DAMNATIO MEMORIA
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About the Cover: “Low Castle”
by Clare H. Ridley

Typographical Note
The text of The Blue and White is set in Bodoni Old Face, which was revived by Günter Gerhard Lange based on original designs by Giambattista Bodoni of Parma (active between 1765 and 1813). The display face is Weiss, created by Rudolf Weiss for Bauer.
indling All Hallows pumpkin candles will be some time away still when this issue of The Blue and White reaches its faithful readers’ hands. But the spirit of October entire is imbued with an awareness of Tricks, Treats, and Ghosts.

Caspers first.

Columbia’s ghosts are many; none doubt this. The riots of 1968 continue to wake the echoes of the Hudson Valley, as do the souls of departed alumni asking unsuspecting editors for directions to dorms long gone.

(“What happened to Johnson Hall?” he asked me. “I haven’t been here in a while.” And as I pointed him in the direction of Wien, he walked in the other direction . . .)

Some ghosts are happy. Others are not. But they all inspire. They are spirits, and they goad us on to memory, to creation, to emulation and even to redemption of things gone wrong. (Whether they do it through fear or through muse-like encouragement is another matter altogether). We the undeparted have all the advantage of action. And so this issue takes a look at things departed all over campus: buildings, books, bodies and history.

Now for tricks. Far be it from B & W staff to engage in anything but the most above-board of activities. Perish the thought! But the campus is not without its own experience of the most delicious of tricks, a healthy round of which is here served up for reader delectation.

The sweetest is last: a treat. In honor of our two immediate Editors Emeriti, Sydney Treat C’1893 and Noam Elcott C’00, the Treat-Elcott Prize will from now on be awarded to the fiction piece of best literary merit submitted to these pages during the course of the year. The award consists of three parts: publication of the winning story, a $100 cash prize and prestige unbounded. A treat indeed.
Memories of History at Columbia

Living Legacies Essay

by Professor Jacques Barzun

One of the silliest things done today in the world of higher education is to publish an annual ranking of the leading universities. The weeklies that conduct such surveys pretend that the public wants to know which are best; it knows this about teams in professional sports, why not about colleges? The answer that is given is about departments, not institutions, so it is no guide to choosing a college. And the ranking is done by asking the members of departments to judge their colleagues elsewhere, so it yields very shaky estimates. They are based on the kind and amount of scholarly publication, so that added to the unconscious bias of personal connections there is that of agreement on doctrine and overvaluation of work done on the topic in fashion. In a word, the ranking procedure is the very negation of scholarly method. It tells the public nothing about college education.

To know the quality of a department, college, or university calls for residence within it in some working capacity, together with academic experience and the judicial mind. And even then, the most that can be ascertained is whether, on the whole, the performance is outstanding, competent, or substandard. When the testimony is detailed and abundant, as it was in the late eighteenth century about the universities of Scotland, one may conclude that as a group they attained excellence, and wisdom adds that some were better than others.

This preamble is to make clear the character of what follows, namely, how the Columbia history department appeared in the second and third quarters of this century, first to a student, next to a young colleague, then to a senior member, and finally to an academic administrator. These four witnesses are myself.

In 1923, when I entered Columbia College, it was in the fifth year of its influential innovation, the required course called Introduction to Contemporary Civilization in the West. It had replaced History 1, which had also been required. Contemporary Civilization ("C.C.") was an amalgam of the political, economic, and intellectual history of Europe and America from AD 1200 to the 1920s. It was taught in small sections by instructors drawn from the departments indicated by the list of the subjects combined. To many observers it seemed strange at the time that instructors should be teaching matters "outside their field"; but if the student mind was capable of grasping the expanded offering, it was reasonable to suppose that the teacher’s could stretch to a like extent.

This departure and the argument about it arose from a fact of history itself. In the preceding two decades, leading thinkers in every Western country had redefined the scope of the social sciences and of history in particular. A generation before them, the English histori-
an E. A. Freeman had said: "History is past politics," and it was understood that to be complete a book-length piece of research could cover no more than a few years. The revolt at the turn of the century was against this narrow conception. When Karl Lamprecht came from Germany to the International Congress that met in St. Louis in 1904 to celebrate (a little tardily) the Louisiana Purchase, he declared that history must now make use of findings in the new sociology and psychology. A little later at Columbia, James Harvey Robinson gave the program of a "new history" that must take into account the life and force of ideas. In France, Henri Berr, responding to the worldwide spirit of Populism, called on scholars to replace the history of statesmen and warriors with that of "the people," which meant a sociological concern with the past. Simultaneously, interpreters of Karl Marx wanted to show economic facts as the engine of history. Dilthey in Germany saw on the contrary that cultural forms and styles made up a Zeitgeist that the historian ignored at his peril.

Meanwhile in England, Lord Acton, who had just completed his editorship of the largely political Cambridge Modern History in twelve volumes, urged the young to "study a problem, not a period." This wind of doctrine blowing from all quarters was what swept History 1 out of the Columbia College curriculum in 1919 and put "Contemporary Civilization" in its place. The declared purpose of the course was to equip the student with a sum of knowledge enabling him to understand what had led Europe to the war of 1914–18 and to the present civilization transformed by that worldwide event.

Indeed, by the mid-1920s at Columbia, the atmosphere of the University, and not alone that of the College, was permeated by ideas and feelings born of the war. Three members of the history department, James T. Shotwell, Carlton J. H. Hayes GSAS'09 HON'29, and Parker T. Moon had been involved in official work related in one way or another to treaty-making at Versailles; several of the younger members had been in the armed services; and the undergraduate body itself included an influential group of "veterans," who were completing their interrupted education or beginning it after postponement. Their presence lent a touch of maturity to classwork in history: they had been to Europe and had seen the war.

Like other departments of instruction at Columbia, history was divided into a College and a graduate branch. The latter, housed in Kent Hall, was composed of the senior members, who taught only graduate courses. The juniors across the road in Hamilton Hall taught the College boys under the direction of a full professor designated as head. He maintained the liaison with the other half as regards appointments, promotions, and salaries. As for the curriculum, it was decided upon in a way that required him to be an able negotiator. After gauging the abilities of his young team, he proposed—and the graduate branch disposed; except that the interdepartmental Committee on Instruction of the College, led by the dean, had ideas of its own. Not only did it not rubber-stamp everything that came from the departments, it also proposed. The College faculty, which was the entire College teaching staff, had final say.

It was the dean and his committee that

Continued on page 48
UNIVERSITY RESIDENCE HALLS UPDATE

The Heat is On: Basic Information

• Heat in University Residence Halls was turned on October 1st, and will remain through the spring.

• Whenever outside temperature falls below 55°F an average temperature of 68°F is maintained in Residence Halls.

• Between the hours of 10 PM and 6 AM, if the temperature falls below 40°F the average temperature is maintained at 60°F.

Temperature will vary in rooms according to location in building and time of day.

To adjust the heat:

• Broadway, Carman, East Campus, Furnald, Shapiro: Turn the blower fan to one of several operating speeds.

• McBain, Ruggles, Watt, Wien, Woodbridge, 47 Claremont: Radiator valves can only be placed in ON or OFF positions. Any attempt to half open or close the valve will result in broken pipes, leakage and flooding.

• Hartley-Wallach, Hogan, John Jay: Heat is connected to one control valve for several rooms and suites. The heat cannot be shut off unless it is for the entire building.

If you have a problem with your heating system:
Please report it to the Office of Administrative Services at 4-2779 or submit it as an online work order through the URH website at:

http://www.columbia.edu/cu/res halls/maintreq.html

Director of Residence Halls
Ross Fraser, 102 Wallach, x42777

Housing Services
125 Wallach Hall, x42775
Rob Lutomski, Assistant Director

Administrative Services
118 Hartley Hall, x44994
Joyce Jackson,
Assistant Director
Maureen Toro, Manager
Steve Cramer, Manager

THE BLUE AND WHITE
More semester lockers in Butler; cushions for sitting on the Steps

Semester lockers are assigned on the first day of the term at nine in the morning in the main lobby of Butler Library. As there are far fewer lockers than demand can handle, many people arrive early to wait in hopes of being one of the chosen few. This September, Columbia once again demonstrated its cherubic brand of bureaucratic incompetence: several people had been waiting for at least an hour when the library staff blithely set up their table in the middle of the landing—that is, in the middle of the line. Chaos ensued as the line collapsed and students crowded around, trying frantically to get a little corner to call their own. Many of those who had been waiting the longest were among the unlucky, and Blue J.'s heart goes out to them.

There is a larger issue here altogether: the serious lack of storage space in the Library. The semester lockers get gobbled up while row upon row of day lockers barely get used at all. Butler patrons would surely appreciate it if the University either built new lockers or changed half the day lockers to semester lockers.

