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the eye

THE WAY WE WERE

Six professors reflect on their time in college





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Allan Silver, professor of sociology emeritus, during his college years.

THE WAY WE WERE

Six professors reflect on their days as students, pg. 07

cover illustration by Chloe Eichler

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LETTER FROM THE EDITOR

It's strange sensation to be sitting in your bathrobe thinking: "Well, this is going to be a disaster."

On a Tuesday last December, I woke up, showered, and checked my email. There were 20 new messages on the same Gmail thread for Spectrum, the Spectator's blog. The content of the messages ranged, but most were along the lines of:

"WOAH WOAH WOAH."

Everyone at Columbia this year remembers that day: the Drug Bust of 2010.

For some, the drug bust may have been Columbia's defining moment this year. But for people who have been for Columbia for longer than the tenure of a typical undergrad, the incident may barely register on a long list of minor PR flubs at the university.

Columbia professors see university events through a unique lens: this is not a four-year vacation for them, but a home. They are deeply invested in the longterm future of this place, whereas our purview extends only to where we'll go after we leave.

But once upon a time, they were just like us: lowly undergrads at various colleges,

finding their passions through trial and (many) errors.

In our cover story this week, professors and professors emeriti stepped back to reflect on their time in college. Their insights should be a comfort to graduating seniors who face economic uncertainty and, frankly, a pretty scary world.

If there's one thing to be gained from these reflections, though, it's that they, too, were young once. They made mistakes. They may have even engaged in illegal behavior—though we'll never know.

It's been quite a year in PR for Columbia, but institutional memory of those events will fade as soon as current students graduate and move on. Though it's hard to believe, at some point we'll all be in a place to reflect with wisdom on our college years. And I doubt the drug bust will make it into our own reflections.

Thanks for reading. See you next semester.

Amanda Cormier
eye@columbiaspectator.com

SECOND SEMESTER ROUNDUP



As finals loom and our classes draw to a close, we're taking a look at the average figures of the semester. Yes, you really did drink that much coffee.

TIME

17

weeks

days

119

85

weekdays

170

classes

(on a 5 class, 2 times a week schedule)

NOM

vending machine dinners

13.6

coffees

127.5



136

dining hall meals

STRESSIN'



57.8

nights at Butler



4 nights actually sleeping at Butler



3

times you actually cursed Foucault's name



4

times you went too far with a personal anecdote in discussion section. Unfortunately, your high school relationship has nothing to do with *Jane Eyre*

HYGENIC?



30

loads of laundry

4 pleas to strangers for spare laundry card cash

2 times you Febrezed your clothes instead of washing them

3 times you almost/actually physically fought your roommate/suite-mate/next-door neighbor



\$\$\$\$

\$200

spent after 2 a.m. at Morton Williams. Hello, **chocolate pudding** and **string cheese**.



spent at International and/or the decidedly more "international" liquor store on 127th street

\$170

SIGHTED

5

times the security guard told you that you looked like hell

1

time you ran into your professor and his (really cute) kids on your walk of shame down Broadway

10-20

times you had a horrible time at 1020

1

time you promised next semester, things really are going to change

WRITTEN BY MARGARET BOYKIN AND ASHTON COOPER
ILLUSTRATED BY CINDY PAN, DESIGN BY CATHI CHOI

The Fantasy, The Illusion, The Stilettos

the true makeup of cu's drag scene

BY ZARA CASTANY
PHOTO COURTESY OF ZARA CASTANY

Sean Manning Udell, a senior in CC, is having a fashion crisis. The vintage halter-top dress that he found at a Harlem thrift shop is refusing to zip up past his too-broad shoulders, he forgot his bra back at his dorm, his pumps are half a size too small, and to top it off, the hair removal lotion that he used on his arms and chest didn't work quite as well as promised. But for the confident Alice Teacups, these troubles are trivial—she exudes beauty and verve no matter the occasion. “My drag persona is Alice Teacups,” says Udell. “She’s a sassy British woman who makes up for her dearth in fashion sense and class with a loud personality and an undying love for herself.”

Udell, president of Columbia Queer Alliance and senior class president, has spent the last two hours preparing his look for CQA's second annual drag pageant in Roone Arledge, for which he will serve as a judge. And what's he looking for in a contestant? Confidence. “The fact that someone can wear drag, leave their house in it, and go through their evening in it is something to

celebrate,” says Udell. “Anyone who can do that is brave and beautiful, that is the idea of beauty we look for, to feel comfortable enough with yourself no matter how you look.” And as Udell puckers his freshly glossed lips in the mirror, it is obvious from the twinkle in his eyes that Alice Teacups couldn't care less about a little chest hair, because damn, does she look fierce.

Despite its location in one of the nation's most cosmopolitan cities, Columbia's drag culture is rather subdued. CQA encourages a drag-friendly atmosphere at many of their events, but even this year's pageant, though heavily marketed, only included four contestants. According to Karen

“I HAVEN'T HAD A WOMAN TO SHARE MY EXPERIENCES WITH HERE-TO SHARE THE PROCESS OF DRESSING IN DRAG WITH,” SAYS WOODIN. “BUT COLUMBIA DEFINITELY HAS POTENTIAL.”

Woodin, a senior in CC, Columbia has a very small drag community compared to the one at Yale, where she attended a drag workshop that taught her how to look more masculine, including tips on what type of pants to wear and how to properly bind your breasts. “I haven't had a woman to share my experiences with here—to share the process of dressing in drag with,” says Woodin. “But Columbia definitely has potential.”

Udell points to the controversy and misconceptions that surround drag, within and without of the LGBTQ community, as one of the main reasons why drag culture is still in its infancy at Columbia. A common mistake is the idea that drag queens and transsexuals are the same, when in reality, drag queens are generally gay men who dress as women, drag kings being the opposite, and transsexuals are people who identify with a gender not represented by their biological sex. “Gender is something very sacred in our society; we take it too seriously. Drag allows you to stretch the boundaries a little,” says Woodin. “I identify as a woman, but drag allows me to play with my own perception of gender, say by wearing a tie one day, or something else that is considered to be masculine.”

But more than just dressing in the style of another gender, drag is at its core a performance



of gender identity. You don't see every female on campus walking around in sky-high wigs and fake purple eyelashes—that's not what average women dress like. Drag, instead, is "all about the presentation, there's an entertainment factor to it," says Udell. "It's about pushing the boundaries of what a person is expected to be. What makes a man? What makes a woman? Hyperbole helps create the illusion, and that's all drag is, an illusion."

While much progress has been made in the acceptance of sexuality as existing on a spectrum, as opposed to the binaries of gay and straight, acceptance of gender variance on a similar spectrum has not been so widespread. According to Udell, the only time he has ever been called homophobic slurs is when he was dressed in drag, evidence of the work that has yet to be done in educating people about gender. "The first time I was confronted with drag was when I was 16, and honestly, I was disgusted by it," says Udell. "It was so obviously not part of the heteronormative idea of what it meant to be part of society, so by doing drag I felt like I was further outcasting myself."

Ondraius Richardson, a senior in CC, won Friday's drag pageant performing as Dite Body, a name he came up with that plays on the name Aphrodite, the Greek goddess of love and beauty. Richardson sees himself influenced by a new wave of drag culture, one he says is being propelled

by television shows such as RuPaul's *Drag Race*. "There's a new generation of drag queens that are becoming much more acceptable," says Richardson. "The show clarifies the difference between transsexuals, transvestites, and drag queens and also shows the amount of time and effort that goes into the fantasy and illusion of drag."

