ASIA AND THE CORE
by Professor Wm. Theodore DeBary, C’41

O CORE! O COMMUNITY!
by Abigail Krauser, C’00
CONTENTS.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Title</th>
<th>Page</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>BLUE J</td>
<td>5</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>ASIA AND THE CORE</td>
<td>6</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>COLUMBILIAD, <em>an epic.</em></td>
<td>9</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>COLUMBIA AUTEUR</td>
<td>11</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>CURIO COLUMBIANA</td>
<td>12</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>IRREVERENT, IRRELEVANT</td>
<td>13</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>IN 1943, ART TATUM FORMS A TRIO, <em>a fiction</em></td>
<td>15</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A MATTER OF RESPECT</td>
<td>17</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>MEASURE FOR MEASURE</td>
<td>20</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>TOLD BETWEEN PUFFS</td>
<td>22</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>CAMPUS GOSSIP</td>
<td>23</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
One spring afternoon, two years ago, our publisher ventured into “Columbiana,” home to a collection of Columbia documents. Amid its dusty volumes lay a history of Columbia composed in 1914 by the Columbiana librarian of that time.

Poring through this history, our publisher arrived at an account of Columbia’s publications, of the battles of the Philolexian and the Peithologian societies, of the rise of Acta Columbia, and its battle with the upstart Spectator with which it eventually merged.

It was 1891. The Spectator had already claimed her exalted position at Columbia. A new voice appeared on campus.

The B & W struggled at first to find its identity, printing fourteen issues, looking in appearance not unlike today’s Spectator. In its
fifteenth issue, which it renamed its fifteenth "number," The B & W remade itself in journal size and switched its ink to a shade of Columbia Blue.

Amid Spectator news and Philolexian debates, The B & W gave voice to an intangible Columbia spirit: transcriptions of invaluable lectures, professors' valuable words, thoughts of students, poetic and critical, and College happenings snared by astute eyes and retold by talkative tongues. Delivered with wit worthy of frothy beer and intellection worthy of good discussion, The B & W provided a forum for College conversations of all kind.

The triumphal resurrection of The B & W attempts to capture its ancestor's spirit, its light feel and weighty goals, while fusing it with a campus situated scores of blocks uptown and a world aged one century. We hope to share, each month, a slice of Columbia always present but rarely seen by all.

Bearing these principles ever in mind, we have decided, after careful deliberation on a format that strays as little as possible from the old numbers. A careful researcher may find that many a phrase lies under the heavy influence of the words of writers from days gone by. Far from mere mimicry of those gilded days, The B & W is looking to a brighter future built on a mix of set sections already well established and essays of general interest.

Of most immediate and general interest is the contribution of Wm. Theodore de Bary C'41, John Mitchell Mason Professor Emeritus and Provost Emeritus, on Asia and the Core, beginning on page six and continuing in November's number. The coming number will also see the continuation of October's short fiction piece, appearing on page fifteen. Several of the set sections, inaugurated in the old Blue and White and rededicated last number, appear in this issue:

Measure for Measure will present a compilation of poems. Abigail Susik is featured this month. Poems scattered throughout the number are most likely penned by the ancient but ageless house poet Bingo. Krusty, often like-mindedly poetic, has of late immersed himself in the art of translation.

When he is so inclined, Verily Veritas may be found within these pages. Each issue, or, more likely as V. V.'s schedule permits, we will be treated to a meaty dose of V. V.'s observations on life in Told Between Puffs.

Blue J. once again takes up the quill and returns to his post, offering careful criticism of the policies of the administration. In this number, Blue J. makes a rare appearance outside of Columbia proper.

Curio Columbiana — which has appeared but once in each of the last two centuries and, in the 1890s, promulgated the text of the dismissal of a professor with Confederate leanings — appears again on page twelve. This section presents items of interest culled from Columbia's obvious and less obvious collections of great works.

The role of chronicling Columbia will be resumed by Campus Gossip, as Lecture Notes will record some of the more insightful concepts raised in Columbia's classes and note some of the better upcoming lectures. Submissions are welcome for each of the two sections, though no guarantee can be made as to their inclusion. The once banished house poet, Lord Byroom, has indeed returned with his withering love poems. Those of romantic leanings are reminded that, at this moment, a golden-locked dame holds the key to his heart. Lord Byroom reminds his readers that while love is eternal, a moment lasts but a moment.

For this number, we spill wine from our goblets and reduce our joy, mourning the loss of dear Columbians Shirley Yoon, C'98, and Darren Pascual, SEAS'00. Their lives are of cherished memory; they will not be soon forgotten.
BLUE J.

Too Much Quiet; Two Dollar Ultimatum

As the semester begins, a bird’s mind turns to the important things: the crisp chill of a New York morning, that first taste of a cup of Broadway-brewed coffee, and, of course, to the need to study. In the past, Jay was known to study in Reference, but in his old age, he’s become busier, and his nightly arrival at Butler has danced later and later into the increasingly cold evenings. In the past, mind you, this wouldn’t have been a problem: at 11 o’clock, when Reference, Periodicals, Burgess, and Medieval had all closed, Jay would wing his way down to the 3rd floor stadium, and would once more attempt to prove that a man is but what he knoweth. On rare occasions, perhaps during midterms or finals, the stadium would be full, but this was no problem, as the College Room held an untapped (if somewhat noisy) expanse of real estate in which Jay could always find a perch.

Alas, this expanse has been Enlarged and Improved, only to become somewhat Reduced and Weakened. Let it never be said that Jay does not appreciate his Internet access, and he is also all in favor of brighter lights and cleaner floors, but did such improvements have to come at the cost of a room that allowed hundreds of tiring undergrads the chance to study deep into the night? While some may tout the new lounge and study rooms to the North as replacements for the new College Room’s smaller desks and interrupted sight lines, this bird can’t help but remember the day when he could look up from his Augustine and fantasize about the girl across the way, intent on her Virgil. Now, when he can find a seat in the College Reading Room at all, Jay has but two options: he can stare at the faux-wood study kiosk walling him in, or he can flip open his laptop and find affection on the Internet. Given that neither of these is likely to lead him to love, happiness, and a Ride into the Sunset, the Blue Jay would like to lead the cry: “Let the Internet be damned: let us have a library that exercises our social capabilities as well as our mental ones!”

The Blue Jay, should anyone be interested, has found a new nest in the Law Library, where it may be a little too quiet.

Could the Blessed Uncle round out our Trinitarian group of three? Could the 100 Years War last one hundred and sixteen...Wait. That being said, could even the Lord on High add an eleventh to the canonized ten commandments? No! Yet before our very eyes, the price, no the essence, of the two dollar slice –“the most pizza for two dollars”— has been raised to two and a quarter. And a quarter? After an evening’s inebriation, can anyone handle three quarters in change, let alone magically produce one? Impossible.

