BLUE J WINS OPEN DOOR HOURS FROM RUPP, QUIGLEY, GALIL, COLOMBO

ON DRINKING
by Michael T. Treadway

ON PHOTOGRAPHY
by Noam M. Elcott
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About the Cover:
M. C. Escher, the artist whose prints grace the walls of six out of every seven Columbia students’ rooms, would no doubt have been immensely pleased by the circuitous (if not outright paradoxical) ramp system of Lerner Hall. Escher’s Ramps, drawn by Katerina A. Barry.
Reflecting the school's motley crew, the magazine and its columnists espouse causes frivolous and serious, never allowing their ideas to become fixed and their party to become a party line.

The only real agenda we have is be an excellent forum for the life, thought and society of Columbia. We try to reflect the variety of opinion and experience that distinguishes this school.

This issue brings no change to those goals, but it does carry new means for achieving them.

First, we proudly announce the successful campaign by Blue J. for regular open door hours with President Rupp and Deans Quigley, Galil and Colombo.

Blue J.'s column has always been devoted to pointed, constructive criticism of the university (with occasional venting about its often frustrating life). The idea of administrators having office hours seemed so worthwhile, so correct, so directly in keeping with the mission of this magazine to foster free exchange, that Blue J. went one step further than the usual rant and rave.

The J. enlisted the help of fellow Blue and White staff and editors and launched a full-press lobbying campaign. The aim was to convince the top university administrators of the merit of his idea.

No stranger to the byzantine ways of the Columbia bureaucracy, the committed columnist was at first skeptical about his prospect for success. But one by one, President Rupp and the deans agreed to meet with him and his colleagues.

The story is told in more detail in Blue J.'s column in this issue (see page 7), but mirabile dictu, with only a little convincing and gentle cajoling, each administrator agreed to open door hours and even offered specific times on
the spot (see page 4 for details).

This was not all. Deans Quigley and Colombo also agreed to a monthly discussion session with students to be coordinated by the Blue and White. This continues the dialogue that begins in each number of our publication in a live forum.

Each candid, off-the-record talk will have a particular theme, which is to be decided based upon suggestions by students posted on our website. The topic for the first conversation, which will take place November 22, has intentionally been left open. Please submit your ideas at www.theblueandwhite.org. The chosen topic will be posted in the coming weeks.

This new “Columbia Conversations” would take the place of our regular published conversations with Dean Quigley (which appears in the present issue for the last time).

The second new tradition that begins with this number is our adoption of a charity or non-profit group to support with free advertisements. In keeping with our desire to sustain divergent perspectives, we are asking our readers to suggest which group we should sponsor. (Complete details appear on page 6.)

Two of the pieces in this issue focus on international life at Columbia. On page 8 we reprint an excerpt from the memoirs of Harry Edmonds, the visionary founder of International House, the foreign students’ residence on Riverside Drive. The proximity of this institution to Columbia has been a major reason the university is so rich in foreign students, who bring with them different worldviews and lend the university its air of cosmopolitanism. Autumn term 1999 marks the 90th anniversary of Edmonds’s original idea and the 75th anniversary of the founding of the House itself.

Last, not least, and certainly most lyrical, we begin with this number an alliance with the Columbia Review. The Review is one of the oldest and most respected literary publications in the country, but to be perfectly frank, the reason we chose them is that they have a clue about good poetry. So, as conscientious students of President Rupp and his management style, we decided to outsource our literary operation and focus on our core business. Of course, the B&W maintains final authority about which poems to publish. We look forward to a marriage of true minds without impediments.
As the new director of music performance, I would like to send my warmest greetings, and to invite all of you to take part in the many new activities we offer. I am very excited about the future of music performance at Columbia, and am now in the process of expanding on the program in ways that will have far-reaching consequences for both musicians and music lovers on campus.

If you are an avid concert-goer—or even if you are just curious about music—you will have numerous opportunities to hear many different sounds on campus this year. There will be performances ranging from Jazz to Ethnic to Classical, and you can get the exact dates and locations of these concerts by checking our listings in the Spectator and the Record. I am in the process of developing a link to "Music Performance at Columbia" which can be accessed from the Music Department’s website: http://www.music.columbia.edu. This link should be completed by the end of October, and it will list the numerous events and activities being presented by the program.

Our noon series at St. Paul’s Chapel, “Music Performance Presents,” will showcase some of Columbia’s top performers. There will be Jazz ensembles, early music groups, Baroque trios, organ recitals, and even a bagpiper heard in the chapel. All events are free of charge.

If you play an instrument, there is a myriad of groups and ensembles that you can participate in. The University orchestra, under the baton of George Rothman, presents four concerts a year in the newly created Lerner auditorium. There are also many chamber music ensembles involving diverse combinations of instruments, and these groups present at least one concert a semester. In addition, these groups are given the opportunity to play in classes, and for University events such as graduations and memorial services. The Collegium Musicum is a group dedicated to the performance of Medieval and Renaissance music, and the Jazz Ensemble presents concerts of traditional and original Jazz compositions. In order to take part in any of these groups, you must audition in the Fall or Spring.

For students wishing to take lessons, instruction is offered not only in the standard Western orchestra instruments—cello, piano, viola, violin, flute, oboe, trombone, trumpet, clarinet, and French horn—but also in piano, organ, harpsichord, guitar and non-Western instruments by special scholarship. We are currently in the process of adding a full time instructor in Indian sitar to the faculty. In the near future, we hope to add an ensemble of non-Western instruments to the list of performing groups.

For the more advanced players, there are three competitions held in the Spring. One of these is the Dolan Prize, which awards the winner a full scholarship for private instruction with the teacher of his or her choice. Another is the annual concerto competition which presents the winner as soloist with the University orchestra. The third competition is for chamber music ensembles, with the winners participating in a gala concert at New York’s renowned Steinway Hall. Both concerts are followed by receptions honoring the winners.

One of the new features of Music Performance at
Columbia is the Master Class Series given by some of the city's foremost performing artists. In these presentations student performers play for the instructor in front of an audience and are taught performing and interpreting skills while on stage. The student benefits not only from the one-on-one instruction by the master teacher, but also from audience feedback. Though primarily designed for performers, these events are open to all members of the campus community, and are entertaining and educational for everyone.

