

**Cover Up These Perfect Grades? I'd Rather Catch Corona
(or)
Your Rich Friend Has A Hot Take On Mandatory P/F**

To start, I just want to assure you all — I'm not privileged. I'm just hiding out from the Coronavirus in my mid-sized ski chatalet like the rest of you. I even have a friend who is FGLI, and we vibe hard (I laugh at all of his jokes about student loans and pretend to relate).

Listen. I know there's a global pandemic on. I know we're all stir-crazy, in quarantine, moving across countries and continents into unsure (and potentially dangerous) situations. Some of us may be facing a potential reality in which our dearest friends and family could get sick, die, and we would have to face the never-ending, life-changing dark abyss that is grief. And that's kinda sad. But stop thinking about other people for just one second. Think about me. Me and my grades.

And your grades. I assume you take classes too, right? (I mean, probably. I've never really thought about others before). If I can't raise my GPA by a percentage of a point, I'll never get a job. I'll end up homeless and destitute and I heard that's no fun. (But it can't be that bad. FGLI students regularly outperform the rich kids all the time!) Thus, I ask you, my fellow Americans: What about grad school? And fellowships? And menial, unpaid internships? And what will my mom put on the fridge? A report card full of P's? Puh-lease!

In all seriousness, while the P/F claims to help FGLI students and the like (who, might I add, already get financial help from the "university" and the "government" and not from their "trust fund"), it won't help every single person. It'll hurt me. And I'm the most important person.

And what I need to stress here the most is that my position is logical. Those who disagree with me get bogged down in their emotions! Emotions of panic and distress and anxiety over the future. Where do those come from?

I believe that the only path to success is one in which we all get what we want: me, I'll get to show off my 4.0 from the comfort of the den of my parents' fourth vacation home. Everyone else... can pass. And I assure you, those people will not be stigmatized for their decision to not pull themselves up by their bootstraps and thrive in a global crisis like me.

Listen FGLI students. I know you met with the administration. I know you (and many other students like you from many other universities) have been fiercely advocating for a blanket P/F. But let me tell you what's good for you.

The P/F ain't it. The P/F will hurt you. You guys need good grades more than anyone. You need them for scholarships and jobs your dad can't get for you. What are your options without a 4.0? Transfer to a state school? Wait tables for a few years after graduation? Obscene! Grades should

be your number one concern right now — not making rent or worrying about affording medical care for ailing loved ones.

And this, too: what do you think employers will think when they compare your dirty, P-stained Columbia transcript to one from a student at the prestigious University of Massachusetts-Amherst, who was permitted uncover all of their A's and B's? You'll be toast, son. Bona fide, Ivy League toast.

The P/F will also invalidate all the hard work you put in for the first half of the semester! I know that between frat parties and trips to see my grandpapa in the East Seventies, I too hit the books. Maybe I might have complained about it incessantly. But the idea of having all of that hard work washed away with a simple 'Pass'? The mere notion is so distressing to me that I think I'll never be able to attend class or do schoolwork again. How dare the P/F besmirch my sacred, god-given semester?

Remember my FGLI friend? The one I mentioned before? He told me that he's sad because he had low grades during his first two years at Columbia, due to his need to care for his sister's young children while she worked night shifts. Last semester he was able to get his grades up, and was in the running for a sweet scholarship. Now, that opportunity is gone for him. Vanished into thin air. (Or, at least I think it is. Honestly, it was hard to understand him on the phone. There were kids crying and screaming "I'm hungry" in the background).

Nobody is doubting the severity of the situation, even if I was posting memes about how stupid the corona panic was up until yesterday. But hear me out. If Columbia doesn't let us uncover our grades, that's like, a transgression on my human rights. It could kill me. It is pretty much the worst thing that has EVER happened to me. I'm too privileged to know that life is unfair. And so, since I feel so sorry for myself, I assume that you feel sorry for me, too. The good people at [change.org](https://www.change.org) have drawn up a petition for me for the price of one human soul. Would you sign it? Pretty please? With organic Whole Foods cane sugar on top?

Three of the 2020 Democratic Candidates Went to Columbia and All of Them Were Nerds
by Isabel O'Brien

Columbia boasts an impressive list of accomplished alumni. From the 44th president of the United States, to the notorious RBG, to Robert Kraft — yes, *that* Robert Kraft — our former students cover all aspects of the economy and the legal system. Soon enough, we may yet again have a Lion in the executive office. Of the twenty-three current candidates in the 2020 race for president, three of them are Columbia alumni. That's right, Steve Bullock, Andrew Yang and Beto O'Rourke all basked in Alma's shadow and trekked up to the seventh floor of Hamilton at some point in their lives. Given that this is Columbia, each candidate is, of course, a Democrat — and was a giant nerd.