I ventured, with limped arms and a deflated spirit, into the sacred store of yore, hoping to renew the days of old. After my plea for a return to normalcy was rejected, I moved to strike a bargain. “If I pay three dollars tonight,” said this Blue J. to a blank faced pizza attendant, “could I pay the regular fee at my next three visits?” Not understanding, pizza man was pleasantly surprised by what appeared to him as his first 75 cent tip. Reasoning proved futile.

While my keen insights and incising pen are usually reserved for those who serve up “the most education for $30,000,” overpricing Columbian pizza is as conflagratory as taxing Bostonian tea. Can anyone say New York Pizza Party? Blue J, generally the strongest advocate of peaceful solutions, sees no alternative: they raise, we raze. This is my two dollar ultimatum.
Can the Core Accommodate Multiculturalism?
by Wm. Theodore de Bary

The movement for a core curriculum began, with the inauguration after World War I of the course entitled “War and Peace Issues,” the point of which was to discuss those value issues, and their historical background in Western civilization, which might bear on the establishment of a new world order based on the peaceful resolution of human problems—a natural enough project in the aftermath of the “War to End All Wars.” It is not stretching things to call this central concern of the original core course—the core of the core so to speak—civility in its broadest sense. But it was posed as a question, not imposed as a doctrine.

The topical treatment, the concern for values and ideas, the contemporary interest combined with historical background, and above all the use of challenging source readings as the basis for class discussion, became defining characteristics of the course that soon acquired the name of Contemporary Civilization. Another defining characteristic was its being required of all students, a break from the dominant elective system of which Harvard had stood as the pre-eminent model.

The justification for CC’s being required was a civic one: that, along with the inescapable trend toward academic specialization, the College should educate its students to deal in an informed way with the shared problems of contemporary society. Preparation for leadership and citizenship were undoubtedly among the course’s aims, but the method of personal engagement with urgent contemporary problems, through active class discussion (rather than just listening to lectures), was almost an end in itself.

These, then, were the shared moral and social concerns, along with a sense of the College’s corporate responsibility to address them in a collegial fashion, that justified limiting the students full freedom of election—while also, it is important to add, limiting the faculty’s freedom to teach whatever its individual members chose in the way of their own specialties. In the interests of education they had to subordinate their personal interest to the needs of a common curriculum, taught in a collegial fashion.

Subsequently the idea of having a “required” core spread widely, but one hardly need mention today that the original sense of corporate responsibility and esprit de corps, on the part of the faculty, has proved difficult to sustain. The true esprit de core has often been dissipated, and today “core” at many places only means “what is required,” while few remember why. Usually it amounts only to a distribution requirement—at best a methodological smorgasbord—and not a genuinely collegial effort to bring a range of disciplines to focus on questions of common contemporary concern.

Practically speaking one can say that this is the real problem of the core curriculum today, and not the dead hand of Eurocentric tradition or the stolid resistance of a WASP establishment to any change. For change has been taking place ever since, the first important change being the addi-
tion in 1937 of Humanities A (later dubbed "Lit Hum") which consisted of the reading and discussion of major works in the Western tradition, with more emphasis on the literary and philosophical side, as well as parallel courses in the masterworks of art and music. The course on major Western texts had been preceded by an honors colloquium founded by John Erskine, the syllabus of which was entitled "Classics of the Western World." This was the prototype of the Great Books program later taken to Chicago by Robert Hutchins and Mortimer Adler. But at Columbia there was never any disposition to canonize, as Adler did at Chicago, "One Hundred Great Books," or "One Hundred Great Ideas." There were always more such masterworks than could be included in any required course, and more than enough that both commanded attention and provoked argument. The important thing was to have a common reading list, conducive to shared discourse, and collegial discussion—an ongoing, open-ended dialogue between past and present, as the great minds spoke to each other, commented on their forbears, and argued with them over the centuries.

Core then, in this sense, has referred not just to content or canon but to process and method—to a well-tested body of challenging material, cultivated habits of reflective critical discourse and procedures for reexamination and redefinition.

Almost from the beginning, however, the proponents of this core were conscious of its initial Western focus and anxious to extend its horizons. This consciousness is reflected in the course title "Contemporary Civilization in the West" and in the syllabus of John Erskine's honors course entitled "Classics of the Western World," but "West" as used in both cases signified an acknowledgment of inadequacy and limitation, not an affirmation of Eurocentrism. And no sooner had the Humanities course been added to the core in 1937–38 than leaders of the movement (though none of them were Orientalists or Asianists themselves) began to agitate and plan staff development for counterpart courses in Asian civilizations and humanities, which were added as soon as practicable after World War II.

In 1937 when I as a freshman sat in a CC class with Harry Carman as the instructor, he brought to the students' attention that something needed to be done to include Asia in the CC program, and urged his students to consider this as something they might try to do. The next year (1938) I started Chinese; later in graduate school at Harvard I added Japanese; and after service in the Pacific Theater during World War II, returned here to complete the Ph.D. and inaugurate the Asian counterparts to CC and Humanities, to which were subsequently added Asian Art Humanities and Asian Music Humanities.

The way in which this was done is significant for the present debate on multiculturalism: it was a product neither of traditional Orientalism, with its emphasis on classical philology, nor on the area studies so promoted in the late 40s and 50s, usually as an aspect of foreign policy or development (modernization) studies. Rather the emphasis was on core concerns, humanity and civility, and the method of instruction continued to put a premium on collegial discussion—that is practice in civil discourse. No assumption was made of the superiority of Western ways or values or the primacy of a European canon, but only of the presence in other major civilizations, and in other major traditions of great depth, complexity and longevity, of comparable discourses on perennial human concerns and issues, which we should try to make our own to the extent that translation allowed.

This assumption of a parallel discourse in the East to that in the West had no difficulty gaining confirmation from the Asian works
themselves. In a one-year course [including] Islamic, Indian (both Buddhism and Hinduism) Chinese, and Japanese traditions. Our task was not to find counterparts to Western classic models but only to recognize what Asians themselves had long since ratified as works commanding special respect, either through enduring appeal or irrepresible challenge. We were not looking for an Indian Homer or Plato, a Chinese Dante or Japanese Shakespeare. A culture that has produced a Tale of Genji need not have produced a Tolstoy (though it must be said, the Japanese easily took to Tolstoy when the chance came).

