



Barofsky '95 Plugs Public Service at Guarini Government Scholars Lecture

By Valerie Brender '13
Contributing Writer

Last Monday, Neil Barofsky '95, opened his lecture with a question that has agonized generations of NYU alumni — how do you ever end up on the cover of the NYU School of Law Magazine? His answer seemed to be that no one knows. Barofsky, the Special Inspector General for the Troubled Asset Relief Program (SIGTARP) and an alum who has dedicated the bulk of his legal career to government service, was the lecturer chosen to inaugurate the new Frank J. Guarini Government Scholars Institute. The Institute, headed by Professor Samuel Rascoff, recently selected its first class of scholars. Rascoff celebrated Barofsky as “the very best of what it means to be a public servant.” As someone who runs a government program the size of the Netherlands, Rascoff noted that Barofsky exemplified what can be accomplished through public service.

As the Special Inspector to TARP, Barofsky oversees a massive investigatory and auditing operation that helps bring transparency and oversight to the TARP. His position does not frequently win him points with the media and politicians. He joked that he had been voted the number one person that “Wall Street hates the most” and had been described by the White House as someone who “[didn’t] like movies with happy endings.” Nevertheless, his role has been central to ensuring accountability within TARP. Self-described as TARP’s mini-FBI, his primary role is to report to taxpayers about what exactly TARP has been doing.

When he was starting his career after completing law school, Barofsky did not aspire to run a program with a budget that could fund several small nations. His first passion was to become an Assistant U.S. Attorney (“AUSA”). He listed Professors Andrew Schaffer and Bryan Stevenson as his inspiration and highlighted the wealth of opportunity he recalls discovering at NYU. However, he emphasized that there was no one way to follow your passion. He didn’t clerk or join a law journal. Although his dream was to become a prosecutor, he first went to a firm after graduation. Barofsky ended up leaving behind corporate law to explore private defense work. Then, he was finally presented with the opportunity to achieve his dream of becoming an AUSA in the Southern District of New York.

As an AUSA, Barofsky thought he wanted to do white collar work. However, in his second year he was placed in the narcotics division and spent five years doing international narcotics trafficking prosecutions. One of the most hair-raising stories from his time there involved a case against the FARC (the Revolutionary Armed Forces of Colombia). His team had been working with a woman—a former FARC insider—who could provide excellent information about FARC’s activities. Unbeknownst to him, FARC had discovered



that the witness was in contact with U.S. officials, and had devised a plot to murder Barofsky and his team. The witness was to play a central part in the murder plan. Fortunately, when Barofsky proposed that the witness fly to the United States and enter the Witness Protection Program in exchange for her testimony, she decided not to execute the plot. Barofsky learned later that in offering her admission into the U.S., he had narrowly escaped being killed.

The unsettling experience with FARC forced Barofsky to leave the narcotics unit. He would no longer be able to return to Colombia, which meant he would be unable to effectively do his job. Instead, Barofsky was transferred to the securities fraud unit, which would be the precursor to his role as the SIGTARP. Nowadays, Barofsky fields a host of questions about TARP’s progress. Is it over? Did it work? How much did it cost? He is equipped with a series of facts and figures—the Treasury Department cannot spend any new money on it, but it still has \$70 billion that was already slated to be spent. The program thought it would lose hundreds of billions, but it ended up only losing \$20 billion.

While Barofsky enjoys his work as the SIGTARP, he misses his work at the AUSA office. And while he may joke about landing a cover-page spot on the NYU School of Law Magazine, it is clear he doesn’t need a cover-page to inspire a room to undertake government service.

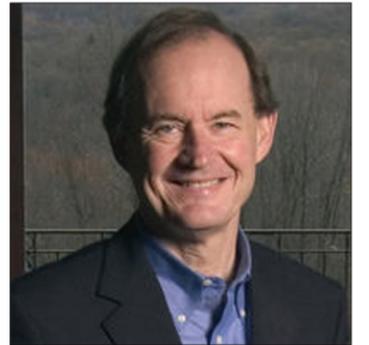
Levinson Kicks Off Boies Professorship of Law with Talk on Constitutions

By Hannah Baker '13
Staff Writer

Professor Daryl Levinson delivered the inaugural lecture of the David Boies Professorship of Law on the evening of Jan. 25. For unexplained reasons, the event was held in Greenberg Lounge, rather than the nearby and convenient Tishman, rendering Professor Levinson invisible to all but the tallest people in attendance and those lucky enough to be seated in the first few rows.