The recent lovely weather has prompted Blue J. to spend more time than she should basking in the sun as she sits near Alma. As is pointed out by tour guide and Columbiana devotee alike, one of the most beloved aspects of our fair campus is the time-honored ritual of gathering on the Steps, to sunbathe, eat lunch and generally view our bucolic landscape. However, with the recent opening of Ferris Booth Commons, with its freshly-made sushi and pristine panes of glass offering a quite nifty view across South Lawn and Butler, something new will have to be presented to tempt students to spend their midday hour on the Steps. To that end, Blue J. suggests Columbia rent out stadium cushions to the Stepsitters. Who could pass up an opportunity to recline in style on a seat cushion emblazoned with Columbia's name? A cushion-vendor booth erected on Low Plaza could bring in some much-needed currency to ease the burden of the new Broadway Residence Hall.

Whether or not the cushion booth will also offer giant foam hands is another matter.

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October 2000
The Roman council raised the cry: 
Damnatio Memoriae! 

Ignoble Nero strummed the harp, 
while Rome did burn by his cruel spark. 
And when the violent flame subsided, 
he claimed the Christians did ignite it! 
This conflagration swallowed down 
most monuments to Nero's crown, 
but dedications still remaining— 
inscriptions crammed with false laudations— 
may half-way chiseled out provide 
a stern reminder for Roman eyes. 

The mutilated name of Nero 
shall ever mark him as a zero!

This ancient form of condemnation, 
this brutish breed of mortification 
that aims to damn by disregard, 
strikes close to home in our backyard. 
Now muse, step forth and help me, please, 
exhume the buried memories 
of spirits tricked and souls played false 
within Columbia campus' walls.

Oh, Worthy Reader, listen close 
as I recall our buildings' ghosts— 
those men whose names were once engraved 
in marble plaques o'er grand doorways. 
Do hear the dreadful, tragic story 
of souls denied eternal glory, 
those dead who lie in restless torpor 
resentful of unjust usurpers!

And now this poet shall commence 
the foul tale of a residence:

One splendid structure on East Campus 
going by a different alias 
when it sprung up in the mid-twenties 
with grace and opulence a-plenty. 
In manuals for residents, 
the following were listed present: 
bureau scarves and chiffoniers, 
room service weekdays, cushy chairs, 
all D.C. electricity, 
and velvet, floral draperies, 
attractive views from every room, 
and active maids each day 'till noon.

This elegant, exquisite Eden 
belonged exclusively to women. 
That's right, our SEAS had just begun 
to let some girls in on the fun! 
And wisely, they were duly cautioned 
to never leave their curtains open, 
while changing any inner garments, 
lest vulgar men should catch a glimpse. 
They also got the sage advice 
that sun on roofs is surely nice, 
and gentle rays suggest a break, 
but bathe in clothes for Harlem's sake!

These caveats may seem absurd, 
but administrators were concerned 
'bout ladies running willy-nilly 
around a town like New York City. 
They wrote a little warning guide 
with rules by which one should abide 
in a place "so cosmopolitan 
as almost to be really foreign." 
They handed out this trusty pamphlet 
to anyone inclined to take it 
within this dormitory called 
the new and modern Johnson Hall.

THE BLUE AND WHITE
"Twas named for one fine Samuel Johnson, as well as for his eldest son. Said father was the first to be asked by the university, to function as the president for eight aspiring students (who, right away, we can assume, complained about the crowded room). So "woefully," quite "unprepared," Johnson accepted, 'spite his fears of New York's smallpox epidemic—oh, dedicated academic! He planned the first curriculum (which maybe we should change sometime), and his fine spell of artsy zeal did lead to our official seal. At Johnson's time, the school was known as one King's College based downtown. Eventually the institution closed up to have a Revolution. But its reopening postwar, brought president Sam Johnson Junior! You ask me where this dorm has gone that once did bear the name of Johnson? It pains me highly to report, no longer does this building sport The title of two men so great: November Nineteen-eighty-eight one Mister Wien made a donation of cash for Johnson's renovation. To honor such munificence, a gesture so significant as to rename the stately dorm was recommended by the board. And so this kind philanthropist did add it to a lengthy list consisting of a stadium, plus Wien House, and a reading room on Butler Library's third floor with one football and plaques galore. It's possible the Johnson clan should rise October and demand their rightful place on Campus East, but I don't fear it in the least. Some doubt that anyone would wake from death's deep slumbers to retake a building of this caliber, regardless of its taco bar. If anything, Lou Wien might ask the Johnson boys to take it back. And so we deem the issue moot, here closing this one anecdote. A similarly sordid story involves another dormitory: In nineteen-eighty, 'twas three years, since fire engulfed the fine veneer of Livingston Lounge, an age old harbor (built with the dorm in nineteen-four), so famed for drink and social mingling that students mourned its revolving ceiling. But beyond these singes, the structure sought an overhaul and vast paint job. Plus why not aim to house less people? Some forty fewer seemed ideal! A kindly Mister Ira Wallach did reach into his trouser pocket (which via luck in pulp and paper, held wallet made of alligator), and proving URH's salvation, produced two million for renovation. Thus Doctor William J. McGill, then president of our fine school, felt that a name change would exude the proper show of gratitude. Some students steeped in grand tradition rose up in outraged opposition. The board quite bluntly disapproved so radical a naming move. Yet strong and stubborn stood McGill, while battling largely uphill. He wisely argued Livingston had been deceased since Eighteen-thirteen, and thus there was a broad suspicion, he played no part in the dorm's erection. This hurtful rumor went so far as to suggest this shining star gave scarce a dime, much less a cent, Continued on page 51
The autumnal season is upon us—it’s a time of nippy air, colorful leaves, woolen sweaters, and of course, the Halloween party circuit. You’re thinking: time to scrounge up that old witch’s hat and pretend to enjoy dipping your hand into a bowl of peeled grapes or petite candy bars. Sadly, the College set seems to be caught in Halloween limbo: we are no longer cute enough to trick-or-treat, but we do not to abandon our All Hallow’s Eve revelry entirely. The solution is to find an atmosphere of appropriate sophistication where you can put your education to good use.

To the culinary savant, Halloween means more than tooth decay. Far more likely to dazzle than M&M’s, serve your guests callcannon, a traditional Irish dish made of mashed potatoes, parsnips, and onions. The Irish were instrumental in making Halloween the prominent holiday it is in America today, so don’t leave out the rest of their recipe: a ring, a china doll, a thimble, and a coin. Depending on which object you happen to break a tooth on, you are destined for marriage, children, perpetual bachelorhood, or wealth. As your interlocutor wraps her fingers around a cup of plebeian punch, take notice of her jewelry and offer casually: “My, that’s a lovely ring, did you find it in the callcannon?”

While you’re on the subject of root vegetables, it wouldn’t hurt to mention that the first jack-o-lanterns were born when the Celts carved frightful faces into turnips to ward off evil spirits as they walked home after a Druid’s bonfire; this custom began during the festival of Samhain, which evolved into Halloween. If you’re currently experiencing a sense of foreboding not unlike that of the murderer in “The Telltale Heart,” fear not—but do brush up on your Poe. Read on and The Blue and White will gently exorcise your culinary vacua. Just remember that the Irish used to eat a bread called bairgheanbreac on Samhain, but denizens of the Pyrénées celebrated with a millet-based cake called a truse. It is an essential distinction.

Halloween means vampires, and as any literary Columbian knows, the most famous vampire of all time is Dracula, made famous by Bram Stoker’s 1897 novel. But how many at your party are likely to be familiar with the Count’s place in the Western culinary tradition? Those ignoramuses are likely to think that he survived on blood alone. “That’s a popular misconception,” you should respond, “but Dracula was from Transylvania—a region whose cuisine is underappreciated. I’m especially fond of their wines.”

Indeed, Transylvanian wine has enjoyed a renaissance of late. Traveling in 1865, Charles Boner, author of a comprehensive volume on Transylvania as well as Chamois Hunting in the Mountains of Bavaria, knew that Transylvanian wine was no ordinary libation: “were I to follow my bent I should write of it in dithyrambics, as the more natural form for so excellent, for so inspiring a theme. But I make an effort, and return to steady prose.”

Transylvania is ideal for viticulture because of its westward-flowing rivers and sunny mountainsides. Located in the Tarnave region of Romania, it boasts 14 indigenous grapes and an excellent Sauvignon Blanc. As observed an Italian Ambassador at the court of King Matthew of Hungary: “Est Transsilvania ferax omnis generis frugum, vini laudatissimi!” It never hurts to work a little Greek mythology into a social evening, so do remember that Dionysus—that rabble-
As winter and Halloween come our way, it is natural for our minds to turn to mortal questions. Will the end come soon, we wonder, and what will it be like? While I have no objection to philosophizing in this manner, I must humbly point out that we also should be thinking about a more mundane, but nevertheless important question, namely, “Where am I to be buried?” Here, I suggest that we take a page from the book of the ancient Egyptian pharaohs, who spent most of their lives arranging for their deaths. Such a concern is not at all misplaced. While we have all of the afterlife to worry about the afterlife, we only have our life-times to make sure that our burial is all that we want. With this in mind, I offer a few speculations in this vein: the top places to be buried on the Columbia campus.

