BUTLER'S SCHOOL
by Professor Michael Rosenthal

TAKE BACK THE NIGHT:
A Symposium

COLUMBIA CONVERSATIONS
with Austin Quigley, Dean of Columbia College
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The Blue and White invites Columbia students to contribute original literary work and welcomes letters from all our readers. Communications should be addressed to the Managing Editor and should be accompanied by the name of the writer.

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No university has so rich a history of student activism as Columbia's. From the person of Hamilton to the stormings of Hamilton, activism has endured changes in centuries, campuses and governments. In this number, the BLUE AND WHITE chronicles activism of the past and addresses the many faces of activism today.

Our story begins in the 1880s as Professor Michael Rosenthal enters the undergraduate days of Nicholas Murray Butler in the Columbia annals. Recorded in this excerpt from Professor Rosenthal's forthcoming book, Butler's behavior sets a standard worthy of emulation. Our publisher, I.S. Salzberg C'99, relates his personal account of the Ethnic Studies protests; he belongs to the last class able to do so.

We make a quick leap to the present. Take Back the Night-addressing sexual assault is among Columbia's most significant activist events. Our symposium includes the mission statement of Take Back the Night as well as pieces by Andrew Warshawer C'00 and co-president of Men Against Violence and Emily Kurzweil C'00 and co-director of Nightline.

In this number we inaugurate Columbia Conversations with Professor Austin Quigley, Dean of Columbia College. A full introduction can be found on page 58. Let us emphasize the central place played by you members of the Columbia community. Please e-mail your responses to this discussion and your questions for the next to theblueandwhite@columbia.edu.

Were there not already enough incentive to contribute to The B&W, we hereby announce The Blue and White Writing Prize. Each year, The B&W will award a $100 cash prize to the author of the best piece published in its pages. This year's contributions will count toward next year's prize. We invite, as always, your questions, thoughts, and observations. Only now, we are willing to pay.
The splendors of New York City, boasted by Columbia as central to the educational experience, are not easily afforded by the average student. Manhattan’s vault has never opened itself to the impecunious traveler; the buyer needs more than to simply beware, she needs to be rich.

Enter Columbia’s “passport to New York.” This wondrous wallet-sized Columbia ID is more than you need to survive the vicious disbursements which await you beyond the 116th Street gates. Or is it? As among the largest land-holders in the city of New York, behind only the Catholic Church and the State, one might hope that we Columbians would be privy to at least a modicum of special privilege. After all, if the Church doesn’t have to pay taxes and the State gets to collect them, shouldn’t Columbia students at least be able to get four-dollar pitchers on Saturday night? But rather than the multiplicity of discounts, free performances, package deals and drink specials for which one would hope, the passport is woefully wanting in membership privileges.

Columbia’s self-touted passport consists of little more than free admission to the MoMA and the Met along with Urban New York—the biannual opportunity to spend all day waiting in line for free tickets to the show that was the tenth choice on your list. Perhaps, then, we ask too much of our beloved Columbia; perhaps the city is unwilling to grant special treatment for university students. And yet other Universities have so outstripped Columbia that the “passport” looks more like a “guest-pass” by comparison.

Not only are NYU students (not to mention those of nearly every other NY institution) allowed free entrance to the MoMA and Met, but the NYU equivalent of Columbia points are accepted in the vast majority of local restaurants, shops and bars which surround the NYU area. The NYU student can also receive special discounts in local galleries and performance centers while the Columbia student must always pay full-price. I urge Columbia to make use of its vast connections with the city and negotiate real advantages for the students. As it stands, it’s better to be a senior citizen than a Columbia student.

And speaking of senior citizens, I’m sure we’ve all had a class or two inhabited, or inhibited, by an infamous lifelong learner. The lifelong learners program was originally intended to create educational opportunities for elderly members of the surrounding community. By and large, this program has been as noble in practice as it is in theory. These senior students often have interesting commentary based on accumulated wisdom unavailable to inexperienced twenty-year olds. And yet there always remains that one guy who cannot discern between worldly wisdom and personal anecdotes, such as what a prostate exam really feels like. I may be going out on a limb here, but I’d wager that most students do not pay thirty-thousand dollars a year to listen to someone’s childhood stories from 1953. If the professor is discussing Latin Grammar, the unrelenting lifelong learner will insist on relating the lecture to his third Honeymoon in Latin America. Audacious as I am, a professorial nudge lets me know when to keep my beak shut. Professors need to help lifelong learners know when to say when. Or better, when not to say anything at all.
BUTLER'S SCHOOL

by Professor Michael Rosenthal

The Columbia College Nicholas Murray Butler entered in the fall of 1878 bore little resemblance to the University he left behind him in 1945, physically, academically and every other way. Having moved north from Park Place in lower Manhattan in 1857, the College occupied the block between 49th and 50th streets, stretching from Madison to Fourth Avenues. Conceived of as a temporary site, it remained Columbia's home for forty years. Although by the time Butler arrived the surrounding environment had improved, it was not entirely salubrious at first. Before the bodies were removed during 1858, students coming across Lexington Avenue and 49th Street, one block to the east of campus, could occasionally see the bones of the indigent sticking up out of Potter's Field. The Bull's Head Cattle Yards, several blocks to the south of Fifth Avenue, provided some pungency to those traveling from downtown when the climatic conditions were just right.

Butler was one of the seventy-eight entering students in the class of 1882; four years later, forty-eight graduated. We have become so accustomed to thinking of elite colleges as intellectually rigorous places admitting only a lucky few from the hordes who apply, that it is useful to realize that such was not always the case. In Butler's time—and for a number of decades thereafter—the problem facing colleges was not the contemporary challenge of deciding among qualified students but rather the need to convince qualified—and even not so qualified—candidates to apply in the first place. Only a small number sought admission; of these, few were rejected. (In Butler's freshman class, for example, 100 initially applied and 75 were accepted. Three additional students joined somewhat later.)

Before the era of the College Entrance Examination Board (in whose development Butler played a significant role), admission was generally achieved simply by passing a school's specific entrance examination. Columbia's 1878 Handbook makes clear exactly what candidates had to know: "Applicants for admission to the Freshman Class are examined in the English, Latin and Greek grammars; in Greek and Latin Prosody, and Composition; in Ancient and modern geography; in Arithmetic, including the metric system of weights and measure; in Algebra, on the first five chapters of Peck's *Manual of Algebra*, on the first four books of Davies' *Legendre*, and in the following books or their equivalents, in the Latin and Greek languages, viz., the seven books of Caesar's *Commentaries on the Gallic War*, the first six books of Vergil's *Aeneid*, six orations of Cicero, four books of Xenophon's *Anabasis*, and three books of Homer's *Iliad*.