Within each major tradition, this dialogue among classic writers and thinkers has taken place through a process of constant, repeated cross-referencing and back-referencing, largely independent of external involvement except to the extent that, from at least the seventeenth century onwards, writers in the West, great and not so great, have confirmed for themselves what Indians, Chinese and Japanese have long held in esteem. Almost all of the classics of the Asian traditions have established each other as major players in their own league, members (even if competitors) in their own discursive company. But it is of crucial importance that enough of the original discourse be reproduced so that this internal dialogue can be recognized and meaningfully evaluated by the reader.

At least two other general principles strike me as applicable to this educational pattern or approach. One is that it is best for the process to extend to more than one “other” culture than one’s own, so that there is always some point of triangulation and a multicultural perspective predominates over simplistic we/they, self/other, East/West comparisons. Thus, the Columbia “Asian Humanities” course includes readings from four major Asian traditions, which allows for significant cross-cultural comparisons quite apart from those the student naturally makes between his own and any one other culture.

If the effect of this is to underscore diversity, my second principle is that any such treatment, whether of one’s own or other cultures, should give priority to identifying central concerns. Above I have suggested “civility” and “humanity” (to which “the common good” or “commonality” could well be added) as basic categories or core concepts, but a main reason for starting the process with source readings or original texts has been to proceed inductively-to ask, in the reading of these works, what are the primary questions being addressed in each, what are the defining concepts and values of the discourse, in what key terms have they expressed both their proximate and ultimate concerns? Such questions may well be left open-ended, but for the time being, at this stage we should be looking for centers of gravity, points of convergence, common denominators. Why? Because as a matter of educational coherence it is best to work out from some center, however tentatively constructed, to the outer reaches of human possibility. And for purposes of establishing the grounds for carrying on civil discourse, some working consensus, initially tradition-based but increasingly multicultural, is needed.

In recent years this conception of the Core, based on the idea of civilization, civility, and the practice of civil discourse, has been challenged by a new form of multiculturalism that emphasizes the distinctive experience, and often victimization, of minority groups. While having a valid claim on our attention and possibly warranting remedial action in contemporary American society, this kind of multiculturalism tends to focus on special interests
and grievances. Instead of emphasizing shared experience and common concerns, these advocacy groups often insist that their experience is peculiarly their own; no one, they say, has a right to speak for them who is not of the same color or blood; and sometimes even those of the same color or blood who identify with what are pejoratively referred to as "Eurocentric" values, no matter what their scholarly qualifications may be, are likewise disqualified from speaking for that ethnic group. Initially invoking the value of diversity, they end up turning dialogue into monologue. From this, diversity is pressed to the point of divisiveness and even a kind of cultural apartheid.

It is not surprising that this distorted multiculturalism should have drawn the fire of Arthur Schlesinger in his book, The Disuniting of America. He correctly perceived that it carried a fundamental threat to the underlying conceptual and moral basis of the United States as expressed in E Pluribus Unum.

Unfortunately his response to this threat of moral and political "disuniting," as his title puts it, was poorly served by arguments grossly inadequate to meet the challenge of the genuinely multicultural world we live in.

I have done an extended critique of Schlesinger's book (as well as of other writers on multiculturalism, like Charles Taylor of Montreal), first delivered in public lectures at the East-West Center in Honolulu, and later published in Freedom Review, the quarterly publication of Freedom House (Vol. 26, No. 2 and 3, 1995). Since, however, I must end the first installment of this essay here, I shall resume the discussion in the next issue of Blue and White with first my critique of Schlesinger and then a proposal as to how, in our own curriculum, a genuine multicultural approach can be accommodated in the Columbia Core.

To be continued.

THE COLUMBILIAD

sung by Homera
translated by Krusty

Sing, O Alma, of the rippling loins of Johnathan, once skinny son of Reese, that wrought abundant strains upon the Crimson tide of Harvardites. Many a meaty man did it send to sit the sideline, bruised and battered, and many a former Ivy champion hero did it sack and yield a prey to hungry Lions of the Baker field, for so were the counsels of Tellier fulfilled from the day on which Brendan the son of Bibro and his men first ransacked the brave Light Blue.

And what strange force was it that set them forth in rivalry? It was the thirst for honor, the lust for victory that coursed throughout their veins; for the sons of great Columbiana were unsettled by Bibro, Kacyvenski and their crew, and sculpted their bodies, heaving great masses and running great lengths, because the Crimson clan held something rightfully belonging to the Blue. Now the Columbians had come to the battle field to steal away the title they so justly knew belonged in the Heights of Morningside, and had brought with them great enthusiasm for the play: moreover they bore in their souls the winning spirit of the Man of Hattan and challenged the Harvardaeans, crying "may the gods of Ball and Foot grant you many wins and great homecomings; but turn over Championship of Ivy League to its rightful owners, grant us proof of our veritable superiority in strength and skill and accept your defeat to our massive pectorals and hamstrings."

But the Crimson men spoke like true Barbarians in crude, artless words saying "Little boys, let us not find you near our
defense, wishbone style, ball in hand, nor punting through our goal of posts. Your hours of route and toil shall profit you no fame. We will not free the trophy of the Champions. It shall rest long and tarnish well in our display case at the square in Boston, Mass., far from where we know it rightfully belongs against the tiled halls of Dodge; so play, and do not blind us with the endless reserves of god-like talent you so have or it shall be the worse for you, subjected to our pitiful moans as you would be.

The Lion's men heard them and obeyed, in that they played. Not a swear nor indignity did they profess, but huddled in brotherly formation, speaking love and affirmation. Chanting "One, two three, four, we declare as football war!"

Thus did they psych up; their spirits heard the calling. They took to the field, raging with the burn for battle glory, with the pads on their supple body parts, and the helmets clamored on their brows with the excitement that coursed within them. They lined up for their first of plays, and the flying pigskin rang defeat for the men of Harvard as it was punted through the air into enemy territory. First, the Lions pushed their offense into Crimson defense zone, but soon they carried ball beyond the players into touchdown ground, and all game long the Crimson tide drifted further out, retreating to fated defeat.

For four whole quarters the unified conscious of Columbia's team wrought terror of touchdown after touchdown on the opposition, but nearing time to end their game, a poor soul from the losing crowd rose a plea against the fierce and blinding onslaught. "Oh sons of Alma," said he, "I deem that we should now give in, defeated and turn home if we would escape all extensiveness of sheer destruction, for we are being scored upon by swift footed run after swift footed run. Let us ask those gods of Ball and Foot, or priests of Athleticisme who can tell us why we suffer such humiliation, and say whether we have lost our skill or trained too little and whether we can, by rigor and by motivation, redeem our name as Champions."

