I had begun to identify as a senior, though I was very aspiring painter, I decided to have gotten into the Cooper Union. Right then, as an inspirational art teacher there for girls in Brooklyn, and the small parochial high school I was versed with Stamatina Gregory, the Artistic Director. The Cooper Pioneer recently conducted an interview with Stamatina Gregory, the newly appointed Associate Dean of Art, via email.

The Cooper Pioneer: What was your first experience with Cooper Union? Stamatina Gregory: It was somewhat mythic. I attended a small parochial high school for girls in Brooklyn, and the claim to fame by the very inspirational art teacher there was that one of his students had gotten into the Cooper Union. Right then, as an aspiring artist, I decided to apply. But by the time I was a senior, though I was very interested in contemporary art, I had began to identify as a reader and writer, rather than as a maker. So I studied art history and German literature at NYU, near Cooper—but also far away from it—so it's interesting to be here in a very different role.

TCP: Can explain your role as Associate Dean and the responsibilities that come with this position? SG: My role is extraordinarily varied within the school—I'm already involved in many different initiatives in programs, assessment, and development. I work closely with the Dean on day-to-day operations of the school, on developing new graduate programs, and I'll also be working on accreditation, which is a cyclical and ongoing process. At some point I anticipate teaching also, and I'm really looking forward to that.

This isn't exclusively a Board of Trustees position. On October 14th, Dean Dahlberg gave a presentation to the Engineering School about her vision for the school followed by a brief Q&A session. After a student (full disclosure: it was me) mentioned “The Way Forward,” she bracketed it off, immediately dismissing the work of many hard-working, well-informed and good-intentioned members of the Cooper Community. When questions about tuition persisted from students, Dean Dahlberg told us, with a waging finger, that she would not answer any more questions since she “didn’t come here to talk about tuition.”

In one fell swoop, the new Dean treated the engineering student body less like the brilliant students she told us we are, and more like a group of unruly children. After a self-assured and knowledgeable presentation, this condescending gesture was surprising but certainly not shocking.

I am reminded of the shamans that occurred in the Great Hall on April 23rd. Mark Epstein announced that tuition was going to be charged to new students in Fall of 2014. This was followed by a Q&A session, but instead of allowing audience members to ask questions by raising their hands or passing a microphone around, audience members had to write their questions down on index cards. Epstein then sifted through the cards, only answering those that he did (f)continue on back)

When I save the subject line “Important Update on Student Representative to the Board of Trustees,” I knew exactly what would be contained in that email. A quick scan was more than sufficient, as we’re used to the language at this point: one paragraph starts with “Unfortunately,” another with “It has now come to the Board’s attention.” In sum, “[T]he Board will not consider a candidate.”

It didn’t have to be this way. The position in question—a student on the Board of Trustees with no voting rights—is a very high priority for much of the student body. The Board is presumably aware of how widely disliked they are amongst the student body, and this position would have begun to build up a stronger, more trustful relationship between the students and the Board. From a purely political perspective, this would have been a great way for the Board to throw us a bone.

While the ethics of the dilemma have been frequently discussed over the past week, one question persists if the Board of trustees pride Cooper on its student body, why don’t they trust their students? If we are, as we are frequently told, the best, brightest, hardest working and most creative students in America, why is the Board so hesitant to get us involved?

This isn’t exclusively a Board of trustees issue. On October 14th, Dean Dahlberg gave a presentation to the Engineering School about her vision for the school followed by a brief Q&A session. After a student (full disclosure: it was me) mentioned “The Way Forward,” she bracketed it off, immediately dismissing the work of many hard-working, well-informed and good-intentioned members of the Cooper Community. When questions about tuition persisted from students, Dean Dahlberg told us, with a wagging finger, that she would not answer any more questions since she “didn’t come here to talk about tuition.”

In one fell swoop, the new Dean treated the engineering student body less like the brilliant students she told us we are, and more like a group of unruly children. After a self-assured and knowledgeable presentation, this condescending gesture was surprising but certainly not shocking.