Once admitted, and for an annual tuition fee of $100, students immersed themselves in a required curriculum (with the exception of some senior year electives taught by a faculty consisting of ten professors, two adjuncts (today's equivalent of assistant professors) and a half dozen or so assorted tutors and assistants. The precise syllabus for each year, semester by semester, was set out in the informational handbook. The freshman studies Butler encountered in the fall, for example,
included the *Odyssey*, Greek Prose Composition, Greek Scanning and Prosody, Horace’s Odes and Epodes, Latin Prose Composition, Latin Syntax and Prosody, Grecian History, Roman Antiquities, Geometry, and Rhetoric, with German as an optional choice. The spring continued Greek History and Latin Prose Composition, Grecian History and Rhetoric and Roman Antiquities, but substituted Herodotus or Xenophon for Homer, Algebra for Geometry and Cicero and Pliny for Horace.

If one actually had to know something to get into Columbia (or more precisely the School of Arts as the liberal arts undergraduate division was then known,) little was expected after that. Classes ran for three hours a day only, from 10-1, following the mandatory chapel service which started at 9:30. Students sat in alphabetical order in the chapel and daily attendance was taken by a class officer specially appointed by the president for the purpose. The four officers of the roll were each provided with a seat permitting a full view of his particular class. Anyone absent from more than one-fourth of the chapel exercise for a term was “debarred from being longer a candidate for a degree.” (Other infractions which would terminate enrollment included leaving the college premises before the end of the third hour and missing more than one quarter of the classes in any single department.)

The classes themselves were not basically intended to be intellectually challenging. The consisted almost entirely of students spewing back in recitation sections what they had previously memorized from the text books or the professor’s lecture. Independent thinking was rarely a requirement and academic standards were practically non-existent.

A library, presided over by a librarian who resented anyone’s using it, never remained open for longer than an hour and a half each morning. Under such circumstances it was not surprising that the academic life available on 49th street was meager at best. According to Brander Matthews, who graduated from Columbia in 1881 and went on to become a distinguished professor of dramatic literature, “You can’t imagine the Columbia of that day. A modern high school probably gives a better all around training.”

Into what he later characterized as “a very simple and naive sort of place,” Butler brought a prodigious memory and ferocious desire to succeed. He was an editor of *Acta Columbiana*, the college newspaper; member and officer of Peithologia, one of the two literary-debating societies on campus; sophomore class secretary; drafter of the 1882 class constitution; author of a resolution passed unanimously by the senior class against admitting women to Columbia, which held that “it is the fixed opinion and firm conviction of the Senior Class of Columbia College that the coeducation of the sexes is undesirable from an educational as well as from a social and a moral standpoint, and that its introduction here would be a fatal blow to the future welfare and prosperity of the institution;” inventor of the fictitious S.P.Q.R., a non-existent organization he created to draw attention away from the Gemot, a real club to which he had not been admitted; editor of the *Columbiad*, the junior class yearbook. He played cricket (badly), was rejected for football and crew because he did not weigh enough, and served as secretary of the college meeting to form a football association. (His role in helping form the association is particularly interesting in light of his presidential decision, in 1905, to ban the game.)
Perhaps the most lavish event involving Butler was the annual sophomore "Burial of the Ancient" ceremony, whose antiquity dated back to 1860, in which the text book deemed most hateful to the sophomores was consigned to flames amidst much elaborate ritual. Though for year the book so honored was Bojesen's Greek and Roman Antiquities, Butler's class selected instead March's Anglo Saxon Reader. Butler was elected chairman of the Burial Committee in charge of the extensive preparations necessary for a successful burial. As the Acta cautioned in April of 1880—the event to take place in May—"The sophomore must take care to deck themselves out well at the burial. Every man should wear a high hat and a gown with emblematic figures attached. It gives more tone to the procession, and looks well to outsiders, besides the over-awing effect if has upon the freshman. A burial is a grand thing when every minute detail is carefully attended to, but if only the principal points are looked after, many things fail to harmonize, and the general effect is marred."

With Butler at his organizational best, everything proceeded flawlessly, particularly the two hour march up Madison Avenue to the campus, including a platoon of police, a German brass band, a trumpeter, twelve mourners wearing academic gowns adorned with skulls and crossbones, four pallbearers chanting funeral songs and carrying in a small bier on their shoulders the loathed Anglo-Saxon reader to be consigned, and three hundred torch bearing students wearing their coats inside out. Accompanied by masses of spectators waving, singing and cheering, the procession arrived on campus at midnight, where the Deadly Orator addressed the crowd, expressing his feeling about the soon to be cremated text. At the proper moment, the grave-digger committed March’s reader to the flames, after which the Poet, wiping his eyes with a huge black handkerchief, celebrated the many virtues of the recently departed, following appropriate cheering and lamentation, people repaired to the Terrace Gardens where the twenty previously purchased kegs of beer consumed. "Thus,” commented the June 1st Acta, “passed off the best and most successful Burial that Columbia has ever seen, and it will be a long time before it is surpassed.”

The class of ’82's distaste for its mandatory confrontation as sophomores with Anglo-Saxon and its instructor, Charles Scott, involved Butler in yet another way. As the unofficial class slogan chanted repeatedly throughout the Burial—"Who was the great Scott? Last in Peace, last in war, last in the heart of the soph-o-more"—made clear, Mr. Scott did not have a large following among the students. (The sophomore animus against Scott was such that after the Burial, Acta reported, “A few men returned to the college at three o’clock, burst in the door of Mr. Scott’s room and removed his table and its contents to the campus where it was destroyed in the flames.” Had there been any doubts about Scott's reputation, the 1881 Columbiad featured a dramatic satire entitled “A Glimpse of Hell; or an Hour With the Anglo-Saxons.” A reasonably puerile spook, it mocks Scott and his incapacities, ending with him being knocked senseless as the chorus sings, “Charles Scott’s body lies a mould’ring in the grave.” Scott was legitimately aggrieved over the drama’s publication, and even though he wasn’t especially popular, the faculty took up his cause. As chairman of the Columbiad and anonymous author of the piece, Butler was fully responsible. But in a way that anticipated some of his future presidential skills in easing his way past blame, he managed to stay above the controversy that ensued. Robert Arrowsmith, the business manager, was chastised by the faculty, which insisted that all copies of the issue be destroyed. Most were, but as he later admitted with a twinkle, not quite all. Why Butler escaped censure or worse, why he permitted Arrowsmith to absorb all the criticism, remains unclear to this day.
Columbia is not a rich school. Our endowment may be nothing to scoff at, but a number of things suggest Columbia is hardly flush with cash. Take my dorm, lovely Carman Hall. Sculpted like a Buick Roadmaster in brick, Carman was erected four decades ago as a temporary building and left standing after miraculously passing building inspection. Campus housing potentates dismiss these claims that Carman was a temporary building, much like they insist the architect was not a Bensonhurst fish market operator on peyote, but I'm inclined to believe what I hear. Columbia's poverty crops up everywhere. Harvard dorms put Veritas in gilt letters on every chair; Columbia housing has exciting plans for “two-ply toilet tissue” as soon as its 30-year contract on sandpaper runs out. The deans had no choice but to begin expanding the student body a few years back to bolster cash flow. Without that stroke of moneymaking ingenuity, the University could ill-afford making needed building renovations. Hiring new professors would have to go by the wayside. Even the longstanding tradition of $200-a-head open bar faculty meetings in the Rainbow Room might have to lapse.