Although I have high hopes for the future of Columbia's music performance program, I am also acutely aware of the many problems it has faced in the past, and frankly, still faces at present. Some of these problems are: lack of adequate practice space, lack of decent pianos for practice and rehearsal, insufficient publicity for the events that are presented, and a general lack of information about auditions, competitions, concerts and such. I am working diligently to resolve these issues, and though I recognize the difficulty of the tasks, I can report that progress is being made in all the above mentioned areas. New pianos are being ordered; Lerner Hall will have more practice rooms in the Spring; the budget for publicity and student events has been increased; and a generally a more supportive air is circulating around the administrative offices on campus.

If you have any comments, suggestions, or questions, please feel free to e-mail me at db511@columbia.edu, or call me at 854-1257. I hope you will avail yourselves of the many opportunities to experience the richness of Columbia's musical life!

DEPT. OF SUGGESTIONS

Blue & White to Adopt a Charity

The B&W is searching for a non-profit, charitable organization to adopt. Please send us recommendations for local, community oriented organizations that you think would benefit from free advertisement in The B&W. Over the next three months, the editorial board will accept proposals of organizations that would benefit from The Blue and White’s endorsement. The next issues will contain stories about the organizations being considered and the selection process, culminating in selection. The chosen group will receive free advertising in future issues of The Blue and White.

Submissions should outline how the organization allows Columbia students to effect meaningful change in the greater Morningside Heights and Harlem communities. The editorial board will favor groups for whom the relative utility of The Blue and White’s modest distribution is greater.

Nightline and the Friends of Morningside Park are two model groups. Nightline allows Columbia volunteers to counsel people from across the area who need to talk to someone about anything, night or day.

Friends of Morningside Park coordinates volunteers’ efforts to beautify the park, which caters to the local community. This cause is of special significance to the University because the administration has slighted the park in the past. Both of these groups operate on meager budgets, and have little other means of publicity, so exposure in The Blue and White to a target audience of Columbia affiliates would prove invaluable.

Submissions, including the organization’s name, address and phone number as well as the senders name, school and class, should be emailed to theblueandwhite@columbia.edu.
Victory! Top Admins grant Open Door Hours; Fix Sundial

7 October 1999

Some time ago, I urgently needed to speak with a senior administrator. I ran to my advisor, loaded Netscape and clicked “Administration” on the main page of my “advisor.” To my great disappointment, the most recent President’s Report listed on my “advisor” was dated 1996-97 and my problem concerned something in the present. Just this once, my anxiety regarding Columbia could not be solved through an anonymous cyberspace encounter.

I would need to speak with a person. And so my sorrows began. I was shuffled from the office of the Assistant Director of Undergraduate Redirecting to the voicemail of the Associate Dean of Dean Affairs: “Please choose from the following options; note, the menu has been changed; to hear the location of the Office of the Associate Dean of Dean Affairs, press one; to hear our website address, press two; to return to the main menu, press three; to actually speak with the Associate Dean of Dean Affairs, please press pi.” Click.

Maybe meeting the deans is a privilege reserved for wealthy alumni. This bird thought otherwise. I marched into the dean’s office and demanded to be seen. “What is your concern?” said the voice. “I would like to speak with the Dean this week,” said I. “Regarding...?” it dragged on. “J-j-just to meet the Dean,” I stammered. And low and behold, a meeting was scheduled only three and a half weeks away, almost timely enough to remember why I came in the first place.

This would not do. I scheduled meetings with President Rupp, Dean Quigley, Dean Gall and Dean Colombo. I was a bird on a mission. I wanted administration open door hours.

I came. I saw. I cajoled, argued, conversed, and I was surprised. Each administrator was willing to commit to time with students. Details I do not know. I await their publication in The B&W. But whatever form they’ll take, Blue J. has some access to the administration for the students of Columbia!

The most prominent landmark of Columbia may be Low Library, but the most functional is certainly the Sundial. It is the standard intra-Columbia rendezvous point (the 116th Street gates are surely the favorite extra-Columbia spot). It offers a pleasant place to rest between the rigor of the classroom and the chaos of the dormitory, and it is the prime spot for people-watching on College Walk. There’s really only one thing wrong with the Sundial: It doesn’t work as a sundial.

According the website of the Morningside Heights community association (www.morningsideheights.com/sundial.html), “There used to be a big stone sphere here, which actually cast the shadow of the sundial. It was removed when it started to crack...” The web page goes on to suggest that the University replace the sphere. Blue J. seconds the call.

The only problem seems to be which material to use. According to the page, a granite sphere of the appropriate size would cost a cool $700,000 because only a special type of the Zimbabwean stone is hard enough.

So here is Blue J.’s suggestion: A huge, round, light blue, hand-dipped, scented candle. The candle could be used and reused for candle-light vigils, lighting ceremonies, perpetual flames, etc. Of course (like the grass on the lawns) the candle would have to be replaced at the end of each year, but this seems a small concession for a new motto: In lumine et sentibimus lumen. In thy light shall we smell light.
International House was opened in September 1924, but it really had its beginning in the autumn of 1909. One frosty morning I was going up the steps in front of Columbia Library, when I met a Chinese student coming down. I said, “Good Morning.” As I passed on, I noticed out of the corner of my eye that he had stopped. So I stopped, and went back to him. He said “Thank you for speaking to me; I have been in New York three weeks, and you are the first person who has spoken to me!”

“Well,” I said, by way of apology, “you know New York is a big place and people don’t ordinarily speak unless they know you.”

I knew, of course, that there were foreign students in the United States, but this young man was the first in New York City to really attract my attention. I began to look around and make inquiries. I found there were quite a number in the various professional schools and colleges, especially at Columbia. My wife and I decided to invite a small group to our home in the country on a Sunday afternoon. Much to our surprise eight or ten came. We soon became aware that, in front of our log fire, assisted by a cup of tea, a miracle was taking place.

During the summer, I discovered that Earl Hall at Columbia could be made available for our purposes. We had our first series of “Sunday Suppers” there during the winter of 1910–1911, and foreign students were invited throughout the City. We were careful to keep the emphasis, not on food, which consisted of a sandwich, coffee, and a piece of fruit; but rather, on the spirit of the occasion, the coming together of students from many lands. Thus, there came into existence the Intercollegiate Cosmopolitan Club, with student officers and a program of activities.

No obstacles had been encountered in the development of the Club. Its membership had climbed into the hundreds. The spirit was wonderful, and we very definitely began to believe, and feel out the idea with the students that we must have a building adequate for our needs, a large portion of it given over to residential purposes, with ample space for activities on the premises. But no one came forward with money, then, or later.

Several times before I tried to secure John D Rockefeller, Jr. as Sunday Supper speaker. He accepted for the Sunday before Christmas [1920]. After the program our guest seemed reluctant to leave. I could see how deeply interested he was.