I am reminded of the shamans that occurred in the Great Hall on April 23rd. Mark Epstein announced that tuition was going to be charged to new students in Fall of 2014. This was followed by a Q&A session, but instead of allowing audience members to ask questions by raising their hands or passing a microphone around, audience members had to write their questions down on index cards. Epstein then sifted through the cards, only answering those that he did (f)continue on back)

It was the anechoic chamber, where “unfriendly noise” had to be excluded in order for the Board to throw us a bone. The Board is presumably aware of how widely disliked they are amongst the student body, and this position would have been a great way for the Board to throw us a bone.

While the ethics of the dilemma have been frequently discussed over the past week, one question persists if the Board of trustees pride Cooper on its student body, why don’t they trust their students? If we are, as we are frequently told, the best, brightest, hardest working and most creative students in America, why is the Board so hesitant to get us involved?

This isn’t exclusively a Board of trustees issue. On October 14th, Dean Dahlberg gave a presentation to the Engineering School about her vision for the school followed by a brief Q&A session. After a student (full disclosure: it was me) mentioned “The Way Forward,” she bracketed it off, immediately dismissing the work of many hard-working, well-informed and good-intentioned members of the Cooper Community. When questions about tuition persisted from students, Dean Dahlberg told us, with a wagging finger, that she would not answer any more questions since she “didn’t come here to talk about tuition.”

In one fell swoop, the new Dean treated the engineering student body less like the brilliant students she told us we are, and more like a group of unruly children. After a self-assured and knowledgeable presentation, this condescending gesture was surprising but certainly not shocking.

I am reminded of the shamans that occurred in the Great Hall on April 23rd. Mark Epstein announced that tuition was going to be charged to new students in Fall of 2014. This was followed by a Q&A session, but instead of allowing audience members to ask questions by raising their hands or passing a microphone around, audience members had to write their questions down on index cards. Epstein then sifted through the cards, only answering those that he did (f)continue on back)
The unique solution to the last issue's puzzle is reproduced below. This puzzle contains only one solution, which will be released in

**POETRY SLAM**

**JOSEPH D. COOKELLE '16**

On Friday, November 8th, the Cooper Union Black Student Union hosted its first poetry slam. MC Osaze Oborode (BSE '15) and Eretumere (CE '15) were the hosts of the night. Perhaps while not the typical characteristics of an MC for a poetry slam, Osaze's eccentric stage presence and wordplaypost-prompt interactions were too endearing to not appreciate the host. The stars of the evening, however, were the poets. First timers and weathered veterans alike poured out their hearts to a supportive audience and an imposing judging panel, whose scores would be determined by a chorus of boos. The themes touched upon during the slams - social justice, finding inner peace, sexuality - were not earth-shattering, but the passion with which they were delivered had the power to bring New Yorkers to tears.

Jimmy Epineza's touching letter to his little brother grappled with the struggle of reconciling childhood's desires and adulthood's responsibilities. Epineza's eager cadence and facial expressions gave the impression that he may have written his piece at the age of 12. Henry Wang's Rapid Packing System (EE '15) who delivered a poem about his reflection in the mirror or the tragedy found by a chorus of boos. The stars of the evening, however, were the poets. First timers and weathered veterans alike poured out their hearts to a supportive audience and an imposing judging panel, whose scores would be determined by a chorus of boos. The themes touched upon during the slams - social justice, finding inner peace, sexuality - were not earth-shattering, but the passion with which they were delivered had the power to bring New Yorkers to tears.

Jimmy Epineza's touching letter to his little brother grappled with the struggle of reconciling childhood's desires and adulthood's responsibilities. Epineza's eager cadence and facial expressions gave the impression that he may have written his piece at the age of 12. Henry Wang's Rapid Packing System (EE '15) who delivered a poem about his reflection in the mirror or the tragedy found by a chorus of boos. The stars of the evening, however, were the poets. First timers and weathered veterans alike poured out their hearts to a supportive audience and an imposing judging panel, whose scores would be determined by a chorus of boos. The themes touched upon during the slams - social justice, finding inner peace, sexuality - were not earth-shattering, but the passion with which they were delivered had the power to bring New Yorkers to tears.