The lecture, titled “How Constitutions Work (When They Work)”, explored the idea of a constitution as a kind of self-binding mechanism. Professor Levinson analogized constitutions to the story of how Ulysses bound himself to the mast of his ship so he could hear the entrancing song of the sirens without throwing himself overboard. More prosaically, Professor Levinson considered how we all pre-emptively restrain ourselves in daily life — by making New Year’s resolutions, telling everyone about our exercise plans, or, if we’re going on a trip to the casino, leaving our credit cards at home.

On a more literal level, Professor Levinson argued that constitutions are enforced just as much by the voluntary self-restraint of politicians and the people in general as they are by the for-



David Boies LL.M. '67's front-row seat gave him a good view of Levinson.

mal oversight of the courts and other reviewing mechanisms. In a country with less voluntary commitment to its constitution, Levinson argued, the ruling in *Bush v. Gore*, to take one example, would never have been peacefully accepted by both sides. The fact that politicians, by and large, accept unfavorable judicial decisions rather than ignoring them shows, if not a firm commitment to constitutional principles, at least an inertia that prevents the constitution from fading from relevance even when unchallenged.

His reference to the controversial *Bush v. Gore* decision was not the only time that Professor Levinson mentioned cases litigated by the well-known NYU alumnus David Boies, who was present in one of the coveted front-row spots. Famous for his work as a trial attorney, Mr. Boies is now behind the new David Boies Professorship of Law, for which Professor Levinson has returned to NYU from Harvard.



COMMENTATOR CANDID

Terra Judge

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A team of 2Ls take advantage of the snow day by prepping for the Super Bowl with a game of football in Prospect Park Jan. 27.

Infra	Honey Rider is back writing about naughty, naughty words.	page 2
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	It's raining five kinds of meatballs at The Meatball Shop.	page 4

Clash of the NYU Halls: Slow Elevators, Poor Climate Control

By MICHAEL MIX '11
EDITOR-IN-CHIEF

The Corleones vs. the Tattaglias. Kobe vs. Shaquille O'Neal. Tupac Shakur vs. Notorious B.I.G. David Letterman vs. Jay Leno. These rivalries have defined generations. For us NYU Law students, the great rivalry of our time is obviously between the two main law buildings—Vanderbilt vs. Furman. Which is the better building to have class in? This is an extremely important question which will have all sorts of ramifications. Let's break them down, using every criterion imaginable.

Sightlines — I hate the sightlines in Vanderbilt, mainly because there is barely any incline between the rows, especially in the first few rows. If you are sitting in the fourth row, and former NBA player and *Space Jam* star Shawn Bradley happens to sit in front of you, you are going to have a very difficult time seeing the professor and the chalkboard. Unfortunately for the NYU Dean's Cup team, Bradley does not go to this law school, though there is still time for the former New Jersey Net center to enroll. On the other hand, the rooms in Furman are sharply sloped, making for great sightlines. The downside to this is that you can awkwardly end up much higher than the professor, but gunners with giant egos must secretly love this. **Advantage: Furman**

Water Fountains — I don't understand what on earth is wrong with the water fountains in Vanderbilt. The liquid is really warm, and only a little ever comes out. In comparison, the water fountains in Furman are glorious; the water pressure still leaves something to be desired, but the liquid is ever so cold. When the law school is inexplicably 90 degrees inside each classroom, as it often is, I usually pine for the cool water of the Furman fountains. **Advantage: Furman**