A Death Contemplative. A grassy knoll, fulfilling mankind’s desire for return to the primordial garden, can happily be found on campus. Nor is it for this reason alone that the Philosophy lawn is a serious contender for the best burial plot around. Its most impressive feature, of course, is Rodin’s Thinker. I picture myself a good six feet under, directly in front of the statue. In the case that death provides no respite from consciousness, I will be very well-situated for an eternity of contemplation. The Thinker itself was originally associated with the afterlife, as the icon first appeared atop the threshold of Rodin’s spectacular “Gates of Hell” (a pigeon-anoined casting of which can be found in my home city of Philadelphia). In any case, it is without a doubt better suited to an afterlife of gentle reflection than is the rambunctious “Bellepheron Taming Pegasus.” I also look forward to my postmortal proximity to the Maison Française, from which I intend to gain, through diffusion, a fluency in French that will come in handy during my time in the afterlife. An eternity can be painful, and no one should have to go through it without having the extreme pleasure of repeatedly tracking down Louis Bonaparte and some of the other more obnoxious rulers of France and giving them all good, swift kicks to la derrière.

A Death Concealed. If I am to indeed be dead for an eternity, I want at least a good view. Not just an exciting view, but one possessing of grandeur, something fitting my newfound state of being. Fortunately, here Columbia can provide in spades. McKim, Mead, and White’s plan (described by one of our History faculty as making the campus look like “a Greco-Roman wedding cake”) affords the kind of imperial vista that I would want to gaze upon for eons. And what better place to witness this scene from than through the eyes of Alma Mater herself, conveniently positioned on the central axis? With a combination of ancient Egyptian and modern medical technologies, I plan to be mummified, and tucked inside Alma’s hollow body. Oh, how I look forward to those days in spring, when I will sit out on the steps with the student body, relaxing in the sun. Or those harsh days of winter, when Alma and I will, unmove, serve as a symbol of perseverance in the face of adversity. Or those days during spring break, when the kids from the high school journalism conference sit on my lap and take pictures. I hope that no one spray-paints poorly-spelled radical messages on me, because that is no fun.

A Death Spectacular. I worry about being forgotten. It seems that no matter how prominent my place of burial, and no matter how clearly labeled my grave, I will be just another dead guy within only a few short years. Even famous Columbians like Seth Low and Nicholas
Murray Butler are remembered more for their landmarks on campus than for their lives. The problem, it seems to me, is a visual one; how can we expect students to remember the dead when all they have to know them by is a plaque or a gravestone? To ensure that my memory will last, I want to be a visible part of campus life, not merely tucked away in some dark corner. Besides having my lifeless body stapled to the front of Dean Quigley’s jacket, it seems that my best chance to remain on the scene is to make myself part of the architecture. With this in mind, I request that my body be preserved or cryogenically frozen à la Han Solo in *The Empire Strikes Back* (this must be done well, I want the guys who did Lenin) and fastened securely under the Lerner ramp from the second to third floor. Students walking to check their mail will look down to see my grim visage, faintly visible through the translucent glass.

Perhaps I can arrange to be frozen with my arm and index finger extended, pointing in an accusatory manner. Even more importantly, I will become a vibrant part of the hall itself, an icon of post-structuralist architecture. Every time Tschumi makes his glory rounds of the building, there I will be, a constant reminder of our own mortality, especially those of us who, with mistaken notions of the spirit of the sixties, build ridiculously expensive glass houses with money that could have been more productively spent on student scholarships, or booze for that matter.

**A Death Enduring**. After a lifetime of mucking through the trials of the contingent world, I want to be assured of some serious eternal shut-eye. And yet I worry. In the post-modern world, can I really count on the permanence of anything? Can I be assured that my burial plot will not be ripped up and replaced by a golf course by some angry Native Americans with a keen sense of irony? For the reassurance that I need, I must bury myself under the most enduring structure on campus, the building that will survive changes in style, climate, global politics, etc. I want to be under a building that can, should Columbia be taken over by a radical Japanese Mennonite movement, through the sheer grace and utility of its form, serve as a self-contained argument for its own continuing existence. I want the Pyramids, Stonehenge, the Acropolis and the Brooklyn Bridge all rolled into one in an ecstatic essay on form and beauty. I want the one structure on the Columbia campus that will outlast the all the others, that will defy the demands of time with a low rumbling cry of permanence. In short, I want the Tin Shack. Perhaps nothing more need be said on the subject.

**A Death Columbian**. The true child of Columbia has no real choice in the matter. There is no burial more state­ly to be found on campus than to be cremated and to have one’s ashes divided equally between the two large urns on either side of the Low steps. Not only does this preserve the vital sym­metry of the McKim, Mead and White design for campus, but it also finds a productive use for those seemingly vestigial urns.

The cremation itself, though, is another matter. While personal preference may vary, I suggest having one’s body set aflame on a Friday afternoon, as part of the Van Am Jam BBQ festivities, weather permitting. Not only will this give the ashes the sweet smell of veggie-burgers, but it will also provide an additional level of obnoxious and pervasive odors to assault the residents of Hartley-Livingston. Accompanied by the mellifluous tones of everybody’s-second-favorite-local-cover-band, my spirit will rise forth from my flaming body and float freely about campus.
The Story of Pranks Past
by Alex Angert

It had been a lucrative Halloween night. My bag full of treats, I was on my way home when an outburst of laughing and shouting stopped me in mid-stride. I turned just in time to see a horde of ghosts and ghouls race down the Low steps and disappear in the Broadway crowds. Three empty egg cartons were the sole relics of their hasty departure.

Unnerved, I took a few steps forward and glanced at the Alma Mater. Good God!

"Alma, what happened?" I pressed.

"Hand me a Kleenex, will you," Alma said, gobs of yolk dripping off her once-proud visage.

I ripped up a few paper bags and wiped the goop from her face. "Philistines," she mumbled. "Barbarians."

"Alma, they're just kids. Don't take it personally," I insisted. "It's Halloween and they're only having a little fun."


We shared a tense moment of silence. Was this the requiem of ingenuity? The swan song of higher learning? The Ivory Towers crumbling?

"It's Halloween," I offered meekly. "What can you expect?"

"Nobody even tries anymore," Alma sulked.

"But what can you expect?" I persisted. "A pony in the dean's office? A cop car on the dome of Low?"

"Ingenuity!" Alma cried.

"They drown us in regulations," I countered.

"They take away our toasters and our microwaves. How can we scheme? How can we plot? They tie up our very minds, Alma."

"Copout! You mean well. But you are young and rash of tongue. You do not know the pranksters who went before you. You do not sing of their courage and their wit. Sit, now, and listen closely. I shall tell you the Story of Pranks Past."

With that, she reached into her robes and produced a Snickers.

"Trick or treat?" I asked.

"Both," she answered and, handing me the candy, started to spin her tale:

"Put yourself in the 'sixties. The campus is abuzz with politics. Beneath a lovey-dovey façade, rebellion is brewing. Students are adopting opinions, latching onto causes, protesting, experimenting and loving freely. In the devil-may-care spirit of the times, a few select Columbians routinely stay on the fourth floor of Butler past closing, where—in the Burgess Carpenter Library—one of their own entertains the bunch by projecting porno flicks onto the brick wall across the street."

I let out a whistle of appreciation.

"You like that? Not too long ago, a group of naughty undergraduates decided to cause a little ruckus at the Business School. They stocked up on laxative and then used it to spike the soup at Uris Deli. The pièce de résistance was their heist of all the toilet paper from the bathrooms shortly before the caper went into effect. The pranksters then sat down and chuckled quietly as the helpless future business potentates of America raced to and fro."

Continued on page 53
MEASURE FOR MEASURE

In collaboration with the Columbia Review

NIGHT

Simmers under the skin
Like thick, black tar
Moving
Like absence
And sings
Like the conqueror, of its own.

Closes in
Like a hard woolen jacket
Dimming
Like a secret phobia
And breathes
Like skin, with you.

Protects me from myself
Like a good son of country
Teething
Like a silkworm on relics
And tells
Like a washer woman, about the
since shreds gone.

Corrupts in seclusion
Like sap over a tree-scar
Calling
Like your sovereignty
And will close
Like a river, things you had not said.

—Gennarose Pope

EVENING PRAYERS

“I don’t believe in you,
I don’t believe in you,”
I used to whisper in ritual chant
when I was a kid to keep the
monsters from eating me.
Then for added comfort I’d ponder,
“If they do exist, but I didn’t know,
I’d be happy enough to let them eat me.”
But I still was not comforted.
I knew they did exist and
soon enough I would not.

—Dave Austerweil

The Columbia Review publishes poetry, short stories, creative non-fiction and visual art in its
annual magazine and features poems monthly in The B&W. Consider submitting your own
work for publication. To learn more, please visit www.columbia.edu/cu/review.
BIRIAL

Knees bent akimbo, the eighty hold their conference
in dust-dead silence on American ground. He’s a keeper,
this one beside me, sprawled flat as a bedsheets
by the wide-open window: winter’s come early. Now this,
an assemblage of skeletons, invades our asylum;
those eighty, those bones, identical as gears
clap together in a lock. They crack. Crack loudly.

Loud cracks cleave through air
hung tomb-dark in the space before us. The remains
are absent from Mexico and the excavations. Matched,
ranked supine in costume, decked with
jawbones hung six-deep around spines, gruesome
baubles culled from skulls in bloody battle,
the bones guard an empty chamber. Their chieftain’s been looted.

