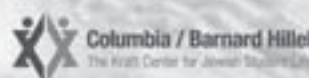
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# On strange shores

BY REBECCA SMITH

Coming to college, we all left a place we grew up in, for a new place with customs more or less different from those where we came from. Most of us experienced various degrees of culture shock. As an American citizen who grew up in a Western European country and visited the U.S. on various occasions, I didn't think that culture shock would be an issue.

I was wrong—I experienced a more subtle, insidious kind of culture shock. Out of all the places this could have happened, I believe that Columbia is one of the best. The impressive number of international students on campus surely asked themselves many of the same questions I did, and I suspect that my experience of disturbance and adaptation is not so different than that of many domestic students.

## I experienced a more subtle, insidious kind of culture shock.

As a member of the Global Recruitment Committee and a two-time orientation leader for the International Student Orientation Program, I often share my experience of acclimation with freshly arrived international students, and repeatedly use the same anecdotes. The first is greeting. I never knew what was appropriate: hand shaking, kissing on the cheek, or hugging? This caused awkward first moments. It also took me a while to understand—and I still sometimes refuse to adhere to the trend—that “how are you” and “what's up” are just ways to say “hi” and should usually not be answered in honest detail.

A second source of bafflement was humor, which was a great way to form friendships. Upon arriving at Columbia, I feared I had lost my sense of humor. I didn't understand jokes, and worse, people wouldn't laugh at mine. Being a fervent adept of what the French call “ironie,” I was highly offended when my friends insisted that I did not understand sarcasm. When I was still new and a little lost, one of my American suitemates explained to me: “Humor in the U.S. is full of references from pop culture. If you don't know the references, you won't understand the joke.” After which he proceeded to sit me down and show me Lonely Island's “Jizz in My Pants,” “I'm on a Boat,” and “Like a Boss.” (I think I have made some progress with sarcasm since my arrival. A comforting fact is that one of my friends is even worse than me at detecting it—but that isn't much of an achievement, as he's international as well.)

The deeper challenge of coming from another country was feeling that no one knew where I came from, what my references were, what I had learned, and how I had learned it. In addition, I was leaving all that behind, to continue on without me. The first visit home is the hardest—you want to feel like you never left but you're faced with the tough reality that in fact, you have left. The people and things you were familiar with changed, grew, evolved. What is comforting, but sometimes difficult to reconcile with your home, is that you have changed, grown, and evolved at Columbia as well, and arguably in ways that would not have been possible in your home of origin. I know that is my case.

Being in that position of mild cultural misunderstanding taught me important lessons: not to take myself too seriously, and never to be afraid to ask questions when I don't understand. Thankfully, those are good traits to have to make the most of an education. A Columbia education, in particular, is a chance to learn so much about who we are, wherever we hail from, and wherever we wish to go.

*The author is a Columbia College senior majoring in sustainable development. She is the co-coordinator of the Global Recruitment Committee and an orientation leader for the International Student Orientation Program.*

STAFF EDITORIAL

# Let's root for our space

The Student Space Initiative, which began last semester as an attempt to re-evaluate how the limited space available to students is used, is currently on hold and runs the risk of dissolving entirely if appropriate measures are not taken to ensure its longevity. Having fostered substantive and productive student discussion about how we all share space on this campus and having garnered a substantial amount of administrative support, it would be frustrating to see the Student Space Initiative left by the wayside simply because a number of its founding members graduated.

The SSI's main proposal last semester, repurposing Lerner Hall's Broadway Room and Piano Lounge, was ultimately rejected by the Activities Board at Columbia. However, the Broadway Room proposal started exactly the kind of serious discussion this campus needs regarding the perennial issue of undergraduate student space. More and more undergraduates are admitted to the University every year, and with programs like the Business School vacating Uris when it ultimately moves to the Manhattanville campus, the reallocation of space on the Columbia campus is a controversy that shows no signs of ending. Administrators are willing to work with students on this issue, as evidenced by the warm reception the SSI received last semester, but it is up to the student body to capitalize on that openness and continue these discussions so that we can find real solutions to our space shortage both now and in the coming years.

We applaud Yanyi Luo, CC '13, and Logan Donovan, SEAS '13, for their involvement with SSI last year, and hope that they can continue its work. We also hope that new students will fill the roles vacated by recent graduates. The SSI began a movement to institutionalize the way that students talk about space and gave us a permanent platform on which to voice our concerns. Given that undergraduates enter and leave Columbia in four-year spans, it is often difficult for student input regarding space to be taken into consideration because entire classes graduate before plans are put into effect. Without continued student involvement, the SSI will lose its institutional memory and encouraging momentum, and fade away without resolving the issues that it was created to address.

The initiative promises to both help solve current dilemmas surrounding student space and provide an important precedent for how undergraduates can successfully engage administrators on issues of space. Such a model will become exceedingly important when projects in Manhattanville near completion and this community must decide how to use both those new resources and the facilities that will inevitably become vacant. We hope that with a strong SSI, this discussion will start early and take undergraduate concerns into consideration.

# I don't/can't have it all

On my acceptance letter from Columbia, my regional admissions officer wrote, “Can't wait to see you at New York Fashion Week!” I laughed about it, stored the letter in a drawer, and promptly forgot about any childhood aspiration to cover fashion shows at Bryant Park. I wanted to dive into campus life by joining student organizations and eating greasy pizza at 3 a.m., I thought, as a graduating high school senior.