There then ensued a series of interviews and letters in which Mr. Rockefeller expressed his desire to finance the entire project. The result, as Professor John Erskine later so beautifully described it, the completed building and the activities enshrined within it, he said, “is a poem, a piece of sculpture, and a symphony, all in one piece.”

“I am International House. I open my doors to the students of the world that they may live together and grow in understanding.”

The Blue and White, October 1999
together and grow in understanding. I am built as a canopy for an adventure that had its beginning in a friendly greeting to a lonely student, which has widened into a world brotherhood. Therefore, I am not a beginning, but a fulfillment." Thus read the announcement which my wife wrote for the opening in September 1924. International House was an immediate success.

The first International House was on the Atlantic Coast. "This idea out of New York; would it work here?" Suffice it to say, the Berkeley House was opened in 1930 and the Chicago one in 1932, both on sites as splendid as the one in New York.

Sometimes "old timers" ask if I ever regret giving up the leadership of the New York House. Certainly not! There have been great successes. The war brought great frustrations. I have been a "foreign student", myself, in many lands and have a profound belief that if the world can be at peace long enough to permit the building of other centers on lines similar to the I.H. "idea" in New York, they will make significant contributions to world understanding and peace.

From the Pages of the Blue and White:

**Volume II, Number 29, May 4, 1892**

*Library Chat.* Last year, during the Winter and early Spring, there were quite a number of overcoats and satchels stolen in the Library. Despite all the care of the authorities, despite even the argus eyes of a detective, coat after coat disappeared, until warm weather put an end to the audacity of the unknown thief. Greatly to the surprise of all, but very much to their satisfaction, the operations were not renewed with the beginning of Winter. All Winter long, so far as we are aware, nothing was missed, and we were commencing to congratulate ourselves, as it were, when first one coat and then another disappeared. These two coats were taken but a week or more ago, and unless readers in the Library are more careful, others will follow. As far as we can conjecture, the thief must come in, sit down at a table, and apparently read.

But far from reading, he is watching and waiting until some one comes in, throws his hat and coat on a chair, and then goes to another part of the Library for a book. As soon as the owner is out of sight, the thief gets up, walks over to where the coat is lying, throws it over his arm and walks unconcernedly out. The time of day chosen has generally been toward evening, when there are but few readers in the room, and those few the "grinds," intent on nothing but the book before their eyes. Last year coats were even taken from the check-room; but that is now securely boarded in, and you had better leave your coat there, unless, perchance, you would like to give it away. A word to the wise is sufficient; and all those who buy THE BLUE AND WHITE are surely wise.

**Volume III, Number 1, October 5, 1896**

*Notes.* '96 made her debut very quietly. President Low's orders "No rushing" intimidated those looking for fun, and only an occasional "scrap" or two lessened the monotony of opening day.

The Freshmen showed themselves very plucky. They tore down the insulting green proclamations, made desperate efforts to take down the banner strung across 49th street and cheered in answer to the Sophomores every time ... Commandant Oakes called a meeting Monday afternoon to make arrangements for the parade. It was decided that all classes but Freshmen should carry canes, and badges would be given out later.

Please visit www.theblueandwhite.org
In this number, we continue our running dialogue between Dean Austin Quigley, members of the B&W and students with a special interest in the theme. We solicit specific questions, comments, and general topics for discussion from all readers.

Our topic this issue is Columbia International. Present were—Noam M. Elcott, Matthew Rascoff, Ben Letzler, Katerina Barry, and Yaacob Dweck. Our first e-mail question was submitted by Elaine Shen. Responses from readers and suggestions for future topics are welcome and must include the author's name, school and year and should be sent to theblueandwhite@columbia.edu

15 September 1999 Office of the Dean.

NME: Today we would like to discuss Columbia International. To begin, what percentage of the student body is international?

AQ: A bit under 10%, I think would be the answer, though [international] is a term open to a variety of different interpretations. It can apply to those born abroad and who have lived their whole lives abroad or those who have immigrant parents and have not yet become American citizens.

MZR: Speaking more generally then, what role would you assign to the international component of the Columbia community?

AQ: Well, we have a variety of cultures here. On a larger scale, American society incorporates a variety of different cultural backgrounds and histories. What has changed in recent decades is the tacit assumption that everyone would eventually meld together into a unified American identity. Now the conversation has shifted to whether the guiding image has to change, say from a melting pot to a mosaic, in which we hold on to the differences as themselves useful resources, rather than as just transition material on the way to a unified America. The emerging view is that we want to try to preserve diversity as a resource, indeed to try to increase the diversity so there'll be more resources. America as a productive assembly of different cultures and different histories from different nations is then reflected in the college student body and international students have a special role to play in this context.

B&W: The B&W has entered cyberspace and we now accept questions from our website (www.theblueandwhite.org). Elaine Shen, CC'01, asks, “How does an international population contribute to the education here?”

AQ: The ability to use cultural diversity as a resource is a key thing students learn at Columbia. The more diverse cultures we bring here the better, though that diversity also needs to be informed by American history, by the history of what this country has sought to be about, including its efforts to be different from other countries. International students obviously encourage the development of a global perspective. They contribute to an environment of intellectual and social diversity which then translates into intellectual and social mobility for our students. This variety of perspectives exposes everyone in the community to an assortment of frames of reference, backgrounds, and points of view, and, in short, exposure to this diversity of ideas and perspectives aids us in “thinking outside the box,” outside of inherited and habitual frames of reference.

NME: The expansion of our particular perspectives brings up an interesting point. Has Columbia College, which was founded as a school in American democracy, lost its American democratic pedagogic imperative? Is it still a goal to train the students in American democracy?

AQ: It is a goal. The interesting question is...
how do you balance the curriculum to put students in a situation where they can be productive participants in the continuing historical endeavor to define what American society should be about. There are founding principles in place, there are regulatory institutions, and there are established customs, but there are also changing people, innovative ideas and new circumstances. Establishing a dynamic relationship between continuity and change is a characteristically American idea, but it has its historical precedents and contemporary analogies.

MZR: Why does the college encourage its students to go to foreign universities but makes it impossible for them to go to other universities in the United States? There is great diversity within our country. If I wanted to study Catholic theology, why would I have to go to, say, the Gregorian University in Rome, when I could just as well study at Georgetown? Why does the college lay down a specific requirement that you must go abroad to receive credit?