This destitution is in no small part because Columbia alumni have the lowest giving rate of any school in the Ivy League. Any number of theories purport to explain this. One blames Nicholas Murray Butler’s anti-alumni policies. Perhaps, others say, it was Grayson Kirk’s body odor. It may be simpler still. Other Ivy League students give generously to the alma mater that kept them boozed and shacked up for four blissful years. Not so at Columbia, which suffers from severe shortages of carousing and merrymaking. Columbia is equally lacking in matters of intoxication and self-narcotizing. As far as the John Belushi conception of college is concerned, Columbia fails to make the grade. It is a sorry state for our school, and it hurts alumni giving.

Why this paucity of good times? It stems from a pernicious, insidious culture of intellectualism run rampant and scholarship gone amok. It creates smug little men and women with ink-stained hands, all self-satisfied writing for student publications when, in the words of one of Koronet’s Pizza’s eloquent after-hours drunks, they would be well advised to “Forget about your GPAs and go get laid.” I have watched grimly as every one of my floormates refused to party more, claiming too much work. Columbia students often won’t even laugh if the joke lacks that certain pseudointellectual sheen. A Columbia student might enjoy watching Who’s Afraid of Virginia Woolf? and appreciating the line, “That’s great, Angelboobs.” And indeed, there is no small amount of entertainment to be found in analyzing Richard Burton’s immaculate enunciation of “Angelboobs.” But there are simple joys, joys apart from Richard Burton and his Angelboobs. Birds sing. The sun shines. Nature stands radiant in all her glory. These are pleasures rich with what a Columbia professor might describe as “humanistic vitality,” he purring in a lecturer’s practiced baritone before returning to freebasing. Students at other Ivies find happiness in these little things—nature, the outdoors, meditation, freebasing. They are never too preoccupied with books to enjoy a gentle stroll, a restful hour in the park, or a hearty belching contest or two. In this frenetic city, we could do more to appreciate a good belch.

It is simple pleasures like these that alumni remember in later years. Such memories keep checkbooks open. Chief among these pleasures is the grand American collegiate tradition

SHOW ME THE MONEY

by Ben Letzler

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The Blue and White, April 1999
of inebriated craziness, and in that arena, Columbia has trouble competing. Princeton, for one, floats atop a sea of Stolichnaya, the good ship manned by golden Aryan goddesses in jogging suits. With Brown an Eden of drugged-out heiresses sprung from merchant bankers, Swiss war criminals, and Jersey used car magnates, you can waltz into any Providence party and pick up your martini from Betsy Isuzu Eichmann de Rothschild. Harvard boasts an unprintably rhymed moniker is ‘Truck.’ Columbia doesn’t even try. While Dartmouth distributes bottles of Jim Beam to incoming freshmen, Columbia shoehorns them into overstuffed classrooms to enjoy the virtues of Schönberg’s Pierrot Lunaire. It’s no surprise that Columbia produces graduates resembling some inexplicable cross between Lionel Trilling and the Mod Squad.

Why, then, are Columbia alums so miserly? Perhaps it’s that the dyspeptic artistes graduating from Columbia are off exploring the human condition, where “exploring the human condition” is usually analogous to “living off Top Ramen in some SoHo loft.” And even if the occasional Columbia man or woman of letters does hit it big, Columbia-trained intellectuals don’t tend to donate generously. Judging by the fact that no campus building is named after famous alum Allen Ginsberg, it’s safe to say that his cumulative donations totaled $3.97, including baked goods coupons and movie passes. Yet Columbia willfully insists on continuing to churn out just this sort of tightfisted deadbeat genius. So long as Columbia graduates look back on college and remember what they learned, rather than what they did, specifically what they did in violation of local and federal law, her endowment will pay a stiff price. Why Princeton’s staggering alumni giving rate? A modern reader could recall that

When Woodrow Wilson solemnly told a graduating class, “This is the last of your summers,” he was referring to those Princeton summers of Wolfschmidt vodka and blousy coeds. If that alone didn’t clinch alumni giving, Princeton’s annual reunion commands the world’s single largest order of Budweiser.

Columbia, by contrast, cannot claim the world’s largest order of Milwaukee’s Best. We are a disgrace. If we do not water down the Core, inflate grades up to Ivy League standards, and encourage moral bankruptcy and mad throw downs, our great institution may fall into irreversible decline. Columbia has failed me. It has not revealed unto me the nuances of getting jiggy with a trio of cheerleaders at a keg party. Instead, it has left me saddled with a love for Eurodisco and Merchant-Ivory films and the aspiration to someday complete my tragicomic verse epic, Flatuscence of the Damned. But it may not to be too late to save others from an ignoble fate of pseudointellectualism and Neverending Story soundtrack ownership. I hereby announce my candidacy for the Columbia College Student Council. Under my iron fist, Columbia shall find new glory under a reign of drink and dissolution such as the world has never seen. The rhetoric shall drip as honey from my lips, and my legendary leadership, immortal modesty, and impeccable tastes in fine spirits and beautiful women will lead Columbia to a new golden age. First things first: make all CCSC meetings open bar. It’s high time Columbia students got to party as much as their faculty.

The BLUE & WHITE is looking for writers. Please e-mail theblueandwhite@columbia.edu
In this number, we inaugurate Columbia Conversations, a running dialogue on matters concerning the college community between Professor Austin Quigley, Dean of Columbia College, members of The B&W, and students directly related to the topic. We solicit both specific questions, comments, and general topics for discussions from all readers. Our theme was activism. Present were four members of The B&W—Noam M. Elcott, Michael Treadway, Matthew Rascoff, and Charles London—in addition to Peter Lamphere, who is a member of the campus campaign to end the death penalty. Responses from readers and suggestions for future topics must include the author's name, class and year, and should be sent to theblueandwhite@columbia.edu.

30 March 1999, Office of the Dean

MT: What from your perspective constitutes healthy and productive activism on campus, and where do you draw the line on activism that is problematic or just not effective?