Little did I know that New York Fashion Week would dominate the first two weeks of every year of my college career. I would routinely skip class and forget to buy textbooks because I was too busy running around Manhattan in stilettos, a notebook, and a DSLR camera. I would come home at 9 p.m. every night, rejecting all proposals from friends to go clubbing or barhopping, in order to finish my reviews and hopefully get some homework done. I started interning for fashion publications as soon as I started freshman year because I was eager to dip my feet into the industry.

I would start every school year telling myself that I'd finally have a “normal” college experience à la the ABC Family show “Greek,” and I'd finish each month of September with a malnourished diet and a lot of pictures of clothes on my iPhone.

Last Friday night, around 11 p.m., as I tucked myself into bed—I had to be downtown for a fashion show by 8:30 a.m. the next day—I heard screaming and hollering on Frat Row, where I live. While my fellow schoolmates sounded like they were having the most memorable—that is, if they didn't black out later—night of their lives, I was stressing myself to sleep about how I was going to schlep around town in high heels the next day.

I didn't feel like I was part of Columbia at that moment. For some reason, my distance from school during New York Fashion Week always set the tone for the rest of the year. I rarely attend parties in EC and I leave the Homecoming game about one quarter in—even though I bought a light blue Hermès scarf just to show my school spirit.

Now, I know I could have made the choice to engage in more campus activities throughout the past three years—and the truth is, I tried, and I still never felt like I was part of a community. While I have close friends, I didn't run into many people who I knew—or knew me—at the first Senior Night.

When you go to school in New York, even in a beautiful gated campus like Columbia's, you run the risk of either spending too much time on campus or too much time off



NOEL  
DUAN

## You Write Like a Girl

campus. (Props to those who make a balance.)

Anyway, I'm writing this after spending 12 hours attending fashion shows and another two hours of writing reviews. Outside of my brownstone window, I see freshmen lingering outside of Carman. I see a college experience that I never had. I see friendships I could have made. I know I'm not the only student here who didn't have the college experience they anticipated, but it is hard to remember that when you hear laughter that you have no part of on 114th and Broadway.

In a letter to readers of Hoot, our campus fashion magazine, Barnard graduate and current Teen Vogue senior fashion news director, Jane Keltner de Valle, wrote, “I didn't have the ‘typical’ college experience. Never been to a frat party or a football game. My extracurricular of choice was WWD (fashion industry bible) not DDD (popular Greek house of worship). ... My college experience wasn't typical, but I wouldn't trade it for anything in the world. I also don't think I could have gotten it anywhere but Columbia University.”

Alas, there is no wrong or right way to enjoy college—I may have never been to a raging party in Hogan (hint: invite me?), but I did drink champagne at Jimmy Choo with my friends on Fashion's Night Out. I may have never attended a costume or foam party, but I did wear six-inch heels and gold jackets to Mercedes-Benz Fashion Week. I may have never partied my way through spring break in Miami, but I did go to Fashion Week—in Paris.

Today, I cabbed to the Band of Outsiders show with one of my closest friends, my co-founder and current beauty and health director of Hoot. “I'm so glad I found you downtown,” she exclaimed, as I shoved a shameful amount of Swedish Fish into my mouth at Birchbox Sample Stop, a pop-up lounge for editors during Fashion Week. “It's so nice to see you here,” she continued.

I was tired, hungry, sweaty, covered in mosquito bites—and I hadn't talked to a single Columbia face for over 24 hours. Running into my friend from school downtown was the best part of my day—even better than the Momofuku cookie given to each attendee of the Band of Outsiders show. (And few things top fashion and cookies—just ask supermodel and super baker, Karlie Kloss.)

It was a feeling of relief. No, I don't feel connected to Columbia when I'm actually on campus, but I long for the familiarity when I'm downtown. And perhaps that's what being part of a campus community is about—it's not about being invited to every EC social gathering. It's about finding those few individuals who enjoy the same things as you do, whether it's World of Warcraft or lip gloss—or both.

*Noel Duan is a Columbia College senior majoring in anthropology and concentrating in art history. She is the co-founder of Hoot Magazine. You Write Like a Girl runs alternate Wednesdays.*



JULIA JARRETT

# Banish your fear

BY ANDREW LIANG

We've all experienced it before. Maybe you decided to browse through your friend's incredible humanitarian mission to Africa/Caribbean vacation/meeting Joseph Gordon-Levitt album. Or perhaps you ran across your cousin's excited Twitter update from the front row of a Young the Giant concert. Or maybe you just overheard a passing conversation about that great new bar downtown that absolutely everyone went to last Friday. Whatever the situation, as you settle into your preferred Butler nook, you can't help but want to avoid that twinge, that pang that somewhere out there, someone is having more fun than you. Someone is being more sociable, more interesting, more alive. You feel that unbearable sensation that you're being left out, or as some have taken to calling it, FOMO, the Fear Of Missing Out.

In the constantly connected, hyper-stimulated world of the college undergrad, this fear thrives. Not only are there interesting classmates everywhere going about their interesting lives, there's an entire city full of activities, communities, and cultures to vicariously experience through Facebook as you grind through Plato. Even outside the realm of social media, fear of missing out persists—between the recent activities and career fairs, you have your choice of anxiously comparing your club memberships with those of your friends or worrying about all the finance info sessions you've missed.