AQ: American higher education comes in many different forms, and when you decide on a particular college, you choose a particular kind of undergraduate education with a particular philosophy. Almost every college would resist the notion that you would get a good education by going to a different university for each of your four years. That aggregation of experiences would not enable you to take advantage of the fact that American higher education comes in so many different forms and that when you choose a form you decide on a particular shape and underlying philosophy.

But by going abroad for a semester you can get things that are unique to another place, another culture, and another language. The whole institution is embedded within a society with different values, different history. The experience of study abroad enables you to weigh two very different educational institutions in a way that helps you think across rad-

"The ability to use cultural diversity as a resource is a key thing students learn at Columbia."

A strong international contingent is a worthwhile goal; however, internationalism also raises some difficult questions. Here are some concerns:

- Columbia's large international population may encourage self-segregation on campus. International students arrive here and find students from their home country to guide them through the system. Organizing students in small, exclusive groups from day one sometimes yields a rigid separation from the rest of the community, and cultural groups compound the divisions even further.
- Small international groups have pulled the University away from a national democratic sense. In the past, Columbia students assumed a greater connection with the civil society they were entering into. Today, the first priority is not preparation for service as a U.S. citizen, but a bland acknowledgement of multi-nationalism and multi-culturalism.
- Finally, Columbia itself contributes to the divisiveness of the international community by constructing artificial barriers between the Columbia College and the Engineering school. While only 3.9% of CC students are international, 20.8% of SEAS students come from abroad. Placing the majority of international students in a school which does not stress the need for spoken language or personal interaction has negative ramifications for both the school and the students, and creates an isolation that extends to almost half the Columbia undergraduate population.

— Bernard R. Brass C'01
ically different frames of reference. A difference in degree, in this situation, really makes a difference in kind. It should enable you to compare two experiences in a way that helps you not just to recognize your preference for one or the other but also to conceive of a third alternative that you might be able to advocate in later life.

YHD: Turning the discussion from Columbia students abroad to international faculty on campus, what is the role of the visiting professor within the university, particularly at the undergraduate level?

AQ: International scholars extend in an important way the diversity of experience, of knowledge, that is brought to the institution. To have our teaching resources supplemented by such variety is a benefit to everyone. But the impact on particular scholars is a variable depending on the department. In general terms, what we have most difficulty recognizing is what we take unquestionably for granted. Professors who have lived and taught elsewhere can often help liberate us from unexamined presuppositions.

YHD: How is funding for visiting professors allocated?

AQ: Largely on a departmental level. Money becomes available in the department when someone goes on leave. We usually try to bring in professors who will cover the courses that are not being taught by the professor on leave, in addition to teaching one or two other course that are not simply covering the gap but also adding something new. Some departments with an essentially international interest have special funds to bring in international faculty on a regular basis.

BL: I have heard that nearly half the faculty was born abroad. What do you believe accounts for this?

AQ: I would assume that this is a higher proportion than most American colleges. I would expect that this has a lot to do with New York. This is so clearly one of the world's major international cities, so if you are abroad and thinking in teaching in a foreign country, New York would be very high on your list.
Photography as a Model: an homage to Rosalind Krauss

By Noam M. Elcott

On a Thursday at the end of September, Rosalind Krauss, the Meyer Schapiro Professor of Modern Art and Theory and founding editor of the journal October, suffered from a brain aneurysm that has left her in critical condition. This has left the Columbia community and art world at large in shock and great sadness. Our thoughts are with Professor Krauss.

Krauss’s sudden absence left her History of Photography course without a professor. Enter Professor Benjamin Buchloh. Buchloh has not only returned from his sabbatical to teach the first and last weeks of the semester, but has arranged for guest lecturers—many of the world’s most important photography historians, critics, and theorists—to help fill the gap. In homage to Krauss, her colleagues have turned her history of photography course into an unparalleled lecture series. The syllabus is now being taught by its authors. Their collective understanding of photography forms a sophisticated and commanding lens through which to examine the photographic world.

But no current understanding of photography is complete without the vision of Krauss. She notes that because a photograph is the product of photochemical reactions which begin with the light reflected off the subject, there exists a direct physical connection between the referent and the sign. The photograph’s indexicality, its function as a physical trace, leads us straightway to believe in it as more real than any other image. But it’s not. This disjunction is the shock of photography.

1. The photograph is unlike other forms of visual data, its startling effect only recently overpowered by its cultural saturation. A broad theorization of photography must account for that element which radically distinguishes it from all other modes of representation (here, as elsewhere, I use the term “photography” broadly, such that it contains film, stereography, the photogram, etc.). Krauss has demystified this photographic power in semiotic terms.

Among semiotic relationships, the index is characterized by a physical connection between a sign (i.e. a representation of something) and its referent (the actual thing). So much as smoke is a sign of fire, it is an indexical sign. So, too, are thumbprints, medical symptoms, shadows and photographs.

Photographs? Herein lies the genius of Krauss. She notes that because a photograph is the product of photochemical reactions which begin with the light reflected off the subject, there exists a direct physical connection between the referent and the sign. The photograph’s indexicality, its function as a physical trace, leads us straightway to believe in it as more real than any other image. But it’s not. This disjunction is the shock of photography.

2. If photography’s semiotic status accounts for its shock value, its commercial position outside the artworld complicates its status as a traditional art form. In the 1981 MoMA exhibition Before Photography, curator Peter Galassi (who will join the course this semester) attempted “to show that photography was not a bastard left by science on the doorstep of art, but a legitimate child of the Western pictorial tradition.” Krauss takes on this position in an attempt to re-situate photography in the “set of practices, institutions and relationships to which 19th century photography originally belonged.” Citing the careers of canonical 19th century photographers, Krauss debunks the association of photography with traditional definitions of art: Photography simply did not function like a tradition medium. Terms such as artist and career cannot be applied to Auguste Salzmann, for example, an acknowledged master whose “career” lasted under a year? Likewise, the myriad constellations of Eugène Atget 10,000 photographs explode notions of oeuvre and aesthetic unity.

3. Having thus taken on the notion of photography as heir to the Western pictorial tradition, Krauss reinscribes late 19th century photography in the institutions and practices con-
MEASURE FOR MEASURE

In association with the Columbia Review

Portrait of Cristina

I'm a girl making color copies
but my life is black and white

like a film noir heroine
anachronistic grace
in my 8 1/2 by 11 stock finish surroundings

Although I'm surrounded by paper
I toil across the street from the maltese falcon -
an impossibly beautiful ingrid bergman
in an overly modest role.

Tight blue apron my only concession to reality.

My klimt-red hair gleams,
radiates past the putty photocopiers
obscures the washed-out sorority photos.

My soft word drowns out the shuffleclickwhir of office sound.