Jimmy Epineza's touching letter to his little brother grappled with the struggle of reconciling childhood's desires and adulthood's responsibilities. Epineza's eager cadence and facial expressions gave the impression that he may have written his piece at the age of 12. Henry Wang's Rapid Packing System (EE '15) who delivered a poem about his reflection in the mirror or the tragedy found by a chorus of boos. The stars of the evening, however, were the poets. First timers and weathered veterans alike poured out their hearts to a supportive audience and an imposing judging panel, whose scores would be determined by a chorus of boos. The themes touched upon during the slams - social justice, finding inner peace, sexuality - were not earth-shattering, but the passion with which they were delivered had the power to bring New Yorkers to tears.

Jimmy Epineza's touching letter to his little brother grappled with the struggle of reconciling childhood's desires and adulthood's responsibilities. Epineza's eager cadence and facial expressions gave the impression that he may have written his piece at the age of 12. Henry Wang's Rapid Packing System (EE '15) who delivered a poem about his reflection in the mirror or the tragedy found by a chorus of boos. The stars of the evening, however, were the poets. First timers and weathered veterans alike poured out their hearts to a supportive audience and an imposing judging panel, whose scores would be determined by a chorus of boos. The themes touched upon during the slams - social justice, finding inner peace, sexuality - were not earth-shattering, but the passion with which they were delivered had the power to bring New Yorkers to tears.

Jimmy Epineza's touching letter to his little brother grappled with the struggle of reconciling childhood's desires and adulthood's responsibilities. Epineza's eager cadence and facial expressions gave the impression that he may have written his piece at the age of 12. Henry Wang's Rapid Packing System (EE '15) who delivered a poem about his reflection in the mirror or the tragedy found by a chorus of boos. The stars of the evening, however, were the poets. First timers and weathered veterans alike poured out their hearts to a supportive audience and an imposing judging panel, whose scores would be determined by a chorus of boos. The themes touched upon during the slams - social justice, finding inner peace, sexuality - were not earth-shattering, but the passion with which they were delivered had the power to bring New Yorkers to tears.

Jimmy Epineza's touching letter to his little brother grappled with the struggle of reconciling childhood's desires and adulthood's responsibilities. Epineza's eager cadence and facial expressions gave the impression that he may have written his piece at the age of 12. Henry Wang's Rapid Packing System (EE '15) who delivered a poem about his reflection in the mirror or the tragedy found by a chorus of boos. The stars of the evening, however, were the poets. First timers and weathered veterans alike poured out their hearts to a supportive audience and an imposing judging panel, whose scores would be determined by a chorus of boos. The themes touched upon during the slams - social justice, finding inner peace, sexuality - were not earth-shattering, but the passion with which they were delivered had the power to bring New Yorkers to tears.

Jimmy Epineza's touching letter to his little brother grappled with the struggle of reconciling childhood's desires and adulthood's responsibilities. Epineza's eager cadence and facial expressions gave the impression that he may have written his piece at the age of 12. Henry Wang's Rapid Packing System (EE '15) who delivered a poem about his reflection in the mirror or the tragedy found by a chorus of boos. The stars of the evening, however, were the poets. First timers and weathered veterans alike poured out their hearts to a supportive audience and an imposing judging panel, whose scores would be determined by a chorus of boos. The themes touched upon during the slams - social justice, finding inner peace, sexuality - were not earth-shattering, but the passion with which they were delivered had the power to bring New Yorkers to tears.

Jimmy Epineza's touching letter to his little brother grappled with the struggle of reconciling childhood's desires and adulthood's responsibilities. Epineza's eager cadence and facial expressions gave the impression that he may have written his piece at the age of 12. Henry Wang's Rapid Packing System (EE '15) who delivered a poem about his reflection in the mirror or the tragedy found by a chorus of boos. The stars of the evening, however, were the poets. First timers and weathered veterans alike poured out their hearts to a supportive audience and an imposing judging panel, whose scores would be determined by a chorus of boos. The themes touched upon during the slams - social justice, finding inner peace, sexuality - were not earth-shattering, but the passion with which they were delivered had the power to bring New Yorkers to tears.