Of course, everyone has his or her way of countering these anxieties. You might hunker down with the books, determined not to be swayed from your studies. Perhaps you'll throw yourself at the next social gathering you hear about, no matter how last-minute. Or maybe a terse “FML” does the trick. Unfortunately, these methods treat symptoms, ignoring the real issue to be cured. The true harm of fear of missing out goes far deeper than mere feelings of being left out: It causes us to ultimately devalue ourselves. As someone who greatly enjoys alone time, I'm particularly susceptible to this fear. I know how much good this time does for my mental health, and I know I absolutely need it. However, when most of the online world is calling me boring for not seizing on every opportunity to go

out, how can I help but begin to believe that deep down, I am just a loner? And it's not just the solitary activities that bring on the fear of missing out. Maybe, like many Columbia students, you volunteer. You realize how much good your work does for others and for your personal development. But again, the social media consensus is that anything short of the most stimulating experience possible isn't worthwhile—and if you believe that, then you also begin to look down on what you know to be a valuable use of your time.

So how have I countered the fear of missing out? For all the talk of freedom in college life, I'm still tied to academics, so I simply cannot enjoy every activity that passes by. And browsing social media while in the isolation of studying or maybe just a quiet night in only allows such anxieties to worsen. For my part, I seek to reinforce that sense of self worth that is under attack. I remind myself that what I do does matter, even if that means missing outings and get-togethers. For the past three years, Columbia has exposed me to a variety of people and communities, and with them all their engaging activities that I don't have the time or energy to enjoy. For my case, I've looked to two ways of fighting back against this type of fear: peer reinforcement and enforced boredom. The first is simple, something every college student already does: spending time with friends. The key is to go beyond just hanging out and to reaffirm my activities with those who also enjoy them. My friends are those who believe in me and reject the thought that what I spend time on simply doesn't count—I look to them for reinforcement and support. The second method is harder to manage, and yet it's no less vital. Of course it's important to build myself up by interacting with close friends, but the primary source of fear of missing out must also be addressed. By spending an amount of time every day away from social media, I forget the million and one other possible ways to fill the time, and focus entirely on the present action. Call it meditation, call it finding your center, call it whatever you want—what it means is focusing on my current activities, and in doing so rediscovering their worth, away from the encroaching noise of what the rest of the campus is doing.

*The author is a Columbia College senior majoring in economics.*

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# The Canon

“To what degree should we separate ourselves from home during our time at Columbia?”

The Canon runs every other Wednesday and is dedicated to the discussion of Columbia's perennial problems. Its prompts feature questions that we should repeatedly ask and constantly answer. While we may never come to firm resolutions, either collectively or individually, the belief is that there is some merit to the discussion itself.

FROM THE EDITOR:

The majority of Columbia students can give a straightforward definition of the word “home.” But there is a small subset of us in Morningside Heights—myself included—for whom the idea of home is complicated enough that everyone else thinks we don't have one. They also seem to think that we deserve pity. We don't. For one, we don't have to struggle with the question: “To what degree should we separate ourselves from home during our time at Columbia?”

LANBO ZHANG  
Editorial Page Editor

## The home front

The end of summer always brings about a peculiar melancholy. It is a feeling that has much to do with departure and arrival. We leave one home to come to another, and leave the embrace of our parents for the instruction of our professors. And yet, even when we finally arrive and begin pushing those blue bins up and down the streets, certain questions nag us: How often do we have to call home? Do we have to heed the advice of our parents? Can we be fully independent? The nagging feeling probably goes away at some point as the euphoria of the college dream we are living overtakes us. Lining up outside Mel's for a raucous night out, our thoughts don't migrate to home. Furiously hoarding tomes at Book Culture, we aren't suddenly overcome with regret for having not spoken to our parents in 48 critical hours. Soon we are back in the swing of the semester and whatever patterns of behavior emerged during the first few weeks calcify, leaving little room for a sudden re-examination of our communication policy with the home front.

It may be the difficulty in answering these questions with any degree of universality or certainty that keeps our attentions elsewhere. Each person has his own relationship with “home” that informs to what degree he stays connected with his home life while at Columbia. But although these questions are informed by individual circumstances, they cannot be answered on the basis of individual whims. By dint of the fact that we have to take the feelings and expectations of others into consideration, and because those expectations are so hard to gauge impartially, we have to answer the question collectively.

Ultimately, the answer to the question of how much we should separate from home can be conceived as a negotiated protocol. As such, a college student must take into account the perspectives and expectations of his parents in arriving at the right degree of separation. So even if we want to be that totally independent, totally carefree, wild, and wonderful proto-adult living the college dream, there will almost always be a second opinion imploring us to reign it in and to call home at least once a week to provide a general update on nutrition, sleep patterns, and grades. There is a necessary balance between these two poles that probably delivers the most well-rounded and well-reasoned experience.

In our youth, we can't be so bold as to eschew home for good. And even if we are making less dramatic moves toward independence, we shouldn't forget the wellspring of wisdom and understanding that is available to us in our childhood homes, be it among family or friends. A lot of our hesitation around such questions stems from a bizarre American cultural condition where we flirt with the idea that our goal as young adults is to wrest ourselves away from home, to leave the nest and never return, lest we find ourselves stuck in a sexless vortex where momma's boys and goody-two-shoes go to die.

The movies we watched as kids—those B-grade movies where the college experience is caricatured with a low-brow concoction of soft-core porn and slapstick revue—always seemed to cast parents and younger siblings as a kind of miasma of the uncool encroaching on the college life. The reality is far different. In many respects, having arrived at Columbia we owe a lot to our parents and siblings, to our extended family, and to friends back home. The whole “it takes a village” ethos, though generally reserved for armchair anthropologists, probably applies to the life of the Columbia student.

Some might strut around as a peacock royally proclaiming “We built this!” But at the risk of planting the seed of a budding identity crisis among our Grand Old peers, let it be known that people are collectivist productions. As a sign of deference, of appreciation, and—dare we say—of love for the people who helped get us here, we have to make many decisions about separation with specific concern for the feelings and expectations of the “village.” It then follows that despite all the talk of protocol and negotiation, there is something that distinguishes our feelings around such issues from the fodder of a political scientist's manuscript: human relationships that matter. So if you find yourself in high-stakes negotiations, perhaps it is best to reach across the table, make some concessions, and tell mom you miss her cooking.