With these words the poor, decrepit speaker tumbled to the bench, and Paris, son of Childress, most articulate of players, who spoke on past and future games, voiced up while running down the line. It was he who had seen the days of Harvard glory, and viewing present course of destiny addressed all players thus:—

"The prophets of sparring are disappointed neither about your efforts nor your intents, but for their honor's sake, which Crimson can no more uphold, in that a far more worthy clan has come along; therefore has he allowed my men and I to show you all the horrors of defeat, and will show such misery to countless others in many a match to follow. Harvadaens will suffer yet until all glory is surrendered in the passing of the title: Champions of Ivy League. Thus you may perhaps appease the sporting gods that be."

And a speaker for the Harvard side denied impending doom, saying "We have our hearts set on our status and the victory we claim. We will give up this once if we must; but you must leave us our end-season championship, or you will find us crying in our locker rooms, throwing fists of fury on the steel of locker doors."

And the sons of Columbiana answered, unified, "Most earnest men of Harvard, hungry as the cat goes out in search of mouse, how can we make such a promise as you request? Not a touchdown have you scored, we've beat you with our points of twenty-four. Your time has come to fall, ours to conquer. Surrender this game as you must, and as for the Ivy title do not count on double victory. We've come this far, and farther still we will proceed. We march along in brotherhood, our path to victory."
Students here at Columbia are forever complaining about the bureaucratic, unfeeling, impersonal institution with which we have chosen to associate ourselves for four (or more) years. In part, our gripes are justified. Undergraduate education is such a small part of any large university that it easily gets pushed aside, taking second place to the graduate programs. Also, we feel it our duty as the next generation to revolt against the establishment, to play the part of David and slay Goliath. The gargantuan that is Columbia University makes a pretty good target.

Subsequently, students are far too ready to dismiss the advantages of going here as opposed to a small, liberal arts college, where class sizes rarely exceed fifteen and there aren't any graduate students to distract the professors. They forget the reason great universities such as Columbia have achieved an eminence which surpasses that of even the best small liberal arts colleges. Columbia is a center not just of learning and teaching, but of original research and thought. As a result, Columbia attracts eminent academics from around the world. For example, film students have the opportunity to be taught by a professor such as Andrew Sarris, one of the most important and influential American film critics and theorists of the latter half of the twentieth century, as opposed to someone who's merely read and can regurgitate all of Sarris's ideas.

This semester I have the privilege of being taught by Sarris, a man I've idolized since first reading his seminal work, *The American Cinema: Directors and Directions 1929-1968*. I was thirteen at the time, just starting to get really serious about studying film, and happened to pick up a raggedy first edition print at a used book fair. The book organized films by director, changing how I viewed the process of film-making, as it had changed the views of the film-making establishment and the public at large when it was first published back in 1968.

Sarris's book brought to America the French auteur theory, a method of studying and classifying films that had been developed by a group of critics and directors (among them Godard, Truffaut, Rohmer, and Chabrol) writing for the French film magazine *Cahier du Cinema* in the 1950s and 1960s. The French New Wave, as this group became known, decided that the best way to classify films in order to organize and then study the history of cinema was by director, since, as Sarris wrote, "the director is the author of a film, the person who gives it any distinctive quality."

The New Wave believed some directors to be the authors or driving forces behind their films, and that if one were to look at all the films by an auteur, a singular style and way of viewing the world would emerge. Sarris stated that, in order to be considered an auteur, "over a group of films, a director must exhibit certain recurrent characteristics of style, which serve as his signature. The way a film looks and moves should have some relationship to the way a director thinks and feels." Auteur theory does not apply to all, or even most, directors. It was, however, a revolutionary way of studying the films of a director such as
Hitchcock (the classic example). He directed films with varying screenwriters, cinematographers, editors, and actors, yet all his films have an unmistakable style and view of the world.

Auteur theory so dominates American cinema that the director is seen as the sole visionary behind a film. As a result, producers have lost the creative control over projects they commanded at the height of the studio system. Directors, in turn, have shifted from production-line workers to creative "geniuses," transforming auteur theory into auteur gospel.

Here at Columbia, it's possible to sit in "Auteur Study: Hitchcock" and listen to the man whose ideas sparked the dismantling of the studio system and the rise of the modern director.

The funny thing is, last week in "Auteur Study," Sarris casually dismissed auteur theory, stated that people took his book far too seriously, and quoted Mario Puzo's great lament that if he'd known so many people were going to read The Godfather, he would have written it better. The class fell silent, enthralled but at the same time unsure of how it should react. The TAs had thoroughly confused expressions on their faces. Moments like this are what having a professor like Sarris is all about. Any other film professor teaching auteur theory would treat Sarris's writings as gospel, never daring to stray from them for fear of blasphemy. As Sarris sat there, talking in a near whisper about nuances of auteur theory often missed or misinterpreted, I knew I had made the right decision in choosing to come to Columbia.

But why couldn't I just read his book at some other university? This is like asking, why bother to see paintings in the original when posters of great works already adorn our dorm room walls? It's in the details, and ultimately a reproduction is merely a reproduction. More important still, no book at a liberal arts college will lean in and whisper, "There was no such thing as auteur theory."

—Katerina A. Barry, C '00

CURIO COLUMBIANA

The Columbian's perpetual search for truth and meaning in this world of entropy is but twice a year allayed by the wisdom of these eminent sages whose genius, wit, and savior faire, conveyed in the form of a brilliantly sarcastic commentary, never fail to infuse in our collective spirits the drive to overcome abundant obstacles at an institution where red tape is as ubiquitous as construction sights and ROLMA is a student's most informative advisor . . . no, it's not the bums on 113th street whose brilliant philosophies and sound lifestyle choices always seem to become the centerpiece of heated CC discussions . . . it's the cleverest troupe of college students in the world . . . the Columbia University Marching Band on the eve of the organic chemistry exam! Behold excerpts from the script of Thursday, May 7, 1998, 11:59 p. m.:

Ladies and Gentlemen, and organic chemistry students, back despite our desire to spend every waking moment eating wrappers in the Wien Food Court, it's the band that's more like a meal: The Columbia University Marching I can't believe I spent $5.00 for this s**t.

Featuring:

Claire Danes Not at Columbia
Christina Ricci Not at Columbia
Democratic government Not at Columbia
The quality of life for Columbia's gay and lesbian community has never been all that high. All that would have changed, however, with the introduction of a new gay bar called Saints, scheduled to open on 109th St. near SoHa and 1020, but the opening has been delayed because of protests by neighborhood residents. Of course, it seems a bit strange that these residents would protest the moral degeneracy of a gay bar, while tolerating an open-air crack marketplace on 109th St. Said one neighborhood resident, "Everyone loves crack. But can you really trust gays around the children?" Another added, "Well, you sure don't get AIDS from smoking crack." Strangely enough, however, PiKiKi happened last week to no protest at all. The band now forms a gay bar and plays, "I Hear You Knocking but you're not coming in my neighborhood."