It’s frightening, this sameness, the chalk-colored limbs
aligned at perpendiculars. We lie bent that way also,
awkward and segmented beneath cool sheets: two isn’t fourscore
but we’re not different for it. Under the covers
our ghoulish gestures are parodies, hysterical, and the mattress
is chock-full of terrors; there’s no escaping the phantasm.
I’ve made room here for morbid notions. The moon is up.

—Lara Weibgen
The Gothic castle has ivy walls

by Kevin Y. Kim

I

When former president Nicholas Murray Butler sought to explain his keen desire to travel abroad in the winter of 1893, he articulated what would become a maxim impressed into every informed Columbian’s mind, that glorious mission that made one university a light among lesser lights. “Years of study in school,” he began his memoir, “had given me so good an understanding and so high an appreciation of those springs of spiritual aspiration and expression from which flowed the fertilizing power of our Western civilization.” In probably less figurative but equally compelling terms, this sentiment inflames the hearts and minds of each of Columbia’s professors and students. The university is the intellectual center of New York and, by reasonable extension, the world; there the next generation’s best and brightest are challenged, even humbled, but ultimately emerge from the rigors of the Core Curriculum eagerly equipped to be the nation’s newest leaders in politics, science, business, and arts and letters.

But there is a dark underground current that runs serpent-like through the life of Western civilization, which historians, administrators, and university men are dreadfully familiar with but speak of, if at all, in the most hushed tones and sacred of places; horrific news events, totalitarian politics, and films of madness are grappled with at academic distances that naively attempt to overcome them through objective analyses, thought-provoking discussions, and well-turned aperçus. Western civilization and its study may be “fertilizing powers,” but they are also overreaching Frankensteins shoring up knowledge for their own destruction, the perhaps unwitting creators of hate crimes, hackers, dysfunctional families, and world war. With its gargantuan endowment and its array of brilliant minds, the Ivory Tower cannot repulse the Gothic forces beating at its gates. Dante remains elusive but terribly relevant to the powers that promote him: behind Columbia’s neo-classical façade lurks a hierarchy of hells.

II

Year after year, the Office of Undergraduate Admissions publishes an oversized magazine full of trivia, glowing quotes and articles, and breath-taking photographs of its campus and New York. After flipping through its pages to arrive at the sky-blue application neatly inserted before the back cover, one would be hard-pressed to find a reason not to come to Columbia. Students pictured intensely gaze at chalkboards and beakers overflowing with bubbling liquid. Dorm rooms seem spacious, always crowded with an ethnically diverse group of beaming freshmen; one can go to the MoMA and view “Starry Night” while simultaneously having a heated discussion with a professor from the Art History Department energetically waving her hands in the air.

Harmless enough in itself, the booklet in its menacing form is discerned by the more knowing who return to its updated pages several years after deciding to enter the school where “the Ivy League meets the real world of the 21st century.” It is the first of many veils Columbia’s public relations machine is to spin over the eyes of the class of 2005. Though the university indeed stands as one of the nation’s most racially progressive, its student body still remains socially divided along racial lines to an astonishing degree, more often than not displaying not “unparalleled diversity” but an “unparalleled segregation” between groups that both celebrate their uniqueness and, in Gothic fashion, silently exclude the “illegitimate” children of miscegenation. The small paragraph on campus security misleadingly affirms Columbia has one of the safest campuses—here a word narrowly defined, not accounting for the plethora of sexual assaults and robberies occurring within blocks of its iron gates—in the country. News that matters as
much as the richness of its athletic program
goes disturbingly unreported in The Record, or
glossed over by the President’s facilecondo-
lences.
Two unpublished “Facts About Columbia
Essential To Students,” deserve to be uni-
versally known: in the past 20 months, five under-
graduates committed suicide, and one student
was murdered; in 1996–7, more crimes were
reported at Columbia than in the entire CUNY
system. The photograph of a male Asian grad-
uate student working with state-of-the-art
equipment recalls the story of two Chinese
Ph.D. candidates expelled this past year on cir-
cumstantial evidence, for the alleged smug-
gling of radioactive material from a lab. The
image of an Indian undergrad avidly listen-
ing to a professor is captured in the tragic story of
Puneet Bhandari, which shockingly revealed
both the unbending discipline of an imperson-
al academic code and the duplicitous double
lives students themselves often lead. Bhandari’s example—a model, compassionate
student on the outside, the teller of egregious
lies that nearly facilitated his admission into
medical school on the inside—raises the
provocative question: how many other stu-
dents have, Faust-like, traded moral integrity
for self-gain in the brutally competitive world
of the university? A T.A. at George Washington
University who discovered that one out of six
students plagiarized their entire papers in a
course on information security had her find-
ings published on a site entitled “Resources
for Instructors of Contemporary Civilization
and Literature Humanities.”
Deaf and blind to these Gothic plots and
perpetrations committed both by and upon fel-
low classmates, the students frozen in the pro-
fessional, shadowless photographs continue to
grin ear to ear.

III
The group of young girls huddle closer now
that night has fallen; from Broadway, sirens
and the angry honks of taxis send them scur-
rlying along Frat Row, each smiling in remem-
brance of that night’s events—the sleek bar
glowing dangerously in the dim room, the
loud music, the boy in plaid from the corner
who bought them drinks. Above, from some of
the brownstones boys lean out, a few cat calls
and whistles echoing to the girls below, who
glance up at their admirers standing upright
in the night, disgusted but secretly happy. The
sounds of a party in one of the frats toward
Amsterdam Avenue lure them onward; before
reaching it, near the center of 114th Street
they pass the hydrant in front of Fiji, repainted
purple in the fall only to be splashed with a
small pailful of titanium white every night one
of the brothers has deflowered a virgin.
They decide they are too tired for another
party and head for Wien. The blue lights of the
call boxes every fifty yards look eerie, so they
pick up their pace; one of them, an English
major, remembers the lines: “Reach me a gen-
tian, give me a torch! / let me guide myself
with the blue, forked torch of this flower /
down the darker and darker stairs, where blue
is darkened on blueness / even where
Persephone goes, just now . . . ” Her mind flash-
es, and in her imagination they are Radcliffean

R.I.P.
heroines fleeing down a damp hallway with cold air gusting from beneath each locked door, the hallway twisting and turning, lit at every corner by blue torches, the sounds of men and the city chasing their backs. At Low steps is the reassuring Alma Mater—if only she could find the owl hidden in her robes, turn it, and plunge with her friends into the safe depths below . . .

IV
Our founders conceived of an institution that would not only match the academic reputation of its New England rivals, but also draw its lifeblood and inspiration from the city in which it thrived. Students' educations would be composed not only of classrooms, but also of the city's music, industry, politics, and sundry amusements. Their histories are inextricably intertwined; Columbia has mirrored the phenomenal growth of a city that in 1754 had no public transportation, no professional police or fire departments, and two miles of marsh between Greenwich Village and the Battery. It shares New York's exceptional qualities: its creativity and vigor, heterogeneity, toughness, openness to new ideas and movements, and irreverent disregard for convention and conformity. Columbia University in the City of New York: the two have long coexisted in a potent symbiosis.

Strolling down Broadway, with its photogenic stores and sidewalk cafés, one almost believes in the Columbia dream. But Broadway is Seward's England—in the midst of a modern age that looks optimistically to the future—to the Eastern Europe of Amsterdam Avenue. There the night is chill and time moves at an excruciating crawl in contrast to the West side's bustle. Taxi drivers there push harder on the pedal; the men standing in the streets are not waiting passengers, but loiterers speaking in strange tongues, kicking at the refuse scattered over the avenue after a day's work in the row of dilapidated laundromats and Chinese restaurants from which students order take-out over ethernet connections that travel more miles in a second than the students will their entire lives.

Sexual predators and robbers prowl Columbia's perimeter; more cunning than Transylvanian wolves, they wait in the shadows for a tired student from the library to trudge home, accosting him or her with a friendly word, a smile, before baring their teeth. Security booths surround the campus, wards strategically placed by the paternal hand of the institution to keep back the forces of night, yet unable to move from where they are inscribed to defend those who step without the campus's protective ring.

V
The university student is perpetually under surveillance. The university is the cornerstone of a transformed power structure that exercises no longer the sovereign right to put its subjects to death, but, in a more subtly cruel manner, wields a power diffused into every sphere of public and private life. No longer demanding blind obedience with the sword, the powers-that-be, Foucault penetratingly understood, work to “control, monitor, optimize, and organize the forces under it: a power bent on generating forces, making them grow, and ordering them, rather than one dedicated to impeding them, making them submit, or destroying them.” The university creates efficient machines that graduate from the factory of education into other institutions—hospitals, firms, and brokerages—that more directly contribute to the collective life of the social body. There is no escape from the system that sucks the life out of men biologically regulated and disciplined from birth, from a system that pushes them through predetermined channels of “success,” except for suicide: the second leading cause of death for college-age Caucasian American men, and, for all students, a statistic that has increased 250% since 1946. Here, Foucault was again prophetic: This determination to die, strange and yet so persistent and constant in its manifestations, and consequently so difficult to explain as being due to par-
ticular circumstances or individual accidents, was one of the first astonishments of a society in which political power had assigned itself the task of administering life.