*Esfandiyar Batmanghelidj is a Columbia College junior majoring in political science and Middle Eastern, South Asian, and African studies. He contributes regularly to The Canon.*

## Homesick without a home

BY JORDAN ALAM

When someone asks me where I'm from, I always respond with “Seattle.” It hangs in the air, outing me as an NYC transplant and unsettling numerous unspoken expectations. But it was only recently, after having returned from a summer spent in Bangladesh, where my biological family lives, that I started questioning whether I can really call Seattle a home. In college, I've separated myself from home pretty drastically, returning fewer and fewer times over breaks and planning to stay in New York after graduation. I grew closer to my cultural home in Bangladesh and further from the West Coast city where I was born and raised for a number of reasons: It's boring there; I wanted to connect with my roots; New York is the first city I've lived in on my own. And beyond that, there is a level of vulnerability that I have passed through in college by uprooting myself. Settling here has helped me face other more immediate challenges in my life. I've heard it called the “learning edge” by Pam Phayme, director of Barnard's Office of Diversity

Initiatives—that place where you feel like you're stepping out onto the precipice of your comfort zone. You're not falling off, completely unmoored from everything you know, but neither are you completely secure in the comforts you've enjoyed before. Taken in an academic context, it means that you're willing to entertain new thoughts and take on new experiences. It's similar when separating yourself from home: You push your own boundaries to avoid stagnation. This will look different for everyone and isn't determined by such arbitrary factors as days spent on campus or off.

University in New York City can be an escape from a stressful or unsafe home life or just from the monotony of the suburbs. It can be a place to explore identities that weren't accepted where you grew up and to befriend people you'd otherwise never have met. It can also be a maze of expectations and anxieties, prompting you to oscillate between feeling like you're doing too much or not doing enough. The pressures here are unique to your individual experiences, and that can seem like shaky ground to start building a foundation on. I would argue that that's all in your expectations of what home should really look like.

Home has never been tied to a location for me, but that didn't stop me from craving the idea of it. I sought out a geographical home desperately as

I explored my identity and came up with a lot of half-baked ideas about its necessity. If I just got back to Bangladesh and found my biological family... if I just made peace with my Seattle community and resettled back there... if I just connected that much more with New York at large... In the end, none of these cookie-cutter ideas really fit my needs.

After being on my “learning edge” for the past four years, I've figured out that home is more about the chosen family—made up of everyone from blood relatives to friends and partners—that makes a place home. I may not have discovered that if home were closer or safer or less confusing for me. Discovering home on campus, or in NYC at all, was a process of going through the many stages of loneliness and loss before finally settling into a niche where I felt comfortable. But the best thing about our city is that there are so many niches to fill and so many paths to finding them. If you allow yourself to be vulnerable and step forward into new relationships and opportunities, it is possible to create a home right where you are, whether it's a single dorm room or an apartment downtown. It's up to you to pursue it.

*The author is a Barnard College senior majoring in English.*

## You are what you are

BY JAKE GOLDWASSER

Sometimes psychology is scary. I like to think of myself as living outside of a predictable system of action and thought, but every once in a while I am reminded that this is not the case, that my experiences and anguishes and concerns are not really personal. On the bright side, it feels nice to be a part of a universal consciousness and to know that the content of my mind is shared to some degree by everyone who ever was or will be. But when I was perusing Erik Erikson's stages of psychosocial development, I was disheartened to see how accurately he summed up the inner life of a college student. “Age: 20-24,” the chart reads, “Psycho Social Crisis: Intimacy vs. Isolation.”

Whether you like it or not, you are suffering through this question. You probably spend a lot of time thinking about attachment and detachment and who is actually worthwhile. You sometimes go out because you feel like you should. You also stay in sometimes because you feel like you should. And you are almost certainly trying to reconcile the intimacy of home with your new identity as a scholar/party-animal/athlete/rebel/addict/artist.

If this struggle has a winner, it is the new you. Home will always be important. The coziness of family is vital, but any attempt to define yourself by the family from which you came is in vain, because it is an attempt to define an adult in a child's role. There is a reason that age 18 is almost universally important around the world. Over the past couple thousand years, each generation has begun puberty just a little bit younger than the generation before. This shift has been especially prevalent since the early 20th century, and after so many generations with increasingly adequate medical care and nutrition, there has been quite a substantial change. So much so that in the ancient world, it was around age 18 (about five years later than today) that boys were considered pubescent, and at that point they could go on their own and start a family. Although physically we grow up faster, sociologically we grow up much slower, relying on our parents longer and waiting until we are much older to start new families. I see this as a perfectly reasonable reaction to the increase in life expectancy. It makes sense for us to prolong our youth as much as possible.

## You probably spend a lot of time thinking about attachment and detachment and who is actually worthwhile.

But I also firmly believe departure from the home is crucial if we want to be serious about freedom of thought. Isolation is just as important for our mental faculties as collaboration is. If we want to call ourselves scholars, it means leaving our parental thought paradigm and beginning a new conversation—the social counterpart to this is departing from our families in search of ourselves and our peers. These shifts are inextricable, since really we seek other people for their thoughts, views, and beliefs: to be completely attached to the home—to use it as a base upon which everything else is built—is to be completely attached to the set of thoughts that you were born into, and this is clearly unreasonable and intellectually unhealthy. I don't suggest the abandonment of the home, but I do suggest the abandonment of the home as a home. We are old enough to find an intellectual home in ourselves.