Tragedy struck earlier when green paint was mysteriously dumped on members of the Pi Kappa Alpha fraternity as they were sitting on the front steps of their brownstone. Apparently a confused member of FIJI decided to dump paint on a virgin after he had f**ked a fire hydrant. Then he brilliantly covered his tracks by leaving a trail of green paint from the roof of the PiKA brownstone directly back to the roof of FIJI, where he was discovered by campus security with green paint on his hands. This O. J. Simpson of the Columbia community denied any wrongdoing, blaming the crime on an evil leprechaun, not unlike that in the classic movie, "Leprechaun". Security was understandably confused, however, noting the departure from their usual modus operandi, rape. Of course, feuds between PiKA and FIJI are nothing new. The band is saddened by this feud, but on the bright side, we're glad FIJI finally used latex in one of their assaults. In honor of these two houses of manly men, the band now forms a frat house and plays, "Love Shack." Bang, bang, bang on the door baby!

Indeed, after the infamous night of Orgo, one is left paradoxically satisfied but strangely insatiable. Such, however, is the nature of the beast, and thus concludes our investigation of the ever so iconoclastic humor of that quintessentially Columbian entity we have all come to know and love, the Marching Band. Stay tuned for Orgo Night this Fall as the Marching Band comes to a Butler near you.

IRREVERENT, IRRELEVANT

I just received the honor of dropping the single most boring class offered at Columbia College: tonal and pre-tonal analysis. Many of you, who are not music majors as I am, may wonder why I would ever have surmised that a class named "tonal and pre-tonal analysis" would be interesting. Despite the mind-numbing title, it really is nothing more than a penetrating look at classical music; very comparable to what an English major might experience in a Shakespeare class. For the eager amateur, such a class appears as a beautiful opportunity to envelope one's self in the greatest music of the Western World. To my great dismay, this course, rather than being a divine episode in the rondo of my weekly schedule, was an arduous, gut-wrenching catastrophe.

In order for you, my beloved reader, to fully appreciate the magnitude of boredom which I experienced, I have transcribed what was to become my final class discussion:
Author’s Note: what I just said in that last sentence is a lie. This is not really a direct transcription, that would be far too dull for me to write, let alone for you to read. Rather, this dialogue should serve only to give a sample of my experience. Furthermore, I should warn you that the following segment contains a grossly biased presentation. But, as is typical of when I am subjective, I don’t care.

Professor: In Bach’s G major Partita, do we think that the sequence found in measures 9-14 begins on measure 8 or 9?

Me: well, what are the ramifications of it starting on measure 9 as opposed to measure 8. Shouldn’t we discuss the piece as whole before attacking it at this level of detail?

Professor: would any grad students like to answer my question?

Dorky Grad Student: I think that the sequence begins on measure 8 because the final sixteenth-note of measure 7 has a stem going up.

Freaky Grad Student: I just hear it all as music, man. I hate the way we try and impose this artificial structure; I mean, I’m all about music, man, but I’m not about this structure, man, it’s just about . . . being, yeah.

Professor: any one want to disagree?

Me: I agree that often we should be wary of imposing artificial structure, but as we analyze the piece, we must agree that there does exist some overall musical continuity.

[Author’s Note: at this point the astute reader will have noticed the author’s propensity for self-aggrandizement, thus making everyone else look like a big fat jerk. This is an example of a “biased presentation.” (See previous author’s note.)]

Professor: let’s hear an argument for the sequence beginning with measure 9.

Me: I still think it’s important to explore the sequence’s place in the piece as a whole before we try and answer such a specific question.

Professor: How about a grad student?

Me: Would someone please explain why it is imperative to determine in which measure this sequence begins? For the listener, music is experienced as sound through time. The listener relates the sounds he hears with emotions or personal experiences that both gives pleasure and enrichment. Therefore, the best way to study music’s effects on its audience is through psychology, not tonal analysis. If, on the other hand, we are not interested in the mind of the listener, but the mind of the composer, then we clearly need to begin our study by accumulating a comprehensive understanding of the composer’s life. In the end, however, our insight into Bach’s creative process is limited. As such, this pursuit is valuable only to the end that it provokes the class to ask interesting questions which can never be answered. Therefore, since we acknowledge the impotency or our inquiry in regards to an absolute determination, can we please, for the love of God, MOVE ON!

Professor: Perhaps the sequence begins on the final beat of measure seven. Let’s hear from a grad-student.

—M. Tilghman Treadway C’00
In 1943, Art Tatum Forms a Trio

1

Tom watched the spinning of dust upon the rubber pad until the drop of his Tatum record, the pop of stylus into groove. Then, those first clusters of the chord solo. He stepped back from the turntable and looked around, and the music made everything seem to be humbly concluding for that moment. Alice Scott was cutting vegetables on the other side of the apartment. She looked like a woman to him, and he was surprised at that; he had known her since she was twelve-years-old. He wondered if she still had a crush on him – whether or not the few years he had beyond her age still made him seem impressive. Alice wondered the same thing as she caught him staring through unfamiliar frames: “Are those new glasses, Tom?” He replied that they were not. Tom had needed and possessed the glasses for years, yet he had never gotten used to the foreign feeling of their pinch. He was trying to get used to it now.

It was evening in New York City. Outside, Broadway was somehow orange and a successful flush of traffic passed by; as Tom watched the scene, he felt that everything was beginning. He recalled for a moment an old nervousness. The facade of a building across the street was dark and vacant, and he could see Alice’s reflection in the window, upon that darkness. She was slicing green peppers. Nothing would ever become between them, he thought. But he was drawn to her, and the freshness of the evening sweetened that attraction.

The apartment was quiet. Art Tatum was accompanied by the sharp tap and roll of Alice’s chopping. She was mainly thinking of peppers, thoughtlessly mentioning his glasses because the music in that silence concerned her. It made her wary of him, and with good reason. It had been just as awkward, three days before, when she briefly (between other affairs) greeted him with Riley at JFK. He was her brother’s guest, Riley Scott – Tom’s friend for years. It was Riley’s apartment. Alice was still a student and lived in an NYU dorm, downtown. She loved Tom because he had been around for so long, since she was a little girl. He meant all of that time to her. She knew it was the same for him. She also knew that a man would confuse love first, and so she was wary.

“So where is he?” Tom asked, moving quickly toward her and shoving his hands in his pockets.

“He told me he would be home thirty minutes ago, eight o’clock,” she responded, still facing the cutting board and the broad knife a wave of gold from light overhead. Behind her, he was getting into more gin. Ice fell loudly.