Lounges — Is this even a question? Vanderbilt 110 is the lounge to end all lounges. It contains computers, printers, quiet rooms, ample tables, our mailboxes and enough issues of *The Commentator* to make a papier-mâché replica of the Rose Bowl (seriously, read *The Commentator* and take them home with you so I don't have to recycle so many copies every other week). In addition to that, Vanderbilt has Golding, which is a solid lounge itself. In contrast, Furman's Wachtell Lounge leaves something to be desired. Many of the tables are too far away from the chairs, and I get the constant feeling that I'm being watched by the hundreds of people waiting for the incredibly slow Furman elevators. **Advantage: Vanderbilt**

Aesthetics — Vanderbilt is beautiful on the outside, with a lovely courtyard. This was the first thing I saw when I visited NYU Law as an admitted student, and it made a very favorable impression on me. Furman, on the other hand, is a very nondescript building on the outside but much nicer on the inside. It is obviously newer and more modern,

for the awesomely retro "This Car Next" sign on the ground floor. **Advantage: Vanderbilt**

Stairs — the main staircase in Vanderbilt is glorious, with great views and a wonderful chandelier (though I still worry that it is a tort waiting to happen during Fall Ball). The side staircases feel like they belong in an elementary school at best and a mental institution at worst, but I'll give Vanderbilt a pass on that because of the awesome power of the main

Chairs — I think that the chairs in both building are about equal in comfort, but for some reason, many of the Vanderbilt chairs are incredibly close together. This makes it very awkward when class ends and no one can get out of their chairs. I know NYU is a collegial place, but I think a little more distance between the seats would be a plus. **Advantage: Furman.**

Utility Aside From Classrooms — Vanderbilt has Tishman and Greenberg, which host lectures, Fall Ball, Spring Fling and Law Revue. Furman has, uh, those aforementioned weird, poorly-lit "rooms" adjacent to the side staircases, where I would only do work if I was trying to avoid someone or escape capture. Enough said. **Advantage: Vanderbilt**

Temperature — Everyone knows that rooms at the law school can get absurdly hot for no reason. I have sweated through many classes and exams in both buildings, even though the temperature outside was only 40 degrees. There are some classrooms in both buildings where it is hazardous to your health to wear a long-sleeve shirt. **Push**

Well there you have it folks. Even though it is the older building, Vanderbilt tops Furman, 4-3. It just goes to show that experience wins out every time. Unless that experience comes in the form of Brett Favre, in which case all bets are off.

Comment

The Guy Behind The Guy Behind the Guy

and the walls are not painted the color of puke, which is always a plus. **Push**

Elevators — As I mentioned before, the elevators in Furman could make even Steve McQueen lose his cool. For a building so new, why are the elevators so slow? In addition, no one can ever figure out which elevator buttons correspond to which elevators. Also, would it be that difficult to connect the elevator buttons together so you don't have to press both of them? Vanderbilt's elevators are also slow and have the added detraction of being incredibly small, but I will give them credit

staircase. Furman's middle staircases, on the other hand, seem like they belong in an M.C. Escher painting. Whenever I reluctantly enter one of the staircases, I never know where I'll end up. Maybe I'll make it to the right floor, but there is a good chance that I will somehow end up outside. Moreover, Furman's side staircases are nice enough, but those side "rooms" are bizarre. I had a late afternoon class on the third floor of Furman last year and whenever class ended and it was dark outside, the side stairs would be completely dark, which is definitely a tort waiting to happen. **Advantage: Vanderbilt**

thecommentator

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Fighting Your Euphemistic Tendencies

By HONEY RYDER

Sticks and stones may break my bones, but words can never hurt me! Except when those words are "bad." No matter how much we try to convince ourselves that they are just words, many people simply feel uncomfortable swearing or saying things like penis, vagina or dick. Some even prefer to not say the word "sex" in public. (Crazy? Possibly.) Without overlapping too much with the incomparable George Carlin, suffice it to say that I find this situation mildly ridiculous. What is it about words that makes us so uneasy? And what does this have to do with writing about sex? (Stay tuned!)

