

# the eye

## THE 116TH HOUR

or, how I learned to  
stop worrying and  
become a true  
columbian

by Dino Grandoni







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# THE 116TH HOUR

An attempt to fit as many traditions in one weekend as possible, pg. 07

*by Dino Grandnoi*  
*cover illustration by Cindy Pan*

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## LETTER FROM THE EDITOR

Drew Magary, a writer for the sports blog Deadspin, recently posted an essay called “The Loneliness of the American College Transfer Student.” Magary transferred to Colby after one semester at Michigan. He touches on some lesser-known aspects of being a transfer: the feeling that, at your first college, you were doing something wrong. That an otherworldly force has conspired to squelch your technicolor dreams of college: four years of endless booze and many regrets, but somehow totally sophisticated.

These characterizations are all true. I transferred to Columbia from Middlebury after my freshman year. Unlike Magary, though, I didn’t continue to feel unsatisfied. I liked it here immediately, and I liked the people. It was the right choice.

But I don’t tell people right away that I’m a transfer student. It’s not because I’m embarrassed (Obama was a transfer!)—it’s just that I’m a little sad to have missed out on some important Columbia experiences.

I missed the first one on *Spec’s* list of 116 Columbia traditions:

entering the gates on the first night of orientation singing “Roar, Lion, Roar.”

Transfers also miss out on #4: cramming for the Lit Hum exam with your Carman floor. As a sophomore, my roommate (another transfer) and I crammed by ourselves in our EC double.

Transfers miss a full year of Columbia traditions. With only a year and a half left at a place I love and feel so lucky to attend, I’m feeling a crunch to get all I can out of my time here.

Graduating seniors might relate. Senior Dino Grandoni attempted the ultimate time crunch for this week’s lead story: trying to do as many of the 116 traditions in a weekend as possible.

Reading over his story can make any undergrad here feel preemptive nostalgia. But when you think about it, nostalgia is sort of what we’re all looking to earn at college. It’s the only thing Magary wanted. When we complete #116, let’s hope each of us can lug a hefty dose of it home with our diplomas.

Amanda Cormier  
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BALANCE SHEET  
PRICELESS

BY MARGARET BOYKIN

In the spirit of applications for summer (unpaid) internships, I examined the figures behind my valuable fashion learning experience.

Note: I’ve taken the liberty of approximating the unquantifiable worth of my own dignity, so this is a rough sum. Look it over. Baby-sitting’s not sounding too bad, is it?

GAINS

Swag	
Store Credit .....	\$300
Merchandise.....	\$300
Networking Value.....	\$150
Bragging Rights (and subsequent self-esteem boost).....	\$260
Number of Times I Pretended to Be a Real Employee .....	\$100
5 x \$20	
	+ total: \$1,110.00

LOSSES

4 unlimited Metro cards .....	-\$416
4 x -\$104	
SoHo lunches \$10 per day, 2 days a week .....	-\$400
Number of times Sales Director called me “Madison”.....	-\$100
5 x -\$20	
Paper Cuts From Filing, including Bandaid cost.....	-\$5
Personal investment in merchandise to feel like I fit in .....	-\$600
Losses to self-dignity/worth/esteem.....	-\$100
Opportunity cost of not working a minimum wage job (272 hrs, \$7.25/hr) .....	-\$1,972
	- total: \$3,593.00

NET GAIN (LOSS) .....-\$2,483

EDITOR’S PICK  
SPRING BREAKDOWN

The editors tell us where they went for spring break and what remnants of the trip they brought back to remind themselves that, for a glorious few moments, they weren’t surrounded by home-work and crappy weather.



COMPILED BY MARGARET BOYKIN



# WHAT'S IN

by Jon Edelman and Anthony Clay



# YOUR BAG?



NICK  
LOGAN,  
GS '13



SOLEIL  
GRANT,  
CC '14



ANNIE  
ZHANG,  
BC '11



# Lights, Camera, Fire

defying film theory with film practice

BY MOLLY SPEACHT  
PHOTO BY ZARA CASTANY

“Striking!” The powerful light of the set lamp flares across the room as assistant director Jonathan Smith, a sophomore in CC, referred to simply as AD on set, works on diffusing the intensity using a sheet of heavy duty plastic gloves and some wooden clips. With the lighting looking good, everyone gets in place to shoot the first scene of the night in the Furnald third floor lounge. The boom mic is in place, the actors wait for their cues, and the camera is ready to roll as the crew readies for action.

That is, until the smell of burning plastic begins permeating through the room. “Oh shit!” the plastic sheet hanging over the lamp is on fire, not just smoking: actually in flames.

For the amateur filmmakers of Columbia Undergraduate Film Productions, a day on the set is no Hollywood fantasy. CUFPP began offering a spring “production season” in 2009 as a way to guide filmmakers through the complicated journey from script to screen. This year, Director John Colella, a sophomore in CC, and his crew of five other Columbia students stayed on campus over spring break to shoot “Tally,” one of five student films that are being sponsored by CUFPP’s third annual production season. “Tally” is the story of a mysterious loner who disturbs his fellow students by writing tally marks in a notebook he carries.

Screenwriter and camera operator Mae Smith, a freshman in CC, wrote the short film “Tally” during CUFPP’s fall screenwriting workshop. Having graduated from a high school specializing in media production, Smith says that Columbia has surprisingly few opportunities when it comes to undergraduate film production. “At my school we had at least 40 digital cameras available to us

at all times,” she says. “All we had to do was ask to borrow them. Here, the application process for getting a film made is very difficult. Finding a film community has been frustrating. It’s definitely here, but you have to seek it out.”

Many student filmmakers express frustration at the fact that the film studies major focuses much more on theory, history, and criticism, rather than production. Only one production class is required for undergraduates, along with a short film for the senior thesis, and the experience of actually producing a film can be very different from simply studying film. “Going out and making a film is completely different, and much harder, than sitting in a classroom and learning criticism,” says Colella. “Personally, I feel Columbia should offer an intro filmmaking course to run in tandem with the intro theory course so students can get a feel for both sides of the film studies major.”

CUFPP holds a screenwriting workshop in the fall semester for young writers and chooses five of the completed screenplays, based on director interest and campus shooting feasibility, for spring production. All members of the film crews, from directors to production assistants, must apply through the club for their position and can use rented equipment. No experience is required, and for students with no production background, CUFPP is their first real taste of how a film gets made.

“I’m on the listserv for CUFPP, so when I saw that production season was starting, I applied to be a production assistant, thinking I’d start by doing an easy job first,” says Meagan Servin, a sophomore in CC. Servin had never been on a film set before “Tally” and admitted apprehension in performing her jobs well. “This is a completely new experience for me, and when they assigned me as a sound operator, I had to actually Wikipe-

dia the title because I had no idea what a sound operator was supposed to do.”