Regardless of the real color,
I've got the soul of a redhead.
and the wide eyes
of a girl who should be somewhere else

a heron amidst pigeons
I stand distinct
while they scurry to snatch crumbs of paper

Acoustic Effects of Cement Roadway!
hair mud ad campaign!
rush posters!
pigeons!

don't fear
I can flap my wings and send them all flying.

(Even before she speaks
the audience knows she's the heroine.)

—Lawrence Dempsey

THE BLUE AND WHITE, OCTOBER 1999
braver than men

i'm a bold little dog
inside an artificial moon

really just a half tonne trash can
coursing at eighteen thousand mph

if only the scientists had planned ahead
i kept telling them: please pack my bone will i see
my bone again?
it was never this silent
when i lived at the pound

look! i see sirius!
by now they're toasting me with vodka
four nations made stamps in my honor will that console me
when the air runs out?

Laika!
—Lawrence Dempsey

A Word From the Pulpit

But first, the compulsory warning: I am an icon.
Like a Gauguin figurehead of gold, lapis-studded,
Set down on a rough-hewn pagan altar in the sedge
Near troves of candlesticks and luscious fruit,
I inspire the paintbrushes of anemic expatriates.
A gray statue, stone, ensconced in mossy shadow
Among the damp apses of a Romanesque cathedral
With one hand raised in a blind gesture of absolution,
I've grown into my granite flesh, this skin of dust
Unbothered by the pulse of anxious capillaries.
At night I command the sleepwalk's reverence of pilgrims
Come to worship in the vaulted halls of my chapel.

Skybound minaret, bright Buddhist mandala, my rumor
Rises like Phoenix from the gullets of strangers,
A philosophy born and slain by their luminous discourse
In the secret conference rooms of our temple.
Although pink muscles dangle from the scaffold of canticles
Like heretics hung from the gallows of another age, it's often
I find myself alone among the cellar's blood-offerings
While in the transept shamans drag hope like fingers
Through the colored sands of my Kalachakra circle.
Meanwhile, beyond the tabernacle, there are people
Who have missed their chance to take part in the ceremony:
Dependency, vainglory, twin tenets of my sacrament.
—Lara Weibgen
While Brown has its celebrated Naked Party, and the intrepid students up at M.I.T. blow off steam by placing police cars on their Great Dome, the closest Columbia students usually come to resplendent deport is playing frisbee in a hurricane. Well, that and a certain semi-annual production held at the end of every Reading Week. While no further elucidation should be necessary, for the sake of younger readers I shall reveal that my topic is the infamous Orgo Night, where the Columbia University Marching Band takes over Butler Library and puts on a performance for the students who are stuffed to (and up) the walls of the first floor reading room. Behold this selection from the script of 6 May 1999:

...Columbia’s administration recently decided to augment Charles McKim’s neo-Classical campus plan by decorating the ramps of Lerner Hall with oh-so neo-Classical blue neon lights. Lerner architect Bernard Tschumi defended his creation, saying that we should not judge it until we see the animated neon martini glass on the roof along with the neon sign reading “I Love New York / I Love Newport.” Administration officials said they wanted neon and glass block to go for a “Miami” feel for the building. When students see that building, they’ll say, “Who cares that I have to sit on the radiator in my classes? I feel like I’m at a beach party with Will Smith!” The Miami flavor seems to be working, as three raft-loads of Barnard students seeking asylum have washed ashore in recent days. To go along with the spirit, George Rupp has already traded in his new Volvo for a low riding 1977 Oldsmobile Cutlass Supreme with Five-Star Rims and what he termed “f—ing incredible” sub-woofers. Barnard President Judith Schapiro, riding shotgun, chimed in, “Ay Papi!” Provost Cole rode bitch. This proved short-lived, however, when the three were pulled over by police because they apparently fit an NYPD profile. The band now gets jiggy with it and plays “Material Girl.”

You may have noticed that there has been lots of lying going on on campus of late. From “The elevator in Hamilton Hall is perfectly safe,” to “Beta supports Take Back the Night,” the campus has been abuzz with prevarication. Although some of these lies have always been with us, like “2 IDs to drink,” and “I’m on the pill,” it’s been getting worse lately, and we in the band think it’s the administration’s fault. The problem, we think, is that the administration has a bit of an inferiority complex. Basically, everything they’ve done in the last 5 years can be explained as an attempt to be more Harvard than Harvard, or in other words to say, “Our university has a bigger dick than yours.” And when the administration’s dreams of having a 12-inch c— don’t materialize, they start to lie about it. We asked our favorite administrator, Dean Yatrakis, an honorary member of the NYPD Street Crimes unit, what she thought of our theory. She responded, “Enlargement and enhancement hasn’t sacrificed the quality of an education. You people don’t need professors, you need administrators. Why, my penis is among the largest in the Ivy League. It’s already bigger than Yale... I mean Brown ... Okay, Penn.” We asked President Rupp what he thought, but his only comment was, “Freedom is slavery, ignorance is truth, and Columbia is the smallest college in the Ivy League.” The band now forms a very, very large penis being forcibly inserted into the student body and plays “I Hear You Knocking, but You Can’t Come In Until I Finish Getting Raped in Here,” which, by the way, never, ever happens on campus.
I remember Anne being excited for the first-year winter formal. I was excited because she had finally agreed to be my date. The strength of her enthusiasm, encouraged in part by me, supplanted any sense of restraint. As a result, when we entered the Low Library rotunda, she was already staggering wildly and complaining about feeling sick. She went down to the bathroom, threw-up, and still felt sick. A few friends from our floor joined us to help her. After vomiting a couple more times, Anne didn’t feel any better, and the rest of us began to feel very anxious. None of us had ever seen someone who was this drunk before. One of our hall-mates suggested that we call CAVA, but Anne refused. “I don wan ‘dem to know,” she slurred. “What is she talking about?” I asked. Mark, another guy from our floor, put his hand on my shoulder and whispered in my ear, “She doesn’t want to get in trouble. If she calls the University ambulance because she’s too wasted, then the deans find out and she’ll get Dean’s Disciplinary.”

In the end, however, we prevailed upon Anne to call CAVA and she returned home safely later that night. She did have to have her stomach pumped, however. And, as Mark had predicted, later in the week, the Deans were notified and she was put on “Dorm Warning,” a disciplinary probation for first-time offenders.