First, I think it's necessary to divide the Universe of Bad Words into two major categories: Race Words and Sex Words. As a sex columnist, I refuse to opine on the former. Also as a sex columnist, I seriously love the latter. Words like dong, twat, ass, and cock are invaluable to someone who loves to talk about the "f" word. (Yeah ... the powers that be won't let me write that one.) But as you, dear reader, can see, these are precisely the kinds of words that the world at large is unwilling to tolerate in everyday parlance.

Though I'm sure we can all imagine scenarios where we might be forced to discuss this sort of thing in class (word on the street — Art Law), most of us are still probably not 100 percent comfortable with the prospect. "For good reason! It's obscene!" some might declare.

Now, I haven't exactly attained the level of First Amendment scholar or anything, but I am pretty sure obscenity doctrine is trickier than just identifying and censoring "bad" words. In fact, it's basically impossible for these words to ever in a million years be considered obscene. So our aversion to them must be deeper. Maybe when push comes to shove, we're simply scared of these words.

Or perhaps we are actually scared of the concepts these words represent. I know what you're thinking — who the tit is afraid of sex? Besides many organized religions? Well, my extensive sexual research has revealed a particularly peculiar phenomenon relating to the notion of "dirty talk." How many times have you tried to spice up your regular romp with the addition of a few choice descriptors? Whether you reveal your wish to be ravaged, moan your desire or basically say anything that could be found in a trashy romance novel and multiply it by "explicit," dirty talk seems to be the prime source of discomfort in the bedroom. It's either half-assed, embarrasses the dirty talker or just sounds like a bad porno.

The fact that dirty talk seems to be an art rather than a natural way of

expressing ourselves in the privacy of our own coitus chambers leads me to believe that we have been trained to be bashful about our fornication exploits. The words themselves have changed over the centuries, but they continue to describe the same thing: sex, sex, and more sex. Oral, anal, vaginal, other orificial, glorious, orgasm-inducing SEX. And society has pressured us so completely into believing that anything remotely re-

sembling sex is shameful that we have difficulty talking about what we're doing with ease.

As your faithful reporter on all things horizontal tango, this is normally the point at which I would impart tips and tricks for your hoo-has and dicks. Unfortunately, despite my many and varied attempts at becoming a dirty talk sensei, I fear I am currently hovering somewhere in the realm of green belt. There is only one solution for this woeful lack of sexpertise: practice!

So readers, for the first time, I am giving you homework. Say these words (and the ones that aren't allowed to appear in print). Dare to do a little dirty talking the next time you do the nasty. Don't be afraid to describe what you're doing (or what you want to be doing). And definitely don't be afraid to do what you're doing. Embrace the freedom the First Amendment bestows upon you and talk about your Ps and Vs with pride!

Comment

There's Always Money in the Banana Stand

Clear Eyes, White Snow, Can't Lose: A 2L Football Showdown

BY: LEIGHTON DELLINGER '12
STAFF EDITOR

Wintry mix is not as delightful as it sounds. As in, not at all delightful. Wintery mix sounds like a fun-fetti cake and a hot chocolate mustache with a silly hat to match a carefree attitude. As it turns out, winter mix is actually just a nasty mix of sludge and snow and frost and water and residual homeless urine. Imagine my chagrin. After a winter holiday spent in the 70-degree sunshine of South Texas, I have been cold and scared of the outdoors for weeks.

I spent the last few weeks consulting with my cold-weather fashion guru and roommate, Andrea Ravich, '12. "The right winter gear is a mix of layers, warm fabrics, informed contrast, and pops of crazy! This season I'm really into feathers and animal prints! I'm actually always into animal prints," giggled Ravich.

For men, feathers and animal prints are only the beginning. "In winter I live in my Timbos [referring to the popular and socially-responsible Timberland shoe brand]. They're little



boot-shaped extensions of my gangsta-self," bragged Daniel Bromwich '12. "And I just got a new Timberland t-shirt that I can't wait to sport when my boots are out of season."

Winter mix is decidedly disgusting. But what is delightful? Waking up to an email from Sam Issacharoff on Thursday morn-

ing: "We were just informed that our normally valiant Dean has capitulated to the forces of adversity. We will resume on Monday. Enjoy the brief holiday."