AQ: That's starting with a large question. The kind of college that this is, and has been, is one in that attracts a fairly independent-minded student body. I think we look for and recruit people with their own opinions, people who have gone their own way, and people who are engaged in leadership activities in high school. And then when we bring people here we require them to take the Core Curriculum, the whole idea of which is to take a hard look at inherited views and learn to argue your case in response...That's a key part of the education. The fact that we're in New York also means that we tend to attract students who have a fairly strong social conscience. Also the role of students in the College is very important to a college education and I think defining what the college community is becomes as much a responsibility of the students as it is of anyone else. I am also a pretty strong believer in the responsibility of young people, the next generation, to scrutinize carefully what the older members of the community are doing on their behalf. Because there's a history of activism at the College, there are all sorts of channels though which students can work to improve the institution and express views on wider issues. Various student organizations are already in place, and then if you want to form new ones there are mechanisms to help you do that. Because of the history of activism, there is also student participation on most major committees, and there are lots of opportunities to participate in outreach programs.

One question for students might be whether we have institutionalized activism too much and diminished something of its spontaneity and authenticity. But on the other hand, these institutional mechanisms have certainly improved its efficacy. Activism can become unproductive if its focus is too narrow, when it loses the context of a cause and elevates it above all others. I think that's where it can get unproductive. Any voice of dissent gains authority if it sounds well informed, and student skepticism is as readily addressed to other students as to faculty and administrators if strong voices do not sound well informed. Seminars teach people to listen and not just talk and an opinion has to be supported and not just asserted, and all rights need to be considered in the context of other rights.

I guess I was going to say something relevant about my own past...Just to give you a sense of larger contexts I brought over here with me. I grew up in England in the period after the Second World War. It was a quite familiar thing to my generation—though I can't believe I'm now that old—to wander around...
cities that were still bomb-scarred from the Second World War. Bomb sites were used as a kind of adventure playground. That has a formative influence, as you can imagine. What you carry away from that is an awareness of the fragility of institutions and civilizations and how much can be lost when change stops going through established channels, when people are prepared to invest so much destructively in producing change that they lose the sense of what holds us all together in spite of our differences.

PL: I know you’ve had your office occupied at various times by students, for example in the ethnic studies protest. I was wondering where that specific episode fell in the line between healthy and unhealthy?

CL: The university funds activist groups that are sometimes in direct opposition to one another. The one thing that comes to mind is the Pro-Life group at the Law School that’s setting up a graveyard in remembrance of dead fetuses, and a Barnard Pro-Choice group which is setting up a counter-protest. Do you think that’s a productive use of the University’s money? Are you just trying to foster infighting among students here, or what?

AQ: That’s up to the students to decide. Quite apart from free speech issues and students rights, I think I want students to make the judgement for themselves about what causes they believe in and what causes they wish to give their support to. I like to think that, after the events of 1968, when everything that could have gone wrong went wrong, that everybody’s learned a lot from that experience on all sides. You have to remember the status of universities. They don’t necessarily have a lot of leverage in rapidly changing the world, whether it’s an issue of legality, morality, or how some foreign country is running its factories. I think it’s very important to try to figure out what you hope to accomplish in any planned demonstration or other form of political action. What would be the practical consequences of doing this? Will I in fact be able to change something by engaging in a demonstration, or am I primarily trying to make myself feel better about a problem I can’t fix and that the university can’t fix either. That’s the kind of hard question that comes up at Columbia, because this is a tough minded group of students who are aware of what activism can and cannot achieve... But sometimes it is enough to feel that you just have to stand up and be counted...

CL: What do you think of the saying, “These are apathetic times”?

AQ: I think students are often harder on themselves than the faculty are on this issue. Students in my experience work much harder at it than when I was in school and are more ready to recognize that changing the world is a long and arduous task. And one of the key ways of being able to contribute significantly to social change is to position yourself where you can really make a difference. Every student has responsibility to make best use of his or her talents and to use college years to acquire expertise and knowledge that will help you promote change for the rest of your life... The danger always is to think that authentic activism is about brief dramatic gestures, such as occupying the president’s office. But so much of what changes in the world is not by grand symbolic gesture, but by what you do day to day, week to week, in the relationships you establish with other students, with the institution, with the neighborhood, with whatever groups you join. All that is a very, very important way of changing the world.

MR: There seems to be an inverse proportion between the magnitude of a issue and the power of activism to change it. Thinking about “what can I reasonably accomplish in my activism,” as you recommend, seems a recipe
for focusing on local issues to the exclusion of global ones. So Columbia activists get very angry about a single mistaken killing by New York Police officers (tragic as it is), but they virtually ignore the tremendous humanitarian disaster in places like Kosovo, which is killing thousands and uprooting hundreds of thousands.

AQ: I’m not sure I can respond at that level of generality. Apart from those who regard themselves as “professional activists” and turn up for every demonstration, it seems to me that we need to sustain the notion that individuals can make a difference, that activism can bring about change, but also that social engagement needs more than symbolic action to be persuasive and efficacious. At Columbia, it won’t suffice to be a squeaky wheel in a community of squeaky wheels; it won’t do to assert opinions that haven’t taken into account reasoned opposing views, to assert one set of rights to the exclusion of others, or to assert rights without adopting responsibilities. But informed engagement with issues has an effect here; I know there are exceptions but by and large people are prepared to listen to students’ views, to be guided though not governed by them. In terms of the example you provided, I think that trying to make a difference on issues near to hand, on issues that might well be responsive to local action, is a generational trend. In the sixties there was an expectation that the link between student demonstration and national policy was a direct one. But that was understandable given that the key issue on the table involved young people being prepared to put their lives on the line in a war whose justification was a subject of nationwide debate. Many people now feel that social change emerges slowly but more effectively from the bottom up than from the top down and that local issues are better to devote time to than national ones. That is an either/ or that will, I hope, give way to a both/ and. And do remember that social change and social continuity have to make sense together, otherwise the word “social” is doing no work. Though King’s College, after a revolutionary war, changed its name to Columbia College, the royal crown remains to this day its emblem and the royal lion its mascot. There is a lesson in that.
I was looking for Vietnam. Or the Civil Rights Movement. Or at least a Cold War, but none of these was at the Student Activities Fair. I was hoping to find the great movement of our generation, something larger than flannel shirts and poor hygiene. I wanted to stand in front of the establishment bulldozers and shout my rallying cry to the heavens. I just had to pick one. I thought about Greenpeace or the ISO. I looked at Amnesty International and the Queer Alliance. What about the young Republicans? There were so many options for me when I arrived at Columbia with a head full of idealism and a box full of mysterious laundry detergents my mother gave me. With so many options, I could not decide which to join. Which cause was the Great One? Where were the tanks rolling? I wanted to feel what the students in SNCC felt as they combated the old order.

My parents lived in the Golden Age of Activism. They had Vietnam and the Cold War. Those were juicy. Failure to oppose them meant death in a strange jungle or Christmas dinner in nuclear winter, and they effected everyone without regard to race, religion or class. And the Civil Rights Movement? It was not even necessary to look at the countless images of violence and protest in the media. The need for change was visible in every public restroom. My parent’s generation had no choice but to become activists.