After Richardson dressed for the pageant, he faced the trek from his room at East Campus to Lerner alone, and admits that the walk was uncomfortable. "All I could think about was how many people were looking at me and thinking that I was clearly a man dressed as a woman," says Richardson. "But I definitely felt liberated. When I consider how beautiful I look on the outside it has a direct impact on how I feel on the inside."

Udell fantasizes about a future Columbia campus where students could participate in a "Go to Class in Drag Day" without feeling uncomfortable or ostracized by peers. They would go about their normal day, attending lectures, sitting in discussion groups, eating in Ferris, but could do it while presenting a different gender expression than their own. A dream like this, however, can only become a reality if people continue to grow in their understanding of the differences between sex and gender.

"I think I'm a beautiful woman, I feel comfortable celebrating that and I wish a lot of other

people could. There is definitely a feeling of self empowerment that comes with being able to present yourself in drag and not give a shit about what any one else thinks," says Udell. ●

THE VINTAGE HALTER-TOP DRESS THAT HE FOUND AT A HARLEM THRIFT SHOP IS REFUSING TO ZIP UP PAST HIS TOO BROAD SHOULDERS, HE FORGOT HIS BRA BACK AT HIS DORM, HIS PUMPS ARE HALF A SIZE TOO SMALL, AND TO TOP IT OFF, THE HAIR REMOVAL LOTION THAT HE USED ON HIS ARMS AND CHEST DIDN'T WORK QUITE AS WELL AS PROMISED.



Adrian Calderon, a junior in CC, helps Sean Manning Udell, a senior in CC, prep for CQA's drag pageant. They ate Papa John's pizza, drank cosmopolitans, and listened to the TRON soundtrack.

The Gap Resurfaces

a breakdown of the leaked 4.0s reveals gender gap

BY MEREDITH FOSTER
GRAPHIC BY CATHI CHOI

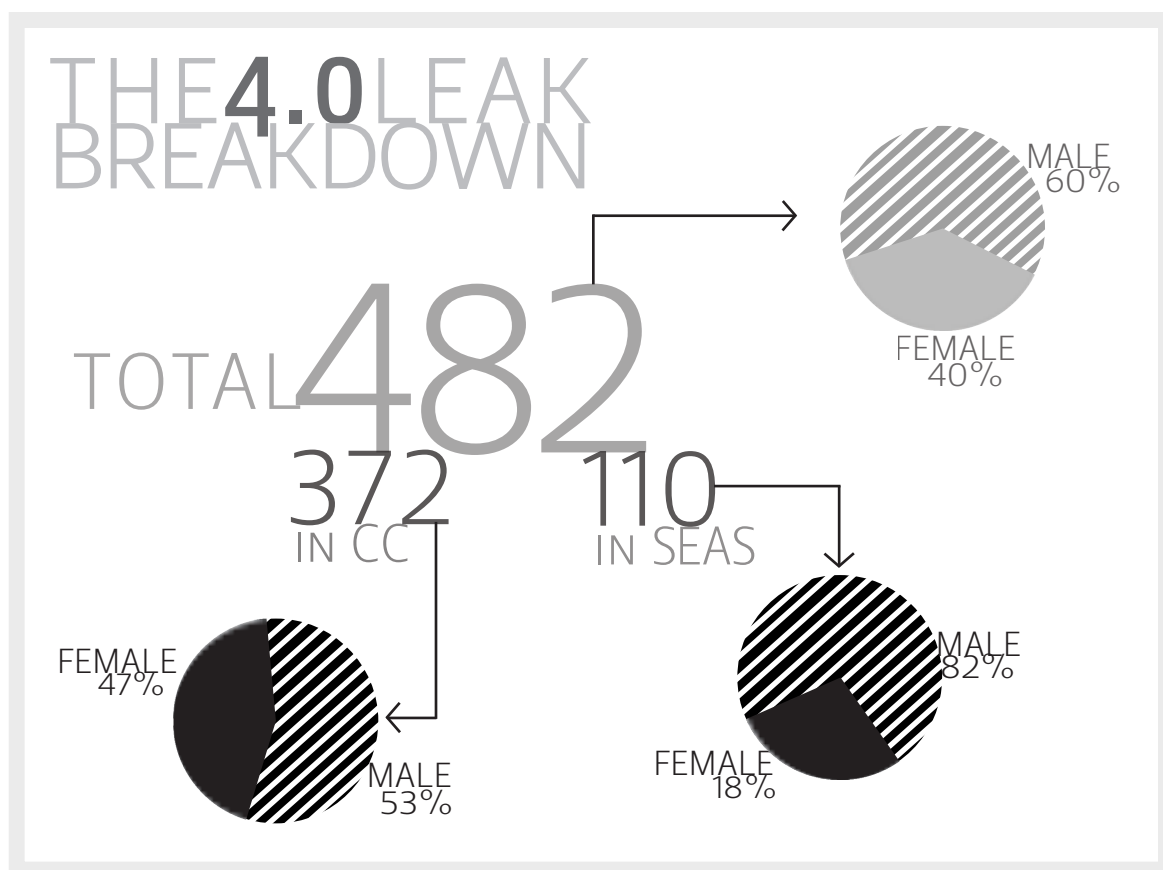
In late January, a spreadsheet was leaked to *Spectator* from an advising dean revealing a list of 482 CC and SEAS students who had received a 4.0 or above in the fall 2010 semester. *The Eye* talked to experts about what the data means, allowing a few University faculty access to the leaked spreadsheet, as well as public information, the genders, GPAs, and schools of these students. The data revealed that 60 percent of the students on the list were male. Largely accountable for this inequality was the larger number of male SEAS students than female on the list. According to the document, out of 110 students in SEAS who had received 4.0 or above, 20 were women and 90 were men—in other words, men were 4.5 times more likely than women to have received a 4.0 or above last semester in SEAS.

While this document doesn't provide information about whether men or women are doing better in general at SEAS, it does indicate that in one category of high achievement, men largely outnumber women.

In part, this reflects the fact that men outnumber women in the engineering school. According to Holly Evarts, the director of strategic communications and media relations for SEAS, 35 percent of the present undergraduate student body in SEAS is women—about a 2:1 male to female ratio. However, the school is working hard to bring that ratio closer to 50:50. Women comprise 40 percent of the current freshman class and 45 percent of the incoming admitted class (though this does not reflect actual yield). Christine Currie, a junior in SEAS and president of the Society of Women Engineers, says she feels that the ratio of men to women in SEAS should be seriously assessed with actions taken to increase the number of women in the school. "I do think that is the most important thing to do right now," she says. "I think that will help: just having an equal number of male and female students."

In 2005, women earned more than half of the university degrees (including bachelor, doctoral, associate, and professional) in the United States. As a result of this data, writers and thinkers across the country have written articles with names like "The Coming American Matriarchy" and "The End of Men." But while women have equaled and even surpassed men in almost every academic field, women earned less than 20 percent of the B.A.s in engineering and 20 percent of total PhDs in 2008, according to the NSF.

Brenda Rubenstein, a graduate student in theoretical physics and co-chair of Women in Science at Columbia, warns people not to take the statistics revealed by the leaked spreadsheet too seriously. She believes that they reflect continuing stereotypes and biases against women in science



and engineering. "There are fewer women to begin with taking these classes, and there often aren't women who can perform at higher levels taking these classes, and that is just because of the many stereotypes that exist," Rubenstein says.