SNOW DAY! New York City was inundated with 19 inches of snow on Wednesday and blessed "disruptions"

we won! I end zone celebrated so many times I nearly Berney-ed my head off."

And it wasn't an exaggeration — the Berney, based on the 1989 cult classic *Weekend at Bernie's*, is a simple but dangerous dance craze. Dancers lean their heads back, arch their backs, and swing their arms in imitation of a propped-up post-rigor Uncle Bernie. "It's totally crunk," says Zach Levin '12, self-proclaimed Connoisseur of Dance Sensations.

The other team, led by Levin and Lauren Pedley '12, had fewer opportunities to celebrate but just as much panache. Pedley and Levin had an aggressive leadership style. "We took them DOWN today," says Pedley. "The snow softened the tackles but not our intensity.

Comment

The Eager Reader



NEW YORK UNIVERSITY
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plain meaning in CONTEXT

Can law survive its own language?

Keynote Address by Professor Richard Epstein: "Plain Meaning Mostly, Right Mostly: A Modest Theory of Interpretivism"
This talk will address the attitudes toward interpretation that should be taken with constitutional, statutory and contractual materials and argue that the underlying linguistic problems should drive the analysis, and that efforts to tailor rules of interpretation to institutional settings may be useful dramatic flourishes, but in the end only detract for understanding how and why language works.

Generalist Panel with Professors Scott Soames, Lawrence Solan & Peter Tiersman, moderated by Professor Burt Neuborne
In our introductory panel, discussion will be focused on the broad question: when does plain meaning break down as a concept? Most lawyers and judges agree that the plain meaning of a text can do most, if not all of the interpretive work most of the time. Thus, another question is: why does plain meaning work most of the time? Finally, panelists will be encouraged to provide suggestions for how legal practice can be improved to avoid these interpretive dilemmas.

Administrative Law Panel with Professor Hanah Volokh, moderated by Professor Roderick Hills
In the administrative law context, much work is done resolving ambiguity in statutory authorization for agency action. This panel will be addressing the question: does the Chevron line of cases provide meaningful vindication of Congressional intent / does a Chevron-like solution make any sense in determining the plain meaning of an authorizing statute? More broadly, this panel will address the institutional question of whether courts are uniquely-positioned semantic detectives, or whether they are on an equal footing with other possible actors.

Intellectual Property Law Panel with Professors Barton Beebe, Kristen Osenga & Mr. Stephan Kinsella, moderated by Professor Amy Adler
One of the areas where context for meaning seriously matters is in intellectual property. The precise meaning of a symbol has huge implications for interpreting patent scope, for deciding when to enforce trademarks, and in determining whether or not something is "fair use" for copyright purposes, in the art context and elsewhere. This panel will focus on areas in IP where determining the plain meaning of a symbol is difficult, with suggestions for how to improve and clarify existing law, and thoughts on which institutional actors are best suited to make interpretive determinations.

Vanderbilt Hall, Greenberg Lounge | New York University School of Law
Friday, February 18, 2011 | 9:00 a.m. - 4:00 p.m.

For more information, and to register to attend, please visit
<http://www.law.nyu.edu/journals/lawliberty/symposia/index.htm>.

canceled our regularly scheduled programming: classroom adventures that pale in comparison to a drift of stark white snow.

Law students have a completion-oriented mindset and so we spent our day of freedom checking things off our List Of Things To Do. First off: get in some off-season training for next year's SLAP league. 19 inches turned out to be the perfect marker for precipitation — just enough to cancel school, but not enough to upset public transportation. With classes cancelled and the trains still running, we headed to Brooklyn's Prospect Park for a daring and competitive (given our constraints: knee-deep snow and dorkiness) game of football.

The teams faced-off without official names, but each had a unique character: the team led by Andrea Ravich and Adam Herling '12, celebrated each touchdown with their signature Berney dance. "Movin' like Berney is a national dance sensation," says Herling, "And

CLEAR BELLIES FULL EYES CAN'T LOSE."