And there I was. There were no universal movements anymore. In my short time on campus I had heard many complaints about the lack of good causes left. People said Columbia’s days as an activist’s school were over. They sounded indignant that the Vietnam war was over. But we still have violence, intolerance and poverty. The fact is there are hundreds of causes left to rally around. And to say we don’t have the images to stir our souls the way images of the Berlin Wall, the riots in Watt, and the My Lai massacre stirred our parents is ridiculous. If anything, we have too many images.

How could I choose a cause when I wake up in the morning to hear about genocide in another country whose name I can’t pronounce, followed by an e-mail describing the brutal beating of another gay man, and a radio story about the brutal beating of another black man, and the sound of police sirens outside the window and the sight of unrecycled paper everywhere, while signs tell me Mumia will die soon, and smoking causes cancer and breathing causes cancer, and condoms cause cancer and AIDS is mutating, and the list goes on.

This is the Information Age.

Our generation finds out about disastrous floods in China at the same speed we find out about what’s happening down the street and faster than what happened in Lit Hum on Wednesday. We live in a din of news. Day in and day out it inflicts itself on us. We saw the Challenger explode when we were in elementary school; the Iron Curtain fell before our eyes. The fact is, we are afraid to not hear the news. Like drug addicts, we listen despite the consequences. Every horrible event is broadcast to us via satellite, and our only condolence is that these catastrophes, tragedies, and injustices are ephemeral, because they will be replaced with the next day’s headlines and tragedies.
According to the marketing industry, the average attention span for a 20-year-old these days is eight minutes. The instant I found a cause that grabbed me, another one, of equal magnitude would show up on the screen. I was incapable of dividing my time between every cause, and because there were so many, each presented to me as desperate as the next, instead of being able to choose one, I became paralyzed, and chose none. If I could not be in the universal fight, why fight at all?

In truth, Vietnam is over, sorry to say. There is no one cause to rally around. There are a thousand causes, and a thousand more calling for help. Activism takes a commitment, often to an unpopular idea, and a devotion which requires more than eight minutes of attention. It will not always seem like one is waging a war of good against evil. It might just involve research or playing checkers with a homeless man. Tanks aren’t always rolling over you when you stand up for something. I am learning to settle on a cause. Not the cause; that isn’t real and never can be. But Columbia is filled with activists who labor quietly for what they believe, and do what they feel needs to be done. They don’t always get headlines or battle the National Guard, but they work hard. By going to shelters, or writing letters to Congress, or even recycling the trash littering the neighborhood, students here create change. Better we go out and clean clinics than rise up and burn flags.

“The BLUE & WHITE, the new paper, cannot be considered a representative of the college or a trustworthy news reporter, while by its attacks on everyone and everything in the college, it has brought itself into ill-favor with the students.”

(“Correspondence from Columbia College, The New York Times, 30 October 1892)

“We could forgive the aimiable remarks made by the ... gentleman (who, by the way, is addicted to writing doggerel verse of dubious originality on sentimental subjects) were it not that his sole object in referring to the BLUE & WHITE was to make money, it being the custom of the Times to pay 40 cents an inch for news...” (The Blue and White, 3 November 1892)
A View From the Eighth Floor

With all the dinnerplate percussionists lying cold in the air from the Broadway window, shot down smelling of lime trees and chewed limes scatter the face of the rough desert sands which tundra snows in the low purple light drumming on the sides of late bottles Paul's brought along thinking and carefully crafting clever phone messages for Bryan or Avery when you come in a grey wool cap and change the subtle entire tenor of the evening and you give me a tiny whispered smile and your back for a chair I give you mine for a dollar you laugh when I spill a beer back all over both of us sour sodden tight and you take your hat off blinding Seth and blinding me. And we talk a lot about sex (when you are fogging breathwise the motives a thing pretends its own opposite and thereby drawn on the mirrors of a steamed avoidance) a lot and I decide I can't think any longer or shorter either and also to leave and you say walk safe and it is very cold outside when I get there without my scarf.

Funny to notice wholly by accident you've been always looking around for something specific and unremarkable if in any other terms and life being such a stone-skipped venture's been there with you round and cool beneath your sea feet that you find it too brightly colored somehow you can't look there directly. So you just keep on searching. Like diamond-colored bottlecaps. or you. or anything. really, this high off the street

—Noam Cohen C'00
Dubbed by his patronizing detractors “Revolutionary Dan,” Daniel Peña-Shaw C’00 has affected social change that has transformed lives on campus and across the globe. Those who have not seen his massive frame have certainly caught the echoes of his resounding voice (heard as often in Spanish as in English). He has stood opposite barbecuing Republicans, speaking out for Columbus Day’s unheard victims, and has energized striking Columbia workers from the steps of Low Library. Dan has also befriended the Latino workers at Columbia who have felt abandoned not only by the University, but by the Union which, in their words, is “in with the administration.”

As social injustice is hardly exhausted by Columbia or her administration, Dan has ventured across the nation and to the poverty stricken Caribbean. Iraqi refugees, Dominican sweatshop workers and the poor of Washington Heights have all felt Dan’s helping hand. But as such social action is rarely met without resistance, Dan has demonstrated his willingness to fight tooth and nail for justice. After the US confiscated the five hundred computers which he helped send to Cuba through Pastures for Peace, Dan participated in a sit down on San Francisco’s Market Street. Public demonstrations against Columbus and Thanksgiving Day were broken up by security and police forces. Dan is no stranger to the authorities, though they will never deter him from his path.

Following is his present voice-mail message.

Better heard than read, you can experience it for yourself at extension x37964 (don’t call too early or late!). But catch it soon, the message changes bi-weekly.

If you don’t have time to listen to the poem, press 1, if you are sensitive to the truth please hang up. US get the **** out of Iraq. Hey you don’t have to yell little guy, just shove Heineken, and grave sites—without coffins up their cashmere-sewed asses, opening their world to the future, to see, bullets wrapped up in drops of sweat, machetes rising, disguised as prayers, falling! In the tears that drip off the chapped cheeks, descending, descending upon solitude. Spew verses that shake their seats and stain the crotches of their Khakis.

Or start pleasin’ ’em, maybe they’ll buy you a glass of wine, Coño. They might even say “Hey this is my friend Peña. Peña’s a poet.” So when they’re waiting for you to say, lunging lunging, life leaking into her lost lips, lulling lulling at long last her lust as lilacs leaped from her loins, start spittin’ phlegm flames like smart bombs reigning over Baghdad phlegm bombards their liberal laughs. Let them white-bred sisters shake their ars-sex-tic thing, while they’re gyratin’ their aesthetics, just keep joltin’ ‘em with those fuck-the-jargon/genocidal joints and when they’re beaz-wax is beggin’ for a beat, make, the bloodbloodbloodbonesbonesbonesbodysbodiesburialsburntheyoungbloodbloodbloodbonesbonesbonesbodiesbodiesbodiesbodiesburnthroughtheirbougy-wougywish-I-waswhiterdreams. Piss on their flag, on their Friday night, on regret, on complacency, barrage them with more phlegm with 221 lbs. of rage. Maybe one day an orphan will tug at your hand in hell discovering you between he eyes draped in napalm mumbling...because depleted uranium detonates tongues too, nodding in a distant language and you’ll know to bury her in your heart.