She says that professors exert subtle biases toward female students. "I would say that direct barriers have mostly been removed, but just subtle barriers about how men and women socialize," she says. "Sometimes, as a woman, you won't be invited to a conversation because men just find it awkward to invite you to after-hour bar sessions where they talk about science more freely."

ACCORDING TO THE DOCUMENT, OUT OF 110 STUDENTS IN SEAS WHO HAD RECEIVED 4.0 OR ABOVE, 20 WERE WOMEN AND 90 WERE MEN.

In order to attract more women into engineering, Rubenstein says that she would encourage mentoring. "Having female faces around is often times very helpful—giving advice to female students, showing what the path looks like, that you can manage a family, showing that you can perform

at a high level," she says. She also believes that Columbia should provide a day care for graduate students. "Day care is one of the big issues at Columbia," she says. "Columbia does not have day care for graduate students, so students who do want to have a family find it very difficult."

Helen Lu, associate professor of biomedical engineering, says she does not think that the statistic indicates any such discrimination. "Women are still underpaid, but there has been a tremendous effort to ensure that women have a chance to pursue a career in engineering," she says. "The engineering school here has done a great job at that. You can't correlate this without more data."

She suggests that maybe women are taking harder classes than men—that without more context, the data is irrelevant. "There are lots of statistics that show that women do much better than men in school, even in engineering and science," she says. "I think that the engineering school is making a lot of effort to make sure that women are attracted to the programs and they are treated well in the programs."

There are many potential explanations for the disparity. However, it does not mean that such a statistic should not be taken seriously. In a culture where a student's GPA makes up a large part of a candidate's application to internships, jobs, graduation awards, scholarships and graduate schools, the fact that men far exceed females in getting a 4.0 should lead students, faculty, and administrators to consider why this is the case. ●

THE WAY WE WERE

*Six Columbia
professors reflect on
their days as students*

illustrations by Chloe Eichler



FERGUSON

As tarps come off the lawns and commencement construction begins, The Eye asked professors to reflect on their own years as 20-some-things. They offered words of wisdom and a few warnings to the class of 2011.

From Priscilla Ferguson,
Professor of Sociology:

DISCOVERY MODE

It's a tall order to figure out where, really, one has been. Because there is still the question of where one still might go. I'll anchor these thoughts with a story. Because stories anchor our thoughts to begin with. It is a story from a class during my first year in graduate school (here at Columbia, in French)—close enough to undergraduate days to make a relevant connection. It took me a good 10 years to understand why this incident was so important. I



GANS

keep coming back to it, and I hope that you will see why.

The class was taught by professor Jean Hytier, who looked like the grandfather from central casting—white hair, crinkly eyes that twinkled, apt to wander off what seemed to be the point. No notes. When he talked about literary works, he seemed to be talking about old friends, which indeed was the case. In a class on Pierre Corneille’s masterpiece of French drama, *Le Cid*, Professor Hytier asked if anyone had not read the play. Every French student would have read it, but he also undoubtedly knew that *Le Cid* was on every American college’s French curriculum. (Today, things would be different.)

Well, I had read *Le Cid*, so I was safe (though I certainly wouldn’t have wanted to be put to the question). Others hesitated to put their ignorance on the line. Finally one woman, slightly older than the rest of us—maybe she was 26—timidly raised her hand.

Professor Hytier did not censure her—to the contrary. “How I envy you.” Though he’d taught this work for a good half-century, he put himself in discovery mode. The play, he knew, would knock the student’s socks off, and he wanted to remind her—and the rest of us—that sock-knocking is exactly what great works do. But you have to be in discovery mode.

When I first came to teach Lit Hum, I thought often about this incident. I had taught for many years, but, as every Columbia student knows, Lit Hum is something else again. Even the works that I had read might as well have been new. And then there were those that were totally new. I was frenzied, scrambling to stay a page ahead of my students. But I remembered discovery mode. Herodotus became my new poster boy.

College pushes you to discoveries. It’s what universities are all about. But when you pass along College Walk in Columbia cap and gown, remind yourself to keep discovery mode active. And keep reminding yourself every few years.

From Herbert J. Gans, Robert S. Lynd Professor Emeritus of Sociology:

AN ATYPICAL COLLEGE EXPERIENCE

Everyone reading this issue of *The Eye* is prob-



SILVER

ably well aware of the stereotypical college experience, ideal or awful. Hence my quite atypical—although long ago—experience might be of interest.

Being refugees from Nazi Germany, my family and I came to America—and Chicago—with very little money. In 1944, when I graduated from high school, I was able to go to college only by living at home. Consequently, the one school to which I could consider going was the one in walking distance, the University of Chicago.

In those days it was one of the best, and certainly one of the most serious colleges in the U.S.: no fraternities, sororities, or football team. It also admitted students after their second year of high school, so that entering high school graduates like me could obtain their B.A. in two years of intensive work.

BUT I REMEMBERED DISCOVERY MODE. HERODOTUS BECAME MY NEW POSTER BOY.

I had enough money for the first quarter’s tuition, but my having made the Dean’s List, and the Dean’s kindness, earned me a scholarship for the rest of the school year.

However, with World War II still going on, I knew that I would be drafted into the army before the end of the school year. Consequently, most of that year’s college experience was a mad rush to do all the reading for the exams that covered the entire year’s study. Lucky for me, they were all multiple choice tests, and I passed them just before I had to report for my Army service.

The war having ended during my first year’s military service, the Army let me out early so I could start my second year of college. Now, the rush was not quite as mad.

Consequently, I had time to contribute occasional satirical pieces to the college humor magazine. I also attended some of the endless political meetings which were then a mainstay of campus life—and offered a broad-based po-



LADENSON

litical education.

In addition, I worked as a stack clerk in the university library which, for reasons too complex to explain here, also gave me occasional employment, at a couple of dollars a night, as a spear carrier and crowd scene member for Chicago’s opera company, and for the Met when it came to town.

I studied hard, receiving my bachelor’s in 1947 and my master’s in 1950. I thought I was preparing myself to become a high school social studies teacher, but not long after my graduation, the post-World War II economic boom spread to the academic economy. A few years later, I could return to school for a Ph.D., which I received in 1957. 14 years later, and with three books and many articles in my CV, Columbia offered me a tenured professorship in sociology and I accepted.

The moral of my story: live near a great university, make the Dean’s List as quickly as possible, and get yourself born 20 or so years before a nationwide economic boom.

From Shamus Khan, Assistant Professor of Sociology:

I hate giving advice. Instead, I’ll just tell you two stories about moments that formed me.

The first is from when I was in middle school. At the end of winter term, I brought home a particularly bad report card. I wasn’t very interested in school or work or anything else. My parents were enraged. When the report card arrived (late, because I had hidden it), we had a visitor and took a trip to D.C. to show him our nation’s capital. As we walked around the streets of Washington, my mother pointed out the homeless people as we walked by, and told me that was my future.

This was ridiculous and I knew it. But it had profound effect on me nonetheless. My mother believed what she was telling me, I think. She is a hard-nosed Irish woman who was born in a house that cooked on an open hearth, pumped its own water, and didn’t have electricity. My father, from Pakistan, grew up in even poorer environs (electricity and plumbing came to his village during my own childhood visits in the late 1980s).

My parents believed in the American dream. And that’s because they were living it. Both rather brilliant and incredibly hard working, America



LEVIN

offered them a promise that their home countries could not. My failure was terribly worrying for them; they felt their hard work could be washed away in a generation.

I looked at it differently. I wondered why almost all the people we saw were black. And I wondered how I “knew” that even though I had stumbled in school, it would take far more than this—an enormous free-fall—for me to find myself living rather than walking on the streets of D.C.