The most transformative debate we will have is with ourselves in isolation. A computer can't reason or advance ideas because all of its smallest units of processing function uniformly, and exclusively cooperatively, without any room for disagreement. Our brains are structured similarly with billions of parallel processing units, but neurons are not confined to function merely algorithmically. We can simultaneously hold an idea and its inverse. We sacrifice certainty for innovation, holding hundreds of shades of an idea and hundreds of counter-ideas. We are constantly in a state of hesitation, self-argument, and ambivalence, and this is not just a fluke of our cognitive apparatus, but rather requisite for any complex thought. The inner dialectic, requiring fragile isolation, is the breeding ground of critical and analytical thought, the precursor to collaboration, and the only path to truly original ideas.

*The author is a Columbia College junior majoring in Middle Eastern, South Asian, and African studies.*



## Foreign sounding

Some days, I'd text my mum my breakfast menu. I'd email her articles I thought she'd like. I'd tag her in Instagram pictures that I wanted her to look at. I'd tweet at her, I'd poke her, I'd like all of her profile pictures. I'd send her Emojis. Even when I appeared offline to the rest of the world, I'd calculate the time difference and I'd Gchat her. This was the arrangement for three years. I hoped she was OK with it.

I know it isn't ideal for any parent to have to interpret hashtags to know how her kid is doing, but, for reasons I've never been able to explain to her, being on the phone with mama used to make me incredibly anxious. So much so that sometimes, even when I was just watching TV with my floor-mates or walking to class with a friend, I would see mama's face pop up on my phone, and I'd guiltily push “Decline.”

“In a meeting. Can't talk. Text instead?” Send.

It's awful. I know. Let me explain. See, three years ago, when I left home 8,000 miles away and came away to college in New York, several things started to happen all at once. First, I realized I was no longer in a world where everybody looked, thought, and sounded exactly like me. More than anything, this scared me. So I started to straighten my hair more because I was tired of talking about it. When my nose-ring fell out, I made no effort to find it. My Bombay street-side harem pants were replaced by skinny jeans and seersucker. Most problematically, my accent, which once had been a distinct South Indian sing-song, gave way to a more “normal” easy-to-digest American drawl. Sometimes, a stray “macha” or an impassioned “benchod” will still reveal exactly how far India is from New York, but save for those slip-ups, the transition happened quickly and automatically. Now my friends from L.A. and Houston and Maryland tell me I sound just like them. I know this makes it easier for them to relate to me. It wasn't a conscious decision. Slowly, incrementally, it just sort of happened.

The thing is, mama didn't know this because I didn't want her to. I didn't want her to call her Bombay-born-and-Madras-raised daughter only to find some American stranger on the other end of the line. I couldn't let myself sound American around mama and I couldn't let anyone else know how Indian I sound around mama. I didn't want to remind them that I was different. I was yearning to belong to two places at once, and that's why I pushed “Decline.” I thought about this all the damn time.

When I grew aware of the ways in which I was changing involuntarily, I began to have a lot

of questions, not least of which was the one I'm responding to now. To what degree can I separate myself from home while still belonging there? To what degree do I need to separate myself from home in order to belong here? To what degree should I separate myself from home? Is it weak of me to change? What would my brother think?

It took a few years and a lot of long conversations with close friends, but I can finally answer the calls and the questions both. I have learned that my relationship with home isn't contingent on what I wear, what I eat, or how I speak. Those things are just habits. My relationship with home is reflected in my values, which won't change as easily as my accent does. Home is a loyalty to the people who live there, which doesn't wane in the least when I haven't seen them for six months, or when I no longer sound like them. They know that. Home is the precise set of circumstances that resulted in my being who I am now. I'm OK with that.

I know now that whether I had grown up thousands of miles away or on the Upper East Side, being at Columbia is a rare and special window to learn from people who are different from me. Embrace it. It is a chance to understand the emotional intricacies of, at least once during your four years here, being in a minority. Take it. It is an opportunity to develop the sensitivity, adaptability, and strength that come from being far, far away from home. Do it.

## Home is the precise set of circumstances that resulted in my being who I am now.

Separate yourself enough from home to be open to change. Separate yourself just enough from home to know that adapting to suit your new surroundings is not a betrayal to your old ones. Home will always be a part of your identity, and you are not weak for changing. You are braver than you've ever been.

Sometimes, maybe, if you're lucky, you'll notice yourself growing and changing in directions you didn't anticipate. Separate yourself enough from home to be OK with this. When mama calls you and she laughs because you sound different, know that she's laughing with you. When your friends ask why you have to leave the room when you're on the phone with your mother, don't make up an excuse. Separate yourself enough from home to be honest with them. If you're a little uncomfortable with the ways in which you're changing, pat yourself on the back. Remind yourself that you're here to learn. And nobody ever learned anything from being comfortable.

*Rega Jha is a Columbia College senior majoring in creative writing. She contributes regularly to The Canon.*



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FILE PHOTO

**KEEPING IT CONSISTENT** | The Lions will need a strong defense to hold off St. Peter’s attack.

## Men’s soccer takes on Saint Peter’s College

**BY MUNEEB ALAM**  
*Spectator Staff Writer*

As Columbia (1-3) heads into its fifth game of the season, it faces a familiar opponent in Saint Peter’s College (2-3). The Lions and Peacocks have played in each of the last three seasons, with the Light Blue winning the most recent contest, 2-1 in overtime. Although the Lions were far from perfect in that match, at the end of the day, they executed their plays successfully enough to take the win.