2

Tom had no idea what he was swinging about that apartment as he walked from one end to the other, as he grazed her. The threat of his emotions was dull but long and although she trusted him, she was wise enough to feel it shifting in the room’s air, wise enough to fear a weapon wielded in ignorance. He watched the tonic water rise and fall. How many vegetables needed chopping? She was ignoring him, it seemed to him. So back he went to the music within the last cho-
rus, lightly whistling what he knew of it. Music can show us exactly where we have been wrong.

In the door of the microwave, Tom saw his own face, the glasses sitting on his nose. He was not yet used to them, and as he carried his drink back to the west window, he felt them and saw them with the more indolent retina. If he wore them more often, he thought, if he wore them all the time, he would stop seeing them and they would become natural. It was not only he that made the glasses feel foreign. It was the people he knew. Few of his friends were used to seeing him in those particular frames. Older friends were even used to the occasional use of other frames, older frames. The old and the not so old friends could be categorized together, apart from the newer friends, by their familiarity with the infrequent surprise of some frames, either these or the previous pair.

Outside, the traffic continued and a boy wearing a bandana was telling a story to his two friends, gesticulating wildly. Tom laughed with his breath as the boy cupped massive invisible breasts in the air before him. The next tune was a ballad and Tom sat down.

Those glasses. It wasn't his fault; everyone had pointed at them, the weekend before. Tom was the type to scrutinize and his head actually shook, his eyes actually rolled, he actually said, “Well, not everyone.” Alice did not hear him. She was tasting something on her thumb. Why had he spoken? Not everyone, of course, but many old friends. So many old friends, Tom thought. And as he thought into the deep, he realized that in the past weekend, on the couches, in the corners, and against the walls of a cream-walled house in Indiana, those friends had narrated the entirety of his life. It had been perhaps the most comprehensive collection of his living past that had ever been. They were all there, weren’t they? Yes, nearly everybody.

Squirrel and Eric owned the house, which was no more than a mile away from Lincoln High - the very building where Riley, Tom, Squirrel, and Eric had first met. Somehow, their new house brought those early days back. But his time in the cream-walled house had been more than a reunion for the four boys. So many other friends had been in the house that weekend. Sharon, Tom’s girlfriend from those early days still lived in town. Her place was only a short walk from the boys’ new home. She had been there too.

“What about the Eliot glasses?” Sharon asked him, that previous weekend. He smiled and looked downward, thinking about the old frames, how she had named them, and what it meant for her to now call them by that name; it meant that he no longer wore them and each time he saw them in a drawer. Through them, she, on several occasions – and now she joined hands with those old frames, bringing herself back into his life through their lenses. She spoke for them after years of their speaking for her in a sharp slam of a lifeless drawer.

When Tom first moved to Indiana, he was sixteen-years-old. Some of Sharon’s friends spotted him in his first days at Lincoln, wearing those ‘Eliot’ glasses before they had any name. Although Sharon heard plenty about them, she never saw them on his face. Not until after she had kissed him many times, worked many stories out of him, and grown to know the sound of his car approaching did she see them. She had to ask. He put them on and she made them her own with a simple name. Then, she had them too, more than any of her friends, or anyone who had seen them at all.

He remembered the first time he had worn those ‘Eliot’ frames in front of her: a dark
night in his car. Driving, he should have been wearing them anyway, so then it was not merely her request that got the frames onto his nose. Then, but, he thought it was. That was the problem with it. Too willing for too long. Now, it was better. She looked different and he was older. They could not manage long conversation in the cream-walled house, but the words they did exchange were enough to satisfy them both.

Tom thought about the dark drawer that contained the 'Eliot' frames as she asked about them. Perhaps there was some terse and metaphorical way to explain how far away they were, as far away from her he now was, but he could not find the words. Besides, he didn't want her to think that he wasn't happy with her around, after all of that time.

He looked up at her, then. "I like your hair, now," he said.

"This is a pretty record," Alice said, looking up at Tom. The track lighting shadowed her face like war paint and the wet blade speckled with vivid fibers was odd then.

"Art Tatum. I love this album," Tom said. The night he had pulled the plastic off the album's jacket was shortly after his split with Sharon. She never came to mind now when he played it, but others did. Eric and Squirrel were there in the record store, had been, he thought, and now owned the very house with cream walls and Matisse prints (who would've guessed it, years ago?) in Indiana. He missed those boys, sitting in New York, and he had even missed them in their own house in Indiana. Thinking back makes us seem to have grown, Tom thought.

Eric and Squirrel crawled over each other through the entrance and scurried about within, popping up to horrify the customers, and spending the rest of the time laughing at record covers. Tom loved them, laughed at them, and flipped through the vinyl with two hands. A bad drawing of Art Tatum and Eric proposed to the cashier. She refused. They had been very loud.

— IV. Marina C'00

To be continued.

A MATTER OF RESPECT

Over grapefruit and black coffee with my grandfather, I related my sophomore coursework: a handful of science classes, a language requirement that continued to drive me loco, and CC, the cornerstone of my sophomore program. My particular section was at 9 AM, and I regaled my grandfather with stories of staggering to Hamilton Hall half shaven, still bedraggled, coffee loosely clutched in one hand, barely read (and rarely understood) text grasped in the other. I told him how wonderful I thought it was that my physical condition had no relation to my mental one, how I could, in my pajamas, stand on my CC soapbox with the best of my class. In particular, I took pleasure in explaining that my instructor, a student herself, was no more concerned with the semblance of order than I was, and instead only cared about the content of our discussion.

My grandfather did not look upset or troubled, exactly, but seemed thrown off. I asked him what his concern was, and he said that when he went to Dartmouth in the late 1920's, he would never have thought to attend class in
less than a tie and jacket. My mother, during a later discussion, related that when she attended Barnard in the early 1960’s, she could only attend functions at FBH with a male escort, and her escort, like my grandfather during his years in Hanover, was required to wear a tie and jacket. I remember staring in horror at both of them, wondering what it must have been like to attempt to learn in a world so draconian, so full of useless and petty rules.

These discussions took place almost a year ago, and since then, I’ve wondered from time to time whether these rules really were senseless, or whether they had a place, just as any rule does, in the world for which they were originally formulated. I think now that they do, and I ponder a collegiate world where students and professors more clearly understand the borders that should exist between the one and the other.