References to the popular *Friday Night Lights* franchise were plenty in the snowy throw-down, though most of them were as accurate as Pedley's. "Clear eyes, snow storm, full beard, Santa Claus!" chanted Drew Hodel '12, whose adrenaline at getting beat by a girl (yours truly led off the game with two epic tackles of Hodel) overwhelmed his sense of reason.

"Mr. Street, do you think God loves football?" asked Terra Judge '12 (a *Commentator* Staff Editor) of Sam Schott '12, expecting the television line response: "I think everyone loves football." Instead Schott shouted her reply: "Tim Riggins, you dreamboat! I LOVE YOU!"

Despite boots full of snow and rapidly swelling bruises, our collective sense of irony was fully in tact. "Make it through 1L and getting tackled by Graham Lake '12 seems like a walk in the park," said Adam Stern '12.

A walk in this park, however, was treacherous. "I can't play football!" shouted a petite Lynn Eisenberg '12, "I can't move! I'm drowning in snow!" Needless to say, Eisenberg was shortly (pun intended) dominating on the field — deftly eluding her hulking pursuers and instituting the now-famous "Snowball Blitz" on behalf of her team.

In the end, Ravich and Herling Berney-ed their way to victory with an interception worthy of Pittsburgh Steeler Ben Roethlisberger. We left behind a packed field of fresh snow and echoes of laughter and we learned truths even beyond the wisdom of Coach Eric Taylor: when it comes to fun in the snow — clear eyes, full hearts, CAN'T LOSE!

One-Stop Shop: Meaty Meaty Meatballs, And a Veggie Variety, Too

By STAVAN DESAI '11
ASSISTANT MANAGING EDITOR

New York City is food mecca. One of its most recent trends has been the specialty food shop — a place that specializes in one thing and does it really well. We have places specializing in pizza, burgers, cupcakes, tacos, burritos and now ... Meatballs! The Meatball Shop in the Lower East Side has been receiving rave reviews so, with a contingent of five fellow food lovers, I went down there to see what all the fuss was about.

The Meatball Shop, helmed by two chefs with impressive resumes including time at French seafood maven *Le Bernardin*, has a very casual ambiance. The restaurant is loud and crowded, but the buzzing atmosphere is kept comfortable by a very friendly waitstaff. The restaurant is divided into many small tables and a communal table for larger groups. Interesting touches include antique-esque light bulbs and seemingly random pictures on the wall, ranging from portraits to weddings to the Revolutionary War.

Our group of five came in for lunch at 1:50 to find a packed house and a 20-minute wait. The wait can be up to two hours and I recommend going at off-peak

times or checking their wait time status on their website (<http://themeatballshop.com/index.php/>).

The beverage selection ranges from root beer on tap (recommended) to an eclectic wine list to ice-cream floats. The beer list is disappointingly limited and offers only a few selections. However, the three beers on tap and the two cans that are offered are relatively diverse and therefore offer a beer for most tastes.

The building blocks of The Meatball Shop are the balls themselves (including a veggie ball) and the sauces. They offer five varieties of meatballs (beef, spicy pork, chicken, vegetable and special) and five varieties of sauces (tomato, spicy meat, mushroom gravy, parmesan cream and pesto). These balls and sauces are mixed and matched and either served naked (\$7, with sauce and focaccia), as sliders (\$3), as heroes (\$9) or as a smash (\$8, two balls with sauce smashed between a toasted brioche bun). A variety of soups, salads and sides complement the ballsy menu.

The five of us did our best to sample a variety of combinations and dishes. The special meatball for the day was a Chicken Cordon Bleu, which was sampled with the



Stavan Desai

Comment

I'd Cross the Street for That

parmesan cream sauce. The special was originally a buffalo chicken meatball with blue cheese sauce, but the restaurant ran out literally as we were ordering. For the Cordon Bleu, I really enjoyed how moist and tender the chicken was and the nice and subtle flavor of the ham. This

flavor stands in contrast to the regular chicken meatball, which I felt could use more flavor, though was cooked perfectly.