Columbia entered last year’s match on a solid two-game win streak to open the season. This year the team enters this game on an uneven note. Two games ago, for example, it scored twice, results of a corner kick and free kick, while last game they surrendered the lone goal of the match off a corner.

“You’ve got to figure out why your performances are not consistent,” Lions head coach Kevin Anderson said. Over the last week, he has focused on

“restart” plays. But instead of focusing on the execution aspect of “restart” plays, recently, he and the team worked on trying to limit opportunities for free kicks and the like in the first place.

“We were really focusing on individual and second defenders, because I think that’s where we’ve struggled,” Anderson said. “[...] It’s caused us to ... give up lots of fouls, because we’re reaching for balls and we’re not moving our feet and getting into good spots. Sometimes if you have a second guy behind you, you don’t feel that same sense of decision-making where you feel like you have to foul.”

Columbia has out-fouled its opponents by a wide margin in its four games this season. It has been called for 55 infractions, compared to only 30 by its opponents.

Anderson hopes the small changes will help push the Light Blue over the top.

“If everyone adjusts on the team, you have the opportunity

to make a big impact, by everybody just doing a small piece,” he said.

The Peacocks are looking to right their ship as well. Saint Peter’s lost 5-1 at George Mason and 2-0 at American last week in its first two road games of five straight. Junior goalkeeper Carlos Suarez has allowed 12 goals on 36 shots on goal.

Despite the defensive difficulties, Saint Peter’s has not been lacking on offense. It has scored eight goals in its five games. Sophomore midfielder/forward Noah Sadaoui leads the team with five goals and 27 shots, the former more than Columbia has scored this season (two) and the latter almost as many (29). Two other Peacocks have registered more shots than any other Lion (four). The Lions’ defense and primary two goalies — junior Michael Attal and freshman Kyle Jackson, the reigning Ivy rookie of the week—will be tested.

Kickoff is at 7 p.m. at Columbia Soccer Stadium.

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## Among Yankees fans, a tradition embraced

**FINE from back page**

ever, ever call a no-hitter early on in the game. I hadn’t quite caught that rule from my cursory knowledge of the game, and either way I was drunk off the possibility of witnessing the Rangers earn a playoff win.

The leader of the three amigos took notice. Enraged by what must have been a combination of disappointment at his team and anger over my ignorant hubris, he turned around, stared through glassy eyes for a few seconds, and did the only thing that was right and good in his mind. He leveled a finger up at me and growled in a low, rumbling chant,

“Assssssss-hole! Assssssss-hole! Assssssss-hole!” The rest of the section, obviously relieved by some guidance of what to do with this strange Rangers fan in their midst, followed suit.

It grew louder and persisted for about two minutes. I laughed nervously throughout most of it, and I actually enjoyed it. There didn’t seem to be any physical threat looming, and I was happy to be on the receiving end of true New York fanhood. The night ended with no further incidents and a Rangers win. I was happy both because of the win, and because I had been able to touch a part of New York’s long sports tradition.

That tradition, though,

also serves as the reason why I can’t become a Yankees fan my senior year. Constant wins have transformed the Yankees and their fans into a cantankerous, self-entitled amalgam. No. I must find a more graceful option. I must find a viable franchise that has not been rotted out by bad owners or hubristic expectations. There’s really only one choice, it seems: I must find it within myself to become a New York Giants football fan.

*David Fine is a senior at Columbia College majoring in history. He is a senior editor of The Current and Chair of the Student Governing Board.*  
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## Women’s field hockey pursues third win

**BY JOSH SHENKAR**  
*Spectator Staff Writer*

**COLUMBIA VS. HOFSTRA**  
Columbia Field Hockey Venue, 4 p.m.

While Columbia field hockey matched a program record for goals in last week’s defeat of La Salle, the Lions will struggle to have a similar offensive output against Hofstra. The Light Blue team (2-2) will look to win its third consecutive game when they host Hofstra (4-2) today. The Pride is coming off a 2-0 loss to Rider but have won two of its last three games, including a 1-0 win versus Yale and a 5-1 defeat of St. Joseph’s.

The Pride’s defense has been dominant, allowing only seven goals in 420 total

minutes of play. Junior Kaitlyn De Turo has led the defensive charge for Hofstra, accumulating 39 saves as well as two shutouts over the course of the season. But the Lions may have to capitalize on a potential vulnerability in Hofstra’s defense—the Pride has allowed over 80 shots this season as well as 46 shots on goal.

Hofstra’s offense is primarily led by sophomore Jonel Boileau and senior Micaela Gallagher, who have scored more than half

of the Pride’s points so far this season. Boileau leads the Pride with seven points and one assist, while Gallagher has three goals and two assists this season. Freshman Lauren del Valle and senior Codi Nyland are also key contributors to the Pride attack, as both have scored game winning goals this season. Senior Columbia goalkeeper Christie O’Hara will be counted on to help keep Boileau and Gallagher from leading Hofstra to victory.

Columbia’s match against Hofstra will take place at 4 p.m. at the Columbia Field Hockey Venue.

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FILE PHOTO

**FRESH START** | Freshman Anna Scipioni, who earned Ivy Rookie of the Week honors, is expected to be a key part of offense.

## Pizzano takes talent, offense to minors

**PIZZANO from back page**

Pulaski Mariners, Pizzano put up the best numbers of any hitter in the Appalachian League. In 53 games he batted .356 with 15 doubles, a triple, four home runs, 28 RBIs, and 26 walks. He led the league with his batting average, .442 on base percentage, and .953 OPS. The next highest marks in those categories were .330, .408, and .925, respectively.