The university student is perpetually under surveillance. The eyes of his parents, professors, deans, and resident advisers follow him wherever he goes, whispering the importance of degrees, medical schools, and clean records. Like Joseph K.’s, his life is dictated by laws and decisions passed by a board of trustees he never sees or speaks to; doorkeeper after doorkeeper blocks his path to the legislators who decide what subjects shall be taught, which professors shall be hired, how many buildings shall be demolished. Administrative identifiers—CUID, PIN numbers, Social Security—wind a labyrinth of red tape about his fragile, human body. An online folder compiling his academic profile, degree audit report, and transcript evaluates the performance that is his life, distilled into numbers that forever haunt him in his dreams, or, killed by his own hand, fulfill Joseph K.’s dying thought: “It was as if the shame of it must outlive him.”

VI

At the turn of another century and a millennium, Columbia finds itself in a period of major transition. The project to recenter the university around its undergraduate liberal arts school through architectural renovation, building, increased enrollment, faculty hirings, and structural reforms shows that the administration has its eye on a glorious future with no conceivable end in sight. It is not the only school riding on a wave of optimism into the new millennium; it has become almost common knowledge in America’s households that undergraduate applications are annually breaking records across the country, even at the 94 schools in the Council for Christian Colleges and Universities, where from 1990 to 1996 enrollment has increased by 24 percent, compared with 5 percent at private colleges and 4 percent at public institutions.

Nowhere is this forward march more apparent at Columbia than in its rapidly changing architecture. A key goal of Enlargement and Enhancement (a program whose terms uncannily echo the word “Enlightenment”) is the systematic renovation of aging residence halls, some of which date as far back as the early years of Columbia’s presence on Morningside Heights. Alfred Lerner Hall is the latest creation of a group of architects who are attempting to do for Columbia what Hausmann did for Paris after the revolution. The tearing down of old buildings and the erection in their place of a “modernist glass box” signify the university’s ultimate epistemological hubris. A student center without recesses, substantial shadows, or dark spaces, and with an entire window for a wall dares to affirm that there are no ghosts haunting Columbia, that the past no longer exerts an invisible chokehold on the present. Students have no fearful cause for fleeing down the concrete walkways neatly paved over the grounds of what used to be a 17.5 acre insane asylum; the news simply distorts plain facts to Gothic proportions.

What the campus tour guides fail to mention is that at the same time Columbia grew over the century according to the eminent McKim plan, an elaborate system of underground tunnels proliferated beneath its classical surface to connect 19 of the campus’s buildings. Locked up after the student riots of 1968 that precipitated a general decline from which we have only recently recovered (yet those students’ grievances still resound today), infested with rats and once rumored to be roamed by ghosts, the tunnels are a symbol of the university’s collective unconscious, that haunted house not even the perpetually smiling Columbians in the Admissions book can escape. Freud had long warned us of the price of unchecked repression, the price in blood of turning a deaf ear to human trauma. As the tour guide’s sallow finger points to Low Library, acropolis of Columbia and New York City and administrative super-complex, an invisible force pulls it—for a split-second barely perceptible to a crowd of wide-eyed parents and sullen children—toward the Gothic façade of Riverside Church looming in the distance, the silent witness to generations of Gothic evils past and present.
VOLUNTEERING AT COLUMBIA
An Opinionated Guide

As students privileged with an Ivy League education, we sometimes forget that the members of the communities in our area have not been as fortunate and thus could greatly benefit from our assistance. In the September issue of The B&W, we inaugurated a new series of articles about community service at Columbia with an opinionated general guide to volunteering. In subsequent issues, we will be using this space to spotlight some of the many personally rewarding charitable activities around campus. This month’s article features a volunteer tutoring organization with which the author is intimately involved.

Amidst the high-rise, low-income housing projects and battered storefronts lining 106th street and 2nd Avenue, the bright blue façade of the East Harlem Tutorial Program (EHTP) transcends the penury of its neighborhood. On any given day of the year (except for Sundays and holidays) the building’s steep staircase and bright walls reverberate with the voices of East Harlem children. The inside of this cheerful four-story brownstone houses most of the manifold programs EHTP offers to neighborhood youth, though activities such as Girl Empowerment take place in the newly purchased community center across the street.

The wife of a neighborhood minister established EHTP in 1958 as a literacy improvement program. As the quality of neighborhood public schools declined, concerned parents turned to EHTP to supplement their children’s education. In response to the still problematic system of public education in East Harlem, EHTP now provides one-on-one tutoring, homework help, computer training, youth programs and social work services gratis for its participants, half of whose families are on public assistance. Since EHTP provides programs for six- to seventeen-year-olds, many of the students who begin as children in the tutoring program continue on to EHTP’s higher-education programs. After graduating high school, many former students return to EHTP, this time as tutors themselves.

Because a sizeable number of Columbians are concerned with youth education in East Harlem, student coordinators for Columbia’s Community Impact work in concert with EHTP to manage and recruit volunteer tutors. Despite the negative stereotype that low-income minority parents neglect their children’s education, the waiting time to be accepted into an EHTP program is upwards of two years. Columbia volunteers are an invaluable resource to EHTP and are expeditiously trained and matched with a tutee.

Though well-prepared in Homeric verse, tutors may sometimes find teaching multiplication to an eleven-year old or grammar to a first grader a formidable task. The student leaders of the Columbia-EHTP program hold meetings every three weeks as a forum for volun-

ONLINE WORK ORDERS

You can submit maintenance work orders online through the URH website. If your shelves are busted or your sink is dripping just arrhythmically enough so you can’t ignore it, visit:

http://www.columbia.edu/cu/reshalls/maintreq.html

Keep in mind the online form is for routine work only. In an emergency or any potentially dangerous situation call x42779 immediately.

If you have any questions, send an email to urh@columbia.edu, or the appropriate authority listed on p. 30 of this issue of The Blue and White.
teers to discuss methods of tutoring, to vent about difficult sessions and to commiserate with other tutors. EHTP requires a yearlong commitment and tutors are encouraged to return the following year to tutor the same student.

Although the first year might prove difficult, EHTP tutors have found that returning for a second year greatly increases the trust between the tutoring pair and alleviates any abandonment issues the tutee might have. Every semester, the coordinators organize events along with EHTP that provide Columbia students and their tutees an opportunity to interact outside the learning center. The most popular event so far has been the spring bowling party in which Columbians invite their tutees to the campus for a look at college life and the opportunity to explore a part of the city many children from East Harlem have never ventured into.

There is still time to get involved with EHTP for the Fall semester by contacting Katharine Digman (kad55). If you are interested in learning more about volunteer programs in youth education, there are numerous ways: Refer to the Community Impact website: www.columbia.edu/cu/ci or the Double Discovery Center website: www.columbia.edu/cu/college/ddc, visit CI's office in Earl Hall, or visit the DDC's offices in Lion's Court. —Hilary E. Feldstein

Plimpton Haiku
by Wynkyn de Worde

Non-smoking floor
Out the window are cigarette butts partout alors
A women's college
Affiliated with Columbia
Eighty resident men

Pool table in the basement near a condom machine
Fifty cents, please

Sophia's BISTRO
Pasta • Panini • Salad • Desserts
998 Amsterdam Avenue (between 109th & 110th)
212.662.8822
HOURS:
Open 11am-11pm
Saturday & Sunday Brunch
10am – 3pm
Fast, Free, Delivery ($7.50 minimum)
Catering available Inquire about group rates

SOUTH OF HARLEM
Bar & Lounge
988 Amsterdam Avenue (Between 108 & 109 Sts.)
available for private parties
212.678.0098
Open 4pm - 4am
Happy Hour 4pm - 7pm daily

Desperado's
tex-mex-cali cuisine
996 Amsterdam Avenue (between 109th & 110th)
NYC.
Fast • Free • Delivery (minimum $7.50)
212.531.8200
HOURS
11AM - 11PM
Takeout and Delivery Only
Catering available • Inquire about group rates

dalia's
TAPAS
HOURS:
4PM - 12AM
212.865.9541
984 Amsterdam Ave.
available for private parties

October 2000
Don't let it get around too much, but Verily Veritas is an incorrigible sentimentalist imperialist fantasist. Verily cannot so much as take a leak like any other man, for afterwards, the soap dispenser metes out perfumes of Arabia, and the hot tap plays about his hands like warm gentle waves on the Bay of Bengal. To Verily, a beat-up New York hand-dryer with a busted heating element does not blow any old cold air. His wide-eyed imagination imagines it the chill gusts of the Gobi. Blinding sand and cutting wind will not stop Verily, bearing a message from Bukhara along the Silk Road to the court of Karakorum. There Temujin himself, who set haystacks ablaze atop elephants to terrify his foes and who reduced to ashes the great metropoles of Persia, shall tremble at word of a treasure forsworn for a love that knew no—

"Mr. Veritas," intones one of those sonorous academic voices that seems to have gone ahead and tenured itself, "won't you tell us a little about agriculture in medieval Brabant?" Sloe-eyed maidens and scented viziers vanish; it is back to the gritty patrimony of pickled cabbage European culture. Intrigue daydreams, glimpsed grandeur, and conversations with ghosts old and new: these are what make daily life more bearable. In stolen moments away from this world, Verily prizes a star-crossed love for the Princess Fatima and swears upon his jeweled scimitar to stand at her side unto the realm of death itself.