The second moment was in college. I was driving around a middle-class suburb of Philadelphia with two friends. As I looked out the window at the rows of cookie-cutter houses, as we wandered through the grids of streets seemingly indistinguishable from one another, as I noted the lack of sidewalks and that our encounters with others seemed to only come as we passed them in their cars, I exclaimed, “I can’t believe people live like this.”

I had been reading Baudrillard—or some other post-modern theorist who had caught my fancy at the time and no doubt made me feel smart. And I suspect I was trying to make a subtle comment on the nature of the human experience, as I was wont to do at the time. It fell flat (as such things almost always do).

But worse, my friends looked at me, shocked and pissed off. One said, “Um, I live like this.” It was like the neighborhood she’d grown up in. She knew me to be from a wealthier family. And she was having none of the rich person’s disdain for her kind of neighborhood.

She was right. I may have been a committed leftist at the time, but there was something deeply classist about my dismissive judgment of a situation I knew nothing about.

Neither of these moments are triumphs. But they represent the kinds of experiences that drive me today: trying to make sense of why the conditions of my life created possibilities that they didn’t for others, and recognizing that understanding that these answers won’t come easy (if they ever will). I guess if I had any advice for you, it would be to breathe in your experiences and pay attention to the reactions you get—from teachers, but also from friends, family, and strangers. Enjoy your last days on campus. But not so much that you don’t.

From Elisabeth Ladenson, Professor of French and Comparative Literature:

WHAT I LEARNED IN COLLEGE

Like many students, I arrived at university knowing exactly what I wanted to study: English and Classics. It took me little more than a semester to eliminate both these fields; I had been spoiled by my high school experiences. Anthropology also fell by the wayside as a result of the D+ I earned in that first semester. Despite having vowed never to take French again, after dreary years of studying some of the very works I now enthusiastically teach, in my second semester I found myself in a course called French Cinema and the Novel. Attracted by the title—at the time, film studies barely existed as an academic field—I was fascinated by the new world of theory this seminar opened up for me: Barthes, Benjamin, Foucault and the like. But what the class really gave me was the idea that I could use my financial aid package to study in Paris the next year.

In September 1980, I duly landed in France, having sailed across the Atlantic on the now-defunct QE2 (sharing a cramped cabin with someone I didn’t know for the under-26 fare of \$400). The ship was filled with Rhodes Scholars en route to Oxford who fraternized exclusively with each other. I stopped trying to talk to them, made friends with a former Las Vegas showgirl and got invited to fabulous crew parties. Once in Paris, I discovered just how much French I had failed to learn in school. All my classes were in the French university system, where I was able to understand the professors, but not my classmates, who spoke a strange patois bearing little resemblance to anything I had encountered in the classroom. It was not until the second semester that I gained the confidence and language skills to attempt real communication with actual French people. Until then, I hung out with the Barnard and Columbia students at Reid Hall, my French tested outside of class mostly by fending off the pickup artists who prey on American college girls abroad. I set about erasing all visible traces of my origins. Gone was the nylon backpack, gone the Penn T-shirt, gone the tell-tale sneakers (in fact, the very uniform subsequently adopted by European youth). Once



KHAN

I stopped looking like a naïve young American, it turned out that I also stopped acting like one.

Most of what I learned in Paris cannot be recounted in a publication of this sort (and certainly not in 500 words). I remained in Europe for two years. Back in Philadelphia, I still had no idea what I wanted to do with my life. Probably the most valuable bit of knowledge I had gained from a college class was 500 lines of poetry I had memorized to get out of writing a paper. When I finally managed to graduate, I returned to New York, worked as a waitress, a prep cook, a bookstore clerk, and a receptionist. These jobs taught me more than all my classes put together. Now that I knew something about the world, it was time to go back to school.

I MAY HAVE BEEN A COMMITTED LEFTIST AT THE TIME, BUT THERE WAS SOMETHING DEEPLY CLASSIST ABOUT MY DISMISSIVE JUDGMENT.

From Kate Levin, Lecturer, Barnard Department of English:

My senior year of high school, I was a theater major at an arts boarding school. My fellow thespians all chose to attend conservatory programs in acting or directing, but I decided that I wanted a liberal arts education. However, I started Yale in 1980 still convinced that I was going to be an actor. At Yale back then, this choice was seen as far too pre-professional/vocational, so to be a theater major, you not only had to double-major, but also to take some rather strange courses—for example, the acting classes, while involving the usual scene study and acting technique, also employed a bizarre (and to an 18-year-old, somewhat confusing) theoretical approach to the study of acting.



Silver

After awhile I found this intellectually unsatisfying and ultimately counterproductive. I changed my major to comparative literature (which, as it turns out, is also the focus of my Ph.D.) and never looked back—except of course to act in, stage manage, and generally work on shows whenever I got the chance.

My advice to current college students, based on my own experience? Try not to limit yourself (or label yourself) too soon. I wish now that I hadn't wasted one-and-a-half years on courses that I didn't enjoy and instead had taken more advantage of Yale's incredibly rich and deep course offerings. Actually, my biggest intellectual regret is that I didn't sign up for Directed Studies, the one-year "Great Books" program that Yale offers its freshmen. I also wish that I hadn't worried so much about the end result (in other words, my career). During my senior year, I watched some of my friends apply to medical or law school or go on interviews with investment banks. I even signed up for one such interview, but couldn't go through with it.

So I graduated without a clear sense of what I would do with my life ... and it has all turned out fine. As it so happens, I ended up working in the theater for four years, first as an administrative intern at a regional theater, then in a New York City theatrical casting office. I had a blast! And then I went on to graduate school in comparative literature. Second piece of advice—if it's at all possible, take some time off between college and graduate studies—get a job (and not necessarily a career-building one), travel, volunteer. ... You will have plenty of time to pursue your career (or possibly, like me, careers), since we are all living longer these days, and you will benefit from the time off before diving back into the pressures of school. I know that when I arrived at graduate school, I enjoyed it far more than I had my undergraduate studies—in part because I was refreshed



Levin

and rejuvenated by my experiences in the "real world," and in part because the time off had allowed me to decide what I really wanted to be when I grew up!

From Allan Silver, Professor Emeritus of Sociology:

My undergraduate years must seem pre-historic to today's undergraduates—I entered college in 1947. Competition with returning veterans was one reason I was not admitted to any Ivy League school. Another was the "Jewish quota." This was severe at Columbia, defending itself against the minorities of New York City. When I joined Columbia's faculty in 1964, I heard stories of a dazzling class, recently graduated, admitted solely on merit, by a dean who lost his job for doing so. There were stories of Columbia rejecting support from Jewish, Greek, and Asian alumni. True or not, all were then believable.

I studied at the University of Michigan, where I remained to take a Ph.D. in its social psychology program, then top in the country. Before coming to Columbia, I taught at the University of Wisconsin. I remain grateful to these great public universities, open to talent from states outside their own, and to the children of minorities. They were without prejudice well before the Ivy League discovered multiculturalism, though they had no such word for this condition.

Approaching graduation in 1951, I faced a choice utterly remote to today's undergraduates. The Korean War had begun the previous year and the draft was intensive. One could delay military service by going to graduate school. Should I enter the army or start graduate study? I could imagine no other future than being a professor, but was uncommitted to a field. A liberal in politics, I was passionately anti-communist and saw the invasion of South Korea as echoing the fascist



Khan

aggressions that had led to the recent world war. I was trained as a rifleman, but did not see combat because in that time of McCarthyism I was suspected of being a communist.