“I always pride myself on trying to limit my strikeouts and take the walks as they give them,” he said.

Pizzano said that he grew more comfortable and gained confidence as his first professional season went along.

“When I started my pro ball, it was like, ‘these are all professionals. I’ve heard about this kid, now I’m playing against him,’” he said. “But I was facing first-rounders and hitting them. At first I struck out quite a bit because I was getting my timing down. So that was a little tough because I was like, ‘I need to keep my spot. I have to impress people watching me. I’m being paid to do this now.’”

“I knew midseason that I was the best hitter in that league, or that was my attitude anyway, to keep being successful and it ended up bringing me up all the way to the top.”

He accumulated a 15-game hitting streak to begin August, a month in which he led all of minor league baseball in hits and batted .409. By the end of

the summer, Pizzano also ranked 13th in batting average and tied for 12th in on base percentage in the entire minor leagues. He quickly developed into a leader for the Mariners—a team filled with young players.

“When I started hitting like that, my teammates were calling me ‘la máquina de bateo,’ the hitting machine, so they started looking towards me as the guy that would come through and I felt that,” Pizzano said. “I got along with everybody.”

**“I could have been told be people it was going to be a grind, but experiencing it is a whole new monster.”**

—Dario Pizzano, CC ’13, minor league outfielder

He also said that the grind of playing every day was difficult to get used to, but as his body adjusted, it became easier over time.

“I could have been told by people it was going to be a grind and I would have been like, ‘O.K., I’m ready,’ but experiencing it is a whole new monster in itself,” he said. “It was a grind, every single day I was at the field for at least nine or 10 hours.”

He also believes his experience of playing doubleheaders from the Ivy League helped him adjust to the long days.

Four days before the end of his season with the Mariners, Pizzano was promoted to the Class A Everett Aquasox.

Pizzano continued to produce with the Aquasox, going seven for 21 with four walks in six games.

“It’s pretty awesome,” Columbia head baseball coach Brett Boretti said. “I couldn’t be more excited for him and I hope he’ll work his tail off here in the offseason and hopefully he’ll get a great opportunity come spring training.”

Pizzano was invited to the Seattle Mariners’ Instructional League, which will take place over the next few weeks, where he will be able to play in front of various coordinators and coaches in the organization. Aside from that, he is back in New York City this semester, taking the normal load of classes. He plans to work out with the Light Blue baseball team and expects to head down to Spring Training in mid-March, when he hopes to exceed expectations in his climb toward the big leagues once again.

“[The Mariners] told me, ‘just do what you do and we have plans for you,’ and I did way better than anybody imagined,” he said. “I’m glad that I had such a successful year and I’m now an established prospect in their organization.”

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ATHLETE OF THE WEEK

### BEVERLY LEON



FILE PHOTO

**STRONG START** | Junior midfielder Beverly Leon scored the Light Blue’s first goal of the season, in the team’s 2-0 shutout win over Sacred Heart. Leon played in every game last season, notching seven shots overall, four on goal, in 796 minutes.



## Experiencing fandom at its finest, NY style

I first peered into the black soul of honest to God New York fanhood my sophomore year on Oct. 18, 2010 at the first Yankees home game of the American League Championship against the Texas Rangers. This semester, it is my mission to blacken my soul at least a little bit by insinuating myself into that quintessential New York fandom experience—just not through the Yankees.

In Dallas, I grew up watching the Rangers lose a lot. My parents used to take me and my older brothers and friends to the games and we'd sit, taking in our beautiful ballpark and atrocious team. We would go because we were kids interested in sports and it was something to do, but there were some lost creatures who were there as real Rangers fans.

Unlike the Rangers fans of my childhood, these Yankees fans were intoxicated by winning.

These guys (they were guys more often than not), would get rip-roaring drunk and make crude jokes throughout the game, watching with what must have been heavy hearts, as their team struggled to extricate itself from the mediocrity that years and years of mismanagement bred.

And so, in 2010, when the Rangers made the ALCS for the first time ever, I could not pass up the opportunity to see history in the making. Texas would eventually win the series against the Yankees and go on to lose the World Series to the San Francisco Giants (it hurts even now typing out those words), but we didn't know all of that at game three, the first home game for the Yankees.

The series was split so far, but the Rangers were coming off their win and Cliff Lee, our best pitcher, was on the mound that night. A friend from Dallas had secured tickets in section 330, effectively in the nose-bleeds. I didn't have any Rangers gear in New York, so I wore a knit blue and red sweater and made up for my lack of official paraphernalia by making my loyalties loudly known to those around me. Suffice it to say, that did not go well.

No other Rangers fans populated our section. The first time I loudly cheered for the Rangers, a few heads snapped around, and a group of three guys sitting a few rows in front of me turned and leered derisively. I recognized them as the same type of roughshod fan that I used to marvel at back in Texas while I was growing up.

Unlike the Rangers fans of my childhood, these Yankees fans were intoxicated by something besides their beer: winning. The Dynasty had inculcated an air of superiority into these specific fans so fully that when encountered with an aberration, like my Texas Rangers-cheering self, they didn't quite know how to react. So their leader, a particularly drunk and vociferous lug, loudly sneered at me and turned around to watch his team defeat a history-less outfit from Texas.

But, that's not quite how it went that night. Both sides had aces on the mound, but in the first inning Rangers slugger Josh Hamilton ripped a massive homer off of Andy Pettitte to bring himself and Michael Young home. The Rangers led 2-0 for much of the game, and by the bottom of the fourth inning, Lee was pitching a perfect game.