Back on the set of “Tally,” the AD frantically unplugs the lamp as Colella admits he hasn’t really worked with lighting much before, and that this lamp has an “extremely hot bulb.” While they work on smothering the flames with their gloves, a window is opened to stop the smoke detectors, because as it turns out, Colella and his crew don’t actually have authorization to be filming anywhere on campus this week. “I didn’t think getting authorization was a big deal and left it to the last minute,” says Colella. “I just don’t understand why we need to do this for filming outside, it makes no sense when I see tourists with cameras all the time and no one stops them.”

## FOR THE AMATEUR FILMMAKERS OF CUFPP, A DAY ON THE SET IS NO HOLLYWOOD FANTASY.

According to Isaiah Everin, a junior in CC and CUFPP’s director of production, any authorization needed by student filmmakers is no different than what anyone else in the city would need: permission from public safety to shoot on campus and in campus buildings. Colella, however, says that he was never given clear instructions from anyone at CUFPP about how to get shooting permission and wasn’t able to get the paperwork completed in time for his start date. As a result, Colella and his crew were stopped by public safety on one of their shooting days and will be forced to finish the film at a later date. “I think Columbia should cut down all this red tape and make this kind of stuff easier, so that more student projects can be made and supported,” says Colella.

“Tally” is as indie a film as they come, working on a shoestring budget of around \$300. CUFPP provides each film \$100 and all of the necessary equipment; any other funds must come from the director. Even with the tight finances, Colella naturally embodies the typical director persona, instructing the actors and crew with a level of professionalism that could only come from someone born to be a filmmaker. He even spent \$45 of his own money to buy a clapboard, the black and white device clapped in front of the camera before the director shouts “Action!”

“Filmmaking is a tough and arduous process, and sometimes it really sucks, especially when things go wrong, like they did a few times this weekend,” says Colella. “But in the end you have this ‘thing’ that you can call your own; it has your own stamp on it and it is uniquely yours. That I think is the best part, and it makes all the shit that happened in between worth it.”





*or: how I learned to stop worrying,  
and become a true columbian*

by Dino Grandoni  
illustrations by Cindy Pan



Honestly, there is no time for regrets. Too late for that. Columbia, all four years of her, have practically come and gone.

I'm about to graduate. Just now—literally, as I was writing this—I learned that seniors have to order their caps and gowns this week. Four years of college, and I'm not sure what I have to show for it. A \$200,000 piece of paper? A head full of knowledge? A job, maybe? There must be something more.

Freak-out episodes like this are common among seniors. I've noticed—especially for those, like me, without jobs. Yet, all I'd like at this point is some clarity regarding the Columbia experience. My career will be fine, but for now I need to be able to attach some meaning to this whole college thing.

Each year, *Spectator* publishes a list of 116 Columbia traditions in its orientation issue—a guide to making the most out of Columbia and New York City. Many freshmen may forget about it after their first week, but it's been in the back of my mind this semester. What's an anxious soon-to-be graduate supposed to do with his last few weeks of college? Well, drink a lot. But what else? I think maybe he should embrace Mother Columbia and all her traditions. Become the full Columbian—or graduate trying. And this list should give me some sort of outline for how to accomplish that.

Lots of the items I've already done. I've attended Columbia sporting events (#32) and campus concerts (#27). I've been to World Leader Forums (#7) and Midnight Breakfasts (#28). I've been locked out of my room (#18) and caught moving someone else's laundry (#29), been sexiled (#12) and walk-of-shamed (#36). And I've definitely slept in Butler (#51) on more than one occasion. Some, inevitably,

bly, I've managed to overlook, so I spent one weekend cramming in as many as I could—a last-ditch attempt at the full Columbia Experience. Here's what I learned.

#### FRIDAY

#48. Order the *Spicy Special* at Crack Del. Never actually find out its ingredients.

I'd be remiss in my duties as a Columbia student to never eat a Spicy Special, the famed and famously cheap sandwich of 109 Gourmet Deli, a.k.a. CrackDel, on Amsterdam. It's almost sacrilege that I can't remember the last time I had one, if I ever had one at all. If I have, it wasn't particularly memorable. (What was memorable was having a beer bottle thrown at me outside CrackDel at 1 a.m.)

## I SPENT ONE WEEKEND CRAMMING AS MANY TRADITIONS AS I COULD.

It's best not to think about which particular members of the animal kingdom the sandwich's meats are made from, or the exact composition of its "white sauce." When a sandwich is priced at only \$4 in New York City, clearly some compromises have been made. Nevertheless, its virtues are its price and 24/7 availability, not its quality (mediocre at best; better sandwiches can be had at Appletree, a hidden gem of the MoHi subset) or its size (more panini than submarine). Speaking of which, I've been wondering about something for a long time: If Eskimos have 20-something words for snow, what does America's unusually large number of words\* for "submarine sandwich" say about them?

#77. Walk all the way up Lerner using the ramps only. Wonder why it's built like that.

I don't have to wonder; according to a November 2009 *Eye* interview with architecture professor Andrew Dolkart, Lerner, "was designed before email, and the idea was that everybody would be going to their mailboxes, and those ramps would be incredibly dynamic and you'd see this flow of people walking up

and down the ramps all the time. No-body goes and gets their mail anymore."

While Lerner, with its glass-and-steel boxiness, may be the most contemporary piece of architecture on our classical-inspired campus this side of the Northwest Corner Building, it's already out of date with the advent of email. In fact, that "flow of people walking up and down the ramps," with friends running into each other, is like Gchat today. Lerner was kind of ahead of its time—except that it wasn't at all.

#47. Take a walk across the Brooklyn Bridge. Eat at Grimaldi's.

"This is the most romantic thing you can possibly do," says my suitemate.

This trip, though, was strictly platonic and pizza-related. Grimaldi's sits across the river, at the foot of the Brooklyn Bridge, where hordes of bridge-crossers line up around the corners of Old Fulton Street waiting for what some maintain is New York's best pizza.

Two of my suitemates meet me in the Financial District for the trip, and indeed, there are couples everywhere, walking and watching the sunset. While heading into Brooklyn, we take an ad-hoc, very unscientific survey of hipster couples on the bridge.

"There?" I ask. Two male, both flannel-clad.

"Yeah."

"There?" Hetero pair, man with backpack. Could be his, could be hers.

"Probably not."

Our Official Hipster Couple Count: 11. Columbia obviously is not immune to the homo hipsterus, but clearly these are their breeding grounds. The hipster isn't like you or me; they dress and talk and act differently from us, not necessarily because of any differing predilections on their part, but for the sole sake of being different. Certain traits—like PBR, or NPR, or MGMT—may characterize the hipster, but what defines him really is difficult to pinpoint. It's not irony—that's only a part of it. Really, despite the environmentalism, liberalism, and vegan/vegetarianism, it's a carefully orchestrated air of indifference.

They're above it all, I think. I don't know, maybe I'm being too judgmental—too much like them. Further investigation is warranted, which brings us to...