I do not recall this vignette in order to demonize my own Alma Mater, nor is Columbia the only institution that endorses this policy. Rather, I mention this because it is a classic example of the confusion that surrounds the issue of youth drinking in our culture. The dangers of Columbia’s policy are obvious. Since many underage drinkers are not likely to have enough experience with alcohol to know when either their friends or they themselves are dangerously drunk, an incentive not to call for help can create a potentially lethal situation. Fortunately, however, an alcohol related student death has not yet occurred at Columbia; but it has happened at other schools and will continue to happen unless we begin a cultural shift in our thinking about adolescents and drinking.

The central dilemma is that while our society sanctions alcohol, we have not figured out a way to initiate youth. No one teaches kids how to drink. Despite a lack of formal education on the subject, kids are definitely learning about alcohol. Youth culture (which is generally produced by adults and consumed by kids) abounds with nostalgia over the sex, drugs, and rock ‘n roll culture of the late 60’s and 70’s and continues to romanticize the spirit of youth rebellion. Indeed, the relationship to alcohol in adult society is often self-contradictory. In my own high school alma mater there was a student-parent group that tried to deal with drinking issues. Adults participated in the group. But when the students presented the idea of an alcohol free student-adult weekend retreat it was the adults who turned it down. The adults didn’t want to go if there wasn’t going to be any booze. The message that this example sends is clear: Alcohol is not merely recreational in social situations, it’s vital.
The difficulty with teaching kids to drink begins with age restriction. Age restrictions, along with messages from cultural institutions such as film, TV, and advertising, turns the use of alcohol into a way for kids to declare their independence. As American culture is woefully wanting in a formal rite-of-passage, using alcohol as a form of individuation is all the more appealing. This problem is compounded by the fact that age restrictions are set, but not consistently enforced. Most kids know (as do most adults) that with a little caution and forethought, kids can find sources of alcohol for parties and small get-togethers. In a study of 633 students in Buffalo, NY aged 15–18 years, it was found that 71% were occasionally using alcohol and 10% were heavy drinkers. This means that the majority of kids are getting their early experiences with alcohol well before the legal drinking age.

Because their drinking is not allowed, kids are forced to drink in secrecy, without guidance. College administrators especially, are left with little options. Legally, if a college condones illegal drinking, either implicitly or explicitly, it faces lawsuits and state prosecution. On the other hand, by acting as law enforcer, the administration loses its ability to influence the way in which alcohol is used. The result is that the only people available to teach kids about alcohol are other kids. A classic example of the blind leading the blind.

In Brian M. Quigly and R. Lorraine Collin’s article “The Modeling of Alcoholic Consumption: A Meta-Analytic Review,” the authors summarized their research by stating that, “There is evidence that people will model the drinking of others, such that, if they are exposed to heavily drinking individuals, they are also likely to drink heavily.” It is unreasonable to expect kids who have been given virtually no adult guidance to be able to effectively monitor and respond to the potential drinking problems of their peers. Kids are left alone to reconcile alcohol’s numbing and depressive capacity, a capacity that can stunt the personal growth expected in this final rite of passage into adult society.

Many alcohol programs promote sobriety for as long as possible. This approach is beneficial in terms of the physically damaging effect of alcohol, which can be much more severe in younger consumers. However, this approach does not teach kids how to function as adults in a society that has made the choice to consume alcohol. Even if kids wait, the majority of them will still be underage when they begin drinking, which means that they will be cut off from adult help for fear of reprisal.

Furthermore, this solution does not change the central model of alcohol consumption, a model that forbids a comfortable relationship between adults and kids regarding alcohol. In the Mediterranean model, alcohol is a centerpiece of family celebration. Alcohol is introduced in and associated with the family. In this culture, the desire to use extreme alcohol consumption as a way of declaring one’s independence decreases because society has already granted autonomy to kids with regard to the issue. I can’t imagine that for a teenager who has been drinking with his family since age eleven or twelve, getting drunk with friends during the first year in college seems particularly rebellious.

While recently in Germany, I attended the 18th birthday party of a friend’s friend. At the party, I was amazed to see that adults and kids mingled freely in the presence of alcohol. When I was eighteen, I would never drink in front of my friends’ parents for fear of getting in trouble. In Germany, the adults ran the bar and drank socially. Their presence both insured and modeled appropriate drinking.

If the age limit were changed, similar conditions could exist in college campuses. Rather than discouraging youth drinking, colleges should encourage it. This means that alcoholic parties should be permitted to remain on campus and should always include paid chaper-
ones or safety monitors. Entrance into legal college parties should be attached to a mandatory attendance in a half semester course. This allows kids to experiment with alcohol in safe environments while giving adults influence over alcohol consumption. I realize that underground drinking would still exist, but such conditions would allow for adult supervision while at the same time giving kids responsibility over their own behavior.

Ultimately, I believe that only through the adult community’s willingness to teach and trust kids in their developing relationships to alcohol, can society as a whole work on this issue. By reducing the age limit and moving alcohol from the private to the public sphere, those who have or will have problems could be more quickly identified and treated. If a party proctor notices that a kid routinely gets drunk to the point of sickness, the institution may be able to intervene before it’s too late. It is true that even these mild levels of supervision may force some kids to go underground, but when kids don’t feel that their independence is being challenged, they will be more responsive to help from the adult community. As my best friend Anne said of drinking after her 21st birthday, “somehow it’s just not as exciting now that it’s allowed.”

A version of this article will appear in Family Therapy Network in November.

From the Blue and White Pages:
Volume II, Number 15, January 27, 1891
Dean, School of Applied Science and Unapplied Art:

DEAR SIR: It gives me great pleasure to commend the salutary sense of individual responsibility which has recently been so consistently encouraged by the officials of the college. There should, indeed, be no division of responsibility. A professor should not have anything to do with a man’s absences, for instance.

While emphasizing my position on this matter, I wish to explain to you my absence of four months from the exercise of your department. I went on board ship, one day in October, to see a friend off to Europe. While expressing my sorrow at his departure, the ship started, carrying me out to sea. On the second day of the voyage, I became engaged in an altercation with the captain, who claimed that Harvard could beat Columbia, and who threw me overboard. After sailing around for three weeks, during which time I lived on the little Tutti Frutti I possessed, I was swallowed by a whale of extraordinary size, which I had attempted to capture for the museum of the college. At this point, my dear sir, you will readily recognize how unfortunate a victim of external circumstances addresses you.