My professors at Columbia, for instance, when they have taken the time to refer to me by name at all, have always referred to me by my first name, and have, in many cases, encouraged me to take similar liberties in the opposite direction. This is, I believe, a personal choice, but in a world where instructors (especially those who teach the Core) are often no more than a few years older than the students they teach, is there not some use for a structure that clearly differentiates the status of the teacher from that of the student? If I am “Mr. Van Cleve,” rather than, “Wil,” do I not feel that much more respected, that much more aware of the importance of the class of which I am a member, and, frankly, that much more aware that my teacher is my teacher, and not simply a friend or acquaintance? If there is some expectation that I will come to class in a physical state that reflects my respect for the class, the instructor, my classmates, and even the school in which the class is taught, am I being asked too much?

During my freshman year, I was taught Chemistry by one of the most boring professors I’ve ever had. He was perhaps a few years younger than my grandfather, and his voice, even when aided by microphone, was almost inaudible. Still, he put effort and time into preparing each day’s lecture, and was always prompt and congenial, if not particularly inspiring. As is common in large lectures, the students in the class were prone to leave mid-lecture, loudly stomping down the lecture hall’s steps and interrupting the focus of the students who were trying to follow the lecture. One day, the professor began the class with a polite request that those of us who did not wish to attend an entire lecture simply not attend at all, or find some way to stay the entire class, as in his opinion, it was rude to both the class and him to have students leave during the lecture. That day, a half hour into the lecture, a lone student gathered his belongings and walked down the stairs. He realized that he was without a handout, and rather than accept his misfortune and slink out the closest door, he crossed the lecture hall, walking in front of the professor, to get the paper. The professor stopped talking and stared as this student interrupted the lecture. The anger was visible in his face, but he spoke calmly, if somewhat firmly. “You’re being rude,” he said, “to me and to the others. Please leave right now.” He began to lecture again. The student left.

What was this student’s statement? It was not, as may be assumed, simply: “I am tired of this, and I am leaving.” No, this student, in his arrogance, said the following to the professor: “You need me more than I need you, and moreover, your years of training and effort are meaningless to me. I will come and go as I please, and you will stand there and will do nothing.” And the professor did nothing, it is true, but shake his head, ask himself what the hell had happened, and go back to trying to finish the class.

My grandfather (and I happen to agree with him), believes that the Vietnam War was what
the hell happened. He believes that with the War (and to a lesser extent, with Watergate) the youth of the country, and in particularly its scholarly youth, lost their respect for authority. How could they, as students, support the trappings of a power structure that would fight an unjust war? How could Columbia students respect an administration that would build a back entrance for Harlem residents? The problem was self-reinforcing: how could Columbia students respect a university president who called in police to beat them into submission? The answer, of course, is that they couldn't and didn't maintain their respect: they broke loose, they broke out, and their ties, jackets, and last names followed their respect into the dustbin.

Those who welcomed and continue to welcome this increased informality speak of the end of policies that limited expression, that restricted the freedom of the individual in the face of society. They rightfully site situations in which such rules for behavior are designed to keep those who differ from a societal standard from participating equally in an activity, or in the enjoyment of a resource. This can and does happen, and I find such racist and classist policies as repugnant as anyone else. Still, I feel that there are instances where the individual should be expected to subjugate their will, their freedom, to society, in order to enjoy the benefits that such sacrifices afford everyone. If I am required to address my instructor (or even, dare I to hope, my professor) with some modicum of respect, I will know that my effort will be rewarded by an equal showing in the opposite direction.

We live in a world that is increasingly harsh, increasingly rude, and increasingly unconcerned with not only the rules, but the laws, of society. We respect the other less, glorifying our own needs at the expense of others. If this trend is to reverse, if we are to find a way to teach tact, teach decorum, teach all of the things that were once expected of us but are now rare and special, we might look to the College to teach them again, or at the very least expect them to be practiced within its limited sphere of existence. If college is to be a four-year vacation from reality, let it be a vacation with respect, and maybe those who attend, those who are expected to manage and lead and invent and codify the future will model a world based on respect.

The question, of course, remains: will I wear a tie to class tomorrow? I wouldn't lay money on it. But my Art Hum instructor, young and informal, is and will continue to be Ms. Williams, both in and out of class, and I will continue to look forward to the day when it is commonplace that she extend me a similar courtesy.

—William C. Van Cleve, C'00

The song of your scent wafts through my heart,
My love undivided, is woven in yours,
If I am possessed, only your loving cures,
Your sonorous embrace is but a start,
Our love will ascend to height without bounds,
A kiss from your lips the heavens will crown.

—Lord Byroom
DRAWING IN ART
June 19, 1998

Women are men too when they drown themselves
they ache in their penises
until they freeze below

She had ten men biting the wedge of her lips
as she slipped into
the collection of damp

The moon was not a face or a fruit or a love
the moon was Chopin
severing his hands

O Ophelia! O Lady of Shalott!
flower strewn stream
fish in your crotch

Sea water stings, lake water cleans too much
the river takes her breath
from between her teeth

—Abigail Susik, B'99
The boat leaves and sails to Calais.
The cook could not have committed the murder and the butler has an alibi.
Either the sun shines and it is hot and humid, or it rains all day and everything is damp.
The water gets into the engine and either rusts the pipes or spoils the electrical contacts.

Man is born free; and everywhere he is in chains.
If pigs have wings, then the moon is made of green cheese.
That's a Chevrolet or I'm a Dutchman.
Either you leave the room or I do.

For brevity, they write this as:
"If wishes were horses, then beggars would ride."
It should be the same as:
"Either wishes are not horses, or beggars would ride."

Consider the advertising slogan of the Jamaica Sweep Stakes:
"If you haven't got a ticket (then) you haven't got a chance."
Perhaps a little more obvious is the statement:
"If you don't leave this house, I'll send for the police,"

If Julius Caesar was an Eskimo, then Shakespeare wrote Hamlet.
If Julius Caesar was a Roman, then horses have four legs.

It always rains on Sunday.
It never rains on Sunday.

The night is young and you're beautiful,
The night is not so young and you're not so beautiful.

No one can play Bach fugues on a harmonica.
Albert Finkelstein plays Bach fugues on his harmonica.

If we had some bacon, we could have bacon and eggs if we had some eggs.
We have some bacon, though we can't have bacon and eggs though we have some eggs.

Either the moon is not a planet; or 19 is a prime number and jellyfish have teeth.
Either packets of cigarettes are not Sophie Loren, and neither Taj Mahal.

—Abigail Susik, B'99
TOLD BETWEEN PUFFS

In the middle of August, I sat on the grass beside the Steps, and watched a few schoolmates return to campus early to drop this form at the dean’s office and that piece of paper at URH. The winds of summer nuzzled the empty knapsacks of our colleagues, and whistled jeremiads about the dwindling vacation.