#75. Hang out in Williamsburg. Hate

(non-hipsters only). Ironically hate it (hipsters only).

After Grimaldi's, we take the G to Williamsburg, ground zero of the New York hipster scene.

Or maybe not so much today—like any once-hip neighborhood, Williamsburg is gentrifying, and it looks like we might have arrived too late. Friday night, and the streets are nearly vacant. There is no palpable buzz of nightlife. No hipsters, really—only their artifacts. Like, for example, empty bathtubs lining one side street, repurposed as gardens.

A bar, one of my friends suggests. So we find one that has a promising name: the Trash Bar. We hit the jackpot: walls

## RUNNING IN RIVERSIDE REMINDS YOU THAT MORNINGSIDE HEIGHTS IS A REAL NEIGHBORHOOD.

lined with license plates. Car seats finding second lives as bar stools. Pool players as intrusive to bar patrons as those at 1020. Live music in the back. We've found their nest.

After ordering a beer, I sit in one of the car seats. Both my friends remain standing.

"Think about how many people have had sex in those cars."

"No one. That's so unlikely."

"Think about the type of people who would donate car seats to a bar."

"..."

You know when you can tell you don't belong in a place? Where people know you're not a regular? That's the vibe the three of us get here, standing detached along the wall opposite the bar. It's strange to go for a drink at a place more than 10 blocks away from school. I really don't leave campus often. But that's my reality next year.

#### SATURDAY

#10. Watch a sunrise over (not in) Morningside Park after pulling an all-

nighter.

I get to do that every day from my EC townhouse. I will not have nearly as good an apartment next year.

#71. Get into museums free using your CUID.

If I'm wrong, art history students, correct me on this: Based on the Wikipedia searching I did, the only alum of any of Columbia's undergraduate schools to have his or her work in one of the city's major art museums is Ad Reinhardt, minimalist/abstractionist painter and CC '35. "Minimalist" may be bit of an understatement with regard to Reinhardt; he is most famous for his so-called "black paintings"—canvases seemingly painted jet-black until closer inspection, which reveals a patchwork of slightly different near-black hues. A MoMA guard stationed in the gallery with the largest of these paintings suggests that I look from a side angle.

"Do people freak out at this one?"

"Yeah, that's why I love it. People will be looking at it, saying, 'What is this?' When they get frustrated, I tell them to look at it from the side. Took me three days to figure out myself."

#6. Take the Staten Island Ferry at night.

I head down to Battery Park after MoMA for the ferry ride. As soon as I come up from the subway station, there's a rush of people to the gate. A boat is obviously about to leave.

"Hey, where do you pay for this?" I ask a fellow sprinter, a middle-aged woman who kept good pace with me.

"You don't, honey, it's free. Welcome to New York."

Wait, I'm a real New Yorker, right? After four years, am I still just a foreigner? Real New Yorkers almost brag about how they've never been to Staten Island. I must have given her a look, because her friend, running alongside us, corrects her, saying, "It's the only one's that free."

Besides the slew of commuters like them, there's a large contingent making the nighttime trip to see Manhattan and the Statue of Liberty—and, on this particular night, the "supermoon," in which the full moon appears larger than it has in 18 years. They brave the cold on the ferry's decks to take pictures that couldn't possibly convey the size of the moon, which dominates the eastern horizon.

When the boat arrives at the Staten Island dock, I get off and browse the

dock's convenience stores, and I've finally completed...

#67. Set foot in all five boroughs.

Alternatively, set foot in four and look at Staten Island on the subway map.

The ride back had a notably different composition: young Staten Islanders, high-school-and-college aged, dressed in their club Karma best, romping around Manhattan, drinking 16 oz. cans of Coors or Bud Light bought from the boat's concession stand. Truly, this is the best form of public transportation.

In need of some fresh air, I step out onto the front deck. As imposing as it was on the way there, the supermoon doesn't hold a candle to the looming, lit-up edifices of Lower Manhattan's skyscrapers, still busy at 9 p.m. with sleepless financial types.

#### SUNDAY

#103. Go for a run in Riverside Park.

College is awful in that it gives you the freedom to set absurd schedules that allow you to wake up way too late in the afternoon. Second semester of freshman year, for example, I weighted my schedule such that my 4 p.m. Lit Hum class was my only academic obligation on Tuesdays and Thursdays. Inevitably, I woke up at 3 o'clock, no matter when I went to bed, without having finished the Lit Hum reading I was planning to do during the day.

If I could have that semester back, I'd force myself to get up by 9 a.m. every Tuesday and Thursday for a run in Riverside. I haven't been awake that early on a Sunday since... I don't know, Christmas morning? It's an unrivaled way to start the day. I'm no scientist, but I think it has something to do with endorphins. Increased productivity. I would've done better in Lit Hum.

Running in Riverside reminds you that Morningside Heights is a real neighborhood—i.e., one with real people who aren't under 21 and in

\*According to Wikipedia, in the U.S. we have the blimpie, bomber, cosmo, grinder, hero, hoagie, Italian sandwich, poor boy and po' boy, rocket, sub and submarine, spuckie, torpedo, tunnel, and wedge.



college. Again, I'm out of my element; these runners, with color-coordinated jogging gear and iPod Micros, were seasoned exercisers. This was their thing—it wasn't mine. You're out and exposed in the park. I like the anonymity of treadmills.

*#39. Go to services at Riverside Church.*

I also haven't been to church since Christmas break. Now is as good a time as any.

Riverside offers interdenominational services with a Baptist flavor; I was raised Catholic and served a healthy diet of stoic Catholic Masses. The two are... different. Different in degree, not in type. Both involve Jesus, obviously. Dogmatically, both have a Trinity and both have a Communion. Both have a part of the service where everyone sings, a part where everyone shakes hands for peace, a part where everyone gives money. But there was none of the I-don't-belong-here feeling that a non-Protestant might expect. Riverside brands itself as hyper-inclusive. Its motto is "Interdenominational. Interracial. International."

The tone of a Riverside service is so much livelier than that of other Christian services I've attended. People stood up and danced and cried to the gospel music after each scripture reading. The headlining sermonier, Rev. Dr. Raquel A. St. Clair, delivered an oration so moving for me that I had trouble taking notes. It was called "Go With Who You Got Left," and it was essentially about abandonment and how the abandoned must continue to be one with God and those "who they got left."

Effective orators speak in pliable

generalities that can fit the diverse circumstances of listeners. Perhaps soon-to-be graduates can find some solace in something the Rev. Doc said about halfway through her sermon:

"And I know that there are some tired people in the house. The young and tired. The old and tired. Some sick and tired. Even some people who are sick and tired of being sick and tired. And you are not there yet, wherever your 'there' is. Perhaps you're in a season of transition in which you cannot go back but you're not quite sure how to move forward. You will need every bit of energy and passion and focus and faith and time you have to make it. You cannot squander it; you must learn to

**"YOU WILL NEED EVERY BIT OF ENERGY AND PASSION AND FOCUS YOU HAVE TO MAKE IT."**

collectively expend it."