Nevertheless, saluting the flag to a bugle call, armed, is imprinted in my memory, along with the whole idea of service to the nation—military or not. During the Vietnam War, I helped form a faculty group that sought prosecution for aiding Columbia undergraduates who refused to be drafted. Opposing "Operation Iraqi Freedom," I noticed that the policy intellectuals urging it had spent the Vietnam years in universities, not

TRY NOT TO LIMIT YOURSELF (OR LABEL YOURSELF) TOO SOON.

military service. All this animated my sustained support for ROTC's return to Columbia.

I am amazed by today's undergraduate résumés. They burst with precocity—internships in Congress or the British parliament, fluency in languages unrelated to English gained by working in lands far away, scientific research on problems I can't imagine. Undergraduates like me were rarely offered a chance for experiences deserving a résumé. However, we were fortunate because, as a relatively small generation born in the Great Depression, we grew into an expanding economy and university system, and didn't need résumés until we sought positions, whether in academia or the great world. I hope that today's imperative of the early résumé does not impinge on the joy and pain of taking chances during those precious four years of college that never come again and that undergraduate education will never become a mini-career. ●

Life as a Young, Digital Art Museum

because playing video games is important

BY KAITLIN PHILLIPS
ILLUSTRATION BY COLIN SULLIVAN

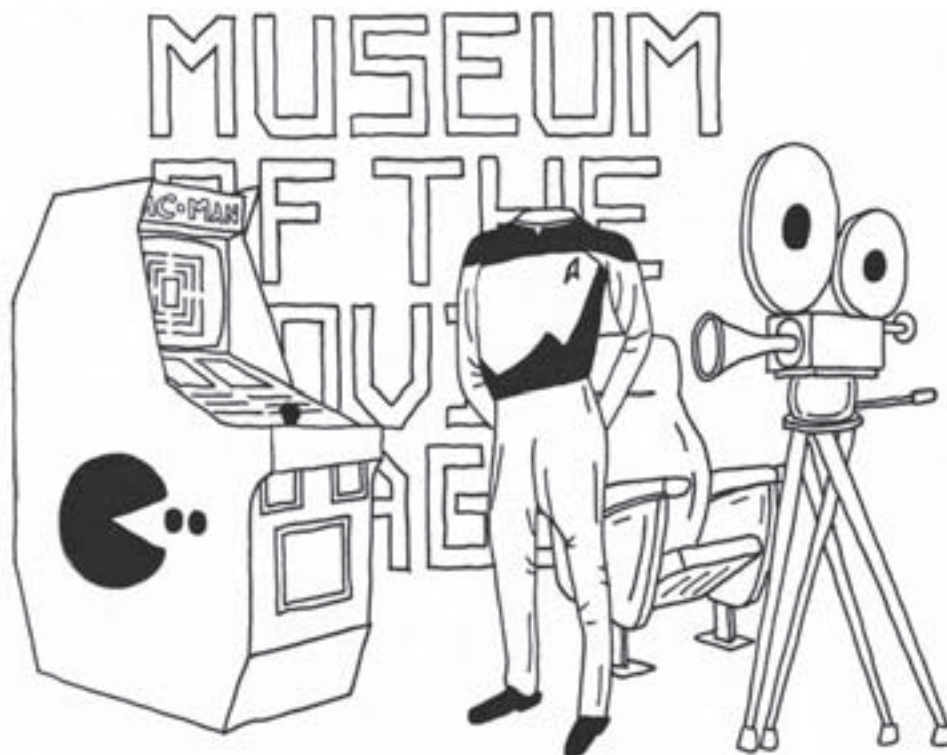
Obviously, the time you spend watching “critically-acclaimed dark foreign movies” on Netflix could be used for other things. Or, like I obstinately decided to do not long ago, one could just flip that temporal currency into something slightly more valuable, at least by, ahem, Columbia standards: cultural capital.

This is about the real world—the one with dinner parties where, if properly “educated,” you’ll be dropping Fran Lebowitz-style one-liners like you were born to do it. Never mind that you should have picked up enough from all those Lit Hum classes you slept through, given that certain New York museums are available to fill the gap. Head on down (and over) to Astoria, Queens, where you’ll find the newly renovated—to look, at least on the inside, like an attractive, sterilized quasi-spaceship—Museum of the Moving Image, an ever-evolving beacon for cinephiles and poseurs alike since 1988.

The museum champions itself as being one-of-a-kind, a claim not without relative merit. Video game consoles, contemporary installations of digital media, filmic memorabilia, interactive computer games, screenings, and a hip café all share the same creative space. Executive Director Carl Goodman said he likes to think of it as “the museum that created a whole new category of museums—one that is related to culture and society in a way that art museums do not always have the privilege of being.”

BUT THEY AREN'T COMPLAINING, INSTEAD FOCUSING ON CREATING PROGRAMS THAT A WIDE RANGE OF PEOPLE WILL THINK ARE WORTH PAYING FOR.

This ethos reveals a conscious and necessary attempt on the part of a young, categorically “cool” museum to corner its niche factor in a town of storied cultural institutions. Establishing relevancy is important for any nonprofit with financial stakes, and even more so if it is small and operating during a recession from a location like Queens. I chatted with Goodman—a former curator for the museum who rose to the top position recently upon the retirement of the museum’s storied maverick of a founder—on the phone recently, and we had a conversation that ranged from a tale about a faulty door latch, in reference to the ins and outs of a \$67 million renovation project, to his dislike of the word “hipster.” He says, “There is no such thing.”



I’d dropped the H-bomb in an attempt to get a feel for the PR angle they’re going for. It isn’t too far off to see a comparison between this museum and the Bowery’s New Museum, an institution that seems to thrive off its youthful, “hot” appeal. The likenesses don’t stop there, with both featuring newly built, futuristic, stark white interiors, in out-of-the-way neighborhoods. But Goodman is quick to point out the differences. For one, he says, “We don’t have an advertising budget. People might think that we have more resources than we do.”

Working within the confines of a limited budget while still making a name for itself as a uniquely diverse institution is all part of the day-to-day struggle of this museum. Goodman was explicit in expressing the “damaging notion” of a public that feels that “cultural institutions float along from unnamed rich people.” But they aren’t complaining, instead focusing on creating programs that people will pay for.

Wandering through the museum on a Sunday afternoon would seem to suggest a level of success. I was subjected not only to the low incantatory hum of technological modernity, but also to the voices of a surprising number of children. Just as the museum juxtaposes neon splashes of blue and pink against its white, shellacked interior, I found it a welcome sign that your tweedy, Richard Brody-style film nerd was brushing shoulders with the kid-distracted-by-shiny-objects demographic.

In a section of contemporary art exhibits, one of these four-foot creatures and I marveled at “Cathedral,” a video installation that projected a montage of images from a Toronto megamall during the Christmas shopping season, manipulated to simulate a Gothic rose window. Perhaps we weren’t scared on the same ideological level, but no matter.

I then headed to the “Behind the Screen” exhibits, which include the opportunity to change the soundtrack to such classics as *Vertigo* and brush up on intro film facts (*Nanook of the North* = first documentary). A third section of the museum is dedicated to artifacts, which range from cult kitsch to the purely informational. Did I care to see all the makeup used in *Sex and the City 2*? Um, no. But the ape costume from *2001: A Space Odyssey*, not to mention Larry David’s original notes for a *Seinfeld* episode, were a totally different story (because you want to know: loopy cursive on a spiral notebook with pages numbered by hand).