Well, I was subsequently thrown on land, the definite place of my disembarkation being Chicago. (If you will send a professor to the Great Lakes, you will learn that they contain many whales.) At this point a man borrowed five dollars from me to start the World’s Fair, and I was induced to enter a six-day pedestrian contest. I won, finishing the six-day contest in three hours. Then I took a freight car home, arrived at the battery about two months ago; chartered a sear in an L train, and have just arrived. My experiences will soon be published in book-form. I shall forward you a copy of the book, my autograph, and a picture of the whale, which I took with my Kodak. In the meantime, if these explanations meet with your approval, I am ready to devote the proceeds of the book to whatever charity you may mention.

Expressing my adherence to the principle of individual responsibility, and implicating no one, I remain, Yours very truly,

VAN RENSSALER DE PEYSER ME.
sonant with that time. State-sponsored photographic projects and the international demand for stereographic images are but two of the commercial forces which dictated oeuvre, subject, and career in ways irreconcilable with a traditional view of the artist. At this century’s end, photography’s subversive nature is no less real. Only now the focus of photography’s aesthetic assault is directed to issues still deeper in the core of traditional art.

4. Looking back to Walter Benjamin’s “Art in the Age of Mechanical Reproduction,” Krauss updates the status of photography in light of its triumphant postwar convergence with art and the undeniable fact of its late 20th century obsolescence. Benjamin envisioned photography as constituted by multiples without originals (i.e. one negative can produce countless equally original prints), where our traditional notions of the hand of the artist, original artwork and auratic value would all dissipate. Herein lies the first anticipation of the end of photography as an autonomous medium and, therefore, its ultimate obsolescence. Krauss builds on Benjamin to locate this obsolescence in photography’s emergence as a theoretical object and its destruction of all traditional concepts of unique aesthetic mediums. We will follow Krauss’s arguments consecutively.

5. Already in Benjamin—where “mechanical reproduction” implies various manifestations of photography, e.g. news photos, cinema, photomontage—I found that photography has become a theoretical object, specifically, a mode of production. As mechanical reproduction has been replaced by spectacle culture—where commodity has become image only—photography has come to represent the reign of reproductions or simulacra. In today’s digital revolution, I would add, the theoretical status of photography has been further heightened. Still a nascent technology, digital photography now represents a radically new view of visuality that continues to outpace its actual production.

6. Photography’s status as a commercial and now theoretical object nullifies any claim to its autonomy as a medium. More generally, our visual world view is now framed by the undiscriminating lens of the camera. Photography animates the equality of things, as every object functions as potentially equal in photography’s inclusive visual field. The assertion against medium-specificity is augmented by photography’s central position in recent multimedia works, e.g. Conceptual art, and by the role of text in photography (captions). Photography extends itself to other mediums and requires, in text, a medium foreign to its autonomy. The rise of photography has lead to the concomitant end of individual artistic mediums.

7. Yet the end of traditional mediums does not imply the end of artistic particularity in favor of an undiscriminating plurality. On the contrary, in the obsolescence of photography lies the redemptive kernel with which to reinvent the function of the medium. Photography’s obsolescence as a medium—its unique and unchanging indexicality, its late 19th century subversion of traditional definitions of art and artist, its post-war emergence as a theoretical object and its innate connection to other mediums—becomes the basis for a post-medium art, above the exploitation of its own material conditions (after Clement Greenberg). Instead, it functions as “a set of conventions derived from ... the material conditions of a given technical support, conventions out of which to develop a form of expressiveness that can be both projective and mnemonic.”

Art must be understood across many traditional mediums and cultural and economic spheres and, at the same time, within an artistic context that provides criteria for its evaluation. Photography—again in its indexicality, subversion, emergence as a theoretical object and connection to other mediums—will lead the way. Art has only begun to function in such a post-medium context. And we, the viewers, remain trapped within traditional definitions of art, asking always how new art relates to the (outmoded) legacies of painting and sculpture instead of reinscribing it, after Krauss, in the reinvented “medium” of photography.

But our investigation is not complete. New challenges to photography and to art will emerge, challenges for which we will need the guidance of Rosalind Krauss. May she soon return to health and to us.

The Blue and White, October 1999
An old friend of Verily Veritas’s was once asked how to be a star. “Twinkle,” the friend replied. V.V. wants to be a star. He wants to be a personality, to be recognized on every corner of campus. He wants to be adored on the Low Steps. He wants to be fuzzed over strolling past College Walk gardens abloom with verdures in the spring and awash with mud in the fall. He craves the fame of being Columbia’s Jack Kennedy, Columbia’s Albert Einstein, Columbia’s Zsa Zsa Gabor.

All this has set the wheels of poor V.V.’s mind in motion thinking about just how one cultivates celebrity. Perhaps the answer is to study abroad.

With the Oxford don’s velvet brogue over snifters of brandy, or the Mediterranean confidence a year in Rome could lend his pronunciation when ordering anything ‘alla bolognese at some insufferably fashionable place in the West Village, a man with study abroad under his belt should be well-nigh unstoppable. Some friends of Verily Veritas’s who read at Oxford and Cambridge became so cool, they never even came back. They just vanished, in a puff of coolness, from the face of the planet, or at least the blessed little white wine corner of it that really matters, Columbia. By this time they’re probably off leading some sun-kissed life of silk shirts and stoogies and lolling about in one of those bars with no name and drapes for a door where heroin-addled models waft about like toothpicks at a martini convention. It’s not a life Verily Veritas can write off as altogether unintriguing.

But V.V. knows that there’s an international life and an international Columbia right outside his door, here in New York. Some of it is even right here in Morningside Heights. All of that happens to begin and end with the cheese selection at West Side Market, but it is international culture nonetheless. Working on his major in Feminist Art Semiotics of the High Middle Ages and an encyclopedic knowledge of triple sec, V.V. feels more confident by the day in his seminars. Even if the insolent drama types asked him if his comments didn’t contradict Schiller’s Maria Stuart, he’s still standing tall. Columbia offers refinement enough for everyone.

V.V. wonders if there’s ever any need to leave this great city, except perhaps for brief sojourns in Jersey when looking for things like shopping malls, or hitmen. There’s continental savoir faire just as close as the music department, where piano lessons from a crack team of European sophisticates will burnish any Columbia student to a John Gielgud shine. Even if the department is out of space, their grad students number among themselves Mormon musicologist baritones whose able pianoforte pedagogy can be retained for no more than the occasional parcel of Chilean sea bass or prosciutto di Parma. As his lessons continue, Verily Veritas is growing increasingly excited about the potential of playing broken, decaying pianos across campus, from the Hartley lounge to the ivories tucked away in ever so acoustic East Campus storage closets. From the steps of Low to the mud seas of College Walk, let the word go out—a new Horowitz is born.