*#45. Sneak onto the roof of Mudd, SIPA, or Sulz for a picnic.*

After church, I climb with a group of seven friends to the roof of Mudd for a picnic of Blue Moons and HamDel subs (or whatever you call them) to watch the sunset.

I'm silent for most of the meal while my friends talk. I am young and tired. Cramming these few of the 116 traditions into one weekend is tir-

ing. Columbia is tiring. I would recommend that underclassmen avoid packing this many things of the 116 into one weekend.

I would also recommend that you do, in fact, take it seriously. It'd be hackneyed for me to say you ought to create your own traditions instead. You will do your own thing, have your own Columbia Experience regardless. But you'd be missing out, like I almost did, on Riverside Church or the Staten Island Ferry, if you ignored it. These will be the things an older you will point to when recalling your time in college.

I don't mean that a Spicy Special will come to represent college for you. But take something that happened to my friend earlier this year: He ordered a Spicy Special for delivery to EC, but took a while to go down and pick it up from the delivery boy. When he got there, only half of the sandwich was left. He called CrackDel to complain and they sent over a new sandwich with the same delivery boy.

"What happened?" my friend asked.

"I got hungry. You took too long."

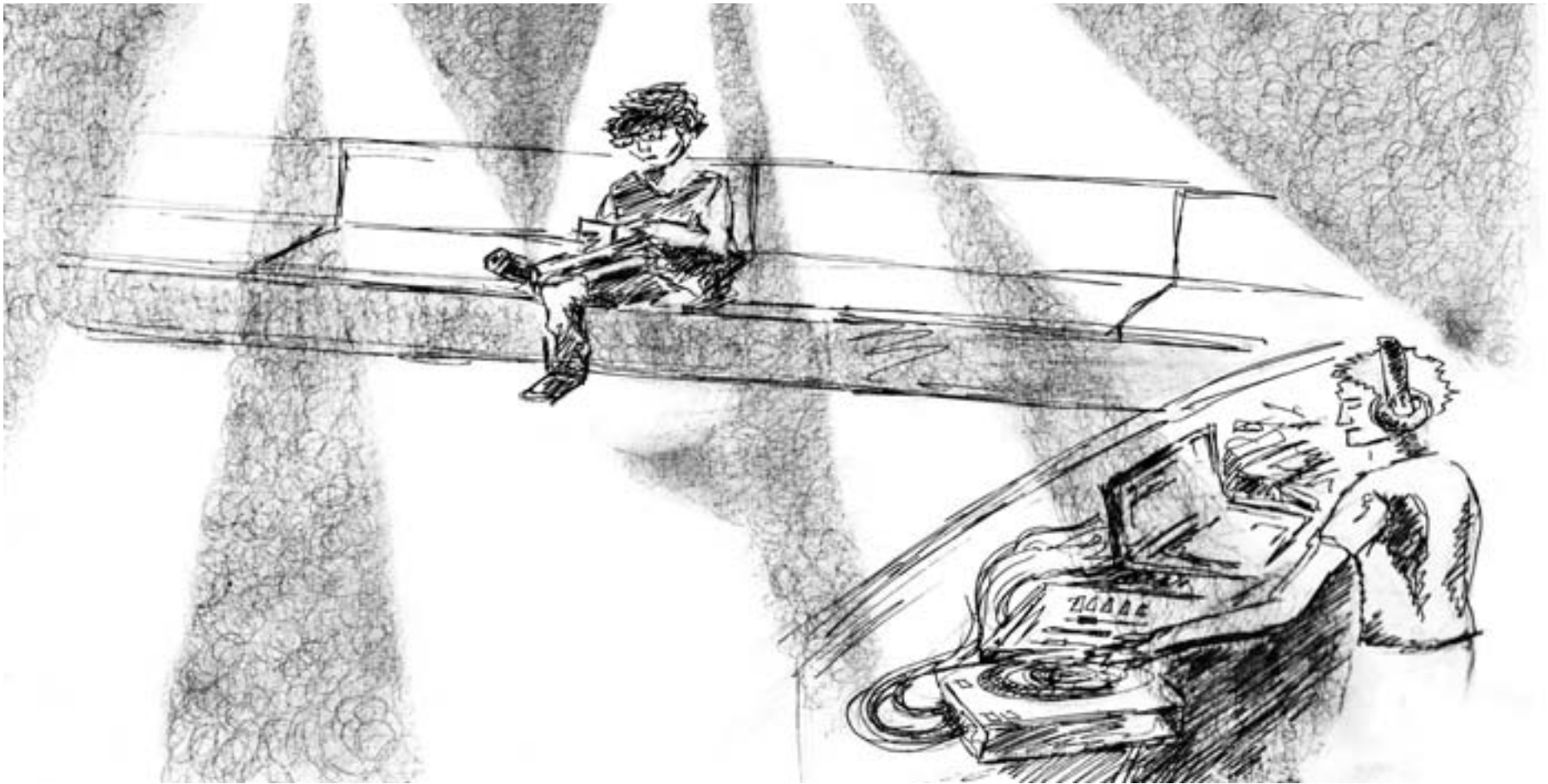
That's a story he's told us over and over again. That's how he'll remember Columbia.

I don't know yet what story will stand out for me down the line. All I know is that there's still one important tradition I have left to do.

*#116. Graduate.* ■







# Put a Record On

turning tables and turning pages on campus

BY EMIL FLATØ  
ILLUSTRATION BY LIZ LEE

What is predominantly male, tech(no) savvy and almost as important to Columbia night-life as cheap vodka in Solo cups? Surprisingly, the answer is student DJs.

DJ Simon Herzog, a junior in CC, is arguably Columbia's best known DJ, or it seems from looking at his schedule. Between the First Fridays and class formals he is expected to turn into ragers, he barely has a single night off for the rest of the semester. He admits the job is demanding and states on his website that he is "perpetually failing to balance his academic and musical careers." But that is not for lack of discipline.

"If you want to succeed as a DJ, you have to learn how to treat it as a job, more than something for your personal benefit," he says. "You'll have to be productive about it, you have to be reliable, you have to make it pleasant for an organization to work with you. DJing is my only job right now, and frankly, it pays a lot better than the job I had last year as an assistant in the sociology department."

With the money he earns, he has packed his dorm room with so many controllers, mixers, and other gadgets that there is barely space to study—the books are just stacked on top. Between producing his recently completed first EP, researching gigs, and self-promoting, Herzog rarely has time to read. "Music is an extremely time-consuming pursuit," he says.