Currently, Dan does a lot of work in the Dominican community of Washington Heights. He feels we need to turn outward to the surrounding communities. For Dan, Columbia is merely a starting point. Because of the cost, Dan never dreamed he could go to Columbia. He reminds the Columbia community:

“Don’t let As, Bs, and dollar signs blind you. We’re just a small elite. The rest of the world isn’t so privileged.”
ETHNIC STRIFE FONDLY RECALLED

by I.S. Salzberg

The Ethnic Studies protest was in April of my freshman year. I remember Hamilton with a flag hanging out of its fourth or fifth floor window. I remember standing on South Lawn, before Rugby practice, looking over at all the newly drawn chalk colorings all over Hamilton’s base. One senior on the team, Jo Zilcosky, was carrying on about how he thought it was the greatest thing to see students take over a building. It makes it look like a real college campus. That line stuck in my memory.

I realize this history will probably not be entirely accurate. Nevertheless, in sorting out the significance of a moment, memories (however inaccurate and subjective) are sometimes more useful than facts. As I look to my graduation and the graduation of the class of ‘99, I realize that we are the last class to have witnessed the E. S. protest.

While newspaper articles will always remain, the first-hand memories will be carried off with our commencement. So before I am gone, here is my story:

I never saw the E.S. protest as just about Ethnic Studies. It was quickly appropriated by the student body as a whole, even those who were not especially committed to the protesters’ particular complaints. For students, the protest was cathartic; it expressed a longing to assert our strength, to share a moment in common, and to live the myths we had been told of the great college protests of the Sixties. The demand for an Ethnic Studies university department sparked the initial protest, but as the protest built momentum the original issue was subsumed under larger ones. April 1996 was warm, as I remember it. The appearance of a tent by the sundial on the strip of grass between the South Lawn fields was odd but explainable as some recreational novelty. I quickly learned it was more serious. By April 9, the tent had become the major event on campus, the subject of heated debate. Students argued about the issue of an ethnic studies program and the use of tactics like hunger strikes. They traded rumors about what went on in the tent. I remember hearing a story—never confirmed—about hunger strikes being divided into shifts, each participant fasting for part of the time. The campus chatter grew out of a giddy excitement shared by students witnessing a flagrant act of rebellion at the center of campus.

Still, until the protesters took over Low Library on April 9th, the protest was, at best, an interesting diversion, a conversation starter. After Low was occupied, the event became a historic rite. We joined in a ritual, reenacting the myth of Columbia circa 1968. We shared a bond of dislike for the faceless University administration. We shared the frustration of powerlessness against the weight of the bureaucracy and the frustration that in the end there is no singular entity with responsibility for the mess. There is no one to yell at. There is only the cavernous Low Library, which then served as a symbol of the whole affair. When the protesters invaded Low we could all exact our share of revenge. Not only that. By recall-
The 1968 struggle we became actors in a historic struggle of all students and all young people against "the powers that be." By capturing Low, the protest became a reenactment of an old protest, and we could all experience the triumphs and failures of that earlier time, safely, in the old script.

The administration, as if reading the script, called in the police and closed the campus to non-Columbia ID holders. It was a symbolic police state (though in reality nothing more than a minor inconvenience). Still, we seemed powerful enough to force the University into action. It was ennobling. The students' only next move was to take Hamilton. They did. The act had little drama but was inspiring nonetheless. Finally, the administration and the students compromised, on terms I never knew and still don't.

I rush the end because that's where the energy faded. We realized this reenactment was one which would likely be repeated when students find a powerful voice to which the old generation will not yield. The protest itself, despite an ambiguous end, became a "rite of passage." I lived through it and feel wiser for it. I gained a newfound voice and a way to fight for power. I wonder how many more times, in the years to come, it will be repeated.

"I wish I were a bird," is sung throughout the livelong day. "Just so;" replies each neighbor's tongue. "In winter, then, you'd fly away."

— Krusty (The Blue and White, 1892)

Ah, it is spring
Great spring it is now
Great, great spring—
Ah, great

— Basho, translated by Krusty

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Following are the mission statement of Take Back the Night, and essays by co-president of Columbia Men Against Violence Andrew M. Warshawer, C'00, and co-director of the counseling hotline Nightline Emily Kurzweil, C'00.

Every woman is a survivor. All of us, of all ages, abilities, classes, cultures, and sexual orientations face the threat of abuse everyday. We are assaulted by sexual, physical, emotional, and verbal violence. The institutions and attitudes of our society perpetuate this cycle of abuse. Violence pervades the media, the streets, our families, our workplaces, and our campuses.

Sexual assault is the result of an inequality of power. Rape is about domination, not sex. It is a brutal assertion of control that can occur in any relationship, to either women or men. No one can deny, however, that sexual violence is disproportionately committed against women. It is a gender-based hate crime. Our consequent fear of violence confines us and limits our ability to completely fulfill our potential.

As survivors of sexual assault we are led to believe that it is our fault when we are raped, and that we should feel ashamed. Too often the survivor is interrogated instead of the perpetrator. This blame-the-victim mentality dictates that women keep off the streets, instead of demanding that men not rape. Columbia University claims that zero rapes occur on campus. This claim is an affront to each and every one of us. To counter the lies and myths around sexual assault, we must speak out and demand to be heard. Our voices testify to the reality that rape occurs at epidemic proportions. Yet we refuse to accept the passivity of victimhood. Tonight is a night of empowerment. We march together as women, demonstrating the strength in our numbers. Tonight we reclaim the dangerous streets as our own safe space. We march because every woman has the right to walk at night without fear. We shout to combat the silence that is forced upon us.

Tonight is also a night of unity. We join together with men in the community and march to demonstrate our solidarity against the violence that affects us, our partners, our friends, and our families. We march because we recognize that only together can we break the cycle of violence. With rage we march and with strength we speak.

Sexual violence affects everyone. It affects not just victims and perpetrators, and not just those who know them. The prevalence of offenses such as stalking, rape, date rape, domestic violence and emotional abuse, among others, scars our society as a whole. This includes the entire Columbia campus community. Men are no exception.

The overwhelming majority of sexual violence in our society is perpetrated against females. For this reason, issues of sexual violence are too often labeled as issues important only to women. How can this be true when a survivor of sexual assault is someone’s friend, daughter, sister, aunt or wife? The immediate victim is unfortunately most often a woman, but that does not mean that sexual violence is a problem that men should not address. As well, how can a culture which allows sexual violence to be labeled a “women’s issue” when women are forced to view men, even men they know, as potential attackers or rapists?