Me, being the dunderheaded neophyte fan I am, yelled as the first Yankees batter stepped to the plate, "Come on, Cliff! No-hitter! No-hitter! You got it Cliff!" If you ask anyone who knows anything about baseball they'll tell you that one of the first rules is to never,



DAVID FINE

### The Whole Fine Yards



FILE PHOTO

**SUMMER STUNNER** | Former Columbia outfielder Dario Pizzano began his professional career on a high note this summer, playing well in the minor leagues.

## Former Light Blue outfielder shines in minor league

BY RYAN YOUNG  
*Spectator Senior Staff Writer*

If someone were asked to draw up the perfect start to senior Dario Pizzano's professional career, they probably would not have scripted as successful a summer as he experienced. The former Columbia outfielder confirmed his place as a legitimate prospect, tearing it up at the plate for the Appalachian League's Pulaski Mariners and Northwest

League's Everett Aquasox, the Rookie and Class A Short Season affiliates of the Seattle Mariners.

"I was just trying to have a pretty good rookie season, come out and catch some people's eyes and show them that I can play," he said. "One thing happened after another and it just kept falling for me."

Pizzano's season began in June in Pulaski, Va. and he did not get off to a fast start. In fact, he spent a decent portion of his first few weeks

in June sitting on the bench, as Mariners' trainers wanted to make sure Pizzano was fully recovered from his elbow surgery from a year ago. Once Pizzano did earn a spot in the starting lineup, he would never relinquish it because he simply never stopped hitting.

"The minors, especially the lower levels that I was in, is more the raw guys that can throw mid to upper 90's, so if you can time it, you can hit their fastball," he said. "At first I

was striking out quite a bit because I had never really seen live pitching that fast before coming from the Ivy League. I just started trying to time my swing, get my foot down early, and see the pitch as long as I could, and just react, that's all hitting is, just reaction, so I just started hitting the ball where it was pitched, and they started going into the gaps."

By the end of his time with the

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## In tough weekend for Ivy teams, Princeton stuns, Penn stumbles

BY RACHEL TURNER  
*Columbia Daily Spectator*

Ivy League women's soccer had tough competition this weekend, facing division leaders Providence, Drexel, Marist, and nationally ranked Rutgers. Princeton shone with their first two wins of the season, whereas Penn struggled, losing both games it played.

### BROWN

The Bears suffered their first loss of the season at Providence on Thursday. After pulling ahead 2-0 in the first 15 minutes, Brown was dominated by Providence for the rest of the game. Goalies Amber Bledsoe and MC Barrett had a total eight saves combined, but the offense couldn't come together and lost 3-2. On Sunday, Brown played at Vermont, and won 1-0, off of an early goal by junior forward/midfielder Mika Siegelman. Despite being outshot 11-5, the Bears won behind superb defense, including two saves apiece from Bledsoe and Barrett.

### CORNELL

Cornell had a disappointing weekend, losing two games in spite of strong offensive showings. At Colgate Thursday, Cornell couldn't keep up with Colgate's two second half goals, losing 3-1. Cornell goalie Tori Christ made five saves, and senior Jayann Gabrio scored a goal off of a free kick for the second time this season. On Sunday, Cornell struggled again, falling 5-2 to Albany. Senior Xandra Hompe scored two goals in a single game for the first time in her college career, though it was not enough to save the Big Red from the loss.

### DARTMOUTH

Dartmouth had a productive weekend, winning at Maine and nearly pulling off an upset against 21st-ranked Rutgers. At Maine, junior Chrissy Lozier scored an early goal, and senior Emma Brush added two goals, the first time she has done so in her college career.

Bursh's strong offense lead Dartmouth to a 3-1 win. In the Big Green's home opener against Rutgers, Brush notched her third goal of the weekend in the second half. Rutgers responded quickly with a goal, and both teams fought hard until the last minutes before Rutgers scored again, preventing the upset and winning 2-1.

### HARVARD

At home against Dayton on Friday, Harvard lost, despite a career-high eight saves by sophomore Bethany Kanten. An early foul led to a penalty kick goal by Dayton, and Dayton added two more goals in the second half to win 3-1. Harvard's lone goal came from senior Taryn Kurcz's third goal of the season. The Crimson bounced back Sunday with a 3-1 victory at Colgate. Trailing 1-0 at half-time, Harvard came back strong in the second half, securing its second win of the season.

### PRINCETON

The Tigers went undefeated this weekend, and prevented their opponents from scoring a single goal against them. Against St. Joseph's on Friday, Princeton didn't get on the board until just before halftime, but pulled away in the second half for a 3-1 victory. On Sunday, Caitlin Blosser's second-half goal was enough to beat Temple 1-0. Princeton had a more balanced attack this week, with its four goals coming from four different players, as opposed to last week when four of its five goals came from one player.

### PENN

The Quakers went winless this weekend, losing to both Marist and Drexel. On Friday against Marist, Penn suffered its first homwe loss since October 2010. The Red Foxes grabbed an early lead, and despite coming close to tying the score in the first half, Penn lost 2-0. On Sunday the Quakers were shut out again, and lost at Drexel 1-0.

### YALE

The Bulldogs traveled to Chicago this weekend for games against Loyola and Northwestern, with goalie Adele Jackson-Gibson still sidelined by injury.



FILE PHOTO

**TRIPLE THREAT** | Harvard senior defender Taryn Kurcz scored her third goal of the season this weekend, as the Crimson notched its second win so far.

The road trip began with a 2-1 loss to Loyola in second overtime. Senior midfielder Kristen Forster scored the Bulldog's lone goal of the game. On

Sunday, Yale could not surmount an early deficit against the Big Ten's Wildcats, losing 2-0 to Northwestern.

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