And DJing, at times, can be a truly difficult job. "I've had my share of people spilling drinks all over my equipment, or vomiting all over my feet," Herzog says. "People can be really mean and unforgiving toward the DJ. Really, really mean. If anything goes wrong, people are still going to boo at you, because you're the guy supposedly in charge. I had a power outage once, and people started booing. What was I supposed to do? I guess it's the kind of stuff that comes with the responsibility of throwing a party."

If you throw parties at Columbia, chances are you will spend a considerable amount of time in the Lerner Party Space. Herzog and Tiffany Lee, a junior in CC and one of the few female DJs on campus, split DJing First Fridays there. Even though Herzog would not mind trying new territory, he stresses the benefits of getting to know a venue. "I was in Lerner two consecutive nights a couple of weeks ago, so I know the place in and out. I can tell you exactly when security guards will want to turn the lights on," he says. "I have learned to assess the general feel of a group of people in front of me. I can tell where they're at; if they want to rock out or draw their breath."

Herzog admits that you can't always play the spaces you like, but success has brought him the freedom to pick the gigs he wants. "There was a time when I needed to take what I could get if I wanted to make any money and get exposure," he says. "I used to have to be really proactive, e-mail them and offer my service, but now I get approached all the time."

Herzog says that professionalism is the key to success, rather than joining in the party. "Few good

DJs I know party a lot, especially the ones that are also producers. It can easily interfere with your work if you do. Many people need to drink themselves up for a gig. I'm glad that doesn't need to be me."

**"I'VE HAD MY SHARE OF OF  
PEOPLE SPILLING DRINKS  
ALL OVER MY EQUIPMENT, OR  
VOMITING ALL OVER MY FEET."**

Kemble Walker, a freshman in CC, started DJing last fall and has a different philosophy on DJing than Herzog's. He allows himself to have a beer on the job and takes the risk of playing the occasional obscure techno tune. "It's completely fine that DJing has become more of a day job than anything else," he says, "but it makes it a completely different thing. I don't want to take away from the art of reading a crowd and adapting to it, it's a real skill, but the thing is, it's not music. You essentially become a piece of the party infrastructure, a piece of furniture—there's the sound, the lights, and the DJs."

Herzog agrees with Walker's claim that the DJ has become a part of the "party infrastructure." Yet, he says, "It's still up to you to help people have a good time in whatever creative way you can. That's, I think, the real job of the DJ. If that means I have to play some top 40, that's fine." ●



# Gourmet Meets Monet

upscale restaurants and museums team up for gastroartistic appeal

BY CARA ROBERTS

ILLUSTRATION BY STEPHANIE MANNHEIM

Restaurants have become as much of a staple in museums as the art itself. New York museums offer everything from casual tourist lunches to upscale dining, but in recent years, far tastier (and pricier) fare has worked its way inside museum walls: the best of which draws diners regardless of the allure of an exhibit.

The Metropolitan Museum of Art offers visitors a range of restaurants, from the casual cafeteria in the basement (with offerings of panini, sushi, and fresh salads) to the luxurious Trustees Dining Room on the fourth floor. Yet Joan Snitzer, head of the Barnard Visual Art Department, suggests that the Met's establishment of the Trustees Dining Room and the Patrons Lounge is not so much about the food, as promoting membership.

While the Met's dining options are available through the main museum entrance, other museums encourage artless diners by offering an independent entrance to the restaurants. The Modern, MoMA's most elegant restaurant, has a street level entrance on West 53rd Street that cultivates a bustling Midtown business lunch vibe. Winner of the 2006 James Beard Foundation Awards for "Best New Restaurant" and "Outstanding Restaurant Design," The Modern is thriving.

The Modern's success, as well as that of the Neue Gallerie's Café Sabarsky—known to attract more guests than the museum's collection of Austrian art—bodes well for the Whitney's new cafe, Untitled, due to open this month. Untitled, like

The Modern, will be run by Danny Meyer's Union Square Hospitality Group, but will be geared toward a classic coffee shop with food, in addition to the Stumptown roast. It will be open for dinner Saturday and Sunday, with family style service and fresh seasonal fare for each table. While The Whitney promises that the design for the café, created by The Rockwell Group, will harmonize with Marcel Breuer's design for the rest of the museum, it has not been the focus of the hubbub surrounding the opening.

The Guggenheim's The Wright, on the other hand, is more aesthetically inclined, including an installation, "The Horizon Produced by a Factory Once It Has Stopped Producing Views," by the artist Liam Gillick. Snitzer describes the concept of the museum as growing into a "social, cultural, and public arena to exchange ideas and to identify with the culture represented in the museum." This effort to increase flow of people—and revenue—is advanced by the many eateries in the museums.

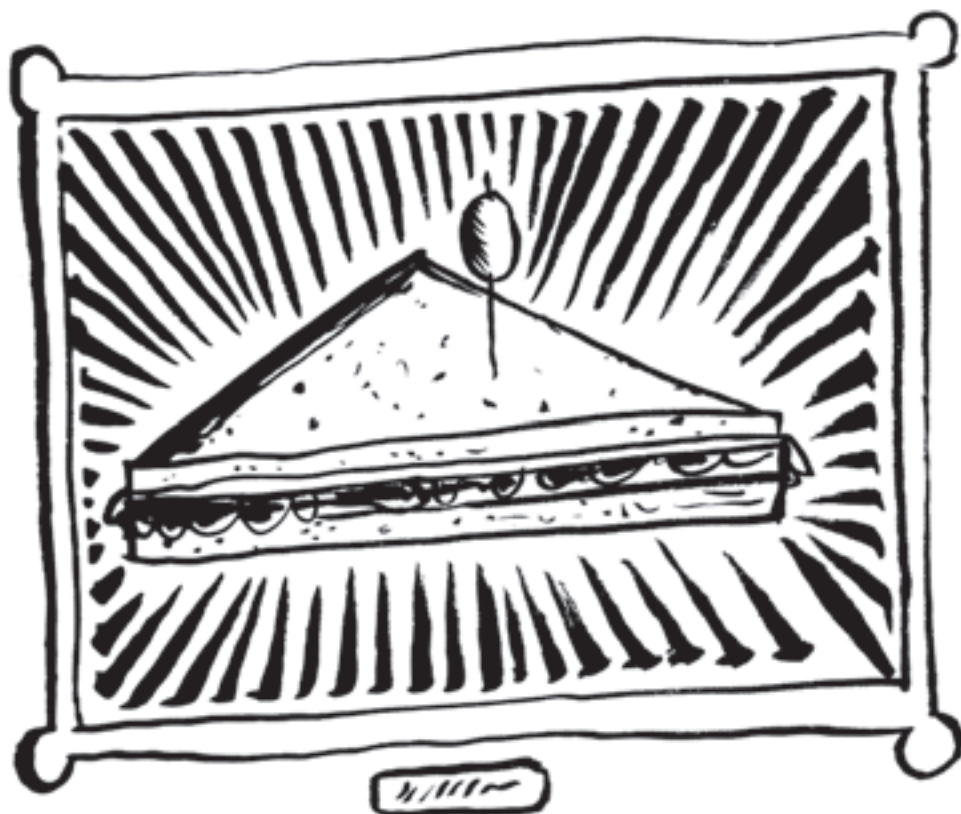
But while top chefs and established museums combine to carry double down cachet points, the conceptual link between the food and the art is, at best, strained. Emilie Baltz, a designer, has been to a number of these establishments and says, "It's interesting because I don't think they actually use the museum in any other way than positioning. I'd love to see more communication between the two." While the rarefied status of the museum often draws customers, the restaurants are certainly not taking full advantage of the rich material in their host museums. Ms. Baltz has been involved with a number of food projects, including the recently opened Oralfix Aphrodisiac Cafe at The