A culture which allows sexual violence to persist, a culture which will turn a blind eye to the abuse of half of its members, is not a problem merely for women. This is everyone’s problem. The continued pervasiveness of sexual violence opens rifts in our society which disconnect individuals from other individuals on account of the actions of a sadly tolerated minority.

This is why men are marching during Take Back the Night. Men march to demonstrate that sexual violence and the attitudes which condone it and allow it to continue are not acceptable to the majority. This is an often far
too silent majority, and men march to break this silence. Too often, men allow other men to demean women without speaking up. Too often, men sit idly by in situations they know to be wrong. In our society, no one says anything to the husband who smacks his wife on the subway. An overwhelming majority disapproves, yet no one speaks up.

Men march in part to make public the fact that this silent majority does exist. The march is a reminder that silence is what allows this problem to continue, to plague our friends and to poison the atmosphere between sexes.

Men march alongside women at the end of the march to show our solidarity as well, to demonstrate that this is an issue for all of us. Men march not as protectors against attack, but as allies. This is everyone’s issue; and men march alongside women as the march finishes to display just that. So long as sexual violence is pigeonholed as a women’s issue, so long as the silent male majority remains silent, sexual violence will continue to plague our society. Men march in the hope that change is possible.

—Andrew M. Warshawer C’00

I am not a survivor of sexual violence. Yet as a woman and friend of survivors of rape and sexual assault, I have heard these painful stories too often. Women, men, survivors and non-survivors combat the silence that surrounds rape by talking, singing, writing, painting, drawing, marching and protesting. Columbia’s Take Back the Night, as part of the nationwide march and speak-out against sexual violence, draws a cross-section of Barnard and Columbia students.

I do not feel qualified to represent anyone’s perspective on Take Back the Night except my own. Why do survivors do what they do? Who am I to question? While surviving sexual assault occurs 365 days of every year for the rest of a person’s life, Take Back the Night offers one day each year when we non-survivors can support survivors and protest the silence of sexual violence. For some survivors, the process of healing requires breaking the deadening silence which shrouds sexual violence in ignorance allowing its continued perpetration. For some survivors, telling their story starts or ends their struggle to reclaim their bodies and lives for themselves.

The Take Back the Night speak-out breaks down the taboo surrounding sexual violence and the survivors. A safe space is created so that women and men can tell their stories without the fear of being made known. No one’s story or identity is permitted to leave the confines of the speak-out; no cameras or recording devices are allowed, to ensure confidentiality. In this context, the telling of the survivors’ stories acts as a means of catharsis and a politicization of the personal. All in all, the speak-out provides students with a confidential forum in which to let out their horrible experiences.

As the co-director of Nightline, I have seen the incredible power of talking and listening to people’s stories; silence transforms problems into insurmountable issues, while verbalizing one’s overwhelming experiences enables a person to let go of her/his fear, sadness, horror, disbelief, denial, repulsion, guilt, anger. I applaud the women, and some men, who told their stories through a veil of tears, anger or fear. Telling hundreds of women and men you do not know about the ultimate violation a person can experience takes more courage than most people can imagine. Especially because in many cultures we are told that any sexual activity, consensual or not, is dirty and unacceptable, the majority of survivors view the violence perpetrated upon them as their fault. Take Back the Night serves as a forum for survivors to tell their stories. It is a political awakening to the community about the pervasiveness of sexual violence. However, the fight to combat and educate against sexual aggression cannot be accomplished by one day of campus-wide activism. The administration must hear the students pleas to end the tacit acceptance of sexual violence on campus. In addition to Take Back the Night, the University should enact an aggressive educational campaign in the hopes of stopping sexual violence and harassment on campus. The administration must revamp the sexual misconduct policy so perpetrators go punished and the survivors are supported. —Emily Kurzweil C’00
In a last-minute diplomatic intervention last week, Columbia University Dining Services resolved a dispute that threatened to throw the entire Middle East peace process into disarray. The conflict began when the Dining people decided to name one of their new Wien delicacies the “Israeli wrap.” This particular spécialité apparently included such ingredients as tabouleh and tahini, along with strips of (non-Kosher, non-Halal) roasted meat. Muslim and Arab student groups responded swiftly. Tabouleh and tahini, they argued in their appeal before the Food Court, are the traditional foods of their people, and it was offensive to name them after the colonial state which co-opted their cuisine and made it their own. The wrap should be called the “Middle Eastern Wrap” so as not to exclude one group or the other.

Stung by the assault on the authenticity of their falafels, the Israelis sidestepped the question of whether there was shawarma in the shetel and instead challenged the Arabs’ and Muslims’ logic. Surely they would not have complained had the old hands in Dining Services called the sandwich the “Arab Wrap”? After consulting with culinary dispute experts at the International House of Pancakes, the justices of the Food Court handed down a name change: the concoction would henceforth be known as the “Middle Eastern Wrap.” As we went to press, tensions on the West Bank—of Amsterdam Avenue—began to settle down.

History tells us that warm weather incites violence. Or conversely, when faced with either social injustice or hypothermia, most opt for hot chocolate. How can we explain the withering of Winter’s wondrous indulgence come sunshine? Why must we rise in arms instead of bronzing our legs? Verily Veritas, for one, prefers marshmallows in his wintry libation and a good sun chair when darkness hesitates to fall.

We can no longer enjoy the discrete pleasures of life. Columbia’s Core values uphold the sinfulness of feasting on Augustine’s pear and sadistically restrain us from partaking in the pleasure of one Marquis de Sade.

On a brilliant afternoon not long ago, my always eager ears caught the ranting of a Columbian too busy preaching to bask in Apollo’s electromagnetic glory. Upon returning from our Ivy neighbor to the south, this tender lad observed: “At Penn, all they do is talk about partying, dating and drinking. Everyone at Columbia wants to save the world!” Now Penn has gone dry and Alma Mater nearly preaches prohibition. ’Twas different in the days of old.

Literary scholar and one time dean, Professor Rosenthal recounts in these very blue and white pages the College life of Nicholas Murray Butler, one time president and epic provocateur. Murray, as he was known, led the sophomores of 1883 first in publicly burning required readers and then in guzzling bottomless kegs bought for the event. Social justice did not impede social drinking. Today’s sophomores, less soph than more, know neither rebellion nor inebriation as was practiced not six scores ago.