It might follow, then, that each Halloween, when Americans, with their cultural inheritance from that little coal dust continent, try their hand at imagination, Verily is disappointed. Halloween is too often a stale affair of the European boogeyman aesthetic. Witches, devils, goblins: the old barbarians dreaded that such as these lurked in the forest night, and they passed the time nursing fretfully at their pickled cabbage and devising Saxon pet names for each other, like "Dagmar-Ulrikechen" and "My Little Potato Salad Dumpling With Horseradish."

Verily Veritas asks that All Hallow's Eve be more than just the same Stone Age pageant. It should work to dissolve boundaries between politics and entertainment, festival and therapy. When he was a precocious child on a Halloween of the late Reagan years, Verily put on a dark suit and a gray Protestant bow-tie. Then, toting a briefcase emblazoned with the masking tape letters "IRS," he set off about the neighborhood demanding a levy of candy, threatening no tricks, just treat garnishing. It was a great success; candy revenues were as never before.

This is how Halloween can be genuine exorcism. Each can satirize the troubles of himself and his friends. Schoolchildren can become their meanest teachers. Men can dress up as that ex-girlfriend who ran off with a roommate to do graduate work at the USC Ashram Lysergic Acid Propulsion Laboratory. Like the celebrations at medieval carnival days, role reversals offer a spiritual comfort in the equanimity of things. The beret and turtleneck set can take a break from hectic careers as Foucauldian essayists and hemp cultivators to don sweater vests and go door to door with encyclopedias. The great securities traders of Manhattan shall wear their Italian tailoring inside out and parade about the poor neighborhoods of the city, selling low and buying high, tossing candy to all the children.

The result of a Halloween of flip-flops can only be a sweeter, more fanciful world. Someday, grimy New York will obey the luminous physics of high '60s French musicals. Every action will transmit joy or its imminence. Affection will be everywhere, and attraction will be inevitable, like Gene Kelly and Françoise Dorléac falling for each other over four lines of dialogue and a good marble dance floor. Clothes will all be pastels. Walking will give way to strolling, and strolling will give way to spontaneous cartwheels. The solemn ceremonies of life shall be vibrant and gay. Soon, Verily won't be the only one to discuss Zoroastrian rituals of cleansing in bull's urine and undergraduate fascism at job interviews! This is Verily's Halloween vision. Go forth, and make it real.

—Verily Veritas

THE BLUE AND WHITE
Culled from the shelves of the withdrawn books of Butler Library. The punctuation, underlining, and varying ellipsis usage, reproduced with care below, speak (of their) volumes:

A Daring Coiffeur: Reflections on 'War and Peace' and Anna Karenina' by Elizabeth Gunn, Chatto & Windus 1971, originally from the Elmer Holmes Bobst Library, New York University

Lustre, by John Maccabee, Pocket Books 1988:
"Sweeping from New York’s high society to Tahiti, Ceylon, the steamy bazaars and opulent palaces of Bombay, and the glory of fin de siècle Paris, LUSTRE enthralls to the last, exotic page."


Trevor Meldal-Johnsen’s Always, Avon Books 1978:
"A beautiful forties movie star. A screenwriter in modern Los Angeles. Why would the vision of a long-dead actress cause him to weep like a child? Suddenly he knew he would have to find out more about her. At glittering Hollywood parties, on the beach, on every corner, he looks for her in every woman he meets. He must find Brooke again.

"Turn to the beginning, and start turning. Begin the most thrilling, romantic, and irresistible novel in years . . . ALWAYS. There is only one love, and it is for always." Signed in lavish script by one ‘Carmen China Diaz,’ and with an endplate advertisement for Graham Greene’s The Human Factor.


Judith Michael’s Possessions, two months on the Times bestseller list, Pocket Books, 1984: "From San Francisco to Paris to the Côte d’Azur, Katherine tastes the romance and elegance of a world she had never dreamed possible. Torn by conflicting loyalties, not knowing if her husband will ever return, she confronts her future . . . whether to cling to her past, or to plunge into a richly exciting new life, and a deep, passionate new love."

ENVIRONMENTAL SCIENCE 101

Cardboard is as cardboard does. The same goes for paper, glass, plastic and aluminum. Trash should be put into the appropriate recycling bin and boxes should be placed by the trash cans, not strewn about the hall. There’s a hole measuring one square mile in the polar ice caps. Was your Coke can in the wrong bin? Recycle!

University Residence Halls

October 2000
organized Contemporary Civilization and they took on the fight with its opponents wherever found. In general, the objection was not to the new course itself, but to assigning as teachers those at the instructor rank. These young men were doctoral candidates who were supposed to be writing their dissertations. Now they would be expected to learn a good deal that was "outside their field" while carrying a heavy schedule: two sections of C.C. and a third course—fourteen hours a week; it would be (and was) grueling. The students benefited from the small sections and from their mentor's freshly acquired knowledge, but the instructor was delayed in his progress toward the degree.

For him, too, the geographical division of the department was unfortunate. It deprived the young scholar of daily contact with his seasoned elders, and these had no chance to guide or judge the work of the juniors. In more than one instance, a senior member, voting on promotions, confused the identities of two juniors until his retirement and beyond. The annual dinner (black tie) of the entire group, friendly enough, did not erase misconceptions.

For the College students, the gap between branches was bridged by the opportunity in their third year to take any first-year graduate course and count it toward the B.A.

In 1922 the survey given in Contemporary Civilization was supplemented by a second required year—C.C. (B)—that explained the nature and the ways of economics, sociology, anthropology, and psychology. As a result, a student who emerged from the two C.C.'s with a passing mark was capable of following with profit a specific course in any of the seven "sciences of man in society."

In history, the course most likely to be chosen first was Carlton Hayes's offering of the year in Modern European History. He varied the span from time to time, which often made it possible to take a second course with him the following year. Everybody knew that he was an enthralling lecturer. As he strode back and forth behind the wide counter of the large lecture room, he conveyed the drama of some decisive moment in the French Revolution or that of Bismarck's triumph when proclaiming Germany an empire. It was not bombast but history felt as well as recalled. Hayes's style had been abundantly sampled in C.C. through the assigned readings from his two-volume Political and Social History of Europe, the leading textbook throughout the country. In 1934 Hayes reworked it into a Political and Cultural History of corresponding scope.

An alternative was to sign up for Parker T. Moon's course on International Relations, also varied in span, but most attractive when it was entitled Imperialism and World Politics and covered the years 1870–1914. The causes of the Great War (as it was then called) were an inexhaustible topic in the profession and not less so among serious students. Moon also lectured out of abundant knowledge and with flamboyance when suitable. A graduate course was given in two lectures a week, followed by a third hour with an assistant for discussion, quizzes, and a term paper. Parker Moon quite often took the third hour himself and was uncommonly kind to the overawed youngsters who asked questions, mispronounced proper names, and did deep "research" in prewar diplomacy. His early death was an irreparable loss to them and the department.
Close to these two luminaries was the coming man, Edward Mead Earle. He also taught European diplomatic history, with a strong economic component. His recent dissertation on the Berlin to Baghdad Railway had been published as a regular trade book, a stunning event in the eyes of mere students and proof of his capacity. Earle’s bright prospects were soon dimmed by the onset of tuberculosis. After a long recovery in Saranac, he was appointed the first head of the history section in the new Institute for Advanced Studies at Princeton.

A Columbia undergraduate’s program in his last two years might show a straightforward concentration or “major,” but owing to the C.C. spirit, the requirement was broadly interpreted. Advanced courses in economics, sociology, or anthropology were not alien subjects for a history major. And then there was General Honors. This was the two-year sequence created by John Erskine, of the English Department, on a suggestion by George Edward Woodberry. It was designed to give a selected group of students the chance to read whole books instead of snippets. This innovation was the start of the Great Books movement and the cause of the continuing debate about “the canon” of Western classics.

Since as a collection these great works disregard the academic cutting up of thought into subjects, taking General Honors was really to fulfill the demands of the New Historians for an ecumenical outlook on the past. The reading list for Honors took the student from Homer to William James, the encounters along the way being with Thomas Aquinas, Machiavelli, Hobbes, Locke, Rousseau, Voltaire, and J. S. Mill, among others. This “mini-canon” varied according to the preferences of the two instructors of each small group. Every book must be read in one week and well enough to outfit the student with ideas for two hours of conversational discussion.

For the continuation of this essay, please visit http://www.columbia.edu/cu/alumni/magazine/legacies/history/barzun1.html
Jazz and Spirituality.
Part of the "Come Sunday" Jazz Lecture Series.
September 22, 2000

What comes to mind when you think of jazz? Do you think to those late nights at dimly lit, smoke-filled clubs where the meditative sounds of the saxophone, trumpet, and drums induce as much ebriosity as the drinks? Do you fantasize about the carousals of the 1920s, during which defiant Americans rebelled against Prohibition and jazz burst on the underground scene? Do you think of church? The Center for Jazz Studies’ lecture at St. Paul’s Chapel entitled “Come Sunday: Jazz, the Church, and Spirituality,” discussed the overlooked and formerly antithetical relationship between jazz and religion.