Museum of Sex, as well as a cook book of gourmet delicacies assembled from vending machine fare. At Oralfix, elixirs mixed from notoriously sensual ingredients are concocted with content from the museum's archives in mind. The contemporary mixing of flavors and ingredients that were used in cultures divided geographically and temporally embodies the spirit of exchange between old and new for which many museums strive.

**WHILE THE RAREFIED STATUS OF THE MUSEUM OFTEN DRAWS CUSTOMERS, THE RESTAURANTS ARE CERTAINLY NOT TAKING FULL ADVANTAGE.**

Elsewhere, beyond the hallowed halls of these cultural behemoths, food and art are mixing more fluidly. The opening of What Happens When, a temporary restaurant in SoHo, has generated a lot of talk about the intersection between the worlds of food and design. The project is a collaboration between chef John Fraser of Dovetail and designers Elle Kunnos de Voss, and Ms. Baltz. Currently, it is scheduled to remain open for only nine months, changing themes every 30 days. These transformations include every aspect of the dining experience, from the music to the decor to the menu. While Baltz does not feel they are "pushing the boundaries enough to call it art," she agrees that there is a definite installation inspiration, mixed with hints of performance art. "It is a happening," she says. The energy implicit in a "happening" suggests that people can "engage, and think about [their evening] more than average." Energy is also explicit, both in the ambition of the creators and in the sheer hours of labor required to make the transitions. The first transition, a one night metamorphosis for Valentine's Day, she says was a "very crazy 22 hours."

The vitality of What Happens When is hard to come by in museums where permanent collections and stale air lend an institutionalized atmosphere. This isn't to say that art doesn't engender energy: it does. But it does so more frequently in contemporary galleries with a fresher, more immediate zeal and fewer security guards clad in ill-fitting navy suits. The creation of food and art is more similar than their consumption, each relying on manipulation of senses to achieve the right balance. While there are rituals associated with both art and food, art is traditionally more of a solitary experience, while food is laden with social trap-pings. When art is the focus rather than food, satisfaction comes from the ignition of a fresh spark of curiosity, rather than the quelling of a fire in one's belly. ●





# Welcome, Zinesters

rollerderby and riotgrrrls find a home in barnard library

BY FRANCES CORRY

ILLUSTRATION BY THUTO SOMO

I carried one issue of *Rollerderby* around in my backpack from May to September last summer. It was overdue by the start of June. I racked up fines, swiftly and surely, until I received irritated, automated emails from the Columbia library system telling me I had to return it or suffer the consequences. (I decided to suffer the consequences, at least for a little while.) I couldn't bear to part with it. I came close to memorizing one interview, with some man named Khiron, who quit his high-paying scientist job, divorced his wife who had a nice singing voice, and decided on a whim to buy televisions and live in the woods. On other pages, I learned about Schrodinger's cat, and about "How to Freshen Up at a Party." I couldn't help but feel that in that one issue, I had checked out the most valuable piece of literature the entire library system owned.

## SOMETIMES IT'S NOT EVEN WHAT IS SAID THAT MAKES SOMETHING RADICAL. IT'S WHO SAID IT.

*Rollerderby* was no ordinary publication, no ordinary magazine—it was an in-your-face, FCC-inappropriate zine published by original riotgrrrl Lisa Crystal Carver. Zines aren't what one would deem a normal publication. Zines don't have advertisers, don't go through formulaic editing, and, in all senses, resist convention and definition. They're handmade and home crafted—papers usually stitched or stapled together. They're typically made by one person, but are part of a larger diverse and radical community of zinesters.

Born out of an anarcho-punk ethos, zines became popular in the late 80s and early 90s. They offered lo-fi, underground commentary on political issues, and a means to express sentiments ignored or censored in mainstream and even alternative media. Some had instructions on how to make things, DIY style. Others just chronicled people's day-to-day lives.

Wisdom from zines, especially the various issues of *Rollerderby*, at least for me, has become just as important as the concepts meted out in requisite liberal arts books. In my mind, quotes from Khiron run alongside those of Plato, and the off-kilter and often-raunchy photos of Carver and friends are ingrained in my memory the same way that Raphael's "School of Athens" is.

This is in no small part due to the work of Jenna Freedman, the Barnard librarian with short,

usually blue hair, who started the Barnard Zine Library in 2003. Today, the collection has more than 1,400 zines, a separate website on the Barnard server, two Barnard and Columbia student assistants, two graduate student zine interns, and its own sign and section on the second floor of the Barnard Library.

The Barnard collection focuses on zines written by women, particularly zines by women of color. As described in the Zine Library's statement, these works "are personal and political publications on activism, anarchism, body image, third-wave feminism, gender, parenting, queer community, riot grrrl, sexual assault, and other topics." Similar to the way they approach the topics themselves, they're also diverse in physical form. Some look more like art books, with homemade paper and hand stitched bindings; others are photocopied packets on printer paper; some look like full-fledged magazines, with a glossy color cover and large sheets. But there's something that makes every single one of these publications far different than the *Vogues* and *Newsweeks* that sit less than twenty feet away in the Barnard Library, something that makes them far different from the other academic books that fill the rest of the library's shelves.

Even in a school with strong Women's Studies resources, the collection has something inherently lacking in most academic settings—real voices. "I don't imagine we have too many other primary sources of teenagers talking openly and intimately, about things like cutting, rage, street harassment, coming out, and loneliness: and not as case studies, but as peers," says Freedman.

These topics aren't ones addressed in mainstream media—they are, quite obviously, not the stuff of Glenn Beck or Barbara Walters," she says. "But it's also not the type of content that someone would usually encounter in formal education. Aristotle, Plato, Shakespeare, Whitman, Machiavelli, Nietzsche—almost any big name of Western education—never broaches a subject anywhere near those addressed in zines. Zines bring underrepresented voices—those of young women—into the library, unmediated, giving them weight and authority."

Sometimes it's not even what is said that makes something radical. It's who said it.