—Verily Veritas
**JOHN JAY DINING ROOM**  
John Jay Hall – Main Level

- **Breakfast**  
  Monday–Friday, 7:30–10:00 am

- **Continental Breakfast**  
  Monday–Friday, 10:00–10:45 am

- **Lunch**  
  Monday–Friday, 11:30 am–2:00 pm

- **Dinner**  
  Daily, 5:00–8:00 pm

- **Brunch**  
  Saturday–Sunday, 11:30 am–2:00 pm

**J.J.’S PLACE**  
John Jay Hall – Lower Level

- Monday–Thursday, 8:00 am–2:00 am  
  Friday, 8:00 am–9:00 pm

- Monday–Thursday, 7:30 am–9:00 am  
  Friday, 7:30 am–6:00 pm

- Saturday, 9:00 am–9:00 pm  
  Sunday, 9:00 am–2:00 am

**THE FOOD COURT AT WIEN HALL**  
Wien Hall–First Floor

- Monday–Thursday, 7:30 am–9:00 pm  
  Friday, 7:30 am–6:00 pm

- Saturday, Closed  
  Sunday, 12:30–9:00 pm

**THE CARLETON LOUNGE**  
Mudd Building–Fourth Floor

- Monday–Friday, 8:00 am–5:00 pm

**THE URIS DELI**  
Uris Hall–Main Floor

- Monday–Wednesday, 7:30 am–7:00 pm  
  Thursday–Friday, 7:30 am–5:00 pm

**THE LENFEST CAFÉ**  
Jerome Greene Hall–Third Floor

- Monday–Friday, 8:00 am–5:00 pm

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**IT’S EASY TO ADD FUNDS TO YOUR DINING DOLLAR ACCOUNT!**

Students may add funds to an existing DINING DOLLARS account by visiting us at 103 Wien Hall or by filling out a ‘Dining Dollars Add-Slip’ at any of our dining locations (see cashier). Amounts may also be added by writing to:

**diningdollars@columbia.edu**

**TO ESTABLISH A DINING DOLLARS ACCOUNT,** please visit Dining Services [103 Wien Hall].

Monday–Friday from 9:00 am – 5:00 pm.

**DINING SERVICES**

**COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY**

**ALL LOCATIONS ACCEPT DINING DOLLARS, COLUMBIA POINTS AND CASH.**
Columbia College inaugurated the first annual Contemporary Civilization lecture last Friday, 26 March. The lecture is intended to impose some coherence on the CC course, which is taught by dozens of independent instructors from virtually all of the humanities and social science departments.

Garry Wills, adjunct professor of history at Northwestern University, gave a rather raunchy interpretation of Augustine’s *City of God*. The talk’s highlight was a comparison of the roles of the male member in the ancient theological work and in a rather more recent classic, *Portnoy’s Complaint*, by Philip Roth. With each mention of the said sex organ Dean Quigley could be seen to squirm ever so slightly in his chair on the podium in Miller Theater. Perhaps next year we might expect a lecture from Mark Wahlberg.

English professor and BLUE AND WHITE contributor Michael Rosenthal defeated Julian Clarence Levi Professor in the Humanities Andrew Delbanco in their most recent squash game.

To celebrate the 50th anniversary of their first “simultaneous chess exhibition” on campus, when they were both freshmen in 1949, chess masters Eliot Hearst, a Columbia psychology professor, and James Sherwin, an international corporate lawyer, both C'53, played a special tournament last Friday, 26 March. The former undefeated national college champions played all comers with great gusto, totalling 8 straight axon-stimulating hours and about 60 games. The two experts lost only twice and drew once. Vadim Lyubashevsky SEAS '02 and Plamen Mitrikov GSAS, took one game each off the masters, while Professor of Psychology David Krantz managed a draw.

Francis appeared in his new uniform last Monday. He expressed his opinion of it by saying that he did not care what he wore “as long as he had something on.” *(The Blue and White, Campus Gossip, 1892)*

The University announced the recipients of honorary degrees at this year’s commencement, the 245th. Among those to be honored are Noam Chomsky, the pioneer of the scholarly study of linguistics; Broadway *Lion King* director Judie Taymor; Tito Puente, the musician; and some boxer named Muhammad Ali.

To the consternation of more than one health-conscious student, a popular exercise machine in the Dodge Fitness Center seems to go out of order far more often than it should—so our correspondent, Annelise Peterson, B'00, writes us. The device in question, designed for “Hip Abduction/Adduction,” also goes by the name “Sex Machine,” which may have something to do with the concern students raise when it malfunctions.

After years of construction behind a wooden blue shroud, the covered walkway at the corner of 114th Street and Broadway was
removed, revealing the sparkling pink granite southwest corner of the new student center. No sooner had the old scaffolds been taken down from 114th than new ones sprung up at 113th, confirming once again the law of the conservation of scaffolding.

Scooping the in-house Record, the New York Times reported Saturday (3 April) that Columbia University has founded a private Internet start-up company to “make a profit by providing courses, research and other university material on line.” The company, to be called Morningside Ventures, Inc., is headed by Ann Kirschner, a former National Football League executive. According to executive vice-provost Michael Crow, one of the first aims of the new company is to raise $50 million $100 million in outside “risk capital” to fund the transition to the Internet. “University education is undergoing a fundamental transformation,” he said. “We needed an organizational entity that would allow us to interact rapidly.” Crow, a long-time supporter of the University’s involvement in private financial initiative, was the only top administrator quoted in the article, raising doubts about the extent to which the decision was vetted by the professors whose lectures and ideas are soon to be hawked online.

Library Notes: The café in Butler has extended its hours until 10 PM. The Butler Media Center, which houses a collection of audio-visual materials, has recently opened on the second floor, opposite the reserves desk. Another second-floor reading room of the Milstein Library—with a horrid mint and black linoleum floor—is scheduled to open in the next few weeks.

A new type-writer has been added to the library force (The Blue and White, Library and Literary Notes, 1892).

Thrice kudos to Archie Rand, Professor of visual arts. He has recently been elected to the board of the College Art Association, awarded the Lifetime Achievement Award for Contribution in the Visual Arts from the National Foundation for Jewish Culture (last awarded in 1996), and received a prestigious Guggenheim Fellowship.

Last week, the renowned political philosopher Quentin Skinner, of the University of Cambridge, visited the campus, delivering lectures before the philosophy and law faculties.

This Friday, 9 April, the philosopher and linguist Noam Chomsky, anticipating his commencement visit, will hold a public discussion in the Miller with Prof. Edward Said. The upcoming visits remind us of a classic piece of College lore about the great linguist:

Chomsky, lecturing before a Columbia audience, remarked on the prevalence of “double negatives” in spoken language and the relative absence of “double positives.” Between the oohs and aahs of the impressed audience could be heard a faint sarcastic voice from the back of the hall: “Yeah, yeah,” said the anonymous Columbian.

At a party at the Waldorf-Astoria next Tuesday (13 April) to benefit the National Center on Addiction and Substance Abuse at Columbia University, former first lady Nancy Reagan is scheduled to present Democratic Congressman Charles B. Rangel with an an award for his anti-drug campaigning.

University Professor Edward Said has returned to teaching. This semester he is offering a half-semester undergraduate class on Jonathan Swift for one point of credit. In the Fall, he will co-teach a graduate seminar with the chair of the philosophy department, Akeel Bilgrami. We applaud Prof. Said’s come-back and his continued dedication to undergraduate education.