The spicy pork meatball with mushroom gravy was excellent, my favorite dish on the table, with a very flavorful but not overwhelming spicy taste that complemented the mushroom gravy perfectly. In contrast, when the spicy pork was combined with the spicy meat sauce and cheese in a hero, I felt that the strong flavor of the sauce overwhelmed and took attention away from the flavorful pork meatball itself. The flavor that I appreciated so much with the mushroom gravy was muted when paired with the spicy meat sauce. This isn't to say that the spicy pork with spicy meat sauce wasn't very satisfying, but it just didn't stand out.

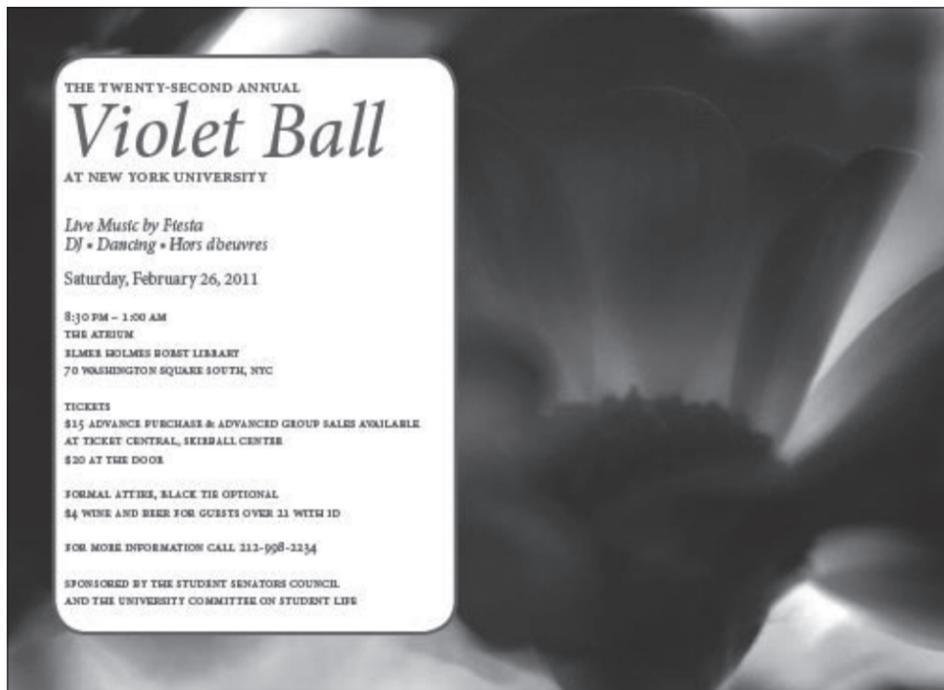
The hero itself was very good.

The perfect amount of sauce made it crunchy in some areas, soft in others and, overall, it was a very nice preparation.

We couldn't leave without sampling the classic beef meatball. The beef with classic tomato sauce was a perfect example of exactly what a meatball should be: Moist and with a very balanced flavor. The beef also worked very well with the tomato sauce, which had a wonderfully simple flavor and didn't have the watered-down taste that many tomato sauces have. The beef meatball with spicy meat sauce was also a nice pairing; the flavor of the meat sauce accentuated the beef and added a little kick.

A member of our group also ordered the Sautéed Broccoli (\$4) with a side of parmesan cream sauce (\$.50) and was very pleased with the combination and remarked how nice and tender the broccoli was.

Even though the restaurant's name gives away its main attraction, The Meatball Shop is also known and praised for its dessert, the ice-cream sandwich (\$4). Your challenge is to choose two different cookies (chocolate chip, peanut butter, brownie, oatmeal raisin, meringue and ginger-snap) and wedge between them some homemade ice-cream (chocolate, vanilla, espresso, mint, caramel and special). I chose chocolate chip and brownie cookies with caramel ice-cream. The ice-cream was very creamy and rich and had a nice flavor without being overly sweet. The cookies were decent, but could have been a little softer and perhaps even slightly warmed. We also ordered a scoop of their special ice-cream on the side, which was Oatmeal flavor, which tasted exactly as you'd expect an oatmeal cookie to taste.



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