Steve Bullock

Years Enrolled: Columbia Law School, 1991-1994.

First Year Mistakes: Wouldn't swipe undergrads in to the Law Library, like a bitch.

Embarrassing Extracurricular: He got his JD with honors, so I'm pretty sure he didn't have time for any outside activities. He did, however, preface every response he gave in class with, "Where I come from..." and then immediately proceeded to talk about Montana.

Would his campaign hire you? They're hiring cleaners to clear out their NYC headquarters before the lease is up at the end of the month.

Andrew Yang

Years Enrolled: Columbia Law School, 1996-1999.

First Year Mistakes: Wore a shirt and tie to class a couple of times.

Embarrassing Extracurricular: Does selling out count as an extracurricular? Interview prepping for a position as a corporate lawyer at Davis Polk & Wardwell took up most of Yang's time here.

Would his campaign hire you? Finance majors only.

Beto O'Rourke

Years Enrolled: Columbia College, 1991-1995.

First Year Mistakes: Applied to Spec each semester and was denied every time.

Embarrassing Extracurricular: God, where do I start? Everyone knows Beto played in a punk band and dated a Barnard girl, but did you know he was a sadboi English major? Not only did he spend a majority of his time writing poetry and sulking around Brooklyn, but in 1991 he wrote a pretty sexist op-ed for the Spec reviewing the Broadway musical “The Will Rogers Follies.” In it he described the female performers as, “perma-smile actresses whose only qualifications seem to be their phenomenally large breasts and tight buttocks.”

As if that wasn’t bad enough, Beto was also on the rowing team *before* they started throwing parties. He was the only kid in your LitHum class that read all of *The Odyssey*, naming his son Ulysses because he, and I quote, “didn’t have the balls to call him Odysseus.”

Would his campaign hire you? I heard his campaign is looking for a Spanish tutor, so maybe.

Fun Facts to tell your relatives about Columbia this Thanksgiving Break

by Isabel O'Brien

If you, like me, are the first in your family to attend an Ivy, odds are your parents are proud of you, but have a lot of questions. What are the professors like? Do students throw money from the rooftops? Is caviar served in the dining halls?

Rather than drudge through every individual question for the rest of your adult life, why not answer them all at once?

Last Thanksgiving I gave my family a small presentation on Columbia life and it was a hoot — they really got a feel for the school, and I got to share some little-known factoids with them! Here are some interesting tidbits that you, too, can share with your loved ones this holiday season:

1. Columbia has one of the highest concentrations of liberal white people per capita in the United States, second only to Hollywood, California.
2. In 1953, tuition at Columbia was one nickel per credit.
3. Students at Columbia are known as “Columbians” today, but used to be known as “Columbines” until the late 90s.
4. Before landing her position as Columbia University’s most iconic statue, Alma Mater worked in Goldman Sachs’ investment banking division for thirteen years.
5. If a student has not found an internship by April of their junior year, the University is legally allowed to euthanize them.
6. Columbia created the Latin American and Caribbean studies major in 1810. The people of South America were so pleased with the University’s actions that they named a country, Colombia, in its honor.
7. If you look it up, Ferris Dining hall has a “\$\$\$\$” rating on Yelp.
8. Columbia has the lowest student virginity rate of any Ivy League university, because the Core was designed to fuck its students.
9. Columbia University was originally named King’s College, but underwent a renaming in the 80s to be more gender inclusive.
10. Every time a bell rings at Columbia, an angel gets its wings and a new improv group is formed.

Five Out-of-the-Box Ways to get into East Campus on a Saturday Night

All Barnard girls and normal-aged GS students know the struggle: it's Saturday night, you're looking to have a good time, and you're a young Columbia nerd who's never been to a good party, so you go where anyone would go — East Campus. Hair done up, Adidas sneakers on, you walk confidently to the turnstiles, only to be turned away by a security guard hell-bent on ruining your night.

You could wait to get signed in, but who knows how long it'd take? Hours? Days? The whole semester? Luckily, we here at the Fed have compiled a list of ways to finagle your way into EC. Here are five fail-proof methods to get past security into the sweatiest, soberest party of your young adult life.