The evening’s speakers included director of Columbia’s Center for Jazz Studies Robert O’Meally, Riverside Church’s Reverend James Forbes Jr., and the Reverend Dwight Andrews of the First Congregational Church of Atlanta. Acclaimed jazz pianist Cyrus Chestnut concluded the presentation with a lively performance.

Jazz’s previously peccable reputation reaches back to its African-American roots in the early part of the 20th century, when it was known as the “devil’s own worship music.” Rev. Dr. Forbes frequented a church that prohibited adding jazz to its gospel, proclaiming a moral divide between the Lord’s music and the devil’s music. Senior members of Rev. Dr. Andrews’s congregation were so ashamed of their “jazzophilia” that they used to hide their Bessie Smith and Louis Armstrong albums under their beds and listen to them in secret. Even the socially progressive Rev. Dr. Martin Luther King Jr. loved jazz, but not on Sunday mornings.

Jazz’s bad name was not enough to deter good Christians from sinning. However, once religious African-Americans realized that their disapproval of jazz in the church mirrored their struggle for acceptance and equality in America, they decided to include it in their sermons. In fact, much of jazz’s beginnings came precisely from the church. Aretha Franklin performed with her father, Minister C. L. Franklin, in his gospel programs throughout the U.S. John Coltrane grew up with his grandfather Rev. Walter and played the clarinet in Rev. Steele’s Community Band at age 13. Even Billie Holiday, a devout heroin addict, was given to singing jazzy renditions of “God Bless the Child.”

Many jazz musicians are religious; however, there is a deeper connection between the music and the church. Improvisation, the idiosyncrasy that separates jazz from all other music genres, is what makes jazz spiritual. Dubbed “divine inspiration” by the evening’s speakers, this afflatus also graces gospel churches throughout the country and inspires clergy to preach their messages with spontaneity and eccentricity. Rev. Dr. Forbes demonstrated by reciting some of his verse: “Release your song, says the spirit to me. Be free, be free, it’s jubilee.”

Cyrus Chestnut, inspired by the altar and the nightclub, ended the evening with a sublime set that included jazz interpretations of such religious songs as “Amazing Grace” and “Holy, Holy, Holy.” Chestnut attributes his brilliant variations on these pieces to divine inspiration. This would explain his uncanny talent to hit twenty keys at once.
Continued from page 33

relying solely on accomplishments, to weasel naming of the building in his honor—ah how chilling!
Now listen, Reader, to the list, enabling this treacherous trick:

'Spite chronic bouts of lawyery, Livingston lived most morally. A grad of Seventeen-sixty-five, a youthful firebrand, quite alive, he often hung with friend John Jay (who would become a dorm some day). He served with pride and manner gentle in the famous Congress Continental; the Declaration of Independence still brightly glows from his resplendence. And if all this fails to impress, I shan’t neglect to further stress, his quite prodigious resolution to sign the U.S. Constitution.

His name’s attached to documents, but surely he must still resent the loss of such a dorm as this, when Hartley so got to keep his!

But Livingston come back to haunt is not the worst this school has got. Oh, listen Reader, if you’re able to revelations really awful:

Built for the “wretched maniac,” to help prevent “waste and collapse” from greatest “agonies of mind,” the mad were once right here confined. Yes, our dear campus now does stand on Bloomingdale Asylum’s land!

But shudder not, it was progressive in treatments and curative methods. Just mind the institution barred all drugs and chains within its yard. (Yes, this asylum must predate the opening of West End Gate.)

'Twas bought in Eighteen-ninety-two by profs quite sick of midtown’s zoo. The spot was picked, a deed confesses, for lack of nasty, urban stresses. They got right down to leveling the site, and blithely reveling in Bloomingdale’s obliteration for Columbia’s transfiguration. They did, however, save two structures—a smallish lodge I’ll speak of later, and a house from Eighteen-eighty-six built extra well for special patients who had the means to pay the fee to pass their stay luxuriously. This domicile was adopted by architects who wisely opted to leave it standing as it was, while 'round it the new campus rose. And so for years this house embraced the bon instruction of française.

In Nineteen-thirty-five, it was renamed Alumni House because it sounded so much better than, say, calling it the loony bin. (A press release that morning crowed about the “idiots’ abode”—why yes, quite unbelievably CU was not always PC). This name, however, proved too dull so when a Mister Temple Buelle offered five million for the study of architecture, all were ready to tack his name onto the house, not thinking that this just might rouse the spirits of the privileged few whose stay at Bloomingdale was blue—imposed perhaps by fine relations with lots of dough, but little patience for such romantic ramblings—expressing quite eccentric things—as might escape the wanton lips of family members losing grips. Victorian propriety could dictate that they ought to be, oh, tucked away a year or two and hidden from the public view. These pampered patients might have been, in actuality, quite sane! Forgotten, common prisoners, this Halloween, their ghosts will stir to strip the pretty name of Buelle, concealing confinement cruel!
Ah, now we’ve reached the final story
of our enshrouded history.
By far the most grossly abhorrent,
the weak will surely not endure it!

Yes, worst of all such violations
is Lerner Center’s occupation
of sacred, haunted, ghostly ground
where strange occurrences abound.
(Yes, this explains the bluish lighting,
the talking lift—so very frightening!)

Until the year of Nineteen-sixty,
the oldest building in our vicinity
was known as Old Gatekeeper’s Lodge.
This smallish, commonplace garage
’twas built in Eighteen-seventy-nine,
providing a portentous sign:
the imminent futurity
of Columbia security.

So after years of keeping gate,
one may imagine how irate
was Old Gatekeeper, trusty sentry,
who hindered any wrongful entry.
This ever watchful, kindly man,
was eased of post, evicted, then,
upon the heartless campus loosed
to clear the ground for Ferris Booth.

Designed to complement the glamour,
of Carmen Hall, this Citizens’ Center
was meant to be a student’s dream,
where entertainment reigned supreme—
a basement housing rifle ranges,
some tasty snacks and dining changes,
six bowling alleys with pinsetters.

Columbia cast off your fetters!
The only hindrance to all-out fun?
No ladies sans their chaperones!

Ironically, this brand new building
was criticized by students clinging
to neoclassical traditions,
who, none too thrilled with this transition,
called Ferris Booth just outright heinous—
no columns, architraves, or friezes?
And yet, with time, these too were swayed
by tasty burgers ready-made.

This fine construction lasted till
three decades took a heavy toll.
Then up stepped Mister Alfred Lerner,
alumni banking officer,
quite fond of projects that amass
great quantities of plexiglass.

(And here a moment I digress,
Dear Reader, it may interest
your vivid sense of all that’s spooky,
to know administrators kooky
designed Ferris Booth’s cornerstone
with relic box—contents unknown!
Dear Reader, it’s my proposition
this very stone is still positioned
quite deep within the heart of Lerner,
and so we’re left to muse and wonder.
What body part could there be shrouded?
What role of Booth and Lerner touted?
The answer doth myself o’ercome:
It is a modernist’s sore thumb!)

Of all these buildings, Lerner’s karma
is possibly the most alarming.
It is my hunch we must beware
of so irate a Gatekeeper.
So if, at midnight, you avail
quite often to go check your mail,
should ghoulish finger, green and cold,
tap soft upon your shoulder bone,
do not turn round lest meet you must
this dread phantasm with skin of dust
and yellowed eyes, complexion pale,
his arm outstretched towards yon turnstile,
his rusty keys thrust forth in vain:
“Excuse me child, do swipe me in.”
And thus, my friends, our history is laid before us verily—a somber tale of usurpations, unjust renamings, violations of men most meritorious whose deeds were pure and glorious, the prides of Old Columbia sold out for greater money—Ah!

Do heed this humble poet's warning!
Prepare for supernatural stirrings!
And if, come this All Hallow E'en the phantoms rise under foundations of halls intended for preserving prestige eternal of souls deserving, run swift should floorboards 'neath you cry, Damnatio Memoriae!

(I promise to be quite concise with one last piece of sage advice:
Do try your hardest to avoid the use of names that when employed the ghosts are likely to resent, to scratch their eyeballs with torment. For instance, do not lightly say, "I'm off to Lerner for the day!" or "The Gordita Beef Supreme awaits my company at Wien."
Restrain your tongue lest it slip out 'bout rendezvous at the French House. Oh! Live and learn and freely frolic! But do these things away from Wallach!)

B&W Seeks Web Editor
If you are interested, please send an email message to theblueandwhite@columbia.edu.

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“But wait—there was a wittier prank just last year! A current student infiltrated a tour group strolling across campus and, pretending to be an enthusiastic pre-frosh, quickly earned their love and trust. Asking questions and pointing out landmarks with the best of them, she pretended not to notice the two burly men (her friends) who jumped out as the group neared some bushes. Suddenly, one of the men grabbed her, slung her over his shoulder, yelled to the other, ‘Yeah, we finally got one,’ and raced off as she screamed bloody murder. The students later returned to explain everything the petrified tour group, reassuring them that this sort of thing does not normally happen in Columbia.”