Of course, one of the goals for the Museum of the Moving Image is to be much more than just the exhibits that can be seen on any given day. The museum runs a well known and respected website, “The Moving Image Source,” as a means to provide a video-centric JSTOR. Similarly, a partnership with the Sloan Foundation has led to the museum displaying films made by students at the Columbia School of the Arts. Programmatically, there is an effort to draw interesting and diverse speakers to supplement various events. Although the date has not been set, Goodman mentioned that Columbia mathematics professor Brian Greene will soon be participating in a screening.

And, whether they want to admit it or not, the upcoming “Signal to Noise” party (Saturday, May 7, 8 p.m.–2 a.m.) will attract a crowd of young people (hipsters?) for, if nothing else, the self-proclaimed “booty-shaking beats.” Goodman sees this event, which will be a mix of party and curated video installation, as an opportunity for the museum “to take on a slightly different personality” in a way that a larger institution cannot. And maybe he’s right: being young does have its advantages. ●

A Body of Work

what does a company do when its founding choreographer dies?

BY GARNET HENDERSON

ILLUSTRATION BY CINDY PAN

A two-year, international, celebratory tour. A final performance on New Year's Eve in New York City. All financed by an \$8 million initiative. It's a retirement plan that has celebrity written all over it. But this is not an MTV special. Jay-Z isn't retiring (again), and Madonna's not hanging up her spandex shorts. No, this is "The Legacy Plan," the grand scheme for the end of the Merce Cunningham Dance Company, which after 58 years in existence, will disband at the end of 2011.

This plan was established in accordance with the wishes of founder Merce Cunningham, who died in 2009. Cunningham's decision to close his company is a remarkable one, although the question of what to do with a choreographer's work once he or she has died is by no means new. "Generally the impulse has always been to figure out how to continue," says Patricia Lent, a former MDC dancer and now director of repertory licensing for the company.

But dance companies do not always find ways to continue successfully. "It is very difficult for a company to survive the death of its founding choreographer," Lynn Garafola, dance historian and Barnard professor, explains. Because it relies on the physical body, dance can be difficult to preserve. Once a work is created, it can't be hung on the wall like a painting. So, whenever a choreographer dies, many questions are left behind. Is a work authentic if it is restaged under the direction of someone other than its original creator? Is something lost as a dance is passed down? And can a piece stay relevant beyond its historical moment?

IS SOMETHING LOST AS A DANCE IS PASSED DOWN? AND CAN A PIECE STAY RELEVANT BEYOND ITS HISTORICAL MOMENT?

Current ideas of artistic ownership complicate this issue even further. Choreographic works became protected under copyright law in 1976, making the issue of artistic control a legal one. After a choreographer dies, who actually owns his work? And if the choreographer has established a company, what happens to it?

Merce Cunningham was a prolific and famous choreographer, creating more than 150 dances in his lifetime. He made a name for himself through his unusual, controversial movement and choreographic techniques. Cunningham was interested in the element of chance, often rolling dice to determine the order of phrases in a piece. He also insisted

that dance should stand alone, without a supporting narrative. Cunningham collaborated with many artists and musicians, most notably and frequently musician and partner John Cage. The two artists believed that dance and music should exist in the same time and space, but should otherwise be independent of one another. Cunningham also created and codified his own modern dance technique, which is taught in schools around the world.

Cunningham did more than just plan for the future of his company. In 2000, he established the Merce Cunningham Trust, an organization to manage all the legal rights to his choreography. "My understanding of the trust was that it was to try to develop a clarity over the ownership of the works," Lent explains. Garafola agrees. "I personally see the Cunningham decision as a reaction against the mess that has gone on in the Graham 'family,'" she says. The "mess" that Garafola refers to began in 1991, after the death of modern dance innovator Martha Graham. In her will, Graham left all the rights to her work to a single heir, Ron Protas. Years later, Protas became involved in an extended legal battle with the Martha Graham Dance Company. He fought the company over the use of Graham's name, and the rights to her works and dance technique. The company had already been suffering from financial problems for many years.

Similar problems have threatened the work of many more choreographers, such as prominent ballet creator George Balanchine. When Balanchine died in 1983, he left the rights to his ballets to many different heirs. The George Balanchine Trust was established in 1986 to streamline the licens-

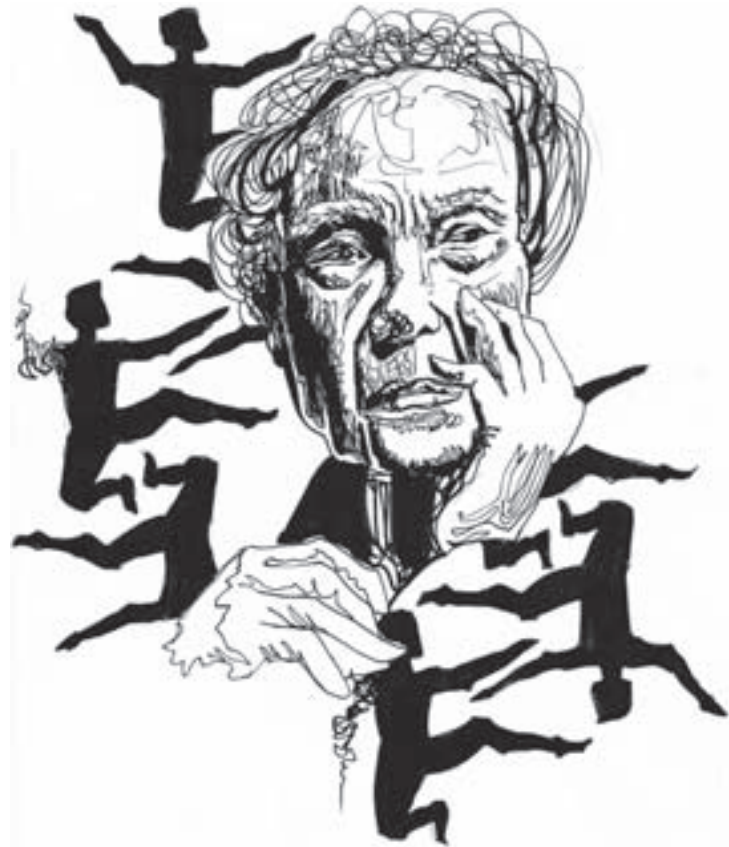
ing process, so that if a dance company wanted to perform one of Balanchine's works, there was one organization to apply to. But, the individual owners of Balanchine's pieces could revoke the rights to perform them at any time. And the Balanchine Trust has received quite a bit of criticism for being too stingy in licensing.

Still, the Balanchine Trust has been successful thus far. "The Balanchine plan with a trust has gone into effect in the case of a number of choreographers," says Garafola. "In general ... licensing fees are a source of income for choreographers and trusts."

As for the question of Cunningham's particular relevance, Garafola says, "Very crucial will be what happens on the campus and whether college and university dance departments perform Cunningham work on a relatively frequent basis. This will be very significant in maintaining and increasing interest in the Cunningham repertory generally."

"I think the biggest task for the Trust is to figure out what to do with human resources, because there won't always be dancers who have worked with Merce. ... you need bodies to hold onto movement," says Lent.

Despite the disbanding of the company, Lent says that Cunningham seemed to be interested in having future generations tackle his work. "He said to me quite clearly ... as long as people are interested in seeing the work, and dancing the work, he was interested ... in having people try," she says. Cunningham's plan is indeed something of an experiment—and its outcomes will no doubt inform the end-of-life decisions of a future generation of artists. ●



Taking Another Stab At It

will *Scre4m* revitalize the horror genre?