—Verily Veritas
Tuesday, October 26th at 6pm

Jimmy Carter

Jimmy Carter served as President of the United States from 1977 to 1981, and is often referred to as "the President who cared." He has been a respected human rights activist, global peacemaker, and an avid student and teacher of the Bible for decades. He has written numerous bestselling books on the human and political realities of our time, including Keeping Faith and Everything to Gain. The inspirational adult Sunday school classes he leads at his hometown Baptist church have become famous the world over. In his inspiring book Sources of Strength: Meditations on Scripture for a Living Faith, this admired American has compiled fifty-two of his favorite Bible meditations from his Sunday school gatherings as a resource for anyone searching for a new faith or for fuller understanding of a lifelong creed.

As part of the Author Series at The Columbia University Bookstore, President Jimmy Carter will make an appearance at 6:00pm on Tuesday, October 26th at the Ground Level of Lerner Hall. In order to allow for the maximum number of customers to have their books signed, President Carter will only be signing copies of his books, and he will not be able to personalize. Thank you for your consideration. All events are free and open to the public.

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THE BLUE AND WHITE, OCTOBER 1999
CAMPUS GOSSIP

The King's Crown Shakespeare Troupe, whose outdoor spring "Shakespeare in the Dark" shows are highly acclaimed, is performing yet another show to lift up the drudgery of those Autumn nights and give us all a little culture. "Troilus and Cressida" premieres on Friday November 19th, with an additional two performances on Sunday the 21st. The play tells the story of the Trojan War, but not how Homer imagined it. Two words: Football and Sluts.

Congratulations to Professor David Yerkes, who, starting next Autumn, with three daughters enrolled in Columbia College, will be augmenting his professorial pittance with $90,000 a year in free family tuition.

Mines Notes, 1892
A jar and rumbling as of an earthquake, which set every bottle standing on the shelves of the laboratories to shivering violently, was the strange event which caused almost everyone in the building last Tuesday to stop in the midst of their work and wonder what the end of it would be. It soon transpired that the belt has slipped off the large fly-wheel which runs the ventilating fan in the top story, and the tremendous momentum of the uncontrolled wheel was sufficient to make the entire building vibrate for some minutes.

Professor Zvi Galil, dean of the Fu Foundation School of Engineering and Applied Science, has developed a program for the better pronunciation of his Israeli "Christian" name, Zvi. This five-step wonder (which, especially ironic for a dean of an engineering school, has but two simple steps) provides lingual calisthenics for those tongues foreign to the Hebrew zadi (sometimes written tzadi). The proper pronunciation, step one tells us, of the "Z" of Zvi, is hidden inside "pizza." If ever addressing the dean informally, just think of Famous Famiglia's and, voilà, "Zzvi." Step two is not for the phonetically phobic. For more advanced English speakers (also less adept at foreign tongues), a near complete solution can be found in "It's victory." Steal the "t's v," add a hard e (as in SEAS) and you're practically buddies with the dean. While Dean Galil has been disappointed with the results, we've all come out with a winning slice.

At September 25's football game, a group of Columbia supporters kidnapped a Towson cheerleader and brought her back to our territory. In retaliation, a crowd of Towson students prevented a flag-bearing Columbia cheerleader from making a post-touchdown victory lap. When our mascot attempted to resolve the situation, the Towson brutes began to pummel him. The sight of the hopelessly outnumbered Lion getting knocked around evoked the wrath of a number of Columbia students, including the entire marching band, who sprinted across the end zone and rescued their allies. In the midst of the brawl, the Lion's tail was severed, but the medical team on hand was able to bandage him up.
Kudos to Dean of the Architecture School Bernard Tschumi, whose design for Lerner Hall was lauded in the *Columbia Daily Spectator* as “a work of conceptual art” by Bernard Tschumi. Dean Tschumi also received high praise in the October 5 *New York Times*, where interviewee Bernard Tschumi compared the Tschumi plans to Philip Glass’ “Einstein on the Beach.” Tschumi also confessed, “I have Porsches, several. One in New York, two in Paris. I was going probably too fast and found myself slamming against a tree.” The Blue and White would like to join Dean Tschumi in celebrating Dean Tschumi’s contributions to the Columbia campus.

At midnight on September 30th, Professor Kenneth Jackson led approximately 325 students riding off campus for his famous History of the City of New York annual all-night bike tour. At about 4:20 AM, after dismounting to tour the Fulton Street Fish Market, one student so impressed the local workers with his thorough knowledge of alternative sexual technique that they bestowed upon him a free ten-pound salmon, which the student then carried with him for the rest of the tour. Several pounds of the fish bounty were presented to Prof. Jackson with much fanfare after class the following Tuesday, but he graciously declined the offer.

As revealed by always tongue-in-cheek, famously crusty film critic Andrew Sarris in his International Film History 1930–1960 class a few days ago:

“I don’t know how to spell Alanis Morissette’s name. I read gossip columns, music columns, and I’ve never read what Puff Daddy does. What *does* he do?"

“In grammar school in my day we were taught to be cogs in a machine. The worst thing you could be was conceited—that’s what’s happened to Edmund Morris—he’s conceited. You were taught to stay in your place, not to rise above. But you’ve got to—you’ve got to be Adolf Hitler, to believe that you have a unique destiny. They won’t teach you that in grammar school.”

Library Chat: Vol. 2, No. 29, May 4, 1892

We received a very doleful notice from a student lately. For days in succession he had not been able to find a single book for which he had looked. The books, he complained, were not charged out at the loan desk, nor could they be found anywhere upon the shelves, or around the reading room. He may well be discouraged. If it is any consolation, we may tell him that he has a very considerable company in his misery. Not one or two students only, but everybody makes a similar complaint. The other day, in one of the stackrooms, we watched a student lift down a whole shelf of books in his arms to the stand, look them over, and then picking them up again, literally throw (italicized) them back upon the shelf in the greatest confusion. We were gratified to know that the Librarian had also been watching him, who immediately gave him a sharp, reproving lecture. Such actions are perfectly inexcusable, and belong only in the wildest of backwoods. If exercise is what he wants, there is a campus outside, and he can always find some one willing to catch ball with him.

The B&W welcomes the opening of Deluxe, the new Morningside Heights diner operating erratically around the clock. While we will miss the expansive menu, impeccable conditions and flowing bar of the once-upon-a-College Inn, gentrification has its privileges.

With the opening of Global Ink, an end can finally be called to Columbia students’ delirious lust after *Die Süddeutsche Zeitung* and *Sports Illustrated for Women*. When will you carry The B&W?