One of these people is Ayun Halliday—a playwright,

author, and creator of the quarterly zine *The East Village Inky*. Halliday, in her zine and many of her books, chronicles the adventures of her family, (two kids, and a husband, who wrote *Urinetown*), in a way that makes you want to go quit your boring day job (or just school) and go hang out with them instead. The zine makes motherhood feel much more authentic, much more human, than anything vilified on reality TV or glamorized in *US Weekly*. It's writing like hers that makes the zine community thrive—honest, refreshing, and unfailingly funny. Barnard, which has several issues of her zine, recently acquired her book *The Zinester's Guide To NYC*.

Like Barnard's own collection, NYC's zine community is incredibly diverse—it encompasses different neighborhoods, different boroughs, different ages, different methods, and entirely different philosophies. "New York's zine scene seems like much less of a scene, though the zines are no less compelling," wrote Halliday in an e-mail. "They're just less interconnected."

This doesn't mean that zinesters aren't brought together, however loosely, by some common thread—it's just a thread that is a lot more subtle than that which can be tracked in memes or viral videos. It's a thread that is at times radical, at times poetic. It's one driven by community and connectivity in a substantial way. "Zines appeal to a very specific segment of the populace," Halliday says. "People who tend to treasure the handmade, the one-of-a-kind, the non-mass-produced, the small, the special, the unusual, and that which feels like a labor of love." ●





# Double Life

columbia student by day, broadway starlet by night

BY LIANA GERGELY

PHOTO COURTESY OF REMY ZAKEN

While most Columbia kids pride themselves on passing a Literature Humanities test, winning a basketball game, or getting more than three hours of sleep during finals week, Remy Zaken, a junior in CC, has a full-fledged Broadway career under her belt. After making her Broadway debut as Thea in the Tony Award-winning musical *Spring Awakening*, Zaken achieved in her teens what millions only dream of. Remy sat down with *The Eye* to discuss Broadway, Lea Michele, and why a college degree remains an absolute must.

## What was it like being one of the youngest cast members in *Spring Awakening*?

When I first tried out for *Spring Awakening*, I was going to Lincoln Center to do a staged reading and a concert version of the show. When I auditioned for it again, it was a workshop for the Off-Broadway version. Broadway is the end goal for any musical, but it's a really long road to get there.

I think the most intimidating part was when our producer would come into the dressing room and be like: "Guys, we've got investors out there, and they've got checkbooks, and we need you to give the best performance you have ever given so we can get money to go to Broadway."

Broadway itself is like traveling down the yellow brick road for so long, and finally seeing the Emerald City. Everything about Broadway is different. The process, the space, the music. And then suddenly you have free coffee at every rehearsal, photographers, and meetings with the press.

## IF I WEREN'T THIS SHORT, I DON'T THINK I WOULD HAVE GOTTEN THE PART IN *SPRING AWAKENING*, TO BE HONEST. IT'S BEEN A BLESSING.

### Do you get bored of performing a show every day and more than 500 times?

I wouldn't say bored. You kind of get numb to the effects, so you have to really dig deep within yourself to make it seem new to you. For some people in the audience it's their first time seeing it, so it has to be like your first time experiencing it. A lot of my experiences were similar to those on the show, so I would find aspects of my own

life to bring to the stage, and those would be my best performances. So, you find ways to make it new every time.

### Recently there have been a lot of serious shows on Broadway — *Next to Normal*, *Rent*, and *Spring Awakening*. What is it like performing such a serious, sad show every single day? Is it emotionally exhausting?

It was draining, but *Spring Awakening* wasn't just one giant melodrama. "My Junk," for example, was such a celebration of life and love, and really balanced out the other more serious material.

### How do you feel about having worked with people like Lea Michele before her career skyrocketed?

She was a big sister to me. She was always extremely talented, driven. She knew where she wanted to go, and she was very inspiring to me and very fun to have around. During intermission the cast would go to Lea and Jon Groff's dressing room and we would chat and have a good time. It's pretty amazing that she had that fun energy even though her part was so heart-wrenching.

### Is it weird that you performed with her in one of her first big roles, and now she's so huge?

I don't think it's weird. She is so incredibly talented and you could see it. I knew she was going places. It's just funny for me because she's everywhere, so when I see her in a magazine I'll text her.

### So you guys are still close?

Oh yeah! The entire *Spring Awakening* cast is a family. After what we went through together, how can we not be?

### So now I know you're in *Freckleface Strawberry*. What's that like?

It's in New World Stages, where *Avenue Q* is, and where *Rent* is coming back! *Freckleface Strawberry* is a family musical, about a seven-year-old freckled girl, who is struggling to accept who she is. It's about self-love and tolerance, and it's an amazing message: who you are is enough—it's more than enough. It spoke to me a lot, because I was always bullied for being short. Freckles, like height, are things that can't be changed, but they become an important, special part of you. If I weren't this short, I don't think I would have gotten the part in *Spring Awakening*, to be honest. It has been a blessing.

### How do you balance being on Broadway and being a normal college student?

I'm only taking 12 credits, so I'm taking it easy on myself. Acting is my

career, so I've made it a priority over school this semester. I always have to make sure I'm well-rested for the show, so I don't always go out, and I don't drink. I have to take care of my instrument.

### What was your most embarrassing moment on stage?

It's live theater: there will be some cracked notes up there. I'll cringe.

### Roles you'd love to pursue?

Eponine in *Les Misérables*, Mimi in *Rent*, Natalie in *Next to Normal*.

### Favorite thing about theater?

When an ensemble member really stands out.

### If you weren't going to be a famous actress, what would you do?

[laughs.] That's why I'm at Columbia. If this doesn't work out, I'm studying psychology, so we'll see. Every actor needs a back-up plan! ●



Remy Zaken, CC '12





# Gun Control

two memories: one is fact, the other is fiction

BY HILARY SYMINGTON  
ILLUSTRATION BY CINDY PAN

A friend of mine grew up thinking everybody put ketchup on peanut butter cookies. Her parents both ate them that way ... didn't everyone's? Fortunately for her culinary development, it only took a couple elementary-school lunchtime trades gone sour to convince her otherwise.

Chances are, her story has a familiar ring to it. After all, when you're a kid, you assume every family is more or less just like yours. I was no exception. I assumed everyone else had a gun cabinet (or, in my family's case, three gun cabinets, strategically placed throughout the house). I assumed everybody else's dad saluted when their family drove by the National Rifle Association and that going to a gun show was as common an outing as going to the movies. The possibility that other parents might not only not own guns, but that they might also actively campaign against them, was completely preposterous.

Unlike my ketchup-and-peanut-butter-loving friend, my rude awakening didn't come until middle school. Obviously, at that point, I knew that a gun wasn't a normal birthday present. I understood that there was a gun control movement. What I didn't understand was the commonly-held belief that people who count target shooting among their hobbies are somehow morally deranged. My eighth grade civics teacher changed that. She used to write clever little anecdotes about an evil senator and a saintly representative to illustrate concepts like filibustering and the role of lobbyists—I bet you can guess which character partnered with the NRA. Naïvely, I attempted to defend Senator Kills-Children (really, his name was something

like that). I'll never forget the disgust in my teacher's voice—my teacher who I quite liked, actually—as she rolled her eyes: “Hilary, I had no idea you were such a gun-totin’ mama.”