BY RAUL GONZALEZ
ILLUSTRATION BY THUTO SOMO

I settled into my seat with a large tub of popcorn and an oversized cup of Diet Coke, ready to watch the new installment of the classic horror series *Scream* and participate in the inevitable audience shriekfest. As the theater lights dimmed, I wondered if, a decade later, *Scre4m* would be able to successfully reawaken the horror genre in the same innovative way that its predecessor did in the '90s.

Horror is different now than when *Scream* first graced movie screens. Stabbing, gore, sadism, and soft porn all seem to be typical components of the horror genre, particularly within the past decade or so. The eventual decline in acclaim for horror films began in the late 1980s and early '90s, when many horror films went straight to VHS and scared up little financial or critical success. In 1996, director Wes Craven and writer Kevin Williamson teamed up to create and release one of the most successful horror films in decades: *Scream*. The success of *Scream* relied heavily on its ability to revitalize classic techniques of earlier horror films like *Halloween* and *Friday the 13th*, with a winking, comedic punch.

The *Scream* franchise continued its releases with *Scream 2* in 1997 and *Scream 3* in 2000. Since then, it's reasonable to argue that the horror genre itself has experienced a backslide into what it was prior to the release of *Scream* in '96. With all the hype surrounding the new installment of the series, *Scre4m*, horror fans were wondering if the new film could once again usher in a golden age for horror film.

I had a short conversation with executive producer Marianne Maddalena, who has worked as a producer for all the *Scream* films, alongside fre-

WHAT DID THE SCREAM MOVIES BRING TO THE GENRE THAT THE CURRENT HORROR ATMOSPHERE SEEMS TO LACK?

quent collaborator Craven. She is also responsible for originally discovering the mask popularized by the Ghostface killer while scouting film locations.

What did the *Scream* movies bring to the genre that current horror films seem to lack? Maddalena immediately points out the lack of character

development in such popular gore-fests as the *Saw* and *Hostel* franchises. "*Scream* seemed to change this in 1996, broke this continuity, and then the style reverted, unfortunately," she says. According to Joe Marano, a junior in CC, *Scre4m* does indeed capture and continue this sense of character continuity and development, even though the story picks up a decade later," she says. She notes that the film includes, "real character development, which makes you care more about the characters when they get into danger."

Continuing in the tradition of the original film, *Scre4m* provides witty commentary on the horror genre itself. It frequently references the notion of the sequel in a new technological age and by features characters who are well-versed in the conventions of slasher flicks. "The primary intention was to match the cleverness of the first *Scream*, while introducing a fresh new idea and to twist to the plot by having the characters rely on technology in order to film the murders and carry out their plan."

The film ridicules recent horror movie hits. The cinematically versed teenagers in film joke about recent clichés like "the Asian ghost girl" and the film even nods to the recent paranormal craze by featuring its own kind of handheld found footage when Ghostface decides to film his own murders. Yet even with all this satire, the film still does an excellent job creating unpredictable plot twists, which prevents it from becoming one huge poke-and-joke in other horror films. The violent characteristics of the Ghostface itself are not much altered and its murdering techniques remain somewhat predictable. But the character of the Ghostface still terrifies, and the killer's motivations in this new film were completely unexpected. While the film successfully reflects changes within the horror genre, it is still at its core, as Marano describes, "a hard-boiled whodunnit mystery movie."

The shocking plot twists and turns in *Scre4m* allow it to not only be social commentary on the horror genre, but also a revitalization of certain horror genre techniques that have disappeared. Ghostface does more than kill half-naked babes in their bedrooms. The psychopath is a complex killer that gets under our skins with his creepy phone calls and disturbing psychological games. Whether *Scre4m* matches up the cleverness of the original *Scream* is debatable, but *Scre4m* is nevertheless a refreshing new installment unparalleled by recent scary movie releases.

The *Scream* series is rumored to be back on track with two new sequels. While the writing, character development, and edge-of-your-seat thrills are excellent in the new film, I wonder how much more *Scream* can say about the modern horror flick without sounding repetitive and dated. In any case, I still will be anxiously awaiting Ghostface's next chilling call. ■



We're Not Joking. Just Joking.

parsing out the humor of das racist

BY NICOLLETTE BARSAMIAN
ILLUSTRATION BY IAN MARSHALL

Das Racist's Ashok Kondabolu, better known as Dap, is too cool for school, but not too cool for Columbia. The rapper will be bringing his hipster style to the Bacchanal stage this Saturday. With the song "hahahaha jk?" named one of the 50 best singles of 2010 by Rolling Stone, Das Racist is anything but a joke.

The video for "Who's That? Brooown!" featured a playable 8-bit video game where Himanshu Suri and Victor Vazquez were on the search through the boroughs to find you. What did it feel like to be the end goal of a video game that people were playing? Was it objectifying?

It is very objectifying, but so is a great deal of the performance and distribution of music. I don't mind, as long as it allows me to make some money and do some of the weird things I want to do in New York City. I was a little upset that I didn't get an 8-bit close-up in the video like the other guys did, I got to be honest.

And then the video became a Pitchfork Top 40 of 2010 video and was selected to screen at Sundance. What does it feel like to be co-opted by hipsters and film-goers?

I'd consider myself to be a part of those two groups, although "hipster" is an annoying word that can be used to describe pretty much any group of people who don't want to sit around eating Doritos and watching American football. We don't exist inside a special "rap universe," although I wish we did! What would it be like?

Das Racist as a group is very reluctant to talk about meaning of songs. Do you feel that all artists should be silent about meaning, or is this something specific to your work?

I think that it's more interesting to allow the music to speak for itself while it's being made and still fairly new. Years later, it's a different story, and artists might want to divulge some of the history or whatever behind the music. I don't think our music is especially difficult to understand, although maybe it is to parse. Most of the slang is pretty well known, though we say some wildino shit in "real life." Though I do wonder what Lil B is talking about in that "Ellen Degeneres" song. A subtle shot at Chris Brown, perhaps? I hope so—Chris Brown is terrible.

So you'll be at Columbia to perform with Snoop Dogg. Did you listen to Snoop Dogg back in your younger days?

The first time I heard "Drop It Like It's Hot" was on the steps of the Columbia library with my friend Dave Marcus. I used to live on 104th Street



TAKE IT OR LEAVE IT, THERE'S PLENTY OF SHIT TO LISTEN TO. BUT IF YOU DON'T LIKE IT, FUCK YOU.

and Broadway, and we'd hang out on the campus sometimes and bother students. Not sure how much of an influence he is, although I've heard his music thousands of times since I was like 7, so how can we even tell? It's like radon gas poisoning.

Speaking of being here at Columbia, you and Suri both attended Stuyvesant High School, the prestigious New York City public high school. As I'm sure you know, many Stuy students wind up at Columbia. How do you feel about that? Your band's site has said that Suri and Vazquez met at "Sarah Lawrence Bard Pomona Wesleyan Art College." Do you feel like Columbia fits this description?

Well, people go to Stuyvesant to end up at colleges like Columbia, so I'm not surprised. Those are all liberal arts colleges. Columbia's in a different zone. Shouts to Barnard, where I used to spend time in 2004–2005!

You often bring up race in your songs. Recently, Stuyvesant had a scandal over a "racist video" and students were suspended. Yet, Stuyvesant is 72 percent Asian. How do you feel about this? Suri has said, "I think being minorities at a liberal arts college and that type of environment had an impact on both the way we view race and our sense

of humor, which people often use as a tool to deal with race."