1. Bribe the security guards (they don't accept dining dollars, but American ones will do).
2. Buy a bunch of Columbia Men's Rowing merchandise. Wear it. Walk past security with the confidence of someone whose dad has a hedge fund/knows what a hedge fund is.
3. Make friends with one of the cleaners, and have them hide you in the cleaning supply closet on Friday afternoon. Wait it out until Saturday. Do not move. Do not make a sound. Don't blow your cover. Also, don't drink the bleach (floor cleaner is sweeter and more enjoyable to pregame with).
4. Grab a friend and recruit eight former colleagues specialized in pickpocketing, the art of the con, mechanics, electronics and surveillance, explosives, and acrobatics. Stake out EC for a few days to learn as much as possible about the security, routines, behaviors of security, and the building itself. If any of the security guards is fucking your ex, you need to forget about it and move on — there's work to be done. When Saturday night arrives, one of you must sacrifice yourself to security, and swipe your Barnard/GS ID like a fool. As this person waits off to the side, have the rest of the team threaten to blow the whole dorm down. When security calls campus police, the team will show up in cop gear and be let right in. Finish the night by getting back together with your ex and partying till the sun comes up. But be warned: if you wear a police uniform to a party, people will either scatter or ask you to strip it off. Either bring a change of clothes or be prepared to go au naturale.
5. Get a fake ID and have a real night out. The government was never going to hire you anyways.

A Barnard Girl's Guide To Not Pissing Your Family Off This Thanksgiving

After nearly a semester of never being more than five to ten blocks away from Barnumbia's liberal bubble, going home for Thanksgiving can be a culture shock for the small percentage of Barnard girls who aren't coastal elites. Luckily, the Fed has written a step-by-step guide on how to not piss your family off this Thanksgiving meal.

First, when choosing an outfit, try and find something that hides the nipple piercings you got done for \$150 at that super cool half-boutique half-organic café in SoHo. Avoid mesh and other flimsy fabrics, like lace, flannel, and chain mail. Think old fashioned vibes, like Miley Cyrus circa 2008. If you still own a bra, wear it.

When arriving at your grandma's/aunt's/cousin's/godmother's house/condo/retirement home, smile broadly and say as little as possible. Allow your family to hug you and ask you how the city has been. Respond to your birth name, because they probably don't remember that you changed your name to Lola.

When your family members inquire as to what you've been up to this semester, keep it simple. No one wants to hear about your radical pro-Israel, anti-fois gras student group. Talk about the dining hall (but not the vegan options) and your theater troupe (but tell them that the only production you've done so far is *Wicked*).

When dinner is served, put both the vegan options (on the off chance that there are some) alongside the non vegan options on your plate. Pretend to eat the vegan options. When no one is looking, feed the murder-food to the dog under the table.

DO NOT, and I repeat, DO NOT try to enter into a discourse on the colonial nature of Thanksgiving as a holiday. Avoid the word "discourse" altogether, just to be safe.

If you follow these steps, your Thanksgiving is sure to be normal and drama-free. Hey, your parents will probably still find a way to complain about you, but if you didn't have mommy/daddy issues, then why would you have chosen Barnard in the first place?

Happy Holidays from your friends at the Fed!

First Year Student is Like, So Poor Right Now

by Isabel O'Brien

Grace Mullen, CC '23, knew New York was an expensive city when she moved here a little over a month ago. Yet, the amount of money she has spent so far this semester has truly shocked her — so much so that she's basically shouting it from atop John Jay.

“Last night, we went to get Shake Shack together for dinner because we were getting tired of the burgers at John Jay,” her roommate, Kiersten Morales (CC '23) claimed, “and when we were in line she was telling me how we had to stop eating out so much, because New York has made her super poor. I was really concerned for her and was going to offer to buy her burger, but then she pulled out a Louis Vuitton wallet and charged it to her parents' credit card. What the hell?”

“I just can't believe how much things cost here,” said Mullen, who was found grabbing a smoothie between classes at Café East in Lerner Hall. Her voice trailed off as she gazed at the ground forlornly, staring at her Nike sneakers and playing with the hem of her Lululemon tennis skirt. “It's hard to keep track of what you spend. College is so expensive nowadays. It's not right.”

When asked if the high cost of living at Columbia has added additional stress on her student loan payments, Mullen responded that her parents cover the entirety of her tuition, but that they “might have to apply for financial aid next semester.”

“This is why I'm voting for Elizabeth Warren,” Mullen stated, her eyes ablaze. “Her policy proposals really connect with average Americans like me.”