Today, I wear that label proudly. My anti-gun control argument runs along the same bent as my thoughts on abortion, marijuana, Ed Hardy T-shirts, etc.: As long as these things exist, people will find a way to get them. Total eradication is impossible, so let's just be sensible (and maybe even make some tax money).

Of course, there are exceptions to every rule. Machine guns, for instance...

It was all very official.

I followed a nervous intern into a mahogany, wood-paneled room with institutional carpeting. On the walls, plaques and badges offered vague words of praise for equally vague accomplishments—“The Government of the United States awards X to Y,” “The Ambassador of Paraguay offers his gratitude for Z.” The map on the intern's clipboard read “Reception: Friends and Family Only.”

My brother and I did the rounds together, smiling and nodding and agreeing—my, how much we'd grown! Mid-way through, we shook hands with a peacock-esque general. Somehow, he seemed at ease in his bronze, silver, purple, and gold plumage, as though his sheath of medals were no more cumbersome than a wind-breaker. He had a nice smile—confident, but warm. He belonged here. Unlike other “Friends and Family” (“Nice to meet you?”), he was not intimidated by this room.

Neither was I. A bit awed, perhaps, but certainly not intimidated. My feelings towards the Central Intelligence Agency run the gamut from cynical to proud—cynical because I love a

good conspiracy theory, proud because I have a glimpse of the back-story. This is my family, for better or for worse.

As more analysts and patriots and foreigners and secrets poured into the room, I retreated to a back corner to drink the government's diet soda in peace. That's when I saw it.

There, mounted in all its glory, was a gold-plated semi-automatic AK-47.

**THE POSSIBILITY THAT OTHER PARENTS MIGHT NOT ONLY NOT OWN GUNS, BUT THAT THEY MIGHT ALSO ACTIVELY CAMPAIGN AGAINST THEM, WAS COMPLETELY PREPOSTEROUS.**

What a weapon! Though I'd seen an AK before, never had the sheer potency of the weapon dawned on me. At 600 rounds a minute, with a range over 1000 feet, it's no wonder they call it an assault rifle. What power! I was entranced. I wanted to touch—even caress—this gilded, semi-automatic vehicle of force. Yet, the longer I stared, the more my fascination morphed into disgust. What decadence! To coat any sort of token in gold is one thing, but gilding a weapon changes the very meaning of “decadence.” A society so decadent has only one fate: to decay.

I continued to stare up at the gold AK, until I heard the general behind me: “Impressive, isn't it?”

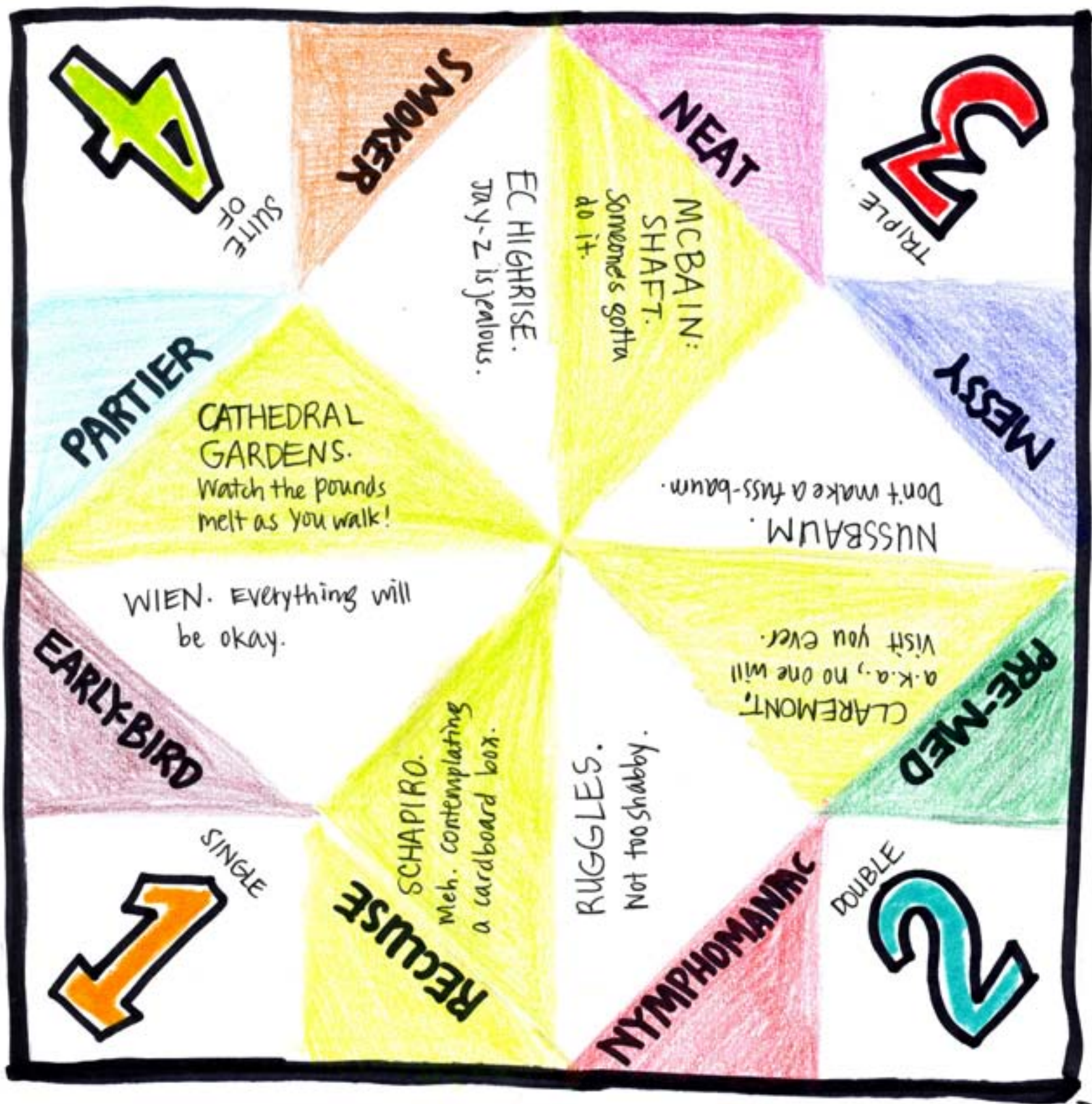
I nodded.

“Our boys sniped that one from one of So-Damn Insane's palaces.”

I smiled politely until eventually he sauntered off.

The Gold AK: from one palace to the next. ●





1. Cut out Housing Fortune Teller
2. Flip over so that "Gun Control" faces you