Whether in summer’s barrel our vacation time had turned to wine or to vinegar, the calendar had drilled a hole and drained the drink. As I sat, a scrofulous lad stepped near me, stopped, and stood over me. “Excuse me,” he said. Fair enough. “I wonder if you can tell me whether in Lit Hum you have to read the Iliad and the Odyssey, or just one.” Who was this? A pre-frosh, he confessed, who was eager to start his homework. It is dangerous to take inspiration from a freshman. The freshman is the model of cultivated folly. He sweats and stumbles his way to superlative mediocrity. This young man, however, lent inspiration to me. I diagnosed him: excitement, not ambition. And excitement is both rare and soluble. We find it here, at times, but it disappears quickly. On the first day of my own freshman year, I was excited. Our car arrived at the Taint Gate, and the moment we parked, a quartet of orientation leaders, women all, plucked my heavy bags from the trunk and tossed them into my room in John Jay. I was reasonably impressed by the women’s reasonably impressive strength and speed. “It’s no problem moving your bags,” said one, “we’re on the cheerleading squad. We’re used to picking up and tossing people during half-minute intermissions.” Impressive.

Impressive, yet not inspirational. I say the same of the glass wall that our construction men will glue onto Lerner Hall later this year. The front wall, it is said, will be the largest sheet of suspended glass in the Americas. The architect’s ambition is impressive. I suspect the first three or four attempts to install the wall will rain shattered glass on Furnald lawn. Success or surrender, both weighty enough to impress.

I don’t want to don the prophet’s cloak. While self-appointed divinity is customary in our city, it is inappropriate on our campus. This is because each class of the College already has its own class prophet. On Columbia College Class Day, until midway through this century, the valedictorian and salutatorian addressed the class. As well, the class poet read the class poem, and the class prophet declaimed the class prophecy. Although our generation wanders the deserts of lost tradition, although Class Day is observed without these core rituals, every College class still has its prophet and its poet. Hidden from us. May I suggest to Blue J. that he consider, in future numbers of the B&W, the benefits of the reinstitution of the poet and the prophet.

Perhaps my keen freshman will take one of the two posts. And if not, he may still complete his time here with satisfaction. For if he retains the mediocrity to which we all move, and from which we all come, he will find himself on the apex of the bell curve. And that is the spot with the broadest view. However his tale turns, he will have read Homer.

—Verily Veritas
Among lifeless walls, empty shelves, and moving boxes busting at the seams, a piano stood upright. Through Providence alone did this pianoforte ascend to the second floor Wallach double. Delivering her to Dodge for Summer storage seemed like a divine feat set before mere mortals: mortals who all studied Humanities, no less, and who worked the two moving carts as physicists write poetry. Enter Joe. Joe Oliveras, SEAS '98, dropped to the ground and, in a whirl of engineering gesticulation, devised a self-correcting suspension system, binding the carts together, and readying them for transport. They were off.

After huffing and puffing up the silver ramp to college walk, one of the unpaid laborers noticed that M. Tilghman Treadway, owner of this massive, if not grand piano, was strolling alongside it, adding no momentum to this inertia-prone endeavor. “If you’re not pushing or pulling,” said the disgruntled laborer, “how about some entertainment?” And so it was. The cover came off and, as the group slowly sauntered down college walk, old school jazz rang out from Mike’s portable piano.

The weekly Van Am Jams have gotten off to a fabulous start. In addition to always scrumptious burgers and dogs, the music has gotten even the fiercest eaters to look up and occasionally applaud. The B & W believes that John Howard Van Amringe, whose bronze bust is housed in the rotunda and whose iron will once helped found SEAS, would have been pleased.

Having been passed out for nearly four hours, our Editor-in-Chief awoke from an anaesthetic induced slumber and found himself upon an operating table. His shoulder, which he could not feel, had been repaired, or so he hoped. Two residents at Columbia-Presbyterian were stitching him up. Columbia-Presbyterian? An opportunity to sell subscriptions! Five minutes of delirious praise for these blue and white pages immediately followed the revelation. And so for a mere $50, the two Columbia medical residents were rewarded for their fine craftsmanship with a year’s subscription to The B & W.

While not even a solitary Columbia athlete, irrespective of honor or success, has had his or her number retired, our University is so thoroughly convinced that each and every Columbia student has so mastered both AcIS and Pine that, upon graduation, each of our account numbers is retired though the 500th anniversary of the birth of Columbia (2254
AD). Doubting Toms should type “me” at the $ prompt.

Dr. Landy will no longer assist in the electrocutions at Sing Sing. He, along with the other three of the Electrical Commission, sent in his resignation last week, having seen the thing through the experimental stage. According to the Doctor’s statement, he is very glad to be out of it. (Mines Notes, 1891)

[Editor’s Note: The School of Mines, a higher institution of mining education, preceded SEAS]

Lest anyone think that Lion Pride has no use outside of Wien Stadium. On a Thursday night, not so long ago, a group of friends, heading downtown, walked to 114th and Broadway and hailed a cab. Their driver, an older gentleman with a full white beard, turned towards the passenger in the front seat and asked whether his passengers were Columbia students. On hearing that they were, the driver sought to confirm their affiliation by inquiring as to the location of Baker Field. The students, faithful to The B & W, knew the correct answer, and were rewarded by having $1 removed from their fare, as well as to a showing of the cabbie’s extensive collection of Spectator sports photographs. Moreover, the driver joked that way back when he received his medallion, it came with a pair of season tickets to Columbia games! The cab pulled up to the group’s destination, they paid their reduced fare, thanked the driver, and walked off content with the knowledge that pride in Alma Mater has its privileges.

Kudos to the Hartley-Wallach Residence Life staff for facilitating the introduction a legion of first-years into former upper-class territory. The B & W congratulates these underage residents on their serendipitous housing. We extend our deepest sympathy to all sophomores in Wien.

Professor Kenneth Jackson’s History of the City of New York class took its All Night Bike Ride on October 1st (and into October 2nd). Although many of the faces were new to the class, an old New York spirit of adventure permeated the entire ride. The group, several hundreds large, traveled through Central Park to Times Square, was treated to a private tour of Battery Park City, and eventually made its way across the Brooklyn Bridge. Highlights included rumors that Peter Jennings was sighted outside Tavern on the Green and exclaimed, “Oh look, intelligent people on bikes.” (The B & W salutes, as ever, that dry Canadian wit we all know and love.) At the end of the tour, the group paused on the Brooklyn Heights Promenade and contemplated the Manhattan skyline. At night, peaceful and silent, New York possesses a visual grandeur that cannot be matched. Many thanks to Professor Jackson, his many TAs, and CAVA for making the ride possible, and for continuing to give us reasons to be thankful for our time at Columbia.