Stuyvesant was something like 50 percent Asian when I went there. Me and Hima spent time with Indian kids on the fourth floor for a while and were part of a group called Third World that was like all the kids of color rolling around. I think being in Manhattan and taking the train and walking around the entire city for the first time was more important than the actual school experience. Also, I'm a mildly intelligent kid from "7-train Queens," so, you know, I had some idea about what was going on. So basically, I don't know!

Das Racist has been hailed as both "an urgent new voice in rap" and dismissed as a joke. In your song "hahahaha jk?" you say, "We're not joking. Just joking." So are you really just joking?

After hearing a bunch of dudes in their late 20s and early 30s talking about Earl Sweatshirt, a 16-year-old boy, and what his plans for the future might be, I choose not to speculate about what other people think about this particular rap group's music. Many people are bored and overeducated with a lot of free time and a worthless degree and a sense of entitlement, so who cares what they think? Take it or leave it, there's plenty of shit to listen to. But if you don't like it, fuck you.

According to your website, you were in Portland for 4/20. Did you go to celebrate the holidays?

We were actually in Austin, Texas, playing at a NORML event. I don't smoke weed very often. Legalization seems to make sense, but it would really fuck with a lot of my friends' money, if you know what I mean. ●

Dedicated to Vogue's Readership

where the devil wears prada and the readers wear envy

BY HILARY SYMINGTON
ILLUSTRATION BY CINDY PAN

To Henry

He licked his lips, staring soulfully into the eyes of this month's *Vogue* cover.

Oh, she was perfect. She was absolutely perfect. There was the face of Linda Love, the face that launched a thousand clichéd comparisons, on the cover of January's issue of *Vogue*.

Oh, she was perfect.

Blonde, tanned darker than a Bollywood princess, with sensual lips, so incredibly plump and glossed—Linda Love was Henry's dream.

"You gonna buy that?" barked the magazine-stand-owner.

Without looking up, Henry plunked down a five dollar bill and walked briskly away, tucking the magazine tightly under his jacket. Smooth, solid, substantial, the magazine pressed against his thin T-shirt, rubbing the nubby cotton against his flesh.

Linda Love, Linda Love ... oh, she was perfect.

He walked home as fast as his skinny legs would carry him, heart pounding, not used to such strenuous exercise. He kept the magazine held tight against him—his magazine. His sun-lit window.

Up the apartment staircase Henry sprinted, frantically unlocking his door, and, shutting it behind him.

Finally, he collapsed in exhaustion onto his \$13 Housing Works bean bag chair—the only real piece of furniture in the entire studio.

The quiet was glorious.

Henry smiled.

Slowly, now, savoring the anticipation, he flipped to page 211. There, lo and behold, was a seven-page article on the object of his desire: Linda Love.

If only they knew, thought Henry, if only they knew about us.

"Me and you, Linda," he mouthed.

To Marisa

Marisa is a body-image therapist. Disgusted by society's sacrilization of thinness, she delights in tearing the media apart. *Vogue* is her specialty.

Marisa is neither fat nor ugly. Marisa is bitter.

Sitting in the patient waiting room she shares with a nutritionist and a life coach, she glares at the collar bones of January's cover girl. How dare they protrude like that, inspiring women to purposeful self-destruction! How dare they!

To Jamie

All her life—nearly twenty-seven years now—Jamie had one simple mantra that she repeated over and over whenever things got crazy: Nothing makes sense except makeup. Nothing.

This particular Wednesday evening, however, Jamie was too exhausted for mantras. Hair in her



mouth, keys precariously close to falling out of her purse, she picked up the fresh pile of mail waiting by her door.

January's issue!

OK, maybe two things make sense.

She took a moment to visually inhale the cover of this month's *Vogue*. Surrounding the face of some beautiful stranger (they all look alike) and beneath the signature all-caps title block—this month, the font was neon green—Jamie scanned the delicious menu:

"Spring into spring!" "Love finally speaks." "Killer eyeliner." Doesn't everybody just want longer eyelashes?"

Bliss.

She left the bills, Publishers Clearing House letters, and hideous "activewear" catalogs by the door and went inside.

Tonight, there would be no 50 year-old clients wanting to look 30. There would be no curious gay men. There would be no teeny boppers preparing for their first night at some sketchy-chic club.

There would just be Jamie, Jamie's seven-hundred-and-twelve pots of eye shadow, and the latest issue of *Vogue*.

**SMOOTH, SOLID, SUBSTANTIAL,
THE MAGAZINE PRESSED
AGAINST HIS THIN T-SHIRT.**

To Michael

Michael hardly even looked up.

"Try to look like you're alive!" he snarled at the beautiful, terrified waif wearing his boss's latest vodka-tonic-induced design.

Fucking Linda Love. Who the fuck was Linda Love? No one! She was nothing without him.

"Love finally speaks," read the caption.

"Speaks! Ha!" he grunted, fuming, forgetting his place. "That guy must be some great fucking puppeteer."

To Ashley

People think materialism is an affliction only the wealthy suffer from. People think you have to have money to be commodity-driven, to be motivated almost entirely by greed.

Ashley knows this isn't true.

"On the back table, sweetie," Mrs. Molina whispered to Ashley, gesturing to the back of the library. Ashley nodded.

She put her books down, gracefully contorting herself into a cross-legged perch.

This was her hour. For sixty minutes, the plastic-covered *Vogue* belonged entirely to her and she to it. Her wide eyes darted from one page to the next:

A red leather Miu Miu purse. A pair of eco-friendly jeans. Five pairs of black satin pumps. A wait-list only stationary set from Provence. Impeccably tailored trousers. A white trench coat.

Want consumed Ashley.

To everyone else

A preview of what to expect in February: Taupe manicures! How to walk in heels (better)! The 80s power suit revisited! Fool-proof dieting!

And more! ●



MAY

SUNDAY	MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY
1 <i>Snoop Dogg's hangover STUDY</i>	2 LAST <i>day of class</i>	3 <i>Procrastinate Day</i>	4 <i>sort of needing day</i>	5 PANIC <i>study day</i> AM () PM () W ()	6 <i>TO BUY:</i> <input type="checkbox"/> Red Bull <input type="checkbox"/> Library studies <input type="checkbox"/> procrastinate <input type="checkbox"/> Planobook <input type="checkbox"/> Library book exams <i>PARTY! (procrastinating)</i>	7 <i>Guilty hangover study day</i> <i>TO BUY:</i> <input type="checkbox"/> Vitamin water <input type="checkbox"/> Gatorade <input type="checkbox"/> Abol <input type="checkbox"/> MAKE REGULL
8 super PARK DAY <i>super</i>	9 exams <i>TERM PAPER DUE CRASH</i>	10 exams <i>Desperately search for summer housing study</i>	11 exams <i>Pine for summer ☀️</i>	12 exams <i>almost there...</i>	13 exams <i>if you HATES YOU</i> RAGE	14 <i>hangover # of the month BARNARD & CALDWELL MORPHEUS DEADLINE WHERE IS THAT KEY...</i>
15	16 SEASIDE DAY <i>SEASIDE</i>	17 GC GRAB DAY <i>GC GRAB</i>	18 <i>Commencement!</i>	19 <i>Columbian Board Seniors: MOVE OUT into the REAL WORLD DEADLINE</i>	20 Summer	21 Summer
22	23	24	25 <i>(but summer still isn't until June 21st so not yet really)</i>	26	27	28
29	30	31				