“I heard something about chickens in the Butler Reading Room a few years back,” I said. “Another quality performance,” mused Mrs. Mater. “You see, here is something most people do not understand. A prank does not necessarily take Machiavellian cunning or decades of planning. Nor does it take extravagant amounts of time or money. It does, however, require a smidgen of originality.”

“Amen,” I said and started my way down the stairs. The night was getting too cold for my Woody Allen costume.

“Wait!” Alma Mater called as I stepped onto college walk.

“Yes, Alma?” I said.

“Tell them to make me proud.” Out of the corner of my eye, I saw her wink mischievously.

“Of course,” I said. “I will.”

THE HEAT IS ON

Heat will be on in University Residence Halls from 1 October to 31 May. (See p. 30 for details)

If you think you need a space heater, you are most likely wrong. If you do get cold feet, despite the average temperature between 60°F and 68°F, depending on the time of day and outside temp, you may call 4-2779 and request that a space heater be installed at no cost.

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rouser of the Bacchae—is thought to have been born in the Romanian province of Thrace. In fact, a Romanian king of the first century BC ordered the vineyards of his kingdom destroyed in order to keep out invaders who were a bit too fond of his quality produce. Now, a warning: until recently Transylvanian wine was little-known, even among Manhattan oenologists. As you expound its virtues to your rapt audience, be prepared to find yourself in the position of that frustrated king—warding off a rush of New Yorkers seeking exclusivity, the thrill of being the first in the building to add a bottle of Transylvania’s best to their cellars. Be sure to pass along Charles Boner’s advice with regard to the wine trade: “ready money, in a country like Transylvania, where cash is one of the greatest rarities, will go a great way and accomplish much.”

The Halloween gourmand must eat. When the circle of guests around you has grown sufficiently impressive in circumference, you should take the opportunity to cut short your discourse on Dracula-related viticulture and—apologetically—move on to cuisine. New initiates into the world of Transylvanian wine are likely to be even less familiar with the region’s traditional dishes—like balmus, or balls of mamaliga stuffed with the cheese of ewes and baked in the oven. Mamaliga? Simply a polenta of maize flour, a real staple in the rugged Carpathian mountains where you’ll find Dracula’s castle. Fortunately for you, those who know nothing of Transylvanian cuisine are even less likely to know anything about Transylvanian pronunciation—so don’t be inhibited! Should you be among vegetarians and want to appear sensitive to their needs, be sure to mention ghiveciu, a mixed vegetable stew; and salate de vinete, a medley of smoked aubergines, onions, and mayonnaise. Clearly, Dracula did not dine on blood alone. If you remember only one name, make it this one—it’s a classic and often served at celebrations.

By now your enthralled and salivating comrades will have set aside their chips ‘n dip—dumbfounded that they have hitherto overlooked Transylvanian cuisine. “So exotic! How wonderfully ethnic!” they may exclaim, and then proceed to probe your seemingly infinite knowledge of the subject. At this point you’re obliged to give them just a bit more information on how to explore Transylvanian food and drink for themselves. Drawing the circle toward yourself, whisper “Transylvania is Europe’s best-kept secret . . . and it has so much history!” Set them ashivering with the story of the real Dracula: Vlad the Impaler. The 15th century ruler loved making shish-kabobs of his enemies; not only was it a slow, torturous way to die, but it allowed him to display their bodies all around his city. As a final flourish, you can mention that when he was killed fighting in 1476, his head was sent to Constantinople and displayed on a stake. But do be careful: Vlad is a Romanian national hero for defending his kingdom against the Turks. Donning your “travel advisor” hat, be sure to let everyone know that should they decide to spend their winter holidays in Transylvania, they can even stay at the Hotel Castle Dracula, “the ultimate destination not only for Dracula fans but for anyone seeking the solitude, tranquility and romance of Transylvania at its best.” Or so says the Transylvanian tourism authority, which offers one more enticement: “and yes, in the autumn and winter the night air is filled with the chilling howls of the wolves!”

It seems we’ve deviated a bit from our primary subject, but after extolling the virtues of Transylvanian food and wine it’s only fair that you tell your audience how to sample these delights for themselves. By the conclusion of the evening, everyone will know that at next year’s Halloween festivities they should expect some more authentic fare: perhaps a calcannon, some balmus, or a glass of Dracula’s favorite golden mediaschi wine. There is a time and a place for popcorn and candy, but not when the holiday has such an illustrious culinary history. Still, you should thank the hostess on the way out.

—Pontius Palate

THE BLUE AND WHITE
According to a January 29, 1950 article in The Herald Tribune, a once popular legend held that ghosts roamed the passages of Columbia's notorious underground tunnel system at night. Since the riots of 1968, tunnels at strategic points within the system have been closed off for security purposes. Yet The Blue and White has cause to wonder: what dreadful secrets and Bacchanalian rites is the University hiding from us? And what compelling reason is there to forbid legions of Columbia students in shorts from traipsing their way to class through the tunnels on a snowy day? The tunnels belong to the people! Open the tunnels!

"Frank came home for his much-overdue furlough, and landed in August 1901, a budding monk. He was far from well, his nerves were overwrought, and the doctors at once insisted on his smoking."


BOHEMIAN FOR POLEMICISTS: Lesson One: The phrase "primitive and abhorrent" can roughly be translated into Bohemian as prvotni i odporni. Practice saying this aloud, first in a conversational manner, and then in a tone of utter contempt. Helpful Hint: the word prvotni should roll off the tongue in a lilting manner, as contrasted with the grave tone of odporni. Other helpful words: Mezinárodní (international); napnutí (tension); preslice (rock).

For lessons 2–29, please send $5 to Daniel & Mariel’s Language Learning Center, 4th Floor Morris A. Schapiro Hall, New York, NY 10027.

While reading Josephus’ Against Apion, a polemic against the rabble-rousing fourth century Alexandrian Homeric scholar, Prof. Yosef H. Yerushalmi recently showed his “Anti-Judaism and Anti-Semitism” class how to bring an ancient manuscript back to life. Josephus quotes Apion’s account of the Greek emperor Antiochus Epiphanes’ desecration of the Temple. We listen in:

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CAMPUS GOSSIP
continued from the inside

Student: “Antiochus found in the temple a couch, on which a man was reclining, with a table before him laden with a banquet of fish of the sea, beasts of the earth, and birds of the air, at which the poor fellow was gazing in stupefaction. The king’s entry was instantly hailed by him with adoration, as about to procure . . .

Yerushalmi: “Stop! So, Antiochus enters the temple and what does he find? ZABAR’S!”

Student (flustered) continues: “Thereupon, with sighs and tears, the man, in a pitiful tone, told the tale of his distress. He said that he was a Greek and that, while traveling about the province for his livelihood, he was suddenly kidnapped . . .”

Yerushalmi (interrupting): “KIDNAPPED! . . . keep reading . . .”

Student: “. . . by men of a foreign race and conveyed to the temple. . .”

(NB: This account of an ancient Jewish plot to annually “kidnap a Greek, fatten him up for a year, and then convey him to the woods, where they slew him, sacrificed his body with their customary ritual, partook of his flesh, and while immolating the Greek, swore an oath of hostility to the Greeks” is not entirely based on fact).

From our trusted source at the library: On unlocking the Butler stacks in the morning, the library staff occasionally comes across inhabitants, coffee in hand, casually reading the newspaper of that same morning. Our source also notes that “there are several scatological stories I could also tell re: Butler, but these I’ll save as they’re more disgusting than interesting.”

Amidst the very serious biomedical research at the College of Physicians and Surgeons, there are occasionally light moments.

Distinguished AIDS researcher and recent University Lecturer Dr. Wayne A. Hendrickson recently demonstrated the helical nature of DNA for his lecture class by performing a pirouette. Later, he slipped into a psychedelic, other-worldly interpretive dance on protein structure.

The laboratory of the distinguished physician Dr. Paul B. Rothman recently implemented an ingenious new policy for graduate students who habitually show up late to lab meetings. Offending students are required to recompense their colleagues with one six pack of the finest port lager for every five minutes that they are late. The said beer is then kept in Dr. Rothman’s office for safe keeping until the said graduate students liberate it after work on Fridays, or until the next lab party, whichever comes first.

Notice in Plimpton dorm-rooms:
“You are in a non-combustible (fire-proof) building.”

How wondrous, ladies! Now you can leave your flame-retardant bath-robins at home and snuggle up to Mr. Right without fear.

From Denzinger’s “The Sources of Catholic Dogma” at number 447 on page 178:
The Matter of Baptism. From the letter “Cum, sicut ex” (written by Pope Gregory IX) to Sigurd, Archbishop of Nidaros, July 8, 1241.

“Since, as we have learned from your report, it sometimes happens, because of the scarcity of water, that infants of your lands are baptized IN BEER, we reply to you in the tenor of those present that, since according to evangelical doctrine it is necessary ‘to be reborn from water and the Holy Spirit’ [John 3:5], they are not to be considered rightly baptized who are baptized IN BEER.”

Sign on the fence of South Lawn: